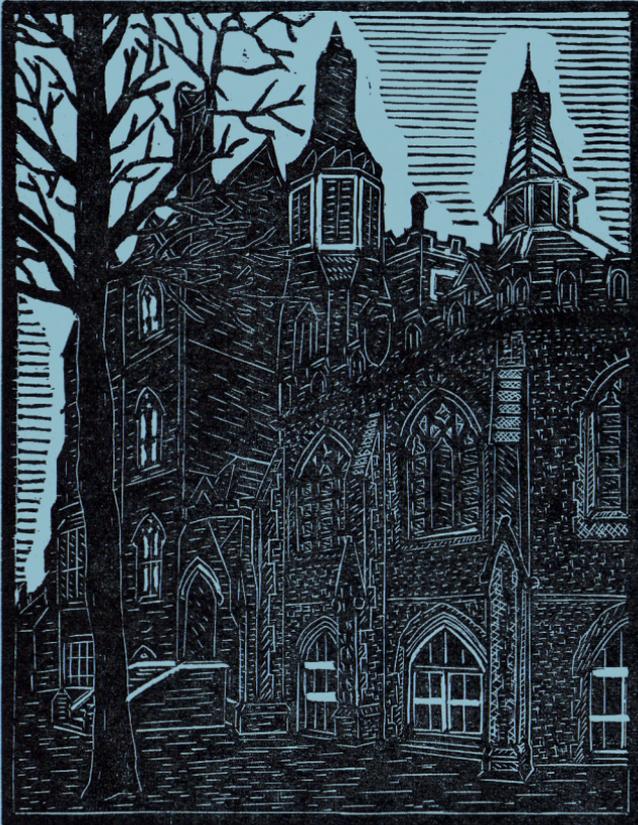


The Philologist

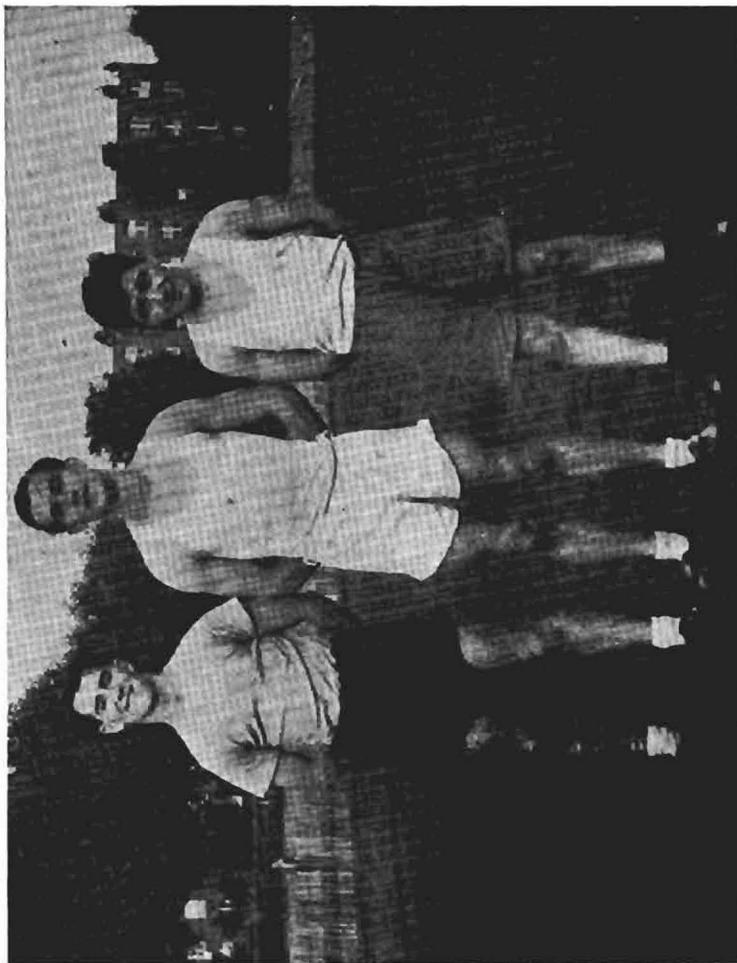


VOL. 15

AUTUMN TERM, 1949

NO. 1

The Philologist



VICTORES LUDORUM

Middle—D. S. BURCH

Senior—G. HOBART

Junior—J. W. BURDEN

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AUTUMN TERM, 1949

No. 1

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The woodcut on the front cover is designed and cut by J. N. Davies (R.1)

THE PHILOLOGIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

VOL. 15

AUTUMN TERM, 1949

No. 1

EDITORS

J. W. TURNER, R. J. G. DAY, J. GINGELL, G. MARGOLIS, E. STARR,
P. T. ROBERTS, C. BRYAN, MR. F. H. WARRE CORNISH,
MR. T. E. BLACKBURN.

EDITORIAL

"WHY the Editorial?" asked the disrespectful reader. The Sub-Editor looked pained and surprised. "Magazines always have Editorials," he began. "A magazine without an Editorial—"

"Would not suffer. Let the magazine speak for itself, if it has anything worth saying. Why must the editors always thrust their ugly faces at us on page one? We never read page one in any case—at least, not until we've read the rest of the mag., and there's nothing else left to read."

"I am a poor man," said the Sub-Editor, wiping away the tear which had sprung to his eye. "I mean well."

"There, there. Don't take it to heart."

"Hard kicks," continued the Sub-Editor, now weeping freely, "and no thanks. That's all we get. And not a penny for our pains. And look at the stuff they send us to print." He picked some sheets off the pile of manuscript which filled a corner of the little office. "Of course we don't like to disappoint them, but really! Look at this, now: 'School—the happiest days of my life,' by an Old Philologist who left the School in 1870. Sixteen pages of it, and you can't believe a word he says. Then there's this—contributed by a member of the Science 6th: 'A treatise on rhomboid ellipses,' which nobody else can understand—I doubt if he does himself. Then here's a ghost story sent by a member of IVA, which gave one of the editors three sleepless nights. It would frighten the wits out of the new boys if we printed it, and then we should receive complaints from the parents. And the *poetry* we get! Just look at this one. It begins: 'My heart's in the Parrot, my heart is not here: my heart's in the Parrot, a-tasting the——' Oh, no! we couldn't accept that. Some of the second form boys kindly sent riddles and puzzles, too, bless their hearts; piles and piles of them. But they have all come out

of Christmas crackers or else appeared in *The Wizard*, and we should get into trouble with *them* if we printed them. Oh, it's no fun, I can tell you."

The reader yawned. "You didn't accept my poem, either. I don't believe you even looked at it. Anyway, what are you going to say about the School in your mag. this time?"

"Everything *fine!*" The sub-editor beamed. "Prospects for 1950 excellent."

"Don't be so vague. What I mean is, who is going to win the House Championship?"

"Abbott. They should have won it last year, only Beeching snatched it from them at the last moment—the skunks!" The Sub-Editor screwed up several pages of contributions viciously. "But we'll settle them this time—we'll settle them!"

"Yes, I forgot you were a member of Abbott. A nice impartial account we shall get from you. Personally, I fancy Moore; but let that pass. What did I come for? Oh, yes. Do you want any contributions for your next number?"

"Contributions?" The Sub-Editor looked vaguely at the pile. "Oh, contributions. Yes, please. Anything you like: stories, sketches, poetry."

"Right. You have asked for it, and here it is. The first instalment of my epic poem, 'The Pirate of Paddington,' to be completed in six numbers. See that you print it, or I'll write and expose you in our Form Magazine."

"Many thanks. Anything else?"

"Yes. Since you have been elected as a sub-editor you have become intolerably stuck-up and patronising in your manner. *And* you need a hair-cut. Good afternoon."

Contributions for the next issue of the *PHILOLOGIAN* should reach the Editors by FRIDAY, 24TH MARCH. Old boys and parents, as well as present members of the School, are asked to contribute. Two prizes of five shillings each are offered for the best Short Story and the best Poem (ages will be taken into consideration).

A special prize for original talent has now been made available by the kindness of Mrs. J. Stiles Allen, who has given £10 10s. for this purpose, in memory of her husband, the late Alderman Richard Stiles Allen, formerly Mayor of St. Marylebone, and a good friend of the School. The Editors propose, with the consent of the donor and the Headmaster's approval, to devote this to the award of an annual prize of one guinea for the best original contribution (or translation) in prose or in verse offered to the Magazine by any member of the School during each current year.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

IT is one of the privileges of growing older in the service of the School that I find the family circle of Philologists growing wider, so that greetings reached me from many quarters of the Globe, from civilians and from Old Boys in the Services in Europe, in Africa, and as far afield as Hong Kong. It is a joy to find that a kind and affectionate memory is more powerful than the wear of years or the chill of space, and I ask the Editor's courtesy to allow me to thank all those Philologists here and now for their faithful thought.

P.A.W.

SPEECH DAY, 1949

SPEECH DAY was held on Tuesday, October 25th. Last year it was held in the Porchester Hall, in order to accommodate more visitors than the School Hall can hold. Even then many had to be disappointed; so it was decided this year to move to the even larger Seymour Hall. The experiment was highly successful. Places were found for everyone, the speeches were audible, and the atmosphere friendly.

The Chair was taken by Alderman James McColl, J.P., who opened the ceremony by congratulating the Headmaster on his recovery from his recent accident.

The Headmaster then presented his annual report. He began by expressing his gratitude to Mr. Willis for the way in which he had taken charge of the School during his absence. During the year, he continued, no less than 208 boys had sat for the General Schools Examination, an increase of over a hundred on previous years. There were 139 successful candidates, 40 of whom attained Matriculation exemption. Failures were mostly due to the fact that a large number of these boys had taken the examination a year sooner than was usual, in order that they might complete the two years' Higher Schools course before becoming liable for National Service. There were now no less than 77 boys engaged in Post-Matriculation studies.

School games were still improving, notably athletics and rugby football. The School Athletic Team had come out fourth among seventeen schools at the School Athletic Meeting at the White City Stadium, and future prospects were bright. An Athletics Club had been formed, and now promising boys were given coaching during the Winter Season. At the end of the Summer Term there were only 35 boys in the School who could not swim. At Fives the School team had done extremely well to win the Marchant Cup for the second year in succession.

During the year boys had subscribed to various charities the sum of £104.

Two generous friends had left sums of money in appreciation of the spirit of the School, the late Miss Winifred Taylor leaving £500, in the names of her brothers, for the encouragement of dramatic work, and the late Mr. T. M. Harrison establishing by a bequest of £300 swimming prizes in token of his esteem of an Old Boy, Stanley Fisher.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London distributed the prizes and delivered an address. He said that education at school had three purposes. The first was to prepare a boy to earn his living; the second was to foster in him a love of all that is interesting and beautiful in life; the third, and most important, purpose was to prepare him for Eternity. (In this connection Dr. Wand told an amusing story about a parent who objected to instruction in Scripture at the school which his son attended on the ground that it provided no training for future life.) He particularly commended, as a source of inspiration with a direct bearing on this larger purpose, the book of School Services, prepared by the Headmaster, which the School had just begun to use at its morning assemblies.

A vote of thanks to Dr. Wand was proposed by Lord Portman and seconded by Sir Harold Kenyon.

J.W.T.

PRIZES

VI Arts	P. G. Rogers
VI Sc.	C. B. Smith
U.V Arts	G. E. Margolis
U.V Sc.	M. H. Davis
U.V Arts I	R. J. Ball
U.V. Sc. I	S. Doniach
R.1	P. Florsheim
R.2	R. W. Robilliard
V. Arts	R. J. Moxon
V. Sc.	P. Phillips
V. Gen.	A. P. Taylor
IV. Arts	R. Gillon
IV. Sc.	L. Neville
IV. Gen.	P. Berry
III.A	R. H. Deepwell
III.1	B. H. Haywood
III.2	M. A. Kaye
II.A	N. F. Blech
II.1	A. R. Bayne
II.2	M. Bernstein

SPECIAL PRIZES

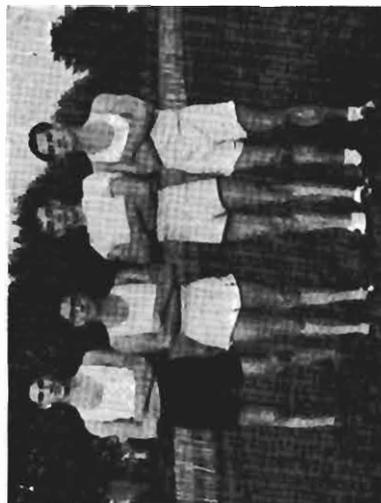
Senior Mathematics	D. A. Millér
Senior Science	J. W. R. Turner
Junior Science	G. W. Blanc
Senior Classics	G. E. Margolis
Junior Classics	J. Moxon
Senior Modern Languages	S. A. Hagger
Junior Modern Languages	P. D. Robson
Senior Art	D. Helm
Junior Art	D. Dunn
Senior Repetition	C. Bryan
Junior Repetition	P. D. Robson



FRAMPTON IN SENIOR LONG JUMP



BEECHING TAKE-OVER (RELAY)



PORTMAN RELAY TEAM



HAYMAN WINS THE MILE

Woodwork	J. C. Snowdon
Geography	P. A. Cant
Abbott Prize for English	T. I. Marston
Middle School History	C. J. Taylor
Natural History	D. H. Bedford
Services to the School	D. Faro

The Senior Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Repetition prizes were presented by Lord Portman, the Geography prize by R. C. Honeybone, Esq., and the Services to the School prize by Lord Mountevans.

HONOURS

- G. A. D. Haslewood : Chair of Bio-chemistry, Guy's Hospital.
 G. Bennett : B. A. Oxon. 1st Class Honours, Modern History. Royal Asiatic Society University Prize Essay, Lectureship in History, University of Toronto.
 G. H. A. Cole : B.Sc. Lond., 1st Class Hons. Physics.
 R. C. Evans : London Bible College, Prize for Bible Knowledge and Prize for New Testament Greek.
 E. B. Hume : Ll.B., Aberystwyth.
 I. W. Hussey : B.A. (Cantab). 2nd Class Honours, Laws.
 L. R. Rose : B.A. (Lond.), 2nd Class Honours, Classics.
 G. S. Taylor : B.Sc. (Lond.), 2nd Class Honours, Mathematics and Science.
 G. Westbury : M.B., B.S. Hons. (Lond.), with Chadwick, Sturges and other prizes.
 E. N. Wilson : B.Sc. (Lond.), 2nd Class Honours, Mathematics.

RESULTS OF LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOLS EXAMINATIONS

Higher School Certificate	...	8
General School Certificate	...	139
G.S.C. with Matriculation	...	40

ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1949

WITH the inspiration of the inter-schools contest still upon us, we decided to introduce two new features to our Athletic Sports this year. The first was a Middle Section of the Championship, and the second, the use of the excellent new cinder track at the Paddington Recreation Ground for our finals on October 14th. The result was a fine crop of new School records. Although some of these were largely due to the reorganisation of the Championships, there is no doubt that the new venture has given a fillip to Athletics in the School. Outstanding performances were :—

- Frampton's 15.8 seconds in the 110 yards Hurdles ;
 Day's well-judged Half-mile in 2 mins. 6.4 seconds ;
 Hayman's 4 mins. 54.9 seconds in the Mile, which beat his own record of last year by 14.3 seconds ;
 and, in the Middle Section,

Belfield's High Jump of 5 feet, which equals the School senior record.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Gibson for his skilful preparation of a carefully timed programme, which enabled Field Events to be conducted concurrently with Track Events, without a single clash—no mean feat! This, and the invaluable advantage of the use of loud-speaker equipment, made the meeting a model of smooth working.

Hobart obtained 48 points and became Senior Victor Ludorum; Burch and Burden being the Middle and Junior victors with 48 and 27 points respectively.

The Senior and Junior House Championships were won by Portman; the Middle by Houseman.

Detailed results were:—

SENIOR (OPEN CLASS AND CLASS 2)

100 Yards.—1, Evans (M); 2, Hobart (P); 3, Barber (P). 11.0 sec.
 220 Yards.—1, Hobart (P); 2, Day (P); 3, McKee (A). 25.2 sec.
 440 Yards.—1, Hobart (P); 2, Day (P); 3, Frampton (P). 55.2 sec.
 880 Yards.—1, Day (P); 2, Hobart (P); 3, Frampton (P). 2 min. 6.4 sec.*
 1 Mile.—1, Hayman (A); 2, Taylor (H); 3, Bakall (B). 4 min. 54.9 sec.*
 110 Yards Hurdles.—1, Frampton (P); 2, Honour (H); 3, Price (H). 15.8 sec.*
 High Jump.—1, Durran (P); 2, V. Harding (H); 3, Price (H). 5ft. 2in.*
 Long Jump.—1, Barber (P); 2, V. Harding (H); 3, Price (H). 17ft. 1.5in.
 Discus (1½ Kg.).—1, V. Harding (H); 2, McKee (A); 3, Ridler (B). 99ft. 6in.
 Javelin.—1, Ridler (B); 2, Grimmett (M); 3, Melvin (M). 124ft. 10in.
 Putting the Weight (12 lb.).—1, Ridler (B); 2, McKee (A); 3, Starr (B). 33ft. 6in.

MIDDLE (CLASSES 3 AND 4)

100 Yards.—1, Burch (M); 2, Belfield (H); 3, Ferris (H). 11.3 sec.
 220 Yards.—1, Burch (M); 2, Ferris (H); 3, Pennington (H). 25.2 sec.
 440 Yards.—1, Ferris (H); 2, Green (B); 3, Downham (B). 59.2 sec.
 880 Yards.—1, Ferris (H); 2, Green (B); 3, Downham (B). 2 min. 16 sec.
 110 Yards Hurdles.—1, Belfield (H); 2, Spencer (B); 3, Green (B). 17.5 sec.
 High Jump.—1, Belfield (H); 2, Salmon (P); 3, Stocker (M). 5ft. 0in.
 Long Jump.—1, Burch (M); 2, Ferris (H); 3, Spencer (B). 16ft. 7½in.
 Discus (1 Kg.).—1, Kemp (B); 2, Downham (B); 3, Renders (P). 94ft. 1in.
 Javelin.—1, Burch (M); 2, Spencer (B); 3, Downham (B). 115ft. 9in.
 Putting the weight (8 lb.).—1, Porter (A); 2, Renders (P); 3, Spencer (B). 37ft. 7.5 in.

JUNIOR (CLASSES 5 AND 6)

100 Yards.—1, Burdon (B); 2, Price (P); 3, Rumbles (H). 12.4 sec.
 220 Yards.—1, Gordon (P); 2, Rumbles (H); 3rd, Price (P). 29.9 sec.
 440 Yards.—1, Burden (B); 2, Owen (B); 3, Robillard (P). 63.8 sec.
 High Jump.—1, Burden (B); 2, J. Gordon (M); 3, Tomlin (B). 4ft. 4in.
 Long Jump.—1, Sayce (M); 2, Taylor (H); 3, Seymour (M). 13ft. 9½in.

UNDER 12 (CLASS 7)

100 Yards.—1, Poyntz; 2, Poulton; 3, Puszet. 13.8 sec.
 220 Yards.—1, Poyntz; 2, Hay; 3, Clayden. 31.5 sec.

Two other decisions taken this year are of considerable importance for the future of the School's Athletics. It had long been felt that the system of giving individual awards in this one part only of the Inter-House Competition was unsatisfactory. The introduction of an Inter-

Schools Competition makes it illogical to give prizes for success at the Inter-House level. In future, therefore, the peak of an athlete's ambition will be to represent the School in his event and win his School Athletics Colours.

The second decision is linked to the first and has already seen the inauguration of a School Athletics Club. Membership is by selection from those who are keen and are in the running for a place in the School teams. Regular weekly training meetings are held, and time is devoted to coaching by masters experienced in Athletics.

We congratulate Mr. Gibson and his team of coaches on their inspiring lead. Every boy in the School has now a reasonable target to aim at in Athletics and a very fair chance of improving his performance. We look forward with enthusiasm to fresh achievements in this oldest of sports.

K.D.C.

ATHLETIC CLUB

THE Athletic Club is a new venture in the School; it was founded early in the term at a meeting of some of the Seniors presided over by Mr. Gibson who proposed that a Club should be formed with the immediate object of improving upon the result obtained this year in the North London Grammar Schools Athletic Association's meeting at the White City Stadium. (We were fourth out of sixteen schools competing.)

Messrs. Gibson, Hayes, Bailey, Finbow and Hartshorn offered their services as coaches, but the Club was to be run by the boys themselves, to which end G. Hobart was elected captain, and a committee consisting of Hobart, V. J. Harding and R. Day was appointed.

As regards training we have the use of the Gym. during Thursday lunch hour and on every alternate Monday at 3-15 p.m. the Club goes in a body to Paddington Recreation Ground for training on the track, where the members have the advice of the coaches, to whom we extend our grateful thanks for all their help.

R.D.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

THE interim report on the School Rugby XV's indicates that there is every prospect of our having a very successful season. Our 1st and 2nd XV's play with the confidence bred by experience; the Colts and Under 13's are at present growing in experience, stature and confidence, but are nevertheless, giving a very good account of themselves.

The School looks toward the juniors to fill the many gaps in next season's teams caused by school leavers this summer. Now is the time for aspiring players to show their worth.

W.C.F.

Results of Rugby Football matches up to the end of the Autumn Term :—

		1st XV		Points
v.	Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe	...	Lost	6-11
v.	Thames Valley Grammar School	...	Won	41-6
v.	Kilburn Grammar School	...	Won	14-3
v.	St. Ignatius College	...	Drawn	11-11
v.	Wasps Extra B XV	...	Won	11-0
v.	St. Olave's	...	Won	9-0
v.	Harrow County	...	Won	16-3
v.	Old Philologians	...	Won	11-3
v.	Raines School	...	Won	20-0
		2ND XV		
v.	R.G.S. High Wycombe	...	Lost	6-12
v.	Thames Valley	...	Won	46-0
v.	Kilburn Grammar School	...	Drawn	6-6
v.	Ealing County	...	Won	3-0
v.	St. Ignatius	...	Won	9-0
v.	Harrow County	...	Drawn	3-3
v.	Raines	...	Won	23-13
v.	Raines	...	Won	53-0
		3RD XV		
v.	City of London 3rd XV	...	Won	40-0
		COLTS XV		
v.	R.G.S. High Wycombe	...	Lost	0-58
v.	Thames Valley	...	Won	17-3
v.	Ealing County	...	Won	13-3
v.	Kilburn Grammar School	...	Lost	5-6
v.	St. Ignatius	...	Won	8-6
v.	Harrow County	...	Lost	3-9
		UNDER 13½ XV		
v.	Kilburn Grammar School	...	Lost	8-9
v.	St. Ignatius	...	Lost	0-12
v.	Chiswick C.S.	...	Lost	3-8

ANALYSIS OF RESULTS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points for	Pts. Against
1st XV	9	7	1	1	139	37
2nd XV	8	5	2	1	149	34
3rd XV	1	1	0	0	40	0
Colts XV	6	3	0	3	46	85
U.13½ XV	3	0	0	3	11	29
Total	27	16	3	8	385	185

THE OLD PHILOLOGIANS' MATCH

"Open unto the fields and to the sky." That line was not written about the Old Philologians' match, but people on the touch-line might have lisped it truthfully through their chattering teeth. And the wind—that wind seemed to skim upon us not from the sky but from the face of all the near counties to the North, like a level scythe. Mr. Snape was

actually heard to declare his preference for cricket. Some prudent persons had brought two coats. Nevertheless, a good muster of boys and Old Boys had gathered to cheer their sides, and it was particularly pleasant to see many young ladies and Philologians' wives, whose loyal enthusiasm the cold could not quell.

The turf looked well groomed; but he to whom that credit is due regarded it with a sceptical eye, knowing that there had been a ground-thaw, and that all our big network of drainage cannot cope at once with oozing frost. Soon the whole field was scarred with the fierce slither of Rugby shocks; and our good Groundsman watched on, with pride in the game, the only spectator without a coat.

The Old Philologians were a nippy, youthful team, with Saracens in the majority. In this report, no player will be named, but it may be said, with comfort to young veterans, that on the whole players with thinnest thatch were quickest on the ball. The referee, by the way, in no need of such comfort, was up with the ball with impressive alacrity: he turned out to be a Welsh international. So the game went on, not deep and crisp, but even, both passing and punting growing shorter as the muddy ball became less trustworthy. There was nothing spectacular—it was close hurly-burly, with the School forwards desperately keen and worrying the Old Boys with their persistent pressure. Then a penalty kick, well taken, put the Old Philologians ahead, and the School was resolutely on its mettle, so resolutely that the Old Boys were not to score again, in fact. After a series of thrusts the School went over wide on the right, and a difficult place-kick provided a thrilling moment, for the heavy ball rose well and truly, against the wind, and descended on the centre of the cross-bar, where it toppled over for a hard-earned goal. There was no slackening in the game; but after half-time the School, in very good heart, had a cross wind from the right behind them, and two good tries were scored, first left, then centre, both the result of unremitting pressure. The chances for thrust and enterprise came from completely un-egotistical football, and the attacks on the Old Philologians' line during the last quarter of an hour were as strenuous and fresh as anything in the game.

With a score of 11 points to 3 the School is proud to show the Old Boys that there is no decline in the keenness of the game; and the Old Philologians are generous and kind enough towards the School to go all out to win and yet be proud when they are beaten. The Old Boys actually did not cross the School's line, but they deserved a try in a long meleé at the opening of the second half. From the distance there seemed to be a misty mixture of brown and gold, with mud and waving arms, where dusky Saracens dived away until one thought they must surely score; and then, when the ball did emerge, the School handled it about across the goal-mouth—which is a very good idea supposing you don't happen to be playing against another side—until at last a good kick to touch ended that long anxious phase.

At tea, the referee, Mr. T. G. Mitchell, congratulated both teams on the very high level of the game, advising kindly the younger players

against two faults. In the forward rushes they should pack but back-heel and break quickly when the rush is stayed: both progress and time are lost when forwards, meeting a shock, pile up bodies over the ball. Secondly, Mr. Mitchell complimented the boys on wheeling, but stressed the need of a sharp word "right" or "left," perhaps from an appointed man in the second row, lest the wheel should go away from the ball!

And so, not "to bed," as Mr. Pepys used to say, but by wintry train to a bright fireside, where I am sure, many a spectator stretched, content that his cold, clay-laden shoes were in the back-kitchen, and assured in his comfortable thoughts that the Old Philologists were a particularly decent lot, and that there was something of permanent worth in the spirit of Rugby football.

P.A.W.

THE HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1949-50

POSITION AT CHRISTMAS, 1949

	House Masters	House Captain	Points
ABBOTT	G. W. Hartshorn, Esq. G. H. Bailey, Esq. C. Armour, Esq.	A. White	16
BEECHING	F. H. Warre Cornish, Esq. M. J. Hayes, Esq. A. Hyde, Esq.	P. Dean	44
HOUSEMAN	L. I. Horwood, Esq. M. G. Blakeway, Esq. R. M. Tank, Esq.	V. J. Harding	28
MOORE	G. E. G. Gibson, Esq. R. K. Hands, Esq. H. C. Finbow, Esq.	F. W. Grimmett	64
PORTMAN	Dr. T. K. Derry T. E. Blackburn, Esq. J. A. Hawke-Genn, Esq.	G. Hobart	49

The above points were awarded on the results of the Athletic Sports only.

The position of the House Rugby Football is as follows:—

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
ABBOTT	1. to Beeching 1. to Portman	ABBOTT 1. to Beeching 1. to Portman
BEECHING	d. with Portman b. Abbott b. Houseman	BEECHING 1. to Portman b. Abbott b. Houseman
HOUSEMAN	1. to Moore	HOUSEMAN b. Moore
MOORE	1. to Beeching b. Houseman	MOORE 1. to Beeching 1. to Houseman
PORTMAN	1. to Portman d. with Beeching b. Moore b. Abbott	PORTMAN b. Portman b. Beeching 1. to Moore b. Abbott

ABBOTT HOUSE REPORT

At the beginning of this term, we learned that owing to increased duties, Mr. Crook was relinquishing his position of House Master. He had been attached to Abbott House for a number of years, and had always set an example of keenness in every undertaking. Under his leadership the House has always held a high position in the House Championships, and we would like to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude.

In his place we welcomed Mr. Hartshorn, whom we know to be a very keen sportsman, and Mr. Bailey, from whom we expect assistance in the production of the House Play.

The House, unfortunately, has lost a large number of its best Seniors, but although lacking in strength it is not lacking in spirit. The Juniors, however, must realize that they too are necessary for the success of the House.

This term has not shown very much promise, but we are not discouraged. A whole year of activities lies before us, and if every member of the House works with enthusiasm, there is no reason why Abbott should not hold its usual high position.

In conclusion, we congratulate Hayman for setting up a new School record for the Mile, and White and McKee for being picked to play Rugby for Middlesex Schools.

M. J. HEATH, *House Secretary.*

BEECHING HOUSE REPORT

The term was successfully ended by the House Party, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The kitchen staff had very kindly made a House cake, in the House Colours, which was cut by our House Master, Mr. Warre-Cornish. "God-speed" was wished to J. Brown and Morris, who are leaving this term.

Although Beeching did not accomplish anything great or win any brilliant victories, the House can look back with satisfaction at the Rugby Football wins.

Finally, the House would like to take this opportunity of wishing Mr. Warre-Cornish and Mr. Hayes a very merry Christmas.

JOHN C. GRIFFITHS, *Secretary.*

HOUSEMAN HOUSE REPORT

It has been almost an established custom for Houseman to make a somewhat mediocre start to the school year and then to improve steadily, and it seems as though this year is to prove no exception to the rule. Two activities stand out, Athletics and Rugby Football. In the former it can only be said that we "held our own" by finishing in third place; we still suffer from the common human failing of "leaving things to others." In the Middle School, for example, a First in the Finals was cancelled out by a last in the qualifying. Nevertheless the Seniors

put up a remarkable performance; for although there are only three or four Sixth-formers, they were second between them on Sports Day itself.

Our defeat by Moore by 14 points to 8 in the first round of the Rugby Championship was a bitter pill to swallow. But it was the old story of a powerful three-quarter line unable to function because of weak forwards. Yet we still entertain high hopes of winning, for the latter are showing signs of improving at long last. The Juniors have shown the way with a 15-3 victory, so it is up to their elders not to let them down.

G. MARGOLIS, *Secretary*.

MOORE HOUSE REPORT

MOORE can look back on this term with a great deal of satisfaction, but the House cannot afford to become slack. At the moment in the House Championship the House is lying second, nine points behind Portman.

Moore won the qualifying part of the Athletics and did quite well on Sports Day itself. I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Burch on being the "Victor Ludorum" of the Middle School.

So far both the Seniors and Juniors have played two Rugby matches, each of the teams having won one match and lost one.

And so to next term, when the Rugby fixtures will be completed, and the Fives competition started. It is essential that the House does well in these events if it is to maintain its challenge in the House Championship.

R. LAMBERT.

PORTMAN HOUSE REPORT

IN many ways Portman can look back over the past term with satisfaction, for, at the moment, the House is leading in the House Championship by nine points, Moore holding second place. The Seniors, especially have shown much improvement, and it is to be hoped that the House will make a determined effort to retain its present position.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Hobart on becoming the Senior Victor Ludorum. Also Day who, with Hobart, played a big part in enabling us to win the Athletics.

The House has made a promising start in Rugby Football, the Seniors having had one win and one draw, and the Juniors one win. The Rugby Championship will finally be decided next term, to which we look forward with high hopes.

Finally, we are pleased to welcome a new master, Mr. Hawke-Genn, to the House.

R. F. FORDHAM, *Secretary*.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

A SCHOOL period is now devoted to meetings of Societies. These include the old "Facultative" groups, the Debating Society, two dramatic groups, a Journalism group, a "London" Society, Singing, Art and Woodwork. Other societies continue to meet during the lunch interval, and some of these have sent us special reports of their activities, given hereunder.

CHESS CLUB

ALTHOUGH Schneck and Miller have left the School, the Chess Club has had a good term. There is an intense interest in the upper forms and a chess league has been started in one form. At the moment there is a paucity of chess sets and this has stunted the growth of chess in the lower forms. The team recorded its first post-war victory by 4½ matches to 1½ over Quintin School, but lost by 5 matches to 1 to St. Paul's School. At our annual fixture with the Masters we won by 4 matches to 1. The School team is: J. Ball, O. Green, A. F. F. Clark, R. Durran, L. McKinness and D. Pollard, with several players on the verge of selection.

R. DURRAN.

SCHOOL CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

THIS group meets in the Library on alternate Thursdays. The meetings begin and end with prayers, but the main business is a discussion about a Christian subject. Boys wishing to join us should come to a meeting in the Library, where they will be welcomed.

J.G.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

THE Geographical Society has now been split into Senior and Junior sections. The Senior section, for the first few weeks, heard lectures delivered, with very laudable intent, by Sixth Formers. About half-term, however, these were succeeded by a series of films, which were enjoyed in company with the Science Society.

Mrs. K. Jones, towards the end of last year, very generously presented to the School a fine collection of fossils and rock specimens. Next term the Society hope to start their classification.

P.B. (*Chairman*).

THE MIDDLE SCIENCE SOCIETY

ON the 12th of September, 1949, at 3-15 in the afternoon, the inaugural meeting of the Middle Science Society was held in the Elementary Chemistry Laboratory. Fifteen members were present. The principal business was the election of officers, and the under-mentioned were elected to serve as follows:—

Chairman, C. M. Pritchard; Secretary, R. Megran.

The meeting was concluded after a lecture by Mr. Hayes on Science generally.

Later, at the request of the Chairman, Mr. Hayes consented to become President. The Chairman then delivered a talk on "Setting up a Home Laboratory," and followed this with an example of etching on copper. It was at this point that it was unanimously decided that the Junior and Middle Science Societies be amalgamated, and this resulted in more than doubling our membership. The efficiency of this section was very ably demonstrated by two of its members, who spoke in a very competent way on "The Wireless and its beginning."

Subsequent meetings were filled by a series of lectures and films on varied subjects. The Society is in a flourishing condition and members are most enthusiastic, meetings being extremely well attended.

R. MEGRAN (*Secretary*).

MUSIC SOCIETY

THE Music Society has been influenced by two events this term. The first was the departure of Mr. Noble, and I would like, on behalf of the Society, to thank him for his able guidance and initiative in producing so many lunch-hour concerts performed by first-class musicians. The second was a less sad one, being the abolition of the penny-a-week subscription, which was carried unanimously amid scenes of jubilation from the uncultured proletariat. Now, therefore, the Music Society provides a good, educative variety of music absolutely free of charge, and those who do not frequent the Library during the Monday dinner hour do not know what they are missing.

The programmes presented ranged from Holst's "Planet Suite" to Sydney Becket's version of "Maple Leaf Rag," and music was played by such combinations as the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Walter Susskind and the Red Hot Peppers lead by a certain Mr. Jelly Roll Morton. Between these two extremes we heard Tchaikowski's Violin Concerto, Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers," Rachmaninoff's "Spanish Caprice," and much Chopin. It is hoped that this society will continue to flourish and that music will become an important part in school life.

E.S.

THE ORCHESTRA : THE CHOIR

NO concert was held at the end of last term. At present no practices are held for the full choir, a state of affairs much to be regretted. We hope these will be restored as soon as possible,* both to maintain the standard of singing at daily assemblies and to promote choral singing in the school and to make it possible for them to take part in a concert performance.

The Orchestra have worked hard, but the violins are weak at present—too weak to have done justice to a school concert. They would like to thank Miss Sharp for her patience and skill in training them. Their

progress under her guidance has given them confidence in her ability to bring them up to concert pitch—before December, 1950!

Music is still very much alive in the school. The trebles are in good voice under Mr. Hedges, and there are plenty of opportunities for hearing and learning to appreciate good music in the Headmaster's classes, at the Musical Society's gramophone recitals, and at concerts given by excellent artistes.

Talent is also there. Only practice is needed to make it productive.
F.W.C.

*They have now been restored.—ED.

CHARITIES

THIS term the Charity Committee has handed £18 15s. 3d. to the Wireless for the Blind Fund, and £20 2s. 3d. to the Florence Nightingale Hospital.
I.M.T.

THE LONDON SCHOOL PLAYERS

A PERFORMANCE of *Twelfth Night* was given by this Society at the London University Institute of Education Theatre during November. The cast included members of the School, as follows: Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mr. R. K. Hands; Valentine, J. Paterson; Antonio, Mr. M. Tank; Fabian, M. Springate. This performance was seen by some of us and very much enjoyed.

F.W.C.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

Miss Lesley Duff	<i>Soprano</i>
Miss Helen Gaskell	<i>Oboe</i>
Miss Winifred Davey	<i>Piano</i>

ON the afternoon of Monday, 12th December, these three ladies visited the School and gave a concert to the boys in the Upper Forms which must have charmed the ears of all who appreciate music produced by first-class artistes. Even those who are less sensitive to the charms of classical music cannot fail to have enjoyed the Highland songs sung at the end of the programme by Miss Duff with a fire which perhaps only a Highlander can impart to such songs.

A special tribute is due to Miss Duff, who, besides being one of the leading sopranos in Mr. Britten's Glyndebourne Company, has a genuine affection for the School, having sung here previously on several occasions, the last one about two years ago. On entering the Library to rehearse for her concert this time she exclaimed that she remembered it well, as it was the first room in which she had ever sung before an audience.

Miss Gaskell, probably the best living oboist trained by the Royal Academy, and also 1st Cor Anglais in the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, produced most lovely music, both as a background to the voice and as soloist in Alan Richardson's Suite. Miss Davey, who as an accompanist at the B.B.C. is often to be heard in the Third Programme, played with

the sure touch and technical skill of a pianist who can draw the widest range of possibilities from a good instrument.

The three had taken the most diligent pains to produce perfection in their performance. Gramophone records had been made of rehearsals of the ensemble music, and improvements made in performance accordingly. The result was a most excellent, well-balanced concert. The voice, the oboe and the piano were heard, in "solo," or blended together in harmony, and a fourth ingredient was contributed on the 'cello by the Headmaster, who played "Berceuse" and "Après un rêve" by Fauré.

We feel it is something of a privilege to have had such pains taken for us by such excellent artistes.

We look forward to the next occasion when we shall hear Miss Duff and her partners, and assure them that they will always be sure of the warmest of welcomes.

F.W.C.

PROGRAMME

1. SONGS
 - Music for a while Purcell
 - I have waited for the Lord Bach
 - Look up my heart (Soprano and Oboe) Bach
2. CELLO SOLOS HEADMASTER
3. SUITE FRANCAISE (Oboe) Alan Richardson
4. PIANO SOLO
5. GROUP OF JACOBITE SONGS
 - Earl of Moray arr. Britten
 - Bonnie George Campbell
 - Skye Boat Song

THE SWISS TOUR

IT would be impossible for me to attempt to describe in any great detail the numerous excursions that our party made, or indeed the thousand and one things of interest we observed. So instead I propose to give a resumé of my most vivid impressions.

Looking back, the grandeur of the magnificent scenery remains first and foremost in my mind. It is on such a tremendous scale as to be beyond the range or power of any words, while the brilliant colouring, especially that of the lakes, is absolutely remarkable. The Swiss towns, built in their typical picturesque style, blend perfectly and add much splendour to their surroundings.

Shopping in Lucerne was a fascinating experience. All the shops were filled with every conceivable luxury that is unobtainable in Britain, and contrary to the useful belief, things were comparatively cheap.

Our most curious adventure was being carried nearly seven thousand feet up a mountain by chair-lift: a wooden framework, fixed to a cable, suspended at heights varying from twenty to forty feet above the ground.

At this height the rarefied air was very noticeable, while the view of range after range of great snow-capped peaks was awe-inspiring.

There are countless other memories: the sheer precipitous mountains that have to be seen to be believed; the giant cascades, plunging a thousand feet or more into the valleys below; the crude mountain railways; the glaciers; and Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, in the midst of the warm Italian countryside.

Finally, a rather humorous point is that in the centre of such magnificence, one observes a familiar poster boldly displaying the words, "Come to Southend for a glorious holiday!"

I think Switzerland is well worth a visit, and this impressive holiday under the guidance of Mr. Noble will always remain a pleasant memory.

J. N. DAVIES.

EDUCATIONAL VISITS

THE educational visits begun last year have continued, and the junior forms have seen the Tower, appreciated most for its associations of blood and death, Greenwich Museum, preceded by a smoky but interesting river journey, Westminster Abbey, where one form had the privilege of places in the choir stalls during the service and much enjoyed the singing of the choir, and the British Museum, where mummies, the corpse of a man who died 3,000 years ago, postage stamps, and Scott's last diary (just as in the film) are the chief attractions though some few of deeper learning are keen to see the Rosetta stone and Magna Carta.

A variation from last year's pattern was the visit to the Jeffrye Museum, of which a special correspondent (P. Howlett, IVA) sends us the following account:

"The exhibition of building and furnishing through the ages, is arranged in small rooms. Each room is devoted to a different period in history, and for the convenience of visitors a board gave the key to the different objects in the room. Among the exhibits are models of a 15th century banqueting hall, a ducking stool (used for garrulous women), a street scene in the 15th century, and an Elizabethan theatre."

Two plays have been seen. A large party of seniors enjoyed an excellent production of *The Rivals* at the Fortune Theatre, an incident which brought to light a hitherto latent interest in literature by VI Science, who had not been included in the party.

The other was a historical play about Charles I. The seniors being engaged on more arduous pursuits on the appointed day, forty second formers had an opportunity intended for older boys. The visit was a complete success, and the play was well appreciated, though disappointment was expressed that Charles' head was not lopped off on the stage.

G.H.B.

CAMBRIDGE, 1949

CAMBRIDGE at the beginning of December wears a slightly unusual look: the university term is over and most of the undergraduates have gone to their homes, but, a new temporary population has

arrived to take their places, to create an artificial lengthening of term, as it were, and to keep the tea-shops filled past their normal time. These fresh inhabitants are the Scholarship Candidates, and to them is extended the unique privilege of being allowed to have a preview of university life. They sleep in college, dine in college, and take their examinations there: three activities that make up a by no means negligible part of an undergraduate's career.

To anyone who has gone up for the first time, fresh from school, the atmosphere must inevitably be strange: certainly there is to be noticed a welcome absence of discipline; there is no word of astonishment for any of the frequent late-comers to meals, unless the somewhat cool greeting of your waiter be taken into account; nor *mirabile dictu* to anybody who is late for examinations themselves. No supervisor ever asks for silence at the commencement of a paper, although a seemingly young don once shocked all by announcing that he would "consider the exam. to have begun." On my remarking, however, to a fellow-candidate on the flexible nature of the system, he straightway replied that "it was nothing on Oxford's" where the authorities had not only been known to fail to produce an adequate time-table, but also to call men away for a *viva voce* in the very middle of an examination. Oxford, as may be known, does not rank very high in the esteem of any thinking Cambridge men.

Interviews followed the examinations, but although the interviewers strove to be as friendly as they could, and provided large arm-chairs and roaring fires, it was impossible not to feel a little uncomfortable, especially since there was always an assistant present, to write furious notes on every reply given. The advice given by those who know the ways of interviewers, "to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth," proved invaluable, for the rapid stream of cross-questions would soon have found out whether anyone had been falsifying facts for interview purposes only! The most cheerful meeting was provided by the Provost of Kings, who thought well of St. Marylebone but "A most extraordinary school," he said. "Everyone does what he likes there!"*

Examinations did not take up all our time, however. We spent a whole Sunday touring the colleges, giving our heart to each one in turn, only to go back to discover our particular choice was the best, after all. If I was pressed I should cast my vote for King's and Trinity as being architecturally the finest, although I realise I am asking for a hornets' nest to be brought down about my ears by saying so!

My mind is full, too, of bowler-hatted porters who would insist on giving the most copious instructions in reply to the simplest request for directions, or of nights spent around the television, when all thoughts of "swotting" having been banished, a kind of "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die" attitude prevailed amongst all present.

But it was the scene in the tea-shops that seemed to me to represent the truest atmosphere of Cambridge. The weather was cold, and when the afternoon examinations were over, everyone was glad to go inside for rounds of toast and pastries. If you listened you could hear what can

only be described as an "academic hubbub" rising up from the tables. Snatches of Greek quotations or mathematical formulae would come floating across the floor mingled with the clinking of cups and saucers. As one waitress so aptly remarked, it seems as "if all the dons in the world had dropped in to tea."

G. E. MARGOLIS.

[*Rumours of our activities during the last period on Monday had perhaps reached the Provost's ear?—Ed.]

IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS

ON Sunday, October 30th, at 3 p.m., the German scholars, with one exception, from Forms L.VI.A and R.1 met outside the Embassy Theatre Swiss Cottage, where they were to see a performance of Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, in German, of course.

The visit was due, first, to a suggestion from Mr. Horwood, secondly to the willingness of the boys, who, in their thirst for knowledge, were ready to give up their pocket-money and Sunday afternoon, and last, but by no means least, to financial assistance by the Headmaster out of school funds.

In due time everybody was in his seat, many of us equipped with programmes containing a helpful précis of the play, for future reference. The German cast proceeded to give a good rendering of Goethe's play.

The second half was less easy to understand, as the play had not been read as far in school. However, the majority gained a pretty fair idea of the content of the play.

After the performance the Headmaster led the party to a nearby café, and tea being finished, the party split up, after thanking the two masters for an enjoyable afternoon, and the individuals wended their various ways home—in the boys' case, it is to be hoped, armed with more knowledge about the play than when they set out; in the Headmaster's, stimulated, perhaps, to a companion volume to his *Faust*.

Whether either of these suppositions is true remains to be seen, but it is certain that both masters and boys spent an enjoyable afternoon.

P.T.R. (L.VI.A.)

ADOLF AMONGST THE NIGHTINGALES

EARLY in December some members of the School were invited to take part in a B.B.C. broadcast which depicted the life of a boy in Berlin and Vienna under the rising tide of Nazi influence. In the course of this broadcast they were called upon to learn and sing the notorious Horstwessel Song, which caused some shaking of heads and a little mild publicity in certain sections of the Press. Undeterred, they continued their rehearsals and were eventually heard over the air singing the Horstwessel Song with villainous gusto. We have not yet observed any signs that the invidious part they were called upon to play has worked unconsciously upon their young minds, as some feared that it might;

but their realistic rendering of the offending song has evidently found a warm echo in the heart of at least one hearer, as the following letter will show :—

To the Editor of The Philologist

ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

MY DEAR SIR,

On switching on my radio yesterday evening, I experienced the most joyful evening for nearly ten years. As I sat quietly in my soft comfortable arm-chair I knew that our beloved Adolf had not been forsaken by one of London's leading grammar schools. Indeed, the singing of the "Horst Wessel" by those fifteen sweet children made my old heart feel young again. Ever since dear Adolf passed victoriously over I have longed for the moment when once again our famous marching song would be sung by the rising generation, and last night I heard it on the Third Programme. My own sweet child Glockenspiel Adolf will most certainly come to your school, where, under your guidance, he will help to restore the Fatherland back to its original strength: at the moment he is three months old.

"May you, sir, have the same life as our protector had.

"Yours heilingly,

"JOACHIM VON PÄLSTEIN."

"ON SITTING EXAMINATIONS"

I MAY speak with some feeling on this subject, for next June I face my final examination for the degree of M.A. (Honours History-English). As this will necessitate my suffering an ordeal of thirty-six hours under the fire of twelve different question papers, I may say with no small amount of truth, that this young man's fancy often (though not lightly) turns to thoughts of examinations. Since the topic is not without interest or relevance to other readers of this magazine, perhaps my reflection will not seem (altogether) out of place here.

Let us begin by accepting examinations as a necessary evil, however much we would prefer to think them the invention of some particularly spiteful misanthrope, or of an inhabitant of that region made familiar to us by Dante and Milton. What then? How are we to approach them?

I think we may safely rule out any suggestion of doing so, "with jolly." Chancellors may have songs in their hearts about the country's finances (or used to have), but I never yet knew of anyone who had a song in his heart just before an examination. But it isn't such a bad idea, you know. Try it out on the morning of your next big ordeal. As you walk along the street towards the scene of that trial, try singing some jolly tune (in your mind, of course). The more trivial the tune may be, the better for your spirits. Let me see, what about the old dance-tune, "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder"? If your power of auto-suggestion is good, any such song as this will brace you up, at least, until the moment when the school building heaves in sight. I agree that

the effect begins to wear off at that point, and so it ought, for consideration of your fellow-sufferers alone should induce you to wear a long face outside the examination hall. Anyone with finely sensitive feelings will endeavour to attune himself to his environment.

The song then will carry you along up to a point. What should you do then? Well, if you are the type of person who derives good cheer by being miserable, your obvious line of policy is to join in the general gloom of your comrades, with a highly spirited display of melancholy. Take a positive delight in saying how much you haven't revised; revel in how much you don't know. But please don't exaggerate! Comfort them by all means, but don't delude them into thinking you are such an ignoramus, that they cannot possibly do worse than you will. Of all the low tricks which one scholar may play upon another that is, without doubt, the meanest. Except, of course, for assuming an air of unbounded confidence when, in point of fact, you scarcely know a thing.

But let us suppose you don't wish to join in with the chorus of gloom, preferring perhaps to be alone with your thoughts. How are you to shape those thoughts in such a way as to prevent their giving you "the jumps," "the trembles" or "the shivers"? Make a cricket match of it—that's what I always do. Picture yourself as one who is very shortly going in to bat. What will the bowling (*i.e.*, the question) be like? Will it be fast and Lindwallian? Will there be any "googlies"? Will there be any leg-traps? What of it? You have quite a good eye and some pretty strokes. It may even be just that kind of bowling which you most enjoy. What will the wicket (*i.e.*, the paper as a whole) be like? Will it play easily, or will it be a "sticky" one? Will it carry "spin"? What if it should be difficult? You have batted on a "sticky" wicket before (although Mr. Rebbeck always does his best for you), and you are jolly well determined to keep your end up.

As you enter the hall, do not be dismayed by the white backs of the papers and shiver at the idea of what may be on the other side. Tell yourself that whatever challenge the bowling may have, you will find some way of dealing with it. Then at last when you are facing it, don't be put off by the fact that at first it may seem unplayable. There usually will be some method of playing it, if you don't lose your nerve, and are content to "stonewall" for an over or two, whilst you are thinking it out. Above all you possess one advantage in an examination, which a batsman doesn't have in a test match. You may choose the most suitable bowling (*i.e.*, the most suitable questions) for those first few overs. Having "played your eye in," you can then deal more successfully with the trickier bowling.

Perhaps all this seems a little silly to you, or even delusory—like the song in Dr. Dalton's heart? I suppose it is, but it does serve one useful purpose. It helps you to laugh at something of which you are, in reality, afraid; and with examinations it is better to laugh than to weep.

W. J. RAE (O.P.)

A TREATISE ON THE "GENTLE ART"

*There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.*

THE blood-red sun slowly sinks in the west. The vault of heaven is striped with reds, blues, greens and golds, till the very skies seem a multitudinous army of colour. Below, the rippling, crystal stream pursues its tireless course, over the golden pebble-beds. The steep green hillock is bespattered with daisies, right to the water's edge, a veritable "milky way." The white hoariness of the willow is reflected in that cool, tranquil pool, in whose dark depths lurk the "aldermen" trout. The chaffinch twitters his final notes, before the seal of day closes his weary little lids, and now, now, is the hour of the angler.

Slowly, silently, he creeps to the shelter of a friendly bush, careful lest the faintest footstep, or crackling of a twig, should signal his approach to the cautious "aldermen" in the dark pool below. Quietly, laboriously, he assembles his rod, with its line and reel. Then, stooping to his coat (lying on the green velvet carpet of grass) he takes out a small book, in which repose a countless host of gorgeous flies, of all shapes and sizes begging description. Carefully he fixes a pale brown creation to his thin nylon line, and still careful, lest the trout (seeing his figure or rod above the skyline) should take alarm, he casts his fly over the surface of that placid, tranquil pool.

Gradually the sinking sun lengthens the grey shadows, and still our fisherman persists, casting again and yet again. Then, suddenly, upon the silent water there is a swirl, a gleamy flash of silver, and the line is tightened as a big fish is hooked. Away rushes the fish, the reel clicking merrily as the fish races to the head of the pool. Then the fish leaps from the rippling surface in a cascade of silver jewels, flying for the refuge of his native weed bed—but his pursuer relentlessly follows him, edging him from the danger of the willow roots, into the tumbling, laughing, stream, where the duel is fought to its finish. Up and down dashes the frenzied flash of silver, leaping and jumping, diving and rushing—until he finally comes to the surface, and is gradually drawn to the landing net, and so on to the bank. There he lies, a slim beautiful two-pound trout, gleaming in the last rays of the dying sun, iridescent in those last emeralds and sapphires on its scales, transformed into living gold and silver.

Then the angler, amply rewarded for his patience, well satisfied with his evening's sport, repacks his bags, but before he goes he gives one last glance at that rippling cascade of liquid silver, that tumbling, gurgling stream, then turns and is lost in the gloaming.

M. SPRINGATE (L.VI.Arts)

SKYE HIGH

SOMEWHERE, ahead and above, hidden by the swirling mists, lay the impressive grandeur of Loch Coire na Ghrunnda. Lower down the valley we had admired the grimness of the steep sides and the

rolling massive "boiler plates" of the corrie, a tremendous prelude to the awe-inspiring act which was to follow.

Now, already, the clouds had caught up with us and obliterated any possible view. Disappointed, we scrambled forward, scaling a wall, where rivulets of icy water trickled down our necks and seeped in at our shirt cuffs, indeed, wherever there were chinks in our armour. The wind blustered, and gathering strength minute by minute, tore at our clothes and snatched away our words ere we had mouthed them. Bedraggled, wet to the skin, we urged ourselves onward with our only consolation that at least we could not get any wetter, and the wind would not allow us to remain wet long. To our left we noticed a trail of dirty-white rope. On either end there was attached a weather-weary climber. They were trying the White Slab climb, scrambling up walls and edging along narrow ledges with a spirit which we thought should have been impossible under such appalling conditions. Yet it is an indescribable feeling, to fight against the weather, to surmount the rocks and conquer the summit, standing victorious upon it. The whole essence and explanation of mountaineering and rock-climbing is something which no writer can interpret. There is a magical something which grips the imagination, quickens the senses, and spurs the climber on to great achievements. It is a disease, hard to catch and practically impossible to cure. Once infected, the victim strains at the leash of town life and longs to be away amidst the distant hills and crags, far from the worries of domestic environment. As we munched our sodden sandwiches by the shores of the loch it was cold, desolate and gloomy. Visibility was poor, yet the rain had ceased. We decided that nothing could be gained by turning back and therefore climbed to the knife-like ridge above the loch. Then suddenly, miraculously, an unseen hand drew back the curtains of cloud and revealed one of the most amazing panoramas either of us had ever seen. The sunlight on the hills illuminated rolling screes, stream-cut gullies, purple heather, gigantic boulders, scarred precipices and craggy, jagged peaks. We cast our eyes back and saw the loch six hundred feet below us, transformed. Now it was glittering and inviting us homewards.

We returned to the lodge that evening, feeling completely satisfied with our climb, and sank, deliciously tired, between the blankets.

D. POLLARD, L.VIA.

BROADCASTING

FIVE seconds to go! Slowly the clock ticks on in the hushed studio—even the audience silenced by the breathless awe of the moment.

The question-master—a certain Mr. Gillet—braces himself; the poor victims feel their last ounce of hope oozing away: the red light flickers and—they're off!

First, a babel of sound reaches the listener (who has been impatiently waiting for this very minute—perhaps!) as each person gives his (or her) views on any and every literary subject. In that brief space of time, while babel reigns supreme, the subject of literature is approached from more angles than even Euclid ever thought of. They say "there is safety in

numbers"—well, at least one's stomach had finished the highland reel, and one felt more like a human being, and less a mass of quivering jelly.

Then, "please be quiet," begs Mr. Gillet. At once the noise is hushed. "Now here is our 'first question'"—and every particle of self-confidence immediately disappears. Indeed, the Magic Circle could not have made it vanish more speedily. "Angela, what do you think?" And poor Angela blanches, swallows, and bravely commences.

Now the ice is broken and the show proceeds apace. Views fly hither and thither, libels are common-place occurrences, and new authors (hoping against hope for a word of encouragement) hearing the comments on their works, immediately apply at the employment bureau for the position of dustman, drawn, as it were, to the same depository where the comments have consigned their books.

Shakespeare is reviled and blessed, Jane Austen has long since sunk in the trough of despair (with John Bunyan), comics seem tops by a large majority, and just as everyone is beginning to feel happy, the red light flickers, and another broadcast is a thing of the past.

M. SPRINGATE.

SWITZERLAND

SLENDOUR and magnificence: the mountains capped in snows,
Soaring peaks transcendent, rising sheer from granite scree,
Sombre beauty mingled with the glint of glacial flows,
Crystal waters chuckling mid the carpet of the trees,
Here cascades are thundering to the valleys far below,
Plunging into wondrous lakes of awe-inspiring blue
Impressive stands the Jungfrau in the twilight, all aglow,
And softly, faintly, blushing pink, as the sunset fades from view,
Here nature in full glory unperturbed reigns all supreme.
How tremendous are its marvels dull words can ne'er imply—
So wild, unkempt, majestic, in the brilliance of a dream;
Sacred is the freedom, beneath that peaceful sky.
Oh, let me stay, oh, let me stay!
Here let me while my life away.

J. N. DAVIES, R.1

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

A PUBLIC LIBRARY is a building in which books are kept, to be taken out by members of the public for their own use. The Librarian (the person who controls the influx and efflux of books) would tell you that you may make use of the library free of charge, but really you pay for it out of your rates. In the library you can find books on any subject, except the one you want. They are numbered according to the subject they deal with and placed on shelves, in numerical order, so that the prospective reader may easily find the book he desires. In order to make a visit to the library more interesting, the librarian, helped by his assistants, spends a great amount of his time in placing the returned

books on the wrong shelves. This is what they are doing when you see them staggering around the library like Covent Garden porters, with enormous piles of books. Many library users beguile the long winter evenings by choosing any book out of the catalogue (with a pin) and then attempting to find it on the book-shelves. They regard this pastime in much the same light as other people regard crossword and jigsaw puzzles.

A member of the public is allowed to take out two fiction books and two non-fiction books. The fiction books, as their name suggests, are all untrue. The non-fiction books are only partly untrue. Books may be kept out for fourteen days and for every day they are detained in excess of this period, a small fine is levied. The fine on a book retained for a long while over this period seems to mount up by a form of geometric progression and many overdue books are not returned at all because of this. Thus the library does not become overcrowded by the introduction of new publications, since this inflow is balanced by the outflow of books which are never returned. The date on which a book really should be returned is marked with a date-stamp, either on the inside cover of the book or on the thumb of the person holding it.

Each member of the library is given four tickets which he gives up on receipt of the books he requires. These tickets are especially designed to feel like bus tickets so that members may absent-mindedly tear them up when leaving buses.

Every library has its quota of white-bearded old men who spend all their time in cobweb-covered sleep under large notices, inscribed SILENCE. They are, more or less, permanent fixtures, and if you were to ask any of the librarians "Why is this thus?" they would be unable to answer for these old men have been there longer than they have and were probably asleep on the site when the builders laid the foundations of the building. They remain as symbols of the firm and silent permanence of the public libraries of England.

R. ASHBEE, VI.Arts.

THE SWEAT OF FEAR

HE stood for a moment and stared at the gruesome weapon. His body stiffened. Did he have to do this thing? Must he bring into action the long blade which he now saw gleaming dully in the glare of a naked electric light bulb? He saw the scene with clarity—the clarity of near madness. He visualised the quick downward thrust of the blade, the sickening sound as it cut through human flesh, the blood slowly welling from the wound, welling . . . welling . . . welling.

The door began to open slowly, oh, so slowly. He took a fresh grip upon the weapon, but his hand was moist with sweat—the sweat of fear.

His father entered, holding a cup of boiling water, some shaving cream, and a shaving brush. "Now take it slowly, old man," he said. "It's your first shave, so be careful, or you might cut yourself."

T. I. MARSTON.

STILL MORE REFLECTIONS

Scene—The Library.

Time—Monday lunch-hour.

ENTER the Music Society. He greets his companion heartily. In less time than it takes to eat a school dinner, the turn-table is revolving. The Music Society has begun yet another of its immortal meetings. The hallowed and time-worn beams reverberate with—no, not the soft strains of a Beethoven Quartet, but with—what's this?—"Potatoe Head Blues," played by Mr. Louis Armstrong and his Hot Seven. This, we are told, is certainly it, but what is it? The concise, mellow trumpet playing of Mr. A., the contrapuntal weavings of the clarinet, and the "plunk" of the banjo fill the audience with ecstasy, that is, if popping eyes, palpitating breath and arms akimbo are signs of ecstasy. A master enters, sniffs, grimaces and hastily retreats. He prefers the old masters. The boys think this is terrific. The master doesn't think (pray, dear reader, do not misunderstand me!) so. By now the gallery is full and each person imagines that he is the sole author of the music now streaming from the disc and illustrates this by contortions of the face and much waving of the arms and fingers. Meanwhile, the floor trembles with the thump of feet "beating it out" as they say. And so it continues, until one can almost smell the beer and sawdust. The bell breaks the spell and with the announcement that Mozart's Horn Concerto will be played the following week, the audience is brought back to earth. The Music Society, now heavily disguised as a tenor saxophone, picks up his records and slinks out of the door, carefully avoiding the contemptuous stares of the classicists, who do not like this thing called Jazz.

E. STARR.

ANTIPATHY

I AM by nature averse to umbrellas. If I were of a somewhat more choleric disposition I might express my disapproval of these havoc-wreaking instruments, by surreptitiously rendering *hors de combat* all which fell into my hands, but since I am possessed of a more phlegmatic humour I must address my plea for the abolition of umbrellas to the Editor of the PHILOLOGIAN.

The umbrella has a long and colourful pedigree, as can be seen from its cousin the parasol or sunshade, but it is the black rolled umbrella of the business man and the smaller and brighter one of the business man's wife that have prompted my appeal. The British climate, in spite of the Gulf Stream, being what it is, and the conventions of dress for the City office being what they are, the business man must perforce be armed with a black tightly-rolled umbrella. Should it rain, no infrequent occurrence, in spite of the Meteorological Office, then let the traveller

from St. Paul's to Hyde Park via High Holborn and Oxford Street beware

The City will be full of these black mushrooms which dart their lethal stings towards the eye and agile indeed is he who is not gouged once. As the traveller proceeds towards that network of busy thoroughfares dominated by Peter Robinson a fresh danger besets the unwary. The female of the species, acknowledged by all authorities to be more dangerous than her mate when roused by the prospect of a bargain, braves the torrents, armed with a brightly coloured miniature model, and performs the same complicated manoeuvres as when in a car. It is impossible to press on regardless past Selfridge's. The battle is over; the hatless outdoor type must retire before the main force of the victorious hordes of umbrellas.

But turn not away from this sorry scene, for thou hast not heard my entire plaintive tale. Even when in a state of rest and tightly-rolled, the umbrella is yet a lethal weapon. In the hands of the business man it may be used as a boarding instrument when the Metropolitan Line train arrives at Baker Street and, wielded by a peace-loving old lady, it has on one occasion been known to have quelled a riot in a railway carriage by being administered sharply to the cranium of one of the rioters.

In this, my peroration, may I appeal to the reader of this magazine, more advanced in years than myself, and to my comrades, and in particular to the Old, Older and Oldest Philologists to use their votes to procure a change of government at the next General Election. By so doing they will undoubtedly secure a change of climate for the better and the subsequent abolition of the broolly.

R. DAY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR,

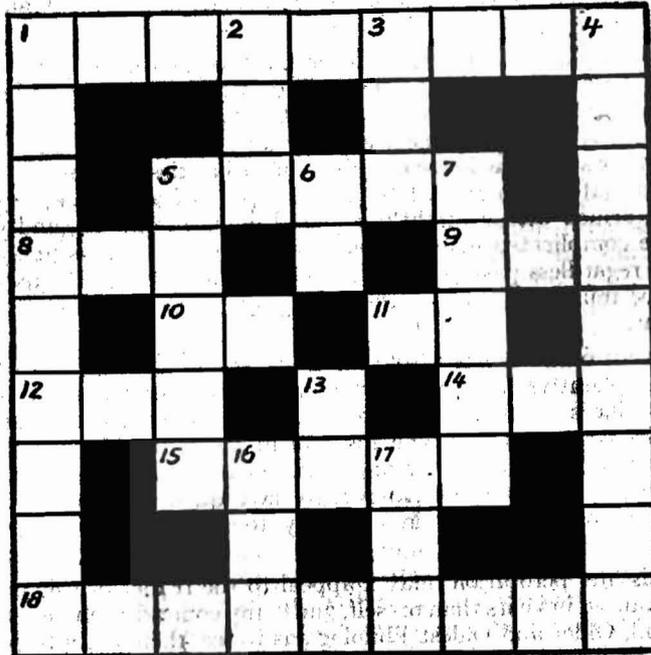
More and more the old question has arisen as to which sport is more beneficial—Rugger or Soccer. Though many people extol Rugby's virtues to the skies (having had this drilled into them since their childhood days), a large percentage of boys (I place it at well over 75 per cent) would willingly kill a certain Mr. Webb-Ellis for originating the game. If a census were to be taken, I firmly believe that Soccer, not Rugger, would have the casting vote. Although certain "influential" members tell us that Rugby is a hard fine sport, it cannot be compared to Soccer for sheer speed, skill and thrills.

I am,

Yours truly, etc., etc.,

"SOCCERITE."

[The Editors feel that this letter calls for an answer from someone.]



ACROSS

1. No dissentients.
5. Animal tracks.
8. A "diehard" is usually in one.
9. The ——— Khan.
10. Unites alternatives.
11. Not needed by Ovaltineys?
12. All stations to Crewe (abbr.).
14. Often known as H.M.V. (abbr.).
15. Formerly carried by Pony Express.
18. Mistrust.

DOWN

1. Often needed in our wet climate.
2. Small glassful.
3. Childish imitation of cattle.
4. The only famous one was good.
5. To take by surprise.
6. Fifteen of them lost by 8 points.
7. ——— and taxes.
13. Scripture (abbr.).
16. Their use against atom bombs is questionable.
17. The school's fairy godmother?

M. G. ENDEAN (L.6 Sc.).

UP KILIMANJARO

KIBO HOTEL,
MARANGU,

14/10/49

IT had been my intention to go up Kilimanjaro, and until a few days before I was due to depart I thought that I would be going alone. However, during the preceding week four other chaps turned up, two of whom I happened to know from Dar, so we formed a party of five and left on Saturday morning with eleven porters, a cook and a guide.

The hotel is about 4,500 feet, and on the first day we went up through the coffee and banana plantations for about one and a half hours, and then came into the forest. This is very dense with huge creepers and tree ferns which give it a most weird effect. In places the undergrowth had been trampled flat by elephants, and their droppings were everywhere, but we didn't see any. Eventually at 9,000 feet we reached the first hut, called the "Bismarck Hut." We slept here and got up early on Sunday morning to a brilliant morning with the clouds well below us—a wonderful sight. After climbing through the forest for nearly an hour we came to an area of giant heather about twenty feet high—just like ordinary heather except for its colossal size. It was here that we had our first proper view of the summit, as up till then the forest had blotted out the view. After the heather we came to grass land and low bush. At about eleven o'clock we got into a cloud, and for the rest of the day it was extremely dull and miserable. We reached the second hut—"Peter's Hut"—12,500 feet, and slept there the night, or rather tried to sleep, as it was very cold, and the wooden bunks in the hut were not conducive to sleep, after having slept "soft" for some years.

The following morning, Monday, however, it was bright and sunny, although it was still cold, but it was a wonderful view above the clouds again. We climbed steadily out of the low bush country on to what is known as the "saddle." This is a huge plateau between the two peaks of Kilimanjaro—Kibo and Mawenzi. It is absolutely devoid of any vegetation whatsoever, and is very dreary and wind-swept. Half-way across this the mist came down again and we felt very cold. We were climbing all the time, and eventually reached the Kibo hut at 16,000 feet. There is no water or firewood at this hut, and both these items had to be carried up from the previous night's halt.

During the afternoon the mist cleared, and we could see the summit, still over 3,000 feet above us. Headaches began to come on, and nobody felt like eating much, and two felt very sick. As we had to make an early start the following morning, we went to bed about six p.m. Once again, however, most of us couldn't sleep, and it was more or less a relief to get up and start at two a.m.

We left the hut at 2-30 a.m. in brilliant moonlight on the Tuesday morning. I had on a vest, pants, pyjama jacket and trousers, two very thick shirts, pullover, sports jacket, flannels, balaclava, and thick scarf and hat, three pairs of thick stockings and boots, and still felt thumping cold. I also had on two pairs of thick fur-lined gloves.

Anyway, we set off, but after about an hour one chap had to give up, as he was feeling very sick and dizzy. The rest of us went on with the guide, the porters having remained back at the hut, there being no equipment to be carried. The going became very hard on small loose stones, almost like sand, called "scree," and the slope was very steep. You might go up a foot, and slide back nine inches. We carried on for what seemed hours at a snail's pace, and the higher we got the more difficult it became, only the guide seeming at all at home. Eventually the sun came up, but the wind increased, and it was bitterly cold.

To cut a long story short, two of us reached Gillman's Point at about 19,400 feet at seven o'clock, the remaining two being still well below, having told us to go on, as they were both feeling pretty sick, but thought they could make it going very slowly. Gillman's Point is about 150 feet below the actual summit, and I asked the guide how much longer it would take to get to the actual summit, and he said another two hours. The other chap with me was pretty "dicky" by now, so he decided to take a few photos and go back. As I wasn't feeling too bad I told the guide to push on to the summit, known as the Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, which is 19,565 feet to be exact. After about an hour going up and down I was just about all in, and on one of the frequent rests told the guide that I was going back. He, however, persuaded me to go on, and we did eventually get to the top. There was a book there to be signed by those who are daft enough to do this sort of thing. This I duly did, and took one or two photos, but am afraid they won't be up to much as the glare from the snow was terrific, and I had no dark filter for the lens. Some of the ice formation on the last part of the climb was absolutely wonderful, and it has to be seen to be believed. I am afraid that my enthusiasm wasn't what it might have been, as I was feeling dog tired, and could easily have gone to sleep there and then. However, it was nine o'clock by this time, and already cloud was swirling round us, so we decided to return.

We got back to Gillman's Point again, found that the other two chaps had also reached there just after nine, as their signatures were in the book there. (There are plenty of books.) We then descended down the "scree" back to the Kibo Hut in about three-quarters of an hour, the journey up having taken four and a half hours (six and a half to Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze). We had a little to eat and then had to get back across the "saddle" the same day to Peters Hut. It started to snow and hail, and it was altogether a pretty miserable "hike."

We eventually got back, and after a bite to eat we all went to bed and slept the clock round.

The following day (Wednesday) we left Peters Hut and made our way back to the hotel in the one day as it is all downhill, although about twenty miles, and we were all feeling rather stiff the following morning as a result of the continued jarring going downhill.

To be quite frank, the climb for the first three days is nothing very terrible, only a steady uphill walk, which has to be taken slowly. Only on the last day when one gets on the scree does it really become strenuous, when the altitude has its effect. You are breathing in and out at every step, and have to rest about every eight or ten yards, and this, coupled with the steep loose "scree," is really hard going. I have nothing but praise for the African guide, who, although 55 years of age, went up like a mountain goat with no apparent traces of fatigue. He has been up over a hundred times, and is altogether a very fine chap. The porters, too, worked very hard, carrying about fifty pounds each on their heads, and also apparently tireless. They all went barefooted up to 16,000 feet to the Kibo Hut, but although they looked pretty miserable in the early

morning, they were soon laughing and chatting as soon as they were on the way.

When we got back to the Bismarck Hut the porters made crowns of everlasting flowers for those who had reached Gillman's Point, and above, this apparently being the custom. These everlasting flowers grow in profusion from about 9,000 to 13,000 feet and are white and pink, and about the size of a primrose with petals like a daisy—a very pretty flower indeed. These crowns are worn as a hatband, and we arrived back at the hotel looking a pretty scruffy lot with about five days' growth of beard, and with faces pretty nearly as black as an African's, with the strong sunlight (and a little dirt perhaps!), as it was a bit too nippy to wash, and we thought we might follow the example of the Esquimos, who leave the dirt on to keep them warm! Anyway, we soon had a hot bath, a bottle of "wallop," and retired to bed somewhat late for us (about nine p.m.) and slept like logs. Anyway it was altogether a most enjoyable trip, and one I would recommend anybody with a good pair of legs and a good pair of bellows to do.

IVAN H. DILLINGHAM.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY LETTER

THE Christmas vacation is here, so perhaps I may find time to fulfil my promise to Mr. Warre-Cornish and write what purports to be a Dublin University Letter. As far as I know there has never been an Old Philologist at Trinity, and so I feel "unique" in a certain respect.

Unlike most other Universities, Trinity is not over-crowded with ex-service men, and the average age of entrance is now eighteen years, with even a few students that are only seventeen or sixteen years old. Consequently the tone of seriousness which my friend P.A.C. assures me pervades Edinburgh is not so widespread in the College. Even the subject of partition, which affords to newspapers in all the thirty-two counties their chief material, is largely quiescent in this ancient seat of learning. Only in times of great political excitement, such as the celebrations at Easter, 1949, does the Orange oppose the Green.

Politicians and professors from all parts of the British Isles are often present as speakers at the meetings of our two debating societies, misleadingly called the Historical Society and the Philosophical Society. The Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Sean MacBride, and Senator Hayes gave the case for Eire, while Mr. Hutchinson defended the extreme left of the Labour Party and impressed upon our minds that Mr. Bevin was still "in the full vigour of his incompetence." Professor Betts, of London University has honoured the meetings of the History Society and representatives of all parties in the Dail attended a meeting in the Fabian Society.

Social life is in full swing, the the weekly dances in the College and in the Metropole in O'Connell Street are the centres of attraction, while for those who prefer the Parisian atmosphere "Le Hot Club de Trinity" offers enjoyment. All the interests of college life are blossoming forth through the medium of numberless societies and their meetings are well

attended. The tea and cakes provided may be part of the attraction. The various sports clubs have accepted many new members, but there are loud protests at the excessive time that they demand.

The most controversial body in the University is the Students' Representative Council. The visible and tangible sign of the S.R.C. is a tough Scotsman, who wears, even in the coldest weather, a kilt, and to whom the College magazine gave the prize for being the person with the "newest look." But apart from the Highlander, the S.R.C. attracts little interest.

However, I fear this letter is already too long, and I feel I should return to the unsolved riddle of the Paschal Question and the Celtic Tonsure. Finally, may I extend my best wishes to all the masters and boys of St. Marylebone.

Yours sincerely,

H. HANAK.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

OLD PHILOLOGIAN NOTES AND NEWS

THE Annual Smoking Concert for 1949 was held in the School Hall on Friday, 25th November, when some sixty members passed an enjoyable evening. There was the usual varied entertainment, including spirited recitations from Kipling by one of the oldest members H. E. Langston, and virtuoso brilliance on the stately grand piano by one of the youngest members, C. Wagner. The attendance, however, was not good, and the Committee would appreciate more support for this function in the future. In 1947 over a hundred Old Philologists turned up at the Smoker out of a total membership of under 300, and in 1948 there were 80 present. There are now more than 400 members of the Association, and it is most disappointing that fewer than one-seventh show enough interest to join in the occasional meetings. There may well be constructive suggestions for changes and improvements in the arrangements for the Annual Smoking Concert, and the Honorary Secretary would be glad to have these, either by letter or in the course of the discussion at the Annual General Meeting.

The Dance held in the School Hall on Friday, 9th December was, however, very well supported, and the organisers have been sufficiently encouraged to prepare to make this an annual affair. The hundred-and-fifty-odd dancers present seemed to have an extremely pleasant time—the writer, having been dragooned into officiating as Master of Ceremonies, dare not go beyond "seemed" for fear of being accused of bias—and the end of the evening came too soon for all. The Hall, thanks to the work of the School Sergeant and his wife, was so well decorated as to be almost unrecognisable as its rather austere self, and the refreshments created by the Matron also contributed considerably to the success of the evening. It is to be particularly hoped that an Annual Dance will be always as well supported by the members of the Association and their

friends, and that "those present" will continue to include as many as on this occasion of those members who are generally unable to attend the other regular functions.

On the following afternoon the School's 1st XV soundly beat the Old Philologists' XV, which consisted as usual mainly of experienced club players. Our regrets and chagrin at having been defeated are tempered by pleasure that the School's Rugby should be in such a healthy state. An article on the match appears elsewhere in this issue.

Future arrangements include the 1949-1950 Annual General Meeting at the beginning of March and the 1950 Annual Dinner later in the same month. The probable dates are 10th and 31st March, both Fridays, and firm details will be sent out during February. It is hoped that both meetings will be attended by a large number of members of all generations.

The War Memorial projects are not going as rapidly as was anticipated, but the plaque should be installed in the School Hall during this year, and it may be possible to start on the shelter at Forest Green in the summer. The fund is still short of the desired total, and is still open; any donation, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the Fund's Honorary Treasurer, E. Frisby, Esq., 42 Rickmansworth Road, Watford.

The Personalia notes below are not as many as they should be. The Honorary Secretary would appreciate brief notification from members of what happens to them—they would be surprised how many others are interested.

I.W.H.

* * *

PERSONALIA

- We report with regret the death of C. H. Denyer, one of our most senior members. An obituary notice is printed elsewhere.
- Flight Lieutenant M. J. Beetham is now based in West Africa, and is engaged on the job of "photographing Africa for the Colonial Office."
- Lieutenant A. R. Hunt was posted in November to *H.M.S. Maidstone*, which he described as "a submarine depot ship, in the middle of Portland Harbour, surrounded by mist."
- Captain J. D. C. McDermott is with No. 1 Training Regt. R.E., training regular recruits for the Royal Engineers near Malvern. He is married and has a son aged two, and still plays "rugby and, strange to say, a little cricket."
- D. Warne is an officer cadet training in Shropshire for a commission in the R.A.O.C.
- A.C. E. C. Ward has passed his Aircrew Selection Board and is on a Flight Engineers' Course.
- J. W. G. Smith was seriously injured in a laboratory explosion at Scotland

- Yard. He is recovering well, although he had to suffer the amputation of his left hand.
- E. A. Canann, having completed a Divinity course at King's College, London, and acquired a B.D. and A.K.C., is continuing his training in Wiltshire, and hopes to be ordained next Trinity. He has been married for some years and has two sons.
- J. P. Parry is another O.P. in Africa; his firm sent him to Nigeria in August for an eighteen month tour of duty.
- A. E. P. Moxley is a radio operator with B.O.A.C. on the Middle East and India routes. He was one of the several who have been seen so far only at the Dance.
- D. R. C. Bolster also made the Dance the occasion of his first appearance at an O.P. function. He is now nearing the end of the convalescent period after his long illness.
- R. C. Stone is going to Australia under the Government Emigration Scheme and left in January.

* * *

Congratulations to:

- D. C. Dietz, J. E. Ellis and C. J. Page on their marriages in the summer.
- D. R. W. Digby on the recent announcement of his engagement.
- We also offer our sincere, though belated, congratulations to Mr. George Weston on his appointment to the post of High Sheriff of the County of Middlesex last March. Mr. Weston, who was a scholar at the School in 1893, has long been connected with Local Government as a Councillor of Willesden. In 1941 he was made a Justice of the Peace.

OBITUARY

THE passing of C. H. Denyer in his eighty-fifth year severs a link with Philological days of Victorian calm and pride. Life is mysterious and complicated, such seems the Divine Will, for no sooner are those words said of Denyer, than we ask ourselves whether the link is really severed, or made the stronger, because of the affection with which he held it, and because of the strength of faith with which he carried that affection into the junction called death. I have just read his autobiography, in his own hand-writing, and it is full of stalwart affection and of belief in the permanence of Divine Truth.

The age of Victoria is reflected in these pages, with an assurance of established law and order, of earnest, dependable values; and yet "calm" is not the right word; for Denyer, like so many young men of Victorian times, had to struggle energetically, expected to struggle, and make good by resolute work; which he did, not only in his own career, but in usefulness to others, toiling to found and maintain the Stanhope Working People's Club, and attending as an early helper at the Toynbee Hall Settlement; and these thousands of hours of beneficent activity were undertaken despite long working days and often against inconveniences of transport quite unknown to the present generation.

Denyer entered the School in 1877, and in four years was head of the Sixth Form and Captain of the School, of which in later life he became a Governor. Education at the Philological School was in those times somewhat narrow, but its thoroughness, within its limits, was remarkable. "It is a curious indication of the thoroughness of the school work," writes Denyer, "that I had no further teaching in Mathematics, Latin, or Greek before passing the London B.A. examination some nine years later."

This ambition, followed by an M.A. in "Mental and Moral Science," was characteristic of the cheerful, earnest young fellow, who had, besides his social efforts, to help keep his father and mother in unexpected adversity. He was at that time in the Civil Service, becoming later (1895-1930) Clerk to various London Police Courts. In his autobiography there are illuminating comments upon types of the East End as well as the West End (Marlborough Street) seen with humane clarity from the angle of his profession.

Some of C. H. Denyer's remarks on the old School will interest present Philologists. "In one way the school curriculum was very deficient. There was no manual teaching, no compulsory drill, and no arrangement for organised games, partly because the teaching staff were not interested, but chiefly because there was no playing field available." Surprisingly enough Denyer, who not only lacked training, but was threatened with very serious ear-trouble, became keen in Rugby football and played for Civil Service against such teams as Newport and the Stade Français. Again interesting to boys is his assurance that he and many Philologists received at School a bias to Conservatism simply because the Headmaster (William Moore) "rubbed in the wickedness of Charles I . . . anxious to make radicals of us all. So I drew up a 'round robin' of protest, which we all signed and got duly presented to the Head. He grinned a broad grin, and said nothing, but I can't say his politics were affected."

It is a vivid and pleasant commentary not only on Denyer's methodical good government of his affairs, but on the spaciousness of middle-class life in his days, when we find that he, a man of slender means and independent of any modern subsidies, was exceedingly well-travelled in Europe and in Canada, and was able to entertain people in a modest but liberal manner worthy of his social ideals. He became in 1934 Mayor of St. Pancras, of which Borough he has written a good popular history, *St. Pancras through the Ages*. The foundation stone of the New Town Hall was laid by him. Among his many activities, he was an original member of the Bentham Committee that devised aid for poor litigants.

Always C. H. Denyer was an affectionate and loyal member of the School that he served well for so many years in his capacity of Governor. In spirit he is with us still, and his good, active life, as well as his profoundly trustful faith, may well be an inspiration to us all.

P.A.W.

OLD PHILOLOGIAN RECORDS AT THE SCHOOL

THE HONOURS BOARDS are out of date because of the war period and the aftermath of repairs and economies. I shall be glad to receive a note from any Old Philologist who has taken a degree that has not appeared upon our Honours Lists. For the sake of accurate records, will Old Boys please give particulars of College, Subject, Degree or Diploma, Class in Honours and of any Prizes won. No communication will be necessary in cases where it is known that such particulars have appeared on Speech Day programmes.

P.A.W.

CHANGES ON THE STAFF

MR. NOBLE left us in the middle of the term to take up an important post as Director of Music in Berkshire County Schools. Musicians and lovers of History miss him here very much.

New Masters are Mr. A. Hyde, who came in September, and Mr. J. A. Hawke-Genn, who took Mr. Noble's place at half-term.

SCHOOL ROLL

We send our very best wishes to the following boys who left us at Christmas:—

6th Science.—Davis M. H. (who goes to Cranwell).

L. 6th Arts.—Armstrong J., Davis P. A., Golightly J., Grainge M. R., Malein J. F., Moxon R. J., Rowe P., Weiser P., Brown J. R.

Remove I.—Brimms, J.

Remove II.—Smith J. S., Morris S.

Va.—Wagner C.

IV General.—Smith D.

IIIa.—Villiers P.

II.1.—Grosvenor A. C., Walker D. R.

We regret that in our last number for the Summer Term, 1949, the name of J. Kemp was omitted from the list of School Prefects.

Ed.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1949, there were 487 boys in the School.

NEW BOYS

L.VI.Arts.—Lewin M. G.

IVa.—Paulini I. I. K.

Ia.—Ambrose, Barlow, Barnes, Berger, Bidwell, Bowles, Brooks, Coachworth, Cottle, Dannhorn, Eynon, Hall, Hardy, Henley, Hughes, Jennings, Lathey, Lessels, Lester, Lindegger, Lowenstein, Miller, Poynz, Pugh, Rose, Shantz, Souharni, Spira, Sulham, Walsby.

I.1.—Barton, Childs, Cooke, Flaxman, Fulbrook, Gibbs, Harvey, Hay, Head, Honour, Horne, Howkins, Lane, Leonard, Marshall, Marson, Nutton, Pegg, Pope, Porter, Prior, Poynt, Puszet, Richardson, Tarleton, Thorn, Waller, Walsh, Whatling, Whyatt.

I.2.—Allen, Archer, Bennett, Bishop, Bromham, Capon, Collins, Cree, Gardener, Gibbs, Hicks, Huggins, Jacobs, Jelfs, Knowles, Lewin D. R., Morris, Newman, Pepperell, Poulton, Puschart, Rothman, Saperia, Sydney, Tillson, Walton, Watts, Wynne.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS (1949-50)

School Captain.—Lambert R. A.

Prefects.—Newman, Day, Dean, Grimmett, Hobart, McKee, Turner, White A.

Sub-Prefects.—Bowler, Christodoulou, Ferris, Harding V. J., Margolis, Price, Snowdon, Starr.

CALENDAR, 1950

February 10th and 11th	School Play.
February 24th—27th	Half Term.
March 7th, 8th	Gym. Competition.
March 21st, 22nd	Cross Country Cup Race.
March 31st	House Plays.
April 3rd	Parents' Conference.
April 5th	Spring Term ends.
April 24th	Summer Term begins.
May 5th	Higher Schools Examinations begin.
May 29th	Whitsun Holiday.
June 16th	General Schools Examination begins.
July 27th	Summer Term ends.
September 9th	Autumn Term begins.