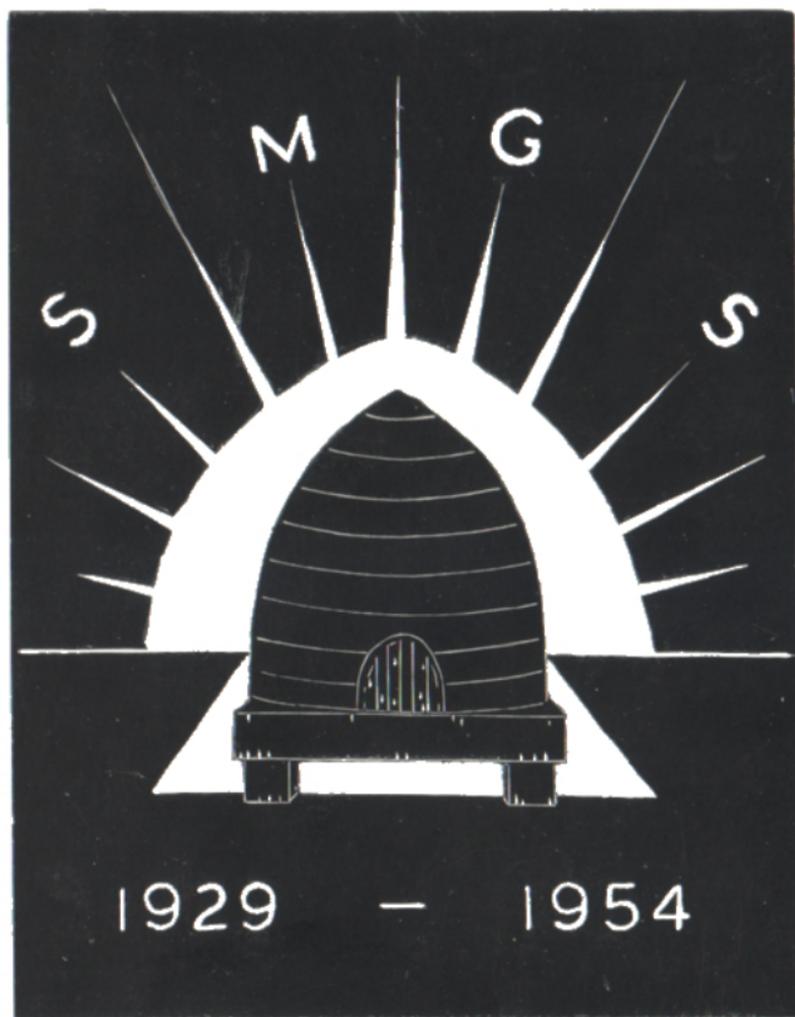


# The Philologist



25th Anniversary Number

SUMMER TERM, 1954

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# THE PHILOLOGIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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25TH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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## EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGIAN

M. J. C. BRYAN

R. C. J. GILLON

G. H. STERN

B. W. VICKERS

M. P. J. HANSON

I. K. PAULINY-TOTH

MR. F. H. WARRE-CORNISH

MR. T. E. BLACKBURN

## PAST AND PRESENT

The golden seasons fleet away,  
And in the memory survive ;  
Flown are the bees of yesterday,  
And newer swarms possess the hive.

You who were here in days of old,  
Boys of the past now grown to men,  
Your former selves in us behold :  
What we to-day are, you were then.

The fears you felt, the hopes you fed  
Burn but in other breasts anew ;  
Your wildest humours are not dead,  
But wear their old fantastic hue.

Still is there " laughter learnt of friends,"  
Ties now forgotten, now renewed,  
The pain that with affection blends,  
Stirring the heart to gratitude.

Peace be upon this house, we pray ;  
Here may her sons find honey-food,  
And knowledge gain from day to day  
To prove all things, hold fast the good.

## P.A.W., 1924-54

PHILIP WAYNE retires this year. To retire implies a withdrawal and in his case the word must be used in a limited sense. Some like to say that the world is a stage where the acts of life are played, and with Philip Wayne this is particularly apt, for the man is an actor. Nor is he one of your small-part men. He does not chant with the chorus. He is in it full-blooded from curtain to curtain and he plays many parts.

He was born in Warwickshire, Shakespeare's county. Shakespeare was to be one of his heroes, and of these there are many, for he admires the supreme actors, the men who command the stage and do not look on from the wings. He must have been a lusty babe. Even his worst enemy could not deny that he has energy. As a young man he had already been a journalist and spent several years in business in Germany before he took the rôle which was best to suit him, that of schoolmaster. With him he brought a first-class degree, a profound knowledge of German, more than a nodding acquaintance with the professional stage, musical ability and an army of interests.

There is in him something of Prospero and something of Puck. It was Puck who, when asked by the governors of the St. Marylebone Grammar School whether at the age of thirty-four he was not rather young to be their Headmaster, replied, "If that be a fault, it is one which I shall endeavour to repair daily." It was Puck who, with a masking of the voice and a lift of the eyebrows could deliver a brilliant imitation of almost anyone. It was Prospero who found a small day school by the wayside and made it a landmark, who in these last years which he might well have spent in pleased contemplation of his handiwork fought for its integrity in the future. And of course he won.

He has always won. When he came to St. Marylebone there was no organ. He found one in broken bits lying in the recesses of a shop. He picked it up, straightened it out, fitted it together and it played. It played very well. In a few years there was a new school hall and in it there soon appeared a new school organ, large and capable. The money was somehow acquired. The busy bee, humming over the countryside in search of honey lighted on Forest Green. The school now had its estate and pictures appeared in the papers of London schoolboys digging their own swimming-pool. It was here that masters and boys were to learn to know each other in a way that is closed to most day schools.

Music has always been his recreation. Here again he is tireless. He has usually chosen to practise with his 'cello after midnight. There is a school orchestra, a school brass band. Recently he has founded a quartet of professional distinction and many young learners have heard him expounding the mysteries of music in the metaphors of cricket. Cricket too is one of his loves—not so much the game itself as its atmosphere and its traditions—the village personalities on English greens and the mighty hitters of the past.

For relaxation in the holidays he would take parties of young actors to the continent to play his favourite Shakespeare comedy, *Twelfth Night*. Thus was the name of Marylebone familiar even in Vienna. Germany

pressed the actor-manager to stay and play Hamlet. Puck would have loved to do it. Prospero declined: he knew that he was needed at home.

At home there was much to be done—a school to be conducted and books to be written, books of one-act plays, books of poetry, books for young learners of French or German. He has translated Goethe's *Faust*, he has compiled a volume of English letters, he has written on Wordsworth. Yet perhaps he would like chiefly to be remembered for his School Service book, for here you have his real heroes, the men of the spirit, the great actors who were sure that the play had its author and the author his purpose.

St. Marylebone will miss him. He has his foibles but he is human and he understands humanity. He knows what grief can mean, and he has helped the sufferer. He loves characters, he can charm the ladies, he is adored by little children. He has never been the cold administrator. Puck was always there to dig Prospero in the ribs, to tell him

"And those things do best please me  
That befall preposterously."

Prospero may believe now that his work is done, may decide

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book,"

but Puck will tease him into carrying on. Puck is eternally young. Puck is one of your great players. Puck knows that the curtain is not yet down.

R.K.H.

MY friendship with Mr. Wayne is a short one in comparison with the long years of service that he has given to the school. But the period covers the return from evacuation and the building up of the school again to its present high level. It is rather trite to say that it has been a difficult time. Not only did the war dissolve fifteen years of work that had gone to make the school as he wanted it to be, but the post-war period has brought shortages of equipment and delays in getting essential improvements that have been harassing. The 1944 Education Act itself brought changes in the orientation of secondary education that called for major adjustments. Different methods of selecting entrants and different types of examinations are only examples of the kind of problems that have had to be tackled.

It has been a period of disappointments, disagreements and controversies, but also I am sure of great and really absorbing achievements. And it is against such a background that the quality of a leader appears most clearly. A governing body has little power of final decision. As Bagehot said of a constitutional monarch, we have the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn. Within the field left to us by the Ministry and the County Council, the headmaster must take the burden of running the school. So it follows that unless headmaster and governors understand one another and share a common love of the school, there can be only friction and frustration, and that is not the circumstance of achievement. That the school has regained and enhanced

its great reputation is itself evidence that the partnership has worked well because of its fundamental harmony.

A rich harmony is not created by sticking too timidly to the primary chords of the key. Ours has often gained from the successful resolution of discords. In many of our discussions we have benefited from Mr. Wayne's wisdom and profound knowledge of the school, and not infrequently from his caustic wit and unequivocal frankness, as in our moments of relaxation we have marvelled at his scholarship and versatility.

An official farewell is fortunately a long way from a personal good-bye, and no one can think that the headmaster's redoubtable energies will be subdued by retirement. But this is perhaps a good moment to record the sense of privilege we have all felt in being partners in a common undertaking with one for whom admiration and respect have through the years been merged in affection.

JAMES E. MACCOLL,  
(Chairman of the Governors)

R.W.W.

**T**RIBUTE to R. W. Willis is given in these pages by other writers. The loss of a beloved man is an elemental sorrow calling up human thoughts of mystery that are old and universal. "I shall not look upon his like again." I lay my tribute briefly in saying that here was a friend of us all, concerning whom there was no shadow of doubt or variegation of opinion. The boys know that their Senior Master was shrewdness itself: he would not tolerate humbug or laziness or lack of proper courtesy. And I believe they know that he was kindness itself, too—in our inadequate speech, a heart of gold. What the boys do not know, but can easily imagine, is the fact that the eminent fairness and self-devotion of Mr. Willis presided over the Masters' Common Room in a way that made it the happiest place of its kind. There can be no happier in all England; and that, largely the work of Mr. Willis, means very much for the School.

Well, he is gone, a great teacher; but his work and his example live on in thousands of human spirits who could not forget him, even if they would. We do not understand how we thousands are divisions of the Almighty Spirit; but when we think upon the master whom, to our limited sense, we have lost, we know that goodness is real.

P.A.W.

### REG WILLIS — THE MAN

**I**FIRST met Reg Willis on January 4th, 1921, on which day started one of those rare friendships which continue to the end without any misunderstandings.

On only two points could we never agree—the relative importance of Abbott and Portman Houses and the superiority or otherwise of cricket over association football.

Reg Willis was a first class mathematician, who loved his subject and had the inspiring gift of passing his enthusiasm on to his pupils.

His head dictated to him the cold logical assessment of any given situation, but his heart was full of the simple kindness of the Londoner which would never allow him to bring any unnecessary pain to anyone and thereby brought him in abundance the love and affection of all who knew him.

His sense of duty was rigid. He was placed on the list of the Reserve of Officers after the 1914-18 war and it never entered his head to resign from this list, with the result that at the age of 47 he was recalled to the colours in 1939 when he was posted to St. Helena far away from his family and occupation which he accepted without a grumble and a duty which he carried out with his never failing efficiency.

His death leaves a gap that can never be filled but his memory will continue to live in our hearts as long as there remains a single Philologist who knew him.

Perhaps I might conclude with the following quotation:

"Nature might stand up and say to all the World,  
'This was a Man'."

W.R.C.S.

**T**O many old boys the death of R. W. Willis has meant the loss of a good friend, and it is fitting that a tribute should be offered to his memory on their behalf. Some of them can remember when he first came to the school, 35 years ago, as Major Willis—a young artilleryman returning from the first world war, who at once captured their confidence, respect and affection. He guided the school's first post-matriculation form through a two-year course in one year, and it was soon discovered that he could give as brilliant a display on the tennis courts (and later, on the badminton court) as in higher mathematics.

The mutual understanding and goodwill which Mr. Willis could so quickly establish with his boys long survived their schooldays. He was always glad to keep in touch with them, and maintained a very real interest in their progress and welfare. There was no more welcome—or more regular—guest at Old Philologists' gatherings than "RW<sup>2</sup>," with his cheerful greeting and witty asides.

His entire career was devoted to the school to which he had come as a young man, and there must be hundreds of old boys who will ever remember him with undiminished regard. They had hoped that he could look forward to a long and honourable retirement, but although this was denied, he was spared to know that the future of the school he served so long and so faithfully is assured. He leaves in many hearts the memory of a man of the utmost integrity and generosity, who was at all times completely faithful to his vocation, and who possessed that true humility which goes with greatness of spirit. His old boys are proud to have been his pupils and his friends.

O.P.

### A GOOD SCHOOL

**T**HERE is a prescription by a light-hearted scientist which says : if you take enough water to fill a ten-gallon barrel ; enough fat for seven bars of soap ; carbon for 9,000 lead-pencils ; phosphorus for 2,200 match-heads and iron for an average nail, with lime enough to white-wash a chicken-coop, adding a pinch of magnesium and sulphur, you get, apparently, a man. The only thing missing is life. It is the same with a school : Plenty of light, doors and windows and expensive apparatus, the powerful provision of public funds, do not make a good school ; for a school is made good by the life of the minds within it—meaning not the assembled minds on a specific Thursday, but the cumulative effect, for joy and for seriousness, of the living souls who strive and formerly have striven in that place for truth and wisdom.

There is no such thing as a ready-made tradition, nor can any architect or plasterer or committee set it in the fabric. This is inconvenient for people impatiently progressive, and so they are apt to seek a short cut, dismissing the past, in the false conclusion that what is old cannot be good. St. Paul was progressive, too, but wiser. He said " Prove all things : hold fast that which is good."

Our School at St. Marylebone is only a hundred and sixty years old ; but I am glad that it has endured, so that all may feel a kinship with all Philologists whose hearts, whose very thoughts have made the School a living and a purposeful community. I will not say that a school cannot be good until it is old ; but I will certainly say that it cannot be much of a school until it has established a spirit of reverence. " Let us now praise famous men," is a call that a good school accepts willingly and with warmth of heart. Past thought is brought in, to aid present imagination. In wisdom there is a continuity, and therein is the very thread of life for a school. Wisdom, we hope, is a thing greater than either knowledge or mental agility : it is the spirit of considerateness, the quiet, poised gyroscope that steers a man into action just and balanced and kind. " Whatsoever thing were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope."

Anyone who can scoff at such a precept is not a good member of a good school ; in fact he is unfortunately in a bad way. Wisdom combined with courage establishes things of high will, towards which we are helped by the testimony of the past. People hasty or sceptical may think it nothing more than superstition to reflect on the pulse and the thoughts of those who have gone from us ; but those people should at least bear in mind that thought may be no less real than matter, that life is handed on, and that the cleverest scales they have are here quite incompetent. I think of men like R. W. Willis and Peter Maclean : it was something of real life that they gave me. They embraced the principle of education in all truth and cheerful earnestness ; and so did many more, whose toil and glad-hearted courage we must honour, with true striving, or be ashamed. We and they have been happy in our discipline, our sense of fun undiminished, even while we were aware of the seriousness of our purpose together.

The School has seen times of adversity. Our four years of evacuation, when we were scattered around the Cornish tin-mines, made severe demands on the loyalty of boys and masters, remote from home and often in discomfort. The School then showed endurance, contrivance and duty. The wheel of Fortune turns—though, whether fortune be good or ill, the spirit remains, concerned with something greater than luck. We have a Chairman of Governors who has a belief in the things of the spirit, and from that chart he has set his course. It is now a most happy turn in our long story that gives the helm to a master who knows and loves the place. He was a source of strength to us in adversity ; and now he comes from responsibility in a great Regiment, and afterwards in the field of education, to ensure the furtherance of an old tradition, whereby many people from this School find happiness intelligently in things of honour and wonder and respect.

When the Editor asked me for this farewell article there came to mind many memories of forms and faces and of things that have happened. Reminiscences of thirty years are too many, indeed, for the present pages—though, truly, some of them would form a diversion from this meditative mood, in which reflection on the School and on its purpose gravely out-tops all other thoughts. Thursday, January 10th, in 1924 was in some ways an unlucky day for me : on my first day at School I was an hour late, delayed in a tunnel by a breakdown on the Metropolitan Railway. The School waited. In the little room that is now the Secretary's office dwelt all the masters. It was their Common Room, as well as the School Library. In it roared a big coal fire ; at which, on that first day, I burnt a new gown. The door had glass panels, which I had whitewashed at once, to save Masters, and their pipes, from the public gaze of the boys. The boys said it was because the new Head thought the Masters too ugly. Things have changed.

If I were asked what main influences were added to the lives of the hundred and fifty boys we then had, I would name the quick acquisition of playing fields (with our excellent Mr. Rebbeck from the start) the enlargement of the School in 1927 by the County Council and Lord Rothermere's gift to his old School of the Camp, a stronghold of friendship and understanding between boys and masters. He helped us towards another feature that has incalculable influence at assembly, the School organ. Willing work completed that important purchase. I remember how gallantly the mothers saw it through. We held bazaars. I still see the eager faces of boys canvassing custom for their side-shows : some of those faces memory alone can recall.

I return to my main theme : what is it all for ? It is not an unprofitable habit, sometimes to ask ourselves what we are doing. When, for instance, the Old Boys gather at dinner, the sense underlying their gay assembly is not only nostalgic sentiment : it is their token, in good fellowship, of their allegiance to the good life. So, in School, education is not for marks or for cleverness. Membership of any fine community means obligation for service, in an awareness of the needs of others. Boys not brilliant may learn a unity of honest thought and action ; they may perceive that free-

dom without form is chaos, and that nothing work while can be done without concentration. They may here stablish their courage, realizing, like Chaucer, things unconquerable : " And trouthe shall deliver, it is no dred."

That inauspicious Thursday in 1924 was my lucky day. It began a harvest of trust and of affection, accumulating over years, beyond what I could have expected, and certainly beyond anything I have deserved. St. Marylebone's headmaster has been much addicted in these years to poetry, to music and to drama. May he say that his habit of asking " What is it all for? " has applied to these ardent pursuits too? Were it not better to attend wholly to pure pedagogy and to practical things?. Well, the School has gone on ; and I like to think that companionship in imaginative flights has given boys a faith that somewhere dwells perfection, and that a reverent freedom of speculation is great gain. It has been a chief happiness to me when men of responsibility have said that they find boys from St. Marylebone Grammar School remarkably easy in their bearing and yet free from familiarity or disrespect. A University examiner in languages, seeing many Schools, lately came to tell me that this quality was nowadays rare and—what to him was most strange—every one of our candidates had it. I think it is mainly because the devoted Assistant Masters at St. Marylebone, without loss of dignity, have made boys their friends. The psychologists tell us that fear is the cause of most evils ; and the Scriptures tell us that perfect love casteth out fear. To have been happy at School may be counted a most solid blessing. Boys who have really loved a good school are freemen of the world. I, through wear and tear, have become at times forgetful of boys' names ; but I can never forget the generous kindness of their boyish ways.

P.A.W.

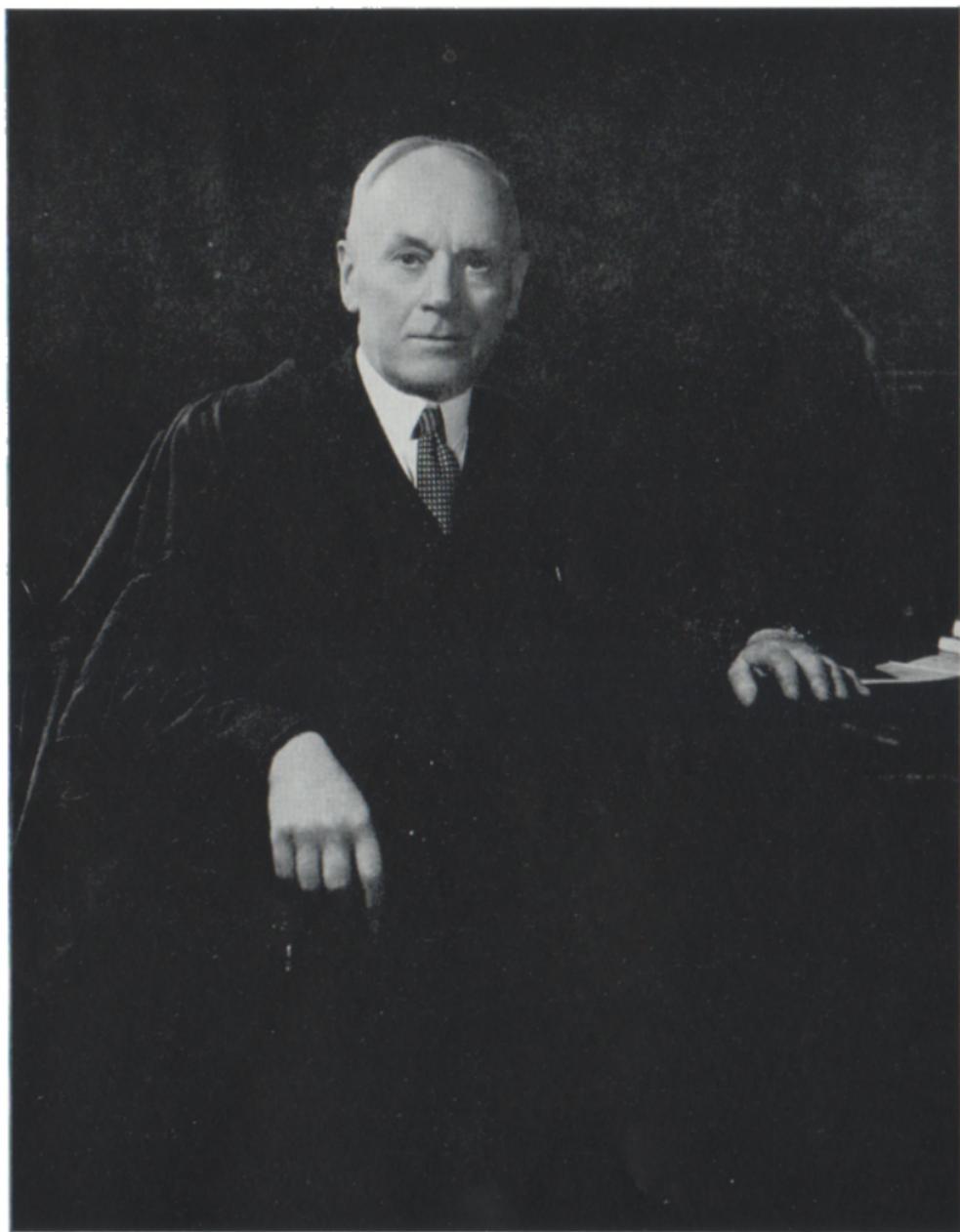
### RUGBY REPORT, 1953-54

**I**T was a rather disappointing season in that we all felt we should have done much better than we did.

The 1st XV, which sets the standard of School rugby, although young and inexperienced looked promising. However they took far too long to settle down as a unit and to develop stamina and dash. All School teams must realise that unless these vital qualities are present early in the season, the season can never be a real success ; the post-Christmas fixture list is usually too scrappy, through bad ground conditions, to give teams the opportunity to redeem their early failings.

In the few games after Christmas, which Nature permitted us to play, the 1st XV made a better show and, with the consistently good display of the 2nd XV throughout the season, the Senior teams did finish up in good style.

The Colts and U.14 XV's did well, a most encouraging sign, with some good results and, as always in junior rugby, some unaccountably bad ones. Lazarus (Capt.) and Servent, of the Colts, are to be congratulated on their appearances in representative sides.



P. A. W.



R. W. W.

Junior teams have, thanks to Mr. McNeal and the house masters, received a great deal of attention this season, and the few games arranged for an U.13 XV have encouraged the juniors to take an earlier and more active interest in School rugby.

W.H.C.F.

## TEAMS 1953-4

<i>1st XV</i>	<i>2nd XV</i>	<i>Colts XV</i>	<i>U.14 XV</i>
Gordon (Capt.)	Price (Capt.)	Lazarus (Capt.)	Forster (Capt.)
Waite (V.-Capt.)	Griffiths	Evans	Brown
Leonard	Hay	Hunton	Burette
—	Pepperell	Servent	Davies
*Collins	Richardson	Whale	Evans, A.
*Cooke	—	—	Evans, J.
*Deepwell	Baxter	Archer	Evans, J. H.
*Marshall, L.	Bernstein	Chapman	Gadsden
*Parrott	Duthie	Davies	Gannon
Poziombko	Gibbs, A.	Dellasavina	Holmes
*Robilliard	Gibbs, R.	Devlin	Huish
*Ryder	Harvey	Gifford	Jones
*Shortell	Honour	Horne	Lawley
*Stephen	Lester	Mayer	Leighton
*Thiesenhausen	Lindsay	Menashi	McLean
*Vickers	Simms	Neville	Morris
Chatfield, T. J.	Taylor, D. J.	Pollecutt	Perl
<i>Left during season:</i>	Tomlinson	Sulhan	Scott, R. J.
Burden (Capt.)	Wynne	Taylor, R. H.	Stammers
Barron, Chappell,	Zeitlin		Weissenberg
Mead, Pitt,			
Taylor, C. J.			
* 2nd XV Colours			

## RESULTS, SEASON 1953-4

## 1st XV

<i>v</i> William Ellis ... ..	Won	12-5
<i>v</i> R.G.S. High Wycombe ... ..	Lost	3-22
<i>v</i> Thames Valley ... ..	Lost	6-14
<i>v</i> Mitcham County ... ..	Lost	6-28
<i>v</i> Ealing County ... ..	Lost	3-16
<i>v</i> St. Ignatius ... ..	Lost	0-30
<i>v</i> Chiswick ... ..	Lost	3-15
<i>v</i> St. Olave's ... ..	Lost	8-25
<i>v</i> Bec School... ..	Lost	3-10
<i>v</i> Tiffins ... ..	Lost	9-17
<i>v</i> St. Benedicts ... ..	Lost	6-13
<i>v</i> Harrow County ... ..	Lost	3-14
* <i>v</i> Saracens' Colts ... ..	Lost	0-50
<i>v</i> Chiswick ... ..	Drew	3-3
<i>v</i> Ealing County ... ..	Won	11-9

\* An 'A' XV

## ANALYSIS OF ALL RESULTS

						Points	
	<i>P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>D.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	
1st XV	15	2	1	12	76	271	
2nd XV	10	4	1	5	89	86	
Colts XV	16	8	1	7	180	111	
U.14 XV	12	5	2	5	64	144	
U.13 XV	3	1	—	2	17	38	

## 1st XV PERSONALITIES

DEEPWELL (*Full Back*).—Good, but frequently harassed in possession because he is slow to get in his kick. By next season, a more accurate punt and a reliable place kick!

POZIOMBKO (*Wing Three*).—Violent exhortation finally made him utilise, on his own initiative, his fine speed and power of penetration.

ROBILLIARD (*Centre Three*).—Unspectacular but a "trier." Could use his good turn of speed more but must cultivate more "fire" and bustle.

GORDON (*Centre Three*).—Took over captaincy late in season. He worked hard to get the team into shape. A strong runner who opens up the game but delays that vital final pass too long:

SHORTELL (*Wing Three*).—Improved as the season went on. He has the confidence now in this position and will do well next season.

PARROTT (*Stand Off*).—Still a little too slow off the mark but not always his fault because he sometimes received a bad service from . . .

COLLINS (*Scrum Half*) . . . whose service was erratic on heavy grounds but he is young and has the makings of a good scrum half. To his credit, he always kept the game open, even when the heeling was slow.

THIESENHAUSEN (*Prop*).—Much improved since he stopped fly hacking and studied the off-side law. Worked very hard and was always there in the foot rushes.

VICKERS (*Hooker*).—Hooked well if he got the shove. Fast and dangerous in a foot rush but hovered too much on the fringe of the loose scrums.

LEONARD (*Prop*).—Just got on with the job, to which he applied a great deal of vigour and intelligence. What more can be said in a forward's favour!!

STEPHNS (*M. Row*).—A young but intelligent player. His bulk plus speed was most upsetting to his opponents (as the writer felt to his discomfort).

MARSHALL (*M. Row*).—Another young forward. Does well in a loose maul but must follow the play at full speed especially when corner flagging.

WAITT (*W. Forward*).—Vice-captain and pack leader. A good hard-working forward. However, he must not only lead his pack by example but also by vocal "persuasion," otherwise they will stand back to admire his efforts.

RYDER (*Lock*).—Once he developed stamina and speed (with a pinch of concentration) he was a most successful forward. He must remember a lock must corner flag to help the defence.

COOKE (*W. Forward*).—Although young and inexperienced he showed great promise. Once he acquires a full knowledge of the position he will do well.

## ATHLETICS, 1954

THE Athletic Sports were held this year on the Paddington Recreation Ground track on Wednesday, 7th April.

The Results were:

### SENIORS (over 16 years)

100 Yards—1, Gordon; 2, Puszet; 3, Souhami. 10.9 sec.  
 220 Yards—1, Gordon; 2, Tomlinson; 3, Parrott. 25.9 sec.  
 440 Yards—1, Moyes; 2, Robilliard; 3, Gordon. 56.7 sec.  
 880 Yards—1, Robilliard; 2, Moyes; 3, Tomlinson. 2 min. 12.0 sec.  
 Mile—1, Robilliard; 2, Moyes; 3, Davies. 5 min. 11.4 sec.  
 120 Yards Hurdles—1, Parrott; 2, Deepwell; 3, Souhami, Howkins. 19.4 sec.  
 High Jump—1, Deepwell; 2, Gordon; 3, Tomlinson. 4 ft. 10 in.  
 Long Jump—1, Tomlinson; 2, Puszet; 3, Deepwell. 17 ft. 11½ in.  
 Discus (1½ Kgs.)—1, Vickers; 2, Weinstock; 3, Shortell. 99 ft. 8½ in.  
 Javelin (7 ft. 6½ in.)—1, Ryder; 2, Waitt; 3, Parrott. 126 ft. 6 in.\*  
 Weight (12 lb.)—1, Blanc; 2, Vickers; 3, Ryder.  
 Relay (4 × 110 yds)—1, Abbott; 2, Beeching; 3, Moore. 48.7 sec.\*  
 Victor Ludorum—Gordon.

### MIDDLES (14-16 years)

100 Yards—1, Lazarus; 2, Richardson; 3, Hay. 11.1 sec.\* (2nd also 11.1 sec.)  
 220 Yards—1, Lazarus; 2, Richardson; 3, Wade. 25.3 sec.  
 440 Yards—1, Richardson; 2, Poyntz; 3, Collins. 58.5 sec.  
 880 Yards—1, Poyntz; 2, Collins; 3, Pope. 2 min. 16.8 sec.  
 110 Yards Hurdles—1, Cooke; 2, Prior; 3, Garnham. 19.3 sec.  
 High Jump—1, Wynne; 2, Lindsay; 3, Thomas. 4 ft. 11 in.  
 Long Jump—1, Lazarus; 2, Hall; 3, Tarleton. 18 ft. 9½ in.\*  
 Discus (1 Kg.)—1, Lindsay; 2, Lazarus; 3, Servent. 154 ft. 8 in.\*  
 Javelin (7 ft. 2½ in.)—1, Lazarus; 2, Lindsay; 3, Taylor. 137 ft. 5 in.\*  
 Weight (8 lb. 13 oz.)—1, Lindsay; 2, Wynne; 3, Hay. 39 ft. 10 in.\*  
 Relay (4 × 110 yds.)—1, Abbott; 2, Moore; 3, Portman. 52.5 sec.  
 Victor Ludorum—Lazarus.

### JUNIORS (under 14 years)

100 Yards—1, Gadsden; 2, Scott, R. J.; 3, Scott, R. K. 12.1 sec.\*  
 220 Yards—1, Gadsden; 2, Scott, R. J.; 3, Scott, R. K. 27.7 sec.\*  
 80 Yards Hurdles—1, Gadsden; 2, Scott, R. J.; 3, Prior. 12.7 sec.  
 High Jump—1, Scott, R. K.; 2, Jones; 3, Hilton. 4 ft. 2 in.  
 Long Jump—1, Gadsden; 2, Gannon; 3, Scott, R. K. 14 ft. 3 in.\*  
 Weight (6 lb.)—1, Archer; 2, Perl; 3, Pearson, K. G. 34 ft. 10½ in.\*  
 Relay (4 × 110 yds.)—1, Portman; 2, Beeching; 3, Moore. 56.0 sec.\*  
 Victor Ludorum—Gadsden.

### 1ST FORMS

100 Yards—1, Zeiderman; 2, Connell; 3, Whine. 14.0 sec.  
 220 Yards—1, Annett; 2, Whine; 3, Zeiderman. 31.8 sec.  
 Relay (4 × 110 yds.)—1, Moore; 2, Beeching; 3, Houseman. 63.9 sec.

\* New School Record.

The outstanding performance was that of Lindsay in the Middle Discus. He beat the previous record by almost 44 ft. and his throw was only 12 ft. 1½ in. below the Schools' Athletic Association national record. Other very good performances were those of Lazarus (particularly the Middle Javelin and Long Jump) and Gadsden, both of whom beat three existing records.

The sprinting was uniformly good, and there was a marked advance in the Discus, Javelin and Weight events. Hurdling and High Jumping were relatively poor.

The following team has been chosen to represent the School in the North London Grammar School's Athletic Association West Regional Meeting on Wednesday, May 12th.

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Middle</i>	<i>Junior</i>
100 Yards	Puszet	Richardson	Scott, R. K.
220 Yards	Gordon	Wade	Gadsden
440 Yards	Moyes	Poyntz	—
880 Yards	Robilliard	Pope	—
Mile	Lathey	—	—
Mile Walk	Williamson	—	—
Hurdles	Parrott	Cooke	Scott, R. J.
High Jump	Goldwyn	Wynne	Jones
Long Jump	Souhami	Lazarus	Gannon
Triple Jump	Taylor, D. J.	Hall	—
Pole Vault	Deepwell	—	—
Discus	Vickers	Lindsay	—
Javelin	Ryder	Taylor, R. H.	—
Weight	Blanc	Hay	Archer
Relay	Gordon	Lazarus	Gadsden
	Puszet	Richardson	Scott, R. J.
	Souhami	Hay	Scott, R. K.
	Blanc	Cooke	Gannon

Captain: Gordon. Hon. Secretary: Robilliard.

Collins has had to stand down because of injury, and Tomlinson had left.

G.E.G.G.

## ATHLETICS

### North London Grammar Schools' Athletic Association

THE West Regional Meeting took place on Wednesday, May 12th at the Paddington track, and the School, competing against City of London, St. Clement Danes, Quintin and Westminster City, obtained 18 standard points and 19 finalists.

The finalists were:

*Seniors*—Gordon\* (220 yds.), Robilliard\* (880 yds.), Lathey\* (Mile), Parrott (Hurdles), Williamson (Mile Walk), Deepwell (Pole Vault), Ryder (Javelin).

*Middles*—Lindsay\* (Discus), Lazarus\* (Long Jump), Taylor\* (Javelin), Richardson (100 yds.), Poyntz\* (440 yds.), Cooke (Hurdles), Wynne (High Jump), Relay Team.

*Juniors*—Gadsden\* (220 yds.), Gannon (Long Jump), Scott, R. J. (Hurdles), Relay Team\*.

The names starred won their events.

The standard points were gained by

*Seniors*—Gordon, Robilliard, Puszet, Vickers.

*Middles*—Relay team, Lindsay, Lazarus, Richardson, Poyntz, Souhami, Wynne, Wade.

*Juniors*—Relay Team, Gadsden, Scott, R. J., Gannon.

The Finals were held at the White City on Tuesday, May 18th.

Competing against 16 other schools, the School put up a very good

performance, the Middles being particularly encouraging and obtaining four firsts.

We were 4th in the Senior Trophy, 2nd in the Middle Trophy, 4th in the Junior Trophy, and 3rd in the Grand Trophy.

The best individual performances were:

#### SENIORS

*Mile Walk*—Williamson, 1st in 8 min. 25 sec.

*220 Yards*—Gordon, 2nd.

*Hurdles*—Parrott, 3rd.

*880 Yards*—Robilliard, 3rd.

*Mile*—Lathey, 3rd.

*Pole Vault*—Deepwell, 3rd.

#### MIDDLES

*Discus*—Lindsay, 1st, 158 ft. 10 in. (record).

*Long Jump*—Lazarus, 1st, 18 ft. 3¼ in.

*100 Yards*—Richardson, 1st, 10.8 sec.

*Javelin*—Taylor, R. H., 1st, 120 ft. 10 in.

*440 Yards*—Poyntz, 3rd.

#### JUNIORS

*Relay Team*—3rd.

*Hurdles*—Scott, R. J., 3rd.

Athletic colours were awarded to Williamson, Gordon, Lindsay, Lazarus, Richardson, Taylor. The outstanding performance of the Meeting was that of Lindsay in the Middle Discus. His throw of 158 ft. 10 in. beat the existing record by 34 ft. 8 in. and was within 8 ft. of the Schools' national record.

In the Middlesex County Youth Championship held on Saturday, May 29th, Lindsay won both the Weight (44 ft. 10 in.) and the Discus (147 ft. 7 in., a new record). Lazarus won the Long Jump (19 ft. 3½ in.), and Richardson was 2nd in the 220 yards.

G.E.G.G.

## ABBOTT HOUSE REPORT

ABBOTT is having its most successful year since 1948 and if we can hold off Beeching's challenge during the cricket season, the Championship should be ours. Unlike previous years both Seniors and Juniors have been performing equally well and the House is succeeding by teamwork.

Unfortunately we lost a keen member when our House Captain, C. J. H. Taylor, left school last term. We wish him luck.

M.T.P.

## BEECHING HOUSE

FOLLOWING its success of last year, Beeching has striven hard to maintain its position, but, despite the fact that it won first place in senior rugby (both the first and second teams), senior athletics, the gym competition and in fives, and also had two good cross-country teams, Abbott House has managed to take the lead. The Beeching House play, too, came first but unfortunately this was pointless (take it any way you like!) However we hope that now the cricket season is here,

Gibbs, our cricket captain will lead us to victory, and that Mr. Warre Cornish may be completely restored to health by the news of Beeching's victory in the 1953-4 House championship.

G.H.S.

#### HOUSEMAN HOUSE REPORT

ONCE again our lowly position is due to lack of numbers in the Senior School. There has been a steady improvement, however, and two successes have been recorded: we shared the Handball Competition and gained second place in the House Play Competition. We are still last though, but should we repeat last year's successes in the Swimming and Cricket Competitions, there is every hope that we may yet escape the "bottom rung."

There is a good spirit in the House and it is difficult to pick out any individuals but our special thanks must be given to Bryan, our captain, for his untiring efforts throughout the year.

Finally, Houseman is indebted to Mr. Horwood, Mr. Turner, Mr. Blakeway and, of course Mr. Tank who left last year, whose careful labours throughout the year have been invaluable.

J.M.

#### MOORE HOUSE

AT the time of writing the House lies third in the Championship, a good way behind the leaders, and we shall have to fight hard during the Summer Term to maintain our position. The strength of the House lies chiefly in the Middle School, though Gordon has filled the roles of Captain of Rugby and Athletics and Senior Victor Ludorum. However, we have generally relied too much on the performances of individuals rather than on the general body of members.

As regards actual results, our only two first places have been in the Junior Gym Competition and the Middle School Athletics, Lazarus being Middle Victor Ludorum. The Seniors have occupied third place in the Rugby, Handball and Athletics.

Two of the masters in Moore House, Mr. McNeal and Mr. Finbow have recently celebrated their marriages and we again offer them our congratulations.

In conclusion, I must pay a brief tribute to Mr. Gibson, who has been connected with Moore House for twenty years and has run it so keenly and devotedly since the war. Mr. Gibson has never failed in his duties towards the House and he has been the inspiration and the friend of every one of its members. We have always pictured him as an integral part of the House, and it is therefore with deep regret that we learn we are to lose at the end of the Summer Term such a stalwart member of both St. Marylebone and Moore. His efficiency, kindness and cheerfulness will be missed by us all. We wish him good luck and every success in his new post, and we should like him to know that he will leave behind in the mind of every boy of Moore House an enduring memory of a first-rate House-master!

M.A.K.

#### PORTMAN HOUSE REPORT

UNDER the energetic guidance of the house masters Portman House set its face firmly towards the top rung of the House Championship ladder at the beginning of the present School year. Although, at the time of writing, results have proved to be rather disappointing there is no lack of enthusiasm for the Summer Term's events, in which, it is hoped, the House will retrieve some of its lost honour.

As in the past Portman has again provided approximately one-third of the School's Prefects, which at least shows no lack of potential leaders-of-men in our ranks. But even with this large percentage of leaders, success in the House Championship has been limited.

The year thus far, however, has not been completely void of success. In the Senior handball our team achieved first place, and in the Seven-a-side Rugby football both Senior and Junior teams were very successful. In the Athletic Sports, also, results were favourable. One member of the House here deserves a special mention, Gadsden. He not only won the Junior Victor Ludorum but he broke no fewer than three School records.

D.W.P.

#### SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

THE Senior Cross Country Race took place on Wednesday, February the 10th and Mayes of Abbott is to be congratulated on an excellent performance. The closeness of the first ten runners show that competition was keen and this event does give an opportunity for some people, who are otherwise somewhat unknown in the School Sport, to express their spirit and stamina.

*Final Order of Houses.*—1, Abbott 271; 2, Beeching 325; 3, Moore 370; 4, Houseman 435; 5, Portman 485.

*Order of Competitors.*—1, Moyes 20.58; 2, Lathey 21.00; 3, Tomlinson 21.8; 4, Cook 21.35; 5, Robilliard 22.24; 6, Porter 22.26; 7, Honour 22.28; 8, Sims 22.35; 9, Claydon 22.50; 10, Ellis 22.57.

#### THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

THE day for the Junior Cross-Country race was not altogether ideal. It was damp and muddy, and a thin mist hung over the course. The start, about fifty yards from Horsenden Hill, was also the finish, which made the course slightly longer than last year. While the spectators held their raincoats, the runners were lined up across the road. Dr. Derry gave the word, and they were off!

After about fifteen minutes of tense waiting for the spectators, the leading runner appeared from the mist. It was Davies of Beeching, and he completed the course in 15 minutes 18 seconds, well in front of Jones, A. (Abbott), who came second in 16 minutes 0 seconds. Third was Holmes (Abbott) who took 16 minutes 8 seconds. Then the others appeared in fairly quick succession. Some of them seemed to be quite worn out, while others looked almost as fresh as when they had started.

The final result, announced the morning after, was Abbott, Beeching, Moore, Portman, Houseman.

J. CRUICKSHANK, IIIA.

**HANDBALL RESULTS**

Senior	1. Houseman Portman	} 25 pts.	Junior	1. Abbott	15 pts.
	3. Abbott Moore		} 7½ pts.		2. Moore
	5. Beeching	0 pts.			3. Beeching
				4. Portman	2 pts.
				5. Houseman	0 pts.

**SCHOOL SOCIETIES****The Debating Society**

IF you look into the Library on a Thursday evening at 4.15 (when the debate is scheduled to start), you will usually see four harassed looking gentlemen sitting at the speakers' table and about five people who have come to listen. This may sound distressing, but by 4.20 the audience has suddenly increased to its usual number between thirty and forty. This is in great part due to our hard working advertisers Souhami and Moore, who face keen rivalry from other societies, music classes and handball teams which meet on the same evening.

We have had a fair number of debates this year, and the standard of speaking has been quite good, many members having delivered their maiden speech. Two members of the staff, Mr. Tank and Mr. Warren-Cornish have spoken in a debate, and we are pleased that our President, the Headmaster has been able to attend on several occasions and has spoken from the floor. The Chairman of the governors also takes an interest in the Society, and we were indeed honoured with his presence at the last debate of the Spring Term.

The House has decided that capital punishment should not be abolished; that mercy killing should not be permitted by law; that commercial radio is not preferable to the B.B.C.'s monopoly; that modern art is not a swindle; and that not too many people have the vote. In fact, it would seem that the speakers sitting on the chairman's left have an initial advantage. A hat debate was also held and some momentous decisions were reached: "That Rugby is a nasty, rough game" was lost by one vote; whilst "That detention should be abolished" was carried almost unanimously; and almost everybody agreed "That too much physical energy is wasted in the Gym."

The three mainstays of the Society are Messrs. Stern, Bryan and W. Palmer. Mr. Palmer specialises in invective which may or may not be relevant. Mr. Bryan believes in eloquence whilst keeping to the subject; Mr. Stern, never failing in wit, has never yet kept to the point.

A Committee of three, Messrs. Bryan, Palmer, D., and Baxter, keep a vigorous control over the Chairman and Secretary. Finally, I must offer the thanks of the entire Society to Mr. Hands, who has taken the chair with impartiality, kindness and wit.

M. KAYE.

**Middle School History Society**

THE Society, during the last two terms, has thrived on a nectar of talks and features. For, example, we have been lucky enough to hear Mr. Blakeway on the subject of genealogy and Mr. Turner, who at short notice gave an amusing account of an Elizabethan novel he has recently translated from the Latin and which is soon to be published. Mr. Hawke-Genn spoke on the Renaissance in painting, which he illustrated with some interesting pictures on the epidiascope. Dr. Derry gave to his talk the mysterious title of "Some Island," but he refused to explain until the talk itself. It turned out to be Greenland.

"What was my Line" and the "Trial of Mary, Queen of Scots" were also well attended and entertaining. Tigg's authoritative description of Canterbury Cathedral, Kutas' non-frigid account of the Ice Age, Smith, I, on Pile Dwellings, Ruette on the Civil War, Moore on the Cato Street Conspiracy and Poyntz on the history of the G.W.R., are but a few of the talks which deserve praise here.

The newest venture of the Society is the publication of its magazine *The Historian*. It is typed and duplicated by Mr. Blakeway and a few zealous members under the editorial eye of N. A. T. Menon. It costs 3d. and the last issue the hopeful members produced a hundred copies.

To conclude, the Society's thanks are due to Moore for his artistic and imaginative posters and his work while he was Secretary; to Kutas for his also excellent posters; to Menon as Editor of *The Historian*; to Mr. Blakeway, our diligent Chairman, and last but not least to its members for their support, without which all efforts would be in vain.

D. R. BURT.

**The Aero Club**

THIS newly formed club has rapidly leapt to the position of one of the largest in the school, with over fifty members, most of whom are drawn from the lower half of the school. During the autumn and spring terms the club held two exhibitions of models, photographs, navigational apparatus and reference books. A competition (the second) for aircraft designers was held over the Easter holidays. Several film shows have been given as well as talks by members of the club on aircraft recognition, navigation, theory of flight and local airfields. The club hopes to continue to expand and is open to all members of the school.

D. TAYLOR, *Club Secretary*.**Chess**

THIS has been an active year for School Chess. The Chess Club has over 70 members whose subscription money has been used to increase the number of the Club's sets. These are constantly used and Room 10 is crowded every lunch hour with players and onlookers.

The Chess team has been greatly strengthened by the "discovery" of W. Palmer and Weinstock, but though fairly powerful it has not met with the success hoped for. This is partly due to absences at the beginning of the year and the loss of C. Taylor mid-way through the Spring Term.

The masters, however, suffered a crushing defeat at our hands, Mr. Crook, who by his usual go-slow methods forced his opponent to accept a draw in despair, gaining the only points for the staff. So far we have played seven matches of which we have won 3, lost 3, and drawn 1.

The regular team is Kaye, Weinstock, Taylor, C. J. H., Palmer, W., Saferia, and Deepwell. Burrows, Yam, Zeitlin and Porter have also played.

The Junior School team, which was revived this year, has played two matches, drawing both. The junior team consists of Leighton, Feather, Armstrong, Davies, Quick, Wieler and Morris.

M.K.

### SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

ANYONE choosing a play for school performance will do well to ask whether the thing is worth the lasting memory it will have in young minds. It is not enough to aim at mere effect: the right play must have human significance. I hear of schools doing Gilbert and Sullivan, and I am glad that those lively authors are absent from St. Marylebone's long list. Schools cannot compete here with the smartness of the professional turn-out, and in any case this work is, for pupils, waste of time. It is interesting to reflect, in terms of humanity, how few great plays there are in the world; indeed to write a great comedy seems the most rare and difficult of mortal plans.

If you do Goldsmith's masterpiece, it is well to ask first wherein its greatness lies. It is a little prose thing, gaily threaded upon an artificial plot, and yet it has lasted. The School's producer, Mr. R. K. Hands gave us a considered version, sincere and vivacious throughout, a product differentiated from the more brilliant Sheridan by its warmth of heart. Even the mischievous Tony Lumpkin, who sets the plot and trims it, is made an almost engaging creature, not only by his oddity, but by the shrewdness of wit with which he follows up his self-amused knavery. The part, by no means as easy as it looks, was kept convincingly alive by B. Vickers. Young Marlow, the victim of Tony's joke, has the difficult task of appearing now shy now bold, and of carrying us with him in both extremes. Mr. Hands himself scored an artistic triumph in this role that would have been acclaimed as polished, and even virtuosic, in any theatre. This young Marlow was very ably backed, and rallied, by his friend Hastings (M. C. Bryan) who made an engaging, clear and debonair study of a character to whom the author has given less allure. Of Mr. Hardcastle, host to the two vivacious young men, an outside, expert critic writes "Whether in hospitable garrulousness or genuine affection or provoked indignation, the character seemed true all the time." The establishment of that character in its relationships depends on Kate Hardcastle rather more than upon her step-mother. Kate must be both clever and affectionate. Indeed with a blend of vivacity, sincerity and mischief she must make a bid, however perilous it may seem in modern acting, to be winsome. Gillian Cambrook had the qualities needed. Indeed the School appreciated cordially the spirited team-work of the three young ladies from Queen's

College, Harley Street; for Susan Layton brought to the role of Constance a sincerity of presence and a richness of voice rare in one so young; while Rosalind Myers coped splendidly with the part of a spoilt, silly Mrs. Hardcastle, three times her own age. Her histrionic vigour and boundless good-will achieved a sterling contribution to high comedy: she was there to let herself go, and that in good faith she did! We all hope that Queen's College, of honoured history in St. Marylebone, will take part again, to the pleasure of us all.

It should be said that the team-work of the other people taking part—one thinks of the awkward servants and of the hearty uproar at the inn—did credit both to the producer and to the thorough service of the young actors. It need hardly be said that the hard work behind the scenes was as keen and reliable as ever: indeed Mr. Harrison's men achieved a record of quick changes. Mr. Doughty had a few expert supporters in his care of the music, and it was so sparkling and successful that a great Professor from the Royal Academy declared it would be hard to find the equal in any performance in town.

Service to the author's expression of life is the best fortification against vanity. Much depends here on Tony and on Kate; yet strangely enough—and I have not seen it remarked—these leading people, half-sister and half-brother, speak not a word to each other throughout the play. Goldsmith gave them genuine mischief but he wanted no clash with Kate's genuine charm. There is here a delicate reserve. A most pleasing memory of the performance is that Kate could hold the audience by a turn of the hand; and yet her service was free from vanity, so that we all had faith in her charming good-sense. Our masculine side of the young community—one thinks of the natural ease of Tony and of Hastings—was consistently reassuring in that way, too. A happy memory for us all.

P.A.W.

### CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

MRS. HARDCASTLE	...	...	...	...	Rosalind Myers
MR. HARDCASTLE	...	...	...	...	Mr. P. A. Wayne
TONY LUMPKIN	...	...	...	...	B. W. Vickers
KATE HARDCASTLE	...	...	...	...	Gillian Cambrook
CONSTANCE NEVILLE	...	...	...	...	Susan Layton
FELLOWS AT AN INN	...	F. W. Watts,	G. Rothman,	C. A. Clayden,	J. A. W. Gibbs
					T. Voore
FIDDLER	...	...	...	...	G. B. Eynon
LANDLORD	...	...	...	...	Mr. R. K. Hands
YOUNG MARLOW	...	...	...	...	M. J. C. Bryan
HASTINGS	...	...	...	...	R. H. C. Sims
DIGGORY	...	...	...	...	H. G. Archer, R. L. Souhami, P. C. Brooks
RUSTIC SERVANTS	...	...	...	...	A. S. Munday
SERVANT	...	...	...	...	P. B. Adams
MAID	...	...	...	...	G. Rothman
DRUNKEN SERVANT	...	...	...	...	E. Goldwyn
SIR CHARLES MARLOW	...	...	...	...	

## THE HOUSE PLAYS

THE House Plays took place on Monday, April 12th. The standard of acting and production was high, the audience appreciative and we are most grateful to Mr. Bernard Miles of the Mermaid Theatre, who judged and summed up the Competition. "You present a play," he said, "and this means the piece must be directed out to the audience both by clarity of speech and action."

Beeching House won with a performance of *The Rose and Crown*, a "time play" by J. B. Priestley. Certainly this was the best play. Too often one-act plays are agreeable froth or high-jinks for the Jolly Joker's Club on a wet Saturday. But this play made a thoroughly worth-while statement; "only those who love life can die decently"; and made it in vivid human terms. Unfortunately the ending, when the little optimist buttons up his overcoat and walks into the cold, grey dawn of eternity, did not come off. But two performances were quite admirable. Stern, as the agent of Death had just the right air of diabolic detachment, and Archer; what can one say of his perfect statement of self-satisfied truculent beeriness. It certainly made my afternoon!

Houseman came second with a very well-acted piece of Shavian froth. Bryan, Saperia and Sims were good; the young lady most convincing, but not, I suspect in the sense intended by the late Mr. Shaw. An excellent series of fire-crackers about nothing by people who have never existed on sea or land.

Portman, third place, gave us W. W. Jacobs hoary old *Monkey's Paw*, and it was remarkable for a most sensitive and convincing performance by David Palmer. This play as venerable and popular as *Charley's Aunt*, is first-rate theatre. Unfortunately the tension of the ending was almost entirely missed in the otherwise good production. The Thing from the Churchyard should hammer on the door with a rising crescendo of wallops. "My goodness!" the audience should feel, "look out chaps, its going to get in!" Well, I did hear a seedy tap or two from behind the curtain, but, oh, how inadequate!

Moore's cast looked very nice in their dinner suits, they were well grouped and the pink liquid they sipped made me curious; but a play should entertain. A most interesting experiment was the performance by Abbott of a play adapted from an Italian short story. There was some vivid tense dialogue and situation here but somehow the whip did not crack at the end; there was no final illuminating flash and so we were left with a feeling of incompleteness. One's real disappointment is a measure of how near the play came to being a success.

## THE PLAYS

BEECHING.—*The Rose and Crown*, by J. B. Priestley.

HOUSEMAN.—*The Fascinating Foundling*, by G. B. Shaw.

PORTMAN.—*The Monkey's Paw*, by W. W. Jacobs.

MOORE.—*Had Shakespeare Lived To-day*, by Lord Dunsany.

ABBOTT.—*Crime Passionel*, adapted by Mr. Bailey from a short story by Giovanni Guareschi.

## A WEEK IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

FOR those sceptical readers who are eagerly awaiting a tale of rain and woe, I am glad to say it only rained twice and the rest of the weather was perfect. Each night we stayed at Youth Hostels, which we found to be excellent, and we bought packed-lunches every day from the warden. The nine of us, with Dr. Derry in command, met at Euston station at 11.30 on Saturday, September the fifth. We found our compartment reserved for Bessy's Camping Party—the name stuck. The first part of the long journey seemed rather boring but later as we came into Lakeland the scenery became more and more attractive. We stayed the first night at Keswick, our sleep being somewhat disturbed by a jazz band in a neighbouring hall.

We arose early on Sunday and had a refreshing bathe in Derwentwater and then returned with an appetite for breakfast. We started off up to Castle Rigg Druid Circle where we rested for a while, and then continued on to St. John's Church and sat outside munching chocolate and listening to the organ. We then went along the main road to the foot of the Sticks Pass where we had lunch by the side of a stream which came down the mountain in many delightful waterfalls. The Sticks Pass has been unanimously voted by the party to be the most back-breaking, breathless walk of them all. "Pass" is rather an exaggeration—dip at the top of a mountain would be better. We negotiated the Pass and descended to Greenside, at the head of Ullswater, where we were staying that night. The next day we climbed Helvellyn and swam in Grisedale Tarn. We then went on to Ambleside, gaining fresh blisters with each mile. We decided to have an easy day on Tuesday and took a not so short cut to Grasmere over Houghrigg Fell, and thence by a very pretty path to Easedale Tarn, where we bathed, and some of the least lazy climbed a neighbouring mountain. On Wednesday we went to Borrowdale via the bleak and boggy fells. Thursday, the most exacting day, we climbed Scaw Fell Pike via Esk Hause and stood on the cairn at the top, higher than anyone else in England. We came down to Eskdale where we rested for an hour or so and vainly tried to dam the river Esk. On Friday, the wettest day, we went over the Hardknott and Wrynose Passes, having our lunch under a bridge in the middle of a stream. We continued on through Little Langdale to the Youth Hostel at Coniston, where we could at last strip off our sopping clothes. On our last day we went to the picturesque and quaint village of Hawkeshead, where Wordsworth went to school, from thence up to Relle Grange and then a very pleasant walk by the side of the lake to the ferry. We went up through Windermere to Troutbeck Hostel from which we had a superb view of Lake Windermere and the surrounding mountains at sunset.

The next day we said farewell to the Lakes and boarded the train back to London and School. We should like to thank Dr. Derry for all the trouble he took in making this a most enjoyable holiday, and I, for one, shall always have pleasant memories of the happy time we had in the Lakes.

P.M.

## SCHOOL CONCERT

THE School Orchestra conducted by Miss Rita Sharpe has improved enormously, and, together with our excellent choir, gave a most enterprising and enjoyable programme of music at the concert this year. In addition to having an orchestra and choir of which any school would be proud, we have some outstanding performers.

The arrangement of an 18th century trumpet tune called for a sweet, sympathetic tone which Blanc sustained admirably. Gibbs who sang the *Song of the Vagabond* by Vaughan Williams thoroughly deserved his encore—*Sea Fever* by John Ireland. Mendelssohn's *Song without Words in C Minor* was fluently played by Bryan and the contrasts in the music were well brought out. Alston's piano playing is remarkable for a boy of only eleven, and for tackling part of a work as advanced as W. Leigh's *Concertino for Piano and Strings* he deserves high praise.

The most moving item was the Headmaster's cello solo in Walford Davies's *Solemn Melody*. This beautiful melody played with such intense feeling obviously made a deep impression on the audience, and all the more as this was to be the Headmaster's last major musical contribution to the School. The enthusiastic applause which he received was a tribute to thirty years of musical service to the School.

The orchestra played works by Mozart, Purcell and Handel, and a folk song. Particularly exciting was Miss Sharpe's own arrangement of a Rondo by Purcell, when the percussion instruments were clashed and bashed, and the kettle drums nearly reached boiling point. It was good fun for performers and audience alike.

The choir sang four part songs unaccompanied, in the first half of the concert, and was joined in the second by a small orchestra and Prowse, Palmer, Gibbs and Mr. Crook as soloists in Bach's *Peasant Cantata*—a lively, humorous work to which the performers did full justice.

To close the concert the School choir and orchestra played Quilter's *Non Nobis Domine*, a noble ending to what had perhaps been the School's most successful concert. Finally the Headmaster spoke of his thirty years in the School, and was thankful that School Music and Drama were flourishing so well and that parents took such an interest. Miss Sharpe, Mr. Doughty, who conducted the choir together with Mr. Hedges, the performers and solists are to be congratulated for giving such an entertaining concert.

G.H.S.

## PROGRAMME

## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Overture: "The Shepherd King"

Minuet (from 39th Symphony in E flat)

18th Century Tune for Trumpet

Air and Rondo

Solo Trumpet: G. Blanc

Song without Words in C minor

Solo Pianoforte: M. J. C. Bryan

Mozart (1756-1791)

arr. A. Carse

H. Purcell (1658-1695)

Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

The Vagabond (R. L. Stevenson) R. Vaughan Williams (1872- )  
Bass: J. A. W. Gibbs

Andante (from Concertino) W. Leigh (1905-1942)  
String Orchestra, Solo Pianoforte: R. Alston

Manx Dirk Dance arr. A. Foster  
Solemn Melody H. Walford Davies (1869-1941)

Solo Cello: Mr. P. A. Wayne

Minuet from "Samson"

March from "Scipio"

Handel (1685-1759)

What saith my dainty Darling?

T. Morley (1557-1603)

The Silver Swan

O. Gibbons (1583-1625)

Linden Lea (Male Voices)

arr. Vaughan Williams

Full Fathom Five

C. Wood (1866-1926)

The School Choir

## INTERVAL

The Peasant Cantata

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Soloists: J. Prowse, D. Palmer, Mr. K. D. Crook, J. A. W. Gibbs

Orchestra: K. Sillito, Mr. D. Turner, D. Oliver, I. Smith, Mr. P. A. Wayne

## STRING TRIO

ON Thursday, April 8th, the School was very pleased to welcome a Trio composed of the Headmaster, Mr. Trevor Williams, violin, and Miss Marjorie Stebbing, viola.

The recital opened with Schubert's *String-Trio* in one movement. This, his only trio was written in 1817, when he was twenty, and although an early work, is full of the charm and lyrical beauty to be found in all Schubert's chamber music. The Headmaster analysed the work first, and made the interesting point that whereas two beats, e.g., walking, breathing, characterised Nature, three beats were Art.

Next came movements from two Beethoven trios: the first one was written in 1797, at the beginning of his great "middle period," and from it we heard the tranquil and thoughtful *Adagio in G Major*, and the light-hearted *Scherzo in E*. From the second Trio we heard the first movement in C minor in sonata form. The Headmaster explained that this was perhaps the profoundest work of the recital, and in it Beethoven overcomes the narrow scope of the trio in the depth of his thought, dynamic force and imagination.

Finally the trio played part of the Suite *Serenade* by the modern Hungarian composer Dohnányi. First came the Romanza, a dreamy Nocturne, and second the March, a lively and spirited piece, which was warmly received, and indeed, played as an encore.

The whole afternoon was most enjoyable, and I hope we can have another recital soon, when perhaps we can hear some more Schubert, who is surely the most agreeable composer of chamber music.

B.W.V.

### DIGGING

**I**n a fallow field of a farm at Moor Park there can be seen two long narrow piles of earth at right-angles; from the top of one pile flies the Union Jack. It was to this spot at the end of the Spring Term that a party of senior boys, armed with trowels and shovels, made their way at the invitation of Merchant Taylors School. We were not going, as one might suppose from our appearance, to engage in a ploughing competition, but to dig for archaeological remains, since this unassuming field is the site of a palace whose earliest foundations date from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and which was at one time the residence of Cardinal Wolsey. The floor level of the latest building is about four feet below the ground—none of the later walls remain due to looting for brick in the fifteenth century—and this is covered by a layer of occupational rubbish. Underneath this floor, at differing levels down to sixteen feet, are the foundations of previous houses, and we had the good fortune to be able to help the Archaeological Society of Merchant Taylors School, who are excavating the site in sections, in their work of compiling a complete plan of the building.

We were quite unacquainted hitherto with archaeology, but being told to "just dig and be careful not to put your pick through a vase or a wall," we set to, and after making a few finds of our own, tiles, pottery and glass, we began to find the work very interesting. Two parties, each of about ten boys, went to the site, and a few enthusiasts went by themselves on other occasions to help with the work.

M.A.K.

### IS THERE A DENTIST IN THE HOUSE ?

**L**ATE in the Spring Term certain members of Six Science had the privilege of being taken on a conducted tour of Guy's Hospital Dental School. We met (under the watchful eye of Mr. Spinks) in the quadrangle of Guy's which gives the impression of being a curious mixture of a University College and a busy Hospital and which has an atmosphere and style of architecture which is completely unique: the nurses walk about with their customary intent air of purpose while the students stroll in leisurely talk.

We were greeted by Professor G. A. D. Haslewood, a distinguished Old Philologist, and the Headmaster. The Professor then took us on a short tour of his own Chemistry Department before handing us over to the care of Mr. Goodcliffe who showed us a glimpse of other aspects of the Medical School and Hospital (including the large modern kitchen), whilst on our way to a more detailed round of the Dental School. This was extremely enjoyable and one small boy will remember for the rest of his life his first visit to the dentist when he was attended by one student and suffered ten potential scientists to peer at his tonsils for quarter of an hour, I don't think he liked it. In small groups we watched students examining patients' teeth, and were amazed at the number of willing victims, whilst serried rows of Dental Chairs with their accompanying apparatus held no fear for us mere spectators. Next we were initiated

into the mysteries of the making and fitting of false teeth of which there appeared to be an endless variety in many sizes, shapes, colours, and materials (but they all looked like false teeth).

We concluded with a tea presided over by the Professor and at which we were joined by Briggs an old boy of the School just completing his Dental Training; we also gave a thought to last year's member of Six Science, R. Hawks who is now in his first year as a Scholar of the Medical School.

Altogether it was an enlightening visit, the equipment they have is worth a fortune on the instruction clearly of the highest order: certainly one person was made to wonder at what goes into the face-ache he gets when his teeth are filled.

If you fancy Dentistry as a career there are many points in its favour and we were assured that for suitable candidates there is a place at the best Dental School in the world and no shortage of posts for the qualified.

M.J.S.

### CONFIRMATION

**T**HE Service was held at Christ Church with St. Barnabas, Cosway Street. The following were confirmed by the Bishop of Willesden: R. J. Higgins, D. J. Taylor, and A. Addison. The service was attended by the Headmaster, Mr. Hands, Gillon and R. Waitt.

### SCHOOL CHARITIES

**A**T the end of the Spring Term the School Charity collections reached a grand total of £1,003 14s. 3d. Although the aim of our School Charities Committee is to foster thoughtfulness for others less fortunate than ourselves, we did think it right to congratulate ourselves on reaching our first £1,000; and to celebrate the occasion the Headmaster generously excused homework for a whole week.

Since last September the School has collected £19 10s. 7d. for the Greek Earthquake Appeal Fund, £27 for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, £18 2s. 7d. for the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and £24 1s. 5d. for the Florence Nightingale Hospital.

H.R.H.

### HONOURS

We congratulate the following on gaining awards at the Universities during the past season:

M. A. KAYE, on an Exhibition in Classics at Trinity College, Cambridge.  
M. J. C. BRYAN, on a Major Scholarship in English Literature at Wadham College, Oxford.

### MR. G. E. G. GIBSON

**O**UR concern at the slow recovery of Mr. Gibson from his serious leg trouble is in some degree allayed by the news that after this term he will be spared that fatiguing train journey. But from any other point of view we are indeed sorry to hear that he will soon be leaving us; the more so in a year which is already depriving us of other senior members of our community.

In his twenty years at St. Marylebone Mr. Gibson has identified himself fully with the life of the School. He joined the Mathematics Staff from Selwyn College, Cambridge in succession to Mr. Steffens, and his efficient teaching has been a considerable factor in the examination successes of that Department. This was given formal recognition in his appointment as Head of the Department shortly after Mr. Willis took over the duties of Second Master.

Yet to many boys he will be even better remembered for his energetic and capable work on the Sports Field. In his first year at St. Marylebone, with typical zeal, he lost no time in giving the benefit of his experience in Cricket to his Form, and in Athletics to Houseman House. Within a year he was helping to coach the 1st XI and taking a prominent part in the running of the Athletic Sports. At this stage Moore House, taking advantage of the vacancy caused when Mr. Bluett relinquished the reins of office, seized upon him for their new assistant housemaster, a compliment which he has returned by remaining with them to take charge of them after the war. While, since Autumn 1949 he has been Senior Housemaster, a presidential rôle in which he has been in his element.

It is perhaps in Athletics that Mr. Gibson has made his most lasting impression on the School's activities. As long ago as in 1936 he was responsible for introducing a system of qualifying points for standard performances in Athletics. The idea has since been developed in detail on an age basis and extended to other activities, so resulting in increased encouragement to greater numbers and a general improvement in standards. The formation of the North London Grammar Schools' Athletics Association came just at the time when these benefits were beginning to be felt in the School, and Mr. Gibson had the satisfaction of seeing the School make a very creditable showing in open competition. The second year of the N.L.G.S.A.A. saw him elected its Honorary Secretary. The present high standing of that Association, the efficiency of its annual Championship Meeting and, by consequence, the rising standard of performances owe no small debt to his unremitting care and enthusiasm.

Since the war he has been, until his recent illness, the master in charge of the Camp Committee, with special responsibility for coordinating the syllabus of work at Forest Green. While to most of us the thought of "Gibby" in Camp suggests Surveying and plane tables and so forth, he is thought of affectionately by the villagers in connection rather with certain notable cricket matches.

Essentially an active man, he is happiest when helping some cause or somebody forward. He gave his time readily to the Mathematical problems of senior boys; he spared no effort to advance the cause of Athletics in the School and in North London. Nor did he allow his disability to damp his spirits or ruffle his manner. I do not remember ever seeing him lose his temper. We shall not soon forget him. Not least we shall miss a certain "puckish" humour in the Common Room; we shall miss, too, the cheerful presence of Mrs. Gibson at School functions. We wish them both and their family Godspeed in their new life at Trowbridge.

#### OTHER CHANGES ON THE STAFF

Mr. R. M. J. Tank left us at Christmas 1953 to take up a Senior Classical appointment at John Lyon School. He had been with us for just over four years, and leaves memories of a kind heart, great patience as a teacher, and, to those who knew him, a pithy sense of humour lurking behind an unostentatious manner.

In the summer term we said good-bye to Mr. R. A. Silvestri, now an old-established friend of the School as boy and master.

Another master who leaves us at the end of this term is Mr. J. A. Hawke-Genn, who has been with us since October 1949 as History Master, and will be much missed by his friends.

We extend a welcome to Mr. D. L. Turner, who came at the beginning of the Spring Term 1954, to take Mr. Tank's place; also to Messrs. J. V. Coen and J. B. Smyth, who came in the summer term.

#### SCHOOL ROLL

Autumn, 1953 518      Spring, 1954 498      Summer, 1954 485

#### SALVETE Autumn, 1953

I.A	I.1	I.2
Adam, F. D.	Alston, R. M.	Beak, T. J.
Alderton, B. L.	Blunden, M.	Bennett, D. M.
Annett, J. D.	Boarer, A. L.	Blinco, R. G.
Auld, J. F. M.	Chick, J. R.	Boarer, D. L.
Barker, R. E. F.	Davison, B. J.	Britton, S. E.
Carr, H. M. G.	Dibble, D. M.	Cole, B.
Cockburn, B. I.	Gauntlett, M. V.	Connell, A. H.
Dean, T.	Gonzalez, R. J.	Crawley, J.-A.
Eddleston, I. P. J.	Harris, A. G.	Curling, B. E.
Fellows, A. E. M.	Jakeman, C. J.	Davies, R. M.
Fraser, C. A.	Joy, M. V.	Dear, A. C.
Georgiou, P.	Lewis, A. G.	Eisinger, A.
Griffiths, D. A.	Lippmann, B. M.	Greig, C. R.
Hudspith, D.A.	Macdonald, W. M.	Hubbard, K. A.
Jones, D. P.	Page, P. R.	Kew, A.
Kee, P. de V.	Peel, M. S.	Leach, R.
Kelly, A. F.	Petri, S.	Lott, D. R.
Lawrence, S. A.	Purle, H. V.	Mandleberg, J. A.
Livingstone, R. G.	Robson, D. C.	Newman, R.
Mayne, J. F.	Ryan, O. A.	O'Farrell, M. A.
McDonald, J. S.	Servent, J. H.	Pallet, C. J.
Northrop, D. E.	Shuttleworth, A. R.	Pepper, M.
Oliver, P. S.	Somers, H. S.	Roberts, A. J.
Roberts, A. (3.5.54)	Stephenson, S. J.	Roberts, P. A.
Rose, M.	Sweasey, D. H.	Robins, G. V.
Varley, P. J.	Tomrley, A. B.	Silver, M. A.
Ward, G. H.	Valitis, D. M. J.	Spiteri, P. M.
Whine, L. J.	Weiler, F. H. D.	Stansfield, R. H.
Woods, J. M.	Wills, E. W. G.	Svoboda, A. P.
Ziderman, P.		Vigon, K. J.

### OLD PHILOLOGIAN NEWS AND NOTES

THE Annual Dinner, held at Lords Hotel on 28th April, 1954, brought our winter activities to a very happy conclusion. Not only is Lords in the Borough of St. Marylebone, but, as was mentioned during the course of the evening, it was the Headmaster who first made it possible for boys of the School to visit Lords to watch the cricket. It is a most suitable venue.

The meal was an excellent one and after the Loyal Toast, Mr. A. D. S. Betts proposed the toast of "The School." In a delightful speech, he spoke of the glad news that the School was to be maintained as a voluntary controlled school. He gave high praise to the Headmaster and the Assistant Masters for their work and thanked the Governors for so loyally carrying out their tasks. Mr. Betts also took the opportunity of welcoming Mr. H. W. Llewellyn-Smith, who has recently been appointed to succeed Mr. Wayne as Headmaster. Mr. F. J. Tarris replied for the Governors in a short, but sincere, speech and Mr. H. W. Llewellyn-Smith supported him.

Mr. R. K. Hands proposed the toast of "The Association" in an excellent speech, full of wit and humour. The Secretary replied.

The last toast of the evening was that of "The Chairman." It gave pleasure to all those present to have our President and Headmaster in the chair, presiding over our Dinner for the last time as Headmaster. Mr. F. W. Wyeth who proposed the toast, was the School Captain when the Headmaster came to the School and it was appropriate that he should indulge in reminiscences. He spoke of the many deeds that the Headmaster had performed for the School and of how, largely due to his influence and effort, the School had come from near obscurity in the twenties to become a very real power to-day. The President responded in his usual charming manner. To those who were present, it was a memorable reply. It is to be hoped that for many years to come, the Old Philologists will have the joy of listening to him.

In addition to the Speakers, there were present:

A. E. Arney, M. G. Beck, L. Beth, D. J. Brackley, H. Bloom, J. K. Carpenter, C. Colville, G. Diner, R. A. Durran, J. Edwards, J. E. Ellis, D. J. Firman, F. J. E. Gadsby, D. G. Geary, M. R. W. Grainge, R. E. Griffiths, K. T. Hiskins, N. R. Hiskins, E. B. Hume, B. Jackson, J. Kent, A. E. Lacey, J. Malein, F. N. Moore, R. E. Moore, A. F. Newton, H. G. McNeil, T. J. Parkinson, G. R. Raby-Wood, E. A. R. Santer, J. F. Santer, L. Schneek, C. B. Smith, J. E. Smith, R. B. Smith, T. V. Spiers, N. G. Spark, J. W. Trevett, J. C. Snowden, J. H. Vivian, G. Westbury, H. Westbury, K. D. Wheatlaed, E. Whitley, R. S. D. Wheeler, H. J. Williams, E. F. Wood, S. C. Yates, W. R. C. Snape.

The Annual Smoking Concert was held in the School Hall on Friday, 30th October, 1953. Once again, the entertainment was provided by Old Boys. B. G. Bardi played the violin and G. Wareham the oboe and in somewhat lighter vein, E. Vito-Finzi the accordion and piano. Patrick Foort gave another of his character sketches, this time of an absent-minded cleric. The President gave a reading and joined Bardi and his

accompanist in a trio, in which he played the cello. The evening was expertly compered by R. T. G. Day.

On Saturday, 5th December, 1953, another successful dance took place in the School Hall and although numbers were small, it was a happy occasion.

THE PHILOLOGIAN has long been a link between Old Boys and their Old School. For many, it is the only link and it is with pleasure therefore that the Old Philologists greet the magazine in this its 25th year of publication, in the hope that it will continue to print news of our School and its activities for many years to come.

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### PERSONALIA

Congratulations to P. Foss, F. J. E. Gadsby, D. S. Hollands, D. L. McGonegle, A. F. Newton and L. H. Simmonds on entering the field of matrimony.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Vincent on the birth of a son; Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Adams on the birth of a son (Roger Donald) and to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Arney on the birth of a second son; also to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Middleton on the birth of a daughter.

News has been heard of the following, serving in H.M. Forces:

A. H. Wood in Singapore.

J. Tiranti and P. T. Roberts with the R.A.F. and the R.A. respectively, in the Middle East.

M. G. Hall and S. Bennett with the R.A.F. in B.A.O.R.

E. A. Ward, G. Wareham, M. J. Heath, T. I. Marston, M. Whittall, C. Mendelson and L. J. McKinnis all serving in the United Kingdom.

P. Weiser was demobilised last year.

A. L. Benjamin is in Otago, New Zealand on the Roxburg Hydro Scheme.

J. H. Chaplin is a member of the N. Rhodesian Meteorological Service.

L. J. Shirtcliffe in the Falkland Islands on weather survey.

A. H. Walker is farming in New Zealand.

I. W. Hussey has settled in Karachi, although his thoughts are still occupied, on occasions, with O.P. matters.

S. Aronson has moved to Morocco.

M. D. Bakall is at Bristol University and F. J. Furley-Lewis at Nottingham.

H. T. Bromige writes that he recently heard a recital on the flute given by another Old Boy J. M. Tipper in the Treasury Building in Whitehall. He comments it was one of the finest issues of Treasury notes ever.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

A HEED-MAISTRE ther was with us al-so  
 That un-to maistrye hadde longe y-go ;  
 In paytinge, musyke, poesye and thoghte  
 Rich was his learning, richely had he wroghte ;  
 Wel coude he of these artes al the usage,  
 And taughte hem us with ful devout corage.  
 "Deer laddës " quod hee, as I yow devyse,  
 "Pray thinken noghte that I wolde yow avyse  
 "And yet I trow that domesticitee,  
 "In such a werke as this, were semely."  
 So did he speke, with forme and reverence  
 Ful eek of wisdom and of hy sentence.  
 Al-be-it he worthy wer, and eek so wys,  
 Yet of hymselfe he held no soveragn prys ;  
 He was to yongë boys nat over digne,  
 But in his teaching gentil and benigne  
 (Yat was he wrooth to them that wolde do wrong)  
 Blak was his gown, with sleeves wyde and longe,  
 His forheed hy, his hairës thinne and grey  
 His visage kindely, thoghe it nas nat gay.

M.B.

## IT IS RAINING

The cold wild wind bites sharp along the road,  
 Black lead-lined clouds float low above the town,  
 The air hangs heavy, powerful, empty till  
 The first cold drop is spilled from some cloud's load.  
 It is raining.

More vanguard drops are freed to wet the ground.  
 Dry pavements turn their faces to the sky  
 And glory as the dust is washed away  
 To gurgle in gutters, a merry sound.  
 It is raining.

All heads are bent and footsteps quicken,  
 Shoulders are hunched, collars are fast upturned ;  
 Umbrellas rise like spiky bats to beat  
 Their wings against the sky that is broken.  
 It is raining.

Birds disappear seemingly without trace,  
 Sheltering in church-towers and under eaves,  
 Twittering with annoyance at the rain  
 That makes the world a wet and dismal place.  
 It is raining.

A black cat gazes dully from a door ;  
 There by the dustbin is a piece of fish  
 Salvaged with great effort, and there it lies.  
 A drop falls on the eyes that see no more.  
 It is raining.

There trots a Sealyham with his master ;  
 The dog's white coat, now with black underside,  
 Sorrowfully soaked, lies heavy and grey,  
 And the rain determinedly drops faster.  
 It is raining.

The rain plays a music for all to hear ;  
 Complex rhythm on dustbin-lids drumming,  
 Tin-roof cymbals and milk-bottle bugles,  
 Stimulating and yet not always clear.  
 It is raining.

Through a gap in the clouds the moon is seen,  
 She brushes away the tears from her eyes,  
 And from her cloud-pillow she gazes down,  
 On a town that is darkly, wetly clean.  
 The rain has stopped.

MICHAEL HANSON.

## C-DAY

It was a late evening towards the end of Summer Camp and a rather weary quintet was digging a "grave" at the bottom of the tent-field. There was one master and four boys namely : Mr. Flinbow (not to be confused with Errol Flinbow, the eminent yachtsman), Wickers, Carrot, Potts and Clayhead (so called because his head is made of clay).

Carrott, the weakest of the four, straightened up, carefully removed a clod of earth from his eye, jumped with surprise and nearly came to a sticky end. "Cows, sir," he gasped. "Oaf" said sir and the four with their backs to the cows went on working. "Four of 'em sir, all brown" repeated Carrot. Mr. Flinbow turned round, jumped backwards and was only saved from a watery death by Clayhead who grabbed him by his stomach. "Thanks, old boy" he said, "Right chaps, follow me, and I'll bring up the rear—must attack in depth you know. Forward!"

"Just a minute, sir" said Potts (so called because his father's name was Potts) kneeling down to say his prayers, while Clayhead crossed himself and dreamily said :

He that shall live this day, and see old age  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 And say, "To-morrow is the first of August,"  
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars  
 And say, "These wounds I had at Summer Camp."

After a short hymn, the four advanced, in a trance-like state (ignoring a suggestion for reinforcements): Carrot obviously visualised himself hunting wild game in Africa: Potts was a picador about to deliver the last stroke to a black and gory bull; Clayhead, his fork held like a bayonet, was Alan Ladd in Malaya, while "Knickers," as he was called just looked like an elephant stalking another elephant.

The cows meanwhile (three of them were evil-looking bulls) were placidly chewing grass outside the tents. The intrepid quartet advanced slowly got within five yards and stopped, threateningly brandishing their spades. Nothing happened. Mr. Flinbow, who had been writing his Will, put away his pencil went up to the nearest cow and bellowed "Get out of my tent-field!" The cow looked at Mr. F., Mr. F. looked at the cow.

The cow waved her horns; Mr. F. twirled his moustache. Deadlock. "We'll try persuasion," he said, stroking his moustache and assuming a sickly smile. "Cooee, nicey cow, puss—puss—puss—puss—pu-ss? . . . Rock—a—bye baby on the tree-top . . ." As soon as he began to sing, a look of amazed horror came over the cow's face, and she galloped off, leaving the three males to their fate. Less susceptible to his blandishments, they took no notice and continued investigating the tents. Another pause—there was a silence except for the regular munch of canvas and guy-ropes. Then Mr. F. changing his plan of attack gave a primitive bellow, and all five began yelling, shouting and singing to shoo the cows away.

After about five minutes of this "Knickers" lost his voice and his temper, and smacked the smallest bull on the rump. The bull blinked malevolently at "Knickers," who was making a hasty retreat, moored, and the three moved off slowly. Carrot played the shepherd-dog, while Mr. Flinbow giving a good imitation of a shepherdess, ushered them out of the hole in the fence by which they had entered, which he then blocked up collecting half-a-dozen thorns and a split personality in the process.

They then went back to get "Knickers" down from the tree which they only did after assuring him that everything was alright, and the cows had gone. But the poor chap has never been the same since. His hair, once a dark black, turned a dirty brown overnight, and he sometimes sees purple cows in his sleep and wakes up shrieking "A spade, a spade, my kingdom for a spade!"

B. WICKERS and M. CARROT, U.S.A.

*Note.*—All events in the above piece are true, except those which are untrue. All reference to characters living or imaginary is intentional.—ED.

### THE DECISION

The High One beckoned to Karnem and they both looked through the instrument carefully. It was focused on one area of the Earth. Here, as they watched, rockets shot from launching racks and, belching flame and fire, careered through the atmosphere in vast parabolas. The instrument followed their course, after it had been instructed to do so by the High One's thought waves. Their flight ended abruptly when,

reaching the soil, they erupted in a sheet of flame, fire and radio-active smoke.

The High One instructed the machine to stop itself. His sense feelers registered the disgust radiating from his "lieutenant" Karnem.

"Well, High One," transmitted Karnem in thought waves, "when do we send in the report?"

"We'll go in for one last look at this miserable planet and then we'll send the report. Though another look will not change my mind."

"What is your decision?" asked Karnem as he adjusted the revolution controls.

"There is no hope for them."

"But isn't that rather harsh, High One?" asked Karnem.

"You are still too young to understand these things, Karnem" was the telepathic reply. "We cannot allow them to go on in their selfish and futile ways. Soon they may spread their contaminatory mode of life and infect souls on other planets; even contaminate our system. It is rather sad that they have the true and only faith of the universe. Their Christ taught them the same as our Prophets. But they interpreted his words wrongly and the error has increased throughout their history. Ignoring their religion, they are a poor, misguided race, destroying, killing, spitefully using one another and hating their fellow creatures."

"Shall I turn the ship for another look, High One?" queried Karnem telepathically.

"No, I will transmit my report now; my mind is made up."

"It is a pity that the few good ones will perish with the majority of bad," mused Karnem to himself. "But each one has the same mistrustful soul, so it is better that they should all perish together."

On the Earth the day dawned in Europe and Africa, people got up, went to work, destroyed and fought, ignorant of the fact that this was to be the last day of the Earth and of all mankind. J. KUTAS, IVA.

### THE IRON CURTAIN

What *do* masters do in the Common Room?

Nobody can help imagining things, and many fanciful answers have been offered, which tend to fall into two distinct categories, according to whether you like masters or not.

Those who do like them maintain that they use the Common Room to enjoy themselves. Once Mr. — passes through that door he takes off the ugly mask which we know so well, and unbends with the rest of them. Eternal youth shines forth unsuppressible, and holds her revels. They frisk and pull each other about like their pupils in the playground, while table-tennis balls bounce innocently hither and thither. And whilst some gambol, other gamble. And so they fleet the time "carelessly, as they did in the golden world"—until the bell rings, and the official mask is again assumed.

Those who do not like masters say that they spend their time in the Common Room hatching plots—against boys, of course. In an atmosphere heavily charged with sulphur and tobacco-smoke they make their

sarcastic comments, grinning horribly at the thought of their victims' discomfort ; and their pens flow with vitriol and nitric acid as they write their reports.

Well, neither of these pictures is the truth, though each may contain a grain of it. We will not here give away any secrets, because Common Rooms, like private Clubs of all kinds, do not like to be submitted to the public gaze. Also we do not wish to destroy any pleasant illusions. The truth, if revealed, might prove disappointing, as some old boys may have already discovered when they revisit the School and are invited to see what they never saw whilst they were still pupils.

Once there was a very young master who arrived at the School for the first time and wanted to find the Common Room. Seeing some other young men going along a passage, he followed them until they turned in to a tiny room, containing a table and a couple of chairs and a handful of other young men who almost completely filled the room. They made him welcome and gave him half a shelf for his books and laughed loudly ; and at break he went back there again, and again after lunch, and the same the next day. Soon he had made himself quite at home, and quickly became popular, playing chess with them and other games. Sometimes they would work quietly and sometimes gossip ; and sometimes the Headmaster would come and knock on the door and tell them to be more quiet. Of course in a few days he discovered his mistake, and after that he had to go to the real Common Room. But he found that it was somehow not such fun there, and sometimes he would sneak back to the little room and join his old friends. He definitely found it more fun there, and you may draw your own conclusions from his preference. But he was a very young master.

#### A MODERN DIALOGUE

" Good afternoon, I would like to . . . "

" Ah, you would like to see our newest model of the Burto Bangabout as displayed in the window? "

" But I . . . "

" But you don't like the colour shade? We can supply it in magenta, raw sienna, ultramarine, gamboge tint and chrome yellow deep. With, of course, the patent multi-flange super-dehydrator ; to change the colour at any time, simply press button A and pull lever B, point at the car and, hey-presto, after 5 minutes the car is the colour you desire ! "

" But I've really come to . . . "

" Good, you've really come to see the engine. Observe how smoothly the throttle-back-melli runs, a piece of perfect and exquisite craftsmanship, ah, and see the photosynthesiser throbbing gently, it is guaranteed by the makers to last until the next Olympic Games. But now I am going to let you into a little secret ; although it is not publicly announced yet we are going to give to all purchasers of this and the Buzzabout model (the same but a trifle smaller and without the semi-multi-throttle-booster the little gadget that automatically lubricates the demi-bearings, the guarantee of smooth running and comfort) a silver threepenny bit on New Year's Day."

" Hold on a bit ! I just want to know how much is . . . "

" Ahah, the cost, this is one of the cheapest cars on the market despite its many labour saving devices ; for example you can have a television, a washing machine or an egg-whisk fitted at one of our branches. But get back to the subject it costs £1,500 19s. 11½d. plus 10½ per cent purchase tax or you can buy it on our ' Saiftea ' hire purchase plan or if you prefer you can use our ' Nevernever ' system, by which on the former you pay £20 a month and on the latter £5 a week. All you have to do to become the proud owner is to fill in the form here, and sign on the dotted in Biro or ordinary ink ! "

" Thank you very much for an enlightening afternoon, but I haven't brought my pen with me and I came for a can of petrol ! "

D.R.B., IVA.

#### LOOKING BACKWARDS

One afternoon lately, I was turning out a box of old family recordings, when I came across a description of a visit, made by my great grandfather in 2053, to one of the early space termini. It looked so interesting that I decided to play it over.

" This morning," came great grandfather's voice, " I received a tele-record by space express from Uncle Wilbur. He said he was bringing me a present and asked if I would meet him off the 3 p.m. space train at the Venus-Earth station. I was very excited, as I had never been to a space terminus before, and anyhow, I could not think what on Earth (or Venus) my present could be.

" I climbed into the soundproof cabin of a space taxi and told the pilot where I wanted to go. We took off and about half an hour later I sighted the huge metal sphere of the terminus. Another minute and we had entered an airlock. When I opened the door, the clamour was deafening compared with the silence of the cabin ; electronic porters were rushing about, with sirens shrieking, carrying luggage ; every now and then an electric gyro-car buzzed past. There was a great hubbub of voices and above the conglomeration of sounds came the purring hum of one of those circular craft, called by our ancestors ' flying saucers.' An expedition ship that had been refuelling now shot off with a racketing roar that made the whole place vibrate.

" I jumped into a gyro-car and arrived at the landing bay just as the whistle of the space train's reactor brakes was dying away. Uncle Wilbur was accompanied by a strange sound—a sort of mew. He was carrying a box containing a lovely, light green fluffy creature with great, glowing golden eyes. It was my present—a Venusian cat. At all the sounds around her, she let out a shrill yell and kept on yelling until she was in the quiet of the taxi . . . "

I listened, fascinated, to the worn recording and thought of our modern silent space stations and even more silent atomic powered ships. What a contrast to the hurly burly of noise in great grandfather's time !

A. G. SHELDON, III Sc.

## GROWING UP

By A. SEED (I I)

I was an acorn, sown by the wind from an enormous, aged oak. The earth covered me over, and the slow process began.

I felt the moisture in the earth and grew upon it. First a slight bulge, then a tiny stalk emerged from me, my roots sucking dank water from the mould.

As my roots grew and gathered the life giving food, they enabled my stalk to reach up, up towards the daylight. After what seemed centuries, I eventually burst through the earth, into the beautiful sunshine.

My roots spread wider and wider filling me with energy. I stretched up towards the sun, and felt leaves, small and pale, sprout from my stalk.

After a long time I stretched arms away from the mother, and they fluttered out into green bunches of leaves. My skin had become hard, and rough, and brown, and formed a protective covering for me.

And so I grew, from acorn to stalk, from stalk to sapling, from sapling to tree: a strong, stout tree, bearing leaves and acorns, my arms thrusting upward into the bright sky for air and sunlight, my roots plunging downwards into the dank earth.

## 1929-1954

## An Era Reviewed

THE period of time which the issues of the PHILOGIAN span has witnessed some of the greatest changes and upheavals in the history of mankind. These changes in the world at large were inevitably reflected in our own small community at St. Marylebone. There appear to be three distinct phases: the first phase is covered by the ten years from 1929-39, which might be termed a decade of comparative peace. The second phase from 1939-45 witnessed a catastrophe on a scale such as man had not seen before—the Second World War. The final phase which begins in 1945 and continues right up until the present day might well be termed the Years of Recovery from that catastrophe. Our task was not merely to retrace our footsteps and begin again where we had left off, for the old order had indeed changed. We had to try and start afresh, to learn the lessons of the past, to pick up again the permanent threads of our old life, to cast off the unnecessary and to look ahead into the future, instead of gazing back mournfully into the past.

There are two most important factors which for us at St. Marylebone bind this apparently incoherent period together. The first is an unshakable belief in the permanence of the ideals for which a school like ours stands—the ideals of learning and true Wisdom. War may interrupt the course of Education, it may consume many of her most noble products as it rages over the world, but ultimately it can never triumph over Truth and Beauty and Nobility of Mind. These are the things that make the task of fashioning and moulding the minds of the young the finest occupation of all.

The second factor which binds this period of time together for us is that it is dominated by the single figure of the Headmaster. It is fitting and proper that in this his year of retirement we can dedicate this small record to a man who has spent most of his life in untiring and unselfish devotion to the School.

R.G.

## THE PHILOGIAN

## FOREWORD

WITH this PHILOGIAN there comes a new factor into our School World, a new instrument towards unity a loyalty and truthful thought among the members of this old foundation. The PHILOGIAN will be a record and a recreation, a voice for our news and for our views, but rarely, I trust, a pulpit for admonishment . . .

. . . The PHILOGIAN will bind the old to the new, will represent the corporate body of the School, striving to keep its record and express its meaning. Long may the new venture flourish.

*Written by the Headmaster in 1929.*

1929-39

THIS period, as the articles that follow will show, was one of tremendous growth and expansion in the history of the School. The new School Buildings were opened; the Camp at Forest Green was begun; the newly-introduced game of Rugby-football began to flourish and impressive results were obtained; a new House, Beeching, was added to the existing four Houses; while the numbers of boys at the School rose from 150 to over 400. So keen was the competition of boys seeking admission to the school that in 1931, 95 boys sat for examination for four free places.

A feature of school life at this time were the Continental Tours, provided by the generosity of Lord Rothermere. In 1929, the Headmaster took a company of actors from the School to play *Twelfth Night* in North-West Germany. The tour was so successful that it was repeated with similar results in 1929, when the "Marylebone Players," a party of twenty-four actors, gave performances in South Germany. In the same year a party toured France and Belgium, and in 1937 another group toured Italy.

1932 saw the completion of the Organ Fund, started 5 years before. Of the £1,500 required, £1,000 was donated by Lord Rothermere, £275 by Parents and Old Boys and the remaining was collected by the boys themselves, from Concerts, Bazaars, Jumble Sales, etc.—a great achievement.

(Re-reading old school magazines can never be a dull occupation, for the situations to be met in school life have changed little. Each of the three terms in the school year has its own particular charm.)

#### An Extract from the Speech of the Headmaster at the Opening of the New School Building—June 12th, 1928

... My duty carries me further, to offer you some kind of assurance that the School accepts the responsibility laid upon it by its enlargement and that it will endeavour to be worthy of its new advantages. This assurance involves a reference to the aims and nature of a school of this kind, and these I am afraid I cannot treat properly in the few minutes at my disposal. I am reminded of the High Master of St. Paul's who had shown a visitor over the great buildings then newly erected at Hammer-smith. "Well, yes," he said, receiving his friend's admiration, "But, of course, that is not the School." He was laying emphasis upon the fact that the School is an undying corporate society of human souls; and it is this sense of continuity, of responsibility towards the common corporate life of the place that distinguishes the public school. . . .

... My Lord, and Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my hope that the ideals of St. Marylebone Grammar School, though they be termed modern thought, need not be less noble nor less compact than those which inspired pride of old. The boys will come here each day to find, I trust, a corporate life different from their various surroundings, not because it is less real, but because it is more concentrated and inspiring. I hope, that this place,

with its old class-rooms traditional and venerable, and its new class-rooms light, roomy, and rational, will never become a mere teaching shop, a boys' and youths' mental outfitter. I hope that we shall temper the modern system of specialist instructor with that of the old fashioned form-master, who was a mentor and a guide, often obtaining the confidence of the boys in a way scarcely possible in the too constant familiarity and nearness of the home, and thus able to influence more strongly their minds and manners.

(The new buildings were opened on July 6th, 1928, by Lord Hailsham, then Lord Chancellor.)

#### The House Competition and Sport

When the PHILOLOGIAN began, there were only three Houses in the Competition, Houseman being but recently formed and therefore too junior. However in 1932 a new House was formed, named after an illustrious Old Boy, Canon Beeching. It was at this time that the House Championship took on the form that we know to-day, although there were fewer events—only Football, Cricket, Athletics and Swimming. In 1930 the Fives Court was built, and Fives soon became popular, although it did not become a Championship event until 1936. Another popular sport which however did not qualify for the House Competition was Boxing. It took place at an inter-School level with entrants from five stones upwards! The introduction of Rugby Football in 1931 under Mr. Bluett was of first importance in the sporting annals of the School. It did not at first replace soccer, both games being played.

The most remarkable individual performance in Cricket was that of G. Y. Larmour in 1932. Through ill-health he was only able to play in five matches in his last season. He took 14 wickets at an average of 6.7 and his batting average was 124.

#### The School Camp

In 1929 the School benefited from a generous gift of £10,000 from Lord Rothermere, an Old Boy of the School. It was decided to spend the money on a printing press, to aid tours on the continent, and on buying an estate for a school camp. The following year the Headmaster introduced the camp with these words:

"Having decided to invest a major part of Lord Rothermere's magnificent present in a country quarters, the next job was to put oneself as thoroughly as possible in the place of the boys, thinking what they would want most, and fusing their ideals with one's desires, or with what one thought they ought to want. The sea would be too far. Boys' travelling expenses must be moderate. The Masters at first preferred the North side. I scoured the North. Neither Essex, Herts., Bucks, nor Oxfordshire offered any estate within reasonable distance, comparable with the beauty of Surrey—though I did nearly buy an island in the Thames. Kent had good things, but not very accessible. On the other

hand access too easy meant lack of seclusion. Water, a stream for washing and bathing, I determined to have. That seemed to indicate a valley ; yet I hankered after an inspiring prospect. Some buildings for storage were desirable. True many schools would be thankful for a freehold field ; but we are chosen for picked blessings.

"The search was a long one, and many agents were involved, but Forest Green has rewarded the search by fulfilling most of the ideals in question. The whole estate of 8 acres is reached by its own private road. It is bound on the NE. by woods and its own stream, a branch of which tumbles in cascades through the garden. The mill-house faces south, with a stretch of gravel before it that catches all the sun. The pool is at the back of the Mill House, and the tents will be on two acres of field rising from the farther side of the pool.

"The finest commons in England are at hand for rambles. From the broad tranquil Green of the old village you look through a fringe of chestnut and oak and pine, across meadows, to the woods around the Mill. I believe that boys will love the place and will draw endless delight and strength from it."

*Here is a boy's impression of the first summer at Forest Green :*

"We don't know why we enjoyed ourselves, for our whole enjoyment lay not in anything particular, but in the thousand and one little incidents happening at all odd moments of the holiday. We have had better swims, entertainments, and games elsewhere, we have been more comfortable at home, but nowhere else have our successes been so acceptable or our difficulties so thrilling and exciting. The sad gloomy failure of the cook's first plum duff that was not ready for dinner was counterbalanced by the steaming glory of the same plum-duff perfectly cooked for tea. The foot of water on the main path to the tents and the large lake threatening to flood the Mill House, both provided excellent stories for the survivors to recount. I do not think that during the first week Noah was ever far from our thoughts, but how proud we all are now of the difficulties we faced so bravely !"

R. A. PECOVER.

### **The Post-War R.A.F.**

In these days of super-sonic speeds, and jet-plane the following article on the state of the R.A.F. in 1938 is ironically amusing.

For the first time since the War (i.e., 1914-18) Britain can now compete with other principal nations as a first-class air power. When the War ended Britain was producing 250 machines per week, and had a total of over 22,170 planes which had decreased so rapidly that in 1922 we had only 350 old crates. In 1929 we had still the old war planes such as Sopwith Snipe and the British two-seater. In 1935 we had, by then, Obsolete Hawker Furies, capable of barely 200 m.p.h., Bulldogs doing 175 m.p.h. and ancient Handley Pages staggering along at 100 m.p.h. Our Air Force had disgraceful equipment and couldn't compare with France, Italy or U.S.A.



THE STAFF : AUTUMN, 1953

*Top Row* (from left to right) : G. M. MAY, H. DOUGHTY, W. H. C. FINBOW, E. McNEAL, P. M. SPIERS, R. A. SILVESTRI,  
A. GREENWOOD, R. M. TANK, J. HAWKE-GENN, H. J. DICKINSON

*Middle Row* : M. G. BLAKEWAY, G. H. BAILEY, T. E. BLACKBURN, H. I. FREUDENBERGER, G. W. HARTSHORN,  
R. K. HANDS, W. F. SPINKS, K. LEATHAM, DR. T. K. DERRY, MISS A. FRENCH

*Front Row* : H. R. HARRISON, G. E. G. GIBSON, K. D. CROOK, R. W. WILLIS, P. A. WAYNE, W. R. C. SNAPE,  
D. H. HEDGES, L. I. HORWOOD, F. H. WARRE-CORNISH



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"—1954

But now in 1938 we can at last breathe relief. Many squadrons are equipped with 280 m.p.h. Bristol Blenheims and 260 m.p.h. Fairey Battles, while the shadow factories are now turning out a steady stream of 400 m.p.h. Hurricanes and Spitfires, which have an easy supremacy over all foreign fighters and bombers.

C.T.P. (1938).

### 1939-1945

#### War

Men have died and armed, and died ;  
The gulf of death has opened vast  
Innumerable times ;

Why, then, does madness still control  
The destinies of stumbling babes  
Yet innocent of mind ?

The answer : greed of nation's chiefs  
For petty power, prestige and land,  
And jealousy of race.

S. J. COLMAN (1938).

#### Roll of Honour

Barratt, A. F.	Dineen, C. J.	Mills, F. R.
Bender, M. H.	Edwards, Jack	Moore, A. D.
Benjamin, S. H.	Eppy, J. R. L.	Nutt, J. H.
Bennett, J.	Evans, C. C.	Page, R. A.
Bland, W. G.	Fisher, F. S.	Pennant, G. C.
Brown, L. F.	Gantz, B.	Quinn, L. A.
Buckthought, G. B.	Garrad, A. H. H. J.	Readwin, B. R. G.
Buckton, L. A. G.	Garrad, G. K. F.	Redford, K. G.
Burrows, L. R.	Gondola, J. P.	Richardson, B. E. F.
Busby, A. E.	Govett, V. G.	Rowell, N.
Cobb, A. N. E.	Grant, J. M.	Russell-Smith, J. H.
Cobb, E. F.	Gray, D. M.	Sennett, V. P.
Collins, C. L. A.	Hall, R. H.	Shephard, D. J.
Cook, A. G.	Harding, J.	Sherman, J. S. C.
Coopman, P.	Henderson, C. C.	Smith, S. R.
Corke, K. C. E.	Hunt, K. E.	Sparrow, T. E. A.
Coulthard, W. A.	Lamb, L. G. W.	Symondson, S. N.
Crawford, R. P.	Landsdowne, F. O. W.	Tappin, C. R.
Crawforth, P.	Larmour, G. Y.	Tomlinson, G. N.
Davidge, R. G.	Lee, R. J.	Turner, S. D.
Davies, H. B. L.	Maclaren, W. F.	Wayne, M. H. M.
Davies, H. P.	Maclean, P. (Senior	Whitling, H. V.
Davis, V. A.	English Master)	Whittam, L. B.
Dell, J. F.	Millar, A. J.	Zillwood, M. F.

## DECORATIONS

D.S.O., D.F.C. and BAR.—Dean, D.  
D.S.C.—Boyd, H. R.  
D.F.C. and BAR.—Treadwell, T.; Vincent, A. E. S.  
D.F.C.—Adams, R. F.; Beetham, M. G.; Bland, C. F.; Bunce, R. F.;  
Erricker, J. W.; Garrad, G. K. F.; Gordon, W. H.; Grant, J. M.;  
Howe, H. W.; Kenyon, B. L.; Mills, F. R.; Richardson, B. E. F.;  
Temple, V. B.; Weaving, B. L. G.  
D.F.M.—Clark, L. R.; Davis, V. A.  
M.C.—Haynes, E. S.; Price, A.; Smith, H. W. L. (Senior History  
Master).  
M.B.E.—Davidge, W. R.; Davis, J. G. M.  
B.E.M.—Davis, J. G. M.

“ . . . It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

## 1945—THE PRESENT DAY

### The Long Interval

THE PHILOLOGIAN takes up its career again, and the Editor has asked me to link us with the Magazine of Autumn, 1939, by summarising what has happened to us since then. Many comic things have befallen us; unfortunately, tragedy has crossed our threshold, too.

No school faced the decreed exodus with greater cheerfulness. After a week of suspense we marched out early in the morning, virtuous as to banners, armlets and N.C.O's and took the train for an unknown destination. It was far. The submissive schools of London soon learnt that educationally there had been no plan, only one of transport. We were well scattered by bus. The farthest colonies were at Portreath and St. Day. From the latter we withdrew according to plan, as I feared too great a tax on the water supply (itinerant); but the Portreath masters stayed to make history, especially in the Home Guard. For a long time two forms had to be taught four miles from the main body, however, throughout our four years in Redruth, division was our fundamental handicap; but that, even when powerfully allied with the local rains, could not suppress the School's cheerful spirits; and when our headquarters became a basement, surmounted with a text that bade us enter with thanksgiving, we did our level best.

Our assets were considerable. First, we were vigorously staffed in proportion to the number of boys. (We arrived with 246, rose to 286,

and did not fall below 230 until over three years later, when the old school was partly re-opened.) Secondly, many of the boys found homes. Third, we soon hired the town football ground, and then good accommodation in cricket. Games prospered. In our first year we put on "She Stoops to Conquer," made our own scenery, and took production to seven towns.

The health of the School was extraordinarily good, and local epidemics passed us by. Most boys got plenty of sea-bathing.

While great and sad events moved around us we held together as a school. That we have remained a virile school so far from home during four years is due to the work of the staff and the good temper and resolute spirit of the boys.

Our full re-establishment in London has been prosperous indeed. We have as many new boys as the School can possibly assimilate. Our total has rapidly risen, since September 1943, to the present 400 boys. The future has great promise for us. We have a happy and strong Sixth Form. School activities are springing up again. We have managed to overcome the great handicap we have suffered during this time in the Army's occupation of our Playing Field. As we go to press Masters are returning. Major Willis has taken up the strong threads of his Senior Mastership, Major Crook and Flt.-Lt. Gibson are back with us. We are lucky to have our School intact, when almost all the others around us are damaged. In the full vigour of school life that we are rapidly regaining, it is for each member of the School to uphold the ideal of honour of those who have gone from us, and to reverence the pursuit of wisdom for which the School has its being.

P.A.W. (1945).

### Sport

(i) RUGBY.—In Post-war years, the School reached its peak from 1949–51, when the 1st XV lost only 8 out of the 50 matches they played, and the 2nd XV 10 out of their 40 matches, the 1st's biggest win being 65–0, and the 2nd's 67–0. A measure of the School's success during this period is the fact that V. J. Harding played for England and A. White was picked as reserve.

(ii) ATHLETICS.—We have had our peak years, as in Rugby, namely, 1949 and 1952 in both of which we won the North London Grammar Schools Senior Trophy, and were close second in the Grand Challenge Cup. J. A. Frampton and R. A. Ferris were picked for London, and R. T. G. Day, who, after breaking many records whilst at School, at Cambridge became the first O.P. to receive a Blue, winning the half-mile against Oxford.

### The House-Competition

The House-Competition, revived in Autumn 1946, has been as keenly fought as ever it was before the War, and no House has dominated it for long. Three new events have been introduced: Handball, a strange mixture of brute-force and skill, was introduced during the war, and is

still flourishing. The Gym Competition started in 1946, and is almost professional in its disciplined smartness! The most recent innovation was the Cross-Country Championship in 1949, run over a strenuous course at Sudbury. Although not popular with everyone, Cross-Country is good training for Athletics, and is the only alternative when the ground is unfit for Rugby.

The House-Plays begun in 1947, although not counting in the Competition Championship, have done much to raise the interest in dramatics, and one result of this is the very high standard of the School Plays.

Since 1946, Beeching and Portman have won the House-Competition twice, and Abbott and Moore once.

### The Societies

A feature of School-Life has always been the societies, institutions which exist for promoting interest in such things as Music, Debating, Chess, Science, History, Geography, and Badminton. All these have varying attendance—a small group of “regulars,” and others who come to the first meetings, and gradually lose interest. Two examples of the latter were the Angling and the Philatelic Societies, both of which got off to a good start, but fizzled out rapidly.

The Music Society nowadays is rather small, and we must hope for renewed keenness, adding thus to the ambitious programmes undertaken by the School. The Debating Society is still popular, though it has a long way to go to beat the pre-war record of 130 at one debate! Perhaps the most popular at present is the Chess Club, which draws many every day, with a membership equally composed of 1st and 6th Formers! The Science, History and Geography Societies are supported by the School's future Scientists, Historians, and Geographers, while the Badminton Club has only a select membership for reasons of space.

### School Camp

Camp, one of the most enjoyable and permanent features of School-life, was restarted after the war, in the Summer of 1947. Of the many annual reports on camp, here is one of the most typical, an Old Boy's report, written just after the re-opening.

“There will doubtless be the usual reports of term camps in this number which will remind those who were fortunate enough to be at S.M.G.S. in the 'thirties of their own happy days at Forest Green. They will be pleased to know that, as a result of what must have been some very hard work by masters and boys, things are now much as they were.

“Suitable lessons are undertaken, surveying being patently universally popular. But, as all campers know, it is not the routine which makes a week at Forest Green memorable but the very personal incidents which are not wholly suitable for faithful public recording.

“Everybody always enjoys Forest Green. Perhaps the frequent attacks of nostalgia which came upon me during these weeks will be forgiven when I say that I have enjoyed no camp more than these.”

### Postscript

Reading through old numbers of THE PHILOLOGIAN brings back memories of the past, and even when one delves farther back and reads the names of boys one did not know or when one looks at the strange faces of “elevens” and “fifteens,” in a curious way one does not feel “out of it.” Even if we never knew those boys yet, we have something in common with them in that we are all members of the same community, and with those boys too, I am sure, we shall cherish throughout our lives the same love and affection for it.

An Old Boy in a letter to THE PHILOLOGIAN in 1948 expressed what I am sure so many boys must feel:

“In the first place I must apologise if there is too much ego in this article, but it is written by one who feels out of touch with the surroundings he once knew so well—the Forecourt, the Library, the Gym, the Hall, and all those places which go to make up St. Marylebone Grammar School.

“Ten years ago, I knew them familiarly, for at that time I was a member of Lower V.I. A year later came tragedy, which changed everything. The old School stood deserted by her young offspring, a serene and wise old lady, bearing herself proudly in an embattled city, in a mad world. . . . Her older sons were despatched to the four corners of the earth to fight for their country—some alas! to die for it—and right nobly they played their part.

“ . . . These ten years show a very saddening debit side, but what is on the credit side? Here I find that what I learned at School has been of the utmost value in facing new experiences. The most obvious example of this is the self-reliance gained from the Camp. But I feel, on looking back, that the School taught me more, it taught me how to be British—I use that word in deference to my Scottish friends, and indeed to my Scottish ancestry.

“What, then, is the essence of being British, which I feel the School imparts so well? It may be summed up thus: a liberal outlook and good humour. Now I am not laying claim to being the most unprejudiced and the best-tempered person on earth. I am human enough to feel both bias and passion. This, however, I do say: the British way is a *via media*, the way of justice which strives to see both sides of a question, and to arrive at a sensible compromise. Furthermore, the British way is to smile at difficulties, and, if necessary, to lose with good grace.

“We should be saintly persons indeed if we could always maintain these principles, but it goes without saying that for most of us this is as impossible as maintaining Christian principles constantly.

“Yet in the ultimate issue our debt to the School lies in the inculcation of the British outlook on life, and this, I think, will be borne out by other O.P's, if they ask themselves what Marylebone has meant to them in retrospect.

“And if you think, as I do, that our Country's way is the most enlightened in the world, you will say, ‘More power to the Old School in its great work’.”

King's College, Aberdeen, 1948.

W. J. RAE.

## TWENTY FIVE YEARS ON

MY wife has for some time been telling me I am getting old. I have usually pooh-poohed this idea especially as she, with typical feminine logic, has been growing younger every year. However, I was given a bit of a shock by the announcement of the Jubilee issue of THE PHILOLOGIAN. Twenty-five years ago, and I was there!

Actually, I was on the editorial staff of the predecessor to THE PHILOLOGIAN, namely the Janitor. This was a termly publication, traditionally produced by the fourth form and sold for twopence or threepence according to the number of pages. The editor was J. S. Alldridge who later achieved some renown with the Army newspaper in Italy during the war and is, I believe, still connected with journalism. The last issue of the Janitor was produced under great difficulties. It was at the time of the great frost of 1929 which was, if my memory serves me correctly, rather more severe than that of early 1954. Whether it was because of the frost or the poor quality of our materials I do not know but every sheet we so painstakingly wrote out cracked up after only a few copies had been run off. Eventually it was only through the kindness of the school secretary who came to our aid with typewriter and stencils that the issue reached the market.

Allridge went on the editorial staff of THE PHILOLOGIAN. For myself I yearned for a career in journalism but after a harrowing talk with the Head decided it was not for me, with the result that my only venture into journalism during the last 25 years was as editor of a forces weekly newspaper in Transjordan, called picturesquely and not inaptly the Amman Sporting and Dramatic.

Another contemporary of mine, R. J. Hayter, must have one of the most enviable jobs, since he is on the staff of the Cricketer. He has been on at least two overseas tours with the M.C.C. and I understand that his only regret is that he is prevented from watching Queens Park Rangers on winter Saturdays.

My school debut, in 1926, was not only pre-PHILOLOGIAN but also pre-new school building. The roll amounted to about 150. Even this smallish number was rather too many for the school space so some of us took lessons at St. Marks in the Marylebone Road, while all gymnasium classes were held in the Swedish Hall in Harcourt Street. This was, of course, before the opening of playing fields at Sudbury Hill. Our games were for the most part played at Acton where changing accommodation, etc. was pretty primitive. However, recreational space at Lisson Grove was rather larger than is provided by the present quadrangle. It was even possible for the First XI to have net practice during break and the luncheon period, while the worthies of the sixth form had a tennis court and their own annual Wimbledon.

Also in the playground was the school tuckshop, run at that time by the Sergeant. The existence of this caused a crisis in the summer term of 1926 which created more interest than the General Strike of that year, at least to the boys. The reason was ice cream, which was one of the commodities sold by the Sergeant. For a time all went well but then

competition arrived in the form of a tricycle belonging to one of the ice cream manufacturers. The competition resulted in a sharp drop in the Sergeant's sales, followed by a sharp protest from the Sergeant. At length the Head intervened, first by forbidding purchases from the tricycle and then by making a school rule that ice cream was not to be eaten in the street by boys of the school. I do not remember how long this rule was retained but it certainly made things rather awkward during that summer.

Recently there appeared in THE PHILOLOGIAN a photograph of Messrs. Bluett, Snape and Willis with the caption "for long service and good conduct." These worthy gentlemen are of course well known to us of the late twenties and early thirties, but I think we would also remember with affection another long-service trio, Mr. Arney (call in cypher), Mr. Johnson (call it smiles at), and Mr. Frisby. I also remember Tommy Thompson, a brilliant French teacher and one of the nicest personalities I have ever met, and must mention Mr. Rowland of the Science Lab whose sterling, if unavailing efforts to teach me Chemistry deserved a medal. O.P.

## GUESTS OF HONOUR ON SPEECH DAYS

- 1929 Mr. John Drinkwater.
- 1930 Sir John McEwen, Principal of the Royal College of Music.
- 1931 Dr. Cyril Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow.
- 1932 Mr. Ernest Sanger, J.P.
- 1934 Rt. Rev. Dr. Simpson, Bishop of Kensington.
- 1935 Mr. St. John Ervine.
- 1936 Rt. Rev. Dr. Smith, Bishop of Willesden.
- 1937 Mr. Spencer Leeson, Headmaster of Winchester.
- 1938 Mr. Morgan Jones, M.P.
- 1939 Sir Percy Buck, Mus. Doc.
- 1945 Admiral Sir Edward Evans.
- 1946 The Lord du Parcq.
- 1947 Mr. F. B. Malim, late Headmaster of Wellington.
- 1948 Mr. L. J. Edwards, M.P.
- 1949 Rt. Rev. Dr. Wand, Bishop of London.
- 1950 Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy.
- 1951 Prof. Basil Willey, King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, Cambridge.
- 1952 Mr. J. D. Hills, Headmaster of Bradfield College.
- 1953 Mr. Robert Birley, Headmaster of Eton.

Previous principal guests have been :

- The Rt. Rev. Dr. Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London.
- Mr. George Smith, Master of Dulwich College.
- The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's.
- Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C. (afterwards Lord Hailsham).
- Sir Rennell (afterwards Lord Rennell) Rodd.

### SCHOOL PLAYS

- 1929 *Twelfth Night*. Produced by the Headmaster—the first presentation of a play in the New Hall. (The players toured Germany in the same year and again in 1931.)
- 1933 *She Stoops to Conquer*. Produced by the Headmaster.
- 1934 *Twelfth Night*. Produced by the Headmaster and presented at the Fortune Theatre, Drury Lane. Also in Vienna and South German towns.
- 1935 *The Carthaginian*, by Frank Taylor, O.P. Produced at the School and at Margate by the Headmaster, in conjunction with the "Island Players" of Thanet.
- 1936 *Henry IV, Part I*. Produced by the Headmaster and Mr. Maclean.
- 1937 *The Critic*. Produced by the Headmaster and Mr. Maclean.
- 1938 *Arms and the Man*. Produced by Mr. Goodger.
- 1939 *Julius Caesar*. Produced by Mr. Horwood.
- 1940 *She Stoops to Conquer*. Produced at Redruth, Cornwall by the Headmaster.
- 1945 *St. Patrick's Day*, by Sheridan. Produced by Mr. Hands.
- 1946 *Henry V*. Produced by Mr. Hands.
- 1947 *Twelfth Night*. Produced by the Headmaster, and toured Belgium.
- 1948 *The Strolling Clerk from Paradise*, Hans Sachs. Translated and produced by the Headmaster.  
*The Mock Doctor*, Molière, transl. by Fielding. Produced by Mr. Horwood.
- 1950 *Richard III*. Produced by Mr. Bailey.
- 1951 *Julius Caesar*. Produced by Mr. Bailey.
- 1952 *The Rivals*. Produced by Mr. Hands.
- 1952 (Dec.) *The Critic*. Produced by Mr. Hands.
- 1954 *She Stoops to Conquer*. Produced by Mr. Hands.

### PREFECTS, 1953-54

*School Captain*: R. C. J. GILLON

*Senior Prefect*: M. J. C. BRYAN

#### *Prefects*

G. H. STERN	R. H. DEEPWELL
M. J. SOUHAMI	M. BERNSTEIN
R. S. SHORTELL	G. L. LEONARD
J. E. GORDON	

#### *Sub-Prefects*

B. W. VICKERS	M. A. KAYE
J. S. E. PRICE	D. M. ZEITLIN
R. H. F. WAITT	G. BLANC
B. A. COLLINS	P. S. ROBILLIARD