

The Philologist

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES :—	PAGE
A Very Old Boy Looks Back	105
Science and the Future	110
African Problem	114
The Duke of Wellington	118
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES :—	
Easter Work Camp	121
Whitsun Camp	124
Gabrielle Howard Memorial Lecture	124
Mr. Foggin's Piano Recital	125
School Library	125
The Printers	126
School Scout Troop	126
SPORTS :—	
House Cricket, 1939	127
Fives	128
Badminton	128
VERSE	131
HERE AND THERE	133
FORM REPORTS	134
CORRESPONDENCE	139
OLD PHILOLOGIAN NEWS	140
SCHOOL ROLL	142
SCHOOL CALENDAR	143

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THE FIRST XV

THE PHILOLOGIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Volume 11

SUMMER TERM, 1939

No. 3

Editorial Board: Mr. Llewellyn Smith, Mr. Maclean, B. McK. Soper (Secretary), S. G. Cohen, R. H. Hall, G. A. Maw, S. J. Colman, L. Beth.

Will intending contributors please note:—

1. That contributions are invited from all present and past Philologists;
 2. That matter should be written on one side of the paper only;
 3. That it is a convenience if the approximate number of words be noted at the end of a contribution;
 4. That matter for the next number should be received by October 27th.
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A VERY OLD BOY LOOKS BACK

AN Old Boy who was born in 1865, who entered the Philological School in September, 1877, and who left in January, 1882, may indeed have attained a venerable old age, but the boys at present in the School would probably regard him as a superannuated Victorian creak, and I cannot refute their verdict. How vastly their store of learning has grown! The other day I ventured into a senior mathematics class. I found myself out of my depth. I had never got hold of the differential calculus. I often wish I had. In my time there was no member of the School Staff who could teach me. If you add to the things I never learnt the vast multitude of things I have forgotten, what an ignoramus I must be, and, alas, I am! And yet what pleasant memories come up from that all but prehistoric past! When I was Captain of the School we were 212 boys in all, and (would you believe it?) we all met for morning prayers in what is now the School Library, and shouted out "Here" as our names were called through. The playground was, for London, a large one: Its south-west corner, between the old building and Lisson Grove, was assigned specially to the First Form. A row of young lime trees, each surrounded by an iron fence, ran along the inner side of the Lisson Grove boundary up to the dead wall of the beer bottling factory. Across the road was Wilson's egg warehouse,

and balls were damaging to eggs, and frightening to the horses that brought them up. On the south-east side of the playground was a high wire fence intended to keep our balls from the sculptor's studio next door, but the fence did not always prove high enough. The surface was rough, tarred and gravelled. Our trousers or knickers, not to speak of the skin underneath them, suffered accordingly.

We were hard up for games. The School had no playing field. Cricket and football were forbidden—even rubber balls could, and occasionally did, break the School windows. The one constant ball game was "Strike up and lay down." I remember one or two boys who used to be able, with half a broomstick, to knock a soft ball from the brewery dead wall right over the playground and the School buildings, too—a skill which was wasteful of balls, and unsafe for windows, eggs and sculpture.

Two stone arches opened from the playground into the crypt under the theatre (now the Library). The covered space provided shelter from the rain. Now and then the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms blocked up one of these arches with their stalwart bodies, and the rest of the School, forming up like a huge Rucker scrum, tried, often unsuccessfully, to force a way through. The struggle generally lasted nearly the whole half-hour lunch time, and watches, waistcoat buttons and collars suffered greatly, but we went back to our cold classrooms in a delightful sweating heat.

Only twice in my four years' experience did we find snow in the playground soft enough and deep enough for proper snowballing, but what halcyon days those were! It is true we had no water or towels wherewithal to wash or dry our hands, and it was not easy to find time or place in which to eat the lunches we brought with us—but the joy, the excitement, the warm glow of it!

Occasionally marbles and tops came into season. I remember a marble epidemic. Some provident speculative boys came with their pockets filled with marbles, which they sold at high prices.

We were not allowed out of the School premises, and no marbles could be bought at the little iron-barred window which served for tuck shop. Ordinary marble games were slow and unpopular, but enterprising boys brought wooden boards with little arches cut in them, and over each arch a number indicating the prize (in marbles) which could be won by rolling a marble through it. There were also men's faces with holes for eyes, nose and mouth similarly marked. The excitement grew, the price of marbles went up to six a penny. At the end of each day the board proprietors were rolling in marble and copper wealth. All other games were dropped. We were marble, or rather speculation, mad. Then came a *mot d'ordre* whispered to the Sixth Form, who were the playground monitors. No games of chance were to be allowed, pyramids and ring-taw only might be played. The temperature fell, the speculators' boards disappeared or were confiscated—marbles lost all

their attraction, and we were thrown back on "Touch" and soft-ball games. In after years tennis came in, a court was marked out in the playground, and on Saturday afternoons boys and Old Boys were allowed to play there, but that was after my time.

Lunch was always a difficulty. We were not, except for a few boys who lived near, allowed out of the premises from 9 a.m. till 3-30 p.m., when the School closed. Ten minutes were allowed for play in the middle of the morning and afternoon, but at 12 o'clock half-an-hour was given for lunch and play in the playground, and we brought lunch with us in paper parcels. This could be supplemented by food bought at the little barred window mentioned above. The window was managed by the School keeper, a stiff, retired soldier named Gallagher, whose wife did the cooking for the Masters and a very few privileged boys. Her cooking did not have a good repute, and the chief sale consisted of plumduff, in which the plums were not conspicuous. After School there was a rush to an Italian shop next the Yorkshire Stingo, a public house across the road. At this shop ice creams and sweets could be obtained, and were sometimes brought in by the boys who went home to lunch.

Gallagher was on the official Staff as Drill Master. He taught Drill and some physical exercises to a small class which met on Wednesday afternoons. It was paid for as an extra. So also were the Drawing and Painting classes, held on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, conducted by Mr. Berry A. Berry, the Art Master. The Art classes were fairly popular. The discipline was relaxed, and marks were given which were added to those earned in the regular curriculum, and shown on the fortnightly cards which had to be signed by the parent of every boy. On the card each day was marked V.G. (very good), G. (good), M. (middling) and B. (bad). B. rarely appeared, and its frequent appearance spelt dismissal. For those not in the extra classes, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were holidays.

When I joined the School, Edwin Abbott had not long died. He was a great School Master, and under him the School had much grown in numbers and reputation. His son became Head Master of the City of London School, and was a fine classical student, who, after retiring from the post he had filled with much distinction, became a not less famous theologian. The headship of the Philological School passed to William Moore, who had, with all the other Form Masters, been brought up at the School. Hence the strength of its traditions, and, within perhaps too narrow limits, the thoroughness of its education. This word "thorough" was the hallmark of the School as I knew it. I knew nothing of Latin, Greek, French or German at twelve. When I left at sixteen, the foundations of these subjects had been so solidly laid that I was able in succeeding years, not without reading, but without further teaching, to take the London Arts Degree.

Moore was a splendid disciplinarian, and a fine teacher. I cannot say he was loved by the boys, though he was greatly feared and respected. We knew him as "Monkey" or "Monkey Moore," but why, I know not. He taught the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms, which, for many subjects, met together. No personal tuition was ever given.

Next him came Dollymore, a lovable, kindly man, and also an excellent teacher. Then Byrne, whom I never understood, though he taught thoroughly like all the others. Then Cumberland, always known as Pumps—the origin of the nickname was shrouded in tradition. After my time he left us to become Head Master of the William Ellis School in Kentish Town, a school which made wonderful progress under his able leadership. Next, Houseman, who long afterwards succeeded Moore as Head Master, and quietly and patiently steered the School through a most difficult time, with which in later years I was only too familiar as Governor.

Finally Morant took the First Form. He was the only musician on the Staff, and in that respect most useful, though in those days no one dreamt of putting Music in the syllabus. But I must not omit the Writing Master, Knowles. He was an ex-army officer with a lame leg. He wrote a fine hand on paper and on the blackboard, but failed to teach me to write a decent fist. In fact, I lost my first situation in the City through my bad writing. We all had a sneaking affection for Mr. Knowles, and a burning desire to know about his lame leg. It was believed to be of cork, but tradition said in my time that one daring boy had experimented by means of a pin with disastrous results, and no one else dared to try.

What shall I say of our visiting French and German Masters? When I entered the School the French Master was a M. Barde, a delightful old gentleman who had written the School French primer. His accent was pure, his discipline not so good. He left before I reached the Upper School. The German teacher was a little stout man named Koch. I am not quite sure of the spelling. His German was no doubt irreproachable. His English and his discipline were on a lower level.

"Vat do you call dis vord?"

"Rinotzeros, Sir."

"Tank you, poy, yes, rinotzeros."

Unkind, perhaps, but funny. So was the trick of putting small pieces of bread into his ink. Blotting paper was equally efficacious. He left us during my stay, and Herr Weisgerber, or M. Weisgerber, took his place and that of M. Barde. He came from Alsace Lorraine and taught French and German. He was rather choleric and explosive, and anger does not calm the boy mind.

My own opinion was then, and is now, that foreign languages, at all events in their initial stages, are best taught by English teachers.

There was another feature of our School in my time. Latin, English, Arithmetic and Elementary Science were all taught with

the help of School primers written by our own Masters. These books were small and cheap—a great consideration in days when the boys had to buy all their own books. Their very conciseness lent itself to learning the text by heart, and thus gave a certain accuracy to questions founded on the books in question. The Latin Accidence and Second Latin book were very well done, but communicated to boys like myself (who had learnt them all through) a feeling of certainty: I might say of cocksureness, which was not justified when we came to "matric." questions in which the examiner had found an "exception" which was not in our list of "exceptions."

I think our elaborate system of marks was overdone. It tended to place "marks" as the be-all and end-all of School work. We counted up "marks" with the greed and jealousy which the traditional American is supposed to attach to the almighty dollar—and there are other things in life.

No doubt the present learned Staff of the School could point out many other defects in our curriculum. The old Matriculation syllabus of the London External Examination was responsible for some of these. I attacked too many subjects for a four years' course. I bit off more than I could chew. But I have never been able to decide which of the subjects I worked at I could have afforded to do without. Those four years were the most fruitful from the intellectual point of view, and probably also from the moral point of view, of all the 74 I have lived. I learnt to learn, and I learnt how little I knew.

In those days there was no County Council, there were no Scholarships to admit poor boys into the School, and there were none leading out of the School to the Universities. The struggle to attain an Honours Degree by external examination, after leaving at the "Matric." standard, was a very severe one for a young fellow having to earn his own living. Nevertheless, *per aspera ad astra*, and the game was worth the candle.

On the whole, I got through the School too quickly. I should have done better to have taken five years than four, especially if I could have had the advantage of a playing field. I worked too hard and my health suffered. At 21 I had no knowledge of any sporting games or exercises. I tried to make up deficiencies. I learnt to play Rugby, and had ten delightful years with the Civil Service Rugby team. I learnt to swim, and to play lawn tennis, and to skate, and to cycle. But at none of these sports was I proficient, as I might have been had I started at School. Ball games in particular want learning young, and the discipline of team-work in games is priceless, though I sometimes wonder if our present generation is grateful enough for privileges which we older ones missed altogether, or achieved at no little cost.

So far I have discussed outward and visible sides of my too short School days. What of the inward and spiritual? Did the old School make men or prigs? Were we very Old Boys successes or failures?

But I am out of my depth. I cannot judge myself; I dare not judge my fellows.

Yet, looking back, I hear "Monkey" talking at the Scripture lesson, as we read the Acts of the Apostles: "What do these words mean—salvation, faith, conversion and so forth? They are coins much worn on the counter of human intercourse. Although the King's head is all but worn off, they pass muster. But what do they mean? See that to you they mean something real. Define your words, test your postulates. Our forefathers fought and died over the meanings of these age-old words. See that to you they mean something real and true, or don't use them at all. Be true even if it costs. Avoid like poison slipshod words or phrases."

Somehow these thoughts of nearly sixty years ago still ring in my ears, and they ring true.

When I was in the Sixth Form and Chairman of our little Debating Society, one of our members was Arnold Strenli. He was somewhere at the bottom of the form. His mind worked slowly, but he dug deep. He struggled to find expression for his thoughts, and the words evaded him. I used to walk home with him, and on the way discuss theology and much else. Twenty years later I was in Manchester on a visit to my brother. We went to Moss Side Baptist Church to hear its eloquent Minister. The big congregation hung on his words. He was Arnold Strenli.

As I write, memories come crowding back. My readers fall asleep. "The old boy has become garrulous." *Vale.*

C. H. DENYER.

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE

"It is only in times of disaster that the average man devotes a moment's thought to his real enemies, the rulers of the darkness of this world," from bacteria to cyclones. Until humanity adopts the scientific point of view, those enemies will not be conquered.

—J. B. S. Haldane.

IT is only too obvious that at the present time our western world is in danger of being engulfed by a mediaeval political creed, the seeds of which, sown in almost every country in Europe, are growing rapidly. To us this is extremely serious, since not only is this doctrine contrary to our own political beliefs, but it is definitely contrary to moral and intellectual progress. It has enslaved the bodies and minds of millions of Germans and Italians, forcing unnatural ideas into their heads, and stemming the natural quest for scientific or ethical reasoning and expression. Knowledge would appear to exist merely for the benefit of an anti-social state.

Being thus bullied into servitude, terrified into silence, most people in Germany and Italy have left their future a closed and very sombre book, which is all that can be expected of them under these circumstances. If Nazism is trying to produce a superior race of people on whatever basis, military or otherwise, it is defeating its own object.

We are not in a position to allow the future to look after itself or us in this way, for it will not do so very kindly, and we shall find it impossible to check a disastrous and inevitable retrogression. This is an issue which must be fully realised by everyone, for Nazism cannot be allowed even to hinder, let alone destroy the possibilities of the progress which can be made if we have peace, economic security and whole-hearted support from the public; in other words, democratic institutions throughout the world. Nazism is the only real enemy, apart from ignorance, which has to be faced when we are considering the improvement of our humble lot.

Supposing such a situation of security is forthcoming (it will be far distant for more than one century to come), what problems and decisions will have to be faced? Well, man has existed in his present form for some fifty thousand years and, apart from the supposed destruction of part of the earth's surface owing to the disruption of the moon by tidal forces, which should occur about A.D. 1,000,000, the earth should be habitable for a good many million years to come. That is, of course, leaving out the possibility of an astronomical catastrophe. There is, then, time enough for the human race to reach a high state of perfection, as well as time enough to sink into obscurity.

We can trace the various species of creatures and plants existent earlier in the earth's history, and most of them have evolved towards a higher form of life, flourished for a time, and gradually became extinct or have lost important functions and degenerated in some way. The ostrich, emu, cassowary, as well as the extinct moa and rare nitornis have lost their power of flight, and exist to-day only because they can run extremely quickly; snakes have lost their limbs, barnacles and sea-leeches their heads. If man were to lose his intelligence, the one function which gives him his dominant position on this planet, he would quickly be overcome by the adverse forces and creatures of nature.

"The universe by its size envelops and engulfs me like a speck: I by my power of thought envelop it.

"Man is only reed, the weakest thing in all nature, but he is a thinking reed."

—Pascal.

So if we are not to go the way of past species, we must not be content with natural evolution. We must plan our own.

But before we can think of such an undertaking, we have first to improve and stabilise our environment. As yet this move is in

its earliest stages. People in the past simply did not bother what sort of surroundings their children were brought up in. Now they are, sensibly enough, taking a vital interest in such matters. We owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Louis Pasteur, Robert Koch, Ehrlich, Chamberland, Jenner and others for their monumental researches which have made people aware of those virulent beings, bacteria, of the evils of dirt and stagnation. Thanks to them, we shall have no more malaria and diphtheria ravages, no more plagues of cholera or smallpox. This is in the field of medicine alone. The work of such philanthropists as Octavia Hill stimulated the improvement of social conditions tremendously. Now modern science is taking its turn. It was left to the Great War, producing as it did large numbers of mental cases, to make doctors and biologists alike realise that they knew nothing of the workings of the brain. Indeed, if they knew nothing of the mind, how could they ever hope to improve it? Psychology is a really efficient broom in the sweeping and cleaning up of our everyday lives. The little we know so far has given us a new insight into crime, the fact that crime depends almost solely on environment, that it should be treated mainly as a disease. It is helping to rectify nervous and social disorders which are a product of our hurried, mechanised existence.

Conditions of life in this country are supposed to be as good, if not better, than those in any other country in the world. However, a great deal must be done before it is really good, before we can honestly say that coal miners are not working for a semi-starvation wage, and that tin miners and cutlery grinders have not a mortality rate three times as great as that of the ordinary male population. It is unpleasant to think that owing to the weakness and blundering of our politicians, six hundred million pounds has to be allocated to anti-social monstrosities, for social services, meagre as they are, to be cut down, and trade placed in a precarious position. Nevertheless our scientists will be able to build up what the politicians have knocked down, though it will take unnecessary time and energy.

Environment plays a vitally important part in our lives, but whatever benefits or evils we gain from good or bad surroundings are not passed on to our descendants. That an inveterate drunkard should have children with ruined health, or a brawny navvy should have a budding Hercules as an heir would mean that the adult generation would be shouldering onerous responsibilities all their lives. These acquired characteristics do not, luckily, affect the germ cells, although it is thought that in some cases they may have a cumulative effect. It is those characteristics which are handed down from father to son which are so much more important. The former may be regulated by environment. The latter must be dealt with in a different way altogether, and it is these which must be controlled if our race is to develop into a higher form. We must preserve or improve the average intelligence, prevent undesirable characters in the population from increasing. This is a task which

cannot be properly attempted yet, as not enough is known of eugenics. When this study becomes more mathematical, and when it can boast of some really infallible laws, then it can be applied to human society. Recent attempts at controlling humanity eugenically, or perhaps more correctly, pseudo-eugenically, show how little is known of the matter.

The birth-rate, for instance, is a source of anxiety for many nations, and seeing that it is decreasing somewhat, they are encouraging early marriages and large families, concentrating on the quantity not the quality of man-power. If they want to do this really successfully they should provide free concentrated doses of Vitamin E for all. The trouble then will be to keep the birth-rate down!

However, this will not be without consequences. In America (by no means an isolated case) the unintelligent and feeble-minded are breeding faster than their intellectual superiors. Mental deficient and deaf-mutes are allowed to propagate their kind without interruption. Surely anyone can see how bad this is. But little can be done about it. Unfortunately, although some of the "laws" of heredity are known, the more important characteristics are not understood. They occur seemingly irregularly in numbers and orders beyond the scope of present knowledge. It has been established that such a minor characteristic as colour-blindness is transmitted by females, occurring in males every alternate generation. Mental deficiency is quite different. Were all the sub-morons to be regularly segregated or painlessly killed after a mental examination, there would still be large numbers living a thousand years hence.

For the benefit of the race we must find out all there is to be known about heredity. Once armed with the knowledge we can set about segregating those unfit to bear children, or at least treating them in such a way that the defects are not transmittable. The only methods possible to-day are far too drastic to be embarked upon with full vigour. If euthanasia became lawful, where would it end? A great, if somewhat pessimistic, scientist of the last century once said: "We are all mad in one way or another." I think chemical treatment would be much more successful and would save untold suffering and social disorder, but that means understanding the structure and behaviour of genes and chromosomes and cannot be tried yet.

Much preparatory experimental work must first be carried out, and a great barrier to this is public opinion. Research psychology and biology cannot be confined to animals. It must soon be applied to man himself. This is where the cries of, "Science, where is it leading us?" are raised. Myopic people, hanging on grimly to their nineteenth century beliefs, make up very exaggerated stories of vivisection, of unspeakable animal cruelties perpetrated under the name of science. It is presumed that they would rather see the

human race go slowly downhill than that a few animal martyrs should suffer minor discomforts. Many human beings have suffered much more for the good of mankind.

It is a good thing to note that the scientific point of view is finding wider and wider application. If it is cultivated by the man in the street we shall have made a vast step along our road, a road along which the only obstacle is ignorance.

G.A.M. (6 Sc.).

AFRICAN PROBLEM

LONG before the age of exploration, Africa boasted empires of power and culture, now crumbled to dust. In their place, pioneers found primitive savages and many warriors. They returned home, and by their literary accomplishments, stamped on the European mind a picture so distorted in balance and reason as to make the term "African" one synonymous with ignorance and cruelty. In some respects the picture is true, but Africa is more than length and breadth. Below the surface lies a depth of humanity beset by the same problems as those which confront the peoples who exploited her.

Civilisation and colonisation are, unfortunately, not the same thing. While the former encourages industry for the sake of internal prosperity, the latter, always accompanied by white men, takes all fruits for the Motherland. Herein lies the chief problem of Africa: the relationship between black and white.

Experience has proved that equality between both is a failure. The only alternative, and the most successful one, was to treat a native with friendliness but with authority. Respect is the only feeling which binds the African to his master. But as soon as the latter lowers his morals and mode of living to that of the servant, he is worthless and must enforce labour by brutality.

Moral degradation is not hard to attain. By their continual association with people of a lower mentality, white men find it hard to maintain unbroken humanity and, most important of all, to keep their word. As a result of many breakdowns, the natives of Africa are beginning to doubt the word of the white man. British Colonial policy is often to blame.

In the exploring years before the War, peaceful traders signed individual trade treaties with friendly chiefs. But when the chiefs found that more territory was being exploited than had been stipulated in the treaty, they were not slow to retaliate. Many of the native wars came about as a result of dishonest dealings. The victors of such wars were inevitably the Europeans, who by force of

modern arms could easily defeat the primitive weapons of savagery. Only the scrawl of some ignorant chief on a carefully worded treaty was required to legalise the unlawful practices of unscrupulous traders. What redress could an illiterate native get from a government that was itself behind his injustices?

After the War, in Kenya especially, the British Government granted huge tracts of land to veterans, on which the Kikuyu tribe depended for its subsistence, all contrary to the pre-War promise never again to interfere with native property. When gold was discovered at Kakamega, the natives living on the land were told either to move elsewhere or to serve as labourers in the mines. The congestion that followed resulted in an epidemic of consumption, a hitherto unknown disease in those parts. Medical science claims to have saved hundreds of lives from various tropical diseases, but the number of natives who died in a war in which they had little interest easily outnumbered the number who were saved. The influenza epidemic, a by-product of the war, killed hundreds of natives who had taken no part in the war whatsoever.

In Kenya the natives no longer live in complete freedom, but most of them live in Reserves, which are really nothing more than glorified detention camps. They cannot so much as touch a stick of fuel outside the territory given to them lest they be taxed or prosecuted. The government evidently does not wish natives to carry on industries which might interfere with the profits of European traders. Thus they discourage the growth of coffee by natives, and recently confiscated a flourishing sugar industry on the grounds that the profits thus obtained were conducive to drunkenness. The native is treated in such a way as to make compulsory labour almost impossible to avoid, which makes it a modified form of slavery.

Labour: this is one of the most pressing of all African problems. People say the negro is lazy, that he is over-paid in proportion to the work he does, that he is untrustworthy and unreliable unless continually watched. But people so often make the mistake of comparing their own northern lives with those of the tropical peoples. In Africa, particularly in the middle west, Nature supplies the native with almost all his requirements. The forest gives him wood with which to build his huts, while his diet is hardly ever anything more luxurious than manioc and bananas.

If an African went to work, it was only because he wished to buy something outside the scope of his normal income: a wife, fine material, a razor blade. Thus the Negro is not habitually lazy but, until the introduction of compulsory labour, a free man. So, when working for a white man, he would leave him stranded as soon as he had obtained the money he needed for his particular requirements. One need hardly say that a situation of this kind was a source of continual anxiety to traders.

At last merchants hired natives from a great distance, and only paid them half their wages, keeping the rest until the end of the contract. As a result of not being able to return to their villages every night, the Negroes became infected with European habits and took copious draughts of rum, with immediate effects.

Ever since the first cheap intoxicants were introduced into Africa, the morale of the coastal natives has been steadily deteriorating. One may well ask, "Why doesn't the Government stop it?" The tragic answer is that the sale of rum is the only commodity which makes up the deficit in the Colonial Budget. People say that the abolition of spirits importation would have no effect on the natives, who possess intoxicants of their own which are many times as dangerous. This is true, but the method of obtaining these spirits is so hard that they are only obtained on festive occasions, when the entire population makes merry, a circumstance which is not confined to Africa.

While Europe has done much to open Africa to trade and prosperity, it has often had a detrimental effect on the people with whom it has come into contact. As a result of the introduction of cheap wares, the natives are steadily losing the art of making their utensils and canoes, while in elephant hunting they rely almost entirely on guns instead of using their ancient methods.

And elephants: before white men ever set foot on African soil the elephant was killed for his meat (which, for the instruction of prospective hunters, is best boiled), and the natives paid little attention to the ivory. But when traders came to the eastern coast clamouring for the precious stuff, the Arabs of the interior, who had established themselves hundreds of years before, bought guns and forced the ignorant natives to carry ivory to the coast, and then sold them as slaves. It was not long before the famous saying, "Ivory and slaves, they are one," was proved correct. It required the constant appeal of such great humanitarians as Livingstone, Kirk and Stanley to impress upon the European world the agonies suffered by innocent natives so that ivory might be sent northwards. Until the end of the nineteenth century every piano key represented the enslavement and the probable death of some man or woman who had the misfortune to live within the zone of slave trading.

Another problem which bears directly on that of labour and "Europeanism" is that of education and the native. Every African has the desire to be educated, and can learn with amazing rapidity. But what happens to these educated natives? As often as not they fall a prey to the temptations to defraud and drink. Moreover, they create a third party in the community. They are separated from the whites by colour-bar and from their own kin by reason of the inevitable complex their superior mentality gives them. In French colonies they are given the chance to make good, but there are very few Negro intellectuals holding responsible

positions in British Colonies, which is very unfortunate, because a colony is best ruled with, not without, the co-operation of the natives. If the whole population, or at least the part most likely to benefit, were educated as equally as possible, the country would have taken a progressive step towards complete civilisation.

This is, of course, the work of many generations. A Negro, in his most primitive state, is mentally thousands of years behind an educated European. It would be useless to carry him over the lost time in a few half-hearted lessons.

The problem of religion in Africa has yet to be solved. All unwittingly, Christian missionaries have done much harm by causing a cleavage between Mohammedan and Christian. At the moment Christian operations are evidently on top, partly because of the lack of vigour and co-operation amongst Mohammedans. But apart from cults, the African native has some spiritual ideals which are as progressive and advanced as any elsewhere. Though his conception of the Chief Deity (he believes in several) is sometimes a little theatrical, he nevertheless believes in the advantages of reflection, knowing that by honest thinking he can obtain a correct view of the influence of unseen powers on his life.

As a psychological specimen, the Negro is hard to fathom. Perhaps without realising it, the famous explorer, Stanley, gave two instances of the workings of a primitive mind in his book, *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State*, when he told the following stories.

While travelling down the River Congo, Stanley wished to stop the rowing boat at a certain spot, and gave orders to a native to grab the grass on that spot as soon as the boat reached it. In due course the boat arrived, and the grinning native, all jubilation with the responsibility entrusted to him, jumped from the boat and held the grass firmly in both hands. The boat did not stop.

On another occasion a branch obstructed the passage of the boat, and Stanley ordered a native to climb the tree on which it grew and cut it down. The job was executed to perfection. It was only that the native stood on the end of the branch, and was very annoyed when, in falling, it took him with it where the crocodiles would have been very active but for the intervention of his comrades.

Africa is still largely undeveloped. For many years to come it will be faced with problems, which it is hoped will eventually be solved for the enlightenment of its many peoples. As yet it remains a "Dark Continent," but the day will come when the constructive benefits of civilisation will be felt and appreciated.

P. de V. H. (5A1).

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THIS is not intended to be an account of the life of the Duke, nor a commentary on his work either as a soldier or as a statesman. It is rather an attempt to sketch the character and personality of the man who was England's hero and her guiding spirit for nearly fifty years. Yet his name is not connected with the passing of any great law, and even in his most important battle, he is overshadowed by the French General, Napoleon. How many people think of Wellington when they mention the Battle of Waterloo! Most think of Napoleon, the man who was defeated. And so I shall endeavour to show in what way and for what reasons the Duke of Wellington was a great man.

The two guiding principles in the Duke's life were duty and service to the state, and on these two hinges his character turns. He himself realised that he was a servant of the state, and that devotion to duty and loyalty to that state were the chief aims of his career. It is significant that little is known of his birth and early life, and that one hears hardly a mention of his army life as a subaltern or captain; then he was learning how to do his duty, how to serve. He was watching the mistakes of less able but more ambitious young officers than himself, who tried by their influence to gain promotion; for neither on the field of battle nor in the House of Lords could the Duke be accused of self-advancement. The simplicity of his character and his sense of fairness, even to an enemy, when, for example, he refused to defeat Marshal Soult by stirring up mutiny in his army, can gain only our admiration. His steadfastness of purpose in the face of all difficulties was only another sideline of his strong sense of duty. He blamed the Spanish Juntas because they wasted time in party strife instead of combining to meet the common foe; yet he obeyed them. His actions in the House were guided by the same principles; a staunch upholder of the Constitution, he refused to give any support to societies which professed to represent public opinion on a certain subject, for he believed that the will of the nation could be shown only through the two Houses of Parliament.

The Duke is known to us more as a soldier than as a statesman; let us then discover how great a soldier he really was. Wellington was not a military genius; his claim to fame rested on his ability to serve, to obey orders even if they clashed with his own personal desires, and to carry them out no matter what the difficulties and no matter what the consequences. He was no brilliant strategist or tactician. Just after he arrived in Portugal, a staff officer asked him his plans in case the Duke were killed in action. He replied: "Ah, plans. I haven't got any plans except that I mean to beat the French. If I can't do it in one way, I will in another." He relied on his own common-sense and the course of events. For instance,

according to a Prussian officer, "Although the British infantry show great courage and determination in the actual conflict, they have little manœuvring power and are extremely slow." Thus Wellington so arranged his troops that the infantry were hardly ever called upon to manœuvre; common-sense demanded it.

Another German writer, Niebuhr, discussing the great generals of history, Mithradates, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Hannibal, writes rather surprisingly: "The Duke of Wellington is, I believe, the only general in whose conduct of war we cannot discover any important mistake." Some French historians replied by taking the line that the Duke was only fit for defensive warfare, and that he never took the initiative. But to say he lacked boldness contradicts the facts. His advances to Talavera and to Burgonne were not the actions of a defending general, and, was not his decision to give battle at Waterloo in the hope that he could hold off the French troops until Blücher and the Prussians arrived, a bold one?

But what of this man in the heat of action or in the hour of triumph? Just as his strategy was governed by common-sense, so were his tactics. At the siege of Ciudad-Rodrigo, ladders were needed to scale a wall, but the engineers were unable to provide them. "Use those bullock carts over there," said Wellington; "the shafts will form the sides of the ladders, and the rungs can easily be made from the sides of the carts." The ladders were made, and the wall taken. One is inclined to forget that in those days the general was always on the field of action, and there are many accounts of the Duke's personal bravery. He so often rode across the field of fire that on more than one occasion he was compelled to send a message by a soldier nearby, because all the members of his staff with him had been killed. As an instance of his nobility of character, one reads that although Napoleon rejoiced at the opportunity of killing the opposing general, when an English artillery officer sighted Napoleon in an exposed position, and asked whether he should direct his fire in that direction, the Duke sternly replied: "No, no; generals commanding armies have something else to do than shoot at one another."

Although the Duke of Wellington can be placed amongst the great commanders in history, he cannot be placed on the same level as the great statesmen of the past. For the Duke was not a statesman, he was a soldier at the council table. His political opinions were those of a soldier, of a man who held a responsible position in the government of the country, and who, at the same time, had just been witnessing the horror, misery and death, of a war caused by a nation enflamed by revolutionary principles. There is little wonder, then, that he strove to put down reform in England, that he gave Ireland Catholic Emancipation to avoid civil war, and that he opposed parliamentary reform and free trade in corn on the grounds that rioting and even revolution would follow a

refusal. But despite his opinions and how much we may condemn them, we must grant that his presence in the government was an asset to the country. And when he died, his countrymen, who had thrown bricks at his house and tried to assassinate him because of his unpopular policy, with one accord acknowledged his greatness by the depth of feeling they displayed at his death. Whether as a member of the government or of the opposition, he had shown that same firmness of purpose, and that same efficiency in carrying out his responsibilities to the benefit of his country. At all times his endeavour was to serve.

Finally, one must mention a subject which all Wellington's critics seize upon: the comparison between the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte, as rival generals of the same period. Not unnaturally, the comparison is in the favour of the latter, but one must argue that such a comparison is not a fair one. Napoleon rose from the ranks, and took advantage of the confusion around him to gain supreme control of France. His ruthlessness in using his position to further his own ends and in violating any pledge he gave if it advanced his own interests, set him in a place apart from the Duke. By his own genius he gained his high position, called upon the nation's manhood, overwhelmed the leading military powers of the age by his skilful strategy or cunning diplomacy, and, finally, unable to take a subordinate position as an exile, he tried to gain power once more, and failed.

How different is the Duke's life history! Born into a regulated society, where the opportunity to further ambition was never permitted, he was sent to the Spanish Peninsula with meagre supplies and a limited number of troops with orders which many would have stated to be frankly impossible to carry out. He won his victories by his common-sense and determination, which vividly contrasted with the apathy of the home government, far more interested as it was in the navy than the army. So it is in governing: Napoleon was ruthless and revolutionary, Wellington steady and conservative. Napoleon could never have served, and Wellington would have cut a ridiculous figure in Napoleon's place.

"The Duke was the most perfect servant of his king and country that the world ever saw." It would seem better, in these present times of danger and uncertainty, if there lived less Napoleons and more Wellingtons.

K.W. (6A).

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

EASTER WORK CAMP

THE Easter Working Party this year was practically the same heterogeneous body as last year, except that there were three recruits to take the place of two boys who had left. We left Lisson Grove on Friday, April 21st, encumbered with cakes and ham, kindly cooked for us by Matron, a box of tools and four vices. (Yes, that joke was worn out by the time we reached Trafalgar Square.) These latter ensured comparative comfort for us on the Underground, since our fellow-travellers, afraid of soiling their clothes, gave us a wide berth. At Waterloo we stationed ourselves in front of the indicator to find out from which platform the 10-27 for Ockley departed. Our train was not on the board by 10-22, so representations were made to the operator. He retorted rather crossly that he knew it wasn't, it never was, and it went from Platform 3.

We arrived at Ockley to find a very smart new motor-coach waiting to take us to the Mill. At least, that was what we had hoped, so, when the coach stopped in the road opposite the end of the lane, everybody sat tight awaiting developments. After the driver had dismounted, it occurred to us that we were going no farther in the coach, so we, too, dismounted and walked. This year, we are pleased to report, we found Mr. May at the Mill ready to receive us. Our first job after lunch was pitching the tents. At tea we discussed our plans for the week's work: digging the latrine-pit and repairing the woodwork, cleaning the swimming pool, and extending the cricket lawn.

On Sunday, of course, we went for a walk. After the abortive attempt of last year it was decided that we ought, *honoris causa*, to complete the hike we started then. The account you may read below. We resumed our tasks on Monday with an energy whetted by a piercing wind. Both the latrine-pit and swimming pool were finished by Tuesday night, so all hands were ready the following day to learn how to cut retentive silt with a graft and lay the spits, with a final pat, so as to preserve a two-foot line. This we did to good effect, lengthening the lawn about six yards by the end of the week.

Mr. Willis and Mr. Maclean both stayed with us for a few days, and helped with the digging. The Headmaster and Mrs. Wayne came on Thursday, so we were able proudly to display the results of a week's effort.

On three days we worked after tea, but we found time for other amusements as well. Camp hockey, an extremely strenuous game, was our field sport. Strict adherence to the rules governing shape of weapons and "sticks" saved damage both to the turf and to the players. It is gratifying to record that the Sixth Form, reinforced

by 4B, beat the Rest in the final game 6-5. Less exhausting occupations after supper were Pontoon and Cribbage, but where breathes the man who dares to suggest that Beetle is a game for the weak ?

The catering staff, we believe, proved itself equal to every occasion ; the experiment with chocolate cakes, for instance, was universally acclaimed a success. There is, however, one minor problem still troubling them, *viz.*, they know how the jam got into the suet-roll because they put it there ; but how did it contrive to get out ?

No account of a camp would be complete without mention of the weather. The week immediately before camp, no one could have wished for better. On Saturday the first of a series of squally showers fell, which persisted throughout our stay. It became increasingly colder as well, so that when we awoke on the last two mornings we had the amusing experience of finding our upper blankets covered with hoar-frost.

Finally, we wish to thank Mr. Harrison for a truly enjoyable camp, and look forward to next Easter.

Those who took part this year were Mr. H. R. Harrison, K. Wilby, E. A. Grant (all 1936) ; P. Hicks, C. Lewis, P. Smith, G. E. Coster, A. P. Morgan, J. H. F. Cabot, K. R. Brown, P. Coy, D. Hollands, P. Dinnis, A. R. Hunt (1938) ; I. W. Hussey, P. L. H. Davey and K. P. Jones (1939).

E.A.G. (L. 6A).

[A supplement to the account of the Easter Camp, 1939]

YET ANOTHER MEMORABLE WALK

If the readers of this article will turn back to last summer's issue of THE PHILOLOGIAN, they will find there an account of a walk which took place during the Easter Camp, 1938. They will read how the younger members of the party, refusing to follow certain arrows, and preferring to go in the opposite direction, finally lost themselves, but unfortunately reached camp quite safely. Now at Easter Camp, 1939, Mr. Harrison again decided that it would be best for the party to go for a nice long walk all day Sunday ; moreover, once more he trusted to the good sense of the work party (for by now, of course, they were all one year older) to walk in groups, each group an appreciable distance behind the one in front.

However, there was one slight alteration in the plan this year, namely, that the Sixth Formers were to lead the walk, with one map (very important !), and Mr. Harrison, with a friend, was to bring up the rear. And so, on a dull morning, with the rain pelting down in torrents, we set off.

A steady pace was kept up at first until we reached the slopes of Holmbury Hill, up which we thought we would still maintain a fairly good speed. But not to be outdone again this year, the second group were pushing forward at an even greater rate. At the top of the hill the Sixth Formers thought it a good idea to construct an arrow, and so we began hunting around for twigs and stones, so that, thoroughly engrossed in our work, we did not notice the arrival of the second group. They, innocent lambs, amazed at this outburst of energy on the part of the Sixth Form, stood round with a mingled expression of awe and interest. Then one of them said : " Who is that for . . . ? "

Now whatever may be the reader's opinions of the vocabulary of the average Sixth Former, one must admit that on this occasion we all showed admirable self-restraint. And with that peculiar aloofness which only a Senior can show a Junior, we passed on.

" The watchers on the hill," after a final glance which might well have meant, " Funny little arrow, I wonder what it is there for ? " followed us.

But the troubles of the Sixth Form were not yet past, for the whole party, group by group, had telescoped us, so that we had everyone round us, listening to our conversation. Yet our conversation was still on the high level associated with the Senior Form : we discussed Art, Literature, Politics, the International Situation, whilst one of us told stories. Meanwhile the whole party, except the rearguard, was lost.

Now I for my part took very good care not to have the one single map, as my knowledge of map-reading is not what it should be ; but there were numerous gentlemen amongst the Sixth Form group who considered this a fine opportunity to learn how to read a map. With disastrous results ! It was a case of

" The dear old Sixth Form squad,
They had some sixteen men.
They marched them up to the top of a hill
And they marched them down again."

I think we scaled nearly all the hills in Surrey. But late in the evening, by which time some of the party were beginning to get rather peeved, we sighted Mr. Harrison, our rearguard, from the heights of one of the many hills we had climbed.

We quickly rejoined them, and walked home. The secret of all Mr. Harrison's walks seems to be that wherever you see a board marked " Strictly Private," you give a yelp of delight and march straight past it into private property ; but we were not to know these secrets.

As one can guess, we had a most enjoyable time.

K.W. (6A).

WHITSUN CAMP

This Whitsun a party of seven boys spent the long week-end at Forest Green. We started immediately after School on the Friday, and arrived at Ockley at half-past six. From here we walked, carrying our luggage since we wanted to keep our expenses as low as possible, and reached camp within an hour of setting out from the station.

Though we had excellent intentions of doing manual labour, the days were so warm that all we managed to accomplish was the construction of two concrete steps behind the garage. This, however, was no light task, for it involved as a preliminary the sifting of a considerable amount of silt to obtain the necessary gravel.

On Sunday two representatives went to Church while the others prepared the breakfast. That, at any rate, was the original idea, but we had breakfast at a quarter to ten. After this meal we cut sandwiches for the picnic lunch we proposed to have on our walk. This hike was declared by everyone to be the best ever undertaken at camp. We started by scaling the scarp of Leith Hill, and then worked on the principle of "That looks an interesting path; I wonder where it leads to!" and covered about twenty miles. When we returned we had tea in bed, so altogether it was a very pleasant day.

During our stay we were visited by some parents (not connected with the party) and two members of the School. Fortunately, an invasion threatened by 4B did not take place.

We returned regretfully on Tuesday, but were somewhat consoled by the knowledge that we each had due as a refund from ten shillings, fourpence and a box of matches.

E.A.G. (L. 6A).

GABRIELLE HOWARD MEMORIAL LECTURE

On May 23rd members of the Sixth Science and a few Fifth Formers visited the Royal Institution to attend the fifth in the series of Howard Memorial Lectures. It was entitled "Elements—Old and New," and was delivered by Professor Kendall. The subject is a difficult one to deal with justly in so short a period as an hour, but the lecturer made the best of his time, and certainly had the earnest attention of all present. He quickly ran over the ideas of the atomic theory, of the Aristotelian theory of four sources of matter—fire, air, earth and water, of Dalton's theory, coming finally to the modern electron theory.

Professor Kendall showed how dependent chemistry has been and still is on the work of young scientists. He recounted some very interesting incidents in the lives of such chemists as Mendelejeff, Balard, Newlands and Madame Curie, treating them as human beings and not just as a series of names unavoidable in a lecture of this kind. The classification of the elements was dealt with as well as

could be expected, although those present who had not a smattering of knowledge on this subject must have been surprised when the lecturer produced his illustrative if somewhat strange-looking pieces of apparatus. The remaining twenty minutes was devoted to radio-activity, and some very interesting experiments were performed using a Geiger counter and a cathode ray tube, which together visually detected the radio-active rays from pitchblende and rutherfordite.

The lecture was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and even if many of us knew the facts, these were presented in a simple and entertaining way which appealed to all.

G.A.M. (6 Sc.).

MR. FOGGIN'S PIANO RECITAL

Mr. Foggin came to the School last term to give one of his piano recitals, which by now have become to be looked forward to by the School. The recital was as fascinating as ever—Mr. Foggin did not talk much, but played a lot. He gave us a delightfully varied programme of modern piano music, most of which is rarely heard.

It included four short pieces by English composers—"Romance" by Bowen, "Green Hills" by William Alwin, "Country Tune" by Sir Arnold Bax, and "The Towing Path" by John Ireland. "Three Fantastic Dances," composed by Shostakovich, of the U.S.S.R., and Ibert's amusing "Little White Donkey," proved to be very popular with the School.

But this music seemed rather trivial in comparison with the Dohnanyi, represented by "March on a Ground Bass," and a brilliantly played "Rhapsody," and Debussy's "Le Soir en Granada," and his magnificent and well-known "Reflets dans l'eau."

One person at least, and I am sure many others, had their interest in modern piano music increased by this recital.

S.G.C. (6 Sc.).

SCHOOL LIBRARY

The new system which was started last term turned out to be a success, and fewer books than usual were missing at the end of the term. Another recent innovation is that boys who take new books out for the first time have to write a review of the book, which is then filed and can be referred to by other boys who may wish to read the book. The results of this procedure are not available at the moment as the comments have only just started to come in.

We are unfortunately losing a number of our librarians at the end of this term, and shall be needing recruits to fill the vacancies.

K.P. (6 Sc.).

PRINTERS

When Gordon left in the middle of last term, the Printers consisted of Fourth and Third Formers, and we were unlucky in having to start with preparation of the cricket fixture cards. Since then we have had various jobs, which have fully occupied our time. We must extend our grateful thanks to Mr. Harrison for his kind co-operation.

P.C. (4A2).

SCOUT TROOP

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death during the Easter holidays of a promising young Patrol Leader, D. J. Fabian. Our sincere sympathies are with his parents and with all who knew him well.

In the District Inter-Troop First Aid contest our representative Patrol, trained by F. J. Fisher, was beaten for first place by one point in a total of 120 by the 8th Troop.

Congratulations to F. J. Fisher on gaining the King's Scout Badge and on passing the A.R.P. (Warden's) Badge of the St. John Ambulance Corps.

No Whitsun camp was held this year, the Patrols having decided to try to camp independently during at least one week-end this term.

Our numbers have begun to go up again, and we are now 18 strong and still rising.

We have formed a Senior Patrol for those who have been a P.L. for a year, and for those who find themselves in the Upper Fifth and cannot give as much time to their Scouting as they would wish.

OLD SCOUTS

An Easter camp was held at Broadstone Warren at which, owing to illness and other unforeseen causes, our numbers were eventually reduced to one Scouter, three Old Scouts and one P.L. We had an opportunity for tree felling and trimming, and also put in some good practice with a loaded trek cart.

Ten Old Scouts sat down to a Reunion Supper at the Chantecler Restaurant on April 29th. We exchanged reminiscences, and decided to extend the scope of this Reunion considerably next year. G. R. Thomas volunteered to take over the vacant office of Badge Secretary for the St. Marylebone District.

K.D.C.

SPORTS

HOUSE CRICKET, 1939

THE House matches opened this year with the annual match between Abbott and Beeching, regarded in most quarters as the virtual final. As usual, it was a very close game, this time won by Abbott with two wickets to spare. Beeching batted first and, after a poor start, scored 62, mainly due to a fine innings of 22 by Clare at number ten. Howe earlier scored 13 very quickly, and John played a safe innings for 6, keeping up his end while Clare scored freely. Watson took 5 wickets for 19 runs. The Abbott innings began slowly, but the batsmen scored steadily, B. Reynolds making 11, Styles 12, and Crawford 19, including three 4's—and Beeching were gradually caught up and passed.

On the following Wednesday Abbott played Moore, and Houseman, Portman. The former match was by far the more interesting, and was again very close. Moore, batting first, lost three wickets for 8, but then Davey and Bulcraig added 24 for the next wicket. The final score for Moore was 75—Davey scoring 15 (all singles), Bulcraig 19, Hollands 16, and Turner a quick 10. A feature of the innings was a long duel between Davey and D. Reynolds, bowling up the slope with six fieldsmen within two yards of the bat; Reynolds eventually had Davey l.b.w. after bowling seven maiden overs to him. Abbott started well, Banks scoring 8, Watson an exhilarating 30, and Page 9. Crawford, batting number seven, hit a 4 and a 6 off the first and third balls of an over from Paul, thus bringing the score to 70, but, trying to finish the match with a 6 off the next ball, mistimed his stroke and was bowled. The later batsmen failed to add a run to the score.

The other match was almost a walk-over for Houseman, who won by 7 wickets, Portman scoring only 18; Hunt took 6 wickets for 3 runs.

It was expected that the final would result in an easy victory for Moore—Houseman had only two bowlers, neither of whom was even a possible choice for the 1st XI, while Moore's team was drawn almost equally from the three School XI's. Nevertheless, Houseman won. Winning the toss and batting, they made 72 runs with surprising ease—Colman scored 34 in a good but not exactly chanceless innings, and Gentry scored 19. Moore lost Davey and Bulcraig early, but still seemed to have a chance of winning. With the departure of Hollands after he had scored 16, the collapse was complete, and Moore were all out for 29. Hunt took 5 wickets for 19, and Gentry 5 for 9. Grant helped his side materially with three superb catches at point. Thus Houseman, whom few expected to win, became Cricket Champions for the second year in succession.

In the Junior matches Abbott beat in succession Beeching, Moore and Houseman (who had previously beaten Portman) to become Champions, mainly due to the bowling of Fielder and Crossman.

I.W.H. (6A).

FIVES

This term, in the first round of the Marchant Cup, the School 1st IV beat Wandsworth School 1st IV by 8 games to 1. After the game Ward was awarded his Fives Colours, but unfortunately he has now left us. Banks has come up to take his place.

Moore beat Beeching by a few points in the final of the House Competition. Colman and Rowe are to play Banks and Gentry in the final of the Doubles Competition. This term there is a Singles Competition, open to all the Club except the 1st IV.

At the end of this term E. K. Harris is leaving, and so there will be at least one vacancy to be filled in the 1st IV.

As we go to press, news comes of our winning the Marchant Cup, for the first time.

H.W.H. (U. 5t).

BADMINTON

At the beginning of this term we played an annual match against the Masters, losing by the usual score of 5-4. Mr. Snape and Mr. Willis preserved their unbeaten record. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Shave lost only to Wilby and Davey (in a three-game set), and Mr. Crook and Mr. Best were defeated by both our second pair, Hussey and Grant, and our third pair, Harris and Hicks.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the standard of play this year, not only of the team but of the whole club, and we hope with confidence that next season we shall be able to record victories over clubs which we have never yet beaten. Our fixture list is growing, and the practice we obtain in matches is invaluable.

I.W.H. (6A).

THREE OF THE PROSE-POEMS OF STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

THE charm of Stéphane Mallarmé, the founder of literary impressionism, lies in the atmosphere of exquisiteness—there is no other word—which stamps all his work with such original delicacy. There is an air about him, an air indefinable yet unutterably beautiful, which hangs over all the lovely subtleties of the Impressionist School, and which harks back to a more graceful age than the one in which we now live; one should remember, when extolling modern ways of living, that some good came out of the *anciens régimes* of Europe.

Although it has been with some trepidation and little hope that I have made these translations, I think that of all Mallarmé's works these three pictures can most easily describe to the English mind, naturally less subtle (I speak generally) than the Continental, this *grâce des choses fanées*.

These three prose-poems are among the most beautiful cameos in French or in any literature. The first describes a nineteenth-century salon.

Mallarmé is sitting in the firelight with a little girl, his sister, who is reading a dusty old book she has found. The second was written after his wife's death, and in the third he is looking out of his window at a little gamin singing in the streets.

WINTER CHILL

(*Frisson d'hiver*)

This Dresden clock, which is slow and which is chiming one o'clock among its flowers and its little gods, to whom has it belonged? I think it came from Saxony in the long narrow coaches of other days.

(Strange shadows lurk about the worn panes.)

And your looking-glass from Venice, deep as a cold fountain and set in a fringe of faded gilt serpents eating little children, what people have admired themselves in it? Ah, I am sure that more than one woman has dipped in this water her beauty's sin; and perhaps, if I looked long enough, I would see a naked phantom.

(Wicked Stéphane, what things you say sometimes!)

(I can see spiders' webs at the top of the tall windows.)

That chest of ours still preserves its great age—see how the fire there reddens its melancholy wood; and, don't you think that this age is shared by the drooping curtains, by the old and worn upholstery of the armchairs, by the old-fashioned etchings on the walls, and by all our old things? Doesn't it seem to you that even the Bengalis and the blue-bird have lost their colours with the passage of time?

(Do not think about the spiders' webs at the top of the tall windows.)

All these things you love, and that is why I can live my life at your side. Have you never desired, O my sister with the look of olden time, that in one of my poems might appear these words, "the grace of faded things"? The new displeases you: you, too, it frightens with its blatant vulgarity, and in yourself you recognise the need of effacing it, a very difficult thing to do for those who find action distasteful.

Come, shut your old German almanac which you are reading so attentively, although it was published more than a hundred years ago, and although the kings whose titles it gives are all dead, and lying upon the old carpet, my head resting on your charitable knees concealed beneath your faded dress, O tranquil child, I will talk to you for hours; there are no longer any fields for me, and the streets are empty. . . . I will talk to you about your furniture . . . but you are not listening. . . .

(Those spiders' webs are shivering at the top of the tall windows.)

AUTUMN LAMENT

(Plainte d'automne)

Since Maria left me to go to another star—which, Orion, Altaïr, or thou, green Venus?—I have always cherished solitude. How many long days I have spent alone with my cat! By alone, I mean without material being, and my cat is a mystic companion, a spirit. That is why I can say that I have spent long days alone with my cat, and alone with one of the last writers of the Roman decadence; for ever since her dear white form was no more, strangely and unaccountably I have loved all that is contained in this word: fall. And so, my favourite season of the year is during those last languishing summer days which come just before autumn, and the time of the day when I go for a walk is when the sun settles in a fading sky before it vanishes, with rays of copper-yellow on the grey walls and copper-red upon the window-panes. In the same way, the literature for which my mind craves must be the dying poetry of the last moments of Rome, so long, however, as it breathes nothing of the rejuvenating approach of the Barbarians, nor babbles the broken Latin of the first Christian prose.

So then, I was reading one of those beloved poems (whose streaks of rouge enchant me far more than the rosy cheeks of youth), and was sinking my hand in the pure animal's fur, when a barrel-organ sang languishing and melancholy under my window. It was playing in the long avenue of poplars whose leaves look drear to me even in spring, after Maria passed that way for the last time with the tapers. Yes, it was truly the instrument of the sorrowful: the piano sparkles, the violin sheds clear light upon torn fibres, but it was the barrel-organ in the twilight of memory that made me despairingly dream. Now it was murmuring a joyously popular tune, that brought gaiety to the heart of the suburbs, a superannuated, common-place tune: whence it happened that the burden of the song pierced my heart and moved me to tears as if it had been a romantic ballad. I lingered over it, unhurriedly, and did not throw a penny out of the window for fear of disturbing myself and of realising that the instrument was not singing by itself.

PAUVRE ENFANT PALE

Poor, peaky-faced little boy, why do you stand in the street and shrill your impudent, piercing song only for it to be lost among the cats, lords of the roof-tops? Because it will not penetrate beyond the first-floor shutters, and behind these you do not realise that there are heavy curtains of red plush.

However, you sing somehow inevitably with the assured self-confidence of any little fellow who goes out alone through life and who, relying on no one but himself, works for his living. Have you

ever had a father? No—you haven't even an old mother to make you forget your hunger with a beating when you go home without a penny.

But you toil away for your own livelihood: standing in the streets, dressed in shabby clothes that were made for a man, prematurely thin, and over-tall for your age, you sing for your supper, desperately, without raising your shameless eyes to look at the other children playing on the pavement.

And your complaint is so loud, so loud, that your bare head which you lift higher as your voice rises, seems to want to leave your little shoulders.

Little fellow, who knows whether we shall not hear it elsewhere one day, when, after shrilling in the cities for so long, you have done something wrong? It is not very hard to do something wrong; go on, all you need is a little courage after the first enthusiasm and the people who—your small features betray energy. . . .

Not a penny clinks into the wicker-basket clasped by your long slender hand as it lies listlessly against your trousers: they will make you a bad boy, and one day you will commit a crime.

Your head is still straining upwards. It seems to want to be separated from your body, as if it had some previous knowledge; while you sing on with a demeanour increasingly aggressive.

It will bid you farewell when you pay for me, for those who are worth less than I am worth. Probably you came into the world for that purpose, and you are fasting from now on; we shall see you in the newspapers.

O poor little head!

B.McK.S. (6A).

VERSE

LE CYGNE

Dans le fleuve le soleil se reflétait,
Les roseaux aux rives et les fleurs,
Par les petits coups de vent doucement poussés
Froiaient en jouant ensemble.

Des rides sur les eaux apparaissaient,
Le soleil se tortillait dans l'eau,
Puis fier comme un roi en sa tenue,
Un cygne passait tardivement.

Ni à droite ni à gauche il regardait,
Mais soudainement il s'arrête;
Il plonge dans l'eau son bec cherchant,
Le relève et s'en va silencieux.

R.P. (L. 6A).

THE STORM

(English version of "Pendant la Tempête," by Théophile Gautier)

Our craft is small and frail, the mighty sea so vast :
The waves in frenzied temper lift us to the sky,
Which hurls us back into the depths in mad reply,
As on our knees we pray beside the broken mast.

Between us now and death's dark realm is but a cast ;
Perhaps this night all stiff and senseless we shall lie,
Shrouded in milky foam while glittering spray-showers fly,
The lightning to keep vigi! o'er us at the last.

Dear God ! our strength and hope are vanishing too fast ;
Stretch out Thy Guiding Hand in answer to our cry :
Subdue the raging storm, direct us steadily
And bring us safely home from out this fearsome blast.

A.J.H. (L. 6A).

JEUNE FILLE, QUI VIENT DE SE RÉVEILLER

Sixteen or seventeen, with long gold hair—
Pale-gold, angelic gold—that tumbled down
Her shoulders to the coverlet of rare
And fine, blue satin, crisp and dark ; the gown
Embroidered with a pattern blue and white,
Draped the white-painted chair with changing glints
Of ultramarine ; the morning room, so airy-bright,
Was quiet and gay with clean-washed, delicate tints.

Dressed in a frail spring foam of moiré silk,
She lay soft-breathing in the cream-white bed
Beneath two painted wings ; her skin was milk
Matching the pillow and the sheets ; her eyes
Were speedwell-blue and large, while on her head
A bow was tied, the colour of the skies.

B.M.C.K.S. (6A).

HERE AND THERE

AS all the School knows, Mr. Llewellyn-Smith has been ill since the middle of last term. We take this opportunity of offering him the sympathy of the whole School, and of hoping that he will be back next term, completely recovered.

* * *

Last term Mr. Sandison left us for Rugby, Mr. Jones for Stafford Grammar School, and Mr. Kent for Christ's Hospital. In their place we welcome Mr. Larwood from Abergavenny Grammar School, Mr. Rogers from Stafford, and Mr. Easton.

* * *

Mention is made on another page of the distinction conferred on Mr. G. A. D. Haslewood. Another Old Philologist, Dr. Lloyd-Jones, has been appointed Associate Minister to Dr. Campbell Morgan at Westminster Chapel. We congratulate him most warmly on his appointment.

* * *

We congratulate Soper and Colman on their French Travelling Scholarships. Next term, no doubt, there will be as much French as English spoken in the Prefects' Room.

* * *

The number of boys who are going to the Term Camps is larger this year than ever before.

* * *

The beginning of the camping season has, as usual, coincided with the return of the rain. The Fourth Forms have apparently survived the initial downpour well.

* * *

Sir Percy Buck is to give away the prizes on Speech Day. Most of the School will remember the most interesting lecture he gave us on music, and will look forward to hearing him speak again.

* * *

Just as THE PHILOGIAN is going to Press, we have heard the results of the Cambridge Tripos. Pulvermacher and Colner have both got firsts in Part I of the Mathematics Tripos, and Hobsbaum has got a first in the second part of the History, with the only distinction given this year. It is a magnificent achievement.

FORM REPORTS

6 Sc.

OUR society at the moment is divided into three strata—first, the “bloated aristocracy,” the third year, who are the envy of the Prefects’ Room, having no serious approaching exams. (and whose numbers have recently gone down by 33½% by the departure of Renton to be a chemist at Lyons, and to whom we send best wishes); the harassed middle classes whose lives at the moment are revolving about differential coefficients, laws of mass action, stresses and strains, and all the other paraphernalia associated with the inexorable “Higher.” Perhaps Ward was wise in leaving now and seeking peace in an Admiralty office. Lastly, if our metaphor were correct, there would be the working classes—the first year, but we are afraid that this would be libellous. Their numbers have been slowly reduced; Lanchin, Gordon and Barattini leaving us for the hard, hard world.

We are spiritually united, though bodily we are dispersed along the First Corridor (the Prefects’ Room, Room 2 and Room 4).

6A

Since the Lower Sixth have demanded a separate report because of our remarks about their “pat-ball,” we have here to refer to the doings of only four members of VI Arts, all Prefects. Three of these are working hard to tell the London University examiners things they never knew before, while the fourth, having treated the Cambridge examiners in a similar way, but having rather overdone it, rests for the time being on his laurels, murmuring occasionally, “To think that I was at the School before the youngest boy now in it was born!” We think, and marvel.

As befits the Arts, we are prolific authors. Two of us are poets—one in both French and English, the other in English—of much-disputed merit. A third prepares amazing charts as an aid to cramming history, while the fourth writes letters and reports as well as essays of great length and (so he is told) even greater illegibility. In sport we are fairly prominent, including the Captains of the 2nd and 3rd XI’s, as well as two umpires, one of whom has frequent duels with the School scorers. Our achievements in the scholastic sphere include, to date, two French Travelling Scholarships.

In conclusion, we would like again to extend our sympathy to Mr. Llewellyn-Smith, and to express a hope that he will soon return to School.

L. 6A

Unfortunately, our Form Master, Mr. Llewellyn-Smith, is still on the sick list, but we understand he will soon be back with us. We are fortunate, however, in having Mr. Bluett to look after us as Form Master in the interim, with Mr. Harrison to calm our more revolutionary members in history.

At last we can compete with the other Senior Forms in the School in the matter of Sub-Prefects, and to Rose and Peel, who were elected this term, we extend our heartiest congratulations.

The Form is well represented at cricket, Crawford and Beth being members of the 2nd XI, Grant playing for the 3rd XI, and every other member being an official umpire or scorer.

We have to congratulate Crawford on his 1st XV Colours, which doubles the Form’s quota.

Looking to the future we wish Ellison the best of luck in his Law Examination, which he takes this term. (Who knows but we may one day require his services!)

The Gym. tennis section (not “pat-ball”) is patronised by all members of the form except Grant, and is one of the form’s main activities.

Finally we say farewell to Abrahamson, who left us last term, and we hope that America holds good things in store for him.

U. 5₁

For some members of our form this is their last term at School. (Dry those eyes in the Common Room!) It has been a memorable term so far, and I can say with conviction that no form ever entered Matric. with more spirit, in spite of an oft-repeated statement, “I hae ma doots.”

Immediately after the exam. we lose Page, who is bound for Singapore. (Most of us are going with him in imagination, and are already smelling the sea instead of—that place next door to the School.)

Anyway, good luck, Page, and good luck, all you others who are leaving. May it never be said of you that you let “auld acquaintance” be forgot.

U. 5₂

We are a very small Matric. Form, even so we are expecting a fairly high percentage of passes. I think it may be said that no member of the form is allowing the Matric. to dull his spirits. Although we were unlucky enough to lose Mr. Willis at the end of the Christmas Term, we have settled down under the guidance of Mr. Bell, and with the Upper Sixth Science as form room companions.

U. VB

Last term Wallington, Vago, Smith J. E., and Hill left the School. This leaves only seventeen in the form. Everybody has been working hard for the School Certificate Examination in June. After the examination the whole form is going to Forest Green.

We have two members of the 1st XI in the form.

5A1

This term we have had a temporary change in Form Master, Mr. Bluett moving to the 6th Arts in the absence of Mr. Llewellyn-Smith. We extend our thanks to him for all that he did for us, and we welcome Mr. Rogers, who has taken his place.

In cricket this term we are fairly well represented in the School teams, having four members of the 2nd XI and three members of the 3rd XI.

We now seem to have settled down, and we hope to maintain a high standard both in our work and our behaviour.

5A2

The form is well up in sports this term, as in Rugby last term. We have three members in the 1st XI and one member in the 2nd XI. One member of the form has also attained membership of the 1st Fives IV.

Mr. Horwood, our new Form Master, has proved himself capable of managing a form with everybody's popular approval.

The term may be regarded as very successful.

5B

Two boys left us last term, leaving us with only 27 members in the form. One of our members plays for the 2nd XI, and three have played for the 3rd XI.

We go down to camp on July 12th—just after exams. finish.

4A1

The form has been fairly successful in sport this year. In the Junior Colts, Wilby was Captain, and Pinhey and Hogbin had regular places. In cricket this term Pinhey is the 2nd XI wicket keeper, while Turner is in the 3rd XI. Chamberlain is Captain of the Junior XI.

Crooks has come top every fortnight in this term and the other terms up till the time of writing.

Wilby is the newly-elected Vice-Captain of the form.

4A2

We are once again at the end of a School year, and a very successful one for 4A2. Nobody has left us, and nobody new has come; we still have many "wisecracks," and with Rolph and Co. always saying something, we have had some very amusing times.

The Form Officials have done their jobs quite well, although sometimes they have not done them too well, which has been very fortunate for the form.

In School activities the form has come out splendidly. At cricket Hollands has got into the 1st XI, and others have got into the other XI's. We have responded very well to other School activities such as the Concert and the School Play. On the whole, a very successful year from all quarters of the form.

4B

This term we have been really good, having fewer detentions than usual, and these could have been avoided. Unfortunately we are a slowly diminishing form, but our work is progressing by leaps and bounds.

We strongly object that no reference whatsoever was made to our Rugby, as we defeated the rest of the Fourths in fair games.

We heartily extend our thanks to Mr. Breed, our Form Master, for our success in work and games, and we all are looking forward to an enjoyable camp with him.

3A1

We have Mr. Stock as Form Master. Our number is now thirty, as we lost Rebeck. The form on the whole is pretty good, but many detentions have been given for twice late. We have one person in the School Choir, one acted in the School Play, three are in the Fives Club, seven in the Art Club, three in the Cricket XI, and only four boys cannot swim—so we are well represented in sport.

Needless to say, we are looking forward to camp.

3A2

This term a new boy came into our form. His name is Guppy, and he comes from Trinidad.

Some of our boys were proposed for the Fives Club, but only one was elected.

We also have several boys in the Junior Cricket XI.

3B

The behaviour of 3B has been considerably better this term. But talking still prevails slightly.

This year we have every hope of doing better at cricket than we did in 2B. The Captain is Nutt, and the Vice-Captain, Phillips.

We all regret the loss of Mr. Sandison as our Form Master, for he was well liked, and we were looking forward to going to camp with him. Mr. Padel has taken his place.

2A1

Everybody in 2A1 is now getting into the ways of the School. Cricket has started, and in our first match we beat 2A2 by 9 runs.

The library has changed its books with 2A2, and the new books are a great success.

Nearly everybody is going to camp, and the form is looking forward to the date when we will go there.

2A2

At the moment the form consists of thirty boys. At the beginning of the term the ceiling was re-covered; also we started Latin, which was received with mixed feelings.

We have one member of the form in the School Junior XI, namely Fielder. On Wednesday a Form XI skittled out 2A1 for one bye, yet lost the match, which was a two-innings one.

2B

The form have done quite well as regards work. On Friday evenings at 4 o'clock we have had exhibitions with the things that we have made ourselves, either in wood or cardboard or drawings.

This term we started having boxing in Gym.

The attendance of the form has been very good.

I

There are 25 boys in the form, whose Captain is Gadsby. At the present moment the interest is focused on the proposed outing to the School Camp on July 11th, which will become, it is hoped, an annual fixture.

Strenuous efforts are being made to have every boy an efficient swimmer before the term ends.

We welcome as a new member this term Houseman, a name well known to the School.

A form visit to the Zoo is under discussion, and may take place soon. There is no truth in the report that Form I was asked to supply specimens for the Pets' Corner!

It has been very gratifying to hear that Form I boys have a good reputation for turning up at the ground for games, for which there is great keenness.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

KING'S,

June 4th, 1939.

KING'S Chapel still stands, roughly speaking, where it was; Trinity Great Court has only shifted slightly. When the O.P.'s of Cambridge show their parents or friends round on Sundays, they can still point out all the more familiar landmarks and get away with it. Yet, if you consider it carefully, this is surprising, because Triposes have finished, and one somehow expects even Nature to do something to celebrate the really important events in human life.

Nature has done the next best thing and turned on a spell of fine weather. In the afternoons I can sometimes see Colmer paddling up to Grantchester in a canoe, looking fit. I expect, if I really tried, I could see Pulvermacher too, but it is difficult to recognise everybody in the seething mass of canoes and punts, particularly when handling a punt-pole. Your correspondent is generally handling one and getting his trousers soaked in the process. Even the ice-cream vendors paddle along the river in boats.

That is what the end of the academic year is like in Cambridge. It is the only time we look anything like the university you expect from *The Yank at Oxford*. Otherwise we are a good deal less exuberant. This term, admittedly, Conscription has shaken Cambridge out of its pre-occupation with the Tripos; since it affects two-fifths of the university, that was only to be expected. There was some confusion at first as to what exactly the undergraduates thought about it: the Union rejected it, a big public meeting supported it. Finally, a ballot, in which about half the university participated, gave it a 60/40 majority. Yesterday, whatever their opinions, the boys had to register. It is a great thought that for most of them this was probably the first detailed contact with a Labour Exchange.

Meanwhile, Cambridge worked: Colmer and Pulvermacher taking hours off from the calculus with the Rover Scouts and Boat Club respectively, perhaps even playing an odd game of chess; your correspondent propping up the University Library and reading about John Stuart Mill. The results do not come out for another two weeks or so. Until then Pulvermacher can go on rowing for Fitzwilliam House, Hobsbaum editing the *Granta*, and Colmer evolving new and complicated methods of climbing into Selwyn College after hours.

Just now Colmer is reading a Penguin Book, and Hobsbaum has a hangover from one of the larger end-of-term parties. That is quite probably what Pulvermacher has, too, and no doubt what Cohen will have at the corresponding stage of next year, when he comes up. We should like to congratulate him very warmly, if belatedly, on his scholarship to Queens', while we are about it. Below them, on the

River Cam, people in bathing-drawers are punting their girl friends along slowly. Service at Chapel is just over, and the Doctors come over King's Fellows' lawn in their scarlet robes, the Choirboys in Eton jackets and straw hats, and the undergraduates in their shapeless white surplices. In a couple of hours they will be taking their parents to lunch at the Union, playing tennis, lying on the river-bank drinking orangeade. In a couple more they will be having tea in Grantchester, and trying to remember what Rupert Brooke said about it. In a few more they will go to bed.

The three O.P.'s will go to bed with them. They will feel that Cambridge, after all, is a pretty good place to be at, even in 1939.

With all the best wishes to the School.

E.H.

OLD PHILOLOGIANS' NEWS

AT the Annual General Meeting held at the School on 24th February, 1939, the chair was taken by H. E. Langston, the Senior Vice-President present, in the unavoidable absence of the President, who was conducting the School Orchestra at the Queen's Hall.

Mr. C. Launspach, who did not seek re-election as Treasurer, was unanimously elected Vice-President.

F. W. Wyeth now combines the office of Treasurer with that of Financial Secretary, and will be pleased to hear from all members wishing to pay their subscriptions.

Two valued members of the Committee—the Rev. L. F. Michelsen and J. F. Santer—did not offer themselves for re-election, and the best thanks of the Association are due to them for their services.

A. D. S. Betts and W. R. C. Snape were re-elected to the Committee, and L. P. Angell, W. F. Floyd, L. C. Parslow and G. D. Seymour were elected.

* * *

It was with great regret that the Rugby matches arranged against the School were scratched owing to the number of acceptances from members being insufficient to complete even one XV. It is appreciated that members playing regularly for clubs may feel torn between two loyalties, but it is hoped that for this one afternoon they will arrange to turn out against their old School. The date is being fixed for the first Saturday in March, so that members can now note the date for the 1940 season.

* * *

We extend a hearty welcome to the following new members: David Levi, M.S., M.B.(Lond.), F.R.C.S.(Eng.) (1917); A. W. Newman (1936); W. A. Shaw (1937); A. C. Renton (1939); R. R. Abrahamson (1939) and F. S. Ward (1939).

G. A. D. HASLEWOOD'S APPOINTMENT AT GUY'S

NOTHING can be more gratifying to a man than to win success in the career of his choice and of his devoted ambition; and his School must have similar feelings of pride when it sees one of its sons carry his zeal for learning to a high place of service in the cause of humanity.

When Geoffrey Haslewood and his brother Charles came here, at the ages of 14 and 12, they had suffered bereavement, and Fate seemed none too kind. Integrity and determination have brought success to both of them. Charles went from School to New Zealand, worked very hard there, and is now in English dairy-farming in a position of expert trust.

Geoffrey Haslewood took a First Class in Chemistry at London University, and took up research in Bio-Chemistry. An M.Sc. Degree was followed by Donner Foundation award at the Royal Cancer Hospital, where Haslewood carried out patient and valuable research into the means of diagnosis of cancer by chemical analysis. His doctorate he took in 1935; and, after an assistantship in Pathological Chemistry at the British Post-Graduate Medical School, there has now come to him an appointment as Reader in Bio-chemistry at Guy's Hospital Medical School. We congratulate Haslewood most cordially on the honour of contributing in learning to the work of a world-famed School of Medicine; and we hope that his example of keenness and determination will be an inspiration to other Philologists. He does not forget his School; and his School looks with pride on his distinguished and still youthful career.

O.P.'S CALENDAR

Sept. 18—General Committee Meeting.

Oct. 13—Annual Supper.

Dec. 1—Annual Smoking Concert and Social Gathering.

SCHOOL OFFICERS SCHOOL PREFECTS

G. A. MAW (School Captain).

S. G. COHEN (Senior Prefect).

I. W. HUSSEY.

K. WILBY.

P. H. DAVEY.

S. J. COLMAN.

E. A. GRANT.

B. MCK. SOPER.

SUB-PREFECTS

R. H. HALL.	D. H. FORD.
H. TRICKER.	E. J. RAPLEY.
P. HICKS.	K. PARVIN.
B. REYNOLDS.	E. K. HARRIS.
G. I. GRAVES.	L. R. ROSE.
J. D. McDERMOTT.	R. PEEL.

SCHOOL ROLL

The following boys have left us :—

- L. 6 *Arts*—R. R. ABRAHAMSON (1932-39), Houseman ; General Schools, 1938.
- 6 *Sc.*—A. C. RENTON (1932-39), Houseman ; General Schools and Matric., 1936 ; Higher Schools with Inter. B.Sc., 1938 ; 2nd XV Colours, 1937 ; Sub-Prefect, 1937 ; House Captain, 1938 ; Captain of Badminton, 1938-39.
- F. S. WARD (1933-39), Moore ; General Schools and Matric., 1937 ; Sub-Prefect, 1938 ; Fives Colours, 1939.
- G. LANCHIN (1934-39), Moore ; General Schools and Matric., 1938.
- W. H. GORDON (1933-39), Portman ; General Schools and Matric., 1938.
- P. L. BARATTINI (1935-39), Portman.
- U. 5I—D. G. CLARKE (1934-39), Houseman.
- U. 5B—J. M. HILL (1934-39), Abbott.
- E. P. WALLINGTON (1934-39), Beeching.
- B. S. VAGO (1933-39), Moore.
- J. E. SMITH (1933-39), Beeching.
- 5A1—B. G. WHITE (1937-39), Beeching.
- 5A2—J. E. DAY (1935-39), Houseman.
- J. F. SLATTER (1934-39), Portman.
- 5B—A. SEALTIEL (1936-39), Beeching.
- T. CROFTS (1934-39), Houseman.
- 4B—E. COPSON (1936-39), Houseman.
- E. H. KENNEDY (1935-39), Beeching.
- D. A. LAMBERT (1936-39), Houseman.
- 3A1—M. H. REBUCK (1937-39), Houseman.
- 3B—P. KNIGHT (1937-39), Beeching.
- T. M. ROCK (1937-39), Houseman.

IN MEMORIAM

D. FABIAN
ABBOTT HOUSE

Entered the School September, 1934

Died April, 1939

SCHOOL CALENDAR

July 27—Speech Day.

„ 28—End of Term.

Sept. 14—Beginning of Autumn Term.