

COMMEMORATION, JUNE 24TH, 1933.

PROLOGUE, recited by P. M. S. ALLEN, Head of the School.

I AM the Prologue and the School my stage;
 The Curtain lifts, Behold your Shining Goal:
 Here lie displayed the piled up age on age
 Which make us One, your host, a corporate whole;
 Your Serious Errand has this end to seek,
 You wish to watch, to comment and to praise,
 Now is the Time for you to pause and speak,
 Your Lot the critics' part, while our's the play's.
 And yet no seriousness is so profound
 But JUNE will banish it; no Brow so stern
 But will relax when, word by word, you learn
 What Frolic Treasures here can still be found,
 (a) How Dian's huntress note has filled the Courts,
 Silenus stolen through in Don's Disguise,
 How Some have humorously Won a Prize
 And Others, no Less Funny, bear reports—
 Displaying Masters' Wit in Exclamations.
 E'en YOU YOURSELVES some Chance Amusement bring,
 With filial Joy we watch You, as you fling
 Proud Challenges at Fiercely—Fond Relations:
 'My Boy was Top' 'My Son is Six Foot Three'
 'The Housemaster asked Charlie—twice—to Tea.' . . .

So, HAIL, dear Travellers from a Distant Shore,
 Forget the 'Outlook,' the Financial Times,
 Hitlerian Gibes disturbing northern climes,
 The newly-rich, the still-more-newly-Poor;
 From Politics (and Petulance) abstain,
 From Speculations and Financial Larks—
 The only Marx We search for are full marx,
 The only thing they Tax here is the Brain.

Hail, also, Chairman Sir; aloof, august
 And yet I deem a god with Human Heart,
 How often in Benevolence's part
 Your Hand bestows—and Will Again, I trust.
 Of Your Far-Reaching Kindness they relate

(b) That you, at least, are MASTER OF YOUR FÊTE.

(c) YOU, Sir, a Second Eahlstan we acclaim,
 Warrior and Priest, and now a Sovereign's Friend,
 As He who, by the Purling Parrot, came
 With Word and Sword his Country to Defend.

And You, Fair Sirs, the rulers, nay the Stars,
 Of this our Firmament, we bid You 'Hail'
 Though hidden as you are by mystic veil
 We recognise you often by your Cars
 And know you by your Kindness. Here, 'tis meet,
 We sit in rev'rence due about Your Feet.

These Then, the Royal and the Rich proclaimed,
 Royal in Race and doubly Rich in Heart—
 Those Who, Long since, SHIRBURNIANS have been named,
 Those Who have Lately taken up her Part,
 The Visitors, the Hosts together sit
 While JUNE goes on behind the window-panes—
 Here tender we the wonder and the wit
 Of close and hall, tradition, the remains
 Of ancient Lore—the Fresh, the startling New—
 Here work and leisure, Toil and Cheer you see—
 Here, with Full Arm, we offer up to you
 This golden thing, this Youth's Epitome. . . .
 Eager we give our arm, and for these days
 Time is deposed, and All is Young and Fair,
 As young as Truth the measure of your praise,
 Sincere as noon, and prodigal as air—
 But I wear out the Time that should be Gay,
 So Prologue goes—and, going, cries 'THE PLAY!'

(a) The Blackmore Vale Hunt meets annually in the School Courts.

(b) A Fête was recently held in the Castle Grounds—and with it went the usual accompaniment of a half-holiday.

(c) The Rev. Canon H. W. Blackburne, D.S.O., M.C. Bishop Eahlstan defeated the Danes at the mouth of the River Parrot.