



THE WYKEHAMIST

No. 907]

JULY 4TH, 1945.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING

ROLL OF HONOUR

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Major John George Lucas Hume (H, 1928-32). May, 1945.

WOUNDED.

Major M. W. Holme, M.C. (K, 1931-36), Essex Regiment.

J. R. C. Riley (B, 1939-43), Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards.
April, 1945.

OBITUARY

Brigadier-General G. E. Smith, C.M.G., D.S.O., died on 7th November, 1944. He came to Sunnyside, as it was then called, in 1882 and passed on through Woolwich to a commission in the Royal Engineers. He saw varied service in many places—submarine mining at Gosport and Halifax, military survey work in Uganda, on the Anglo-German Boundary Commission, in the South African war, and in East Africa as Commissioner for the still undemarcated portion of the boundary with German Tanganyika. In 1906 he was appointed Director of Surveys in British East Africa, and in the last war was Director of Works in Italy. A friend writes as follows:—

“We have had many versatile men in the Corps, but few to equal ‘Uganda’ Smith. He was that rare combination—classicist, mathematician and expert player of games. Those of us who knew him will not readily forget his keen zest in life, his well-trained and well-stored mind, and that short, wiry figure with the eye and the hand that worked so well together. As young officers we used to marvel at his card tricks; he was an army champion with the foils; his tennis and golf were really good; and he was an expert fly-fisher and keen sailor. To all this he added the rare accomplishment of being a curler of international fame. He ‘curled’ for England against Scotland and won the Royal Caledonian gold medal in 1923; and was a noted chess player.”

Mr. D. du B. Davidson, who died last May shortly after his retirement from the Ministry of Education, was born in 1883 and came into College from “B” in 1898. He passed on to Balliol in 1903 and entered the Ministry in 1908. During the last war and afterwards he was Secretary of the Royal Commissions on Defence of the Realm Losses and Licensed Trade Claims, and later Secretary of the War Compensation Court and the Admiralty Transport Arbitration Board. At the conclusion of his work for the War Compensation Court, he returned to the Ministry of Education and was appointed Accountant-General in 1937. He was for several years Hon. Treasurer of the Winchester College Mission. He was a fine type of the Wykehamist civil servant—a man of great intellectual ability and the highest ideals of public service. He was not widely known outside his own spheres of work, but old colleagues and friends will miss him greatly.

S. L.

EDITORIAL

There are two rules governing our Editorials: one, that they should not be about the *Wykehamist*; the other we have forgotten. We are now going to break both rules.

Or rather not absolutely, for our intention is to refer to the events of May 8th. It may be objected that these events should have been recorded in our last issue. Surely, it will be said, the Editor must feel like the journalist who was outside the Munich Bürgerbräukeller on November 8th, 1939, and altogether failed to observe that a bomb had exploded inside. Editors of the *Wykehamist* are indeed a forlorn tribe if they are not sufficiently ‘assiduous readers of the more sensational of our evening papers’ to have learnt about the events of VE-Day. Certain correspondents, anonymous and otherwise, have put our silence down to oblivion, somnolence, or mere idleness.

The truth is very different: it is a symbol of something which utterly divides 1945 from 1918. This *Wykehamist* is still a war-time number: it works with its sleeves rolled up; no relaxation, no reclining into the luxury of peace is permitted. Our space is closely confined. Any extraneous matter, any attempt of the Editor to express his views, has to be rigidly excluded; often in the proof stage. Hence the strange confidence which pervades the writer of this nonsense: it will very probably never be read by anyone. In 1918 the dignified periods of an exalted and admirable three-page Editorial told the *Wykehamist* world: “The greater sifter rests from his labours. The winnowing is done . . . Victory is a threshold . . . The scene shifts with the opening of the door.” Such a mood is not possible to the Editor of 1945: the threshold is hardly in sight. There is a world to build, but this is no time for us to indulge in rhetoric. We cannot even here speak of the actual arrangements of VE-Day: the crowded early celebration; the impressive thanksgiving service; the first illumina for many years; the simple but effective Act of Memory in War Cloisters. The exigencies of war, which have already squeezed them out of one issue, keep them excluded from this. Enough has been said.

But to return to the *Wykehamist*: there is no secret as to how it is run. No one, I suppose, imagines secret cabals or fevered eye-shades. The Editors can be seen any day tearing each other’s eyes out on Flint Court for the edification of the curious. “The *Wykehamist*,” said Lionel Johnson, “is a production stereotyped by the touch of the ages: it eschews literature, abhors originality, hates poetry: and Winchester loves to have it so.” Therefore it is right that, although we have mentioned the most notable occurrence of this year, we should preserve silence on the political event which is at hand, the General Election. It is not for us (how wearisome that phrase is becoming!) to produce impassioned pleas for anarchism or communism. The *Wykehamist* is strictly impartial, it is free from all prejudice—that is to say, it is dumb. And now the Editor must return, in Pope’s words, to “discharge the dull duty of an Editor, to his best judgment, with more labour than he expects thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation.”