

MR. WHITTINGTON

On Founder's Day, as the packed congregation was played out of the Church, probably few of them had it in mind that Mr. Charles Whittington was at the organ for his last Founder's Day Service—after being Music Master at the school for no less than 37 years!

In his earlier days, the conditions in which he taught were far from good, and circumstances have never allowed class music to go above the junior forms, which has given him no great scope; yet generation upon generation of boys have got from him sound rudiments and an initial appreciation of what is musically good—or it has been their own fault if they have not.

Mr. Whittington was never a "full-time" master, and though in his later years he taught also at other schools, before that he did much other professional work—private teaching, organist and choirmaster at churches, and so on—but to us he has always given his first loyalty. And when school concerts were on, though it was no part of his duties to do so, he stayed for rehearsals after school, and came back for them in the evenings, often at inconvenience and sometimes, we fear, at actual monetary loss. Yet he never sought the limelight. He was content, on the contrary, to be a tower of strength in accompany-

ing the major works, filling in missing parts, cleverly emphasising an awkward lead, and so forth, so unostentatiously that only the choir and conductor and a few of the very discerning realised his enormous value. Though a trained conductor and a skilful professional musician, he was happy to take the second place, *to give his services*, and to give them where they were the most use. If it is wrong to be generous, then Mr. Whittington has erred greatly.

Musicians are said to be temperamental. He was the exception. Only meanness or ill manners angered him. Essentially genial, he was only too willing to take the rough with the smooth. And, if things went wrong and fate was unkind—as it sometimes was—well, there was his pipe and an armchair, and as long as a man had those, the world wasn't too bad. He had the good fortune too, to have married a lady as pleasant as himself, most finished in her musicianship, whose willing help at school concerts we shall greatly miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittington are leaving Barnet to live at New Milton, near the Solent. We hope they will find there both the friendship and the long and happy retirement that they so richly deserve.

