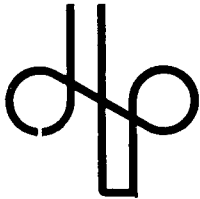




# THE ELIZABETHAN

July 1973 Vol. xxxi No. 3 Issue No. 679



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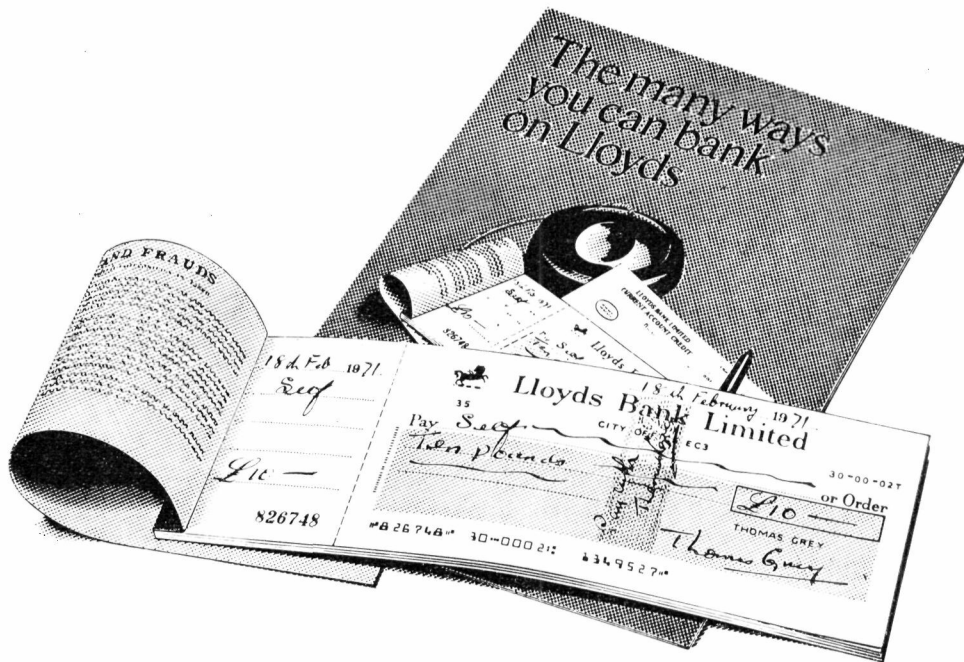
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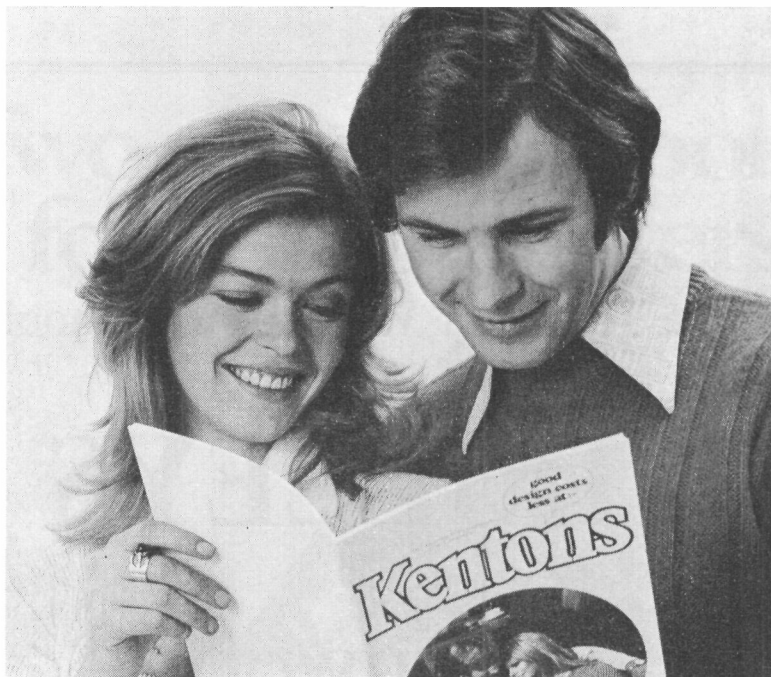
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## Editorial

### The Unimportance of being Earnest

*“A stream of committees, sub-committees, investigative working parties are being appointed with the busy efficiency of a successful bureaucracy,”* proclaimed our predecessors last January.

It is high time we did a Harold Wilson and stood on our heads in the best *Elizabethan* editorial tradition. If for six months new-found faith in organization has been the impression the school has given to outsiders, recantation can hardly come too soon. Let it be announced that, among a majority of people, whatever official manifestos may say, there is still a healthy determination not to take ourselves seriously.

Despite a current rumour that, if a letter bomb were to explode in Singleton’s, anyone standing near would be suffocated in the reams of official documents and yards of red tape which would come cascading forth, on the whole people have come to terms with “the headache of modern day existence” [*sic*] and have learnt to abuse bureaucracy rather

than allow it to use them. A comprehensive food survey by the College Hall Committee (about as comprehensive as a form for making an Income Tax return) had to admit the answers were not altogether satisfactory. Among bright new suggestions were Trout with Almonds, Haggis, and (with apologies to the caterer) Rook Pie.

So we present an *Elizabethan* primarily for you to enjoy. If you find it bears too close a resemblance to a comic, we apologize. If you don’t like the cover, we console you with the reminder that you only have to suffer one more edition from the present editors, and then there will be a chance to return to “a more mature approach”. We hope this issue will not appear to Old Westminsters to be degenerate. (It won’t be too surprising if this is the case. As one of them put it, “Degenerate is a healthy Old Westminster word for anything invented after the reign of Edward VII”.)

Perhaps the question we should be asking, if we should be asking such questions at all, is, "Where do people here direct their attention?". In writing rubbish such as this? Hardly. As usual, no one seems to want to write for *The Elizabethan*. In Debating Soc.? Well, thirty people turned up for the motion "Woman bears the greater responsibility for Original Sin". The Extra Curricular Affairs Committee, who spend their time finding excuses for not giving away money to those who think they have something worthwhile to spend it on, rejected a well sponsored appeal for a teacher in Classical Chinese but gave a donation to Backgammon Soc. Any religious revival seems limited to a reading on St. Valentine's Day and a steady single-figure turn-out for voluntary Abbey on Fridays. We had a School Sports. If any potential Evelyn Waugh was there, he was provided with plenty of material. The gun went off occasionally, but no one was killed. John Locke Soc. continues to be well attended. Is it because it takes place within school hours? A Junior School

Council comes up with the odd bright idea, a holiday house in the Lakes, a Court of Appeal for punishments; but there is still the suspicion that in many cases the television reigns in the lower school during the afternoon.

LIFE goes on, of course. People still tend to get het up about Private Studies and too many sausages and baked beans. Scandal is in alarmingly short supply. Not since the 1770's have Westminster boys been "tried for an assault on a man in Dean's Yard where they beat and wounded him in a most shocking manner". The number of eccentrics seems to be growing smaller, while the Sixth form pseud set grows larger. We like to know what others think about us, but we don't really care about their opinions. Here is an *Elizabethan* for you to throw in the dustbin or, if you feel that way inclined, to read and enjoy. To the Old Westminsters we say, "Sorry". To those of today, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow it's 'A' levels".

Timothy Gardam

*"Boys are probably going to be given a part in controlling the administrative aspects of most artistic projects, which is likely to encourage greater interest as well as being an excellent educative exercise."*

Again we quote from the last issue's editorial. Again we must question it. Perhaps several artistic projects are flourishing quietly under the auspices of the College Hall Committee, but the visible events of the past few months leave unanswered one important question begged by the above passage: amongst whom is this interest being encouraged? Indeed the twenty-one boys who sit on the various committees are being educated, perhaps interested, by their duties. But what effect has there been on the school lives of the other 446? The minutes of the E.C.A. Committee join the announcements of Deb. Soc. on the House Notice Boards, to be defaced with equal speed and lack of wit. We now know that 57 per cent of us dislike boiled potatoes, and that chess clocks cost £6 each; which facts are doubtless

designed to increase our sense of involvement. They may do.

But if this involvement is going to increase in terms of action, we need more than statistics. Notice however, the "if". Over the last few years it has been assumed by the powers-that-be that such an increase would be desirable, that a nine-to-four school is not what we want here at Westminster. The audience may be bored by a play or a concert, but no one questions the principle that such activities are to be encouraged. A few dissident grumbles were heard over the production of *Fidelio* in 1971, as grossly exaggerated estimates of the cost circulated freely. Announcements of new boats at Putney raise a few disgruntled eyebrows. But no united front has yet been presented that would question the whole

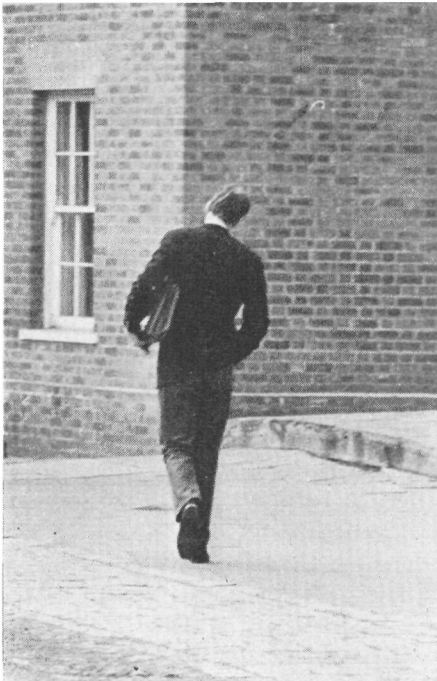


# Westminster Notes

*The Gossip Column you can trust*

principle of “Extra Curricular Activities”. Watermen will criticize *Fidelio*, musicians new boats. But few are, at the moment, so detached from every activity that they will question them all alike. In a few of the following articles we will be considering some individual activities—sport, drama, music, etc.—here at Westminster, and asking what value and place they have, or should have, in our school lives. But such a discussion can all too easily become worthless; few watermen will criticize Water, few musicians *Fidelio*. We have therefore tried, in asking people to write on these subjects, to choose those who are interested and knowledgeable in their particular sphere, but who are not so firmly committed either way, whether in reputation or fact, as to produce a biased appraisal. It will be noticed, furthermore, that we are not trying to compare the value of different activities, or to give them relative priorities; rather to consider each by itself and on its own merits. *Iam satis promisi, nunc ad promissa.*

Robin Griffith-Jones



*Photo: Martin Parnwell*

As a result of the May Day strike, in which London Transport were involved, the 1st XI's cricket fixture on that date with the London Transport XI had to be cancelled, “owing to Industrial Action”.

\* \* \*

We hear a sum of money has been put aside for a new literary magazine at Westminster. We welcome this innovation, for it really is high time there was a place for such literate Westminsters as exist to publish their work if they feel it is worth reading. Unfortunately *The Elizabethan* is not a perfect medium for this. It is felt necessary that we should show some awareness of the outside world and all too often a serious poem looks rather out of place at the bottom of a rather banal Sports Report.

\* \* \*

Boys entering the Sixth next September have decided in numbers greater than ever before to study the sciences for “A” level. In fact it seems that there may not be enough space to accommodate all of them. Accordingly the Science Block is to be pulled down.

\* \* \*

No. 20 Dean's Yard, which has been vacant for three years, is still a touchy subject between the School and the Abbey. The School have repeatedly offered to buy it with a view to using it for, chronologically, the Head Master's House, a Library, a temporary Science block. The Abbey have consistently rejected all approaches. Meanwhile the fourteenth-century frescoes inside have increasingly mouldered, the costs of repair have, we hear, risen to over £40,000, and the building is in a dangerous condition. At least the Conservative Government didn't have to deal with the risk of Centre Point falling down.

\* \* \*

The junior school is being given ample opportunity to let off steam. It is taken up precipitous mountains *en masse* one week-end a term, and has been given a Council in which it can fire questions at authority. Any question that might cause embarrassment has to be written down beforehand.



*Photo: Martin Parnwell*

A College Hall spokesman has informed us that over the past year the school has consumed 22,050 yoghourts, 2,900 lb. of cheese, and 18,375 bananas; 2,450 lb. of baked beans have also been used. In fact it is rumoured that it is upon the stability of the price of baked beans that the school's economic security depends.

\* \* \*

The Head Master has bought a pair of sunglasses (see above), and a country cottage near Oxford, which is reputed to have only two bedrooms.

\* \* \*

The School Store is unable to divulge any of its secrets concerning its sales. This is because those involved have absolutely no idea themselves. However, on a rough estimate, 6,520 Mars Bars are consumed a year, and, despite popular demand, it still refuses to stock smokers' toothpowder.

\* \* \*

Once again our social consciences are being aroused. Immigrant English and Social Work Guilds are flourishing, and Task Force is to stage a Christmas Party up School. To round off this array of altruism, Mr. Martin is organizing a Sponsored Walk for Waterford School in South Africa. Some were afraid that the name of the school might lead to confusion with certain goings-on on the other side of the Atlantic. There was a distinct possibility, they said, that it might look as if Westminster was contributing to Republican Party funds.

\* \* \*

The kind bequest in the will of A. A. Milne could bring the school £15,000 a year in Royalties. What about an ever-flowing Honey Pot at tea, so that Westminsters eating their toast would for ever have their benefactor's name on the "tips of their tongues"?



## “For the sake of appearances . . .”

How do other people see us? It is a question worth asking. Around Westminster, we have a whole breed of people who have a close-up, dare we say intimate, view of life in Little Dean's Yard. We probably come across them every day of our lives but, being Westminsters, are far too busy to notice them. They are in fact the people who make our lives tick over as they do. They are always about and so we take them as part of the landscape, but what we don't realize is that, even if we never think of them, they have plenty of views about us.

So hiding a tape recorder under my coat, I went out looking for these people. There they were as usual, waiting like lambs for the slaughter. We didn't have to look far. Out of Dean's Yard, under the arch, was the man who works the barrier in his peaked cap. As we approached, he was politely dealing with a group of American tourists who were convinced he was a policeman. We started talking: “What do I think of the boys? Well, I see most of them here. They come in and out, and their parents. . . .”

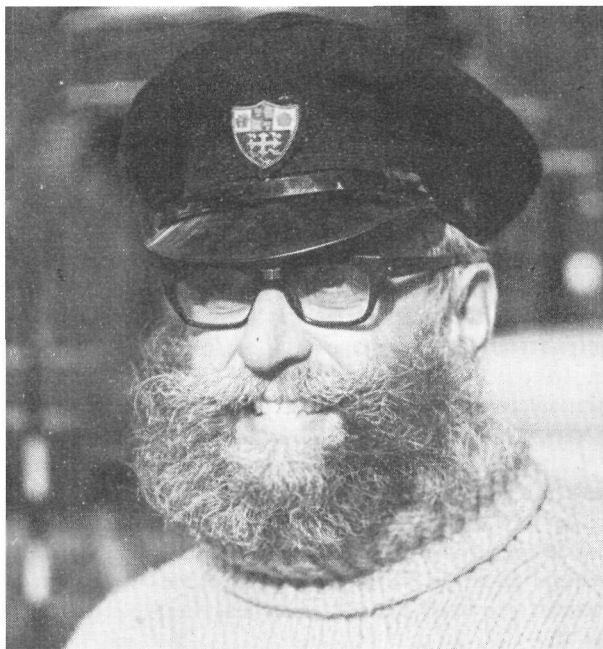
That was too good an opportunity to miss, “What do you think of the parents?”

“By and large, very nice people. By and large; there are one or two rude; really, I mean, they seem to think they have a right to come in here without telling us who they are. They expect us to recognize them all the time, and when we ask who they are, well, frankly, they take umbrage at the fact that they have to identify themselves. But, as I say, that is very isolated. By and large, they just say they have a boy at the school and we . . . accommodate them.”

Well, fairly productive, but where else could we go? The Abbey Bookshop? It was worth a try. Crammed as it was, I saw one assistant whom I thought I recognized:

“Well, they buy Birthday Cards. Books? You'd better ask Christine about *books*; I don't have anything to do with that side. I don't know about *them*.” Perhaps Christine had a more favourable view of literature. At the Birthday Card counter, I had obviously been unwise mentioning such things as books.

“Don't know, really. Mostly Penguin Classics to crib their prep. They all seem to ask for the same book at once and we run out. Anything in parti-



cular? Gawain and the Green Knight it was last term.”

So far people had been fairly reticent. Perhaps they were afraid of the tape recorder, perhaps they found us rather boring. It wasn't through lack of acquaintance; they knew us a mile off; you could see it from a funny look that came into their eyes as soon as Westminster was mentioned. If we wanted drama, the most obvious place to go was the Vitello d'Oro. Looking back on it, this was silly; but it had interesting possibilities at the time.

At first things went well: “Oh well, you've got the tape recorder. The boys? Is all right, for me is all right. Sometime, sometime is some is verra naughty. Oh, they putta the salt in the sugar, the sugar inna the salt. They used to—to do a lot a mess. They in here all the morning with sandwich, tea, coffee. But I no mind, no, no.” Then we turned to Maria. “What do you think of the boys, Maria?” “Nothin'”. This was not encouraging. “Don't you think anything of them?” Maria was obviously feeling uncom-

municative. "Nothin', nothin'." Perhaps a more direct question would do the trick, "What's wrong with them?" This was unwise. "You getta out." She made for the tape recorder in the most threatening manner. "Would you be glad if they never came again?" That funny look which we'd noticed before came into her eyes. Suddenly she made a lunge. We fled.

Perhaps the Army and Navy would be more civilized. It was, but not nearly so exciting. The general attitude was the stock "boys will be boys, and though the elder ones tended to be b . . . arrogant the little ones were very sweet". This was not too successful, and so where else should we go? The Abbey was the obvious answer.

I approached the office of Algie Greaves, the Dean's verger. On the way, I asked one of the ordinary vergers if he had any opinions: "I have no wish to say anything; and, even if I was so inclined, I am strictly prohibited to do so. If you wish to receive an official statement, please see Mr. Greaves, the Dean's verger. Good day."

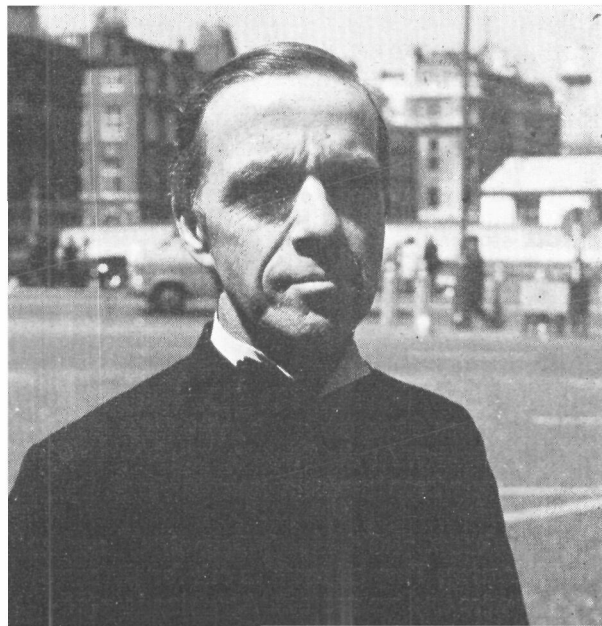
Well, the least I could do was to follow his advice. I knocked on the door of a tiny office and went in. It was surrounded on all sides by obscure books on obscure details of the Abbey, and decorated with numerous sports cuttings from old newspapers: "Can Ramsey ignore Greaves any longer?", "Greaves hits them for six", and the like. I told him what I was on about and took a seat for an enchanting twenty minutes, the atmosphere of which it is impossible to describe here.

"Now, let me brag a bit. I've been here about twenty-eight years. As for the question, 'Have the boys changed?', I can only answer that by thinking of those I have come across. I think some are excessively nice. I think some are excessively rude. You see, they suffer from being at Public School; it's either arrogance or sheer bad manners; but they don't change much. They very rarely come to Abbey on Sunday now, and I remember when they used to come and read their books all through the sermon. I've got to know boys, though in a casual way. We've had common interests—not that we were bosom friends or anything like that . . ."

I asked him if he thought that, as their dress had changed, their attitude had changed too. "Well, I

hoped you would ask that. You see, before five years ago, you would never see a boy walking round Dean's Yard in pink trousers and a bit of leather round his head, or hair anything like the length of yours; not that I'm saying that this shouldn't be. Of course, before the War, they walked around in top hat and tails. Well nothing could be more ludicrous than that; but after all nothing could be more ludicrous than pink trousers. But as for a change of their dress leading to a change in their attitude, I think that is a very wrong idea, whether it's pink trousers and bits of leather or not. You see, it's a matter of self-expression, and I think it does a boy good to dress how he feels. A lot of people come into the Abbey, perhaps Americans, with hair almost down to their waists and with all sorts of odd things on; they are some of the nicest people I've met. I think it is a very wrong idea judging a boy by the length of his hair, don't you?"

We chatted on for some time, lots of odd stories and observations coming up. For instance, he felt he couldn't criticize the boys from the school in view of some of the foreigners who come into the Abbey. "Some of the visiting boys, you wonder why



they bother to come at all. The Abbey, you see, is its own worst enemy; too famous for its own good. Some treat it almost with contempt. Mind you, we come down on these like a ton of bricks. They haven't sufficient brains to know where they are. They light a cigarette or shout to each other; come in eating ice creams or drinking horrible stuff out of tins. Their attitude—I don't think they've got one."

"Has the change of Head Masters led to any change over the years that you have noticed?"

"I daren't say that. I've got two-and-a-half more years to serve. If I said that, I'd be thrown out tomorrow. I must say I've got on remarkably well with all four."

He liked the boys around the Abbey. "I mean you have sometimes to ask the masters to remind the boys that chairs are to sit on and not to walk over, but you always get the prize clot anywhere. As for scandals to remember . . . One morning the Dean came into my office and said, 'Whose pyjamas are those on the flag mast?' All I could think of was they weren't mine. I said, 'Well, I wouldn't know'. We've had the odd awkward moment, but nothing very dreadful."

Just before I went, he returned to the point he made before. "You can so easily give the wrong impression. I don't want to be facetious, but it's this long hair. If anything annoys me more than anything else, it is judging a boy's character because his hair is long. It bears no resemblance to his character whatsoever. Some of the nicest boys I've ever met have had long hair. So what?"

Late that night, when the gates of Little Dean's Yard were closed to the outside world, we approached the imposing figure of Mr. Hutchins, the night watchman on the gate, looking like a cross between King Lear and Captain Haddock in *Tintin*. With his Alsatian on a lead frothing at the mouth, he started to talk.

"Some boys don't go out except with organized parties; but a lot of the older ones wander in and out most nights. Have I met up with anyone late at night? It hasn't happened for the past year or so. The dog at one time used to go round the cloisters and then it stopped and would go no further. Its hackles rose and for some unknown reason I had to drag it past a certain spot. I don't know what the

reason was, I'm sure. I don't believe in ghosts and I don't think the dog does either. But there was nothing there at all. As for coming upon any boy out late in the cloisters, well I have to be very discreet. There have been incidents, shall we say, where there has been surprise—surprise on both sides. One funny incident I remember. Two boys came in and signed their names, and I thought no more about it. About 1 a.m. I looked at the board and I looked at their names, and thought 'That's funny. W. Conqueror. Who's he?' Whoever it was got away with it, for we never traced him. As for getting the odd early riser, that's a thing that doesn't bother most of our boys. There is always a bit of a scene at the end of term after closing time. Not trouble exactly, because of course one expects boys to behave like boys. I find it more amusing than anything. I remember a window being left open and I went round there after a policeman had seen boys disappearing into the same room via another window. Well, the boys may have disappeared in, but they never emerged the other side! But boys are nearly all in by midnight, and I personally am very proud of the boys. This is one of my sore points; many people criticize them, sometimes pretty savagely, especially the Abbey staff, but the same boys come back years later to see me and so prove my point, that these people are all wrong."

The last visitation was to Mrs. Richardson, who first came to Dean's Yard in 1915. When she was on the verge of moving out in 1952, John Carleton got to hear; so she stayed on to mend the laundry in Grant's, and has been here ever since. We talked for an hour; there was so much she wanted to say; and, because of her manner of telling, one just had to keep quiet and listen.

"You've all changed, you know. When you came back from the War, it was all different. No top hats, no tail coats, everything became very easy going. No discipline any more, that's the difference really. All the boys have got smaller too. They don't look any younger, mind. But think of all the tiny ones you see trotting around now. Imagine them in top hats and coats; just imagine! Mind you, they are not so stuck up as they were. Noses in the air and very county some of them were before the War. They were very aware of their own position. It's the clothes,

you know. They are more casual now, and they don't behave like they used to. Ten years ago, if you were to walk through on your way to Grant's' matron, they would all stand up for you; but they don't do that any more."

We went back to the time when they dug up Green to put in water tanks during the War, in case the Abbey caught fire. "And all the ducks used to come from St. James's Park and make themselves at home in them." Back to the days before the War, "when you wouldn't find the son of any business man here. I'll tell you one bit of scandal," she said. I waited expectantly. "Oh no, I won't. I'd better not."

"Go on" I said.

"Well, I suppose it can't hurt now. Bombadier Billy Wells, the boxer; but I suppose you wouldn't remember him. He sent his son here, just before the War, and there wasn't half a row. Wasn't the done thing, the old boys said. But he settled down all right. And I'll tell you something else. During the War, when my son was out in Suez, he met the son and they started talking. 'Where do you live, then?' Wells asked. 'In Dean's Yard,' said my son. 'Oh', says Wells, 'I know Dean's Yard. I went to school there.' 'No!', my son said. 'You must have been one of the toffs in top hat and tails.'

"Another thing, I had a cat, called Jumbo, boss

of Dean's Yard he was; and the first week of the holidays he used to sulk because, when the boys were there, they would stoop down and stroke him on the way to lessons. I don't know any of the masters now," she said. "I knew John Carleton of course and I still see him sometimes."

"I can't see what you can see in life nowadays. No incentive to work any more that I can see. Why, when I was your age, there was everything to be gained! There is no discipline any more. Everything is new and different now. I'm 77. I'm too old to change."

Just before I left, she brought out a press cutting. It announced the wedding of James Lascelles in a way only the *Daily Express* know how. "I'm so glad they didn't say he had been at Westminster: it would have been too embarrassing. But the old place doesn't really change much, you know. It plods on just like it always did, like Old Father Thames." It was lunchtime. "'bye, 'bye", she said. "Be careful what you publish of all that. You don't want me lynched now, do you?"

There you are then. You may never notice them, but they see enough of you. It is comforting to note that, whatever our appearance and whatever people may say, those who really know us wouldn't have us much different. They all thought us a bit of a joke.

Timothy Gardam



# D'you remember?

"Truly," said Pélérin, settling himself in the spacious armchair, "our soul is a torrid violet canyon, where the brief, ephemeral blooms of the Psyche are immediately devoured by the birds, shrieking and skating over the slippery clay. Where cliffs oppressive, obsessive, face each other across a ravine and make the darkness in between boom with time and the force of their hatred. Where the harsh granite mountain tops, open to the sky, are smoothed far lower into nectarine hills and tumbling greenways which catch the rain in purple tarns or gaily kiss the surface of the sea. . . ."

Oh yes, we would walk for hours up there, talking or singing old songs of the mournful grey ocean. Sometimes he would stop, and, staring down upon the roof of the jungle hundreds of feet below, would be moved beyond speech, until with a sigh he would turn, and not caring if we followed or not, walk on, murmuring one of those old Provençal ballads of his boyhood. I think it was in those times that we got to know him best, if indeed we ever knew him at all . . .

When I am a child again,  
I will live with two owls in the boughs of trees  
In an evergreen wood,  
And as the sun falls golden in the evening  
We will sit with a pipe and talk of Old  
Times.

Of how I listened to music and tried to discern truth in what I heard. "You're drunk", she said, uncertainly. "No—just eccentric, and that's all right," he murmured.

"Oh you—!" she cried, fear and hatred mingling in her voice, "you're just the same as all the others, you, you . . . adolescent!" The word fell into the sudden silence, rattling like a bucket in a well; then, with the dull thud of the final self-criticism, exploded into a myriad streamers and lights until all that was left was a flaccid cliché, smelling of decay.

Crush an epigram in your hand; sprinkle lightly with rhetoric and put in the fridge until ready to serve. Then a twist of sermon, and voilà, Homily Neapolitan!

We pushed . . . but then the current got hold of the little boat and we were spinning downstream, until, almost suddenly, we were thrust into a long meander and were able to reflect a little. . . the

stream of Consciousness, upon whose now placid waters we were drifting, has its source in the mountains of Imagination—a frightening place by all accounts, though I have never been there.

But no writing now—a day in bed, and with the cream of mushroom soup a letter from my friend, soft English sounds, old as a Celtic slab. . . .

Sleep riding home, dear heart, upon a bus, blood red as kippers, I saw, or thought I did, among the beer-drinking, afternoon-out pub-crawl, slap'n'tickle, dirty-laughing neighbours, a youth like you or I: all dressed in navy blazer, flannel shorts, divining rods wound into his yellow hair, and feet sticking clay-coloured from his holey socks. An aura of serenity seemed to play about him, leaping like trout upon a rod, but when he turned I knew his face for hideous death; then I felt alone and vulnerable, reaching, frantic almost to hear a smutty joke or feel the sweaty glove of life slap me in the face once more. Transfixed as pine trees when the woodman's axe begins to bite, I saw him come down the swaying aisle, his smiling eyes on mine—he sat beside me and laid a skeletal hand upon my knee while from his mind vile whispers made their presence felt like maggots inside my ears. I wished with all my might to scream, but no sound came, until, with effort heavy as an ocean wave, I asked him—final song dripping grey as blood from my grey lips, I asked him.

Without a word this learned counterfeiter Death put a cigarette in my mouth and with steady hands and steady smile he lit it, pleased, it seemed, to see me inhale the yellow smoke: then bending down he kissed me twice and once upon my head, his touch as snow, causing my eyes to blurr. . . .

So much for Death—immortal concept—a stained glass window above the altar of the soul; so much for life—a Dresden candle on the cloth, gleaming for a while on red and fine gold tracing from an old Italian frame; so much for art—the temple *entier* that gives the others unity and meaning; and that leaves only the fourth element of the soul—love. The stones of which the walls of art are made? or else the candle's wick; perhaps the light outside that makes the window glow? or just a pretty pattern on the winding-sheet.

James Chatto

## Where has Pol. & Lit. Soc. gone?—

—not to mention *Debating*, William Thomas, Jeremy Bentham, Robert Hooke, *Poetry, Music, and probably several others.*

“To be truly great a work of art must appeal to the masses . . . All welcome.” So Deb. Soc. announced its first meeting this term. “Rubbish”, “What for?”, “You must be joking”; so the masses replied. Mr. Jack Ashley M.P., when he came to talk last summer to Pol. & Lit. Soc., said that he was pleasantly surprised that so many boys should stay inside to listen to him when they could be playing football on Green. The thirteen people in the audience—the Secretary of the Society, the Head of School Task Force, Mr. D. Brown, Mr. Howarth, and nine who had just left the Deb. Soc. meeting next door—looked embarrassed. In the winter term Music Soc. got off to an impressive start in Ashburnham Library. Last term it sank to an inglorious (if, as we hope, temporary) tedium in the Music Room. Poetry Soc. failed to attain even that distinction; it just sank. Why? Why the small audiences, the bored audiences, the “Frankly-this-is-awful” audiences? The Societies Report in the last *Elizabethan* said that “it would be a pity if after the great revival Westminster were to sink back into apathy once more”. But whose fault is it if this is happening? The Societies’ or the audiences’?

Mr. Ashley realized the possible distractions from a society meeting at 5.15 p.m. The John Locke Soc., which has retained high levels of audience, may well have solved that problem by meeting at noon, when boys are in the school anyway. The more exclusive Wine Soc. and Chamberlain’s Men often meet in the evenings during prep., when boys are again in the school. Amongst the distractions are, indeed, often other Society meetings. The only meetings of Pol. & Lit. Soc. and the Classical Soc. last term took place on the same afternoon. With Orchestra taking up every Monday, Choral Soc. every Wednesday, and Film Soc. most Fridays, the other, less regular, Societies are restricted to very few afternoons, or else must expect small audiences; and the E.C.A. Committee deserves yet another mention in this issue for having its two meetings last term on the same days as the two planned Deb. Soc. meetings, both of which had therefore to be cancelled, since several of the speakers were members of the Committee. In general, then, one may do better to avoid the 5.15 spot; but in that case when does one hold the meetings. If later, what about the day-boys?

But in talking of distractions we must ask why they distract. Why do not the Societies rather distract boys from those other activities? Granted that the school day has ended only a short time before, might not boys be prepared to devote another hour-and-a-half, perhaps three times a term, to a talk that will further their knowledge and provoke their thoughts? Or does the fault lie rather with the Societies themselves (in the form of their secretaries), who invite people who are just not interesting? Is it that this school is so exam-centred that anything outside a syllabus can be ignored? We might say that boys *should* be interested in Jack Ashley or the greatness of art. Indeed successive secretaries of Deb. Soc. have refused to pander to the masses. “Let those who are interested come, however few they may be, and good riddance to the others.” But is this the function of a Society? Are they there to satisfy the whims of their secretaries or to interest the school as a whole? A problem does indeed arise when the powers that be think that the boys ought to be interested. But if they are not, announcements in the almanack will not make them; there will just be yet another small audience.

So far I have assumed that the meetings are interesting—and indeed how am I to judge finally that they are not? I can resort only to general opinion. On occasions this makes itself keenly felt. At the first Deb. Soc. meeting this term the subject due to be discussed appeared to interest thirteen people apart from the speakers and chairman; the speeches clearly did not. The meeting broke up after half-an-hour and the Secretary resigned. And in its repercussions on the Society this incident is not closed. For, just as a majority of the thirty people who went to the debate on the T.U.C. never came again, so one must doubt whether many of the thirteen who came this time will risk another such fiasco; and not necessarily because they are not interested in the subject due for discussion, but rather because the memory of the last meeting jars so bitterly that they do not intend to devote another afternoon to what may be similarly disastrous. For a Society builds up good, or bad, will. The old Divinity lectures were in bad repute; and, although many claimed to see through the change of name to John Locke Society, and indeed some early talks were of dubious interest,





the Society has now developed a sufficient reputation to attract large audiences on a wide range of subjects. Enoch Powell was a success in this respect through being so well known; likewise, perhaps, Cardinal Heenan and Judge Argyle. But Angus Wilson on Charles Dickens and John Hargreaves on Computerization were equally well attended. And, since their talks were interesting, one can expect the large audiences to continue. Pol. & Lit. Soc. has never quite established this degree of reputation; of course the "big names" attract many people—as Lord Longford, Vic Feather, and this term Jeremy Thorpe—

but less well-known figures are not so successful. Let it be noticed, however, that Anthony Howard, in a very well publicized talk last term, was heard by a great many people. Perhaps the title of this article does the Society an injustice. I hope so.

But, as I have hinted above, for this goodwill to be maintained, the talks themselves must be interesting. Here there are two possible stumbling-blocks—the interest of the speaker and that of the subject. The former is of course less easy to guarantee, but public opinion could be more successfully gauged in the latter, as I shall attempt to explain shortly. How can

one know whether a speaker will speak well? Only by personal experience or hearsay. And whilst Enoch Powell can be expected to do so, on many occasions one has to take a leap in the dark and hope. Pol. & Lit. Soc. can invite public figures whose fluency is well known; the more specialized and academic societies face a greater problem. The Classical Society has in the past had meetings where the speakers were unfortunately all but inaudible. Over the last year, however, all three speakers have spoken interestingly on interesting subjects; and, despite the erudition and specialized nature of the latter, the attention of the audiences, which have by no means consisted entirely of Classicists, has been firmly held. Music Soc. may be able to advertise excellent pieces of music, but the quality of the performance can, and sometimes has, destroyed all such potential. Their problems are increased by the fact that almost all professional musicians charge fees; the Society has applied, successfully, for a grant from the E.C.A. Committee to pay these. It is perhaps unfortunate that in the more specialized societies, such as the William Thomas and Classical, one may have to invite the speaker and leave him to announce his subject. For this reason, if no other, the Classical Society is indeed wise to make sure that boys will attend before even inviting the speaker.

But as regards subjects for discussion, I feel that the societies could vastly improve their system. In the Classical department there is, perhaps, an element of moral compulsion to come, in one's being asked publicly before a proposed meeting whether or not one will attend. Avoid that; but have a formal membership of societies, as the boys of the Classical department are of the Classical Society. These members would vote on whether to invite any particular person to speak, and, if possible, on the subject on which he or she is going to be asked to speak, and on the suitability of various dates. And having done so, these members would be committed to attend (other boys being, of course, allowed and encouraged to attend also). When it was announced that Deb. Soc. was to become democratic, that the audience at one meeting was to vote on the motion for the next, attendances rose dramatically. At present the emphasis in the school is on involvement. If boys are to be involved in Societies, let not the Secretaries of those Societies

arbitrarily decide what boys will, or should, want to hear. Let boys not feel that they are being presented with a Society meeting, take it or leave it, like the boiled eggs at breakfast; rather that they have been consulted, that they are members of the Society, with the privilege of inviting whom they would like to hear, and with the duty, if not again the privilege, to listen, if that person accepts their invitation.

Robin Griffith-Jones

## Poem

Time is deceived here—  
 In this wintry field.  
 The world is caught, like a fly in amber,  
 Caught in the deathly clasp of  
 An eternal sleep.

Over these dull wastelands  
 Claw the purple bramble stems  
 Frozen in a death agony,  
 Embracing a slumbering tree  
 That flings its contorted arms  
 At the air  
 And shatters the icy sky.

The clean sweep of the horizon's back  
 Gashes the heavens across  
 In a silent gesture of supreme defiance,  
 Caught like a fly in amber.

The cold bites deep into my flesh  
 And pulls me into shadow,  
 Caught in mid-movement  
 Like the solitary magpie  
 That flaps with frozen langour  
 Through that frozen moment—  
 Its harsh croak  
 Hanging eternally on the air  
 Caught—like a fly in amber.

William Dawkins

# What is a University Looking For?

*From the Senior Tutor, Selwyn College, Cambridge.*

My brief is to try to describe the sort of candidate a university is looking for nowadays. To do this presents a problem at the outset, because I have to decide whether in a short article to attempt an outline of what university selectors in all subjects and in all universities are looking for, or whether I should write more parochially and give a Cambridge view. I have opted for the latter, partly to use my own experience, and partly because to attempt the former would lead to an article so full of generalities and qualifications as to be of little help to anyone. Nevertheless, I think much of what I have to say is of general application. I am writing, of course, about the entry to undergraduate courses in a university and not about the different arrangements associated with the admission of postgraduate students.

A university is a place for the training of the mind and the provision of opportunities to exercise intellectual curiosity in a wide sense. Against this background, candidates and selectors have always to remember that a university career is not necessarily the most appropriate way of spending the years of one's life between 18 and 22, even if all hurdles of 'A' level and so forth are well cleared. There is, in any case, very considerable variety in the full range of Higher and Further Education in this country, and much of it is outside the universities. Some university subjects are particularly associated with the professions—like Law, Medicine, Engineering—but university teachers in most disciplines would argue—at least in principle—that the study of nearly all subjects can be considered as providing a "general education" that does not necessarily lead to a specific career. This view is also in line with the tendency (indeed the necessity) for graduates today to seek employment over a much wider range of occupations than employers and graduates formerly thought appropriate.

University selectors are certainly looking for candidates of good character with academic ability, intellectual curiosity, evidence of a capacity for hard work, and of motivation to sustain the advanced study of some discipline. Selectors find it rather harder to judge a candidate's potential for a non-school subject, such as Law or Architecture, and then they are normally obliged to assess academic



ability in terms of achievement in school subjects. Selectors will look with more favour on a thorough understanding of the principles of work undertaken at school as part of normal sixth-form courses, and with less favour on—perhaps immature—attempts to anticipate university courses. Initiatives by candidates will be noted carefully; for instance, has a prospective modern linguist taken the opportunities open to him to visit the countries of his languages? Or has a prospective engineer taken any opportunities to obtain some industrial experience during school holidays or by day visits or simply by talking to those now in the profession? Candidates should

set out to be generally well-informed about the universities they apply to and, as a minimum requirement before interview, should have gathered what they can from a university prospectus.

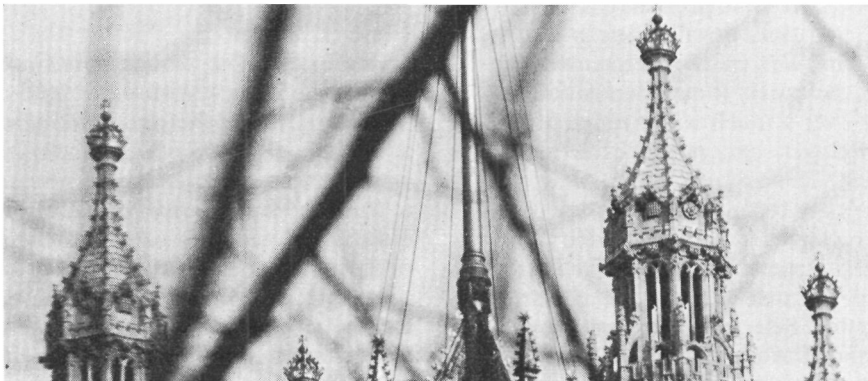
Academic ability, with the possible exception of the very brightest, is not usually the only criterion for selection. This is perhaps especially so in a collegiate university in which, in effect, Admissions Tutors help to create communities of (say) 300 to 400 by their annual decisions. Good (but not outstanding) academic ability combined with talent in games, in music, or in drama, for example, carries some weight. It provides some evidence, for instance, that a candidate has already had experience in organizing priorities between his work and play. The ability to work alone, and in the face of the distractions of the many other activities a university has to offer, is of considerable importance in making a success of a degree course. On the other hand—and possibly in contrast to former times—talent in activities outside the academic cannot now be properly put forward as the candidate's primary claim on a university place. To admit such a candidate may in any case be unfair to other and better qualified candidates, and further it can lead to a very unsatisfactory situation in which someone is struggling in an academic environment for which they are unsuited.

Personal contact between selector and candidate takes place at interview and, whilst this is plainly important, its weight in the admissions procedure

should not be over-emphasized. For entry to Cambridge, for instance, selectors normally have the evidence of a school record and report, 'A' level results (obtained or in prospect), and commonly a performance in the Colleges' Joint Examination. Thus an interview is only one piece of information in five. Nevertheless some schoolboys do not do themselves justice at interview because they fail to recognize it for what it is: a conversation with an adult. The pattern of any general interview is likely to be similar—the candidate is expected to talk about his work and interests, inside and outside school, and what his hopes and ambitions are for the future. It amounts to a conversation, but in my experience some university candidates of 17 and 18 lack serious conversational practice. As a test of this boys in the sixth form might care to ask themselves how many times during last week (or maybe during last month) they have had an uninterrupted conversation of at least a quarter of an hour with a person of (say) twice their age. I believe a certain lack of conversational practice arises because it is nowadays fairly unfashionable to talk to one's parents (never mind uncles and aunts) and indeed anyone who is not a near-contemporary in age.

To sum up very briefly, I would say that a university selector has a particular eye for genuine enthusiasm for (but not necessarily extensive knowledge of) the subject the candidate says he wants to read at university.

David Harrison



*Photo: Martin Parnwell*



*Photo: Charles Clover*

## Drama at Westminster

A review of the rôle of drama at Westminster over the past seven or eight years involves sifting through a kaleidoscope of memories and risking some highly personal generalizations. I would be more confident of my judgements if I were myself a man of the stage; but in fact a philistine schooling and a certain self-consciousness made me for many years prejudiced against the theatre, and for this reason I have not been involved in any Westminster production. Thus, though my personal background perhaps makes for objectivity, I think of myself as an outsider.

Undoubtedly school life during the period I am considering would have been the poorer without the varied forms of dramatic activity. An institution like Westminster particularly needs as many antidotes as possible to the formal techniques of classroom assimilation, and clearly the experience of acting is more dynamic, more extroverted, and more spontaneous than even the most lively moments in the classroom. In short, acting goes some way towards supplementing the psychological legacy of the Prep. School. One might also argue that the group experience makes the boy more sympathetic and less self-centred, though professional actors as a class do not necessarily support this inference. When one also takes into account that acting enables a boy to

be part of a creative act which may well reach some satisfying aesthetic standard, then the importance of acting in the school is manifest.

But character-forming and socially constructive though the operation is, we must remember that only a minority of boys at Westminster does any acting; apart from Drama Guild there is little if any formal attempt to teach boys how to act, and the result is that actors tend to be those with a strong predisposition for it, and inevitably coteries develop. Sadly we mostly ignore in the School at large the opportunity which acting affords of checking or modifying the move towards adolescent self-consciousness. On the other hand the advantages of drama extend far beyond actual acting; a School or House play gives boys experience—in meaningful contexts—of technical and administrative problems, it enables them to meet and work with girls, and to encounter the staff involved on an informal footing.

Few people will dispute that Westminster drama of late has been conducted according to the highest standards. John Field's influence has of course been seminal; his combination of charisma and technical thoroughness means that actors respond positively to him, and all his productions have been marked by animation and inventiveness—out of many enjoyable



## Now we are sick . . . . .

evenings I remember particularly the *Tempest* in Ashburnham Garden and the telescoped production of *Henry VI* plays. He has also mounted with the same success less orthodox productions—*Gloves for Mr. Busby*, a commemorative anthology for John Carleton, *The Wakefield Crucifixion Play* in the Abbey, and he produced Richard Blackford's Opera *The Destruction of Putah*.

But it has been far from a one-man band: there is support in depth in the Common Room; the Chaplain has produced both *Richard II* and *Twelfth Night*. Stewart Murray has annually offered us a Busby House Play, always professionally accomplished; Christopher Martin's *En Attendant Godot*, performed in French some years back, still stands vividly in the memory—and Theo Zinn's Latin Plays could never be said to fall below this high standard. He has the unusual gift of converting the most wooden Classicist into a persuasive stage presence. The host of House plays on a different level reflect the same overall competence.

Particularly indicative of the School's dramatic vigour is the number of boys prepared to produce plays themselves—there has been one this Election Term; and by this criterion one could argue that the high water mark in the last decade were the two plays written and directed by the 16-year-old Stephen Poliakoff—the second of which, *Granny*, sounded authentic from the opening curtain.

After all this can one have reservations? Only, I think, in one's more conservative moments. One worries about the boy actor who thinks he is better than he really is, and renounces conventional academic progress for some precarious provincial Rep. One begrudges a producer the amount of time he takes from a boy's academic life; one is irritated by the occasional prima donna. One detects also a certain irony in a situation where school drama thrives while the adult West End Theatre becomes coarsened and trivialized. But the Westminster boy with his considerable experience of school drama is quick to detect the difference between acting as a mode of communication and acting as commercial exploitation; so in this respect, as in many others, drama makes him better prepared for the adult world.

Jim Cogan

And what did you do when you were young?  
We built a castle out of words.  
And from the turrets, lofty and verbose,  
We emptied boiling epigrams.

Around our castle flowed a moat of cynicism.  
In its dry water blind realism swam.  
A drawbridge of antagonism, hewn with sophistry,  
Protected us from heavy Saxon humour.

And if they ever scaled our wooden words,  
Portulises of eloquence would drop;  
And through them metaphors and maxims shot.  
Aestheticism took its toll with fright.

If they should put their arrows through those grids,  
We had another literary defence.  
A blacksmith's pen had forged with sweat and satire  
Great steel suits of beaten parody.

So lightly polished was this stolen face,  
It dazzled adversaries' eyes.  
So keen was the reflection of themselves  
That through the glare they only caught a glimpse.

Past the ante-chamber where we burnt our friends  
Was a room where a box of spoken word  
Contained our holy grail—sincerity.  
The lock was made of kosher lambs' hearts.

One day we said we'll open up the box  
Even if it means our death.  
The key was kept inside our mouths  
And always ready to be used.

And what did you do when you were young?  
We ate the key.

## Mens Insana?

Although few people would think of Westminster as a "sporting" school in the traditional sense, we do give a surprisingly good account of ourselves, and maintain fixture lists which make few concessions to our relatively small size. In fact, in rowing among the "major" sports, and in tennis and fencing among the "minor" ones, our reputation is considerable. But it must be admitted that we are rarely a match for the larger London schools at football, while cricket is not as popular as it was and loses some talent to other sports, in particular to tennis. Both sports lack the support in depth once provided by a large number of competent players all competing for a team place. We have successful seasons from time to time, but do not produce winning sides with the regularity which builds a reputation in these, the traditional areas of sporting prowess.

If this is a fair picture, two questions pose themselves. The first is whether there is any cause for regret at the general condition of sport at Westminster, and the second whether anything could or should be done to remedy it. It seems to me that the answer to the first question is that attitudes, tastes and values have changed, and also that Westminster has never been particularly concerned about its reputation in this area. It is not that sort of place. As for the second question, there is no disease to be treated and therefore no call for a remedy. There is, however, a good case for improving the organization of sport and the facilities available, and for encouraging higher standards of proficiency.

Several factors have affected the organization of sport in recent years. Although the numbers in the school have increased, the numbers taking part in the major sports (Water is an exception) has fallen as the range of choice has widened. What are traditionally the "minor" sports have expanded in both appeal and capacity. Tennis, Squash, Fives, Fencing, Swimming, Judo, and, a newcomer to the list, Athletics, are all full-time stations, to a large extent mutually exclusive and accommodating more boys than in the past. They have established themselves as clear alternatives to the "major" sports, and now attract a good proportion of the gifted games players. As a result, the pool of talent from which team-players in any one sport are drawn is now smaller, so much so that in some cases conflicts arise between

stations competing for the services of the same individual for matches taking place on the same day. This is the price to be paid for involving greater numbers in representing the school over a wider range of sports, with the result that the versatile games player can now play the prima donna as well if he is so minded.

This shift in the pattern of participation has now probably gone as far as is practicable without radically recasting our physical facilities. It is only in the first two years of a boy's career here that he is restricted to one of the major sports (or Grove Park), and then exceptions are made for those with special promise. During this period he will have the opportunity to try his hand at games which are new to him, and be free at the end of it to exercise his preference by applying for admission to the new station which appeals to him. Inevitably not all preferences can be satisfied, as there is a physical limit to the numbers that can be accommodated. But on the whole it is probably true that most keen games players do what they want to do.

It is in the provision for those who are not so keen, or are not good enough to be selected for the full-time stations, that improvements might well be made. Grove Park, both as a ground and as an institution, has always been the Cinderella of Westminster sport. It is supposed to provide for the needs of those who do not have any particular enthusiasm or talent for the full-time stations, and therefore becomes a sort of dumping ground. Exercise is physiologically necessary and educationally desirable, the argument runs, and Grove Park has been the traditional arena for this part of the curriculum. It remains the least liked and most criticized station among both boys and masters. There have been many improvements since Grove Park was run by a much respected House Master, who was left to do the job practically single-handed. Travel by coach is more convenient and quicker than the rail journey; and more masters now take part in organizing a wide variety of activities for a number of boys which has decreased as other stations have increased their capacity. Now the numbers are more manageable, and the programme involves actually going to Grove Park itself only one day a week, with the other afternoon spent in and around Westminster, the regime



is not really burdensome; there is even some feeling of fraternity among the participants, and a more frequent, though grudging, admission that doing "Grovel" is at least on occasion enjoyable.

But there is still something unsatisfactory about the provision made for the "non-experts". Although it is the rule rather than the exception among London schools to have to travel some 10 miles to playing fields, at Westminster it is not the majority who have to do this but the same minority every week. Various attempts have been made to arrange for Vincent Square footballers and cricketers to use



*Photo: Martin Parnwell*

Grove Park on a rota basis, but the poor state of the pitches and the lack of good drainage have in the end defeated them. The Athletics Club often travels to Grove Park, it is true, but to the City of London's ground, which has a cinder track. For the future, the alternatives are either to spend an enormous sum on improving Grove Park (raised by the sale of part of the ground for building) and to integrate its use with Vincent Square so that potential team players use it as much as those consigned weekly to the outer suburbs, or to dispose of it altogether. The

proceeds of the latter course could be used to improve facilities at Westminster, and our ingenuity applied to accommodating everyone here or at Putney.

One of the great advantages of Westminster is its situation, but this brings with it less than total freedom over the use that can be made of its buildings, since they either do not belong to the school or are historical monuments. For this and other reasons we lack many of the facilities which comparable schools now take for granted. The deficiencies are obvious enough. We have no squash courts, swimming pool, or sports hall, and therefore depend on outside bodies from which we hire facilities. The cost of this, although not under the school's control, is at present still a small proportion of expenditure on station; but it is unfortunate that as a school we are on the one hand refused permission to build a sports hall which could add to the amenities available for the local community, and on the other hand live in a society which does not give high priority to the provision of such facilities for general use by the public.

There is some comfort in the thought that squash courts, a swimming pool, even a modern "sports complex" do not make a school (though a decent gymnasium would be nice to have), and it would be a mistake to think that future development is in any way dependent on finding a way round or through planning regulations. Most of those who take stations would like to see improved facilities, but would also agree that it is better to concentrate on the sports for which we have the space and facilities, and accept the fact that our metropolitan position imposes limits on what we can offer.

Within these limits it seems sensible to offer as wide a choice as is practicable in terms of space and staff. We should be pursuing the good utilitarian principle of trying to achieve the maximum satisfaction for the greatest number, while trying at the same time to avoid any coercion. Perhaps the Games Committee should consider the possibility of sounding opinion on the current level of satisfaction. At present my impression is that, apart from a small minority who resent the compulsory element in retaining station as part of the curriculum, the majority are reasonably satisfied with the range of activities offered.

There are however various pressures which, if they become really strong, could radically change the picture. I doubt if it is academic pressure which is the real reason behind the growing reluctance among senior boys to devote as much time to sport as they might have in the past, although it is true that we accept the imminence of examinations as a good reason for reducing a commitment. Boys do not have significantly less leisure, but they do appear to have different ideas about how to use it. Saturday fixtures which coincide with Cup Ties are not popular, and there are signs of a growing reluctance to be involved in matches played at the week-end. It is almost as if games are becoming part of the working week, which should end at mid-day on Saturday or even on Friday afternoon. The time-consuming nature of cricket is unquestionably reducing its appeal, and we may be unable to run the usual number of sides in future seasons. There is a growing preference for the socially more adaptable games, squash and tennis for example, at the expense of the team games. This is part of a general trend which is probably more marked in day-schools; but Westminster is in this respect very much a day-school, especially as far as week-ends are concerned. How quickly and in what way these factors will affect sport at Westminster remains to be seen. The Boat Club, which is flourishing, constitutes something of a paradox. The 1st VIII wins races and recruiting is good.

If then it is the case that for the talented games player success in competition against other schools is the real source of enjoyment—and the contrast between a successful and an unsuccessful football side in enthusiasm and morale bears this out—the future of competitive sport at Westminster may depend on arranging fixtures so that teams have a reasonable chance of winning. If players lose their willingness to compete, then the sport in question goes into decline. This may happen in some areas in future, but at the moment we are successful enough for a lot of people to enjoy their sport.

Tim Francis

## Brown Freedom

Brown beauty, Eralc soared through the air  
Clear-cut and cool, graceful as the mountains far  
Below, snow-capped; and the valleys, by her mate  
Guarded against intrusion. Their incredible fate  
To live among the grandeur of the hills.

Eralc was queen, her mate the king.  
The air, the mountains their dominions. Theirs to sing  
And praise to all but themselves from to haze to haze.  
To play their happy games of chase in mountain maze.  
A nest to build on queenly summit.

Eralced upon the highest peak, they seek  
To find a place where they can meet,  
To build a nest two brown streaks found  
On high towering cliff of granite bound  
Around by towering mountains.

Fresh green branches surround the clutch of two.  
White and blotched red brown, but so few.  
This pair guarded and reared with raging strength,  
Eralc and mate great brown lions, to any length  
Would go to nourish their queenly heirs.

Fierce and strong was Eralc towards her mate in love.  
Fierce and strong was theirs to royal blood in love.  
Happiness between the double duo was so strong,  
For they knew not how to wrong.  
But surveyed their godly kingdom with pride.

Martin Parnwell

I had a budgie.  
He lived for twelve years,  
Then he died.  
They say it was old age.  
I buried him in a box  
In the garden.

I think he was dead.

Stephen Caplin

# Education in South Africa

It was not as a teacher that I came to know some of the more lurid and pernicious elements of the system of education which pervades South Africa, but as a priest, a relative outsider to the schools but the recipient of much inside information from the pupils and students with whom I worked or who came to me for help. I hope to convey through some of my experiences an impression of the situation in which contemporaries of present-day Westminster schoolboys in South Africa find themselves.

One afternoon one of my parishioners came to me in great distress about her eldest son. He was a clever boy, doing well in his first year at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, but his parents had been puzzled by the way he had been spending money—far in excess of the allowance they gave him. When pressed about where the money had come from, the boy had told her that he had been approached by the Security Police some time before with an offer to pay all his expenses at university in exchange for information about the activities of his fellow students. And he had agreed. He is, I assume, still operating as an informer on the campus at Witwatersrand University.

I start with this incident, because it serves to point out two realities of the South African scene: one is the atmosphere of suspicion, distrust and fear which stifles the life of so many; the other is the constant call to patriotic, nationalistic stances, which makes deviation from the norm desired by the ruling Afrikaner group a real personal risk. In whichever school you may find yourself, Black, Coloured, Asiatic, or White, “Big Brother” is definitely watching and makes his presence felt.

The desire to achieve solidarity between English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking peoples, to form a “White nation” against the “swart gewaar” (“black threat”), is consistently expressed by National Party and Government spokesmen. The desire is somewhat tempered, however, by another, which is to preserve and foster the language, culture and tradition of the Afrikaner volk. For English-speaking students, especially at dual-medium high schools, patriotism is experienced as indistinguishable from Afrikaner nationalism.

Very frequently the English-speaking students from our local High School gave evidence of the

pain of this cultural clash. They found themselves regarded with suspicion by school authorities and classmates, and quickly labelled “un-South African”, because of their style of life and dress, which in England would be regarded as fairly conservative.

Such treatment serves to encourage the tendency amongst English-speaking students to regard South Africa not as their country with real political problems to solve, but as a happy hunting ground for the pursuit of pleasure and wealth. You may hear from time to time of the brave and forthright stand being taken by students in South Africa against the sheer injustice of the apartheid machine. Many of them I know and have been involved with in leadership training programmes—young men and women now under banning orders and other restrictions—people whose attitudes are by no means extreme nor supportive of violence and revolution, but people who have dared stand against the tide. But they are very few, very few indeed. Their fiercest critics are their fellow English-speaking students, who regard them cynically as misguided fools, while themselves enjoying to the full the opportunities and privileges to which a white pigmentation is the only necessary passport.

Their other chief opponents are the Afrikaans-speaking students, but from a completely different standpoint. The students of Pretoria, Stellenbosch, Potchefstroom—all Afrikaans-speaking—are highly politicized, all very aware of the problems of South Africa; full, no doubt, of prejudices and the narrowness of vision which is symptomatic of the South African brand of Calvinism, but committed heart and soul to the struggle for their nation. They regard English-speaking students as a real threat to their way of life and full of “sickly, liberal, egalitarian humanitarianism”. They have probably been brought up within the system of Christian National Education, the theory which now pervades most of the educational scene in South Africa.

Christian National Education demands that the curriculum, organization, method, and discipline of all schools should be steeped in the religious spirit, and all aspects of teaching in the school should promote the national principle. The intention is to inculcate the doctrine of separation into all the peoples of South Africa, and the acknowledgement

by the non-white “nations” of the divinely ordained seniority and trusteeship of the Afrikaner group. The doctrine of separation, inculcated in the schools, is also largely enforced by law in South Africa, with the result that the relationships between people of different culture and colour become increasingly difficult and distant. It has not always been so.

I recall visiting some white friends in Pretoria. They told me that a few days previously they had been visited by a black South African friend from their university days. It brought me up with a jolt. I had forgotten that a time existed when the open universities were centres of academic freedom and South Africans of all races worked and met together as friends. That was before 1959. Since then the now “white” campuses have been closed to blacks and the meeting of people to study is the dream of a bygone age. Today, your black contemporaries have little or no contact with whites on any human level.

At one time, a couple of us organized a series of Saturday morning meetings followed by a full residential week-end for Sixth-formers in the Johannesburg area. Some sixty people participated at one time or another from seven different schools—Black High Schools, White High Schools, a Church White Private School, a Jewish (White) Private School, an Indian High School, and a Coloured High School. For all of them the experience was regarded with some trepidation, for this was the first time in the whole life of most of them that they had ever met, let alone sat down and talked with, a fellow South African of the same age who happened to be of a different colour. They approached one another with great caution. We started with a film on racial attitudes and then divided into groups for discussion with a focusing question. I observed the groups in action and noted the wild accusations, stereotypes, and assumptions that these young people were making about each other. They were soon left open-mouthed with amazement as the images that others had of them were enunciated. Fierce discussion and disputation followed, and then back to a plenary report-back session. The room in which we met had a central aisle. As the students took their seats on their return, it was very remarkable to see where they sat. Before the discussion groups they had sat as school (race) groups. Now they were all mixed up

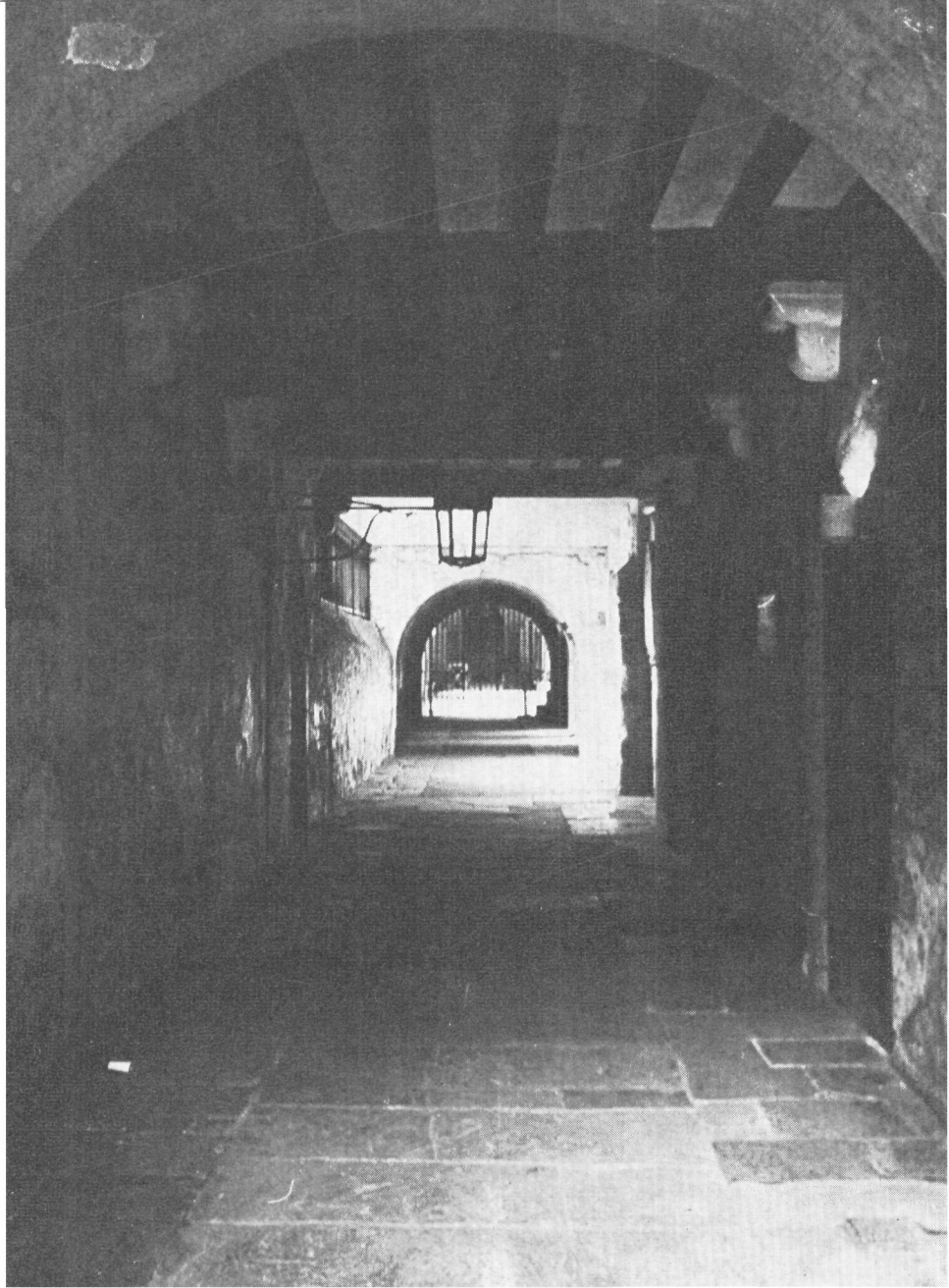
together on one side of the room with the contingent from the Anglican Church School sitting in conspicuous and self-conscious isolation on the other. The reports were full of eager determination to continue with this great venture, and all said that they looked forward to coming on the week-end, with the exception of the Church School boys, who said they were concerned about their parents’ attitudes. As it happened, when the week-end arrived, all the whites had dropped out except one, pleading parental opposition to the exercise. All Black, Coloured, and Indian students came.

It is hardly surprising that, in view of the monumental lack of sensitivity and awareness demonstrated by the beneficiaries of white education, radical black students will have no truck with such “white trash”.

No educational system is non-political and your South African contemporaries are caught up in a system which has these results of increasing alienation, distrust and hatred. It is a system devised by the ruling group to perpetuate their own privileged position in the social and economic structure of society. It is a system which allows only one view of man and society, one interpretation and view of history, and uses religion as a means of divinely sanctioning this process.

The South Africans’ application of the educational system is so blatant and obvious that they virtually offer themselves as a scapegoat to every other country in the world. It is certainly used as such by many in this country, perhaps even at Westminster School, who would rather deplore the practices of South Africa and feel sympathetic towards their contemporaries there than examine the extent to which our own educational system perpetuates the social and economic imbalance of our society.

Colin Davison  
(A 1948-53)



*Photo: Charles Clover*

## Two Poems

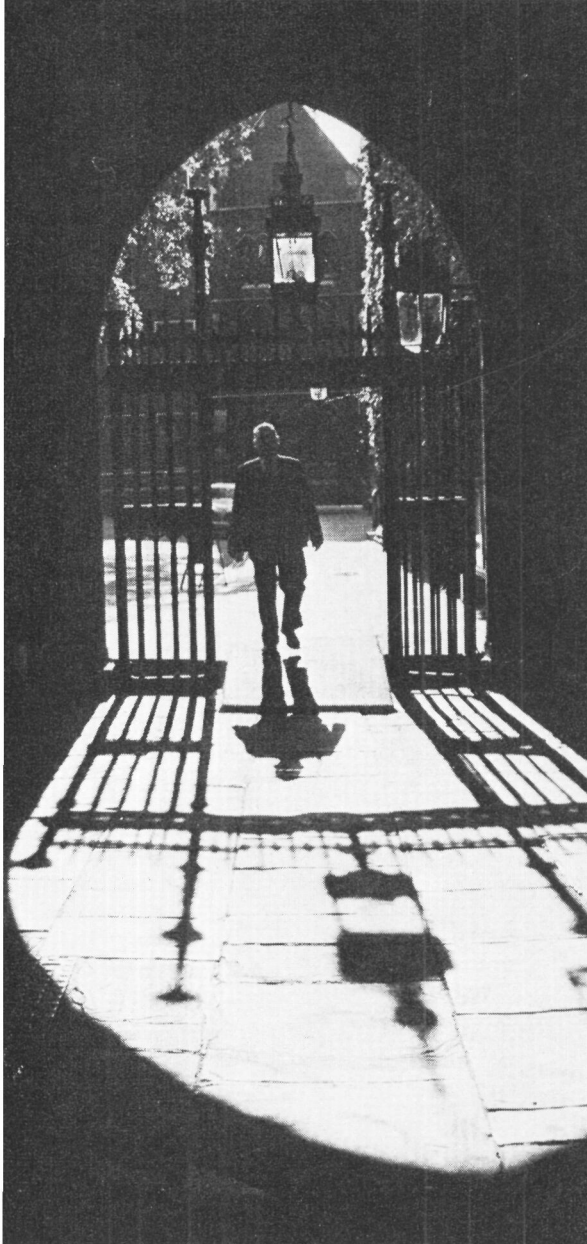


Photo: Charles Clover

### Non Sum, Ergo Non Cogito

J.P.S. Hello.  
Mr. Ex. May I introduce myself?  
J.P.S. Not yet.  
Ex. But you don't know who I am.  
J.P.S. You are one of reality's many illusions.  
Ex. You've confused me. I . . . ah . . .  
J.P.S. Well?  
Ex. I don't quite know who I am yet.  
J.P.S. Nor do I; so you remain illusory.  
Ex. (*Hits him*). Does that not prove my reality?  
J.P.S. (*No answer.*)  
Ex. For Chrissake admit my existence!  
J.P.S. (*Resumes consciousness.*)  
Ex. Let me introduce myself—please! I am . . .  
J.P.S. So am I. Goodbye.

Stephen Garrett

### Encounter

From these long bloodless days, the mind  
Clots where remembrance stirs, lilted  
Through the bruised autumn trees—so long  
Do the grey trees stand—through eyes  
Washed acid by the gall of time,  
Drunk of life, pure as the sand and still,  
All innocence marble-chased; and hands  
Still as prayer curl and clasp holding  
The instant whispered in their touch.

Wild-surgng rise through the heart's hush  
And find their hopes a childhood's plaything  
Blessed by the gold-ribboned sun—yet the door  
Falls closed—so soon as the word fades—  
Falls and closes, as dust will settle on the orchids  
And leaves on water, rain on glass—  
But bitter now, still the bark holds flame  
Raging still in the unholy wind,  
Your heart full-brimmed and burned  
Now turned aside.

Simon Ubsdell

# Story

## The Christmas Present

London by night: the city is just beginning to liven up, prepared to receive its inhabitants as host to their play, to dine them, dance them, help them with their coats, receive their tip, and see them safely home. Cinemas are full, restaurants are full, streets are full, and stomachs are full, including it gives him great pleasure to reflect, that of the grotty old tramp who softly makes his way through the shadow of the park; the giant trees loom high above, the celebrated neon galaxy of the "bright lights" serves as a background. For him the world is made up of a vast city with occasional patches of country, not country studded with towns. Through his soft soles his feet feel their every step to the soup counter at the end of the avenue, where he receives the final touch to his assorted meal at the hands of a young volunteer, beaming, anxious to make the city tramps feel on an equal level. He realizes how hard it must be on their pride. Scarcely acknowledging the offering, the old man takes the soup and walks away past the rows of benches that his colleagues have occupied in their search for a home for the night. Tonight, he does not require their society, but instead takes a stroll, to contemplate matters on his mind. Soon the snow descends to give a Christmas tint to this, the night life of the city.

At his usually leisurely pace the tramp worms through the snow; after all, the weather cannot scar him and he does not have to be as particular as others over the appearance of his dress. This creates great merriment and constant food for reflection in his somewhat methylated system. Lax manners, carefree living, uninhibited appearance—the signs of decadence, typical of a member of the aristocracy. Yes, he reckons that without much dispute he is an aristocrat. This he has realized for a long time, and, without trying to form any opinion, he has come to accept it; society feeds him, clothes and nurses him, and he gives no effort in exchange. He hardly remembers living in any other condition than his present one—he remembers no early life, no struggles, no ambitions; in his perpetual lax state, he has lost all track of time. With his stomach full and his mind occupied, he basks in happiness, despite the weather, which creeps into his shoes and soaks his socks, dampens his clothes and reddens his face.

As he reaches the main road, he views the other

members of humanity going in their twos and in their merry groups, that Christmas feeling pervading all. This pleases him, but unfortunately he has no one to convey his feelings to at present. He is at the height of human good nature, a very inopportune time to be alone. Yet as he approaches people something always stops him from accosting them. Very irritating, but he finds it hard to choose a confidant. At the crossing, he hits on an idea—he shall, like the child of chance that he is, close his eyes, extend his arms, and slowly move forward, to whoever Fortune takes him to, so . . . so . . . Wham! A powerful forceful meeting, a stunning meeting, that dazzles his senses, and takes him time to recover from; whereupon he opens his eyes, and looks upon—tall dark stranger, and, with eyes that tell of confidence and purpose, the man in the long black coat is looking at him, commanding attention, showing no intention of ending their meeting there. The tramp stares at him for a moment, and barely collects himself to utter: "If-if-if I know who I have the pleasure of . . ." The stare cuts him short.

"Norman, if we can assume that is your name, the pleasure is your Godfather's."

Strange, a tall dark Godfather eyeing him so fixedly; it seemed as if their talk was through the eyes.

"Norman, I have come to give you a small gift, Norman; a Christmas Present, shall we say"—here a deep chuckle—"from your fairy Godfather, who, though you have never met him before, has not forsaken you. As your Guardian Angel, Norman, I have come to open your eyes."

Strange to hear the name Norman; it almost made the old tramp wince under the strain of reality.

"My gift is no ordinary gift; let me describe it roughly, before it is yours. I assure you it will not spoil your surprise."—Again a chuckle from the depths of the Godfather—"Briefly then, as you can probably see, the world has gone stale; somewhere along the road humanity took the wrong turning, and has never quite found its way since. It is time to give a new civilization a chance. It is time for the second coming." High Words from the Godfather. But Norman was about to say he found the world quite to his taste. "Do not deceive yourself, Norman! Enough of this childish fantasy! You want to be in



society, while at the same time you hate it. This produces your psychological self-deception of feeling at ease with the world, being—what was it—an aristocrat?”

Slowly crumbling to pieces, Norman tried to pull himself together.

“I’ve never really found anything the matter . . .”

“Very well”—again, the chuckle, so deep, from

the sea-bed of the Godfather—“you can tell me your impressions when you have returned. Your Christmas present is to see the world and judge it. For this civilization has dragged on for too long; and, bored with its inertness, we ‘up there’ have decided it is time for the second coming. And why not entrust this to the tramps? I am sure that if everyone is really happy, Norman, Society will have no objection to



being judged by you, seemingly its lowest—or highest, as you put it—form of existence. Open your eyes and see the world, if that is what you want; see and judge . . . send me a postcard . . . .”

Slowly, the magnetic pull of those eyes drew him in, and set him up far away . . . Blurred, and high up in the clouds, looking at the world, like a big movie screen, he is filled with elation, and descends like a floating leaf down, down, to—a carousel, whirling round, with people’s voices and laughter emitted like sparks . . . His heart leads the way, and he tries to board the giant spinning wheel, but finds he can’t get on. A slight delay here; he has no doubt, but, as he tries harder and harder to get on, he is further and further flung back, finding every time an object in his hands like an offering: a lettuce, a melon, a pair of shoes, a bag of crumbs that the birds quickly seize. In a last, desperate, bid he flings himself at it and is knocked unconscious by the wheel’s momentum.

When he comes to, he is looking up at a crowd looking down at him; beyond them he can see the carousel has stopped; they have come off it. He snatches glimpses of their conversation:

*Woman:* “What does he want with us? Why did he come here?”

*Young man in a suit:* “There’s something about him that makes me shudder . . .”

*Older man:* “He lives in nothing, nobody and nowhere.”

This almost made him tell them he could destroy them all if he wanted to: he had the power. At that very thought . . .

*Devil:* “Don’t ruin us! Don’t ruin us!”

*Angel:* “Pass judgement, pass judgement.”

*Vicar:* “It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Take heed, my son! Shed your possessions!”

*Man impersonating the Apostle Mark:* “I never said that!”

*Philosophy student:* “Possessions! He has no possessions. Humanity has left its brains in the dustbins, and it is left to the tramps to pick them out.

*Little boy:* “When I grow up I want to be a pigeon in the park; then I can feed on crumbs that people give me.”

*Burglar:* “Take it all! Take it all! It ain’t much, but it’s all I . . . .”

Norman has had enough. He rises from the ground, and when he is up, they suddenly see his terrible size. Still rising he feels aversion, as though it is imperative that destruction be passed immediately. “Channel your hate! Channel your hate!” His Godfather seems to be guiding him, even now. Vast buildings, institutions, conventions, prison bars, barriers, crumble under the wrath of his huge frown. Not one stone is left connected to another. “It is time for the New Age!” The whole culture of civilisation perishes; and yet, streets stretch and break, buildings melt, he finds that he cannot destroy people, people still there, carrying out their normal business, going on as if everything were in order. They separate into groups, form élites, leaders, institutions, and continue to beg, fight, and bargain for something that isn’t there.

Norman is agog. He never reckoned for this. Watching this crazy exhibition through the whole spectrum of humanity, for a moment he suddenly thunders, “What if there was nothing? What if it was all untrue?!” Startled, humanity looks up as a man, and begins to speak to Norman, to reason with him, to empty out their thoughts to him, to expound their ideals, to raise their points and arguments, to show their pros and cons and logic and . . . Norman found this steady stream of cackle entering his ear, and he felt irritated, he felt nauseated, and above all bored; his vast yawns seem to beg the people to cease talking; he was trying to pay attention elsewhere; now, he wished, like the little boy, he was a pigeon in the park . . . as the incessant high-speed tape recording transmission went on, tickling his insides; and he felt dizzier and dizzier and more and more nauseated and found it more difficult to breathe, as the whole scene turned gradually into a vast life-sized cartoon, with Norman as the only three-dimensional normal, and again he felt this terrible want of air . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

“That’ll be all nurse.”

“What happened to you, Ted, this merry Christmas week evening?”

“Don’t ask, Frank, just don’t ask. Nicely tucked

## Blaise de Penchant—Excerpts from the Intimate Biography

away into a party, going full swing, when they call me urgently away and frisk me to this dump, on night duty, where they bring me in this old git with blood all over him, knocked down by an ambulance, wandering across the road, like a bleeding ghost, his arms out and his eyes shut; drunk, I dare say.”

“Yeah, we had right trouble getting him here. He kept referring to Dr. Issman as ‘Godfather’, and mumbling things like ‘I’ve never had a relative before’. After we restrained him and old Issman had soothed him a bit, he suddenly got wild and started shouting out; so we gave him a tranquilizer. After the operation, too, he kept mumbling ‘reports’ to this Godfather, sending him messages and apologies. I’ve got one written down if I can find it . . . Here: ‘Fantasy untrue stop first watch them hate them speak stop then boredom stop want to go back to fantasy stop. Godfather take me home’.”

“My! my! We must get that to Issman, That’s prize, that is.”

“Yeah, I know. When I asked him his name, he said he was a duck and lived in St. James’s Park and that we were to go there and ask the other ducks! Pass the sugar.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Tucked well away in Bed B of Room 157, the old tramp peered from the crowded corner of a blurred eye, through the bandages; he was eyeing a figure at the end of the room, wondering—could this be one of his men? A contact? A helper? It’s in his face!

Fred Holmes, cleaning up, looked up, saw the old tramp’s bandaged head raised, smiling at him, watching him intently. “Right old geezer,” he thought. With a wink to the right old geezer, as only a Cockney knows how, born and bred south of the river . . . .

That wink; it reeked of confidence, brimmed with communication. Norman understood well. He was safe, in contact with a friend, one in the vast association of—the Godfather!

Leaning his tattered head back against the pillow, the old tramp rested assured.

Dimitri Antonatos

One Monday not long ago, while the trees were just beginning to blossom, I walked with Blaise to his West End club. He was silent for most of the journey, his elegant profile, set off by a new hat from Paris, reminding so much of that cartoon of Beerbohm’s, his gloves as always immaculate; he seemed to be, for a short time anyway, at peace! We dined with Sir Jason and Lady Clytemnestra; the Earl was also there of course, and it was during that very meal that Blaise made one of the funniest and most witty remarks that I have ever heard. Unfortunately I cannot remember it.

The following day Blaise wrote a sonnet for the private collection of the Laird of Bannockrae, and with the proceeds purchased a charming house on the Thames above Marlowe—a most beautiful stretch of water, abounding in game and wildfowl of every description. That evening I followed him to the home of Madame de Gavary where we heard a new work by Anton Child. The music was clumsy and harsh but well-received. I was most flattered when, in front of such guests as Dr. Howard and Lady Selincourt-DeGray, Blaise called me to him at dinner. You can imagine my chagrin when he chastised me for calling him by his first name in my humble journal, and my embarrassment when he declared that he was bored by my following him around everywhere and forbid me ever to see him again. Silly old queen.

Syc O’Fancy

### *Poem*

I’m glad to be alive, he thought,  
As he turned out the light.  
I’d hate it if I wasn’t. And then  
He realized he had  
A morbid fear  
Of Death.  
I’m glad to be alive, he thought,  
And slept on it.  
But he didn’t wake up  
Ever

Stephen Caplin

# Music at Westminster

Last September's institution of the Adrian Boult Music Scholarship (worth £400 per annum) makes this a very suitable time to appraise the present position of music as an activity at Westminster. Any musically-conscious school should have two general aims in view. The first is evangelistic: every boy should come into direct contact with music at the beginning of his career at the School to find out whether he is truly musically inclined. Once a boy realizes that he will love music for the rest of his life, it is the second duty of the School to provide him with every possible opportunity to further his interest.

On his appointment as Director of Music twelve years ago, David Byrt became the first master to give musical appreciation lessons in class. Since then John Baird and Martin Ball, both originally appointed as piano teachers, have been gradually incorporated into the system to teach music to greater numbers of boys. Helping boys who are fresh from Prep. School to appreciate music is, however, no easy task. It is all too easy for a master to give a few introductory words and then play a favourite record (on the excellent stereo system with which the School has recently been equipped), while the class sits back and takes a rest from the more strenuous intellectual rigours of the timetable.

To understand and enjoy a piece of music to the full, it is essential to listen with concentration and to follow this by active discussion. Unfortunately, this has been very difficult to put fully into practice, since the timetable has provided each class with only one music lesson a week; and, with an average symphony or sonata lasting about half an hour, it is easy to see that little time is left over for discussion in one 40-minute period. However it is hoped that next year's proposed new timetable will allocate a most welcome extra weekly lesson to both music and art in the lower school.

It is also difficult for teachers to cater for the marked differences in natural musical ability which occur in a class. Some lower school classes have been experimentally split up into instrumentalists, who receive theory lessons, and non-performers, who receive a musical appreciation course. I regard this segregation with some suspicion. Elementary theory can be taught by instrumental teachers, and

performing musicians are in special need of wider musical experience to increase their musical enjoyment and potential. Further, such separation does great harm to those boys who do not happen to play an instrument; they will feel themselves immediately categorized as "non-musicians", and will lose the contact and discussion with their more musical colleagues which are vital if they are to be stimulated into enjoying and appreciating music themselves.

Westminster's most outstanding asset is its situation at the heart of what patriotic Englishmen like to call the musical capital of the world. A live musical performance, particularly of choral and operatic works, is a much more vivid and possessing experience than sitting in front of a pair of 25 watt loudspeakers. It is thus very encouraging to see large numbers of junior boys making their way *en masse* to the Festival Hall or the Royal Opera House. I feel that it would be an invaluable experience for every boy here to have witnessed the creation of great music.

Having awoken a boy's musical consciousness, how well does Westminster cope with his ever-increasing needs? The academic side of Westminster's musical life has assumed rapidly increasing importance since seven or eight years ago, when a small group of very keen boys decided to tackle 'O' and 'A' level courses. One may well put the question "Why should music, the most immediately emotive of all the arts, become the subject of an academic discipline?". I do not hesitate to answer that not only is an intellectual approach essential to the professional composer and conductor, but that it is equally vital to anything much more than a rather superficial understanding of the working of a composer's mind and the meaning of the music that he produces. The G.C.E. music courses provide a very broad musical base, covering not only an understanding of basic harmony and counterpoint, but also techniques of critical analysis, musical history, and performance. Since the original pioneers, the numbers doing 'O' level have flourished, taking lessons outside the school timetable. Ideally music 'O' level should be integrated into the official curriculum, and this is at present being tried; the experiment has not, unfortunately, proved successful

because, as an option, it clashes with the alternative of learning a third (or fourth) language. Understandably, with membership of the Common Market now a reality, many boys who would like to study music in some depth are loath to give up the opportunity to make themselves better understood abroad. September's new timetable provides a chance to solve the problem, although the School is unlikely to give music a status equal to that held by English and Mathematics.

This same timetable will create, as part of the School's new "Mind-broadening for specialists" policy, a term's compulsory music course. The handling and timing of this course will require great caution. Teaching the Shell's musical dissidents on into the Sixth form would be decidedly unproductive for all concerned; but a term's music in the Remove would probably provide a very useful second opportunity for the same, though now more mature, boys to come to enjoy music. At present, the senior school timetable provides three optional music appreciation lessons a week, enabling those who are musically inclined to further their interest; the Friday afternoon Guild provides a very useful session, long enough to combine intellectual activity with visits to concert rehearsals, musical exhibitions, and numerous other more informal activities. I hope that the advantages of both option periods and Guilds will not be overlooked by the new timetable.

As the number of "O" level students has increased, so have the ranks of musical specialists, despite the anomalous and discouraging situation of having to pay half of their music "A" level fees on top of the school bill. Andrew Lloyd Webber and Nick Ingman (both popular composers) and Anthony Peebles (who is now recording as a pianist) are among the school's most distinguished recent pupils, while Richard Blackford is soon to be joined at the Royal College of Music by Paul Schwartz.

One of the most rewarding and exciting aspects of Westminster's recent musical history has been Opera. Since the sad demise of Gilbert and Sullivan Society four years ago (after the repertoire had been exhausted), there has been a very enterprising World Première of Richard Blackford's Opera *The Destruction of Putah* (which was compared in this journal to Wagner's early Opera *Die Feen*). This was fol-

lowed by four triumphant performances of *Fidelio*, with last term's splendid production of Ben Jonson's Masque *Oberon* completing the list to date. What has made each of these ventures such an outstanding success is the way in which they have drawn together musicians, actors, technicians, and set designers from all levels of the School. This collaboration between music and drama brings enjoyment and satisfaction to more boys than either art-form could succeed in doing individually.

However, the foundations which have made all this possible have undoubtedly been the Orchestra and the Choral Society. The Orchestra is often severely criticized for being supported by professional musicians from outside the school. While this is true, it is also true that the proportion of outside support in the Orchestra has been gradually falling; on the other hand, without the presence of an adequate number of experienced string players boys could never enjoy the marvellous experience of performing masterpieces such as the *Eroica* Symphony or *Fidelio*. It has also been pointed out that our performances are often not up to the very high standard found at some other Public Schools; Westminster's effective state as a day school unfortunately denies the opportunities for extensive week-end rehearsals which are enjoyed by most boarding schools. The Choral Society has never recently been very large. However, the problem of the lack of treble and alto voices, which is endemic in all boys' Public Schools, has been successfully solved by collaboration with the Francis Holland Schools, leading to an excellent performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, and last term's very moving performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* in Abbey (the latter receiving the most welcome assistance of John Baird's two amateur choirs).

I have often felt after taking part in a successful and enjoyable concert that I would like to repeat the experience on the following night. This would necessitate the hiring of professionals for two nights, and some recent attendance figures have suggested that there could not be a large enough audience for two performances. Despite these possible disadvantages, I am sure that the improvement in the performances on the second night could be something worth hearing. I suspect too that there are parents who would like to come to a concert but who never get



to hear of its existence. It could also be no bad thing to have slightly smaller audiences over two nights, since the quality of sound at the very back of School falls a long way short of perfection.

The Abbey Choir plays a useful rôle in leading congregational singing in Abbey, and the anthems which it sings provide a very enjoyable alternative to Choral Society and attract to the Choir many boys who would otherwise gain no singing experience. The Choir is supported by trebles from the Under School not only in performances of anthems, but also in the annual Carol Concert, which Mr. Byrt instituted as a satisfying, if musically somewhat ambitious, culmination to the Play Term. While the vocal resources of the School are undoubtedly limited, I am convinced that the Abbey Choir and Choral Society do provide a valuable opportunity for musical expression for boys who could otherwise not be musically involved. The Choir's Anthems have recently been supplemented by a series of chamber music items, both in Abbey and up School. These early morning concerts have been given by both professionals and members of the School. They help to prevent morning services from sliding into a mundane routine, and the Abbey itself provides a perfect setting for the Baroque music which forms the greater part of these concerts.

The large numbers learning instruments, particularly the piano, is very encouraging. The success with which they have been taught is borne out by the veritable queue of soloists wishing to play concerti with the Orchestra and by the high standard of recent performances. Concerti not only provide the Orchestra with a very useful function, but also entertain parents with some of the most beautiful and familiar parts of the orchestral repertoire (e.g. Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto* and Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*). But concerti should not be dominated by concerti, since they tend to have a slightly stifling effect on the full range of orchestral expression. Solo performances are further encouraged at all levels of the School by that old tradition, inter-house rivalry, under the guise of the Annual Music Competition. The presence of established professionals as adjudicators, and the promise of a performance of the best items (in the recently estab-

lished winners' concert) adds an invigorating if nerve-racking dimension to the business of learning an instrument. Figures on paper provide evidence of the value of the much scorned Associated Board practical examinations as an incentive to making faster progress.

In discussing the practical problems of any activity, one is inevitably led to the contentious subject of money, and music provides no exception. I have already mentioned the unfortunate financial plight of the 'A' level music student. On the performing side, many well intentioned attempts to get chamber music off the ground have, until very recently, been foiled by the lack of a single competent viola player. Similar deficiencies exist in other instrumental departments; remedies have been attempted in the form of bursaries, but more are needed if the School is ever going to be able to muster a variety of instrumental ensembles, let alone a full orchestra. A great deal could be done to improve the School's practising facilities; the practice block has not acquired its nickname "the dungeons" purely on account of its subterranean location. A complete list of the uses to which money could be put could make tedious reading, nor do I presume to claim that music's financial needs are greater, or indeed more important, than those of other activities, but it would be remiss to pass over the need for monetary support. The success of the new Scholarship has already been proved by the extremely talented boys which it has attracted to the lower school. (Alistair Sorley, the first Music Scholar, has recently had great success in the Prague International Junior Violin Competition.) I trust that the rewards which they will bring to the school as a whole will encourage the powers that be to finance further scholarships.

Sir Adrian Boult, the School's most distinguished musician, is reported to have said that he was sent to Westminster solely because of its proximity to London's concert halls. It could be a worthy testimony to the energy and dedication of the present music staff, if the School's future Adrian Boult were able to recall that they had chosen Westminster for its fertile and varied musical atmosphere.

Guy Johnson

## Children Talking

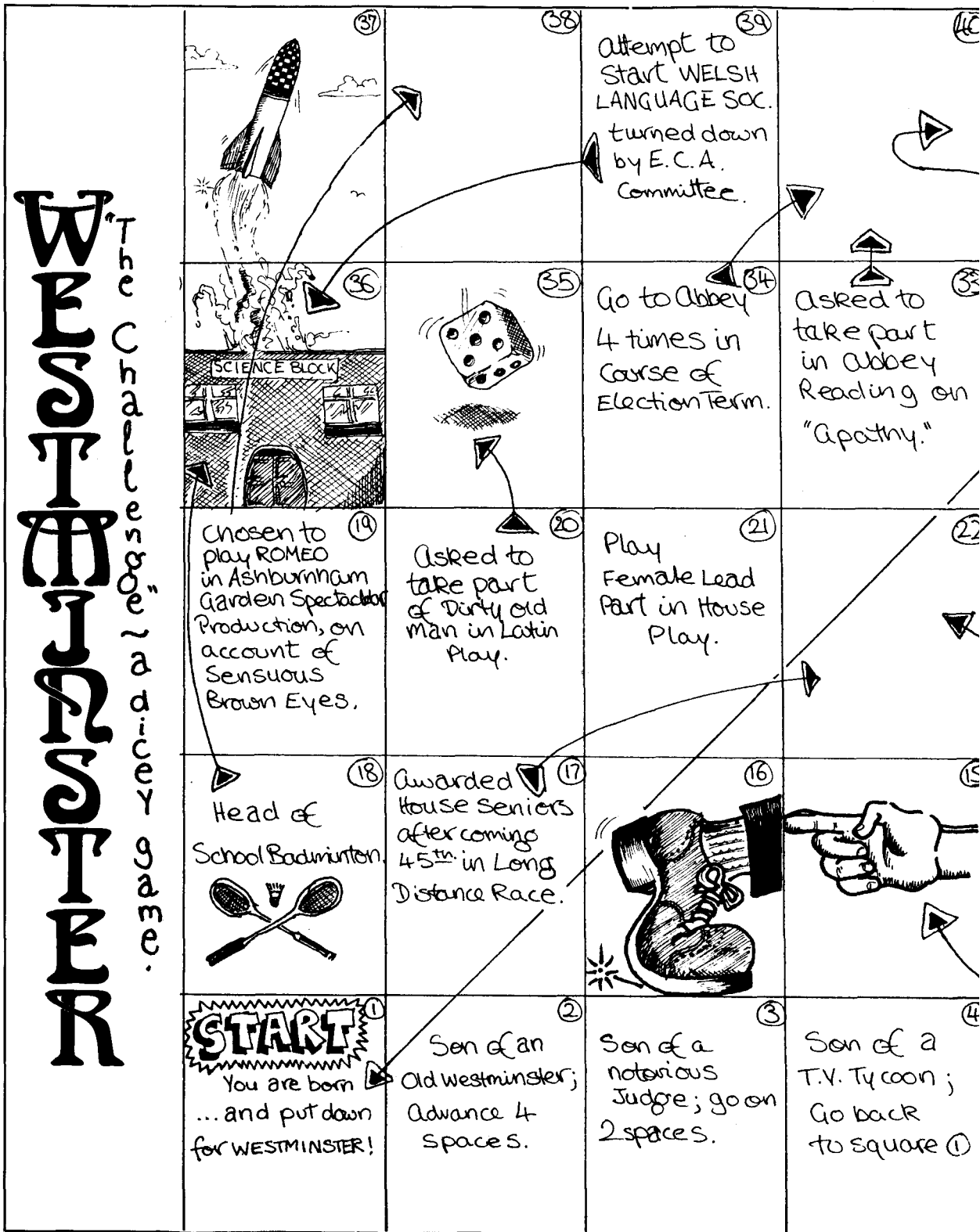


D.: And what then?  
Johnny: Then bits, and fings and. . . .  
D.: And what?  
Johnny: And peas and carrots and bisketty rinks. . . .  
D.: What then?  
Johnny: And my sister's foot and fings. . . .  
D.: What things?  
Johnny: Bits of my mum and fireworks and our  
cat. . . .  
D.: Anything else?  
Johnny: My golliwog.  
D.: And what do you like to eat best, Sally?  
Sally: (*pause*) Don't know.  
D.: Do you like what Johnny does?  
Sally: No.  
D.: What do you like to eat then?  
Johnny: She likes to eat coal.  
D.: Do you like coal, Sally?  
Sally: No.  
D.: Do you like sweeties then?  
Sally: Don't know.  
Johnny: She likes coal and biscuits and fings, . . . .  
my Dad says you can eat worms in the desert.  
D.: And what's your favourite game?  
Sally: Don't know.  
Johnny: Making our cat bite people.

James Chatto

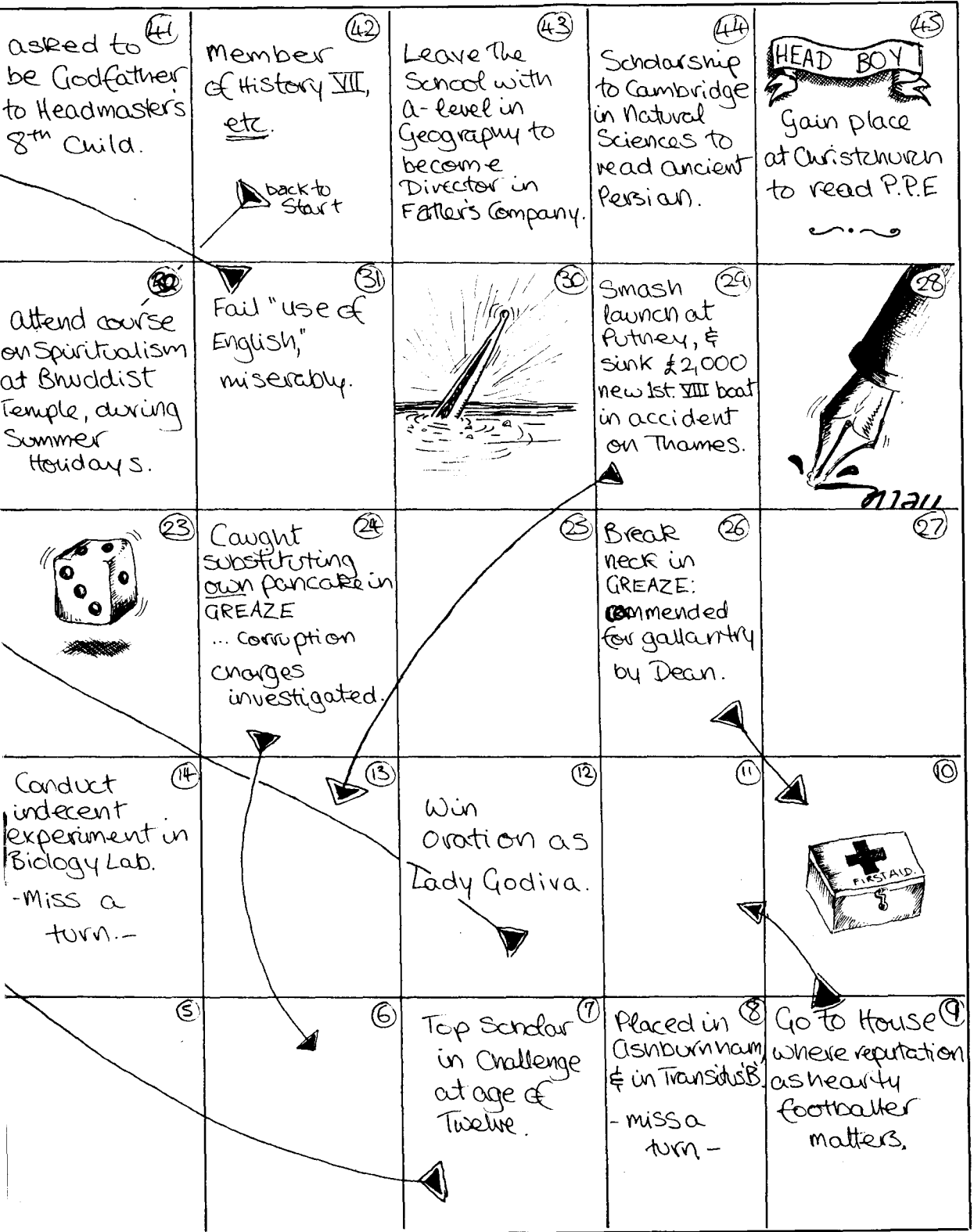
# WESTMINSTER

The Celebrations of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II



Devised by Christopher Quayle





## Divine The Quite Alone

Ever unstill in a wayward night  
The dreamer tosses his rainstruck hair.  
No light but his cigarette to be guide to him;  
A woman hangs on his arm;  
Lamps over the river laughing  
But he steers only by one gleam,  
Tracking the eye after he's past  
In others' paths,  
Under the evening star.

Always he seeks the centre of his dreams;  
"Let your fine hair enfold me,  
Dance and take me in your arms."  
In faded paths he wanders,  
Over a ceaseless river,  
A woman on his arm.

Born of the whirlpools of Paris,  
Dying to the touch,  
The mind's brethren sing  
Their song too sweet for human ear,  
And dawn summons them  
Transfixed in each other's arms.

Tense, he sees day's glory,  
The girl beside him;  
Out of his lady's eyes  
Drifts the dreamer;  
The streets are a maze again,  
Dawn's on his skin.

A dreamer never lives  
To seek the sun down dusky paths;  
Burning his eyes on a midnight star  
He feels the water at his woman's feet;  
But only the real river moves.

Nicholas Rothwell

## Wealth and the Church

*(From the Dean of Christ Church)*

Dear Sir,

Some parts of Mr. Griffith-Jones' article suggest that, like many of his generation, he instinctively wants a society of hippies; but if the church is a society of mendicants, the world is likely to judge it as being parasitic as well as impractical. The problem seems to me to turn on the relation between the individual and the community. In a radical communism it is a matter of principle that all possessions belong to the community and the individual only has the right to the *use* of a limited number of goods. At the opposite extreme all property is thought to be the absolute possession of the individual, and the prime function of society through the organs of government is to see that individual property rights are not infringed by other members of society. In this country we are generally offered a choice between two positions which occupy neither of these extremes: the socialist position, which attributes the means of production to the State while leaving individuals in possession of goods which they may use; and secondly, the socially concerned government, which allows individuals and private groups even to have in some degree the means of production, but nevertheless preserves to itself the right to intervene even quite radically in these property rights when that seems necessary for the good of the community as a whole.

No one is likely to extract from the Old Testament any fundamental rejection of private property; though that is not because the Old Testament is at all indifferent to economic questions (e.g. the prohibition of usury). In the New Testament, Jesus' words against riches and warnings against Mammon, also the sharing of property of the primitive church of Jerusalem in the ideal portrait painted by St. Luke, certainly stand on one side. On the other hand, we know from St. Matthew 8.14 that St. Peter owned a house, and it seems quite likely that Martha and Mary possessed some sort of title deed to their home in Bethany. Zacchaeus was not asked to practise a total renunciation of all his assets. And so on. In practice from the earliest period the Christians had private property, but were always expected to be

content and always regarded use as incomparably more important than mere possession. Naturally the greater a man's property the more massive his responsibility to use his means for the service of the community, the basic point in Clement of Alexandria's fascinating tract on the Rich Young Ruler. It is certain that delight in possessions passes imperceptibly into avarice and egoism. The Christians, in both Catholic and Protestant traditions, have understood their responsibility to use whatever sources they might possess for the good of the community; and with notable exceptions the record in fact is not too bad.

The difficulty in Mr. Robin Griffith-Jones' position seems to me that it is really a demand for the total renunciation of all resources, and this tends to end by making a lot of people a liability to the community in an unreasonable way. One of the desert fathers of the fourth century, who believed strongly in the possession of neither money nor house nor family, remarked that it is impossible to acquire any money if you have none to start with. But, if you have even a little, it is possible to collect more. I think this has a little bearing on the issue under discussion.

Yours faithfully,  
Henry Chadwick

## Master's Photograph

(From Sir Roy Harrod)

Dear Editor,

The photograph of the masters that you published in a recent issue must have been taken during my time at Westminster (1913-18), as I recognize almost all the masters. I thought a little account\* of who and what they were might interest your readers. I should guess that this must be the most distinguished group of masters that any school has had during my lifetime. I recall that, when I was an undergraduate, I discussed with Etonians my masters and theirs. They certainly did not have anyone nearly so distinguished as John Sargeant.

Yours sincerely,  
Roy Harrod

\*The account appears on page 169.

## Presentation

(From Mr. Frank Wilby)

Dear Sir,

May I, through *The Elizabethan* and yourself, thank all the Boys and O.W.W. and other friends for their wonderful cheque which was presented to me by the Head Master on my retirement.

Yours sincerely,  
F. Wilby

## Broadsheet

(From Mr. Robin Guthrie)

Dear Sir,

Let us welcome the proposal that there should be a regular broadsheet produced here at Westminster, to consist of the best work, both set and independent, by boys. It is suggested that every fortnight or so masters should submit the best preps, in any and every subject, done for them, and that these should be published together with any other writing, creative, critical, and academic, of a high standard. There is at present no magazine that caters for such articles. The Catholick Society produces *Counterblast*, and the Classical department hopes to publish a Classical magazine, but both these are highly specialized. Since the most recent demise of the *Trifler* there has been no medium in which boys' talents and thoughts may be recognized and encouraged. *The Elizabethan* is never regarded as suitable. It must interest both Old Westminsters and present boys; and it is assumed that school events are of more interest to all than a Spanish prose or the possible flaws in J. S. Mill's theory of liberty. This assumption may be wrong; but the accusations made that *The Elizabethan* was becoming boring and pseud when, recently, serious creative articles made up a large part of the magazine would suggest otherwise. The need remains. One can only hope that the proposed magazine will satisfy it. Let every encouragement, financial and moral, be given to help it get off and stay off the ground.

Yours faithfully,  
Robin Guthrie

## School Societies

(From Mr. Tom Doe)

Dear Sir,

In the last issue of *The Elizabethan* the Societies Report was devoted entirely to those societies that appear in the almanack, all of which, except Deb. Soc., invite outside speakers. No mention was made of the quieter societies that work on a purely internal level. Indeed these societies very rarely catch the eye of the school at all. Chess, Backgammon, and Wargames Socs achieved temporary fame when they applied for money to the E.C.A. Committee. The widespread publicity campaign mounted by Wargames Soc. serves as a continual reminder to us of its existence, but the others have retired from the public gaze. Hebrew and Chinese Socs have likewise settled down to unostentatious progress after initial flurries of notoriety. The recently formed Catholick Soc. keeps our attention by its magazine *Counterblast*, which has blown a breath of fresh, if reactionary, air through the corridors of power. The list can continue—Photographic Soc., Bridge Soc. (it now has fixtures against other schools), Chuff Soc., Choral Soc., and Orchestra (these last two receiving some mention, however, in the concert reviews). Apart from these there are several activities that may not call themselves societies, but which do interest a considerable number of boys—carpentry, pottery, and art. Now I do not want to give a long list of statistics concerned with these activities. One example will suffice. Backgammon Soc. meets twice a week, for a total of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours, and 20-30 boys regularly attend. Consider how many more hours of pleasure are provided by that society alone during the term than by all the “major” societies put together. Yet only these latter are mentioned. Let Pol. & Lit. Soc. reel off its names of famous former speakers. But let not the unobtrusiveness of the other, quieter, sort of society beguile us into underestimating their importance or even forgetting their very existence.

Yours faithfully,  
Tom Doe

## Counterblast

(From Mr. Dominic Grieve)

Dear Sir,

In the first issue of the Catholick Society's magazine *Counterblast* there was an article by C. C. A. Pearce concerning the various school services in Abbey. On looking into the matter, I find that some of his statements are misleading, indeed inaccurate. Let us start with the Lent Meditation and Communion Services of last term. Mr. Pearce claims that they were based upon the “Alternative Services Series 3, Order for Holy Communion”. I have asked the Chaplain about this—which, it appears, is more than Mr. Pearce did—and in fact these services were taken from “A Report of the Church of England Liturgical Commission to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; Alternative Services Series 3; an Order for Holy Communion”. This service differs from the final, amended Series 3 in several phrases, as in the Lord's Prayer (section 31) and the Thanksgiving (section 29). And in the Lent Meditation and Communion services the unamended forms were used. It may be claimed that this Series 3 draft, unamended, is not a “recognized service”. But these phrases are the “parts” of the services “that appear in no recognized service at all”; such generalizations are hardly justified by the facts. For from this arise some of Mr. Pearce's other errors; there were *no* additions to this unamended service, and *no* alterations. There were only omissions—the Confession being one. And if one wanted to excuse this omission, one might refer to the fact that the Abbey is a Royal Peculiar, and as such is bound by no jurisdiction other than its own. Therefore in the Abbey the Chaplain has complete discretion. But the Chaplain admits that at the time of the services he did not realize that the changes had been made to the draft Series 3, and that, if he had, he would have used the amended version. But when we have granted that, might we not ask why Mr. Pearce did not go to the Chaplain and point out the facts to him? For he did not. Need he have launched into this criticism, phrased in misleading terms and based upon incomplete knowledge, without first even trying to discover the Chaplain's reasons for his arrangement of the services.

We can, moreover, raise the same criticisms against Mr. Pearce as he did against the Chaplain. In referring to our Saturday morning services taken from the School Order of Prayer, he claims that the School Prayer is omitted against the conditions laid down in the rubric. For he implies, and has since confirmed to me explicitly, that the School Prayer is in the Order of Service for the Saturdays in both the first and second weeks. So it was—in the 1949 Order of Service. But in 1968 the School Prayer Book was revised—dare we say amended—and the new version does *not* include the School Prayer in the Saturday Orders of Service. By all means let Mr. Pearce criticize the Chaplain for using a service that has since been changed. But let him not do the same himself.

Finally, one might mention the somewhat personal reference to the “whims” of the Chaplain to which, according to Mr. Pearce, we are “subjected” in our morning services. On the contrary, the Abbey Committee, which organizes our morning services, tries to introduce as much consultation as is feasible. On it sit four members of the Common Room (including the Chaplain), the Head of School Music, the Captain of the School, and two other boys who “profess and call themselves Christians”. And again, could not Mr. Pearce have approached the Chaplain with any suggestion or complaints that he might have?

Let us welcome an independent religious organization in the School. But let the Catholic Society beware that by complaining illegitimately and in offensive terms they do not lose all credibility as an intelligent body of thought.

Yours faithfully,  
Dominic Grieve

## Pernel Le Joyeux

*“Trop long avez mené cette vie.”*

In your eyes another world moves.  
We all seem the same  
But are people of your mind.  
Walking the sky and seas  
We move in valleys where only you can feel.

No painter touched by Spring’s flowing hair  
Could lend us the beauty given us by you.  
Echoes of lost dreams far away,  
We hear no voices from the mind’s maze  
When you turn your eyes on us,  
Loved as they are unknown.

Where you move, we move,  
Dancing the pattern of your mind;  
Ever living to be your gaze  
We cannot know you,  
We are empty as unloved.

Nicholas Rothwell

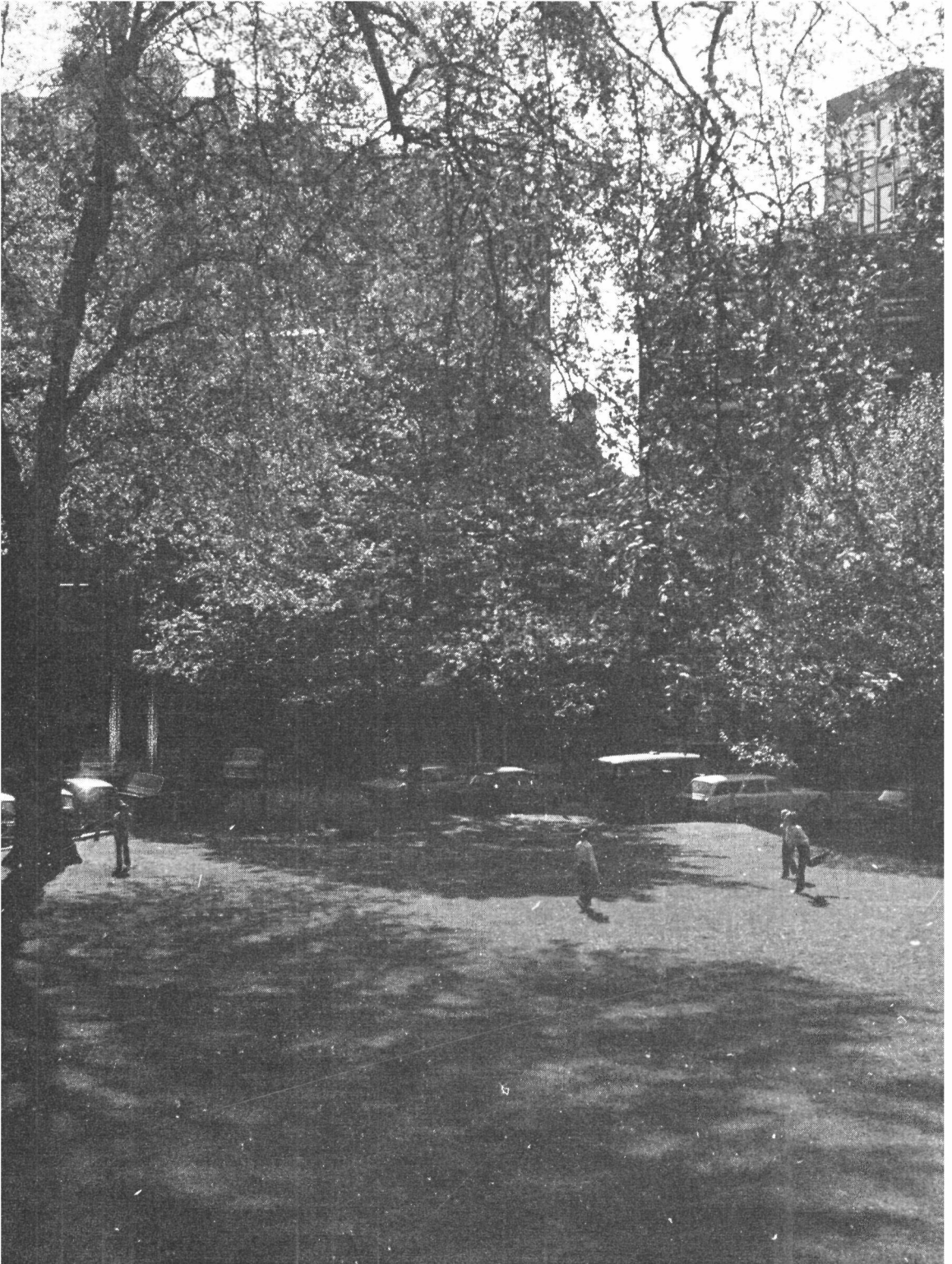
## Ballade

And how shall we sing when the sap gives out,  
When no flame shoots in the broken face,  
No shadows dancing on the cold stone,  
Betrayed that these were all our thought?

And how these dry leaves chasing:  
Pandemonium away across the dry grass,  
Hearing the word, hearing . . .  
Keep us from another summer without fruit!

And shall the gall now measure our stature,  
The long summers consuming always without fruit,  
And shall we count in the feather balance  
What the gold was, the gold of our rapture?

Simon Ubsdell



**Green**

## Join a Committee and see the World

The Grub Street press is in the process of producing libellous and distorted reports of the procedures of the Inflationary Circumlocutory Affairs Committee. *The Elizabethan* is naturally represented on this body by one of its editors *ex officio* and offers here an exclusive report of the "true, hard and unpublishable facts" of a recent meeting.

Committee commenced at 17.00 hrs.

Chairman's opening remarks:

This committee is, in my opinion, a body of senior members of a privileged and responsible bureaucracy, who have the opportunity to wield a certain authority in the school. The committee is to act in such a way that, after however lengthy, but necessary, discussion, it shall feel confident in distributing sums of money not exceeding £3.50 to such societies as convince it of a genuine need for support. We must take into account such lapsed societies as Trampoline Soc., who are at this moment without a trampoline, and Atomic Bomb Soc., who aim to reconstruct the destruction of Nagasaki and Hiroshima and by the end of term demonstrate to those who may wish to know thirty-two alternative methods of carrying out this operation. This may seem to us a somewhat eccentric hobby, but I am told that it has considerable appeal in the junior part of the school. Applications are bound to come flocking in to us. May I suggest we pay particular attention to drama.

Master i/c Almanack: We must not fail to remember that it is up to us to compile a comprehensive school almanack leaving plenty of time for such administrative bodies as the Financial and Physical Affairs, and Residual Culture Committees, and other organs essential to the running of the school. Times must also be arranged for John Strop Soc. and Christopher Robin Soc. We must ask ourselves if in recent times too much has gone to Chest Soc. and Masochism Soc. though I suppose these are an essential part of the 1st VIII's training programme.

A member of the Committee (AHH.) proceeded to expand the point: Yes, well, as a matter of fact, what I feel, after many hours of productive research and examination of vital statistics on various working parties, is that, since there are so many worthy activities which are sure to stake a claim, we should first consider those claims that are well-organized,

well thought-out, and which can produce a substantial pile of interesting paper to justify their existence. I mean to say, some of these are undoubtedly very commendable. After all, if only one pauses to examine . . . (and so on for the next 45 minutes . . .).

Chairman: Well, here is an application for the sum of £350 to put on a production of *Murder in the Cathedral*. It is sponsored by Mr. Charles Soufflet and Mr. Alex Heman, who feel that the sensuous portrayal in the inner consciousness of their production will touch off physical repercussions in the audience's response in places where they would not previously have thought such sensation possible.

Mr. A. Thugson (Q.S., Sec. of Film Soc.): Well, of course, down at Putney people such as myself have this sort of sensation all the time, just from mere physical involvement. I would have thought this money would be better spent on some activity which will involve more fun.

Mr. T. Gridiron (G, Editor of *The Elizabethan*): Where would this production be staged and how much money would be spent in the right places ensuring a favourable review in the school magazine?

Mr. Candy Floss (Q.S., Head of School Music): I understand that they wish to put the play on in the Abbey Cloisters next January. Starting after dark, they hope to produce a chilling effect of shivering excitement throughout the audience. They haven't been granted permission by the Dean, but they think that, if they speak their lines softly enough, he won't notice.

Praefectus (Q.S.): Well, actually, I don't really want to intrude because I'm sure all their plans are worthy and commendable and will no doubt do much to elevate the aesthetic atmosphere at this school which for so long has been obscured by the philistine element whose intellect is completely lacking in any artistic sensitivity. I have been asked to put forward another suggestion from a society which I feel has greater need for recognition among the uncultured masses.

Mr. Thugson: Well, get on with it. I've got a three hour period of weight training and I'm already late.

Praefectus: It concerns twelfth-century Serbo-Croat Soc. There are at this moment 25 people who are very interested in learning this language. They

## “We have all learned . . . ?”

require £400 a term to charter a plane to south-west Bosnia, where there is a suitable teacher. Unfortunately, as the Mission for the Propagation of Serbo-Croat in south-east England has told us, there is no teacher nearer at hand. They have agreed to send their Chargé d’Affaires to lecture to Rasputin Soc. next term. There is even a chance of a twelfth-century Serbo-Croat play in Yard next Election Term.

Mr. S. Grotto (L, Treasurer); If you don’t mind me interrupting here, could I remind members of the Committee that we have only £32.15 to distribute this term owing to the following donations over the past year:

1. To prize for Croquet Competition	£100
2. Six Egg-Timers at £10 each for Cookery Soc.	£60
3. Wine Society. Ten bottles of Methylated Spirit	£20
4. School production of <i>War and Peace</i>	£150
5. Administration Costs (12 × £10)	£120
6. Pink cricket boots for 1st XI	£8.75

\* \* \*

### *Our Parliamentary Correspondent comments:*

We can see here at work the well-oiled machinery of a successful organization. Not only does this new, revolutionary, highly publicized policy change in high places mean that more boys from all levels of the school, excluding naturally anyone below the Sixth (there is no representative on this committee from the junior part of the school), have a distinct say in administrative matters and an element of financial responsibility, it also means that they take up their time sitting round tables in many hours of engaging discussion, learning the ropes of a way of life for which this establishment prepares them. No longer do they waste their time decorously apathetic up Library (as the jargon has it) or spend fruitless hours in metropolitan delights. A whole new range of opportunities lies open to them. Thanks to the funds of this Committee, people can play Backgammon or “This is no place for weak-kneed pacifists” War Games. It seems that Westminster Central Office can, with pride, publish the new slogan:

“COMMITTEE GOVERNMENT WORKS!”

Мы все учились понемногу  
Чему-нибудь и как-нибудь,  
Так воспитаньем, слава Богу,  
У нас немудрено блеснуть.

Пушкин

*We have all learned—each of us a little—something or other and somehow or other. And so, thank God, it is not difficult with us to make a brilliant display of education.*

*Pushkin*

The cultivation of extra curricular intelligence is supposed to be one of the hallmarks of our establishment. Yet the gradual extinction of such intelligence is well attested by the ailing state of Societies that depend on boys’ contributions. Indeed the history of the Debating Society’s decline into its present lamentable condition is most illustrative of the point I shall attempt to make. The Society was re-founded some two years ago by a hard core of conversationalists, who made up the speakers and most of the audience. Since these debates were offshoots of their ordinary conversation, and consequently very well prepared, on the whole arguments of some depth and considerable interest were produced. Unfortunately this interest was obviously limited to the “regulars”, who were the few to understand the elliptical speeches. This state of affairs was judged by some as unworthy of a school Society and a popularist pressure group was formed. In obvious consequence the explicitness demanded of the speakers by an unfamiliar audience destroyed the former depth of argument; a much larger society, which insisted on choosing motions itself, made difficult the former intensive preparation; the desire of those present for trivial amusement killed all pretension to intelligence, which was replaced by a very dreary form of after dinner speechifying. In short it seems obvious that the cultivation of intelligence is confined to small circles detached from, of no benefit to, and despised by, the rest of the school and even other separate circles of this kind. Speculation, then, into some of the more obvious attendant circumstances might be of some interest.



Westminster has, both in its healthy days and now, been pleasantly free of the formality that attends other educational institutions; when school (not just the classroom) formed a more significant part of a boy's life, he had time to make wide personal contacts, the basis of worthwhile discussion. Now the basis of intelligent conversation is still the same, but, with boys' lesser attachment to school, the wide personal contact has disappeared; a boy is confined to his immediate circle, without even the inferior substitute, as far as the rest of the school is concerned, of the formal relationship. In a very real sense then, the school as a whole can be said to be less intellectually active than it was. Now, while this might explain why we lack the machinery, as it were, for the cultivation of intelligence, we have not yet accounted for the general lack of motivation to fulfil the ideal worthy of a school so privileged as this.

Most would agree that the greatest single factor in the change of atmosphere here has been the near extinction of the Seventh form. This body of near-adults, pursuing a deep and impressive specialization in their various subjects and at the same time cultivating seriously their respective world outlooks, was the obvious embodiment of the school's ideal. Is it not legitimate therefore to argue that boys, seeing the final product of the school in its present state, while noticing in them certain knowledge of their subjects yet perceiving neither remarkable breadth nor depth of intellect, should regard with contempt the tattered ideal of a school of which they have expected so much? Nor would our condition be so sad, if the intellectual influence of the subjects taught here extended beyond the class room. For the so-called "Humanities", the traditional mainstay of the liberal education, preferred, when supposed to be under attack from the natural sciences, not to avow their general relevance, but tried, while retaining their cultural appeal, to become pseudo-sciences, subjects studied purely for their own sakes. So we had the double absurdity of these subjects evolving elaborate methodologies which were confessed unnecessary to the ordinary man's examination of the subject matter. Take for example the study of literature, which forms the greater part of the humanities. No teacher would insist that pupils apply the rigorous analytical techniques learnt in the classroom to

works they might read themselves; in short, the intellectual appeal of the subject is restricted not even to its whole self. It is no wonder that many declare the "Humanities" to have betrayed us. But even in the classroom there are taught doctrines pernicious to a true liberal ideal; that, since the appreciation of literature is such a personal complex matter, everyone is entitled to his own, fundamentally uncontested, view; that, because we may not find ready answers to such difficult problems, no answers or right views exist. Thus the intellectual rigours of at least seeking solutions, most important not only for the advancement of learning but also for our defence, in ordinary life, against speciousness of all kinds are conveniently avoided. Little then is left of those qualities for which we still pride ourselves. We are, if gloom admit of metaphor, as a corpse. We still have the external features of the liberal establishment but have lost the inner pulse that would make our continued existence worthwhile.

The present state of the school is well reflected in the recent directives to give boys a greater say in certain matters, the impulse that created the already notorious Extra Curricular Activities Committee. As many rushed to point out, we see in these directives a confusion of two ideas; the sensible notion that the adults should keep their ears open for arguments they may have passed over themselves has been mixed with the feeling that blind respect should be paid to an individual's will irrespective of his reason. The former suggests that genuine informal communication has disappeared, while the latter is yet another trapping of liberalism that only serves to obscure our real problem. But further implications become clear: that the adult population, whose intellects, or at least whose experience and knowledge, we are expected to respect in form (and, if not, how does one justify this school?), are incapable of making rational decisions for the boys' good outside the classroom, and further that boys are incapable of appreciating such decisions. Now, if this be not the case, we can indict the planners on the grounds that they are distracting attention from the real problems; and, if it be the true condition of the school, we may accuse them of refusing to recognize or treat the root of the problem.

We have therefore the doubly sad picture of the degenerate institution refusing to recognize the true root of its evils. And on present trends with their attentions on the liberal façade rather than on the life pulse of liberalism, things at Westminster are not going to get any better. For, until we renew the serious cultivation of a critical intelligence that is alive and aware at all times, all these projected classrooms, science blocks, day-boy facilities, working parties, committees that plan them, the whole lot, will remain as the trinkets so lovingly placed among the mummy's bandages.

George Lemos

## “L'Après-Midi d'un . . . .”

On a Friday afternoon early in the term, a group of pupils—normally self-righteous, but bullied into sleepy compliance by the heat, boredom, and an exceptional fish lunch—were told to sit in pairs on tables and establish “eye-ball contact”. Even the Chaplain participated. After five minutes of pleasant but unproductive, mind-searching, the giggling Master of Ceremonies announced a new exercise: “Sense each other's soul through vibrations of the little finger.” Even this humiliation raised but a glimmer of indignation from a bunch educated to analyse and ridicule. I believe that eventually they were told that this sacrifice of privacy was a joke—a parody of a Shepherd's Bush Encounter Group, and ordered to go away and “think about balloons for half-an-hour”.

There are several possible explanations for the Guild's unquestioning acceptance of such liberty-taking: above the heat and general boredom, they may have felt, for humanitarian reasons, that it would be unwise to inform the Master of Ceremonies of common opinion; they may have feared to laugh at themselves; they may have enjoyed “eye-ball contact”; alternatively they may have had an inherent respect for originality, even when it serves no purpose. The last explanation is to be feared most; pointless convention-breaking may become a norm. Recently someone told me that he had sat on

a bollard in Victoria Street for fifteen minutes, imitating a plastic gnome; he made it sound like a boast. I wondered in whose eyes he might increase his status.

In spite of a degree of freedom in Westminster absent in some other public schools (as exemplified by the annual influx of Etonian refugees), the school has evolved rigid social values; even vaguely undignified conduct will sometimes be punished by exclusion from any but the lowest of Westminster castes. Everyone's rank is estimated by their conduct, not their birth or beauty. An article in a Classical Magazine on the Flora of the Eclogues could transform an Untouchable Grove Park Shinter into a Brahmin—a respectable pseud.

Recently a number of new castes have emerged—Catholick Soc., Hebrew, Old Church Slavonic, even Classical Chinese classes. A caste label is as undetachable as an extra limb. As this Caste System becomes more elaborate, it takes on ritual aspects; caste activities have been restricted by law to a particular time and place. Even a pastime as “apparently innocuous” as learning Classical Chinese can only be indulged at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evenings in the Busby Library.

In conclusion, a cautionary tale: I am forced to ignore a former friend, at present “infra Salem”, because, in a moment of social indiscretion which can only be attributed to migraine or piles, he spoke in Debating Society on vasectomy instead of “Great Art's Appeal to the Masses”, and offended the company and Worshipful Chairman.

P.S.E.

If pigs could fly,  
They wouldn't be pigs,  
They'd be birds.  
Birds, with trotters.

Stephen Caplin

## Tizard Lecture 1973

### Food and Population — The Plant Breeders Contribution

#### Professor Ralph Riley

It must be difficult for a specialist in his field faced with such an audience to balance his lecture so as to embrace the subject to his own satisfaction while not leaving the layman completely behind. Unfortunately, the confusion felt by the numerous non-scientists in the audience was not totally removed. However, for the botanists it was an interesting, though hardly inspiring, lecture.

There were the usual problems of visibility and audibility, and the usual introduction in which every other word seems to be "Tizard". When he was laid to rest for another year, the lecture proper began.

With the use of slides we were shown the poor state of our world food supplies. Impressive figures were quoted at such length to illuminate this fact as almost to give the impression that statistics were to be the substance of the lecture. But we passed on to see how yields were being improved, with increased use of fertilizers and irrigation. More significantly, we were told of the production of new species and varieties of cereal. Here is the domain of the plant breeder and the basis of his contribution.

When new areas of land are opened for cereal crops, a new variety is bred to meet the local conditions. This was explained at length with large lists of figures outlining the facts. Without going into the depths of the ideas, it would seem that the plant breeder was doing a good job. Unfortunately, things are never that easy, as was explained. A new variety of wheat emerged that had a higher protein content than normal and would have been ideal in many areas. However, the grain is soft, which is bad both for culinary and storage purposes.

There then followed a conclusion in which the opposition to the plant breeder was summarized. This ranges from social unrest at the rich getting richer through being able to afford the new crop to the simple unpalatability of a more nutritious crop. Besides these, there are the simple ecological factors often forgotten by an even greedier Mankind.

Finally, with the touch of a poet, we were reminded of our duty to our children to feed them, coupled with a plea to cut down on their number. It seems that with the world food production so critically balanced more money is required by the plant breeders!

Andrew Wilson

## Concerts

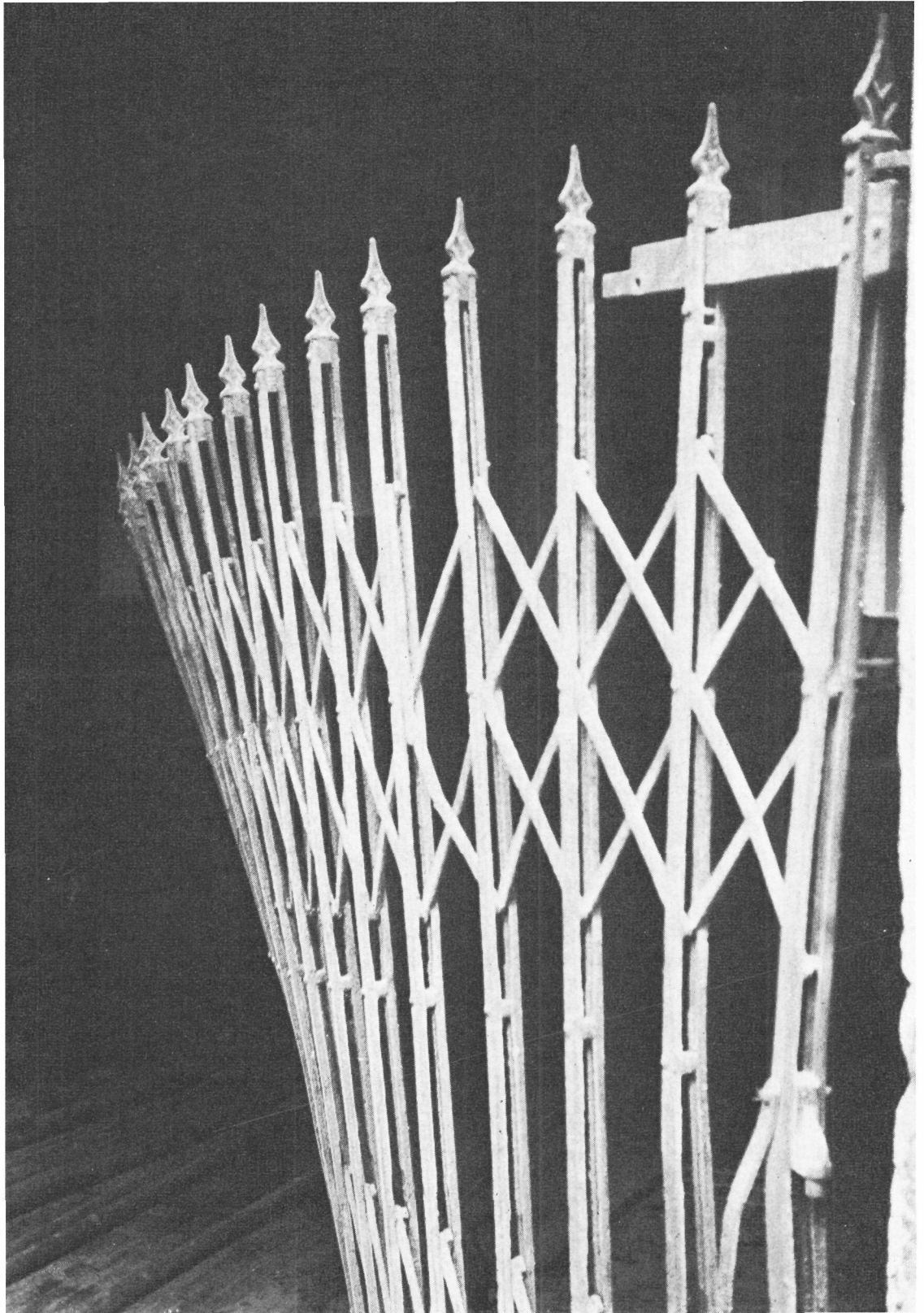
### Play Term 1972

This term's concert opened rather dismally with the School Song; for yet again audience participation was at a bare minimum, as few know the correct pronunciation of the Latin and even fewer can follow the intricacies of the melody. Has the time not come for a new one?

However, things brightened up considerably with the reasonably effective performance of three movements from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne*—only reasonably, because the quiet passages flagged rather more than they should have, especially in the fourth section of the overture, where the bassoons drowned the very thin sound of the 'cellos in a wash of unpleasant noise. However, the March moved well enough, demonstrating that it is confidence not technical skill that the School Orchestra lacks. In the "tutti" passages the standard is high; whereas, when the field is left open for a section of the orchestra to play unaccompanied, rabid nervousness spreads from performer to performer, each waiting for his partner to begin playing. The result, of course, is that little sound and much embarrassment is produced. This partially explains the horns curiously understated entry in the Tchaikovsky *B flat Piano Concerto*, though they were much put off by the soloist unnecessarily striking an A when they were about to play F. But in fact the orchestra throughout seemed more reticent than was necessary in accompanying the soloist Paul Schwartz.

Yet it is by its soloist that a concerto must be judged; and, this being the case, it was, perhaps surprisingly, a success; for, although Paul Schwartz may occasionally lack expression in his playing, this is more than made up for by his rich pianistic tone. Such tone, which is as important in pianoforte playing as it is with the violin, is seldom achieved by the amateur, who too often produces a tinkling sound. With Paul Schwartz, however, this was never the case. Nor did he lack self confidence; even when he played the wrong notes, he made one feel that they were correct (in marked contrast with the orchestra, to whom the opposite was more applicable). Perhaps from the orchestral point of view this concerto was too ambitious; for with this piece the orchestra can never just follow the piano, as it attempted to do.

However, all criticisms of the School Orchestra



*Photo: J. J. Kirsh*

vanish on consideration of the performance of the Mozart *Requiem*. This was an integrated performance of a far from integrated work. All constituents—chorus, soloists, and orchestra—blended to give a sensitive interpretation. Worthy of special praise was David Johnston (tenor), whose characterization of his part gave added agony to the Tuba Mirum in Mozart's terrifyingly honest score. The chorus was at its best in the fugal passages of the opening and finale, where the clarity of line was not suggested but clearly expressed. The true test of the amateurs' performance is that their status is forgotten and the music enjoyed for its own sake without the usual reservations. In this Requiem it was Mozart, not the uncomfortable seating, which was to be remembered in the audience's mind.

Gavin Griffiths

## Lent Term 1972

This term, as well as witnessing two major musical events, we saw several contributions to Morning Abbey in the form of short recitals. While in the past the latter have been confined to performances by professional soloists, it was a most acceptable innovation that they should now offer opportunities for talented Westminster musicians to perform.

As for the two occasions that formed the focus of the term's musical activities, one, the Concert up School held early in the term, was aimed at exploiting the efforts of the boys, and displayed two excellent concerto soloists; while the other combined the choral forces of two notable establishments for young ladies, the Francis Holland Schools, Mr. Baird's two choirs, and the School Choral Society, all under the direction of Mr. Byrt, to produce a memorable performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* to conclude the term.

The School Concert then, which surprisingly attracted only a small audience, was none the less agreed by all to be a most enjoyable evening's music. In place of an overture, we began with Malcolm Arnold's *Little Suite for Orchestra*, a charming light-weight affair which was both executed and received with obvious enjoyment, though in honesty it must be

admitted that, in high-lighting certain sections of the orchestra, it also threw into prominence their weaknesses.

Next, Simon May gave a most sensitive rendering of Mozart's *27th Piano Concerto, in B flat*. The decision to play an entire concerto proved most satisfactory, and a sense of completeness was achieved which can seldom be experienced when one movement only is played. The performance, though beginning tentatively, grew in confidence as it progressed, and the finale was executed with great authority. One felt that the positioning of the piano behind the orchestra, with the lid for some unaccountable reason firmly closed throughout, considerably impaired the soloist's projection.

The evening reached a fitting climax with a brilliant performance by Simon Ubsdell of Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto in A major*. His technical mastery and control of his instrument enabled him to achieve a reading whose sensitivity and expressiveness found its peak in the slow movement, which was conspicuous for its singing lyricism.

The last week saw a truly moving performance of the *St. Matthew Passion*, which must stand among Westminster's finest musical achievements. Any scepticism about the undertaking of such a massive work was immediately dispelled by the noble dignity of the opening chorus "Come ye daughters, share my mourning". The structural problems implicit in this monumental music drama were overcome with skill, and the abridgements, difficult though they are in a work of such unity, entirely convincing.

The four soloists were a most impressive array, and Edgar Thomas stood in for Philip Langridge at the last moment with great success. Solo contributions from the boys included some outstanding violin playing by Graeme Kirk and Ian Pearson, and some exquisite flute playing by Guy Johnson. The two Choruses sang with great attack, as witness the magnificent "Have lightnings and thunders their fury forgotten?", and with marked sensitivity, as in what is to me the *hoch punkt* of the whole drama, "Truly this was the Son of God".

For all this then our warmest thanks to Mr. Byrt, while we look forward to a continuance of such excellent performances.

## E.C.A. Committee

As one who regrets the encroachment of bureaucracy upon the formerly placid Westminster scene, with committees meeting on every side to resolve in weighty dialectic all such problems as confuse and complicate our everyday lives, I was somewhat aghast at the prospect of yet another such institution, sporting as it did such an imposing title. It must be stressed, however, that the projected scheme was considerably more dismaying than the final result has proved. The more conservative among us had horrified visions of school councils and other such democratic organizations that were to subvert the established order; but this was not to be. Our Extra-Curricular Activities Committee was conceived in view of a growing concern with the use boys were making of their afternoons. It was given the brief that it was firstly to promote new and lapsed activities, in other words the multifarious societies that cater for interests ranging from War Games to Classical Chinese, and secondly to give financial assistance to any out-of-school project it might deem worthy of such support. Thirdly, at the instigation of Mr. Martin, we were to give administrative support to any charity or fund-raising venture within the school. And finally we were to co-ordinate, with the help of Mr. Francis, the extra-curricular activities as they appear on the almanack, so that, as has so often happened in the past, two or more important society meetings should not clash.

Thus instructed we first met half-way through last term. The members of the committee are for the most part *ex officio*, for example, the Head of School, the Head of School Music, and the Head of Task Force. The Houses not thus represented are to elect a member from their numbers. We had decided, on principle, against a policy of democratic election of all members, and on this count we may be open to attack in that we do not as yet include any members of the Junior School. In defence I would say that we simply do not claim to be a democratic body; our decisions are not intended to represent general opinion but to benefit the general good. In this we hoped that perhaps those already in positions of responsibility for their administrative abilities would be the more capable with respect to decisions concerning the allocation of funds. As a further measure it was decided that a member of the Com-

mon Room should preside, and Mr. Field was chosen to chair the proceedings. To keep us informed with respect to the almanack, Mr. Francis also attends the meetings.

Of the work the committee has so far performed the distribution of money has played a major part, although we have been most energetic in promoting a fund-raising scheme suggested by Mr. Martin. The intention is to stage a walk in aid of Waterford School, a cause for which Westminster feels particular sympathy. With respect to the third component of our brief, the co-ordination of activities on the almanack, we have been, to our shame, especially negligent, though, no doubt, this will be remedied in the future.

In my own view by the direction it has so far tended to take, the committee is really avoiding the original issue. Its projected purpose, as I saw it, was to stimulate boys throughout the school to engage in profitable and diverting activities during the afternoons; whereas by now our aims have been misinterpreted by all too many people, even to the extent that the committee itself is unsure of its position. The present interpretation of our operations demands that we be little more than a company of financiers, as though our only concern were to void our account of all its contents in the shortest possible time. I maintain that our sense of concern and feelings of duty should extend not only as far as the boy who comes to us with a request for a flying-harness or a Chinese dictionary, but also to the one who spends most of his afternoons engaged in what Mr. Field once pointedly called "nothing in particular".

Simon Ubsdell

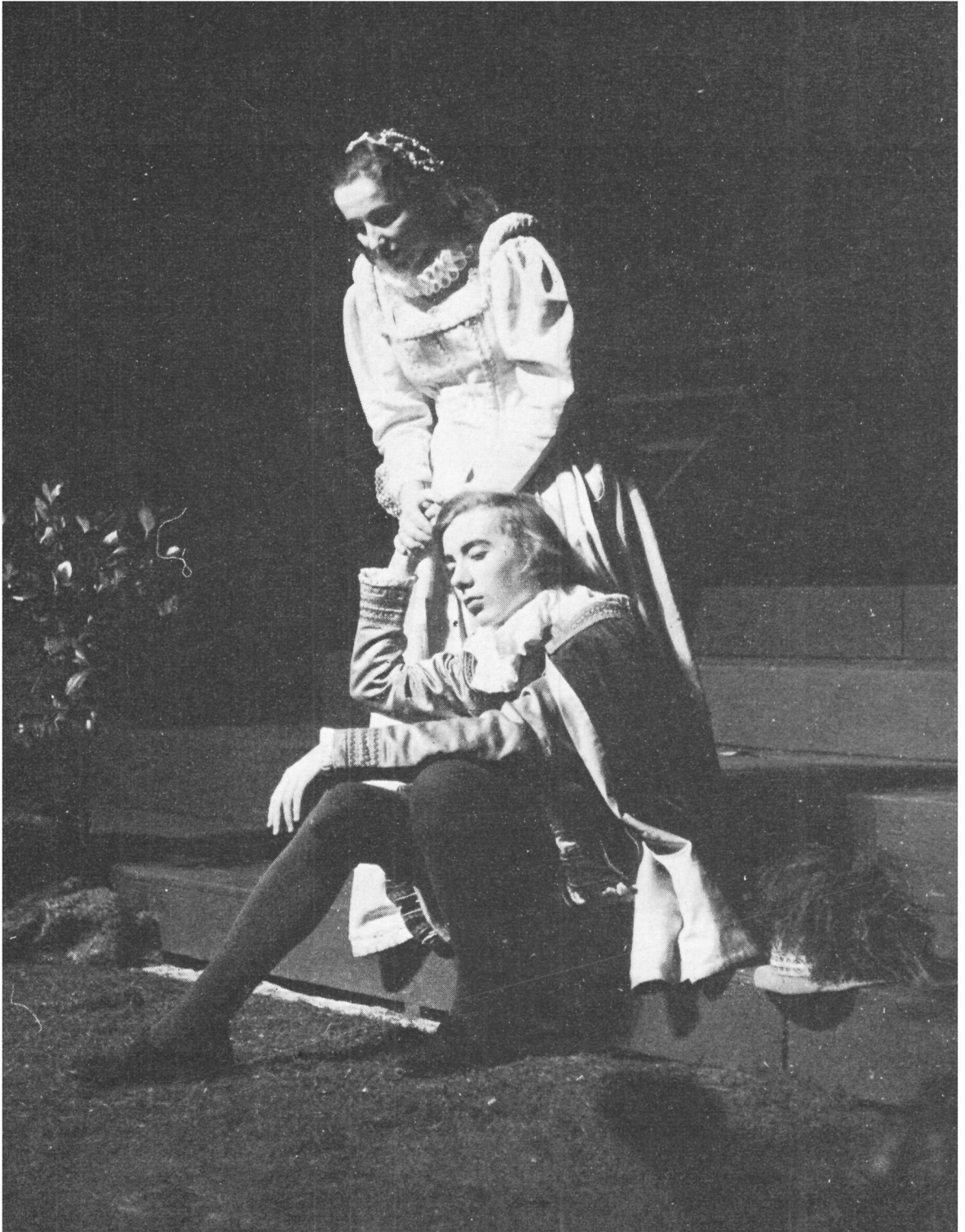
# Ben Jonson's Quatercentenary

## "Tale of a Tub" and "Oberon, the Fairy Prince"



It may appear ungracious, after the pleasure and excitement that Mr. Field's production offered, to devote the greater part of this review to criticism. But to insist on praise is to doubt the excellence of Mr. Field's achievement. I myself take it for granted that the production was good and consequently do not think that anything I might write now would enhance its already established excellence. Nor, at the other extreme, do I propose to dispute minor points, but instead will treat of more general features of the production, about which a certain unanimity may be reached.

Many, it appears, left the play with the feeling that Mr. Field had done his best for his client and was to be congratulated on a successful staging of a difficult and, as many may have thought, mediocre play; in short, that there were many excellent moments, thanks to Mr. Field's felicitous direction, but that the evening remained a succession of such moments rather than a well integrated play; and this fault would be ascribed to Ben Jonson rather than to Mr. Field. If this be truly the case, I would find difficulty in explaining why my own appreciation and enjoyment of the production increased with





greater knowledge of the play. The inaudibility of the actors spoilt my first appreciation as it did of many others; indeed, the reason why such inaudibility was tolerated may well point to a flaw in the conception of this production.

To take two of many examples; before reading the play I could not understand Canon Hugh's first two speeches or almost any word of Miles Metaphor. Therefore the plot of the play was lost to me; and since Metaphor links the ruses of Squire Tub and Justice Bramble, the unity of the play was not apparent. A reasonable explanation is that Mr. Field with his almost living knowledge of the text could understand and thus allow what to others was incomprehensible sound. The fact of such knowledge might further explain the seeming lack of internal unity in the production, the force that can, apart from the words, make a play felt by an audience; for Mr. Field's knowledge removed for him the need to create such a unity apart from the text. To the audience, although every piece of stage business bore relation to the appropriate point in the play, it nevertheless seemed to lack a relationship with any other action on stage. In short, since, in the words of one spectator, "the production did not get it across", the audience had to base its comprehension on the words of the play, which were incomprehensible for the same fundamental reason as the production itself was difficult to follow. Other features of the production were difficult to grasp; for example the set, whose bizarre convention, whereby each point on the stage could represent two points concurrently, took a little getting used to. Therefore I would suggest that the production could only be appreciated by those who knew the play.

It is most significant that David Barnes posted a notice of congratulations to Mr. Field on behalf of the cast, because, for those in the know, among whom I would account myself as I had some knowledge of the play, the production was a brilliant triumph. But many others, I fear, may have felt less sure.

Similar criticisms might be made of the masque. This is not to say that it was not an original and exciting spectacle with much more than dry or academic interest. Nor ought one to find fault with minor points; boys obviously do not possess the

skills of professional dancers and consequently lack their ease and grace.

Meyerhold wrote that "from the friction between the actor's creativity and the spectator's imagination a clear flame is kindled". We must therefore see whether the production kindled the relationship between audience and actors that the text demanded, and our enquiry must centre on the figure of King James. For at the original performance he was not only a part of the spectacle, he was also one of the spectators; the figures on stage are not only the all-powerful lords of fairyland, they are also the king's subjects, as are the audience. In short there is a complex, almost ambiguous, relationship between the dramatic and the external realities, at whose focus stands the king. But our "King James" did not occupy any central position between pretence and reality; for he was a mere actor like the rest on stage. Nothing therefore of this essential relationship was generated, for we were watching pretence alone. Nor was it satisfactory to "suspend our disbelief", to attempt to pretend that Kowol really was the king; for this, as we have hinted, would be no approximation to the balance between pretence and reality that the text required. There was therefore no relationship between audience and actors, simply because the persona that ought to have related the two was non-existent. We were detached spectators watching the spectacle of a spectacle. And interesting though this may be, I do not think it can be argued that Mr. Field's or any other modern production of this masque could provide a satisfactory aesthetic experience.

George Lemos

## Arms and the Man

Sydney Smith once wrote: "I never see a play before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so." This certainly proved very good advice for reviewing this year's Busby Play, Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, because, whereas Thursday's performance was, relatively speaking, a disaster, the cast showed their best on the last night.

A lot can be explained by the differences between the audiences. On Thursday night they were hostile from the start; and, when the curtain rose to reveal Louka, the maid, lighting candles in Raina's bedroom, the audience were soon bored and applauded derisively at her exit. In complete contrast on Friday, in spite of the fact that Louka fumbled with her matches, and the stage lights came on before the candles were lit, the audience remained generally tolerant and sympathetic. These contrasting reactions to a very small part of the play were symptomatic of the audiences' general attitudes. At all events, some more specific comment may help to explain why the play was eventually so successfully performed.

The cast was comparatively young, and Graham Balfour-Lynn was the only one of the Busby stalwarts performing. Perhaps as the result of his absence from the stage in the first act, this was the weakest part of the play. Shaw however is as much responsible for this as the cast. The first act of *Arms and the Man* takes place in Raina's bedroom at night. This means that it is played in semi-obscurity and, although the situation of a man in a young lady's bedchamber might produce startling results nowadays, Shaw proceeds strictly in accordance with *Queensberry Rules*, and the act was inevitably monotonous. Unfortunately Patricia Hitchcock and Adam Zeman, who were alone on the stage almost throughout the act, were unable to remedy this inherent failing. Their movements were random and distracted us from the content of their lines.

After the first act, which serves as a very long explanatory prologue, the play moved much more swiftly and amusingly towards its conclusion. With regard to individual parts it is probably true to say that the shorter character parts were more memorable than the central figures, but cameos of this kind can only shine against a solid background.

Adam Zeman's Captain Bluntschli was a very

natural performance, almost conversational, and the only important criticism that can be made against him is that he was far too young and dashing for the parochial hôtelier he was playing. On the other hand it is hard to imagine how he could otherwise have been able to captivate the heart of Raina, the romantic dreamer. Patricia Hitchcock made her idealism admirably overplayed but was less plausible in the last act when the part demanded that she stop declaiming. As for Sergius, played by Peter Hirsch, he was delightfully gallant, an ideal son-in-law, but a less than ideal husband. It was perhaps left to Nicola, and to his eventual wife Louka, to give the play a serious side; they showed the dilemma of every servant. Rupert Paget was as feminine as any male who has graced the Westminster stage, and David Colborn bowed and scraped his way through many a tight corner without ever quite managing to convince us that subservience is a necessary evil.

The Major and his wife are perhaps the most entertaining characters in the play, and Graham Balfour-Lynn and Bruce Hyman made the most of their parts. The contrast between the peasant side of Petkoff, who could not adapt to "modern ideas" such as that of bathing, and Catherine, the totally unsophisticated social climber, was especially delightful.

As is usual with Busby plays, the costumes and scenery were extremely impressive, and on Friday night there was the additional attraction of a speech by the co-producer, Mr. Shepherd, who had been assisted by Messrs. Murray, Harris, and Crane.

Although this review is not an unqualified paean of praise, the cast are to be congratulated on giving us such an entertaining evening, in spite of George Bernard Shaw's intermittent attempts to thwart them.

David Ekserdjian

## Rehearsal—The Wren's Play

"Watching a play on that stage is like being an on-looker at a funeral." Some comment such as this is frequently heard after a play up School and is not very surprising. The stage is six feet above the audience's head, the lines are often very difficult to hear, and one has a general feeling of detachment, inevitable when watching something literally "so far above one's own level". After all this has been said, it must first be pointed out that the Wren's Play overcame all these hurdles.

The Play was *neither* a Period Piece farce *nor* a Tom Stoppard comedy, a diet with which we have for the most part been force-fed for some time. It was totally original. It was written by their House Tutor, Mark Griffiths; the action was fast, witty, not over-involved, and at times hilariously funny. The portrayal of the Rep. Company faced with a chance of a lifetime at a West End theatre was forcefully and immediately presented. The scenes performed "on stage" by the Rep. Company were performed on stage up School, but to stress the contrast between these and those that took place "behind the scenes", the latter were played at our level, on the floor of School with the audience crowding in on three sides.

The intrusion of big Showbiz in the form of Max Goldberg, brilliantly played by James Chatto, nearly brings about a rift in the provincial company and the story hovers between parody of the Box Office world in the West End and more serious discussion of whether the theme of their production ought to be changed to meet Max Goldberg's demand. Chris Graves, Alaric Mostyn, and Sue Benfield put over this more sober side of the story without, for the most part, the self-consciousness which could have ruined the Play. The whole performance was moved along at a remarkable pace by such "classic" musical hits such as *No Business like Show-business*, *Hello Dolly*, and *Where have all the flowers gone?*, which provided a necessary backbone to the action.

The only criticisms that could be levelled are that the changes between the comic and serious scenes

were too abrupt, and that the dialogue dragged, with the result that the audience at times became detached and even embarrassed. But here at last was a House Play that concentrated on novelty and originality instead of attempting to emulate previous productions in terms of professional prowess. The audience were forced to judge it entirely on its own merits and as such it was a complete success.

Timothy Gardam

### Problems raised by a poetry reading in Ashburnham Garden

Imagine the death beat of rhapsody  
In Sylvia's soliloquy to suicide;  
Then prepare to die.

But those screams are not of death;  
It is classroom mirth  
That shatters our now resigned last breath.

In Thomas man fights man  
And voice succumbs to violence;  
The air is over-full.

But the grass is unaware,  
And reader too  
Must don clichéd poetic stare.

Mankind, man, or boy at least,  
Caused hydrous qualities  
In hitherto dehydrated Lawrence.

A snake in desert,  
Comes metamorphosis,  
Forms mud-soaked worm,  
Who craves a new psychosis.

Nature thus destroyed  
Man must now desist.  
Although we think we think,  
Can we be sure we exist?

Stephen Garrett

# Sports Reports

## Football

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Though last season was the worst we have had for several years, it must be said that eleven of our defeats were sustained in the Lent Term after the departure of eight of our most experienced players. The Play Term record was in many ways disappointing; we had what ought to have been a strong side, but on quite a few occasions we did not make the most of opportunities offered us. We started off well, winning against St. Edmund's Canterbury, drawing against Eton, and losing narrowly and rather unnecessarily against Forest. The highpoints of the season came in the middle of a five away games spell when we drew against a very strong Winchester side and beat Repton for the second time in over twenty years. However, after a rather bizarre defeat at Lancing, the side achieved little else of note save a sequence of four successive defeats. In the Lent term we continued as we had left off the previous term, and a weakened side achieved the remarkable record of eleven defeats in twelve matches. There was a similar pattern in most of these matches—we would hold our own (as we were capable of doing against most schools) until a goal was scored against us, when we would slowly deteriorate. The solitary success came in a boring game against an incredibly bad Carmel College side.

In looking at the season as a whole one has to talk about two almost totally different teams. In the Play Term we had an unusually talented side which did not achieve as much as it should have done, though for much of the term the results were quite respectable. In a generally solid defence Roger Cohen was usually outstanding, but the main problems came in midfield and attack. The midfield was very inconsistent, and only Patrick Wintour always gave the impression of achieving anything. The attack contained much potential, but this potential only revealed itself in very brief flashes and was too easily stifled. Similar problems occurred during the Lent Term. The midfield and attack were weak, and as a result the rather brittle defence was constantly under pressure. In this defence Ed Wates was consistently the most reliable player, and two colts, R. Brown and J. Fenton, showed a great deal of promise. In midfield R. Jones and S. Hollis were too often shut

out of the game, and there was rarely any linking up between them and the forward line. The forward line missed many goal scoring chances, so that to have had any chance of winning we should ourselves have had to concede virtually no goals at all. However, this rather depressing term is best forgotten, and we can hope for a slight improvement next season, since most of what was a young side will still be here, though to go by previous years this might mean little.

Antony Macwhinnie



*Photo: Martin Parnwell*

## Cross Country 1972-73

The season began in October with the Long Distance Races at Putney. The Senior Race was won, predictably, by Timothy Woods (G) in 18 minutes 12.5 seconds, the fastest time for some years, and he was followed home by Gardam (G) and Gysin (B). The Junior Race was won by Ewen Macmillan (R) in 16 minutes 9 seconds, with Reid I. M. (G) 2nd and Stanbrook (R) 3rd. The Senior Team Cup went to Grant's and the Junior Cup to Rigaud's (thus interrupting a series of five consecutive Grantite victories).

In the Play Term matches it seemed that last year's pattern of fine individual performances, but overall team defeats, was to be repeated. Woods won a hard race at Winchester, where the team score was much closer than in recent years, and followed this up with a convincing victory against Highgate and St. Alban's on the tow-path course. (Congratulations to St. Alban's on maintaining their consistent team record.) However one early team performance worthy of mention is the bronze medal won by the under-17 group in the Herne Hill Harriers' Championships, when the team was strengthened by two off-duty footballers on a "free-transfer loan".

At the beginning of the Lent Term, Woods was unfortunate to be struck by a cartilage injury which was to keep him out of running for the whole term—a cruel blow for a very promising athlete who had already lowered his tow-path time to 17' 52" and seemed ready to attack Harling's 1965 record at any time. However, paradoxically his departure seemed to mark a turning-point in the fortunes of the team, as they found new determination to make up for his loss: individual victories no longer came our way, but solid packing led to some impressive team successes. The Old Westminsters and the Common Room were duly defeated—Jim Forrest (O.W.) showed no signs of ageing in taking the individual Towpath Cup yet again—and victories were recorded against Alleyn's, Latymer, Forest, and the City of London School, though King's Canterbury and U.C.S. reminded us that there are still peaks left to conquer. However, the highlight of the season was the Ranelagh Trophy at Richmond Park, where we came 2nd out of the nine schools competing. In all these races Timothy Gardam consistently finished high up the field as our best runner, and he was ably

supported by Roger Oliver, Stephen Instone (one of the "finds" of the season who doubtless decided that Pinks as well as a Balliol scholarship should crown his school career), and Ewen Macmillan, when he could be borrowed from the junior team.

The under-15 team was led by Macmillan, who maintained individual supremacy throughout the season—no mean effort for one who would be considered by many as primarily a sprinter—and he was hotly followed by Saxon Ridley (another welcome "find"), Ian Reid, Oliver Wareham and Edward Heineman. These consistently ran well to score a number of victories, and their few defeats were usually narrow ones. Not infrequently one or more from this group were promoted to the injury-smitten senior team, and, although out of their depth, were by no means disgraced; the experience should prove useful.

For the first time ever we fielded an under-14 team. Victories were few, but this did not seem to detract from their obvious enjoyment—they are to be congratulated on raising a smile after they had been misdirected in one cold, wet race and had run five miles instead of two! Reid is clearly the toughest runner and Carson shows promise of things to come.

Overall a comparatively new station has enjoyed its best-ever season, despite a number of setbacks, and all runners should look forward to next year with confidence.

## Flog

Golf at Westminster is for the initiated, and indeed it is compulsory to be initiated to be able to play at all, however keen one is. Keeness is one thing, ability another; but unfortunately, as in many other sports, the two rarely go hand-in-hand. Flog (as I shall call it from now on, as this most accurately describes the action of most of the participants in the game at Westminster) is an ever growing station, with an increase of four chaps since the present author realized the advantages of a station with no master-

in-charge. This increase is also reflected in a corresponding increase in matches against other schools, preferably in an equally bad or worse situation with regard to their flog team. The team is always carefully chosen; the resources are not great, but scope is given for younger and more enthusiastic players to realize their potential, as older players are very willing to give up their team places to forward the latter's competitive experience. It is all very gentlemanly, and a great new confidence is finding its way into the lucky few who manage to join the station, as reflected in an astonishing total of two wins from the last two matches, which beat the footballers' performance over half a season.

Well done, chaps!

Simon Williams

## Judo

Judo continues to be a fairly small station with sixteen or so members. In the Lent term the team was made up of mainly middle school boys, with a handful of younger members, who found themselves rather outclassed in the five matches against other schools, despite an early victory against St. Edward's.

The House competition was revived after an interval of some years and the Grant's team won by a narrow margin, retaining the Judo Shield for their house.

A general feeling of enthusiasm has now returned to the club after a long absence; and so within a term or two, when the members become more experienced, the school should have a very fine Judo team.

Julian Bell

## House Athletics



# The Elizabethan Club

Changes of address  
should be sent to  
The Secretary, Westminster School Society,  
5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.

## The Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 36, Pall Mall, S.W.1, on Monday, October 15th, 1973, at 7.00 for 7.30 p.m., immediately following the Annual General Meeting.

The President of the Club, Sir Henry Chisholm, will preside and the principal guests will be the Dean of Westminster, the Head Master and the Rt. Hon. Robert Carr, M.P., who will propose "Floreat".

Accommodation is limited and members are invited to make early application for tickets to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2, Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA (tel: 01-373 9987).

Tickets: £3.50 each (inclusive of wines during Dinner).  
Cheques to be made payable to THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB.

Dress: Dinner Jacket.

Members are reminded that it is only possible to invite guests who are members of the Governing Body, masters of the School and the Under School, or those who are connected with the School's administration. Within these categories, there are a number who would appreciate an invitation, and, if any member is willing to entertain a guest, will he kindly inform the Hon. Secretary.

## Commemoration Service

It has been reluctantly decided to postpone the Service for the Commemoration of Benefactors until 1974. The Royal Wedding is in the Abbey on November 14th and the Abbey will be "closed" from November 5th-18th. Oxford and Cambridge Entrance and Scholarship Examinations start on November 21st. Rather than hold Commemoration much earlier in the Play Term on a date far removed from the right one, it will be postponed until November 1974.

## O.W. Notes and News

G. C. S. Curtis (K.S. 1916-23) is High Sheriff of Essex.  
A. C. Grover (H. 1921-24) was knighted in the Birthday Honours.

The Rt. Rev. G. A. Ellison (H 1924-29) is being translated from Chester to London.

J. D. Stocker Q.C. (R 1932-37) has been appointed a Judge of the High Court, Queen's Bench Division, and has been knighted.

R. G. Woodwark, D.S.C. (H 1934-39) is Master of the Turners Company for the second time.

K. J. H. Nichols (R 1937-40) has been appointed a Metropolitan Stipendiary Magistrate.

Rev. A. M. Allchin (K.S. 1943-48) has been appointed a Canon of Canterbury.

R. A. C. Norrington (B 1947-52) has conducted the *Marriage of Figaro* for Sadlers' Wells Opera at the Coliseum.

T. Jones-Parry (W 1960-64) has been appointed an Assistant Master and Head of the Mathematics Department at the school.

A. Lloyd Webber (R. and K.S. 1960-65) is the composer of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* now running at the Albery Theatre. The part of Pharaoh is being played by G. T. R. Waller (L 1958-63).

P. D. P. Angier (R 1963-68) rowed 4 for Oxford and J. D. Lever (R 1965-70) bow for Cambridge in the 1973 Boat Race. The Oxford crew was coached by D. Topolski (W 1959-63).

G. J. L. Lawrence (A 1965-70) has been placed in the 1st Class in Classical Moderations.

The Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on March 6th at the Waldorf Hotel. Mr. V. J. G. Stavridi was in the chair and 37 O.W.W. were present.

The Old Westminsters Lodge meets at the school four times a year and by kind permission of the Dean dines in College Hall. The Lodge proposes to hold a Cocktail Party in the autumn. O.W.W. interested should get in touch with the Secretary, Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts.

Hanslip Fletcher's drawing of Little Dean's Yard. This picture has still not come to light. Mr. A. M. Spurgin is most anxious to recover it. Anyone knowing its present whereabouts is particularly asked to write to him at The White Cottage, 2, The Ridge, Hastings, Sussex.

The Ashburnham Society will hold its A.G.M. and dinner in Ashburnham dining room on Thursday, January 17th 1974. Members wishing further details should contact H. R. Samuel, 2, Cardinal Place, S.W.15.

The Rigaud's Society is in process of formation and Old Rigaudites are invited to write for details to the Hon. Secretary at 29, Great College Street, S.W.1. The latter would also be glad to have present addresses of all Old Rigaudites.

# Election of Members

At meetings of the General Committee held on the dates shown the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B):

February 7th, 1973

House	Date of entry	Name and address	House	Date of entry	Name and address
W	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Alexander, Nicholas Edward St. John</b> 57, Morley Road, East Twickenham, Middlesex.	B	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Gysin, Peter Nicholas</b> 32, Quartermile Road, Godalming, Surrey
A	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Ambrose, Neil</b> 137, Hamilton Terrace, London, N.W.8.	A	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Hartman, Mark</b> 23, Catherine Place, London, S.W.3.
R	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Bowie, John Duncan</b> Steadlands, Watt Lane, Ranmoor, Sheffield S10 5RF.	G	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Hooper, Paul John Barrington</b> Forest Green House, Forest Green, near Dorking, Surrey.
G	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Campbell, Marcus George Akers</b> 31, Edith Grove, London, S.W.10.	C	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Jack, Colin Humphry Bruce</b> 9, Northmoor Road, Oxford
W	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Caplin, Paul Sydney Saunders</b> The Court, Rickmansworth Road, Chorley Wood, Herts.	W	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Jebb, Julian Robert</b> Woodbury, Woodland Way, Kingswood, Surrey.
A	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Catherwood, Christopher Martyn Stuart</b> 25, Woodville Gardens, London, W.5.	G	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Jenks, Bruce Frederick Edward</b> 3, Rue de Contamines, Geneva, Switzerland.
W	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Chain, Benjamin Michael</b> 7th floor Residence, Biochemistry Department, Imperial College, London, S.W.7.	R	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Keating, Giles Barry</b> 114, Court Lane, London, S.E.21.
B	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Cohen, Roger Morris</b> c/o Professor S. Cohen, Department of Chemical Pathology, Guy's Hospital Medical School, London, S.E.1	A	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Lewison, Jeremy Rodney Pines</b> 16, Bracknell Gardens, London, N.W.3.
B	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>de Guernon, Benoit</b> 3, Rue Theodore de Banville, 75 Paris 17 ieme	R	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Longford, Nicholas Felix Wingfield</b> Gamlingay Rectory, Sandy, Beds.
L	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Denniss, Oliver Crispin</b> Trelawney, 17, Allyn Park, Dulwich, London, S.E.21.	L	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Low, Adam Crayden</b> Cliffedown, Cuilfail, Lewes, Sussex.
A	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Duncan, John Signey</b> Ardnahoe, Eriswell Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.	C	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Low, Charles Robert Lindsey</b> 14, Acacia Grove, West Dulwich, London, S.E.21.
A	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Dykes, Andrew Christopher</b> 31, Pembroke Gardens, London, W.8.	W	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Marenbon, John Alexander</b> Southern Cross, Thornton Grove, Hatch End, Middlesex.
G	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Earle, Stephen Jeffery</b> 37, Ridge Hill, London, N.W.11.	R	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Moncrieff, Clive Bernard</b> 7, Eliot Place, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.
B	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Ewans, Paul Adrian</b> c/o M. K. Ewans, Esq., D.S.O.O., King Charles Street, London, S.W.1.	R	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Morland, Nigel Antony</b> 1192, Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028 U.S.A.
B	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Fairtlough, Matthew Victor Howard</b> 5, Belmont Grove, London, S.E.13.	G	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Mundy, Simon Andrew James Hainault</b> The Oast House, Five Ashes, Mayfield, Sussex.
W	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Foggin, Peter Myers</b> 43, Northway, London, N.W.11.	R	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Murray-Hill, Piers Auriol</b> 99, Castelnau, Barnes, London, S.W.13.
G	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Gimson, Francis Herbert</b> Orchard House, Holywell Hill, St. Alban's, Herts.	R	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Newlands, Mark Rosser</b> 29, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, London, NW8 0NG.
W	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Griffiths, Gavin</b> 20, Grove Court, Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.	C	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Nowell-Smith, Robert Vernon</b> 34, Maunsel Street, London, S.W.1.
			L	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Parkes, Christopher Edward Rupert</b> 7, Bulstrode Gardens, Cambridge.



House	Date of entry	Name and address
R	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Peattie, Jonathan James</b> Forge Cottage, Foundry Lane, Loosley Road, Princes Risborough, Bucks.
G	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Robbins, Michael James Gordon</b> 129, Chiltern Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.
A	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Rolt, Antony Francis Baynton</b> 141, Castelnau, London, S.W.13.
A	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Russell-Cobb, Fabian John Henry</b> 25, Alderney Street, London, S.W.1.
R	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Scott, Robert Baliol</b> 5, Barham Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20.
G	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Sharrard, Julian Andrew</b> 1, Cotswold Avenue, Hazel Grove, Manchester.
G	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Shute, Robert Maurice</b> 42, Aubrey Walk, London, W.8.
B	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Simon, Christopher George</b> 12, Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.
R	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Somervell, Philip Donald</b> Sidegarth, Staveley, Kendal, Westmorland.
C	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Stott, Andrew Charles</b> 7, Frank Dixon Way, London, S.E.21.
L	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Target, Julian Prentice Gore</b> White House, Cuiilfail, Lewes, Sussex
L	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Taunton, William Robert</b> Whitelands, Mill Hill, Edenbridge, Kent.
L	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Thomson, Adam McClure</b> 2, Rosmead Road, London, W.11.
A	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Trend, Patrick St. John</b> 18, St. German's Place, London, S.E.3.
A	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Varey, Nicholas John</b> 38, Platt's Lane, London, N.W.3.
C	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Wareham, Philip Alan</b> Longchace, Moneyrow Green Road, Holyport, nr. Maidenhead.
R	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Weir, Andrew Hugh Stewart</b> 30, Camden Square, London, N.W.1.

House	Date of entry	Name and address
B	1968 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Wintour, Patrick Walter</b> 9, Phillimore Gardens, London, W.8.
G	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Woods, Simon Peregrine Christian Hammersley</b> 4, Chepstow Place, London, W.2.
W	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Yellowlees, Peter Mackinlay</b> 9, Phillimore Gardens, London, W.8.
<b>May 2nd, 1973</b>		
House	Date of entry	Name and address
B	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Barley, Simon Tennyson</b> Heath Cottage, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent.
A	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Barnes, David Antony</b> 3, Selwyn House, Manor Fields, Putney Hill, London, S.W.15.
L	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Corbett, Richard Frank</b> Flat 21, 67, Elm Park Gardens, London, S.W.10.
W	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Crichlow, Thomas Peter Kenneth Robert</b> 5, Wimpole Street, London, W.1.
C	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Ekserdjian, David Patrick Martin</b> Knapwood House, Knaphill, Surrey.
B	1969 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Gough, Sean Hubert</b> 5, Cadogan Mansions, London, S.W.1.
R	1968 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Instone, Stephen John</b> The Mill Hill, Barnes Common, London, S.W.13.
C	1967 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Kinchin-Smith, David Francis</b> 15, Sheen Gate Gardens, London, S.W.14.
C	1968 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Robinson, David James Roper</b> 15, College Gardens, Dulwich, London, S.E.21.
A	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Solomon, John Robert George</b> 4, Tideswell Road, Putney, London, S.W.15.

# Obituary

- Bartlett**—On October 23rd, 1972, Norman Edwin (1901-06, H), aged 84.
- Butterfield**—On April 24th, 1973, Douglas Alexander (1908-09, A), aged 80.
- Derry**—On April 25th, 1973, Oscar Arthur (1910-12, R), aged 78.
- Edwards**—On December 21st, 1972, Gp. Capt. Hugh Robert Arthur, D.F.C., A.F.C. (1919-25, A), aged 66.
- Evans**—On February 5th, 1973, Willington John Carbery (1910-14, H), aged 77.
- Fowler**—On December 12th, 1972, Cyril William, F.R.I.B.A. (1908-14, A), aged 77.
- Frankish**—On December 9th, 1972, William Martin (1907-12, H), aged 77.
- Hartridge**—On December 1st, 1972, Reginald William Osmond (1904-06, H), aged 83.
- Holmes**—On December 20th, 1972, Robert Rivington (1920-26, H), aged 65.
- Johnstone**—On March 23rd, 1973, Gerald Ewart, C.B. (1920-25, G), aged 66.
- Kermode**—On February 23rd, 1973, Air Vice-Marshal Alfred Cotterill, C.B.E. (1910, C), aged 76.
- Little**—On November 3rd, 1972, William John Neil (1908-13, C), aged 78.
- Macmorran**—On January 9th, 1973, Kenneth Mead, Q.C. (1897-1902) G, aged 89
- Morriss**—On October 5th, 1972, Douglas Myddleton (1906-12, R later K.S.), aged 78.
- Nunns**—On October 15th, 1972, Edmund Bennett (1926-30, B later R), aged 59.
- Radford**—On January 12th, 1973, Herbert Daniel Hardcastle (1907-11, G), aged 79.
- Rosser-James**—On November 4th, 1972, William (1921-24, H), aged 66.
- Shearly-Sanders**—On April 8th, 1973, Colin Wilkinson (1913-17, H), aged 71.
- Trail**—On October 8th, 1972, Major Robert Francis, D.S.O., Légion d'Honneur (1893-98, H), aged 91.
- Wilkes**—On August 29th, 1972, John Humphrey Harry, (1919-21, R), aged 67.
- Luce**—On November 26th, 1972, Henry Kenneth (Master of the King's Scholars 1922-29), aged 70.

## Mr. N. E. Bartlett

Norman Edwin Bartlett was one of the nine children, and the youngest of the six sons, of whom five were at Westminster between 1893 and 1906, of Sir Herbert Henry Bartlett, 1st Baronet, of Hardington, Somerset. He joined the family building and contracting firm of Perry & Co. His eldest sister Nora, was the wife of E. R. B. Graham (1900-02 H).

## Group Captain H. R. A. Edwards, D.F.C., A.F.C.

Hugh Robert Arthur Edwards, the distinguished airman and outstanding oarsman, died in December 1972 at the comparatively young age of 66. He competed regularly at Henley from 1923, when he rowed for Westminster in the Ladies Plate, until 1932, when he won the Silver Goblets. He also rowed for Oxford against Cambridge in 1926 and 1930, his brother, E. C. T., rowing in 1925, 1926 and 1927. His rowing career reached its peak in 1932 when he won two Gold Medals in the Olympics at Long Beach California. But perhaps the row of the greatest value to himself was during the war when his Liberator came down some miles off the Cornish Coast and he sculled himself to safety in a small escape boat. As a coach, he was conspicuous as an experimenter and innovator, and above all as a supreme technician.

He was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1931. He and his brother were both well-known racing pilots, and he was second in the King's Cup Air Race in 1935, his brother having won it in 1931.

*A friend writes:*—"Hugh Edwards, affectionately known as 'Jumbo' to his many friends, died suddenly a few days before Christmas. In his Westminster days he was called Pinkers or Pink Edwards to distinguish him from his brother E. C. T. who, on account of his sallow complexion, was dubbed Green Edwards. E. C. T. was killed whilst on a bombing mission over Holland in 1940.

"Hugh Edwards was thorough and painstaking in everything he did. He was an oarsman of outstanding merit, and Westminster owes much to his skill and patience as a coach. He had a dry wit, and when he sat for Common Entrance, the story goes, one of the questions asked was 'Give a brief sketch of Charles I'. He kept it brief, and did a sketch of a middle-aged monarch complete with beard. He married Michael Williams who survives him."

## Dr. P. H. Leslie

The death, in June last year at the age of 72, of Patrick Holt Leslie has deprived the world of ecological science of one of its most brilliant biomathematicians, one to be ranked with Raymond Pearl and Alfred Lotka. Educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, he obtained an honours degree in physiology in 1921, but was later prevented by a very serious illness of the lung from completing a medical course. After several years of research in bacteriology at the School of Pathology in Oxford, he began an association with the Bureau of Animal Population that continued from 1935 to his re-

tirement in 1967. He became a Senior Research Officer there and his activities fell into two closely-related spheres: advisory work on statistical matters, and his own research upon demographic methods and problems. Leslie was compelled by his earlier ill-health to live a quiet and somewhat secluded life. His habit was to visit the laboratory in the morning to advise and read, but to spend the rest of his time working at home. Thus, like Darwin and unlike many in the academic hurly-burly of today, he had uninterrupted opportunities to think, analyse and calculate. Through these years he was greatly helped by the devoted care of his wife. It is to be noted with some astonishment that Leslie had no formal training in advanced mathematics, and his extraordinary talent for original mathematical approaches to ecological problems became apparent unusually late, after the age of 35. He came to be held in high respect by more professionally trained experts in the same field. Hundreds of research workers at the bureau and elsewhere are in his debt for shrewd and patient advice, often also for much careful examination and computation of their figures. His tall figure, quiet manner, friendliness to people of all ages, whimsical humour, and incisive intellectual powers became, so to speak, an institution within the research institute. On matters of scientific integrity he was adamant. The advisory aspect of his activities was also important for the development of Leslie's own ideas; for he attained a clear picture of the kind of assumptions that ecologists deal with, the long and tedious and usually incomplete nature of field studies on animal populations, and their sampling problems. Thus his own ideas always started from sound ecological premises. His whole self-made mathematical career, with its comet-like character, must have done much to make people realize the formidable complexities inherent in population ecology, and has provided valuable new tools for use in them. He gained his Oxford D.Sc. on the published results of his various researches.

*(Reprinted from Nature)*

### **Mr. K. M. MacMorran, Q.C.**

Kenneth Mead Macmorran came from a legal background. His grandfather was a solicitor and his father Recorder of Hastings from 1915-30. He became an authority on Church law himself, publishing in 1921 *A Handbook for Church Wardens and Parochial Church Councillors* which has remained the standard authority in most dioceses. He was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1907, and, after serving in the East Surrey Regiment in the First World War, became Staff-Captain to the Judge Advocate General in 1919. Later

he became Chancellor of several dioceses and Deputy Chairman of Surrey Quarter Sessions. He was also a member of the Church Assembly, a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and its Treasurer in 1956. Though a man of great learning, he carried it lightly, and was conspicuous for his modesty, gaiety and humanity.

### **Mr. C. W. Shearly-Sanders**

Colin Wilkinson Shearly-Sanders was up Homeboarders from September 1913 to December 1917 and subsequently became a solicitor. He enjoyed life to the full whether carrying on his profession in the West End or acting as a deckhand during the evacuation from Dunkirk. Colin was a regular attendant at the Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers, and on several occasions he took the chair with grace and wit. He did not feel able to do so this year, but he was present as usual, and it was sad to hear of his death so soon afterwards.

### **Mr. J. H. H. Wilkes**

J. H. H. Wilkes, after starting his career with Sir Owen Williams and Trollope & Colls, moved to Local Authority work and became County Surveyor first of Kesteven and then of Somerset. His main task in this last appointment was to introduce mechanization and new road-making techniques. He served on the Road Research Board and the Council of the Institution of Municipal Engineers, as well as being President of the County Surveyors' Society from 1963-64, and Chairman of a British Standards Committee investigating the design of Quarry Plant. Though shy and sensitive by nature, his dry sense of humour and quiet charm made him many friends.

### **Canon H. K. Luce**

Harry Kenneth Luce, who died on November 26th last, was Master of the King's Scholars from 1922 to 1929. His predecessor had held office for no less than 35 years, and it was natural that Kenneth Luce should wish to make changes. But his youth and inexperience (he had been appointed straight from Cambridge and a theological college) made him impatient of criticism and unwilling to listen to advice, and he aroused much opposition. It was three years before he found an able yet sympathetic Captain in Stephen (now Mr. Justice) Chapman, whose sister became his devoted wife. Similarly, his outspoken views on religious and social matters did not endear him to the Dean and Chapter of the day, and some of his colleagues on the staff found him brusque and angular.

In 1929 he was appointed Headmaster of King

Edward VI School, Southampton, and here his qualities as a leader immediately showed themselves. He put new life into a moribund foundation, and he succeeded in moving the school from cramped and dingy quarters in the centre of the city to fine new buildings on the outskirts. His staff liked and admired him, and it was a real disappointment to them when after only three years he left to become Headmaster of Durham School. It was in some ways a retrograde move. He was again brought into contact with a Dean and Chapter, but this time not only as his neighbours but also as his Governing Body. The Dean (Dr. Welldon) was his godfather, but he was a

diehard Tory, and at first relations were not always easy. But Luce's unflagging industry and devotion to the interests of the school won over his critics, early difficulties vanished, and he remained at Durham until his retirement in 1958.

He became Examining Chaplain to Bishop Barnes of Birmingham in 1924, and continued to examine for Barnes's successors. He was Hon. Canon of Durham from 1942. He wrote or edited a number of textbooks for schools, including *A Modern Confirmation Manual*, *The Creed of a Schoolboy*, and editions of the *Gospels* and *Acts of the Apostles*.



## Masters in the photograph published in November 1971 issue

### BACK ROW

Left to right:—

**Liddell**, grandson of the Liddell (author of *Liddell and Scott*). Form master of “Transitus”.

**Burrell**. Mathematics master. He had a high-pitched voice and was eccentric. Commonly known as Baa-lamb. An extremely interesting man.

? Cannot recognize. (H. S. H. Read. Ed.)

### MIDDLE ROW

**Etheridge**. Specialized in Modern Languages, and took a number of forms. Jocular, lively and mischievous. Kept sending people to the bottom of the form for quite minor misdemeanours. In oral work the form sat on benches on three sides of a square in front of the desks.

**Tyson Bursar**.

? (S. H. Day. Ed.)

? (B. F. Hardy. Ed.)

**Willett**. Master of form on Science side and Commander of O.T.C. (Officers Training Corps), which all except conscientious objectors had to join during World War I.

? (A. H. Forbes. Ed.)

**Mitchell** (“Mike”). He taught the bottom form.

**Smedley** (“Snogger”). He was the most distinguished pure scholar among the masters. It was said that he was offered a Fellowship at a Cambridge College. Took the Classical Seventh. I met him two years before I went to Westminster at St. Margaret’s Bay. He lost his wedding ring in the sea. I spent half an hour diving under the water and feeling in the shingle. I found it.

I am afraid that his marvellous expositions of the styles of J. E. D. and P. in the first six books of the Old Testament contributed to the decline of my faith in that book.

### FRONT ROW

**Rev. Nall**. Highly affected, parsonical, and a low-toned voice. He walked with a deep bend, much imitated.

**Sargeant**, John (J.S.). Though not so fine a pure scholar as Smedley, he had a much wider range, and was far more interesting. I recall that, when I went to Oxford, I was deeply disappointed at being unable to find among the dons anyone so cultivated as J.S. He took the Classical Sixth. He was also a great gardener. I stayed with him in his country home near Crowborough, where I first learnt what sedulous gardening meant. He translated the whole of the *Iliad* into *quantitative* English hexameters, in which stress on the syllables of the words as pronounced played no part in the rhythm of the verse. He was very keen on Robert Bridges, who also wrote quan-

titative verse; he did not know him personally, but quoted him a great deal in class. He was a member of a very select small Dining Society in London, known as “the Club”, to which a number of Cabinet Ministers belonged. At school it was supposed that it was his advocacy there that caused Robert Bridges, rather than, e.g., the more popular Kipling, to be made Poet Laureate. Sargeant left the MS of his translation of the *Iliad* to Bridges. I recall Bridges, whom I had not so far known, bursting into my rooms in Christ Church with the *Iliad* in his hands, and saying “What shall I do with this?” I hope that it is now safely deposited in the Christ Church library. This event led to a friendship between me and Bridges, whom I often used to visit on Boars Hill. When an undergraduate, Sargeant was President of the Oxford Union, and his portrait still hangs (1971) in the Debating Hall. He was Editor of what for long was the standard edition of *Dryden* (Oxford University Press). He had a large, much battered volume of 1,000 or more large pages of selected English poems reposing on his desk. All his lessons were much interspersed with the recitation of poetry. He claimed that, if all copies of the *Aeneid* in the world were lost, he would be able to write it out from beginning to end.

**Tanner** (“The Buck”). Was always dressed up to the nines. He was master of the Lower Fifth, Senior master of the school in my time; that is why he sits on the Head Master’s right. Housemaster of Grant’s. Father of Lawrence Tanner who, after my time, was for many years History master at Westminster, and archivist to Westminster Abbey.

**Rev. Gow**. Head Master. Brother of quite a good painter, who was an R. A., and a friend of my mother’s family, the Forbes-Robertsons. He was quite a distinguished scholar, and wrote about Greek mathematics.

**Fox**. Second Senior master, and Master of Rigaud’s. Abominably dull.

**Rev. Rayner** (“Peewee”). Master of College. It was the tradition of College that the Master should have nothing whatever to do with the running of the place. It was pure self-government. He took the Upper Shell. A ferocious, and, in these days, one would say, a sadistic disciplinarian. He liked to get a boy to stand up before the class for as much, sometimes, as an hour and a half, translating unseen from Latin or Greek, both making fun of him and raging angrily at him all the time. But, actually, he was quite a nice man, when you got to know him, as I eventually did, long after I was moved out of his class.

**Huckwell** (Bill). Chief mathematics master. Very fat. Somewhat eccentric, but not enough so to be amusing.

Roy Harrod

# Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at the Army and Navy Club, 36, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1 on Monday, October 15th, 1973, at 6.30 p.m.

F. A. G. RIDER  
Hon. Secretary

July 1973

## Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 16th, 1972.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1973.
4. Election of Officers.\*  
The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:  
Chairman: R. Plummer  
Hon. Treasurer: C. M. O'Brien  
Hon. Secretary: F. A. G. Rider.
5. Election of General Committee.\*  
Under Rule 13, Dr. P. C. F. Wingate, Mr. R. W. P. Hare and Mr. J. A. Lauder are ineligible for re-election. The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:  
†1954-59 P. L. M. Sherwood  
†1932-37 D. F. Cunliffe  
†1955-61 M. B. McC. Brown  
†1959-62 A. J. T. Willoughby  
†1916-21 F. N. Hornsby  
†1956-61 Dr. D. G. C. Presbury  
†1955-59 M. C. Baughan  
†1955-61 D. A. Roy  
1961-65 E. S. Funnell  
1965-70 P. W. Matcham  
1958-52 P. J. Morley-Jacob  
1961-65 R. J. D. Welch

6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.

7. Any Other Business.

\*The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2, Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA, so as to reach him not later than October 8th, 1973.

†Members of the 1972-73 General Committee eligible for re-election.

## Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Ninth Annual Report covering the period from April 1st, 1972 to March 31st, 1973.

The Committee regret to report the deaths of the following members during the year:

L. E. Barker, N. E. Bartlett, Lt. Col. J. Brookman, A. Burnett-Rae, G. P. Chapman, Gp. Capt. H. R. A. Edwards, C. W. Fowler, W. M. Frankish, R. L. Giles, Dr. W. E. Glover, C. C. Gover, R. W. O. Hartridge, R. R. Holmes, G. E. Johnstone, C. A. A. Kitchin, P. H. Leslie, W. J. N. Little, D. M. Low, F. A. M. Macquisten, W. T. Mattock, D. M. Morriss, E. B. Nunns, H. D. H. Radford, W. Rutherford, H. J. Thomson, C. E. Torrey, Major R. F. Traill, R. Wakeford, V.C., J. H. H. Wilkes, and A. H. Williams.

Ninety-five new members were elected to Life Membership and one to Honorary Life Membership.

F. N. Hornsby did not wish to seek re-election as Chairman for 1972-73 and the Committee records its warm appreciation of his services as Chairman during the past three years.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 16th, 1972, R. Plummer was elected Chairman; C. M. O'Brien and F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. F. N. Hornsby, Dr. D. G. C. Presbury, M. C. Baughan and D. A. Roy were elected new members of the Committee.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club, through the kind offices once again of V. T. M. R. Tenison, immediately following the annual General Meeting. The President, Sir Henry Chisholm, presided and 82 members and guests, who included the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master, attended. The toast "Floreat" was proposed by the President and responded to by the Head Master. The President's health was proposed by C. M. O'Brien.

The Westminster Ball was held on July 21st, 1972, at the Hurlingham Club. A capacity attendance of 520 members and their guests enjoyed a lively and successful evening.

A Games Dinner took place on March 29th, 1973, in College Hall and afforded a unique opportunity to return the hospitality of other Old Boys' Clubs to the members of the various Games Sections.

At the Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club, held on October 3rd, 1972, J. A. Lauder, P. G. Whipp and D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Assistant Secretary respectively.

The ATHLETICS CLUB's annual match against the School resulted in a win for the talented school team coached by Michael Brown. The Towpath race in February resulted in a close finish between the School, the Staff team and the Club, who were the overall winners. First place was gained by J. Forrest, O.W. The Club also took part in the Old Boys' Cross-Country Championships but were unplaced. In the Inter Old Boys' Tournament, however, they finished equal fourth out of the 12 teams entered.

Members of the BOAT CLUB continued to use the boat available to them, but the Club itself was not represented in any Regatta during the year.

The CRICKET CLUB played 10 matches, of which three were won, six lost and one drawn. In spite of the comparative lack of success, the season was an entertaining one and members enjoyed the opportunity of playing for the Club. Our opponents in the first round of the Cricketer Cup were Uppingham Rovers, who won by 74 runs. The School match was, unhappily, rained off, but in the "Fortnight" up Fields, the Club were victorious against Aldershot C.C. and the Adastrians, but suffered defeat at the hands of Incogniti, Enigmas, Eton Ramblers, Dragonflies and Old Citizens. The match against Free Foresters was drawn. John Mortimer again distinguished himself with a number of good performances during the "Fortnight", whilst Jeremy Broadhurst made a hundred against Beckenham in the last match of the season, which was won by the Club.

A full fixture list was arranged by the FIVES CLUB against Schools and Old Boys' Clubs, although some matches had to be cancelled through lack of players. Members continued to meet at the School's Five Courts every Tuesday evening during the Play and Lent terms. Special mention must be made of Jack Gerrish who retired as Hon. Secretary after 24 years' service.

An active season was again enjoyed by the FOOTBALL CLUB who entered both the Senior and Junior Divisions of the Arthurian League. In the Arthur Dunn Cup, the Club lost 0-2 to Old Wellingburians. It must be said that the 1st XI did not have a very good season, winning only seven of their matches and drawing three, but it was a season of change with a considerable number of the younger members being introduced into the team, in order to start building for the future. The "A" XI enjoyed reasonable success, winning eight and drawing four of their matches. The Club played 43 games in all, and both Graeme Hinton and Stephen Funnell are to be congratulated for their enthusiasm and hard work in getting their teams on to the field.

The GOLFING SOCIETY entered for the Halford Hewitt, Bernard Darwin and Grafton Morrish knock-out tourna-

ments. In the former, they were drawn against Taunton in the first round and, because the team was somewhat weaker than usual, everyone tried extremely hard and their efforts were rewarded by a  $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$  victory. In the second round, Tonbridge beat the Society by a similar margin in weather conditions that were far from ideal. In the Grafton Morrish tournament, as in the Royal Wimbledon Putting competition, the Society failed to qualify for the finals. In the inter-society fixtures, the match against Old Reptonians was drawn, whilst those against Old Uppinghamians and Old Radleians were lost. The usual Spring, Summer and Autumn meetings were held and enjoyed by everyone.

The LAWN TENNIS Club entered again for the D'Abernon Cup and were beaten in the first round by U.C.S. In the match against the School, the Club was successful by six matches to three; on the following day, the annual American Doubles tournament took place at Vincent Square. At the same venue, and for the first time, the Club played against the Old Etonians. The result was a technical victory for the home side by 5-4, due to the absence of the opponents in the third round. Members play up Fields every Wednesday from the first week in May until the last week in July; the new Hon. Secretary, Richard Balfour-Lynn (Tel: 01-602 2002), will be glad to hear from all those interested in playing during the coming season.

The SWIMMING CLUB competed in the Old Boys' Relay Races but were unplaced. The match against the School was won by 77 points to 35. An influx of new members is required as difficulty has been experienced in raising teams to fulfil the usual fixtures.

The TENNIS CLUB entered again for the Henry Leaf Cup and three other matches were played during the year.

The SAILING CLUB is unable to report any activity during the year although one or two members did sail with the Sunbeam Class during the season.

No activity can be recorded during the year in the Fencing, Shooting or Squash Sections. Anyone interested in reviving activity in these Sections, particularly amongst younger O.W.W., is asked to contact P. G. Whipp, Hon. Secretary of the Games Committee, 22, Boileau Road, London, W.5. Tel: 01-997 9385.

On behalf of the Committee  
F. A. G. RIDER  
Hon. Secretary

## Games Committee

The Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club will take place at 6.15 p.m. on Tuesday, October 2nd, 1973 at the School, by kind permission of the Head Master.

P. G. Whipp, Hon. Secretary,  
22, Boileau Road,  
Ealing, W.5.

### Agenda

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters arising.
4. Correspondence.
5. Hon. Secretary's Report for the year to May 1st, 1973.
6. Accounts for the year to May 1st, 1973.
7. To receive the names of the Section Hon. Secs.
8. Election of Officers and Members for the year 1973-74. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose any alternative or additional names for election to the Committee should send such names to the Hon. Secretary at least three days before the Meeting supported by the names of the proposer and seconder.)
9. Any other business.

After the General Meeting the new Committee will meet.

## Football

### Secretary's Report for Season 1972-73

This season has been one of change. At last year's Annual General Meeting it was decided to concentrate on young players in the 1st XI; Graeme Hinton has done this as much as possible, and on some occasions as many as six players have been under 20. Results have been better than last year and they have shown that with the right blend of players the 1st XI should be able to achieve greater success in the future.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup we were beaten 2-0 by the Old Wellingburians in the preliminary round.

Stephen Funnell has had a difficult season as the 2nd XI has had to play, for the first time, league matches on a home and away basis. This meant twice as many games and under the circumstances he has done a fine job as the team has had some very good results.

The Club is always requiring new players; so anybody wishing to play please contact the Hon. Secretary, D. A. Roy, 49, Pebworth Road, Harrow. Tel: 01-422 2878.

### RESULTS

	P	W	D	L	For	Goals Against
1st XI						
League	15	5	2	8	24	46*
Arthur Dunn	1	0	0	1	0	2
Others	5	2	1	2	12	13
TOTAL	21	7	3	11	36	61

\*11th Position (Last year 13th)

### 2nd XI

League	18	6	4	8	25	40†
A.L.J.C.	1	0	0	1	3	4
Others	3	2	0	1	8	7
TOTAL	22	8	4	10	36	51

†8th Position (Last year 8th)

## Games Dinner

An Elizabethan Club Games Dinner took place on Thursday, March 29th, 1973 in College Hall. The last Games Dinner took place at the Cafe Royal in December 1956.

One hundred and thirty six O.W.W. and their guests were present under the chairmanship of the president of the Elizabethan Club Sir Henry Chisholm, C.B.E.

Sherry was taken in Ashburnham House before those present made their way to College Hall. After the loyal toast Mr. D. E. A. Pettit, the Chairman of the National Freight Corporation and father of two O.W.W., proposed the toast of "Old Westminster Games". Mr. W. E. Gerish, O.B.E. replied on behalf of Old Westminsters and proposed the health of all the Guests, who included many representatives of Old Boys Clubs with whom Old Westminsters meet at regular intervals in the different games which make up the Games Committee.

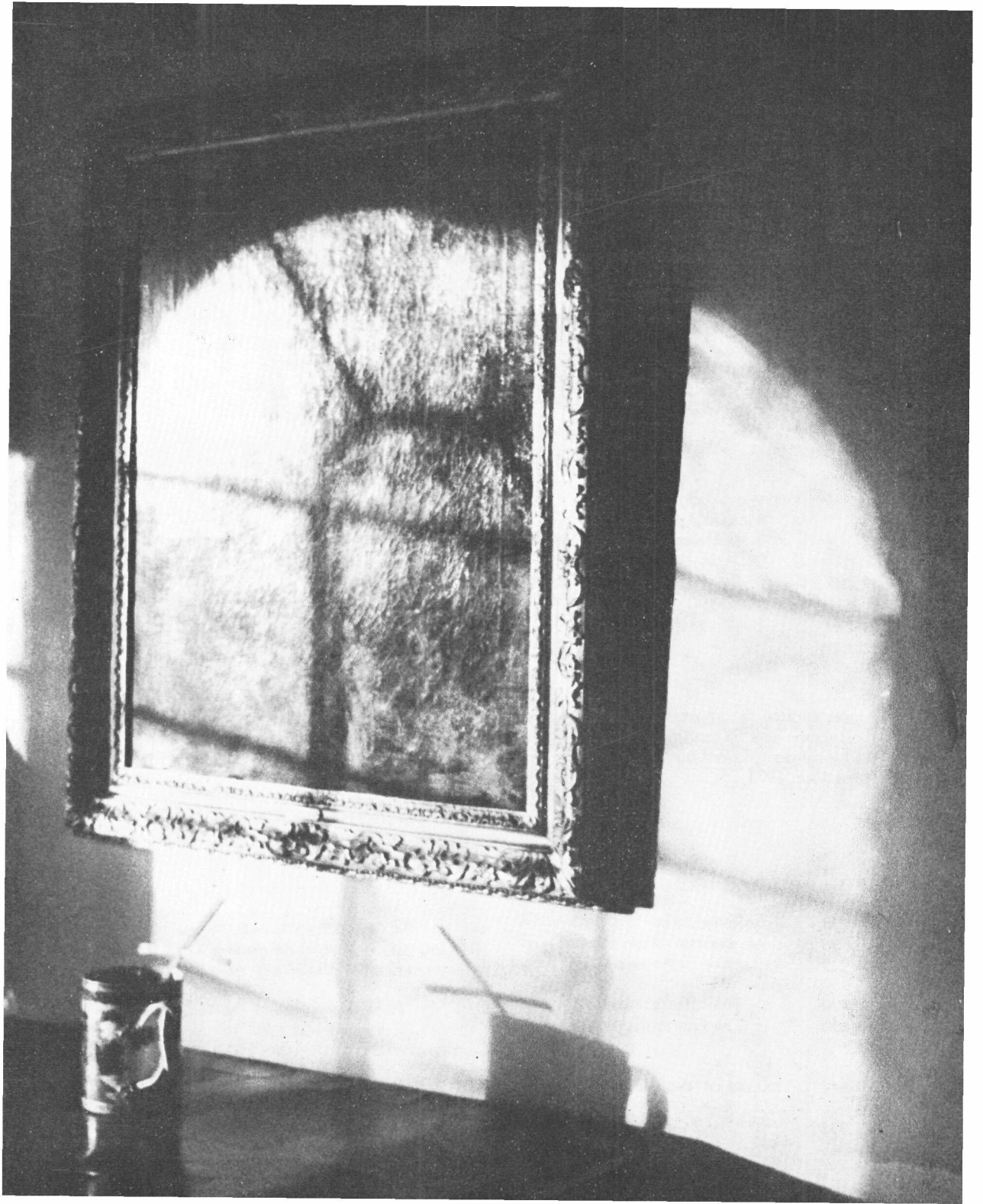
The response on behalf of the Guests was made by Mr. R. H. Woolley, an old Harrovian.

The silver rose bowl in memory of Norman Andrews, which the School Society are to present to the School, was on display on the top table during the dinner. This was particularly appropriate in view of Mr. Andrew's great love of, and interest in, Westminster Games.

The dinner was a great success particularly as it was held in such wonderful surroundings and it is hoped that this event will take place more often in future.

Mr. Tony Willoughby and Mr. David Roy are to be congratulated on organizing this event.





# The Elizabethan

## Balance Sheet

1972 £		£	£	£
	<b>CAPITAL FUND</b>			
8,060	Balance April 1st, 1972		8,380	
310	Add: Termly Instalments (proportion)		316	
10	Life Subscriptions (proportion)		—	
<u>8,380</u>			<u>8,696</u>	
	<b>ENTERTAINMENTS FUND</b>			
	Balance April 1st, 1973		363	
	Add: Gross Income		32	
	Profit on Westminster Ball		119	
			<u>514</u>	
	Deduct: Grant—Westminster House Boys Club	30		
	Taxation	14		
	Games Dinner	200		
			<u>244</u>	
363				270
	<b>INCOME ACCOUNT</b>			
	Balance April 1st, 1973		1,203	
	Add: Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year		339	
1,203			<u>1,542</u>	
<u>£9,946</u>	C. M. O'BRIEN Hon. Treasurer			<u>£10,508</u>

### REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITOR

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are the Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs 6 Eldon Street, London  
April 30th, 1973

### INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT MARCH 31st

1972 £		£	£
278	ADMINISTRATION		63
75	HONORARIUM—Miss Francis		75
229	TAXATION		317
	<b>GRANTS</b>		
700	The Elizabethan	503	
650	The Games Committee	725	
		<u>1,228</u>	
—	EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		339
<u>£1,932</u>			<u>£2,022</u>

Note: The Club hold £300 3½% War Stock under the Henderson Bequest, the interest on which transferred to the School Prize Fund.

# Club

March 31st, 1973

1972	£	£
8,113	INVESTMENTS (as valued at June 1st, 1945 or at cost if purchased since, less proceeds of realizations)	9,214
	£1,300 8½% Treasury Stock 1980/82	
	£2,000 5% Exchequer Stock 1976/78	
	£4,000 5% Treasury Stock 1986/89	
	7,200 City of London Brewery and Investment Trust Ltd. Deferred Stock Units of 25p each	
	1,700 International Investment Trust Ltd. Ordinary Shares of 25p each	
	4,200 Merchants Trust Ltd. Ordinary Stock Units of 25p each	
	1,591 Scottish National Trust Company Ltd. Ordinary Stock Units of 25p each	
	The value of the Investments at middle market prices on March 31st, 1973 was £16,169 (1972 £18,569)	
	CURRENT ASSETS	
	Balances at Bankers	1,348
	Less: Sundry Creditors	54
1,833		1,294
<u>£9,946</u>		<u>£10,508</u>

## TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and of the Club at March 31st, 1973 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

H. Kenneth S. Clark, F.C.A.  
Hon. Auditor

## FOR THE YEAR ENDED

1973

1972	£	£
2	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	1
43	LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS (proportion)	—
1,240	TERMLY INSTALMENTS (proportion)	1,261
5	DONATION	—
590	INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS (gross)	733
16	PROFIT ON CLUB DINNER	27
36	EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME	—
<u>£1,932</u>		<u>£2,022</u>

provides prizes to go with the Henderson Challenge Cups. The income for the year of £10.50 was



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