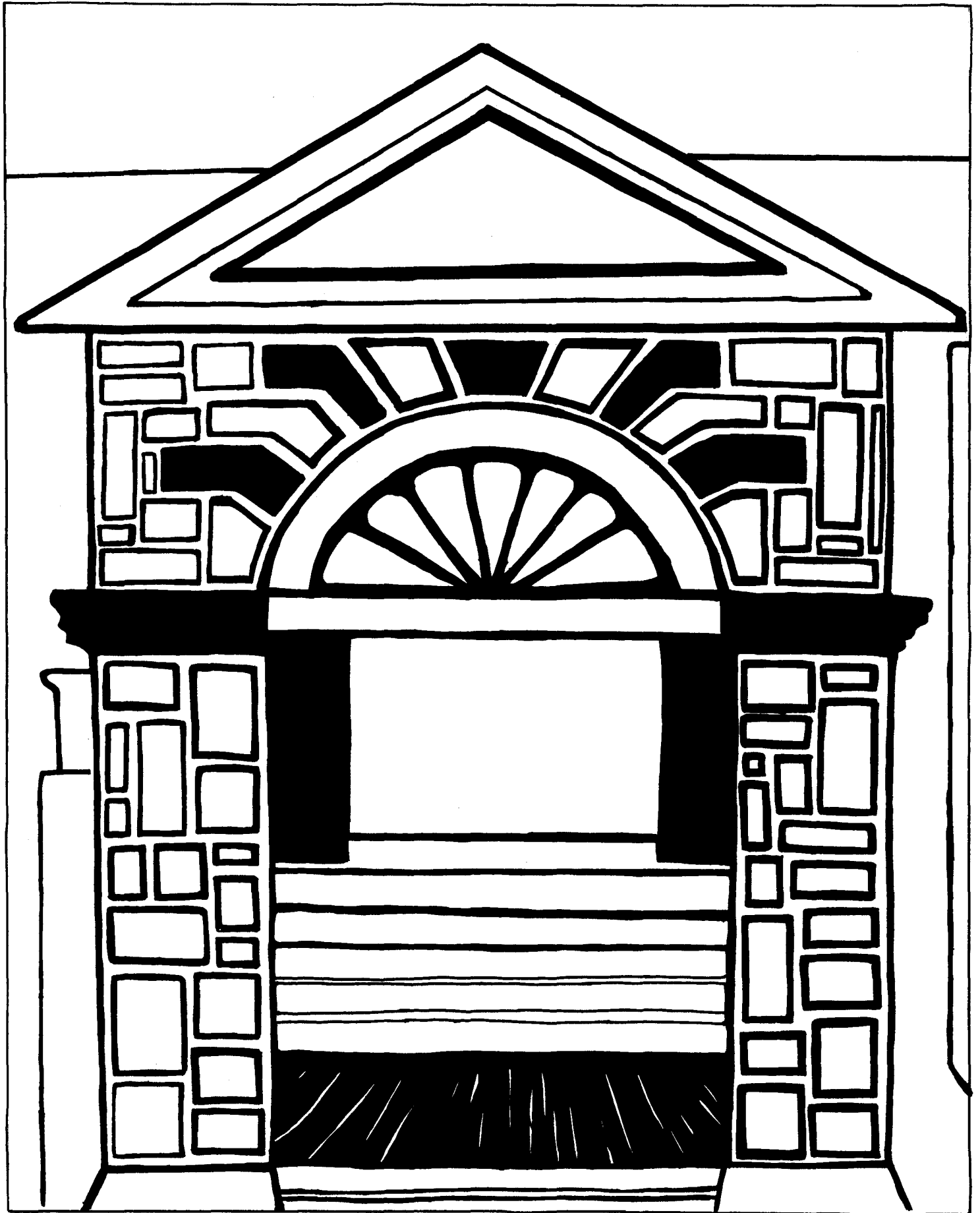


# ELIZABETHAN

MARCH 1987







---

# The Elizabethan

Editors: Biba Dow, Guy Gadney.

Senior Editor: David Edwards.

Front Cover: Neil Wilson.

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1.

March '87 vol xxxviii No. 705

---

## Contents

### 2 Westminster Views

- 3 . . . . . The Headmaster's Report
- 4 . . . . . Writing on Westminster
- 6 . . . . . Westminster Revisited
- Past Comments on Westminster
- 7 . . . . . Westminster
- 8 Three Poems
- 9 Into Africa
- 10 The Lyke Wake Walk
- 11 Westminster School's  
    International Footballers

### 12 Drama

- The Acharnians
- Don't Be Afraid of Virginia Woolf
- 14 . . . Saturday, Sunday, Monday
- 15 . . . . . Orphée
- 16 Webfurling Roller Reefing
- 17 The New Science Building
- 17 Science Past
- 18 Science Present
- 19 Science Future
- 20 Two Short Stories
- 22 1986 Music – an expansive year
- 24 Ben Jonson
- 26 Westminster at Whitbourne
- 28 One Man and His Suit

### 38 The Elizabethan Club

- 40 Obituaries
- 45 O.W. Sport
- 48 The Election of Members

### 30 The Common Room

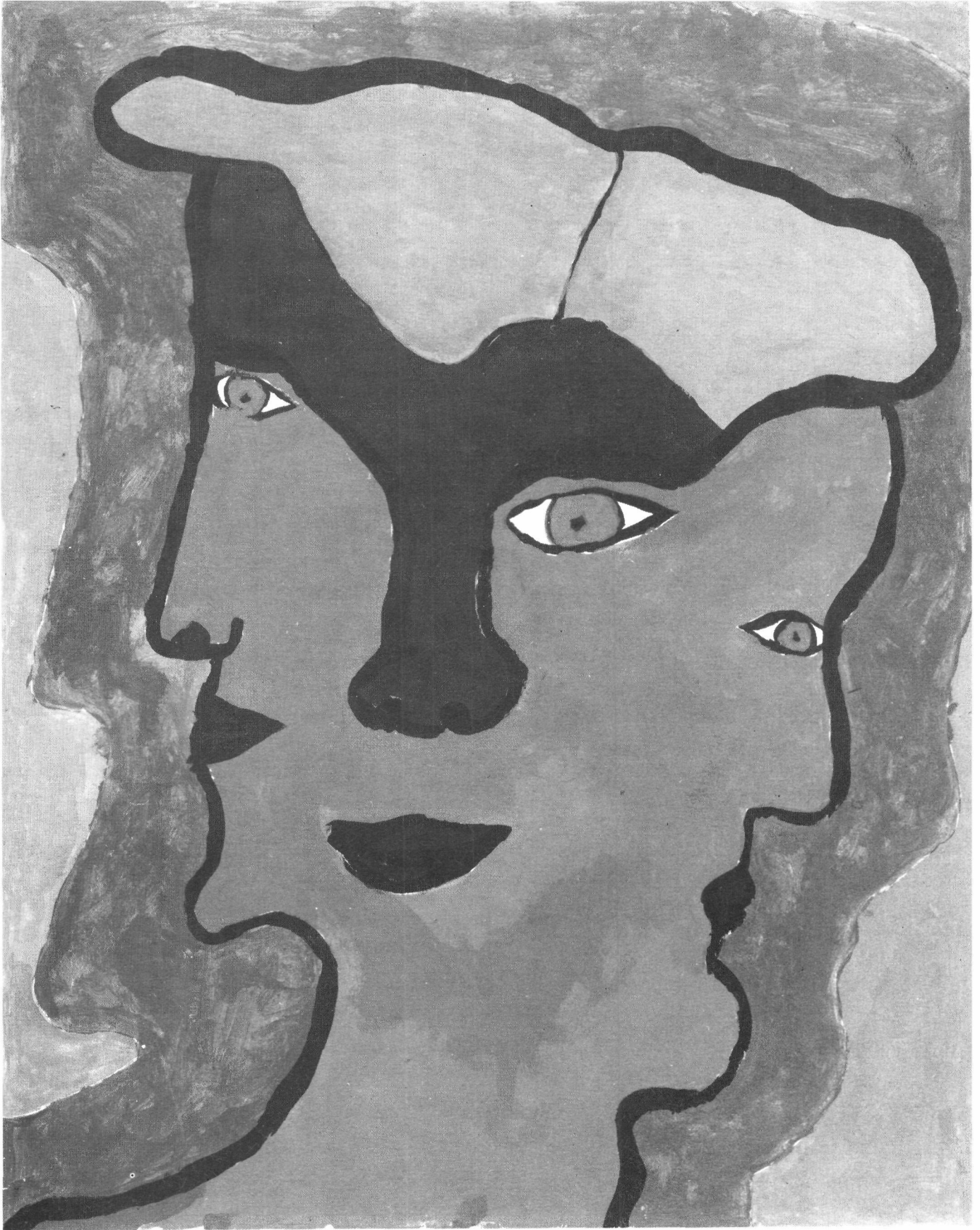
- Farewells:- William Ellis Rees
- Shirley Foster
- Simon Harding
- 31 . . . . . Tom Mohan
- Mark Prescott

### 33 Sport

- Water
- 34 . . . . . Cross Country
- 34 . . . . . Swimming
- 35 . . . . . Golf
- 35 . . . . . Netball
- 36 The Election Dinner Proœmium



# Westminster Views



# Headmaster's Report



Writing an article for *The Elizabethan* is just about as hazardous an enterprise for a Head Master as preaching to Prep Schools: who is one really talking to? . . . the youngest boy in the school (who may be the only one prepared to listen, or read), menacing parents who will judge one's own school by one's every word, shrewd members of staff who have heard it all before, even the odd Governor who may be keeping a watchful eye on the party line? So, lofty Editor, mindful of the varying conceptions or preconceptions of my readers (such readers as there may be), here goes for a first brief word from the Head Master: may it never be held in evidence against me . . .

Naturally, I am still at an impressionistic stage in my awareness of Westminster's life and ways. But there are certain hard facts to cling on to. Firstly, our reputation for high academic standards is not misplaced. Last summer's A and O level results were excellent, certainly amongst the best ever achieved by Westminster, and outstandingly good from any point of view. At A level, 95% of our candidates passed, with 34% being awarded Grade A, and a remarkable 80% gaining Grades A, B and C. Only one or two other schools in the country can match those figures; and at O level, Westminster has never done better, with a 92% overall pass rate and 42% at Grade A. The School's recent academic momentum has therefore been splendidly maintained, and there are extremely able pupils in the School; but such results can certainly not be taken for granted. We have a gifted and dedicated staff who are committed to the cause of academic excellence and determined to achieve it, under circumstances which are not always rewarding by comparison with other, less demanding establishments. Expectations here are high; so are some of the attendant problems in the response to intellectual challenges. We must seek to ensure that there is a constant emphasis on the need to investigate, explore, research, even when the territory may seem unfamiliar; while fulfilling the highest requirements of necessary qualifications, Westminster pupils should not be bound exclusively by the demands of GCSE, A levels, and University entrance.

Those who look at Westminster from the outside tend to emphasise the brittle nature of our community and its apparent lack of enthusiasm for the more conventional aspects of school life. I have been delighted to find both care and talent in such varied aspects of extra-curricular activity as music, art, drama, cricket, rowing, football, and quite a number of

other games. For example, the range of plays produced over the last two terms and the skills which they have revealed, the quality of individual musicians reflected in House and School concerts, an unbeaten cricket team in the summer, a football XI which was totally committed and unflagging in effort, oarsmen who have won both the Schools and the National Championships at their age level . . . all this speaks of a refreshing concern for involvement and participation, and I suspect that this may be true of a majority rather than a minority of pupils.

Immediate plans for the School are exciting. The Governing Body has just completed the purchase of a fine building in Dean Bradley Street which will serve as the centre for the School's expanding work in the sciences. This is probably the largest single expenditure of its kind on a building by any school; certainly, it is unique in Westminster's history. It offers us the possibility not only of vastly improved conditions for the teaching of Science, with the most modern facilities planned to our own wishes – this should be a Science school second to none; but also the consequences of the liberation of the old science building will be of immense benefit to the School. Amongst the ideas which we are actively exploring at present are the creation of a new day house to take some of the pressure of numbers off the existing houses (*not* to add to the total numbers in the School), the setting up of a fully equipped studio theatre, a proper lecture room, much better facilities for Art, a new CDT centre, as well as greatly improving Common Room conditions and increasing classroom space. At last, there will be a bit more room to breathe at the heart of the School, and quite a number of activities which are at present a struggle will be given room to manoeuvre and develop.

In less tangible but equally important terms, I shall be aiming to continue to find ways of developing the corporate life of the School and generating the sense of enthusiasm and questing which should be at the heart of any good education. I share the concept of joy which is implicit in the opening paragraphs of Bernard Levin's *Enthusiasms*:

"We live in a querulous age; more, we live in an age in which it is argued that to be happy is frivolous, and expecting to be happy positively childish. To be passionate in a cause provokes widespread embarrassment, and to be passionate in appreciation of the good things of life, especially the non-material things, is to court on the one hand stern denunciation as an irresponsible hedonist, and to set off on the other the squealing and tittering of those whose motto is 'Surtout, Messieurs, point de zèle.'"

It is easy for many to be cynical when made aware – as we can hardly fail to be – of the pressures surrounding us in the immediate environment of Westminster. Boys and girls here are exposed all too readily to problems and crises from which many of their contemporaries elsewhere may seem more sheltered. I hope that the School may help them to find a way through the hazards and the intricacies of their growing lives; it is certainly part of our responsibility to try to do so. So, yes, let's not sneer at happiness or passionate appreciation or zèle; in fact, let us actively pursue and seek to develop them.

Westminster rejoices in the uniqueness of its setting. I value greatly our link with the Abbey, and I believe – strongly but not blindly – in the best of tradition: may that long remain at the heart of the School's life and ways, while we pay attention to all that is necessary to make us alive, full of creativity, alert to the needs of the present and the future. Anyone involved in education nowadays will agree, I suspect, that it is, in Montaigne's phrase, "an hazardous and high enterprise"; likewise no one can doubt its critical importance.

David Summerscale



# Writing on Westminster



*Westminster Common Room 1873*

Chekov had it in for schoolteachers. The small-minded Medviedenko in *The Seagull*, married to Masha, who is consequently in mourning for her life, presents a History of his school, written by himself, to all and sundry, and the earnest self-importance of his manner carries the full weight of the dramatist's ridicule.

Narrowness of vision is one of the calling's snares; the reassuring yearly cycle, the results of the house match final, the defacement of notices, the flicking of custard, problems with laundry bills. In all institutions, but especially schools, the daily trivialities can easily seduce young and old into the belief that they strut upon a world stage. And yet the everyday has to be made to work, has to be taken seriously, in order that experience of greater moment has a support when it comes chancily along.

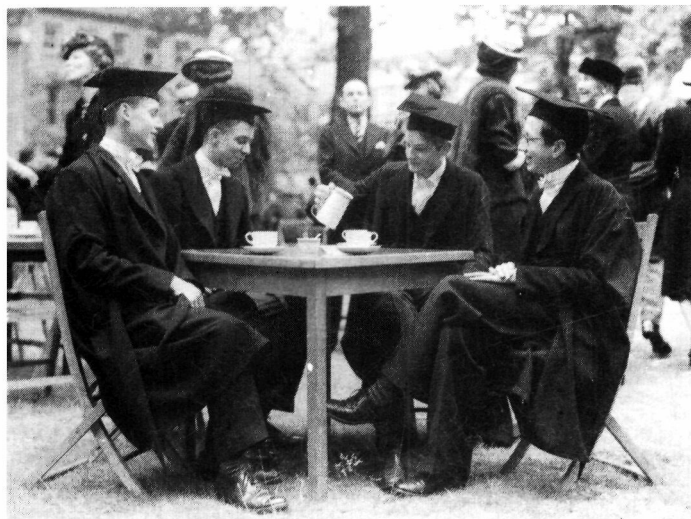
So it was with a possessing sense of embracing a parochial destiny that I viewed the prospect of writing a new history of Westminster School. If to be introduced in assorted

society as 'John Field, a school teacher at Westminster' is to witness a hiccup in conviviality and a rapid steering of the conversation to John Rae, to be offered as John Field, a school teacher at Westminster School who has written a book about the school would surely empty any but the politest salon. Quite right; most people who have published books ought to have to undergo some kind of public humiliation on their account.

But what the hell! Hamish McGibbon, an OW publisher of hitherto unimpeachable professional judgement, somehow felt that I might write the book he wanted to make, and, after all, the parochial is the inevitable embodiment of most human beings' infinite imaginings. Besides, I was in my 40s, and if I was ever going to write a book, I had to get on with it. If I'd been Keats I'd have been dead. What a good thing I wasn't.

In November 1985 the project was approved by the Governing Body, and I had nine months, a reasonably popular gestation period, to deliver a script of around 40,000 words. Since 1982, the School Archives had been catalogued with the sometimes satanic assistance of the computer; I had a script called *Gloves for Mr. Busby*, which had been fashioned into a theatrical entertainment to say goodbye to John Carleton in 1970, which contained many of the best Westminster stories; my personal memories of both John and Lawrence Tanner, who between them knew everything about Westminster, somehow bound me in to the Westminster tradition; the Abbey Muniment Room contained unlimited treasure, even if my ability to decipher hand-writing much before 1600 cut me off from most of the medieval records.

These four sources provided the bulk of the material. I raced through as much as I could in the improvised leisure of school terms, grovelling to Upper Shell B if their Julius Caesar essays weren't promptly dealt with. My aim was to select the details of life which most perfectly captured the feel and mood of a period. In this sense I worked by intuition rather than by scholarship. I wanted to reflect Westminster School's involvement in some of the great events of London's history, and to trace a continuing character of the place that survived down the ages, transcending fashion and metropolitan change, the imbecilities and inspirations of governors, headmasters and teachers. I wanted to avoid solemn-



*The Garden Party in College Garden June 1946 to mark the school's return to London*

nity; schools belong to the world of comedy, of domestic, of human diversity, especially eccentricity, of chance and the absurd, not to the tragic modes of grandeur, suffering, dignity and redemption. Above all, I wanted to let the voices of the past speak for themselves, in the way that characters in drama are there, directly for us, without the haze of authorial commentary.

There were many happy meetings in my quest for eye witnesses: a weekend with Moray and Marjorie Murray Rust, Dick and Sheila Low in Dorset, reliving the years of wartime evacuation, which led to Moray's return to Westminster and Election Dinner in the last month of his life; lunch with Lucie Christie, followed by her characteristically sharp and humorous recollections of Westminster before the war and in exile; suppers with the liberated John Rae, shrewd, honest and amusing in his appraisal of events and of himself. There was successful detective stuff – cutting a hole in the floor of Room 13 to find a carved Norman capital, once an outside window of the Dormitory; disappointments – the failure to locate the present owner of Griffen's picture of the frozen Thames at Westminster with scholars skating; sheer good fortune – the arrival by post one day in May of Hope Costley White's long account of Westminster between the wars, just when I had resigned myself to not locating the bank vault somewhere in the West Country where it was rumoured to lie.

There was no end to the process of accumulating material: everything led to something else. So all through the summer term when I had hoped to be writing, the piles of index cards were becoming mountain ranges. The only panic came at the end of term, when I had only reached 1695, which only left three weeks for three hundred years. But it got done, somehow. Only then did I turn to the stylish works on Westminster by John Sargeaunt (1898) and John Carleton (1938 and 1965), when it was too late for regrets or major changes.

So what does it all amount to? An anthology of good stories, above all. Secondly, a very generous proportion of



*Supporters at Vincent Square*

pictures, colour and black and white, modern and archival. Much of the pleasure of doing the book lay in my freedom to plan from the outset a complementary sequence of words and pictures. Thirdly, an ironic study of the failures of politicians, clerics, headmasters to direct the school down their chosen paths, in comparison with the course it has actually taken, as the sport of accident or larger social forces beyond individual control. Lastly, a tentative explanation of the school's unchanging attributes, in terms of its geographical position, the public, even theatrical character of its daily life for generations, its long-established blend of day and boarding school.

Publication is expected in late April or early May. Since I don't intend to go around presenting it to people, like Chekov's Medvedenko, it looks as if you'll have to buy it. Paperback, film and musical rights are naturally under negotiation.

*John Field*



*Tufton Street, before the building of Church House*

## Westminster Revisited

Were there any girls at Westminster when you were there, Miss Moore?" This struck me as one of the less perspicacious of the many questions with which I was bombarded once my pupils had discovered that their new English teacher was an Old Girl – in fact, the first of her kind.

"What was it like when you were here?" This is the question most frequently asked, and it is also the most difficult to answer. The atmosphere seems both astonishingly unchanged and yet poignantly different. Physical features of the school, especially when seen under particular weather conditions, strongly evoke aspects of my sixteen-year-old life – friendships, jealousies, excitements, anxieties, first love – but the twelve-year time gap serves to emphasise how this intensity of experience has been replaced by the emotional range of adulthood, which though more limited is certainly more comfortable.

There have been physical changes at Westminster, and classrooms, though shabby, have lost the striking squalor of the mid-seventies. The same could be said of the inhabitants. Members of the Common Room, though tweedy and chalky, have acknowledged the passing of the flared trouser leg and the kipper tie, while the pupils seem to wash their hair more often and apply their acne cream to greater effect than they did in my day. As children of the Recession, my female friends and I dressed exclusively out of jumble sales; we would decide whether to catch a bus to Victoria or whether to walk and spend the bus money on chips, and we would seek out the greasiest of the greasy spoon café's for our illicit lunch breaks. Westminsters today seem to have more spending power and to use it to good advantage; they are altogether more sophisticated and more presentable than they used to be. Westminster 'types', however, continue, especially in the Upper School, and I am constantly amused by snatching glimpses, in my pupils, of the shadows of my teenage friends, most of them have long since cut their hair, revised their ideals, and placed themselves firmly on assorted professional ladders.

Life has changed quite a lot for the girls, I think. There were relatively few of us, and no full-time female members of the teaching staff, and we would shamelessly exploit the reluctance of the masters to impose any kind of discipline on us. Avoidance of station, abbey, school lunch, even occasionally Saturday Morning School, was a fairly easy matter for us. The irony of my obligation to enforce conformity in such matters now does not escape me, but the greater restrictions imposed on the girls ultimately improve their lot; they are far more fully integrated into the school now that more is expected of them. At times we felt ourselves to be on the periphery in 1975; there were no girl boarders then, which helped to create a sense of being excluded from the heart of matters. Not only were there no girl teachers, but there were no facilities for girls at all. It came as quite a shock to our tender susceptibilities to find that we were expected to change for station alongside our male study mates in our tiny studies. No wonder we took evasive action.

"Isn't it strange to be working with people who taught you?" No, not now. It was at first, but many of the people who taught me – including such great Westminster figures as Dick Woollett, Geoffrey Shepherd, and Rory Stuart – have gone, and those who remain have handled my re-entry into Westminster with tact and sensitivity. My impulse to address them as "Sir" has died away along with any feelings of foreboding about crossing the threshold of the Common Room. I enjoy teaching out of the same tattered texts that I myself used for 'A' level; it is salutary to realise how far my rather prissy marginal notes, which at the time I felt to be so definitive, fail to unravel the complexities of *King Lear*. I found an old file at home recently, full of wonderfully confident essays sorting out the meaning of culture and life and morality, interspersed with notes in different hands saying things like "See you in the Two Chairmen at seven" or "Are you going to X's party on Saturday." I expect that the file of

a current member of the Upper School would reveal a similar mixture.

One of the most fascinating things about Westminster is the way the school contains so many little worlds within itself; these co-exist like the wheels inside a clock, revolving satisfactorily and self-sufficiently without overlapping. My experience as a sixth-former bears only the most superficial similarities to my experience as a teacher, which is why I feel my new job to be in no real sense a return. Of the many pressures attendant on being a pupil, the one I am most glad to have shed is the feeling that time is running out and that every minute must be made the most of. This time, happily, I can stay at Westminster as long as I like.

Charlotte Moore



## Past Comments

"It will never be well with the nation until Westminster School is suppressed . . ."

"Geniuses and boobies have been brought up in it who would have been geniuses and boobies if they had been brought up anywhere else . . ."

"If you want to send a boy to rough it in the army, send him to Westminster School . . ."

"Even if an angel from heaven were to come down, I do not believe Westminster's fortunes can be retrieved as long as it remains in London."

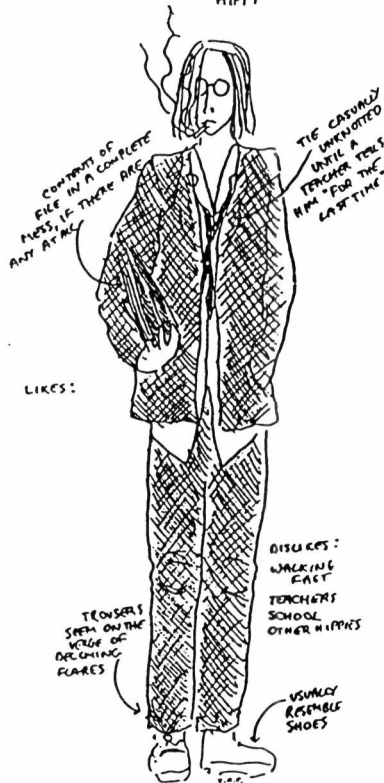
". . . those frivolous idiots turned out from Westminster School."

"Above all other schools the most favoured cradle of the Muses . . ."

"Eton boatmen, Harrow gentlemen, Westminster scoundrels, Winchester scholars."



① THE INTELLECTUAL HIPPIE

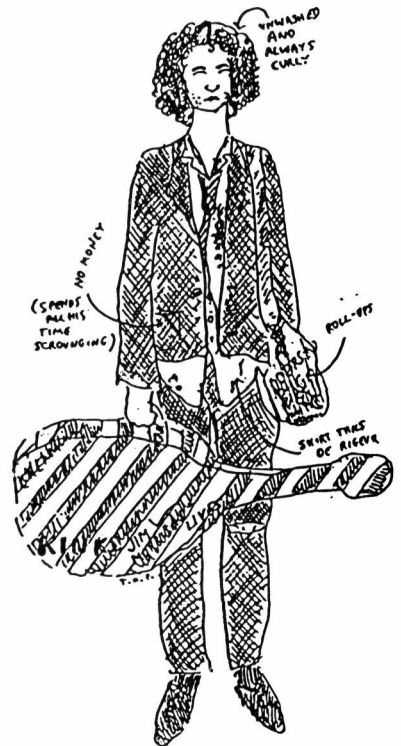


## Westminsters

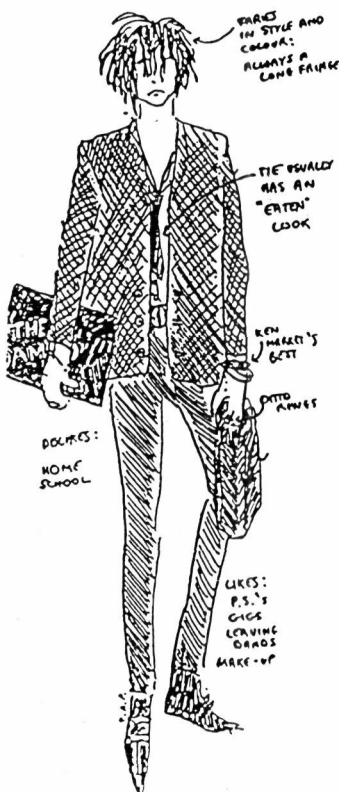
"Excuse me!" says a loud voice close behind  
 "Do you speak English?" I am quite inclined  
 To say I don't; but while we stand in Yard  
 Denying we are English - Well, it's hard.  
 Just look around; you've got to be a fool  
 If you can't see an English public school.  
 There stalks a teacher - beady eye inclined  
 In pupils' dress some major faults to find,  
 Short skirts (for girls) are fine, but not a hat,  
 And as for leggings - Heaven spare us that!  
 (For all the feminism they may spout  
 Or macho dogmas they pretend to flout  
 Approach a Westminster once he's got pissed  
 Scratch a liberal type - you'll find a chauvinist).  
 Institutionalised rebellion is a must  
 With cockney accents for the upper crust  
 And little leather bracelets - *very* hard  
 With boots to strut about in when in Yard.  
 Just over there, in accents B.B.C.  
 I heard discussed an unjust S.E.P.  
 The speaker, though, appears at first glance  
 To be a punk; but as I said, no chance.  
 His dad is probably an M.P., Tory,  
 His mother, well - but that's a different story.  
 If you wait until break, when the hippies congregate  
 You'll know the buds of British manhood flower *late*.  
 My tourist though, has little time to spare  
 "I say! Is that Big Ben just over there?"  
 She'll understand the meaning, now, of cool -  
 She's been exposed to the English public school.

Tabitha Potts

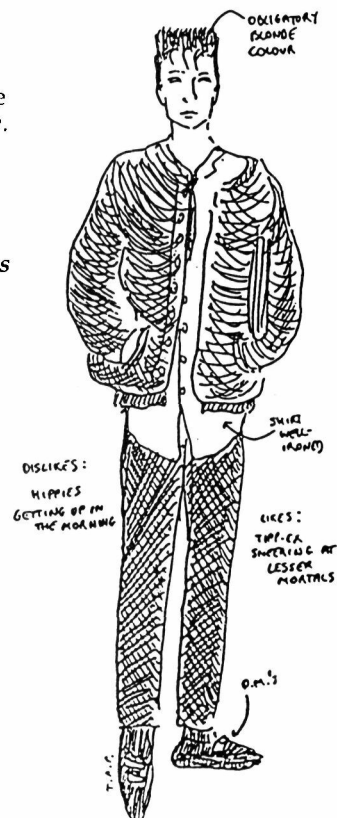
② THE MUSICAL HIPPIE



③ SOFT GOTH TREND-SETTER



④ THE "HARD" LAD



## GREECE

Ask anyone who has been there  
And they'll tell you  
That Greeks are the kindest people  
In the world: warm hearted, welcoming.  
Also, they have nice beaches.  
'Oh Greece' they reminisce,  
Meaning Grease:  
Browning-bodied beaches, greased for sun,  
Engine grease of khaki, ferry, moped.  
(For the inland tour around the island -  
So picturesque! You see the real Greece),  
Taverna meals of grilled kebabs  
With grease and chips.

No, Ellas,  
What tongue was it first corrupted your proud name?  
Millenia ago, you  
Were taller than the sky,  
Wiser than the olive tree,  
Men who chose their own Gods,  
Who made them heroes.

Oh, Ellas!  
Long since become peasant of the soil  
Or fishers of the deep and cruel night sea.

Children of heroes remember,  
A glint of bronze in the young man's eye  
Who hands out postcards.  
An old man drinks his coffee,  
Waves, and smalltalk, and armour, clashing  
In his ears.  
A deep church bell rings from the white tower  
Between bottomless blue sea and sky  
Calling the warriors to arms,  
Calling to battle.

*Alistair McLeish*



Not tied up  
But tied down.

*Adam Buxton*

## HUNTER

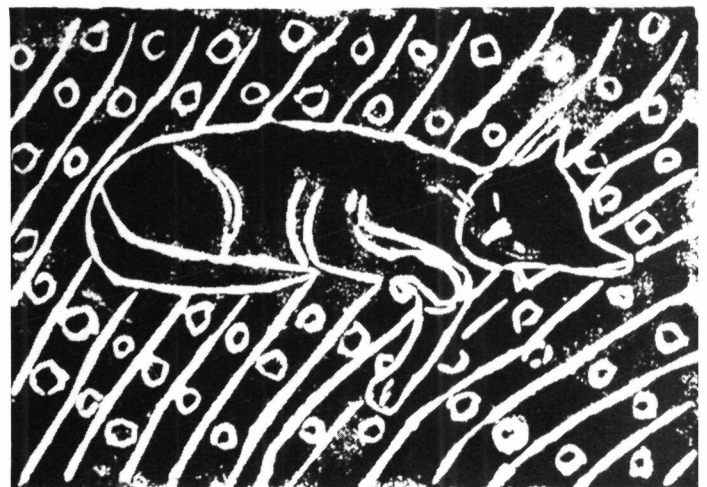
Contented cat sits endlessly gazing, eyes half open, blurred  
On blazing fire; dozing lazily,  
Draught excluding tail curled carefully,  
Cheating warmth of escape.

Purring pleurably, repeatedly:  
Unwinding clockwork brain like engine throbs,  
Hesitation, sudden locomotion: reversed now, limbs extend,  
Then back to kneading dough.

Through spider silk in nets caught tight, keen eyed,  
Stalking stealthily, tense, alert:  
Back arched, poised to spring.  
Hovering tail noiselessly twitches.

Inching on, no sound deadly silence shatters,  
Crouching down, for tempting bait,  
Waiting long, brain working overtime:  
And time now come, a sudden strike.

*Simon Dean*





## Into Africa

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of the African experience for me was the unexpected ordinariness of it all. You are led to believe that all Africa will be either the sun-drenched veldt and herds of wildebeest of the tourist brochures or the unspeakable misery of Geldof's Ethiopia. From the plane Africa is a moonscape – piles of boulders dot the plains – and despite the swollen rivers of the rainy seasons, the town clusters of huts are as small as pin heads. On the ground then, one is unnerved to find that the atmosphere is not so very different to Watford – or at its most alien Bushey Heath. The speed with which one becomes blasé about the beggar women, the crowded buses, children selling mealies, and the sea of black faces is unnerving. My only truly African experience was watching the sun rise over Suburban Lagos – safe within an airport which might well have been Gatwick. The photographs taken there of me – rather fetching in a chewed bark hat – hardly seem me at all – or at least I don't remember things that way.

The scene under which we were sent to Africa was the schools Third World project. Now I believe the Zimbabweans objected to the 'Third World' bit. Since the war of independence from the Smith regime Zimbabwe has had a quintupling of its secondary school population. Many of the white teachers who had been the mainstay of the country's educational system have left, returning to England or the hardliners' haven of South Africa. Thus Zimbabwe has a chronic shortage of secondary school teachers, even with the low qualifications required, 5 'O' levels officially, but in rural areas often none at all. In an attempt to deviate some of the strain on the system the project was set up, with a view to sending 10 English post 'A' level school leavers, extremely well qualified by Zimbabwean standards, and increasing the numbers sent in coming years. My decision to go was far from high minded. With a month free after sitting Oxbridge examinations and little idea of what I wanted to do except search for a perfect suntan, I approached Mr. Cogan with a tentative "Gi's a job" and found myself in Zimbabwe two months later.

Our qualifications were not really an enormous asset as teachers. Though many Zimbabwean teachers had less ability than us on paper, most had been teaching 10 or more years, and a good few had gone straight from 'O' level to do a teaching degree. Furthermore, as many of our students were ex-freedom fighters well into their twenties, and all 'O' level candidates were 18 and over, a few certificates flashed around weren't really going to impress anybody. I was certainly the youngest person attending my classes.

What we did have to our advantage was our command of English, our whiteness, and our arrogance. All Zimbabwean education is conducted in English, Shona being looked upon by the academics as the language of the common herd. As we spoke English so well our students assumed we must be far older than we were. Further, whenever we encountered officials of any kind the language had fantastic power. When Shona men argue, you can tell who has lost by who lapses from English to Shona first, thus betraying his educational inferiority. Imagine how imposing it is then, to argue with somebody who becomes more fluent as they get angry, and who refuses to understand your native tongue. This coupled with the fact that, being expatriate and having nothing to lose, we were prepared to challenge authority, meant we gained undue respect amongst many of the teachers, and found, along with other expatriates, that we played far too important and disruptive a role in the staff meetings and administration of the schools, considering how junior we were in the hierarchy.

The students themselves were fantastically friendly and bizarrely frustrating. The Shona culture emphasizes, amongst other things, the importance of deference to men, especially strangers. This has many charming sides to it – students kneel very often before they talk to you, and the girls never look you in the eye – but makes teaching in the tradition of the liberal English system nigh on impossible.

On my first day I bounded into class, and having prepared the work, endeavoured to 'communicate'. "Hello folks", I announced, "I'm John, I'm your teacher for the next two terms, so let's start by letting you ask me anything you want to know – where I'm from, where I've been, contraception you name it!" The only reaction this provoked was a half hours nervous silence, ended when the head boy came in to ask if the class might go to their next lesson. My rather pathetic attempt to introduce the 'illegal' subject of birth control turned out to be singularly ironic when I discovered that half of my students had children, and that the class had recently 'lost' its third girl of the year – she, like the others, had 'fallen pregnant' as they so charmingly put it, and also like the others 'to a teacher'. It did not take long for me to adopt a far more Victorian style of teaching – lots of blackboard work (despite the government restriction of one and a half sticks of chalk a day) and dictation. The classes eventually did come out of themselves, especially in 'Education for Living Classes' – political education designed to instil the Marxist way into children, during which, despite my attempts to follow government guidelines, they revealed themselves as staunch capitalists. Some girls however, right to my departure, hid their faces in their hands when asked a question, and stepped off the walkways as I passed.



Other problems encountered with the children can only be put down to my failings. 80% of Shona language surnames begin with the letter M (the telephone directory has two volumes – one for M's, one for the rest) and I never learnt more than two or three in each class of 50. First names were scarcely less confusing – at least half of the students were called Tendai, male or female, which actually proved useful, as if you asked a question, screamed "Tendai" and flailed your arm vaguely at the class, you were sure to get an answer. Other first names were English, often describing circumstances of conception or birth. 'At Last', 'Toomeny', 'Big Boy' – though I leave the interpretation of the boy named 'Lunch' to your discretion. The students were eager to learn, and it was often upsetting not to be able to teach more. Some were remarkable – 9 or 10 'A's at Cambridge Board 'O' level, though some were illiterate and innumerate despite all help. One boy, unable to write his name at 14, and rejected by all schools, was able to square 3 figure numbers in his head as fast as my calculator for a small consideration. In England a genius, in Zimbabwe a misfit.

During what was to be my first holiday from school I and another English teacher set out to see a bit more of Africa. The one problem with our school, which was in the border town of Mutare – was that it was extremely urban. This meant it was well equipped but lacked the charm and beauty of a rural school, while tying you down to the place. The great advantage of being a teacher is that outside of England it is a universally respected profession. All doors were open to us – seats would appear miraculously on the most crowded bus, and in all the time I was in Zimbabwe only once did my colour cause an adverse reaction with somebody, bizarre when you consider the country was at war with its whites only six years ago. We travelled to Malawi, a country of fantastic fertility and beauty with an insane constitution (forbidding, for example, the entrance of hippies into the country – defined as those men with long hair and flared trousers) to Southern Zimbabwe, and across the Karoo Desert by 3rd (black) class to Cape Town, to see for ourselves what South Africa was like, an experience which, if it provoked in me more understanding of why apartheid exists and the problems with its dissolution, also provoked in me more anger at the reality that can exist. My trip was finally cut short by an attack of cerebral Malaria, caught in Malawi, which hospitalised me, and forced me to return home, extremely reluctantly.

Despite being initially in search only of a little sunshine I truly enjoyed all that was dumped on my lap, though it is perhaps worth considering that such a trip changes you irrevocably. I would without reservation recommend anyone leaving Westminster to try such an experience.

*John Horan*



### THE LYKE WAKE WALK

They said it was good for you and that it would make you discover yourself. Well, it didn't. It was cold, wet and extremely frightening. Why would anyone choose to be walking across a moor at 4 a.m., when it's both dark and cold? But, they do.

The trial begins with battling your way, complete with rucksack, on the Tube to King's Cross; a horrific experience. . . The train journey made it all seem very real and the realisation that there was no way back, that BR were not going to turn the train around just for me, became evident. And then, after many frantic glances at the map (which I still don't understand!) we were told to turn right at the bottom of the drive. So, armed with rucksacks, compasses, map and great foreboding, we set off. It's not the walking that's the bad thing, it's the fact that you have no idea where you're going and you know that you won't see anyone else for four hours (longer if you get hopelessly lost). The determination to finish is actually very strong, something I found surprising. However, it is a long way to go for a short stroll so maybe it was understandable. We got lost, which is very easily done, but it was such a relief to find ourselves once more on the Cleveland Way that it was almost worth it. And it was worth it to see the sun rise, which was both magnificent and inspiring. Towards the end (which was really the middle of the walk for everyone else) you begin to plod and become oblivious to everything, including your fellow walkers, to the great detriment of group spirit.

The sleeping arrangements were interesting if inadequate. The sight of a doorless and partially roofless barn was upsetting, especially as it was raining and I hadn't had a hot drink for fifteen hours. As for those who actually completed the walk, as a welcoming it left something to be desired. Thankfully, to near hysterical relief, we were allowed to journey back that day by train and so missed the delights of waking up with the prospect of a long (as indication of the accuracy of my distances) journey ahead before reaching civilisation again. I had never quite realised how warm, comfortable and safe a bed could be, maybe that's what the walk shows. Perhaps they were right, because it did teach me a lot about myself, mainly that I can't map-read. Although, basically, it was severely unpleasant (I've been told that 'hell' would be censored), I still want to finish it.

*Karen Baldwin*

## Westminster School's International Footballers

Will Westminster School Football X1 ever produce the final representative to complete a Westminster X1 who have worn the national colours playing for England at the world's most popular team game? The ten who achieved that honour did so, all as amateurs, of course, in the pioneer days before the First World War. The last to do so was Stanley Schute Harris eighty years ago, in 1906, a year in which, guess who won the major national footballing honours? Why, *mirabile dictu*, the two Merseyside teams, of course. Liverpool won the Football League Championship; Everton were F.A. Cup Winners, and in the senior international fixture of the season and the period, England v. Scotland, England's captain as chronicled in *The History of the Football Association* is S.S. Harris (Old Westminster). In other record sources his clubs are listed also as Cambridge University or Corinthians.

Harris was just one of the other nine whose football began at Vincent Square. Their names which can be found in all the usual sources are N.C. Bailey, A.H. Harrison, W.R. Moon, H.E. Rawson, W.S. Rawson, R.R. Sandilands, R.T. Squire, R.W.S. Vidal, W.N. Winckworth. They all belonged to a vintage era of amateur soccer players which is epitomised in a little known anecdote tucked away in Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography, *The Scarlet Tree*.

He explains at page 67 that what finally converted both his parents to their choice of preparatory school "was their discovery that the headmaster was 'the most famous dribbler in England'".

Sitwell commented:

"This recommendation bewildered me, because I had never hitherto observed that dribbling was considered a meritorious accomplishment at home, and I was quite unaware of its place as a mechanical term in the vocabulary of Association football – and, for aught I know, of Rugby football and cricket . . . My Mother liked the school because the headmaster's sister seemed so fond of flowers".

The school chosen by Sitwell's parents in fact was Ludgrove, then at Cockfosters, near Barnet, and now near Wokingham in Berkshire. The headmaster was either Arthur Dunn, in whose memory the famous Cup competition was created, or his successor, the legendary Carthusian, G.O. Smith, reputedly the greatest centre-forward of all time. A few years later, however, it could have been Stanley Harris.

When he died prematurely at the age of 44 in 1926, he had spent all his life after going down from Cambridge at St.

Ronans Preparatory School, Worthing. Before his death he wrote a little known work entitled *The Master and his Boys* to which the late Rev. 'Dick' H.R.L. Sheppard contributed a Preface from St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He commented in it:

"There would be much for the future if the youth of today would be willing to mould life on the principles here set out and to make an effort to acquire that simple, sincere and sane religion that is behind all that the Author writes."

The chapter written by Harris entitled *GAMES* concluded:

"The master must not hesitate, through any fear of criticism or self-consciousness, by words, example and action, to inspire his boys, who believe in him, an abiding principle of true sportsmanship."

Harris was together with many of his contemporaries a member of the then all-powerful Corinthians Football Club who met and beat the best professional teams of that period before the amalgamation with Casuals in 1939 to become Corinthian-Casuals. Furthermore, a *Times* leading article between Christmas and New Year at the end of 1986 commented on the conflicts currently:

"between traditional amateur principles and a wholly professional environment. A faint nostalgia for English corinthianism lingers still, fanned by the film *CHARIOTS OF FIRE*, yet commercialism has re-written the rules and changed the boundaries".

The fallacy behind that contention is that commercialism cannot change the character of sport and "the abiding principle of true sportsmanship" identified by Westminster's last international soccer star. If any successor to the earlier ten can scale the heights he can yet add another name to that faded list on the panels containing the honours boards at Vincent Square. As a professional practitioner he may not yet earn as much as other Old Westminster entertainers such as Lloyd-Webber, Ustinov or Gielgud. He could certainly earn more than the Prime Minister or her Old Westminster Attorney-General; and as a schoolmaster, who knows, he could even follow the precedent created by Sitwell's parents when they choose young Osbert's preparatory school.

Edward Grayson



# D R A M A

## THE ACHARNIANS

Tom Holt's version of *The Acharnians* was an unusual choice for John Arthur's Theatre Workshop; based on an Athenian satire written in the fifth century B.C., the difficulties of topicality are overcome by the transposition of ancient and modern societies. Thus Arthur Scargill is satirized alongside Euripides and the ancients are urged to "bring the coalmining industry into the fourth century." This device, which Tom Holt describes as "far-fetched, illogical even . . . to suggest topicality and immediacy," had a startling and amusing impact. However, the rapid succession of puns and incongruities leaves a disjointed effect and it tended to make the plot less coherent.

Another surprising aspect of the play was the fact that over half was spoken by one character, Dicaeopolis, whose long harangues put great demands on a single actor, rather than using the resources of the whole group. In the event, because of illness, this part was played by John Arthur who managed to improvise entertainingly, although reading from the script. The traditional chorus, representing the Acharnian people, was retained in this version and the members timed their chants with skill and precision. The stage management, which must have been a daunting prospect for such a play, ran smoothly, despite the rain which caused a change of venue from Ashburnham Garden. This was a challenging choice and it made a refreshing change from the more conventional plays usually favoured for school productions.

## DON'T BE AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

It might be said that all school drama, Westminster being no exception, runs a predictable course year after year. At this school there are chaotic and often half-hearted house plays, a summer Shakespeare which bows rustily to tradition, and perhaps some sort of large scale megabuck opera involving

half of the ENO as guest stars and only four or five timid pupils. All of these annual events have one thing in common; they are organised by a member of the common room.

There is no doubt that an adult's watchful eye is vital when a production is going on; but it is often more than a watchful eye. There are many frustrated Lloyd Webbers lurking in the corners of the common room, and it is all too easy for one such figure to tap into the school drama fund and play the school Sondheim. Some of the most spectacular flops and duller duds have been the creations of such teachers.

For this reason, the last year and a half at Westminster has been particularly remarkable. The most successful productions have all been directed, produced and acted by pupils, with only the most vital common room support. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* stands as the latest and perhaps the greatest example.

Albee's play is far from a perfect choice for a Westminster audience. It is substantial in length, has a small cast who perform in one bland room, and has very little action. The main parts represent an enormous amount of learning, and their interplay requires highly skillful direction. George and Martha, the husband and wife at the centre of the play, were played by Ben Walden and Susie Kleeman. Both of these actors have reputations that precede them, and the reasons were very much on show. Between them they turned what is essentially a three hour shouting match into something that worked on far more levels than most of us had realised. Susie took risks with her interpretation, and provided a Martha who became louder and more rattling as the play progressed. Although this method blocked some of the character's depth, it held our attention through shock value. Ben's performance balanced her's immaculately – with the suspense of a man who was always just about to break.

Both performers have stage presences that really make you feel involved. I felt as awkward, frightened and threatened by them as did their poor guests. Zac Sandler played the upstanding Nick who, with his wife Honey, played by Julia Llewelyn Smith, arrive for drinks at the feuding couple's house after an evening dance. These two provide fuel for George and Martha, and acting them must have required great skill. They are vital to the atmospherics of the piece. Zac Sandler handled Nick in a very brave way. Instead of being the obvious dull yuppie that the lines suggest, he made Nick into a far more confused, distraught figure, and used as much body as soul in his acting. Julia Llewelyn Smith was particularly remarkable as Honey, who must be a rather unsatisfying part to play, as she spends most of her time giggling and vomiting in a corner. But Julia managed to strike a telling contrast between Honey and Martha; Martha having all the drive that Honey lacked and Honey having all the gentle homeliness which Martha tries to whip up.

The whole battle was directed with quiet subtlety by Patrick Dickie. Unnoticeable direction is quite an achievement in a play set in one room; and anything more would have been a mistake in such a verbally strong play. Praise should also go to John Field, who helped with *Virginia Woolf*, and who seems to be the one person who will greet any project with enthusiasm and total support.

*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* was not an enjoyable evening. It was brilliantly gruelling. It may make people realise that when there is a space for a small independent production amongst the house plays and grand teacher-productions, the end result is more enthusiastic, far more impressive, and far more educational for those involved. There is precious little room for individuality in such an academic school as it is. The reason that productions like *Virginia Woolf* are so rare is that nobody feels they are allowed to touch the almost 'sacred' Green Room or the dilapidated stage. If pupils were invited to put on their own shows, then we might see such standards more than once a year. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* stands as proof that the school's few resources exist for its pupils to use to such impressive ends, not for its teachers to covet.

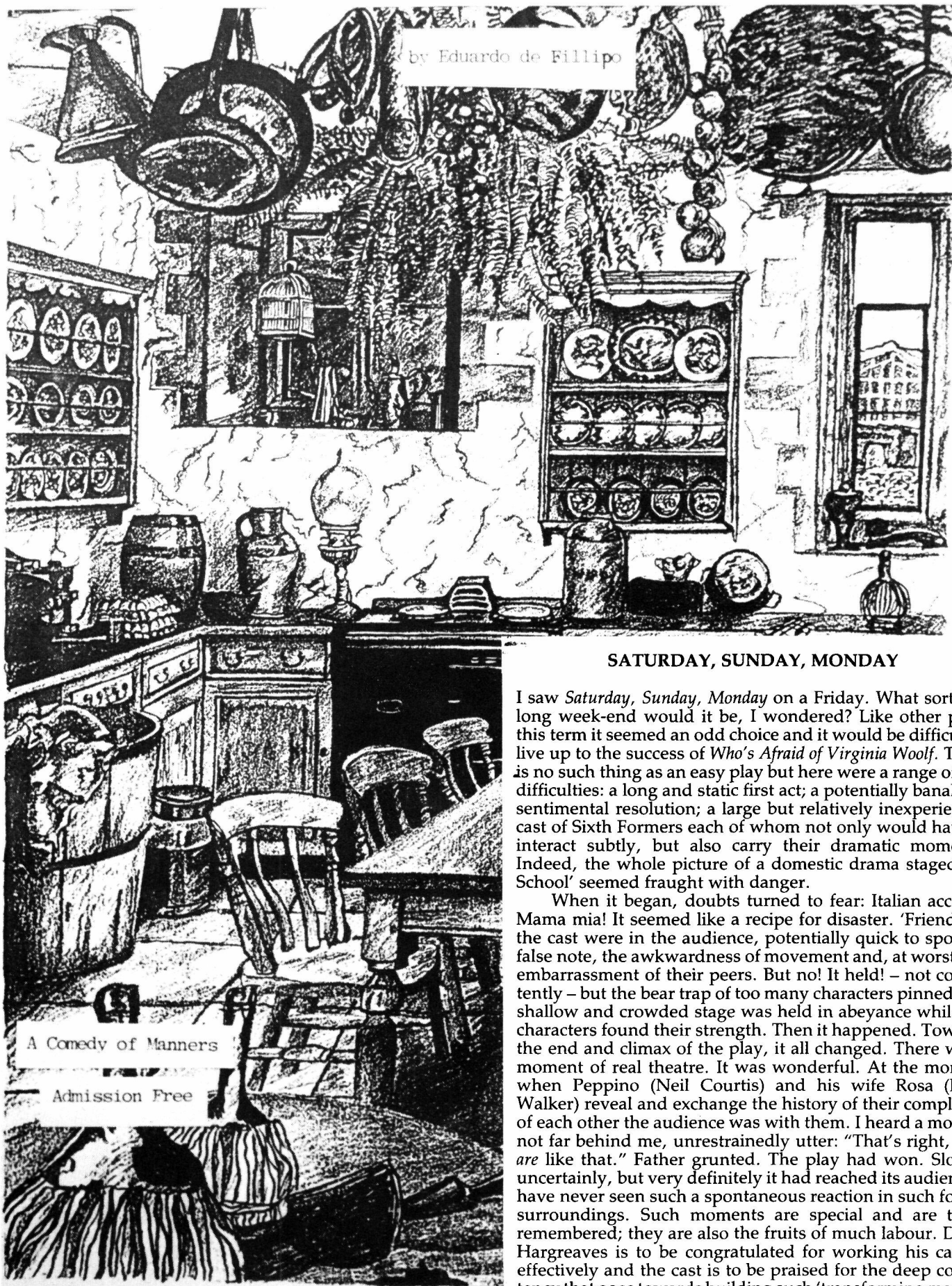
Joe Cornish





The  
tragic  
muse

# " SATURDAY , SUNDAY , MONDAY "



by Eduardo de Fillipo

## SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY

I saw *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* on a Friday. What sort of a long week-end would it be, I wondered? Like other plays this term it seemed an odd choice and it would be difficult to live up to the success of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. There is no such thing as an easy play but here were a range of real difficulties: a long and static first act; a potentially banal and sentimental resolution; a large but relatively inexperienced cast of Sixth Formers each of whom not only would have to interact subtly, but also carry their dramatic moments. Indeed, the whole picture of a domestic drama staged 'up School' seemed fraught with danger.

When it began, doubts turned to fear: Italian accents! Mama mia! It seemed like a recipe for disaster. 'Friends' of the cast were in the audience, potentially quick to spot the false note, the awkwardness of movement and, at worst, the embarrassment of their peers. But no! It held! – not consistently – but the bear trap of too many characters pinned on a shallow and crowded stage was held in abeyance while the characters found their strength. Then it happened. Towards the end and climax of the play, it all changed. There was a moment of real theatre. It was wonderful. At the moment when Peppino (Neil Courtis) and his wife Rosa (Katie Walker) reveal and exchange the history of their complaints of each other the audience was with them. I heard a mother, not far behind me, unrestrainedly utter: "That's right, men are like that." Father grunted. The play had won. Slowly, uncertainly, but very definitely it had reached its audience. I have never seen such a spontaneous reaction in such formal surroundings. Such moments are special and are to be remembered; they are also the fruits of much labour. David Hargreaves is to be congratulated for working his cast so effectively and the cast is to be praised for the deep consistency that goes towards building such 'transforming magic'.

## ORPHÉE

Jean Cocteau's *Orphée*, presented as Busby's House play in December, does not appear as an obvious choice, since it is easy to feel that the problems the play presents outweigh its entertainment value. It is thus all the more laudable that this production should have seemed so effortless, and have provided such a good deal of well-judged amusement.

Briefly, the difficulties derive from the fact that Cocteau, like many of his contemporaries, regularly drew on Greek or Biblical myths, but in so doing he was appealing to a tradition of educated discourse – his audience, drawn from those who had passed through the Lycées and Universities, would have shared his frame of reference in a common, educated culture. Thus the implausibility of many of the situations he describes, exacerbated by his treatment of them, suddenly become acceptable (the setting in "modern Thrace" notwithstanding) since their sources are well-known and understood. Yet paradoxically, once the stage trickery has been cut away, what is left is in fact quite a lightweight drama. Cocteau, for all his enormous diversity of talents – poet, playwright, film director, artist, and so the list goes on – would seem to be indulging himself, rather than revealing anything new to us.

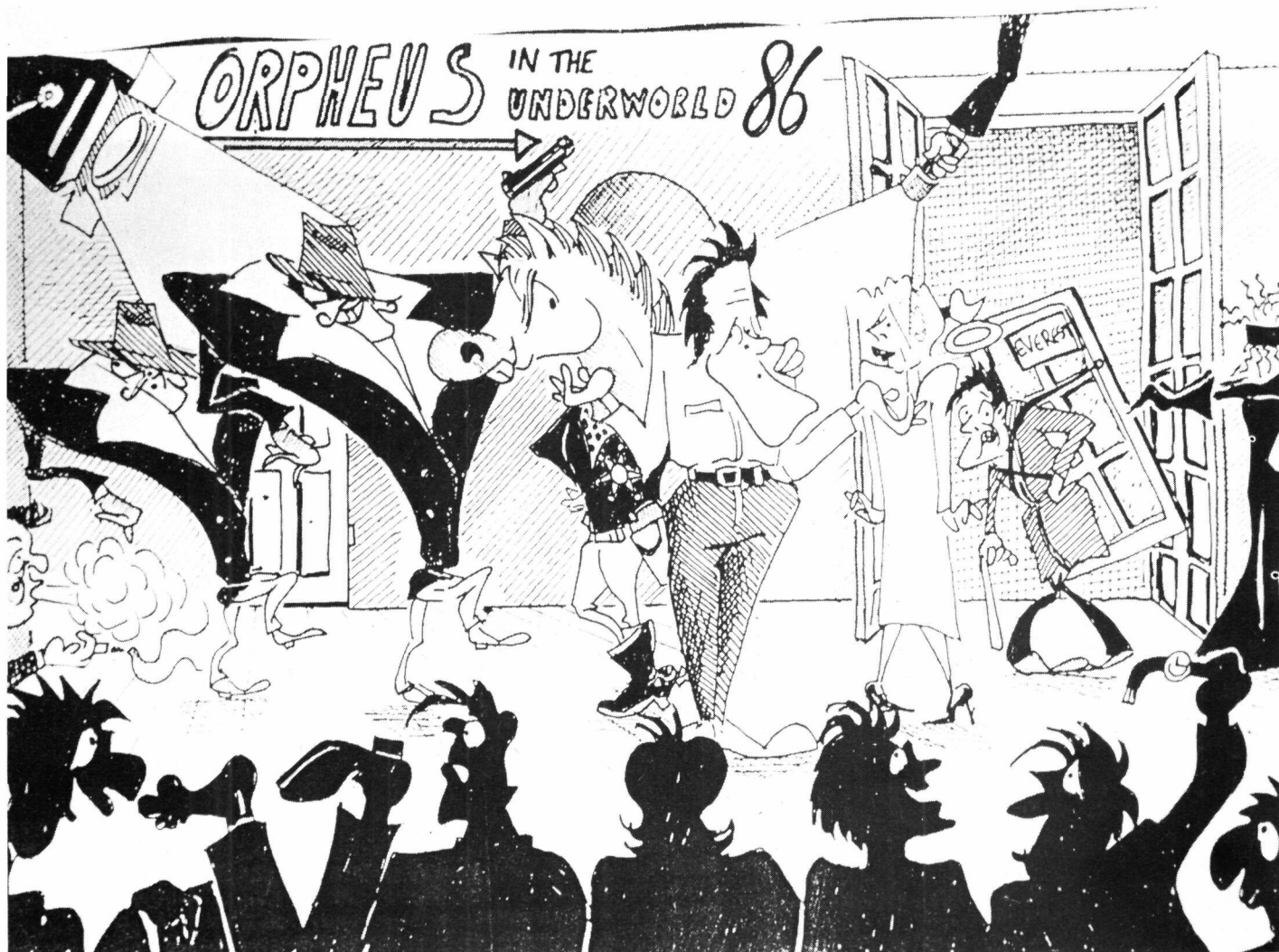
It was from this rather unpromising material that Maurice Lynn's characteristically elegant translation produced a short play full of tricks and considerable fun.

One senses trouble from the outset when, in the Prologue, Orpheus announces to the audience that "we will be acting at a very high altitude and have no safety net. The

slightest untimely noise might endanger the lives of my fellow actors and myself." Such nonsense, combined with a horse which, by tapping out messages letter by letter, has taken on the role of a poetic muse, and a visiting glazier who can float in mid-air, quickly indicate that our usual criteria for judgement, for example, the progress of the plot, or the motivation of a character, are not going to be of very much use. Strangely though, Julian Macedo's Orpheus did succeed in having us suspend not just our disbelief, but almost every other critical faculty. Unlikely statements became credible, and even his infatuation with the horse seemed quite rational. Sarah Forbes-Robinson as Eurydice and Nicolai Iul as Heurtebise provided competent support on the centre stage, and it was pleasing, too, to see a number of younger boys making a stage debut at this first opportunity. Special mention must be made of Edward Stern's and Carl Robinson's portrayal of the typically bumbling French policemen: they showed not only perhaps unexpected talent for comedy, but quite an acute sense of timing a well.

The production effects were well done – the passing to and fro through a mirror, the journey through Hell – with sufficient smoke almost to asphyxiate the front three rows of the audience – and a good likeness of a head for when Orpheus is sufficiently careless to lose his – these things combined comfortably to turn what could be a producer's nightmare – Cocteau's own technical skill and the demands he made, and still makes, of producers being well-documented – into a stylish production, which coped very readily with the difficulties it had set itself.

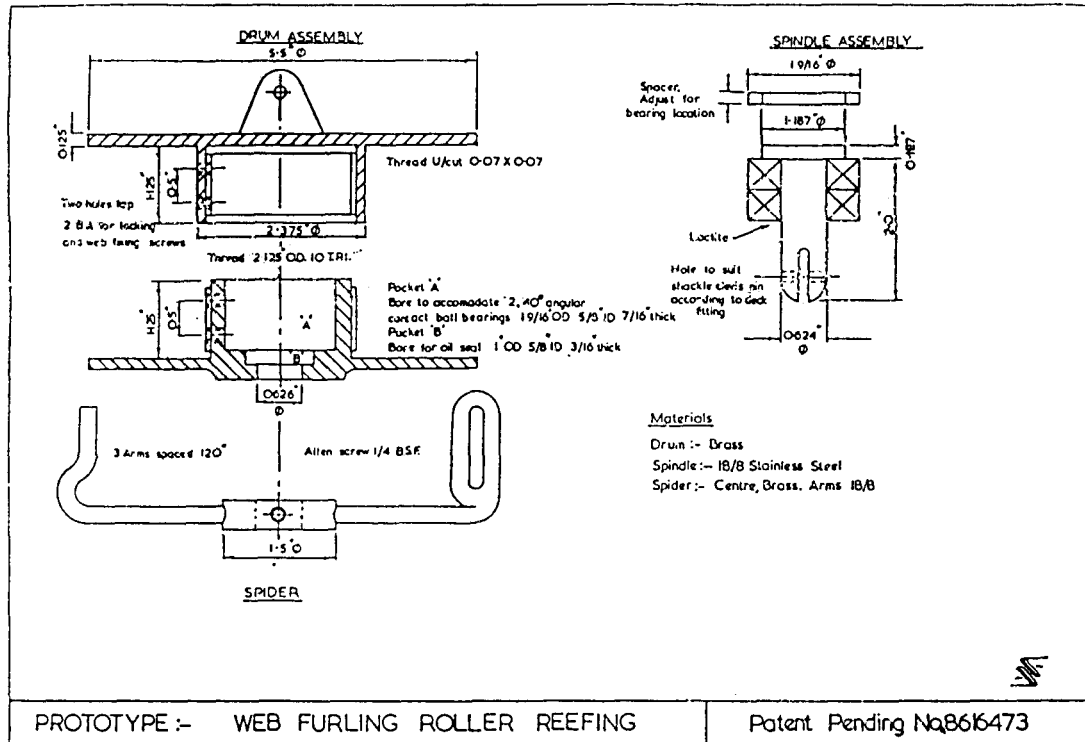
Mark Williams





# Webfurling Roller Reefing

S. Smith won the Institute of Marketing prize for his design in this year's 'Young Engineer for Britain' competition, which is run by the Engineering Council to promote engineering in schools.



## DESIGN AND CONCEPT

The basic concept of headsail roller reefing has been used on boats for over 80 years. Despite this time span, it has only been recently that roller reefing has gained acceptance among the yachting public.

It is only now that the limitations of the system are becoming known, the loss of painting ability due to the poor set of the sail, and the question of the reliability of the system.

While the loss of painting ability can be overcome, to a certain extent, by tapered luff spans and specially cut sails, the problem of reliability can only be overcome by changing the basic concept.

That is what the webfurling system does. It replaces the rope which is wound round the drum with webbing. This idea leads to a number of advantages including greater reliability and a more compact profile.

## THE DRUM

Both systems use a furling line which is wound round a drum between two flanges. When this line is pulled the sail rolls itself up around its luff.

In the case of rope the turns lay unevenly in the groove, however with webfurling the webbing lays neatly one turn on top of the preceding turn. Also the webbing used has a vertical stiffness, so if any slack occurs the webbing will pull itself through.

Another advantage of webfurling is that the drum size is more compact with a shorter, fatter drum. This can lead to the sail being closer to deck for the new generation of cruiser racers, and also, because of the larger radius, more torque can be placed on the drum.

## HANDLING SYSTEMS

One major detail of the webfurling system is the mounting on the boat.

On the bow of the boat, the webbing is lead through an offset fairlead on the drum. The webbing is then twisted through 90 degrees to a horizontal fairlead on the deck. The webbing is then led back, lying flat on the deck or cabin roof.

The webbing can then be handled in three ways:

It can be led back to a second drum in the cockpit. This

drum would take a standard winch handle fitting and would wind the slack webbing on.

Or the webbing could be connected to rope and be led through 'diamond' fairleads to be handled conventionally.

Alternatively, for trailer sailors and large dinghies, the webbing could be handled directly.

## CONSTRUCTION

Whilst design has been modified to suit the webbing, the construction can be altered to suit any manufacturing set-up.

One of the options is the same construction as the prototype unit. This includes the lower flange with an inner core, and a top flange with an outer core. The bearings are then inserted into the inner core, and then the two cores are screwed together, and two locking screws, which also hold the webbing, inserted. This method of construction is very compatible with modern CNC/FMS techniques. Alternatively, conventional construction techniques could be used. This would avoid any high tool-up cost and could also incorporate any previous design experience.

The unit would be constructed out of LM26 aluminium alloy which would be anodised. The bearings would be chosen according to the specification, although those used on the prototype were 2, 40 degree angular contact bearings, mounted in series. The drum fairlead would be manufactured from injection-moulded polypropylene.

Another concept would be a specialist unit, manufactured in brass to supercede the old Wylkam-Martin system, so as to appeal to the traditionalist market.

## MARKETING

The webfurling concept can be applied to any system of roller reefing whether for a trailer sailor, cruising yacht or old gaffer.

Once on the market the system would offer unparalleled reliability, compactness and neatness.

As the construction techniques are similar, the price of the unit would be the same, though it is imagined that the prototype system of production would work out more competitive in the long run.

The webfurling system is entering the market place at the right time. With the limitations of conventional systems being known, it is ready to take on the world.





# The New Science Building

The purchase of 7-9 Dean Bradley Street is certainly the largest financial investment ever made by Westminster School, and must rank as one of the biggest made by any school in this country. In the present building we have about 13,000 sq ft of useful floor space: the new building has twice as much and will enable us to increase the number of full sized laboratories from four to twelve. This will have an immediate effect on science teaching throughout the school, not just for the sixth form specialist but for everyone who does science for the first three years of their school career. The release of the present science building will also give

much needed space for other activities of the school which are in cramped accommodation, and we are at present drawing up a list of priorities so that maximum benefit can be achieved for the school as a whole. No doubt when the final conversion is done another article will be written for the *Elizabethan*, so that in this one I will focus my attention on the gains for science: how we arrived at the decision to buy this particular building, why other possible solutions would have been unsatisfactory, and what opportunities we now have to develop science teaching at Westminster in the future.

## SCIENCE PAST

Since 1904 when the present science building was constructed, a tradition of excellence has become established at Westminster School, and the list of distinguished scientists that have been produced during the last eighty years is unsurpassed by any other school in the country. Names such as Sir Henry Tizard, Sir Richard Doll, the Lords Adrian (father and son) and Sir Andrew Huxley have an interna-

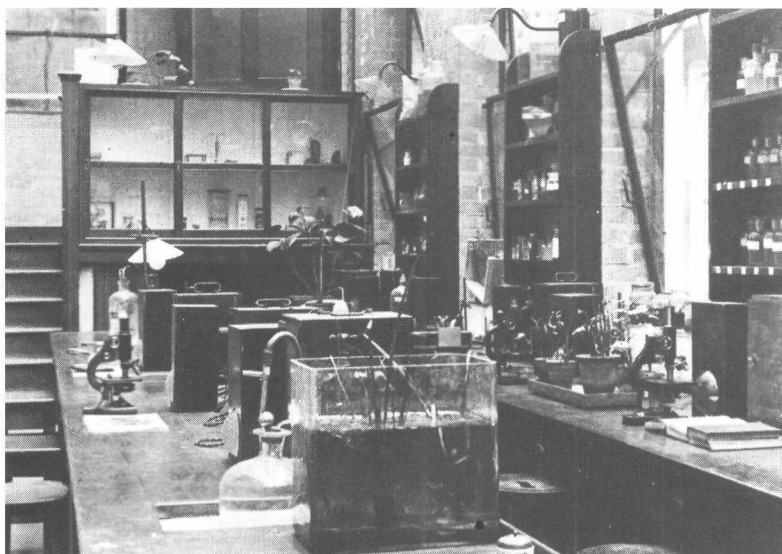
tional reputation; two of them received the Order of Merit and all were elected Fellows of the Royal Society.

Since the last war there has been a continual shortage of science accommodation, partly due to the increase in the size of the school but mainly because science has become an increasingly important part of the curriculum. Before 1959 biology had to be taught in what is now the Head Master's



Drawing Room and physics and chemistry had but one laboratory each: after that date, thanks to a generous donation from the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Science, an extension was put on to the present building on a site originally occupied by Fives courts. Since then the shortage of space has become yet more acute and has been partly alleviated by number of ingenious ad hoc solutions which

had made it possible to accommodate more pupils at the expense of making teaching conditions intolerably cramped; for example the 1959 physics and chemistry laboratories have been subdivided at the expense of making them too small for junior classes, and a large lecture room has been converted into two small laboratories and a preparation room.



*The Old Biology Lab*

#### SCIENCE PRESENT

For the last fifteen years it has been appreciated that the extra spaces created in this way provide only a temporary solution. Since 1985 the position has become critical; by 1987 the number of junior science sets in physics, chemistry, biology and electronics will have increased from 30 to 45 and we will not be able to teach them all in the present building. The results at A level for the last three years have been extremely good; the 103 boys and girls, who have taken two or more science A levels, obtained 214 passes (98%), 91 at grade A (42%). The results at O level have been less satisfactory and indicate that we will have to use the opportunities presented by the new GCSE examination to provide a more relevant and experimentally based course in the lower part of the school if we are to improve our results at this level.

Three solutions have been proposed to provide extra accommodation: (1) to build an extra science building, probably for biology, in the space between Grants and College; (2) to rebuild on the present site, either in one or two phases, and (3) to purchase a new building within walking distance of Dean's Yard. I am glad that the first solution was rejected by the Governing Body; it would have cost approximately £1.5m, have destroyed one of the last two green open spaces within the school, and provided a second rate solution to the

science accommodation problem. I was prepared to consider rebuilding on the present site, though there was no guarantee that we would obtain planning permission in such an environmentally sensitive area as Barton Street. We would have had to rent temporary accommodation for at least two years and this would have cost perhaps £0.75m if we include the cost of converting office accommodation into temporary laboratories. A new building might have cost £2.5m at 1984 prices. At the end of several years upheaval, we would have had a good central new laboratory block, but no extra space either for any further expansion or for other activities of the school, many of which are in extremely cramped accommodation.

Fortunately the Governing Body realised that the only sensible solution for the needs of the school as a whole was to find an additional building. The firm of Jones, Lang and Wootton were commissioned to study all suitable buildings within close walking distance of Dean's Yard, and we visited three of them which were either on the market or likely to be so in the immediate future. When we looked at 7-9 Dean Bradley Street in the summer of 1985 it had been empty for a year; we immediately recommended its purchase as the large open spaces in the building could so readily be con-



*The Present Labs. The benches are 1904 originals.*

verted into laboratories. During the first half of 1986 we have been in negotiation with British American Tobacco who owned the building and the Crown Agents who owned the freehold, and on Thursday July 10th three Governors on behalf of the school signed the contract for the purchase. We must consider ourselves fortunate to have secured 30,000 sq. ft. of office accommodation in Westminster for just over £2.8m, and our thanks go to Keith Douglas-Mann (GG 1947–

9) who so skilfully acted on our behalf. The cost of conversion will be about £0.7m so that the total cost is about £3.5m. The school has found £2m from its own resources which have built up over the years thanks to prudent housekeeping, and we have to date received from parents, Old Boys, Trusts and other well wishers some £0.9m. We are now getting on with the conversion as fast as possible and the only limiting factor is how soon the £0.6m gap can be closed.

## SCIENCE FUTURE

Although 7–9 Dean Bradley Street was built 64 years ago, it is a remarkably modern building in design; each floor is an open plan arrangement and the load is taken by the outside walls and only five internal pillars. There will be the minimum of constructional work required to convert each floor into two large teaching spaces of about 80 square metres, with associated preparation and storage facilities. During the last year we have visited six schools and colleges to look at recent laboratory design and we have been much taken with the combined laboratory/lecture approach used extensively at Shrewsbury and Radley and to a lesser degree at Eton. To have to use a laboratory for ordinary teaching is always unsatisfactory: the pupils are often a long way from the blackboard and may have their backs to it; the laboratory cannot be serviced by the technicians while it is in use; pupils inevitably take delight in fiddling with water and gas taps on the benches, and however well benches are mopped up after practical work, they often remain wet and messy when written work needs to be done. A 'wet' and 'dry' area is very desirable, particularly in chemistry and biology; we have not the space to provide separate laboratory and lecture rooms, but have enough for the dual approach which needs only slightly more space (80 rather than 70 square metres) than a laboratory used for both purposes. We need three such spaces for biology, four each for physics and chemistry and one for electronics; at the present time (December 1986) the first and second floors have been allocated to physics, the third and fourth for chemistry and most of the top two floors for biology. The spaces remaining on these floors will be required for preparation, storage and other ancillary rooms and for circulation space to meet safety regulations. We have plans to start teaching biology in the building in September 1987 and we hope that chemistry and physics will be in at the same time or very soon after.

The servicing of the building presents problems as we are not allowed to put down pipes for drainage on either the Dean Bradley or Romney Street facades. We hope to use a new Labkit system, which has been approved by the Laboratory Investigation Unit at the Department of Education and Science, which provides all services (including drainage) to a laboratory from one overhead point at the side. Each laboratory would then have six service stations, which would be used by four boys in the lower school or two at sixth form level. At the end of the laboratory there will be a tiered lecture room area where brief cases and books can be left during practical sessions. The advantage of the system is

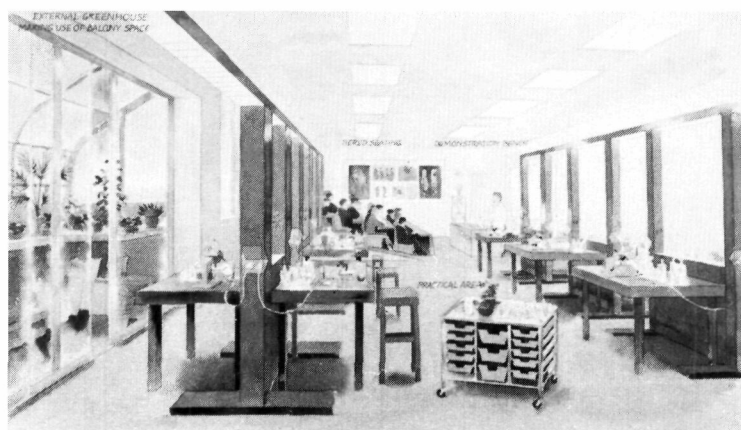
that it is quick to install and very flexible. It may be that in the future we need to use the space in the building in a different way; the Labkit system is easily moved as there is no permanent plumbing, and we could adapt to differing conditions with the minimum of cost and disturbance.

The full advantages of the new building will only become apparent after we have been using it for a couple of years. Our immediate concern must be to improve the quality of our science teaching in the lower school. We will have a computer network so that either groups of boys or individuals will be able to work science programmes more conveniently than they can at present; we intend to extend our facilities for microelectronics; and we will have the space to try out some of the newer GCSE courses such as the one sponsored by the Salter's Company in chemistry. We will be able to meet the extra demands created by offering biology for all, and will be able to consider alternatives to the compulsory physics and chemistry as separate subjects now being offered in the first three years. It may be that we ought to have different sorts of science courses available, depending on the ability and interest of the boys; at present we cannot consider offering any element of choice as our resources are stretched to the limit.

In the sixth form, we would like to develop individual project work. The Young Engineer of the Year Award won by Simon Smith (described elsewhere) and the insectivorous plant project of Marcus Phillips show the sort of work we would like to develop. I would also like to see us offering new science courses in the Academic Option Block but at present we have neither the space nor the manpower to do so. I have two or three small scale research projects with which I would like to involve sixth formers, but we have at present nowhere to leave undisturbed long term experiments.

All these thoughts must be for the future. I know what an upheaval it is taking over a new building, having done it at Shrewsbury 12 years ago; I know my colleagues recognise the size of the task ahead, but I must ask everyone, pupils and teachers alike, to make allowance if we are more than usually distraught during the months ahead. I will only regard the operation as being fully complete when the present building is filled with other activities of the school; my hope is that will be the case well before 1990. We have three very hectic but interesting years ahead of us.

*Peter Hughes*



*A possible layout for a biology laboratory/lecture room.*



# Two Short Stories by P. Mulcare

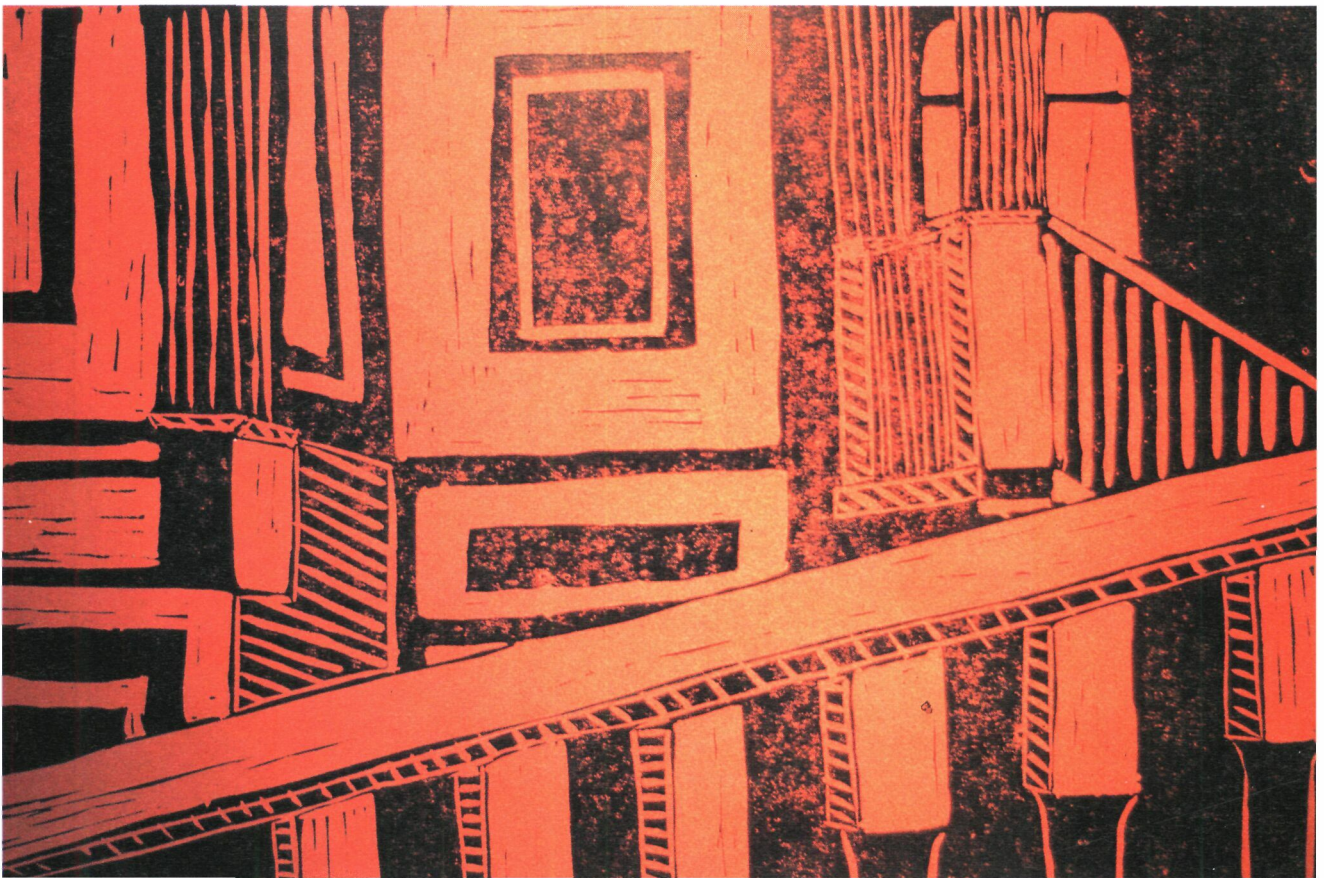
“As long as you doubt your sanity, you retain it.” I’m sure someone has mentioned this to me recently, but, increasingly, I doubt its validity, for I’m quite insane. To my mind, insanity is not an illness, simply a state of mind which intellect must endure, due to circumstances, for the sake of experience.

I used to find the nurses quite tiresome, but no longer. They seem simple souls, gratified by simple things, and so, I swallow my pills for them. I’m sure they have instructions to talk to me, for, in their place, I would avoid myself. They are frightened of me, I can tell. They talk at me to evade fear. I never answer, and I don’t expect that they wish me to. I lie in my bed, clench my fists periodically, and contemplate. I believe that this is my role in life. Occasionally I am brought a visitor, who, invariably, I have never seen before. They, also, talk at me, perhaps bring grapes, and smile a little more than they should. I dislike insincerity. Once a day, my bed is made. Once a day, dribbling at the mouth, I am placed in an unyielding wicker chair, and allowed to watch the billowing flags of my disability. This, also, I dislike. It irks me to consider the nurses, with their broad smiles and down cast eyes. They don’t belong here. Young, as they are, and wasting their lives on social outcasts like me. In years gone by I would have lived, chained to a wall, permitted, however to suffer insanity with dignity.

Once a day my psychiatrist attends me. I think it correct to talk to him, and we often make charming conversation, each quite afraid to say what the other wants to hear. I have a file. When I am gone out, in either sense of the odious word, they shall have a touching moment of a lunatic with a

number (I try to forget my own number, yet I believe it ends with a 9). My psychiatrist calls himself Dr. Hurnett, yet, he leers, all his patients call him Steven. Steven, then, is as intelligent a man as such an establishment may offer. He tried, at first, to test my wit with concealed questions couched in his monologue. Such attempts tire my tongue, and he seldom received a response. Now he talks to me about his wife, children, and the weather. A wonderful inoffensive topic of conversation, weather, yet it seldom concerns me, since my wisdom occupies most of my mind. From my window I may look down upon a vast lawn, trees and a pond. In the pond there are ducks. Ducks are highly therapeutic, and, as such, an asset to the medical profession. So Steven tells me to watch the ducks and reflect upon the sky. Sometimes Steven asks me rapid questions, hoping for a glimmer of his feigned awareness. I invariably feign deafness, or stare out of my window. My window is my getaway to the outside world, the proverbial carrot on the rope to recovery. One enthusiastic nurse wrapped me in a blanket, and wheeled me out to see the pond. When I saw it, it seemed dirty, green. It then became cold, so I cried, and asked to be taken back. The nurse seemed most upset, but wheeled me home, dabbing my eyes with a handkerchief, saying something insincere. From my window, the pond looked clean again. I never told Steven that.

As long as I am insane, I shall be happy. It frightens me to consider the pretence which I see which is normality. Indeed, this confirms my insanity. A nurse is sitting in that chair, knitting. Outside, however, the sky is very clear.







**I**t's funny how many people die at night. I should know, after so many years in a hospital. I'm not one of your glamorous MDs, though. I sweep up the dirt, but that still gives me a chance to watch people, things . . . A few months back we picked up some newlyweds in the pathology department, funny place to find love, and I've been watching them, carefully. If walls have ears, then I must be a wall, because no-one notices me, thank God.

When they came here they were your average young lovers, holding hands, and all sugary sweet. Fresh from their text books, in for a little real experience. We gave them experience. After a while in the casualty department they sobered up. They didn't have time to hold hands anymore, but they still met up in the evenings. Mid-shift, they'd sit in the canteen, one of those wall tables with the stains, her with her face in her hands, him comforting her. Very touching, as I saw it. Then she'd pull out her tinny watch, open her eyes like she'd had some bad dream, then go back to the ward with slow, kind of drawn steps. He'd watch her go, and shake his head. He did a lot of that. After a while he'd get up and go too, but in the labs, they'd pretend they were strangers. A few nights later, down in the new wing, I saw them facing each other, angry. He threw up his hands and stamped out. So she just sat down and cried, shaking like a baby. I don't know, maybe the job was taking him away from her, maybe it was just a small fight. When I walked past her, locking up, she sat up and blinked, then she sort of fell up, and said "I'm sorry, I didn't realise it was so late." She was upset, so I just told her to forget it. She just walked off,

with those funny, sad steps, and I smelled trouble.

The next day they were in, apart, but bright as buttons, as if the row never happened. They sat apart at lunch, looking at each other, then he shook his head and left. That finished her, after looking at all those dead bodies, hearing her husband quit on her. She went out for a while, rubbing her eyes and mumbling, so I went to find him. He wasn't anywhere but the guy at the desk rubbed his nose on his sleeve and said "He's gone for a bit. Back soon, though." Then I heard a siren, and the new ambulance came into the yard. I watched them bring in the body, burnt as if it'd been in a car crash. Then I recognized it. It was him, and now his wife was going to find out. I followed that stretcher to the path. labs. where she took in the trolley. When she pulled back the sheet she just crumpled up on the floor, mumbling how that wasn't fair, and it wasn't him. She knew it was, but some other doctor with a beard signed the autopsy slip. She wasn't the same after that, and I should've guessed she'd follow. It's easy to kill yourself if you're a doctor. She overdosed on something, and they found her the next day. That same guy did the autopsy, and he kept saying how it was all very sad, and should never have happened. What does he care, the more corpses, the more money they pay him. I shouldn't worry though. As long as there's dirt they'll need me.

They ended up together, though, even after their quarrels. They put them in the morgue, the boxes were next to each other, too. Two little labels: Dr. and Dr. Wright, then I carried on sweeping.

# 1986 – An Expansive Year of Music

In a school of such academic repute as Westminster it is likely that the musical life would centre around the few, serious, scholarly musicians and concentrate on high quality but a limited scope – thus not risking loss of prestige. The potential of school music making, however, is broad and varied and the experience of music should be made available to all. Everyone who can hear can be taught how to listen and those who have never played an instrument can be coaxed into participation through creative music making in the classroom. The danger of this approach is known. Even the unmusical outsider probably knows what Grade VIII Piano means and would be comforted to know that a respectable choral work is performed annually. The same may have doubts, though, about improvisation on electric keyboards, temple bells and vibraphone. In 1986 a new kind of class music became established at Westminster which, owing to the imaginative adaptability of the present Lower Shell and Fifth forms is showing signs of being most rewarding. The results and ambitions of this venture were shared with parents of Fifth Formers and other members of the school in a Fifth Form Musical Open Day which absorbed a Saturday morning in July and will, it is hoped, become an annual event. To a very receptive audience was demonstrated the sort of group music-making that had been the ground of the year's work which included some highly skilfully derived and convincingly played ensembles. The occasion also provided a platform for solo performances by a large number of extremely promising members of the most junior form.

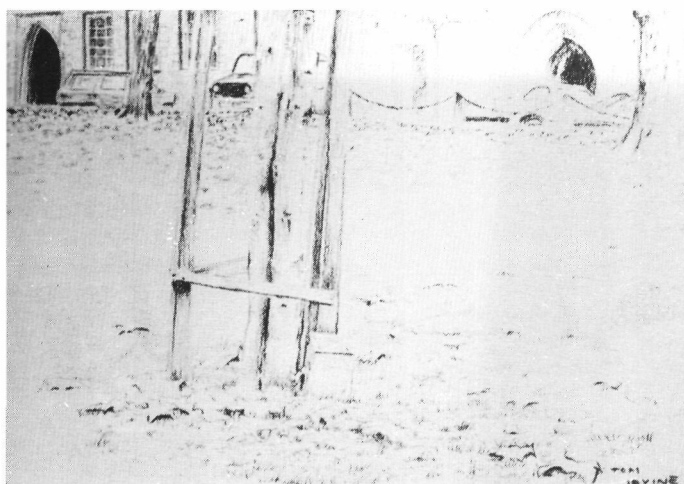
There are a substantial number of excellent musicians here at Westminster, and a fair proportion of them are found among the girls who join the school in the Sixth Form. It is not uncommon for girls to arrive at Westminster with the aforementioned Grade VIII in two instruments, and of course it is on the girls that the Abbey choir depends for most of its Sopranos and Altos. In March the Abbey Choir, meticulously trained by Tom Mohan, gave a performance of Fauré's Requiem in St. Margaret's Church which served to show just what excellence can be achieved by our talented forces. The emphasis on the lower strings with the demand for strength in the viola section was the very thing that could be provided and the special quality of youthful women's voices made the rehearsing and performance of this work something that is remembered with not a little pride by all participants. In the same concert were performances of Haydn's Trauer Symphonie and Bach's Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor.

While the aim is to reach the musical nature – whatever its expression – of every school member, it is also essential to



be able to provide the platform and guidance for the serious musician and to give the means to test his or her professional aptitude. It must always be acknowledged how much effort and time musical students give to the school for which the precious opportunity of recital experience can be a way of saying "thank you". In July, shortly after the Fifth Form Musical Morning, three members of the Remove, Sterling Lambert, Sophy Thomson and John Graham-Maw gave a recital in the Adrian Boult Hall. Brahms and Vaughan Williams featured strongly in the programme and the recital was a fitting farewell to an outstanding musical Remove.

The School Concert is the natural 'shop window' for the school's music making, and a concerto performance is a splendid way of showing off the talented player; last year Mozart's D Minor Piano Concerto and G Major Flute Concerto were included in concert programmes. It has also been a policy for the orchestra to perform a major symphonic work in each concert. But there is danger; symphonic masterpieces can go horribly wrong in the hands of less than experienced players. However, if a pupil is learning an orchestral instrument, the best inspiration is to study and perform in one of these wonderful and famous works. The list of major works played in School Concerts in the last three years is impressive including Beethoven's Sixth and Eighth Symphonies. In June, 1986, the first movement of Sibelius's Third Symphony was played with Stuart Nettleship conducting. The final concert of the year of 1986 in December began with both movements of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony conducted by John Baird. In this there was a notable





feeling of integration and the impression was that the players were really listening to each other. How pleasing it is to hear, in the solos, just how much some players in the school are developing. The orchestra in this concert also did credit to Stuart Nettleships's own Prelude and Fugue on 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen', a rousing and seasonal piece that suited the players well.

In both these concerts the Abbey Choir, Jazz Band, Early Music Group and outstanding solo items appeared, continuing what is now a familiar format for a programme that seeks to display the splendid variety of music in the School's curriculum. In the cycle of the House Concerts a much wider range of musicians have an opportunity to perform in the more intimate surroundings of the Adrian Boulton Hall.

One rather different musical production of 1986 was 'Winnie', performed largely by members of the Junior School in March. Composed by John Baird to a libretto by John Field from stories of Winnie the Pooh by A.A. Milne, the piece made a timely celebration of the bear's 60th birthday. It is not easy to sing, remember words, act and move in time without looking like a robot; a combination of theatrical and musical talent is called for which is rarely found. Who, among the Juniors, can sing *and* act? Among boys of the Fifth and Lower Shell Forms were found several who could do both. Few realise just how much hard work was put in by the cast who had the reward of large and responsive audiences. The productions were an end of term event and, as a special 'farewell' for Dr. Rae, members of the staff gave a performance before an invited and carefully screened audience. Michael Hugill's rendering of Eeyore's cavatina is one of the fond memories of 1986.

Westminster does actually work very hard at its music. The Jazz Band took the brave step, in the Play Term Concert, of improvising freely throughout, and used no music at all. This is creative music: it is also very challenging and clearly something players enjoy. Rock musicians likewise work in groups and spare no effort in preparing concerts. The battle

of the decibel is still being fought, but it is good to find skill and imagination besides enthusiasm in this field too.

A serious music maker, whatever the style of his preference, must either be practising or worrying about it most of the time. But then the social aspect of music balances the enormous demand on time and concentration. There is a multitude of small musical ensembles at school now – some of them as part of Lower School Activities. There are brass groups, string quartets and an impressive percussion ensemble which gave a bright new mood to the last School Concert. Another new musical gathering is Friday Music which gives a chance to anyone who feels he can, to talk on any aspect of 20th Century music he wishes to praise. These talks have ranged from Xenakis to Weather Report and is a training ground for the aspiring lecturer as well as a welcome episode for the musically aware Westminster in need of a good tea and a pleasant social half hour.

For enjoyment and social fulfilment nobody can do better than the Early Music Group. They meet each week and have a regular slot in the School Concert. Their company is welcome with their often fascinating instruments, strange music and odd composers. And they have out of town engagements. Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of Ronald French this group has taken to going off in May to Sheldon Manor, in Wiltshire, where an appreciative audience hears their dances and songs in the most inspiring of settings. The 1986 visit was especially entertaining, including two concerts, vast quantities of splendid food, and a leisurely visit to nearby Bath.

In all, music at Westminster shows every sign of reaching out into different directions while maintaining its standards in performance. In 1987 the Music Department misses Tom Mohan, who left in the Autumn to join the Civil Service, but is very happy that Sinan Carter Savaskan, already with us as a part-time teacher, is now a full-time member of staff.

*John & Penny Baird*





## Ben Jonson

Jonson was born in 1572, one month after the death of his father, 'a grave minister of the gospel'. Without much delay, his mother remarried to a bricklayer. Throughout his life, Jonson was ever the moralist and craftsman possessed with an energetic sense of the absurd.

At some point in the mid 1580s, a wealthy patron coughs up the lolly to send Jonson to Westminster. The identity of the patron is unknown, but speculation is possible. It would be neat to think that William Camden, Jonson's great teacher, spotted little Ben's talents as he idly constructed Ciceronian periods out of wood-blocks at the local primary.

Enough of this exotic fancy. Westminster, in the figure of Camden, remained the prevailing influence on Jonson's life, as Jonson kindly recognised:

*Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe  
All that I am in arts, all that I know . . .*

This is scarcely exaggerated. Camden imbued Jonson with the classics, especially Latin, and moulded the boy's rough temperament into an appreciation of 'Roman' virtues: restraint, stoicism and a grave piety for knowledge and understanding. As Jonson writes in his first epigram,

*Pray thee take care, that tak'st my book in hand,  
To read it well; that is, to understand.*

(Jonson sketched all his verses 'first in prose, for so his master Camden had learned him.')

At Westminster, Jonson would also have seen, and perhaps acted in, the plays of Plautus and Terence, the Latin masters whose tight urban comedies helped Jonson formulate his own revolutionary dramatic art – an art which tilted against the prevailing Elizabethan fashion for 'daff-down-dilly, come pluck the gilly flower' romances, which can be such a thundering bore, even in 'late' Shakespeare.

Jonson's first extended play, *Every Man in his Humour* (1597) was dedicated to Camden and he prefaces the play with a tactful memorandum: 'Since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age . . . I pray you to accept this.'

Something of Camden's sarcasm is heard humming

behind the play's prologue, where Jonson berates Shakespeare's dearth of classical temper. The histories get a fair old drubbing:

*. . . or with three rusty swords  
And help of some few foot and half-foot words  
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars . . .*

Jonson's pride in his own education also explains the famous jibe at Shakespeare's 'small Latin and less Greek'; although in that particular poem, with typical generosity, Jonson reverses the defect into a compliment as Shakespeare is regaled as an equal of Sophocles, etc:

*He was not of an age, but for all time.*

Jonson's recognition of the scale of the Shakespearean achievement ensured that he chose another route. Jonson was to write comedies which were funny.

Finally, the most important lessons Jonson picked up at Westminster were probably outside the school-hall. *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, even *Sejanus*, are plays about acting and deception: amoral quick-wittedness is thrown against muffling complacency. The clever schoolboy is even flicking pellets at his dim superiors – and presumably it was at school that Jonson acquired his unusual taste for the practical joke: 'Jonson with the consent of a friend, cozened a lady with whom he had made an appointment to meet an astrologer in the suburbs, which she kept and it was himself disguised at the light of a dim burning candle . . .'

There is always something vaguely disreputable about Jonson, hence his attraction. In this he is reminiscent of many Old Wets, for whom he must be a sort of impious patron saint.

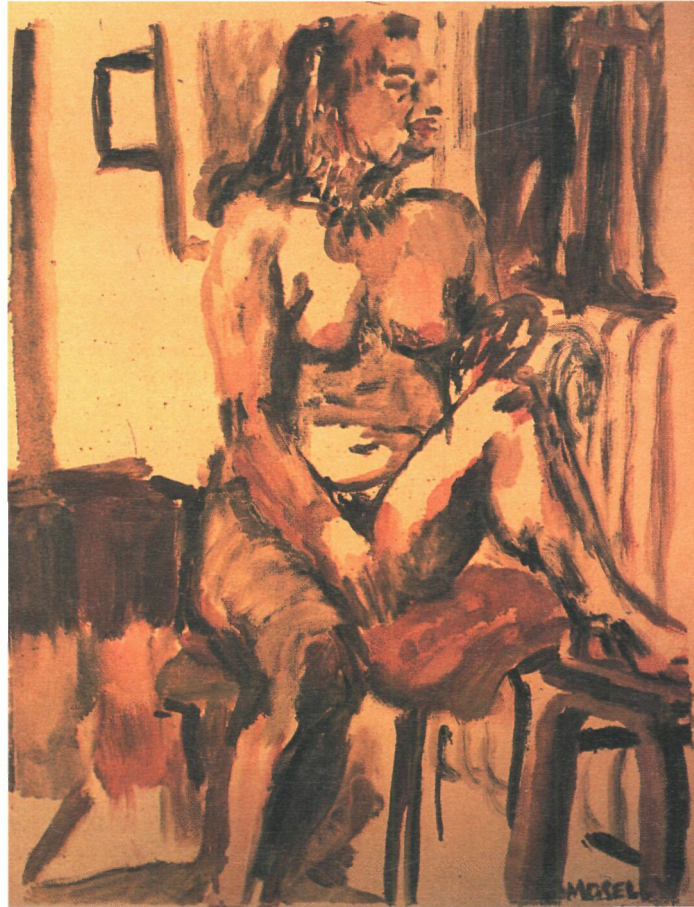
Jonson died in 1637, after nine years of paralysis. He noted in his common-place book: *What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! In scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.*

He is buried in Westminster Abbey beneath a stone that bears the cryptic exclamation: *O rare Ben Jonson.*

*Gavin Griffiths*



## Two nudes by J. Moseley



# Westminster at Whitbourne

During the war Westminster was evacuated to the Parish of Whitbourne, which included Buckenhill and Bromyard. We are grateful to Sir Roger Young and Henry Christie for sending us the following information.

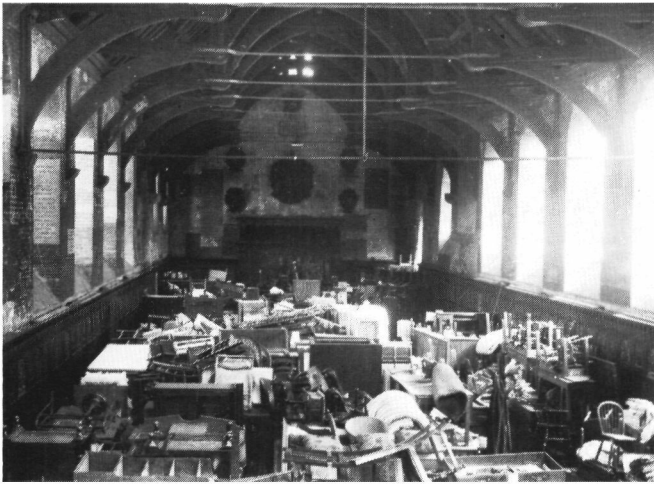
On 22nd June this summer a reunion was held for King's Scholars who were at Westminster any time between 1940–1945 at Whitbourne, the little village in Worcestershire where College was evacuated. The purpose was to present to the Parish Church an Aumbry Light as a mark of gratitude for, and as a commemoration of, our sojourn in Whitbourne during the war years.

The plaque beside the Light reads:

*This Aumbry Light was presented in gratitude for the welcome given to the King's Scholars of Westminster School and their Master, David Simpson, when they worshipped regularly in this Church between October, 1940 and July, 1945.*

*'Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge  
Until this tyranny be overpast.'*

*Psalms 57.1*



*The Common Room were advised to leave their furniture Up School for safe keeping*

Sir Roger Young also kindly sent the following accounts of wartime life in Worcestershire.

## WESTMINSTER IN BROMYARD

*by C.H. Fisher. (See obituaries)*

After our wanderings in the first year of the war, the Governing Body had decided by the end of July 1940 that London was not going to be bombed and so we started making ready for our return to Westminster.

No sooner had this decision been taken than the London Blitz started. This left us in a very tricky position – we couldn't stay in London (our 'Busby Library' had already succumbed to a bomb, while we slept underneath) and all the obvious places, after a year of war, had been taken.

My father had bought Drabington in 1921 and so by now I knew the Bromyard area pretty well. I thought I could find something in the neighbourhood and in desperation the Headmaster sent me down and told me not to come back without something. It was mid September 1940.

I first went to Kyre (the Earl of Clarendon), Bockleton Court (Col. Prescott) and Saltmarsh Castle (Mr. Barneby). The Earl of Clarendon and Miss Prescott were both most kind but neither could offer me more than a bed or two.

Mr. Barneby however, told me about his property at Buckenhill. Mr. Phipps and his Barnado boys had been the last occupants 25 years earlier. Together we went over there and inspected it – a large tree, a horse chestnut – was growing through the dining room floor and while we were there a thunderstorm came over and water poured down the main

staircase. Things were, however, desperate and I realised that Buckenhill could be made to take two of our six houses. That was a good start. I was able to fix one more house at Brockhampton and Clater Park. Then someone told me that the Whitbourne Rectory was empty, so I made my way there and found that not only was this true, but that Judge Harrington was abroad and so might let us use Whitbourne Court. Finally with only one more house to fix up, I found Fernie was empty. This was too small for our remaining house but might be a centre, some of the boys sleeping out in neighbouring farms.

I returned to London and laid my plans before the headmaster. That night the Germans bombed the London Docks and although we were two miles away the glare of the fires filled the sky, so that you could read a newspaper in Dean's Yard at midnight. My plan was accepted!

To get Buckenhill ready was the only serious item and I said I would take down a party headed by School Carpenter Mr. Jack Johnson, with as many men as we could raise, any masters that could come and a few senior boys and start work at once. I thought we could be ready by half-term.



*Up School*

Other masters came down to their respective houses and did the same. The Science masters and the 'lab. boys' arrived and not only found an eligible 'Tan House' but rigged it up as a workable laboratory. While another master, Mr. Claridge (whom I am sure many will still remember) took over an empty building in the High Street and established there a book and tuck shop, which is still there.

After heroic efforts by Mr. Johnson and his mixed team of helpers we just managed to make Buckenhill liveable in and the school duly arrived as promised at half-term. (We arrived 300 strong; our numbers gradually dwindled and we left about 160. We stopped using Brockhampton and Clater after a year and closed down Fernie a year later; Buckenhill absorbing these houses).

It was not easy running a school of 300 boys so widely divided geographically and we hit on the plan of school at Buckenhill on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, while on the other half days we all went to Whitbourne. The scientists had to come to Bromyard for the lab. Pettifers (Under Capt. King) supplied us with a bus each day for any masters who wanted it – the sick and needy. It didn't risk coming down the Buckenhill drive but stayed at the top. The hardy – both masters and boys – bicycled.

Our dress: In peacetime the boys still wore top hats and tails (morning coats). In view of the Herefordshire mud, it was decided that we should wear corduroy shorts, open neck shirts, pullovers and sports coats (Jeans had not yet become popular or we should probably have adopted them). Some of the more daring masters – including the indefatiga-



ble Mr. Claridge – wore the same, and it answered well for all the years we were there.

Three of us masters (Capt. Murray Rust (see obituaries), Capt. Young and myself) already held commissions and with the untiring and able help of our Sgt. Major W.J. Stewart (late of the Coldstream Guards) we ran the school C.C.F. The Sergeant Major, amongst other things, making a rifle range and various assault courses at Buckenhill and was a tower of strength. (He kept bees at Buckenhill in his spare time).

Naturally we automatically joined our Home Guard units: Those at Whitbourne - the Whitbourne Platoon, while we at Buckenhill formed a unit of our own. The Sgt. Major was naturally snaffled by our Battalion Commander Col. Knott and his second in command, Capt. Waller. Mr. Living of the Gas Works commanded the Bromyard Platoon. After a year or so it was decided that Buckenhill should form, with the help of tough lads from Bromyard, a 'mobile platoon' – (our mobility consisted only of bicycles). Bill Morris, now of the buses, and Mr. Berry from the bakery were two of my Section Commanders. The scheme worked well – the lads of Bromyard and the boys of Westminster getting along like a house on fire. Many miles we covered by day and night (without lights) and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Incidentally, the top of Hegdon Hill was an 'observer post' and manned every night by the (voluntary) Observer Corps.

One night, I remember, I was told to go off to have a lesson on 'Gas' and when I arrived only Tony Williams (who was to deliver the lecture) was present. So we repaired to the Falcon and gassed away there.

We kept out of mischief (more or less) during the day time by growing vegetables in the huge walled garden and although the weeds had us beat every Summer, we certainly grew a lot of our vegetables.

Dramatics were very popular. We put on the stage at Bromyard eight productions – everything from a variety show to Hamlet. We started at the Church Hall but moved on to the Falcon Ballroom when we had the joy and help of Mr. Bexon and 'Katey'. No labour was too much for them and the most kind Mr. Reynolds was always there to help us out.

To celebrate V.E. Day we had a huge bonfire at the top of the hill in front of Buckenhill. Mr. Bedford let us burn up all the old wood lying about, of which there was a great deal. We worked hard at it all day and it made a fine blaze to which all were welcome and many came.

We took with us very many happy memories, which returning Old Westminsters bear witness to and a deep gratitude to the people of Bromyard for accepting us and providing us a safe haven over those critical years of war.

### WESTMINSTER AT BUCKENHILL

*by Tony Benn, M.P.*

The school first went in the Summer of 1940 to Exeter and was accommodated in the Exeter University Buildings and then, for some inexplicable reason, it decided to go back to London with a view to re-opening in September 1940 in its old premises.

This, of course, corresponded with the beginning of the Blitz and so it was hurriedly arranged that the school would go to Herefordshire and be accommodated in various buildings in and around Bromyard.

I myself was at Buckenhill, just outside Bromyard and various other buildings were occupied at the same time. We had some classes at Saltmarsh Castle and I remained there for a year until I went on to University in the Autumn of 1942.

The school decided to abandon sports and concentrate on farming so as to produce some food for the war effort and, at the back of Buckenhill, there was a large garden which we used to till in the afternoons.

I think my most vivid memory was of the Home Guard there which was supplemented by the school Cadet Corps.

I vividly remember one exercise that must have taken

place in the Summer of 1942 which was an exercise that took place in the grounds between Buckenhill and Bromyard that was attended by local Territorial Army officers and Colonel Blacker, who had just invented the Blacker Bombard.

The Blacker Bombard was a piece of tubing with a spike at the bottom of it and this would be pointed up into the air.

It used a small grenade or missile which had a fuse at the bottom of it that would be triggered off by the spike and this missile was, therefore, dropped into the tube, fell to the bottom, struck the spike, which then exploded the charge and it then flew through the air and landed somewhere near its target when it would explode on impact.

The exercise was very carefully prepared, including a cardboard tank which was supposed to be a German tank and which it was intended should be destroyed by a sticky grenade, a very simple explosive device covered in a sort of glue with a handle to it, rather like a huge toffee apple.

The exercise was joined by a number of people from the school under the command of the Master responsible for the Cadet Corps and a map had been drawn of the area by various components of the Home Guard.

My recollection is that when the bits of this map were put together they did not fit because one of the groups that had paced out the area to draw the map were under the impression that there were 2240 yards in a mile instead of 1760, thus confusing the number of pounds in a ton with the number of yards in an English statute mile!

A machine gun group had been brought in from the village with an old Lewis machine gun which was to be mounted near a house and was then to open fire in a part of the grounds that, at that stage in the 'battle' was to be clear of all members of the Home Guard. But the machine gun unit arrived a little late and began firing without putting pins into the legs of the Lewis gun with the result that it fired wild all over the place and it is a miracle that nobody was hurt.

At a later stage when the assault upon the cardboard tank was due to take place the Cadets involved approached the tank, stuck the sticky bomb on to it and withdrew, leaving the fuse to blow it up after an interval.

However, the fuse did not go off and one of the Masters at the school, Captain Murray Rust, had to approach the tank with another detonator which then exploded the sticky bomb and the tank from a safe distance.

Meanwhile, the officers watched these events from a little bit of raised ground and I believe that Colonel Blacker was very disappointed that his Bombard did not operate as he intended it should.





# One Man and His Suit

There's an image of the 1960s which seems to live among my pupils, and it's rather a theatrical one: flared trousers, love beads, josticks and all of these to the strains of *Sergeant Pepper*.

I don't know, really. My pupils will not believe it when I tell them, and my colleagues may not thank me for reminding them, but the sixties to me are almost as *recherché* for me as for them. I was only ten when it all ended.

Images persist of course. As a very small child I really can remember watching The Beatles live on 'Top of the Pops' – indeed, I can remember Alan Freeman presenting it (Hello 'Pop Pickers') in that wonderfully 1951 BBC accent. My eldest brother, a strongly built and ruddily coloured sixteen year old, spent 2/11d on a shirt for a party: it was turquoise and in satin and it came from Harry Fenton in Bromley. Readers may be relieved to know that he had second thoughts and returned it the next day – returning then with a subtler version in *squadristi* black.

I had, it is true, my own controversies. The seventies, after all, which saw me emerge from the chrysalis of sunny little lad (believe that if you will) into the empurpled rage of adolescence were not always known for the subtle colouration and tonality of adolescent fashion. I remember 'sweat shirts', an embarrassing foray into a denim waistcoat (I kid you not and what's more I saved for months to get it), even a fleece-lined denim jacket.

But perhaps I'm being ingenuous. My most cringing memories are those of when I tried not to be adolescent rebel v. authority, but, quisling-like, to dress as solid citizen patriot, a bright light of dizzy sophistication in a world of less glamorous beings.

Perhaps being the youngest child was the let-down, particularly in a largish family. There was always a considerable collection of clothes which the original wearers had decided to dispense with: usually outgrown, but frequently deemed *passé*, unhip etc. On the other hand, I was very nearly dead to any coherent ideas on fashion and also extremely impecunious and mean. Here was a free range of clothes, all for little me.

Back in 1966, one of my brothers needed a suit. This eclectic item of clothing, not known to many Westminsters, was a major purchase, but it was also a reasonably essential one for a young man facing university entrance interviews etc. I have no doubt he purchased it, with parental lucre, in a spirit of total disinterest. It was Prince of Wales grey check, from Austin Reed, cost £29 and the legs were narrow.

Eight years later as I set out for my first teenage party, I felt the need to cut a dash. Denim seemed prosaic somehow, and somehow one had to grab a little limelight. At this point, it is true, I would happily have gone for the black satin *horreur* but my mother had wisely guillotined it some years back. After some hours burrowing through forgotten clothes, I emerged, gasping from camphor, but clutching this self-same suit.

There were problems of course. My brother was about five stone heavier and seven inches taller than me and this did, to some extent, become apparent as I donned item in question. No amount of exhalation could make the faintest impression on the waistline, so it was either cushions or multiple trusses. The look of the jacket upon my modest torso I would perhaps rather not go into, but the general idiosyncrasy of the apparel was in no way let down by a blue cheesecloth shirt, and a brutally broad tie.

I don't remember bringing anyone home from that party. But on those occasions when I did, I was pretty confident that it wasn't my clothes they were after.

The suit lasted a great deal longer than any of my teenage dancing partners. By 1978 I had filled out as much as ever seemed likely and I paid £12 to a tailor to effect radical alterations on the suit. The man expressed professional distress

at the ruin of good material, likening such violent surgery to butchery, but I was adamant.

And, indeed, I have no regrets. As a young journalist, I wore it, under the obligatory trench coat and, in the office, with jacket on the back of the chair and waistcoat buttons insouciantly undone, while I pored over a typewriter. As an undergraduate, I wore it for my Freshman's photograph, and thereafter during a brief flirtation with the Brideshead era, with starched collar and tie. Although it is the image of myself of which I am least indulgent, it was probably the only occasion where the suit looked quite plausible. And as a new schoolmaster, I certainly wore it: it looked tolerable. Like all graduates, I spent my first year of work paying off debts, so it saved buying another.

It never made Yard, alas. I was game, but undercover forces spirited it away under cover of night, not even to a jumble sale. It might have made a fiver, I protested, but was sharply reprovéd – had I no decency, the thing was a disgrace, glad to be shot of it, etc.

I've contemplated a re-run of course: saw an extremely natty little number in the Army and Navy the other week – Prince of Wales check, double breasted, and a snip they told me at £125. I jolly nearly went for it, but the old hand started trembling on the cheque stub. If it had been twelve years old, and forty-four round the middle, I might have done it: I like to grow into my suits, not buy them.

David Hargreaves







# The Common Room

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE COMMON ROOM

We extend a warm welcome to the following:

Fiona Freckleton	Maths
Marea Goodman	Pottery
Nicholas Hooper	History
Anne Middleton	Maths
Charlotte Moore	English
Michael Mulligan	English
Andrew Mylne	Classics
Ski Paraskos	Economics
Richard Pyatt	English
David Riches	P.E. and The Water
Sinan Savaskan	Music
Deborah Walker	Economics

and say farewell to:

### WILLIAM ELLIS-REES

William Ellis-Rees spent a year at Westminster teaching Classics and now has gone on to the City of London School. In his short stay here he contributed greatly to the Classical life of the School and earned the respect and liking of all his pupils. He set himself the highest standards as a teacher and was constantly importing fresh and imaginative ideas. Those of us who got to know him well found him an impressively sincere person and colleague, whom we were sad to lose. During the year he and Karen got married and we wish them all the very best for the future.

*A.H.*

### SHIRLEY FOSTER

After a short stay, Dr Shirley Foster, the School's first female historian, left Westminster in summer 1986 to take up a research appointment in Oxford. Foremost an academic, Shirley brought numerous qualities to the history department, reviving the William Thomas Society, engineering the reading week at St Deiniols Library in her native Cheshire and impressing everybody with her knowledge of the Crusading period. In spite of living in Reading, she threw herself into many extra-curricular activities, as diverse as netball and organising trips to view the royal tombs in the Abbey. Enthusiasm and determination, allied to a sense of fun, were her principal assets in the classroom, characteristics which earned her many friends at Westminster and should ensure her even greater success in the future, whether at Oxford or if she should choose to return to teaching.

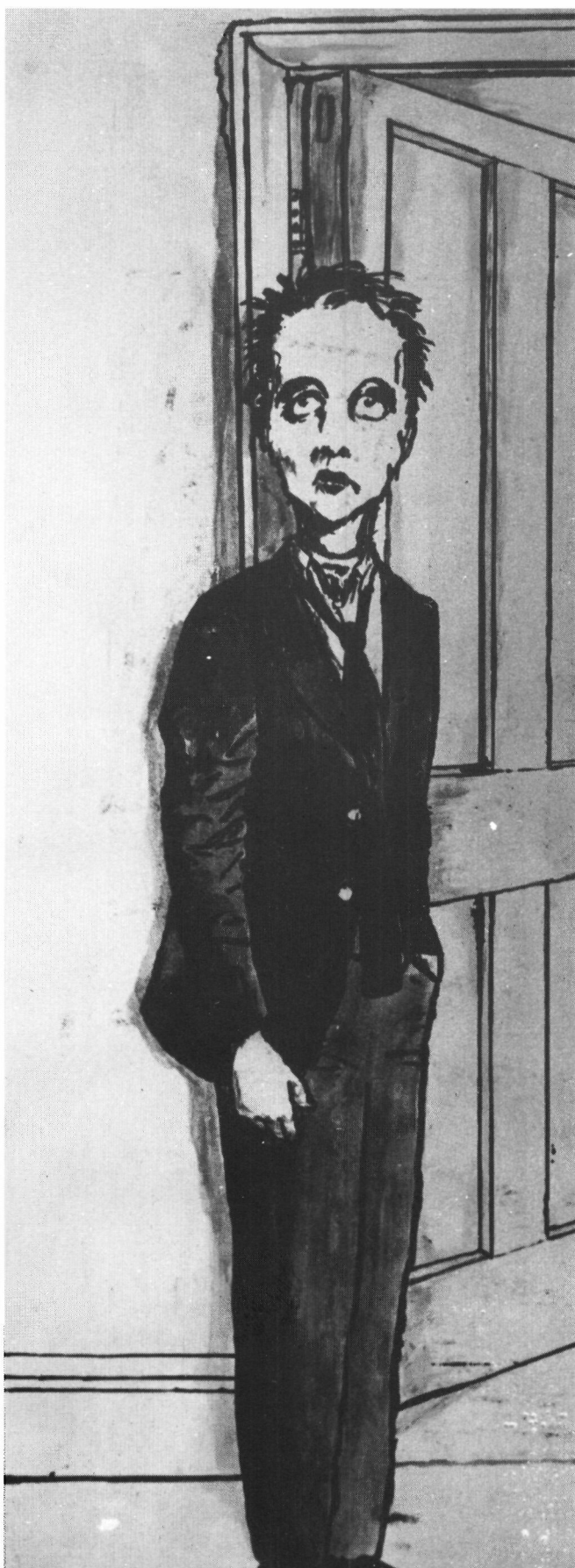
*D.R.C.*

### SIMON HARDING

In Simon's two years at Westminster he has succeeded in putting Economics on a permanent footing and has established the subject as a worthy intellectual discipline. That success is a tribute to Simon's abilities as a teacher. His deceptively relaxed teaching style has produced an enthusiastic response from his pupils. He possesses a firm grasp of economics but combines this with the rare ability (for an economist) of being able to put his ideas across in a simple and interesting way.

A symbol of Simon's enthusiasm for the subject, apart from rather dubious articles in the organs of the libertarian right, is the Westminster Economic Model. It is something of a coup for Westminster, and one that has largely gone unrecognised, in that it is the only school in the country to have produced a computer model of the UK economy (the work of Simon and his pupils).

Simon's efforts have not only been in the classroom. He also subjected his body to the battering of the elements at Water. His large frame, wrapped in wellies, scarves and a





voluminous duffle coat (even in the summer) became a familiar Common Room sight.

Simon is off to pursue his economics career in the Department of Energy. The teaching profession has lost an able member and the School has lost a kind man who possesses a healthy independence of mind. We wish Simon and his wife Soraya, every happiness.

J.E.B.C.

### TOM MOHAN

So after a year long cliffhanger, Tom left us and crossed the road to the House of Lords. Disbelief that somebody commuting so successfully between Water and the Abbey Choir would wish to immerse himself in the running of the Upper Chamber was mingled with admiration for his winning the coveted Clerkship in the first place. But that's Tom. A very able administrator, indeed the list of things he quickly whipped into shape is impressive, particularly in the Music Department where it was long overdue. The Reform of the Lords so often referred to – must now be at hand.

The Abbey Choir quickly regained its dignity under Tom and people talked of the return of the spirit of Jonathan Katz\* – little realising how prophetic they would turn out to be. Three events stand out as *particularly* admirable. The performances of Messiaen's 'O Sacrum Convivium' and the ingenious way he put my wilful 'Commem' Te Deum together in 1984 were outstanding examples of the choir trainer's art, but the sheer beauty of Fauré's Requiem which he conducted in St Margaret's in March 1986 will surely linger longest in the memory.

House Tutor up Rigaud's, rewriter of the School Psalter (a massive job!), expeditions to waters of all colours in remote spots of the kingdom and finally Master in Charge of The Water here from February 1986. I learnt more about the various methods people use to propel themselves along the

muddy reaches of the Thames than strictly speaking I needed, but while wild horses won't get me out there – a most unlikely interest has been awakened. And that's Tom too! Enthusiasm to motivate others, the ability to see right into the heart of a problem, and the skill to do something about it. How were we going to manage? Then, I opened the Music Office door (for those of you who don't know it – it's that narrow corridor on the left as you go up School) and there was his bike, just like the old days. Phew! That's a relief!

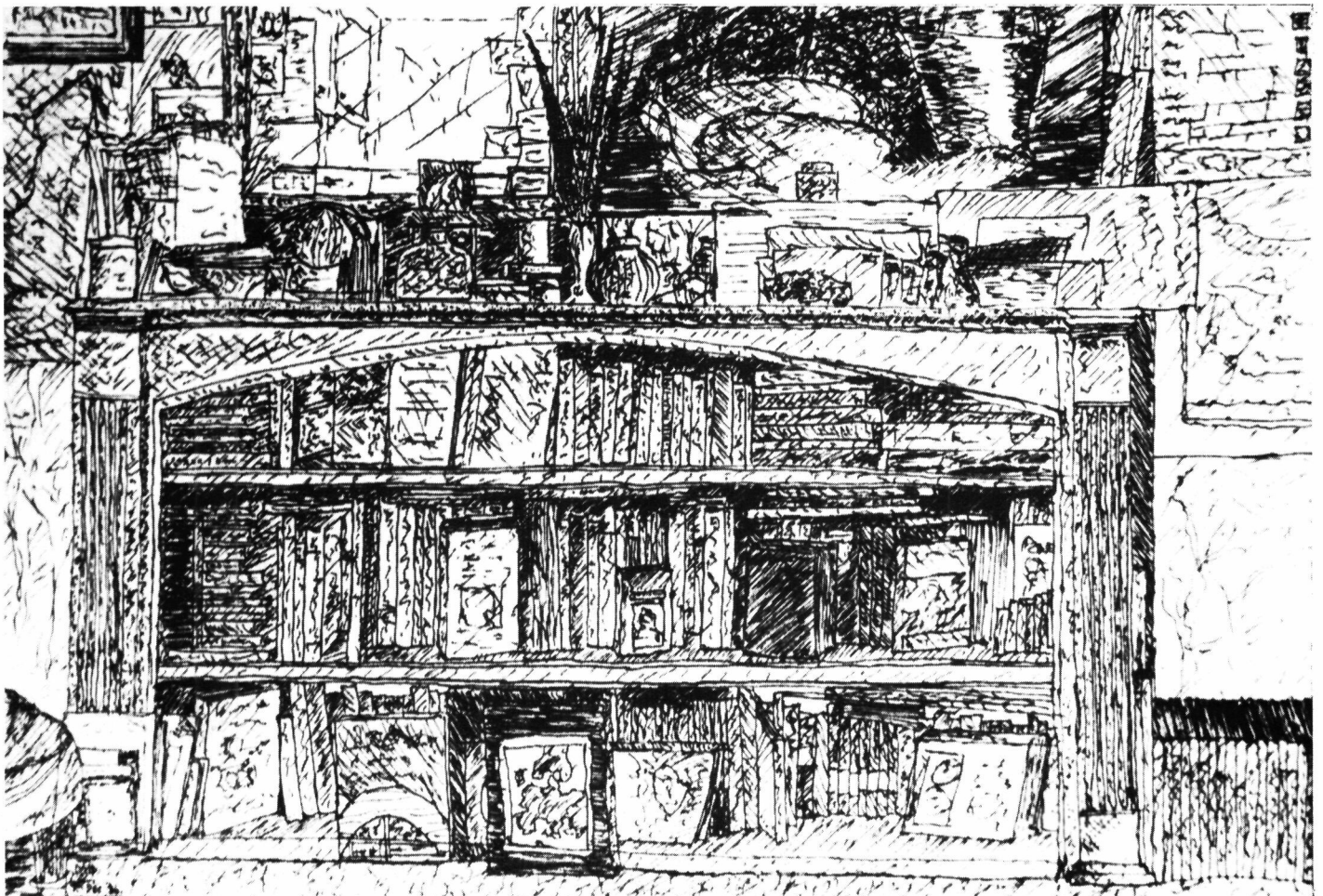
J.M.B.

*\* Jonathan Katz, who taught Classics and German at Westminster from 1975–77, conducted the School Abbey Choir for a short but very successful period. He returns as Master of the Queen's Scholars in September.*

### MARK PRESCOTT

Mark Prescott came to Westminster as Assistant Director of Art in January 1985 and ran the pottery, having first carefully refurbished it, until July 1986. He formed a new collection of ceramics and craft pieces for the School which can be seen in the Carleton Gallery. He also initiated the successful course of calligraphy classes. In the summer of 1986 he undertook temporarily to run the art Department following Christopher Clarke's appointment as Housemaster of Grant's and arranged a timetable whereby every boy in the Fifth can take Art and Pottery. In his place we are now joined by two ceramics teachers, recent graduates of Camberwell and the Royal College, Marea Goodman and Phil Eglin. Their classes are prolific workers, and new pottery and sculpture now abounds in our exhibitions – Mark's juggling with the timetable has clearly borne much fruit.

K.M.









# SPORT

## WSBC REPORT Election Term 1986

After the successful training camp held in Lucerne, the Seniors and the remaining four J16 oarsmen trained together throughout the summer. Youra Turceninoff retired from crew rowing to concentrate on single sculling, and was rewarded with a win in novice sculls at Putney Amateur Regatta. Later in the season, at Bedford Star, he sculled extremely well to reach the semi-finals of Junior Sculls, but lost the race with some poor steering. The squad rowed in fours rather than as an VIII for most of the season, but had a good eights win, against St. Paul's, at Twickenham Regatta. In Fours, the J16's won Senior C lightweight at Putney Town and J16 at Star Sprint, and gained a good third placing in the National Schools Regatta. A senior Four won the Novice Fours at Putney Amateur. Two pleasing wins came at Huntingdon Regatta, where Alex Kirkham won J16 Sculls, despite his light weight, and the Garel-Jones brothers and Martin Watts won Senior coxed pairs. An Eight was formed for Marlow and Henley, but in both cases went out in the first round to heavyweight American opposition. Most of the squad were in the sixth form, and thus have another season to look forward to. They have the potential to do well next year, but much will depend on their willingness to work hard through the winter to build up strength and technique.

The J14 Squad coached by Elizabeth Winter and Tom Mohan, had a magnificently successful first season. They won events in quads, eights and fours. The first quad was outstanding, winning the National Schools and National Championships, as well as other regattas. The first eight of this group was also undefeated, winning at Huntingdon, Kingston and Bedford Star. Perhaps the most exciting races of the season were at Bedford Star Regatta where the quad and the eight won their events. Both crews had some very close races, the quad's semi-final against their great rivals, Tiffin School, being won by half a second, and the VIII, brilliantly stroked by Barnaby Burgess, beating Kingston Grammar in the final by half a length, after the lead had changed hands several times during the race. Mention should also be made of the brave performance at the National Championships by Chris Jeffery and Nicholas Isserstedt, rowing in a borrowed double scull, who finished fifth overall after only four outings.

The squad at this age group was unusually large and keen, and fourteen boys have now rowed in winning crews, with several more competing hard for places. Their aptitude and willingness to work hard were in evidence from early in the Play Term, and their success has been well-earned. If they fulfill this early promise, they could be an outstanding crew in years to come. Perhaps a particular word of praise is due to the two coxes, Nicholas Lovell and Ned Kittoe, who coxed remarkably well in some particularly foul and potentially dangerous winter conditions, as well as in some very close summer racing, where precise steering and a cool head were necessary.

Much of the success of the squad was due to the excellent coaching of Elizabeth Winter, who took over the first crews after the Schools Head. Sadly, she has left to travel the world, but in her short time with the club she made an outstanding contribution.

Over the last few years, the boat club's equipment had fallen behind that of other schools, and it is pleasing to be

able to report that improvements are taking place. Over the summer, orders were placed for a fleet of four matched coxless pairs/double scullers and a new coxed four/quad from Janousek's. At the same time, much-needed renovation work was done on the changing rooms in the boathouse. New coaching launches and megaphones have also been purchased, and at least one new eight is in prospect.

Play Term is normally a quiet time of winter training and consolidation for experienced watermen and first tentative strokes and occasional swimming lessons for the new boys. This term, however, started loudly with a very successful, revitalised school regatta. Busby's defied the form book to capture overall honours, by winning quads, fours and eights.

D. Haylor and G. Khiara won J.15 and J.16 sculls respectively, proving that you don't need to be fit to win. Cecilia Bottomley, winning the Girls Sculls, decided to quit whilst ahead and promptly retired from water. Ben Woodhams managed to keep his boat the right way up, long enough to win J.13 sculls and Guy Ingram in J.14's demonstrated that he was top of a very talented pile. The traditional Lamprobat race between the Queen's Scholars and the Town Boys resulted in many cuts and bruises, broken blades and bits of boat and victorious Town Boys, having perhaps managed to cheat more effectively.

Mrs. Summerscale kindly presented the priceless silverware; Mr. Mohan hurriedly collected it all back again.

The highly successful school regatta was the culmination of much hard work and research by Mr. T.V. Mohan, but it was also his parting shot as Master in Charge of Water. After a short but spectacular spell at the helm of England's oldest school boat club, he has moved on, out of the school, around the corner, across the zebra crossing, into the House of Lords. It was, perhaps, a fitting tribute that 'against all odds' he should have taken his crew to victory in the School Regatta Scratch Eights event. His move is a great loss to water but we wish him well over there.

The new school year has brought a number of coaching changes. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Muffett have, after many years of the Putney trek, decided to hang up their wellies. They have both provided dedicated, back-bone but low-profile coaching for water which will be difficult to replace. Miss Freckleton, who rowed for Scotland in the 1986 Commonwealth Games has joined the staff and water and takes charge of the new J.14's.

Two outside coaches also assist: Paul Wensley, a British and Olympic Oarsman and Andy Holmes, currently Commonwealth, World and Olympic Champion.

Whilst the Senior Squad settled down to some hard graft training, the J.14's continued their winning ways but now expanded into double sculls as well. A fine performance at Tiffin long distance head resulted in the quad not only winning their division but also in coming second overall. Ollie Price and Tim Barnett ended the year with a win at Burway, a triumph of determination over the opposition's sheer bulk.

Tiffin Sculls marked the transformation of Ned Kittoe from an accomplished cox into a winning sculler, in a double with the rather larger form of Ben Woodhams.

These two joined new boys David Lyness and Charlie Rendall to win the first J.B. race of the year at Burway, demonstrating that Westminster is once again poised to excel in junior rowing.

Lastly, the impressive performance of the first four at a

Henley head gave clear indication that the first squad has potential for 1987, despite having to row a year above age.

The year finished with wins in twenty-eight open events spread among every class of boat.

### REGATTA & HEAD WINS

(Since the last *Elizabethan*)

Junior 8	Twickenham
J.14 8	Kingston, Bedford Star, Huntingdon
J.16 4	Star sprint
J.14 4	Huntingdon
J.14 4X	Coate Water, National Schools, Star, Kingston, National Championships, Weybridge Sculls, Upper Thames Head, Tiffin Head
J.13 4X	Burway Head
J.2	Huntingdon
J.15 2X	Burway Head
J.14 2X	Burway, Tiffin, Walton
J.16 1X	Huntingdon (A. Kirkham)

### SCHOOL REGATTA RESULTS

J.13 Sculls	Ben Woodhams BB
J.14B Sculls	Ben Luby DD
J.14A Sculls	Guy Ingram LL
J.15 Sculls	D. Haylor DD
J.16 Sculls	Greg Khiara AA
J Sculls	Alex Kirkham C
Coxes Sculls	Simon Smith DD
Girls Sculls	Cecilia Bottomley GG
J15 Quads	Busby's
J Fours	Busby's
Eights	Busby's
Lamprobaties	Town Boys

*Tom Mohan & David Riches*

### CROSS-COUNTRY

This year's Cross-Country season seems likely to be the most demanding and successful Westminster has had for a number of years; during the Play Term all the teams achieved remarkable results and there is a full programme of fixtures planned for the Lent Term. The presence of considerable strength at every age group within the station, combined with a renewed interest in competitive running amongst watermen, has made it possible to field very effective teams at meetings with other London schools.

The School's own Long-Distance Races, run on the tow-path from Barnes to Putney, provided an exciting start to the season. Despite poor weather conditions, all three races were strongly contested; both senior and intermediate races were won in record times – by David McKee (B) and Marcus Drese (B) respectively – with the inter-house competitions being won by College (senior), Busby's (intermediate) and Liddell's (junior).

The following day found Westminster's cross-country team competing in the gruelling King's Trophy Race on Wimbledon Common. Six runners, drawn from the senior and intermediate squads, faced many of the strongest school teams from London and the South-East; despite a variety of injuries sustained during the race and exhaustion after the Long Distance Races, the team achieved a creditable 10th place. The standard of inter-school competition was now apparent, and the team began training in earnest; this was to bear fruit in the next major contest – the London Inter-Schools Cross-Country Championships. All London schools are invited to enter this, and a total of forty teams competed in this year's meeting at Morden Park. Westminster's teams achieved remarkable results: first place in both junior and senior races and third place in the very competitive intermediate age-group. There were several excellent individual performances – notably those of David McKee, Oliver Woolley (senior), Marcus Drese, Patrick Inglis (intermediate) and

Chris Huntley (junior) – but it was on good teamwork that the School's success was founded. Within all three teams, runners supported each other very effectively, remembering that in Cross-Country the placing of the last man home is often decisive.

The senior team confirmed its supremacy later in December with a sweeping victory over U.C.S. on a tough Hampstead Heath course, while the intermediates, facing the team that won the age-group in the London Inter-Schools Championships, lost by only a narrow margin.

During the Lent Term all three age groups will have their first experience of running against schools from all of the UK; a tougher proposition than the limited competition available in London and the Home Counties. The School will play an important part in the Westminster District team, and several individual runners are likely to be selected to represent London at Inter-County and National Championships.

Training for cross-country running in the centre of London is obviously not a simple matter; the number of safe or interesting routes available is very limited, yet each member of the station (masters included!) has committed himself to train, and has enjoyed achieving results, even on the coldest and wettest of days. This attitude, more than the results of any race, must augur well for the continuing success of cross-country at Westminster.

*R.M.T.*

### SWIMMING 1985 and 1986

#### School Matches

Captain:	1985	1986
	Andy Butler (BB)	Lonzo Cook (BB)
American School, London	Won	Won
St. Lawrence College	Won	Won
Kings, Canterbury	Lost	Lost
Harrow	Won	Won
Harrow & Watford	not swum	1st
Forest School	Won	Lost
Aldenhams School	Draw	Draw
Sutton Valence School	Lost	Won
Chigwell School	Won	Won
Eltham College & St. Dunstan's	not swum	2nd

#### House Competition

Busby's	45	Liddell's/Wren's	40
Ashburnham	34	College	36
Wren's/Liddell's	30	Rigaud's	34
Grant's	26	Grant's	27
College	19	Ashburnham	19
Rigaud's	18	Dryden's	12
Dryden's	14	(Busby's no team)	

Westminster's achievements in swimming over the past two years when judged at inter-school competition level have been mixed. There have been outstanding performances under competition pressure (notably from David Robinson, Reynold Getzendanner, Andy Butler, Dominic Guinness and James Pickering in 1985 and Reynold Getzendanner, Neil Courtis, Tim Kowhns, Lonzo Cook and Selim Toker in 1986). However, it is clear that without our own pool we cannot hope to match the ever-improving standards of schools with their own facilities. Nevertheless much individual improvement in style and speed has been possible with the excellent coaching provided by Dave Hobbs (Coach to the Camden Swiss Cottage S.C.). Dave works the team hard but with good humour and rapport. The kilometres get swum and the training is as varied as possible. Indeed his encouragement of team coherence and mutual support and the consequent development of the best aspects of *esprit de corps* have had remarkable results on the team, arguably more important than the statistics on the score sheet.

*A.P.B.*

## GOLF

Last summer, for the first time, the School was invited to join our great football rivals, Charterhouse, in operating the scoreboards at the British Open Golf Championship. There are eight links courses on the Open rota and, the year before, the Championship had been held at Royal St. George's at Sandwich – which DRC claims to have got round in 94 – a mere 90 miles away. Our target was considerably further away, Turnberry on the rugged, bleak and decidedly windy Ayrshire coast. After a train ride that rivalled the Trans-Siberian Railway for duration our party of twelve arrived in Ayr where we stayed at a small guesthouse run by Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, who kept us well-fed and warmed with endless cups of tea, and the masters glowing with wee, or not so wee, drams of local amber nectar.

Such encouragement was a vital element in the smooth running of the operation. On the practice days we covered ourselves in glory by being late, whereupon we were given control of the 1st hole, a dog-leg Par 4, called Ailsa after the rocky crag several miles offshore. We were told by the overcoat and balaclava clad locals that, if you could see the rock on overcast days it was going to rain, if not it was already raining. So it proved. My abiding memories of Turnberry are the biting cold winds, the slanting driving rain and the certainty that I would have needed a generous supply of golf balls to have negotiated such an awesome test of golf.

Being on the 1st hole we had to be up at 5.30 am, a culture shock of major proportions, not helped by being woken by Ray Gilson. The first couple of hours were invariably freezing and only survived through devouring lunch. Despite such handicaps we soon became rather adept at the whole procedure, whether at the 1st tee, by the side of the green or on the scoreboard. Mistakes were surprisingly few and only on one occasion did panic set in. The piece of paper with our instructions on blew away and Alistair Wetheim was heard to whimper "It's all wrong! It's all wrong!" Veterans of Westminster football tours are used to such moments of despair and DRC ordered us to resort to binoculars and the efforts of those on the 2nd hole! Honour was saved, the

mistakes of Charterhouse were the subject of mock mirth (i.e. Curtis Stage instead of Curtis Strange), and they want us back for Muirfield in 1987.

For such an enjoyable experience, we would all like to thank David Cook, Neil Mackay and Ray Gilson for arranging the whole week, and also the Royal and Ancient, especially James Furber, for allowing us to come, finally the BBC for showing some of us on the television.

*Alfie Coles*

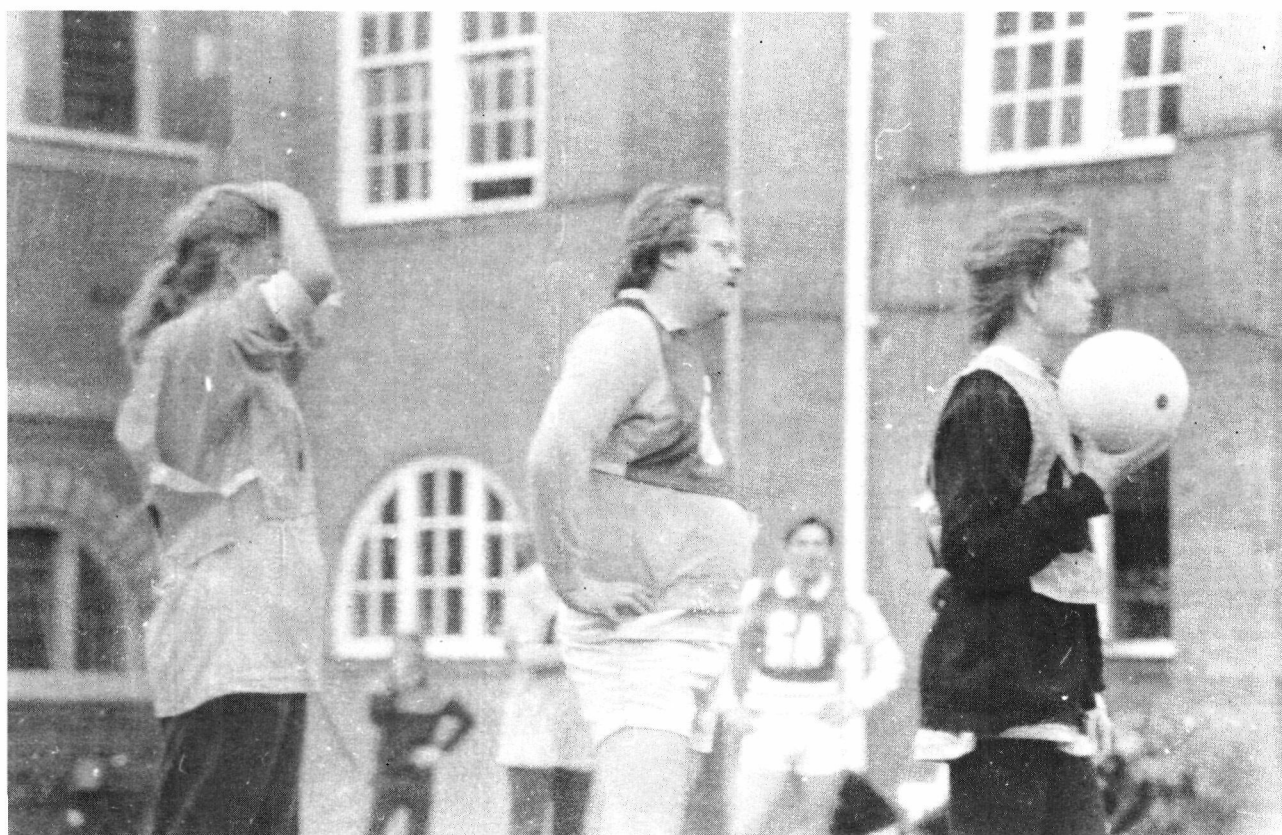
## NETBALL

The Netball Station has been particularly enthusiastic and successful this year and with six more matches to go, there is much to look forward to. Last term's results were as follows:

Westminster v.		
Mill Hill	A team	10-4 won
	B team	5-6 lost
Francis Holland	A team	14-13 won
Queen's College	A team	10-6 won
	B team	14-14 drawn
St. Pauls		Cancelled
City of London	A team	5-10 lost
	B team	8-1 won

The Common Room beat the girls 8-5 more by brute force than tactics and the basketball team lost 13-4 mainly because they were playing the wrong game. We were all very grateful to our coach Sarah Dana whose enthusiasm is much appreciated. There are so many good players amongst the girls but, more important perhaps, the Station is a happy one and the matches are good occasions. Nicole Belmont (the Captain), and Sarah Anderman were awarded Third Pinks (and I might award one or two more this term!). We have a kit, of sorts, now and are sporting pink socks more for colour co-ordination than for achievement!

*Jacqueline Cockburn*



---

# Election Dinner

---

*The following procemium was recited by the Graces: Timmy Krishman, Rory MacFarquhar and Oliver Weeks.*

Close by those meads, no longer crown'd with flowers,  
Where Thames morosely spies his rising towers,  
There stands a structure of unusual fame,  
Which from the neighb'ring Abbey takes its name.  
Here nimble students oft the fall foredoom  
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;  
Here thou, great Lynda, whom but few obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take - and, sometimes, tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,  
Who'd been to pub or gave the party last.  
Girls, Common Room, supply each pause of chat,  
With mocking, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
One speaks the glory of the noble French,  
And one describes the beauties of a wench  
Named Stuart; sorry, no, the gender's wrong,  
For this one's bound for Dubai's desert song.  
Livingstone-Smith's an aptly named disguise  
for one whose reputation's full, and wise-  
Ly bound for foreign fields and pastures new;  
Wren's and Ashburnham's but where all this grew.  
Hugill's a name whose loss will leave us poor;  
Colenutt and Jacobs soon will be no more.

But soft, a signal from on high is heard:  
'Where can we find our courtesy's clear word?  
Away with gloom and dingy retrospect;  
The company's agog, do not neglect.'  
So to our guests a special song of praise  
To greet your presence as our toasts we raise.  
Now we, Lord Mayor, hail th' ascending way  
Of progress nigh that falls beneath your sway.  
May civic pride your lofty place uphold,  
The City's destiny be splendidly controlled.  
To Lords, Vice-Chancellor, Professors, all,  
And those whose friendships grace this noble hall,  
Welcome, and thanks; the zephyrs gently play,  
And fan this evening's pleasure on its way.

Now that Sir Keith is gone, and Baker's feet  
Tread the soft carpets of 10, Downing Street  
En route to see his boss and claim the dues  
Of education's impecunious Muse,  
All is not lost; the battle may be gained,  
Westminster's reputation ne'er be stained.  
And lo! upon the scene there may be found  
A new incumbent on this hallow'd ground  
Close by this ancient hall; the name is Mayne.  
Welcome, Decanus, long may now your reign  
Bring joy to cassock, gown and hood;  
And may you not regret that College food  
Assails your nostrils nigh, and College boys  
The name of Cogan find fit tune for ploys  
Of homely wit, ingenious assault;  
We pray you not to find us much at fault.

Now, as the Muse to torpor 'gins to yield,  
We hear some verses from a distant Field.  
They run (and here you must two men perceive  
Who meet by chance upon a summer's eve;  
One speaks, tho' lame of tongue, in halting rhyme):

"Tell me, what's the news up Town, Sir?  
I live in a world apart.  
Who's in, Who's out, who's up or down, Sir,  
What's smart in food, or thought, or art?  
Heard a rumour in the wind, Sir,  
Harrowing upon my hill,  
'John Rae gone from Westminster'.  
If that's news, it's rather brill.  
That, Sir, did set me in a tizzy,  
Something must have gone amiss.  
One who loved to be so busy -  
Westminster's raegime was bliss  
Has the pundit gone quite crazy,  
Quit the screen and printed word?  
'Any Questions?' 'I feel lazy':  
The notion's quite absurd.  
Tell me all, Sir; give me scandal.  
Too abraesive? Too astute?  
Strike, Sir; help me light my candle;  
Prae speak, Sir, don't stand mute."

His fellow then replies, in measured time:

"I'm waiting for your brae to end  
And then I'll put you right, my friend.  
John's not a sheep that's gone astrae;  
He's held in high esteem this day.  
He graced this dinner, year by year,  
The icing on his labours here.  
A fit occasion then to praese  
His work, which was, in short, to raese  
Our standards, make us better known;  
His fame and ours, together grown,  
Have given this place a high esteem:  
Towards its gateway pupils stream;  
No curds nor whey, Sir, here, but cream,  
Accomplishments we never will eraese,  
However long or short our future days.  
You've spoken very rashly:  
We bask still in his aura.  
He's very well, Sir, ashley:  
A Petraearch to a Laura."

He said.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day  
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
Hungry housemasters soon the sentence sign  
And wretches run that Summerscale may dine.  
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
Weighs the men's wits against the ladies' hair;  
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.  
Westminster's future now remains secure;  
May pink clad lads and languid nymphs demure,  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
Rejoice withal beyond a common joy  
For doughty deeds well done by girl and boy.  
There's but a change of name; no second Troy;  
Up School's the same, and Yard to shouts abounds,  
The term is o'er and hallow'd be these grounds.  
And lo! the board with glass and wine stands crown'd:  
Good will is all; may happy days be found.





# The Elizabethan Club

*Changes of address should be sent to the Secretary, Westminster School Society, 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1*

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday 8th October, 1986, and with the President, the Rt. Hon. The Lord Carr of Hadley in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1985 were formally approved.

Mr. Tony Rider was re-elected as Chairman of the General Committee. Mr. John Lauder and Miss Amanda Gould were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst was re-elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Committee.

M. A.J. Willoughby, Mr. D.A. Roy and Mr. A. Hadden were elected to fill three vacancies on the General Committee.

Mr. B.C. Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as the Hon. Auditor and the President expressed the Club's gratitude to him for his services.

Mr. Michael O'Brien was unanimously elected a Vice President of the Elizabethan Club in recognition of his outstanding service to the Club.

Mr. Neil Mackay, Development Officer, gave a brief description of the progress on the planned Science and Technology Centre at Dean Bradley Street. It was agreed the Club should make a substantial donation in the New Year.

## THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

**President:** The Rt. Hon. The Lord Carr of Hadley, PC

**Vice Presidents:** Dr. M.M. Carey, CBE  
His Honour Judge Michael Argyle, MC QC  
Sir Paul Wright, KCMG  
Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, MC TD  
Sir Peter G. Masefield  
Mr. F.B. Hooper  
Mr. F.E. Pagan  
Dr. J.M. Rae  
The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Stocker, PC MC TD  
Mr. J.M. Wilson  
The Rt. Rev. & Rt. Hon. Gerald Ellison, KCVO  
Mr. C.M. O'Brien

**Chairman:** Mr. F.A.G. Rider  
**Hon. Treasurer:** Mr. J.A. Lauder  
**Hon. Secretary:** Miss A.J.B. Gould  
**Hon. Sports Sec.:** Mr. C.J. Broadhurst  
**Genl. Com.:** Mr. F.M.B. Rugman  
Mr. M.C. Baughan  
Mr. I. Lazarus  
Mr. R.P.C. Hillyard  
Mr. J.H.D. Carey  
Mr. E.N.W. Brown  
Miss I. Nyman  
Mr. V.T.M.R. Tenison  
Mr. A.J.T. Willoughby  
Mr. D.A. Roy  
Mr. A. Hadden

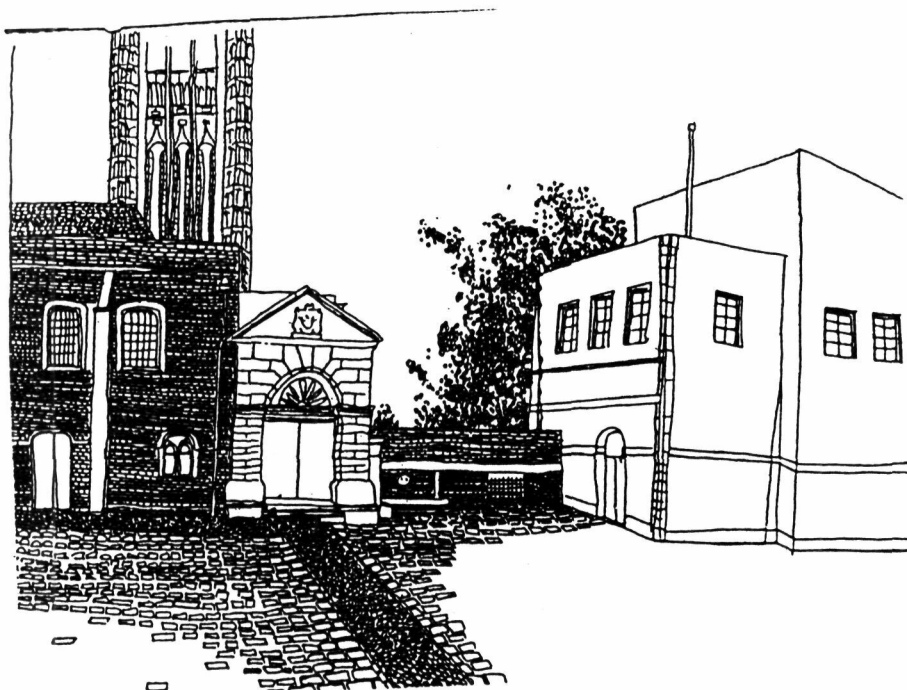
## NOTICE OF SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of The Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, SW1, on Thursday 2nd April 1987 at 6.30 pm in the John Sargeant Room to consider and, if thought fit, pass the following resolution:

On the recommendation of the General Committee, that the sum of £25,000 be transferred to the Westminster School Society as a contribution towards the refurbishment of the new Science and Technology Centre at Thorncroft House.

*Miss A.J.B. Gould*  
Hon. Secretary





### THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Elizabethan Club will take place on Wednesday 21st October 1987 in College Hall. The Club would particularly welcome those members who left the School over the last ten years and hope the number of Lady members attending will again increase this year.

### 1987 GARDEN PARTY

The Elizabethan Club are once again holding a Summer Garden Party in College Garden on 18th June 1987 from 6.30 pm to 8.30 pm. All Old Westminsters, their guests, those in the Sixth and Remove forms and all parents are invited. This has been a popular event in the past and the Club hopes to establish the Garden Party as an annual event in its calendar.

*Miss A.J.B. Gould*  
Hon. Secretary

### OLD WESTMINSTERS' LODGE

The Lodge, which will be celebrating its centenary in 1987, is one of the original members that founded the Public School Lodges Council.

The Lodge meets at the School, and dines in College Hall, four times a year, by kind permission of the Head Master and the Governors. Membership is open to all Old Westminsters and members of the School staff, and enquiries will always be welcome, whether from potential new entrants or joining members from other Lodges. They should be addressed to the Secretary, Peter Whipp, at 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 DBT.

### 1986 ELIZABETHAN CLUB DINNER

The Dinner was a great success which was very appropriate as it was the first dinner attended by David Summerscale, the new Head Master, formerly Master of Haileybury. Unfortunately the new Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Michael Mayne could not attend at the last moment due to illness. The Elizabethan Club looks forward to welcoming him next year.

The 120 Old Westminsters and guests who attended the dinner enjoyed two very fine speeches from Lord Adrian who proposed the toast of *Floreat* and the Headmaster who replied.

The Old Westminsters present covered many generations old and new and it is hoped that after this year's success many will return next year and more will join them.

Finally, I would like to thank Patricia Whitty and Jonathan Carey for helping me to organise the dinner; they have both agreed to help next year.

*David Roy*  
Chairman of Dinner Committee

### OLD WESTMINSTER NEWS

**Viscount Davidson (GG 1942-47)** has been appointed Captain of H.M. Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard.

**Richard France (RR 1950-55)**'s *Behaviour Therapy in Primary Care* (with Meredith Robson) was published in June 1986 by Croom Helm.

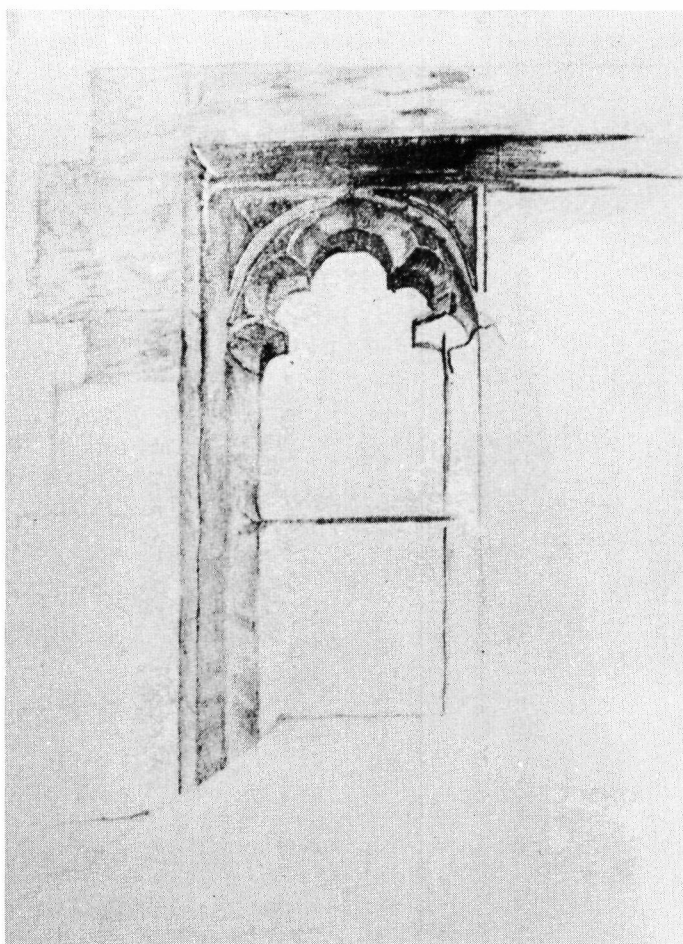
**Sir Peter Lazarus** is to be part time member of the Board of the Civil Aviation Authority.

**H.E. Pagan (QS 1959-63)** has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquities.

**F.S. Pagan (QS 1954-59)** is now a fellow of the Royal Society of Pathologists.

**Sir Roger Young**, Principal of George Watson's College, Edinburgh, 1958-85, is to be chairman of the council of Cheltenham Ladies College.





## DEATHS

**Adler** – On December 16th, 1986, Robert Paul (1922–26, G), aged 78.  
**Barnett** – On November 7th, 1986, William Edward Rupert (1938–43, B/KS), aged 62.  
**Cawston** – On June 7th, 1986, Edwin Richard, CVO (1937–40, G), aged 63.  
**Corrie** – On November 14th, 1986, John Alexander Gallo-way, OBE (1931–36, H), aged 69.  
**Davies** – On December 5th, 1986, Basil Edward Gething (1920–24, G), aged 81.  
**Dodd** – On May 22nd, 1986, Francis Sherwood (1921–24, R), aged 78.  
**Dunkley** – On October 20th, 1986, Bernard Bryan (1933–36, A), aged 66.  
**Fisher** – On May 14th, 1985, Claude Frederick Urquhart, MBE (1904–7, A), aged 93.  
**Freeman** – On October 19th, 1986, Denys Franz Andrew Roberson (1923–28, H), aged 77.  
**Greenhill** – On July 17th, 1986, the Hon. Robin James (1958–62, QS), aged 41.  
**Griffiths** – On October 31st, 1986, Lieut. Colonel Robert John (1923–31, B), aged 71.  
**Harrison** – On August 15th, 1986, the Rev. Cecil Marriott (1923–27, KS), aged 75.  
**Hartog** – On July 3rd, 1986, John Marion (1935–40, A), aged 66.  
**Lasbrey** – On October 15th, 1986, Lieut. Colonel James Arthur, MBE (1913–15, H), aged 88.  
**Lemmey** – On June 15th, 1986, Ronald George, MBE (1924–27, R), aged 75.  
**Levey** – On November 5th, 1986, Sydney Henry Wilfred (1920–23: 1925–26, H), aged 79.  
**Lonsdale** – On August 11th, 1986, Cedric John Gerrard (1930–34, G).  
**Lowe** – On July 5th, 1986, Richard Geoffrey Harvey (1918–23, H), aged 82.

**Negus** – On June 6th, 1986, Alfred Ainger (1920–23, G), aged 80.

**Nicholson** – On October 25th, 1986, Richard Groves (1928–32, G), aged 72.

**Oakley** – On June 20th, 1986, Geoffrey Edward Say (1913–14, H), aged 88.

**Petzold** – On October 10th, 1986, Timothy Charles Clement (1967–71, R), aged 32.

**Pickering** – On December 23rd, 1986, Cuthbert Edward (1918–21, H), aged 80.

**Rendle** – On August 27th, 1986, Robert (1919, A), aged 80.

**Richardson** – On July 9th, 1983, Frederick Fales (1932–36, R), aged 64.

**Roberts** – On July 13th, 1986, John Malcolm (1915–19, A), aged 84.

**Sanguinetti** – On November 17th, 1986, Jack Allen (1921–25, G), aged 79.

**Walker** – On March 10th, 1985, Professor Daniel Pickering (1928–32, A), aged 70.

## Former Masters

**Fisher** – Cedric Howard (1926–54, Maths), aged 83.

**Murray-Rust** – On July 23rd, 1986, Thomas Moray (1926–48, Maths).

## TOM BROWN (OW GG 1928-33)

*The following is an abridged form of the address given by Pat David at Tom Brown's memorial service in Gloucester Cathedral.*

Tom Whittingham Brown was born in Hull in August 1915. His father worked in India where Tom spent part of his childhood, and then in London. He was educated at Westminster, a school which had a profound influence on him, and went on to Peterhouse, Cambridge. He was of course a geographer. Up to the war he taught in prep schools and as a holiday job was private tutor to the two royal princes of Yugoslavia.

Then came the war and his Naval service. After a spell in the Atlantic convoys with the Merchant Navy as a radio operator he transferred to the Royal Navy and served for some years as an instructor in Electronics and Radar in Boston, USA where he still has friends. After the war he rose to the rank of Commander RNVR at HMS Flying Fox in Bristol.

When the war ended he went back to teaching at Clifton College Prep School. He was always a keen boy scout and a believer in the outward bound approach and at Clifton he found himself among a group of young masters who had an almost fanatical belief in the value of facing the young with the challenge of the hills, of cave exploration, of endurance, of hardship. This was the golden age for him, when he was able to give his enthusiasm full scope and put into practice the principles of Baden Powell and Kurt Hahn, principles he practised all his life.

It was on the crest of this wave that he was summoned to Gloucester in 1951 to tackle the problems of a school threatened with closure. With his young staff, all living in King's School House, all bachelors like himself, he created a naval wardroom atmosphere. Within seven years numbers had doubled, boarding houses and a VI Form created, university entrance established and in the next seven the essential framework of the highly successful school of today was created. His achievements were uniquely commemorated with an extra verse in the school song.

In 1965 he left King's to face a new challenge as Headmaster of the Duke of York School, Nairobi. His brief was to convert it from the old style public school for settlers' sons that it was, into a multi-racial school suitable for the newly independent state of Kenya. He rapidly won the respect and admiration of all. Sadly, after four years, national policy brought about his replacement as headmaster and the school's name was changed to Lenana School. I like to think that the choice of name was his, for Point Lenana is a well



known peak on Mount Kenya which Tom knew so well from his climbing days.

Now at the age of 54 Tom suffered a few years of frustration, seeking but failing to find a new challenge. Jobs followed in quick succession, in Kenya, in Nigeria, in Windsor Great Park, in London as a travel agent (he always wanted to run a travel agency), but finally he found his next call in Malawi, first as a teacher and then as an administrator to a group of schools.

Always a great traveller he was planning a world tour to mark his retirement. Sadly this was prevented when he suffered his first heart attack in November 1982. It happened in Nairobi on his way back to Malawi for his last tour. After some weeks in intensive care he recovered but he had to live carefully from then on, difficult for such an active man.

He completed his tour in Malawi and then retired to live quietly in his Clifton flat. He still had diverse interests and had a lot to do with setting up two hostels in Clifton for overseas students, besides founding the Royal Commonwealth Society Lunch Club. And however quietly he was supposed to be living you just could not stop Tom travelling! In the last year he visited Canada, Turkey, Rumania and then set off on his last journey for Kenya and Malawi in January. After an enjoyable ten days he went to Nairobi to stay with Graham Clark, Chairman of Governors of Duke of York School. On the evening of February 4th some old members of staff joined them for a quiet nostalgic get together. Tom then went up to bed and died quite suddenly in the middle of the night. He was sixty-nine. The funeral was held at Lenana School conducted by his old school chaplain.

#### MR RICHARD CAWSTON

Mr Richard Cawston, CVO, a distinguished figure in British television documentary, died on June 7 at the age of 63.

His most famous film, *Royal Family*, which first appeared in 1969, was the first television programme to give a rounded picture of the Monarchy and offer an intimate look at the Queen in her domestic as well as her public life. As a result of his association with Buckingham Palace he was asked to produce the Queen's Christmas Day broadcast, and did so from 1970 until last year.

He was largely responsible for changing it from a formal speech to a more relaxed occasion, in which the Queen's words would often be spoken over specially taken footage of members of the Royal family on and off duty.

Cawston was born on May 31, 1923, and educated at Westminster School and Oriel College, Oxford. He served in the Royal Signals during the Second World War, ending with the rank of major, and joined BBC Television in 1947 as a film librarian.

He quickly worked his way up to editor and in the early 1950s he produced Television Newsreel, before moving into documentary.

He became one of the pioneers of the form, a master of the art of visual story-telling in which images were chosen and edited for maximum impact.

His first important film was a study of his own organisation called *This is the BBC*, which was first shown in 1959, and two years later he explored the wider aspects of the broadcasting medium in *Television and the World*.

Other notable programmes included studies of *The Lawyers* and *The Pilots*.

In 1977 he collaborated with Sir Huw Wheldon on *Royal Heritage*, a major series on the royal art treasures which was shown in the year of the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

His work won many national and international awards, including the Italia Prize, and he was greatly admired among his fellow film makers for his professionalism and taste.

From 1965 to 1979 he was BBC Television's head of documentary programmes and under his leadership the department was responsible for developing new documentary techniques in such series as *The Tuesday Documentary*, *Inside Story*, *Sailor* and *The Voyages of Charles Darwin*.

He retired from the BBC in 1979 to become a freelance film-maker and consultant, but continued to work on the Queen's Christmas broadcast.

Cawston, who was made a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order in 1972, is survived by his second wife, Andrea, and his sons, David and Timothy.

(The Times)

#### PERCY JOHN HAMPDEN DUNN

See Issue 705

All OWW who knew him will be saddened by John Dunn's tragic death in an accident. The esteem in which he was held by so many was evident at his funeral service in St. George's Church, Beckenham, Kent, on 11th July 1986 and afterwards at Beckenham Cricket Club, for which he left a sum of money in his will "for all his friends to have a jolly party".

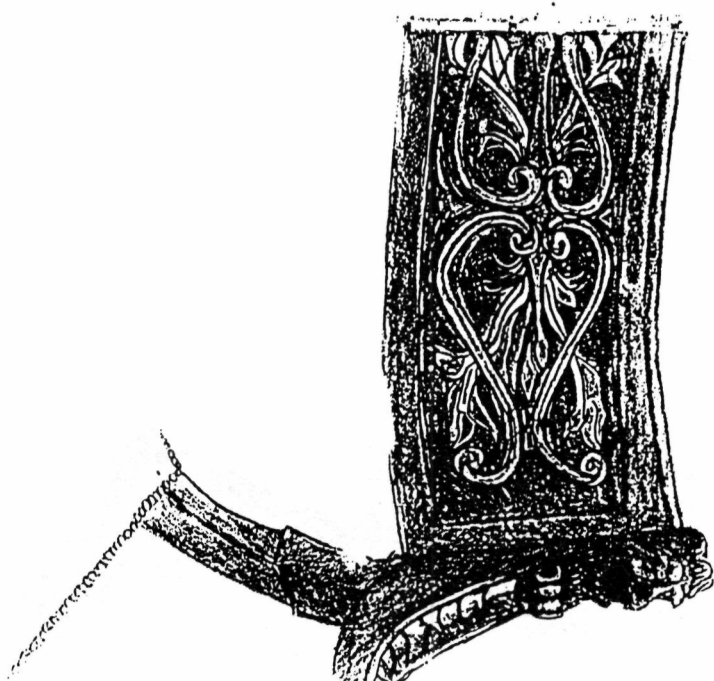
As a young man John had played cricket for Kent 2nd XI, and also for the Band of Brothers, Beckenham, The Butterflies, OWW and for many other Wandering Cricket Clubs. He was a Past President of both OWW and Beckenham Cricket Clubs, and also of the Society of Men of Kent and Kentish Men.

However, there was another side of John about which many may not know. He was extremely interested in the Visual Arts and Victoriana, and also was an authority on the French Revolution and the French *ci-devant* Aristocracy and Royalty. About ten years ago he developed a keen interest in Militaria, and was always anxious to come with me to exhibitions at both the Imperial War and the National Army Museums.

Those of us who were close to him will feel his loss for some time yet, as he was, in the truest sense, a Gentleman, – always courteous, always kind and thoughtful. Somehow I feel sure that to have been 'bowled-middle stump' was his ideal way of closing an Innings of 78.

John Ventura





C.H.F.

Cedric Fisher was one of a finely-balanced quartet of young masters appointed to a much older staff in 1926 – two from Oxford, two (including C.H.F.) from Cambridge; two classics, two (including C.H.F.) mathematicians: two to be much concerned with Fields, two (including C.H.F.) with Water. Within this little community C.H.F. acquired the 'friendly, neighbourly' nickname of Preedy; a name adopted by colleagues and boys alike. It had some abstruse, quite irrational connection with the Birmingham purveyor of his tobacco.

Others will testify to his outstanding contributions to the School as a teacher of mathematics, as a rowing coach and organiser, as a housemaster, and as an elder statesman; he was the only one of the original quartet to spend his whole career at Westminster. Perhaps I might touch on some other facets of a very diversified character.

He came of a closely-knit family. His father was headmaster of a Birmingham preparatory school, and Fisher's roots in that background left him an expert on Gilbert and Sullivan operas and on certain plays of Shakespeare (notably *Macbeth*, from which he was always ready to give an apt quotation!). Every holiday the family migrated to a cottage in Herefordshire, a few miles out of Bromyard, and this continuity persisted so that it was his retirement home where he recently died. Over this long succession of years he had pursued his great hobby of gardening; he was a real professional expert in this and had built up (or rather down – the cottage and garden sank away steeply from the road!) a superb flower garden. He could never be faulted on Latin names, or their pronunciations.

He would not claim to be a 'musician', but, apart from his deep love of G. and S., he was a competent trumpeter – he liked to refer to his instrument as a 'cornet-à-piston'; in the pre-war days of the Latin Play he was always a member of the little behind-the-scenes orchestra. And he was a very soldierly OTC officer with an appreciation of the niceties of parade ground drill. Not least he had a flair for organising for which the School had reason to be grateful in the war years. This was obvious in the 'farming routine' which he set up at Buckenhill, but it was even more vital in the logistical skill with which he contrived the movements of the School's goods and chattels to and fro in 1939 and 1940.

It remains to speak of what was the great happiness and, all too soon afterwards, the great tragedy of his life: his marriage to Kathleen Macrae and her premature death from cancer. He first got to know her when she came as Matron to Grant's in 1935, up to 1938 when she went for family reasons

to New Zealand. In 1943 she came back and became Matron at Buckenhill, where there were then three houses, Busby's, Grant's and Homeburnham. Here she was working closely with Fisher, and it was to everyone's joy that in 1946, after the School had returned to London, they got married. Needless to say a holiday home for them was found at the Herefordshire cottage – a converted railway coach at the bottom of that glorious garden; it took all his logistical skill to get it there! They had only two years of married life, divided between here and Westminster before Kathleen died in 1948. No one would have expected him to marry again, but it was a lonely retirement life that he chose to spend at his beloved cottage.

T.M.M-R.

## THE REV. C.M. HARRISON

Cecil Harrison, who died last August at the age of seventy five, was a man with an exceptional range of talents: a first rate classical scholar, a gifted teacher, housemaster, and headmaster, an accomplished actor and producer, a good oar and successful coach, and a devoted Vicar. He possessed as well an astonishing memory, often seeming to have the whole of Shakespeare by heart.

Many of these qualities were already apparent during his time at Westminster. He entered the school as a King's Scholar in 1923, and moved up it as the leading classical scholar of his year, winning the Mure Scholarship in 1927, an Open Scholarship to Trinity the following year, when he was also Captain of the School, and being awarded a Bell Exhibition by the University in 1929. He played leading roles in the Latin Plays in 1926, 1927, and 1928, and after leaving maintained his keen interest in the Play by writing, jointly with D.A.G. Hinks, the Epilogue to the *Rudens* in 1934, and being during the 1950s and 1960s a regular member of the audience. In his final year at the school he was in the 1st VIII and rowed at Henley.

At Trinity he gained a First in both parts of the Classical Tripos, with Distinction in Greek and Latin Verse Composition in Part I and Special Merit in Literature in Part II, and was awarded a Stewart of Rannoch Scholarship in 1931; he played the Messenger in the *Bacchae* of 1930, rowed in 1st & 3rds First Boat and again at Henley. He was elected to membership of The Stewards and of Leander Club.

On coming down from Cambridge he was Sixth Form Master first at Nottingham High School, then at Dulwich, moving in 1936 to Charterhouse as joint Sixth Form Master. The war, in which he was commissioned in the Royal Signals, interrupted his career, but he returned to Charterhouse in 1946 and the following year was offered and accepted the headmastership of Felsted. Here he was frustrated by circumstances not of his own making and after four years moved to King's School, Peterborough.

His eighteen years as Headmaster there were outstandingly happy and successful. He inculcated his own ideas of high principle and disciplined freedom; he believed in every boy and put nothing but the best in front of them, even taking them into his own home when circumstances required. His enthusiasm and encouragement were given to every aspect of the school's life, and there was full scope for his own talents: his wide scholarship, his inspired teaching, his skills as actor, producer, and rowing coach, his love and knowledge of music. He was active in the life of the city too, and in both school and city his influence is still felt. His appearances as an actor culminated in a memorable performance as Thomas in a production in the Cathedral of *Murder in the Cathedral*. In all these activities he received devoted and unstinting help and support from his wife. The esteem, respect, and admiration in which he was held by both school and city were shown by the large congregation at the Memorial Service in the Cathedral; and this was seventeen years after he had left the King's School.

Towards the end of his time at Peterborough he was ordained, and in 1969 was appointed Vicar of the small vil-





lage of Aislaby, near Whitby. Here characteristically every facet of the life of the parish was of immediate and total concern to him; this, combined with his dedicated pastoral care, made his incumbency as successful and valued as his head-mastership had been; he bound the whole parish together with the church as the centre of its life. He lived his Christian faith and, by his great gift of preaching, taught it in sermons of rare excellence and lucidity. From this small village forty people came to his funeral seven years after his retirement.

In 1979 he retired to Rosedale Abbey, a hamlet in the North Yorkshire Moors; he was by now in poor health, but continued to work almost to the end of his life, last celebrating Holy Communion on Easter Day 1986 for a congregation of sixty.

A man of great charm with a notable gift of friendship, of high principle, who had no time for anything short of the best, such was his modesty that he seemed himself unaware of the greatness of his achievements or his gifts. But at both Peterborough and Aislaby he found complete fulfilment. He is survived by his wife, to whom he owed so much, a debt of which he was wholly conscious.

### JOHN MARION HARTOG

John Marion Hartog died at his home in Cheshire on 3rd July 1985, aged 64. He was an Exhibitioner of Westminster School, a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, a chemist by profession, a mountaineer by pursuit. His studies were interrupted by wartime service in the Royal Corps of Signals, in which he reached the rank of Major and gained a mention in despatches. In 1946 he returned to Oxford where in his final year he organized the Oxford University Expedition to Nordaustlandet, 1949. The five man party, led by Hartog and in the field from 14 July to 7 September, travelled extensively by man-hauled sledge, making geomorphological studies, geological plant collections, and a reconnaissance of the ice cap and its principal outlet Brasvellbreen.\* This expedition

was followed by the more ambitious Oxford and Cambridge Spitsbergen Expedition, 1951, organized jointly by Hartog, as Leader, and Brian Harland, as Senior Scientist, and in the field from 4 July to 30 August. The five-man Oxford party worked in Nordaustlandet, using boats manned by a second five-man party of Royal Marines, while the seven-man Cambridge party working in Ny Friesland relied on sledges. Hartog's parties extended the 1949 geomorphological and geological surveys to cover most of the ice-free area of southern Nordaustlandet, and also made thermal drillings and a coastal survey of Brasvellbreen, while Harland's party carried out a programme of detailed geological mapping.\*\*

From 1951 Hartog worked as a senior chemist with the National Research and Development Corporation until 1955 and then, from 1957 until his recent retirement, with the Atomic Energy Authority. The break in his career marked his great triumph – the conquest of the Muztagh Tower (Karakoram Range, 7,270m), once pictured as "Nature's last stronghold". He mustered a very strong party for his expedition, with the result that two two-man parties reached the top of this formidable peak. The first party led by Joe Brown with Ian McNaught-Davies gained the west summit on 6 July 1956, and the second (Hartog and Tom Patey) repeated the ascent the following day, also reaching the slightly higher east summit. Both parties were benighted on the way down. "Lost toes, so am limping rather, but it was well worth it", John reported laconically on a post card. Not a word about the agony of the outward trail from the mountain on the back of a porter, and this was typical of the man. There was nothing showy about John and, unless you knew him well, you would not suspect the reserves of strength and stubborn determination that lay behind the mild and rather self-effacing exterior. He was withal a loyal and generous hearted friend.

\**Polar Record*, Vol 5, No 40, 1950. pp 613-14.

\*\**Polar Record*, Vol 6, No 46, 1953, pp 800-03.

Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith

### MR R.G.H. (DICK) LOWE

Mr R.G.H. (Dick) Lowe, a double blue who took a hat trick in the 1926 Varsity Cricket Match, died on July 5. He was 82. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, Lowe also played amateur football for England against Scotland in 1924. He was later headmaster of Parkfield Preparatory School from 1933 to 1954.

(The Times)

### DR C.H.V SUTHERLAND

Dr Humphrey Sutherland, the foremost Roman numismatist of his time and the distinguished Keeper of the Heberden Coin Room, in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, from 1957 till his retirement in 1975, died on May 14.

He built up the department into an internationally recognised centre of numismatic research and teaching, based on its collection whose richness he did much to increase.

Carol Humphrey Vivian Sutherland was born in 1908, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He joined the staff of the Coin Room in 1932, as part-time assistant to J.G. Milne.

His first major numismatic interest was the coinage of Ancient Britain, on which he published, in 1937, his earliest substantial work, *Coinage and Currency in Roman Britain*. In this, and in many articles he devoted particular attention to the barbarous imitations of Roman coinage, of which he established the basic classification.

It was characteristic of the breadth of his interest that his next study should have been *Anglo-Saxon Gold Coinage* (1948), based on the unique Crondall hoard, which through his initiative was acquired for the Ashmolean in 1944.

There next appeared, in 1951, *Coinage in Roman Imperial Policy, 31BC – 68AD*. This valuable interpretative study of the contents of Roman coinage on political history was the fruit of many years' teaching and critical analysis.

Since 1938, Sutherland had been a joint editor of the

series of volumes of *Roman Imperial Coinage*, and from 1951 set himself to assemble the enormously varied and complicated material for the period 294 – 313AD; the result was the first systematic study of this coinage, which appeared as Volume VI in 1967.

In 1984 he published a monumental revised edition of the first volume, covering the period 31BC – 69AD. Other works included *The Cistophori of Augustus* (1970) and his *Catalogue of Coins of the Roman Empire in the Ashmolean Museum*, (1975) with C.M. Kraay.

*Art in Coinage* (1955) and *Gold* (1959), reflected his interest in the aesthetic aspect of coinage (he was the brother of the artist, Graham Sutherland).

He was elected a Student of Christ Church in 1945, and was their extremely active Curator of Pictures from 1947 – 1955 and again from 1970 – 1975.

He was President of the Royal Numismatic Society from 1948 – 1953 where he did much to revive the life of the society after the restrictions of the war.

He was also President of the International Numismatic Commission from 1960 – 1973; he had been a member of the Royal Mint Advisory Committee since 1963; and was a governor of Westminster and Wallingford Schools.

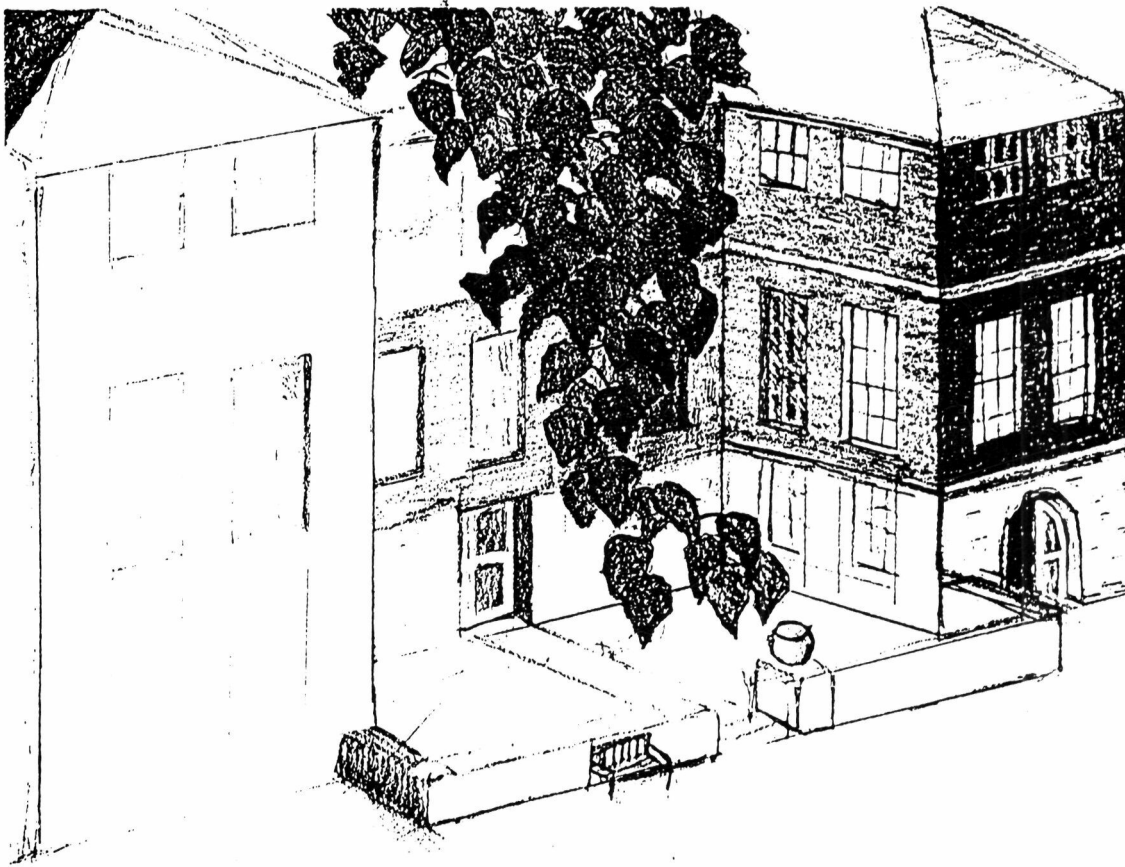
Many honours came to him from home and abroad. Oxford University conferred on him a DLitt in 1945; in 1970 he was created a CBE and elected a Fellow of the British Academy.

Academic pre-eminence was combined in Sutherland with humanity, kindness and scholarly humility. His colleagues and generations of his pupils have cause to be grateful for his unfailingly thoughtful and practical concern for their interests.

He married, in 1933, Monica La Fontaine, widow of Canon R.W. Porter, who died in 1982.

(The Times)

*The School has used the money sent in memory of Dr Sutherland to purchase The Oxford History of the Classical World, ed. Boardman, Griffin and Murray. The book will be in the John Sargeaunt Room.*





# Old Westminster Sport

---

## THE ELIZABETHAN BOAT CLUB

In September 1985 the Elizabethan Boat Club formed its first squad of Old Westminsters prepared to go into serious training, in order to achieve success at top club level in a full season of competition. With old boys, from school first Vllls, dating from 1979 up to 1985 a rigorous training programme was drawn up and sustained with great enthusiasm. The ultimate aim was to produce an Vlll capable of being competitive in the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta in July 1986.

Thanks to the help of the Elizabethan Sports Committee and some sponsorship from Harpers and Queen magazine we were able to buy a 5 year old carbocraft Vlll which meant no longer having to rely on the kindness of the school boat club to satisfy our equipment needs. From this great moment in March '86, the Vlll went from strength to strength and achieved several near successes as can be seen by the list of finals that we contested, all at senior A or Elite level. Our season came to a climax at Henley where, with the help of our newly acquired coach, Willie Ross, we surpassed all expectations. The first victims of our newly found speed were Thames Tradesmen's Rowing Club, followed by 1st and 3rd Boat Club, Cambridge on our way to a quarter final clash with London Rowing Club, in front of a packed enclosure, on the Saturday morning. We managed to hold London to the barrier where, having frightened them badly, they finally found their stride and despite valiant efforts to find another gear they began to slip from our grasp to win by slightly more than 3 lengths.

It was a marvellous way to end a most enjoyable year and inspired all those members of the crew working in London to try again. A squad of 12 began training again in September and looks set to achieve even greater things.

On behalf of the crew I would like to record our thanks to the Sports Committee, The School Boat Club, Harpers and Queen magazine and our coach, Willie Ross, for their valuable support and help. I would also like to thank the many others who became involved in helping with coaching or substituting during the cold winter training sessions.

We do still require our own set of oars and I would be grateful for any donations from Old Westminsters to contribute towards the cost of this. If you feel strongly enough in favour of our efforts, please make cheques payable to The Elizabethan Boat Club and send them to me at: Flat 6, 456 Battersea Park Road, London SW11 4LR.

If there are any recent Old Westminsters who are interested in joining the fray please write to me at the above address and we will be happy to accommodate new members.

### REGATTA PERFORMANCE:

We reached the following finals, all at Senior 'A' or Elite level:

Metropolitan Regatta  
Cambridge Regatta  
Vesta Dashes  
Walton Regatta  
Marlow Regatta  
Henley Royal Regatta (quarter final)  
Kingston Regatta

## OLD WESTMINSTERS FOOTBALL CLUB

The 1985-6 season was a steady rather than a startling one. The 1st Team finished sixth in Division 1, starting badly, but picking up well by the end of the season. The 2nd Team finished fourth in Division 3, but were in contention for promotion until their very last game. In the Arthur Dunn cup we put up a tremendous fight against the Old Cholmeleians and only succumbed in the dying minutes. This performance was made even more creditable by the fact that Old Cholmeleians went on to become losing finalists.

Most clubs only survive thanks to the hard work of a small number of stalwarts. This club is indebted to Simon Taube, Adam Kinn and Andrew Graham-Dixon who retired from their respective offices with the club at the end of the season. Many thanks are also due to Adam Cameron, Rob Summerson and Nick Law who organised the teams during the year.

Enjoying the game has always been our priority, but this is only possible if one maintains a good standard. We are always keen therefore to encourage those who are soon to leave or have just left the school to play for us. We hold regular training sessions each week and there is a game for each team on most Saturdays. The Club now has a superb 'home' venue at Cobham which has one of the best pitches in the League and boasts other excellent facilities.

We hope to see as many new faces as possible during the forthcoming season.

*Peter Wilson*  
Hon. Sec.

## OLD WESTMINSTERS' GOLFING SOCIETY

1986 was a somewhat disappointing year for the Society. We failed to make any real progress in the various important competitions entered.

We lost in the first round of the Halford Hewitt to Clifton College and also in the first round of the Bernard Darwin to Harrow. We also failed to qualify for the knock-out finals for the Grafton Morrish or for the finals of the Royal Wimbledon Putting competition.

There seems to be two main reasons for these disappointing results: often those playing fail to reach their real potential when it really mattered and too many of us are getting old. Whereas other societies seem to be able to attract new young golfers, we have had very little positive response over recent years. Only by finding young Old Westminster golfers can we reverse the trend of 1986 and it is, therefore, vital for any golfer interested in participating in Society meetings, matches and competitions to make contact with me without delay at the address below.

The society meetings were, however, well supported and thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned.

Our Fixture List for matches against other societies has not yet been completed at the time of going to press. So far we have played four of the five matches planned and won two out of the four played.

Enquiries to: B. Peroni Esq., Norman A. Peroni Ltd., Lancer House, East Street, Chesham, Buckinghamshire HP5 1DG. Tel: (0494) 774444





## CRICKET

1986 was a successful and enjoyable season for the O.W.W.s, losing only twice. Although losing to the Felsted Robins in the Cricketer Cup there were encouraging features to appreciate, in particular the hostile bowling of John Sanderson and the application of John Barkhan and Tom Rider. Richard Rutnagur unfortunately was absent for the Cricketer Cup and his presence was missed as can be seen from the Summary of Results. He had a splendid season, when available, both at Oxford where he was again awarded a blue and for the O.W.W.s.

The O.W.W.s relied heavily on the 1986 school side and it was good to see so many keen young O.W.W.s playing during the fortnight. James Kershen, Bill Cash and Jeremy Hyam were particularly impressive as batsmen and Ben Hyam's slow bowling continued to improve. Rupert Levy was a consistent scorer during the season and was particularly impressive against Beckenham. His century (127\*) in the fortnight was the highest of the season in any O.W.W. match.

Mention must also be made of Ray Gilson who found time when not preparing wickets to assist the Stragglers of Asia in beating the O.W.W.s (4-32) and to beat the Adastrians almost single handed on the following day (111\* and 3-41).

Tom Rider and Charles Colville continue to organise winter cricket at Lords. Last winter the O.W.W.s with the help of one or two guests headed the second division and were runners up in the first division of the eight-a-side competition.

The Club would like to express its thanks to the Head Master for allowing us to use Vincent Square, John Ventura for his work on the scoreboard and Ray Gilson for his wickets.

### SUMMARY OF RESULTS 1986

Played 15, Won 7, Lost 2, Drawn 6, Abandoned 2

OWW 156 (Rider 52) Gaeties 150-7: Match Drawn.  
OWW 151/9 (Rider 45) Felsted Robins 152-7: Felsted Robins by 3 wickets.  
(Cricketer Cup, 1st Round.)  
School 165 (Woodcock 4-27) OWW 103-8: Match Drawn.  
Lancing Rovers 249-6 OWW 240-4 (Rider 90\*, Kershan 74, Rutnagur 45): Match Drawn.  
OWW 237-5 (Cash 75, Kershen 69, Hyam J. 41\*) Lords & Commons 125 (Hyam B. 4-35: OWW by 112 runs.  
OWW 215 (Cash 96\*, Colville 66) Rugby Meteors 198-9: Match Drawn.  
OWW 234-7 (Rutnagur 104) Eton Ramblers 190: OWW by 44 runs.  
Marlborough Blues 267-5 OWW 231-7 (Rutnagur 66, Hamilton 45): Match Drawn.  
OWW 231-6 (Levy 127\*) Beckenham 109: OWW by 122 runs.  
OWW 139 Stragglers of Asia 140-6: Stragglers by 4 wickets.  
OWW 208-8 (Gilson 111) Adastrians 166 (Pain 4-36): OWW by 42 runs.  
OWW 246-8 (Colville 80, Brown 56, Rider 45) Old Cheltonians 218-7: Match Drawn.  
Old Wykehamist 132 (Rutnagur 7-32) OWW 133-3 (Welch 44\*) OWW by 7 wickets.  
OWW 188-9 (Welch 47\*) Harrow Wanderers 123 (Bailey 4-26) OWW by 65 runs.  
Beckenham 187 (Barkhan 6-31) OWW 188-6 (Levy 63, Rutnagur 41): OWW by 4 wickets.

Ebby Gerrish Awards: Overall contributions: R.S. Rutnagur 309 runs (Av. 51.5) 20 wickets (Av 15.3); Individual performance: R. Levy 127\* v Beckenham.

E.N.W. Brown

## FIVES

A barrage of abuse, lurid enough to make a Millwall fan blush, echoed round the court. The perpetrator was young, aggressive and desperate to win. Probably he drove a Ford Capri. At each setback or contentious point there was a blast of invective of astonishing variety. Finally the opposition could stand no more. As another salvo reverberated from the walls a senior player, renowned as a paragon of gentlemanly behaviour, stalked over. Flicking the hair from his forehead in his customary way, he enquired in a silken voice: "I beg your pardon, but did you say 'Let'?"

This anecdote illustrates a deplorable trend in the game which can spoil much of the enjoyment: the increasing prevalence of gamesmanship, dispute and rank bad behaviour. There always have been obstreperous characters – but there seem to be more of them on the loose. Most of us get all the aggravation we need at work, without getting it on the Fives Court as well.

Not that our own (near) impeccable standards are a handicap – many 'laid back' OWs become very determined against uncongenial opponents and members of the Thick Ear school of Fives. Last Season we played 39 matches, won 26, lost 10, drew 3 and came third in both League Divisions. This Season is also shaping well – so far *Old Westminster's* I have won 9 and lost 2 in League fixtures. This is due largely to the consistent form of the 'hard core' of Neil Margerison, Philip Wilson, Brian Ireland and, oh alright, myself. And whilst handing out gongs I must also applaud the match managerial talents of Dr. Margerison, Paul Howe Browne and the inimitable Martin Samuel.

Finally, what better way to utter my habitual call for new members than in the words of a former master, addressing the assembled Sixth to seek recruits for his Guild. Everyone else had tried to tempt us with promises of fun or fulfilment, but not he: "Right. The first thing I'm going to say is that I don't want a load of spivs like last time!" Naturally, I joined.

Andrew Aitken

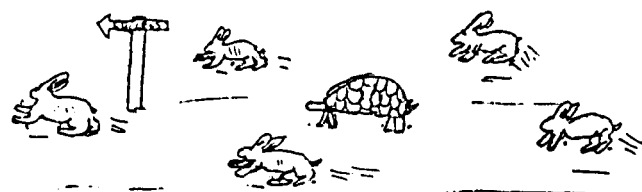
78 Stanlake Road, W12

## ATHLETICS

The highlight of the Athletics Section was the annual Towpath Race in which 16 people competed in a race against an invitation team which included John Holt, the Secretary of the International Amateur Athletics Federation. The race was won in a record time of 16 minutes 30 seconds by Jim Forrest, an extraordinary performance for someone of 42. It was a highly popular event with women competing for the first time in a handicap race. Among the other events in which *Old Westminster's* competed was the London Marathon in which both Forrest and Stephen Instone successfully completed the course.

New athletes always welcome. Enquiries to: J. Goodbody, 1 Northampton Grove, London N1.

life in the Fast Lane Lacked  
a certain "Je ne sais quoi" For  
Rudolph.



# Election of Members

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (b):

## ASHBURNHAM

Abando, J.B.  
Aidin, Rose  
Anstruther, T.A.C.  
Blystone, J.P.  
Callman, J.D.  
Doughty, Ainoa  
Gerry, B.A.W  
Katsikis, N.  
Lezard, A.R.  
Majid, Sarah  
Owen, S.M.R  
Takabatake, K.  
Thompson, Sophia  
Wilson, J.M.

## BUSBY'S

Acevski, A.  
Andrews, J.L.  
Bhagrath, R.  
Brown, J.C.  
Carey, B.P.  
Cook, L.J.  
Curtis, Vivienne  
Eskapa, R.A.  
Gal, N.P.  
Gooch, A.F.  
Horton, B.E.C.  
Kleeman, Amanda  
Maisey, N.R.  
Massey, P.H.S.  
Morris, J.H.  
Portes, Alison  
Rampuria, G.  
Reid, S.A.  
Robinson, M.B.  
Rucker, J.V.  
Sampson, P.M.

## COLLEGE

Begg, Jessica  
Benton, Katherine  
Breach, J.H.M.  
Fraval, M.B.  
Harrison, T.E.H.  
Hart, Caroline  
Havery, A.J.  
Kingman, J.O.F.  
Markham, Anna  
McDougall, A.H.  
Morgan Edwards, A.G.  
Robinson, J.C.  
Shoop, Karen  
Spicer, A.  
Thomas, O.L.  
Young, S.D.

## DRYDEN'S

Bell, J.S.  
Brocklehurst, Mollie  
Browne, L.F.  
Browne, T.A.  
Cameron, H.N.  
Catephores, N.B.  
Cope-Thompson, S.D.  
De Waal, J.F.  
Duthy, A.J.A.  
Fulford, C.M.  
Grey, Deborah  
Hale, Sabina  
Hills, G.O.  
Horan, Julia  
Howard, Joanna  
Kelly, Ruth  
Lang, Henrietta  
Lawrence, Joanne  
Lyon, J.A.  
Mount, W.R.H.  
Turceninoff, G.  
Welsh, Fenella

## GRANT'S

Curtis, Rachel  
Fernando, Sirina  
Graham-Maw, J.F.  
Lavenstein, Sara  
Manji, Z.  
Miller Smith, Caroline  
Mills, M.A.  
Patten, I.J.M.  
Ross, T.J.P.  
Sheppey, Claire  
Thompson, S.L.  
Wertheim, A.C.J.  
Woodfield, A.B.

## LIDDELL'S

Albery, W.J.  
Anderman, S.M.  
Belcher, S.I.  
Biswas, Chandrima  
Cooper, A.J.  
Evardsen, R.  
Foord, A.R.  
Forsyth, A.J.S.  
Garel-Jones, I.  
Harding, T.L.  
Hordern, J.P.  
Kulukundis, J.M.  
Kyriakides, A.  
Lemkin, D.W.M.  
Lester, M.A.  
Levy, C.A.

Loup, M.P.  
Maclean, B.D.  
Menzel, J.M.  
Michaelis, S.  
Oulton, H.D.G.  
Parry-Wingfield, T.  
Rathouse, Brigit  
Rayne, N.A.  
Rowland, T.  
Stuart, Lynda  
Whitehorn, Harriet

## RIGAUD'S

Adler, J.R.B.  
Barlow, N.P.  
Bashour, M.S.  
Bennett, J.M.  
Casella, G.  
Chatto, J.C.  
Chapman, M.J.  
Christie-Brown, Sarah  
Dellaportas, A.H.  
Dowd, K.N.  
Fenwick, Sophia  
Goodman, T.J.  
Gosling, Amanda  
Hyam, B.M.I.  
Insall, C.J.R.  
Moorsom, Nattasha  
Mutkin, Sarah  
Sop, T.M.  
Welsh, J.R.  
Witter, D.C.

## WREN'S

Andersen, M.R.  
Baird, B.C.  
Barton, G.P.  
Campbell, C.R.  
Cogan, Sophie  
Custance, Harriet  
Dyer, O.M.  
Finkelstein, A.V.  
Giles, Stephanie  
Kershen, J.D.  
Lambert, J.S.  
Lamers, Nathalie  
Ross, M.Z.  
Seligman, N.J.P.  
Simovic, P.  
Stagg, J.J.  
Swaine, Harriet  
Thompson, S.R.C.  
Waldron, C.T.



