

**CLASSICAL
STUDIES**

**STUDIES IN
SIXTH-CENTURY
THOUGHT AND
LITERATURE**

THE ELIZABETHAN

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Memorandum to Undergraduates on Matriculation.

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR desires to call the attention of Undergraduates to the special discipline to which they are subject as junior members of the University. The Proctors exercise a general supervision over the conduct of Undergraduates; and this supervision extends to the company which they keep and the places which they frequent.

Rules for the conduct of Undergraduates are to be found in the University Statutes (see *Statt. Tit. XV. pp. 337-44, ed. 1911, De moribus conformandis*); and further regulations have been established by the custom of the University. The more important points are as follows:—

A. Undergraduates are forbidden

- (1) to visit the bar or lounge of any hotel, public-house, or restaurant;
- (2) to give dinners in hotels, or other licensed premises, without leave, which may be obtained from the Proctor on presentation of a *written permission from the College*, and a list of the guests;
- (3) to attend dinners in hotels or on licensed premises, if such leave has not been obtained;
- (4) to give dances during Term, or to take part in public subscription dances given during Term;
- (5) to attend private dances given at public rooms during Term, without leave, which may be obtained from the Proctor;
- (6) to play billiards before 1 p.m., or after 10 p.m.;
- (7) to visit any entertainment which has not received the Vice-Chancellor's licence. A notice that this licence has been granted is printed at the head of the programme of each entertainment (e.g. at the Theatre). This does not include entertainments given by Colleges or by such University Clubs or Societies as have standing leave for their performances (e.g. certain Musical Societies);
- (8) to loiter about the stage-door of the Theatre;
- (9) to attend any public race-meeting;
- (10) to take part in pigeon-shooting, coursing, or similar sports;
- (11) to take part in any game or amusement which is scandalous or offensive;
- (12) to keep any form of motor-car or motor-cycle without leave, which may be obtained by personal application to the Junior Proctor on presentation of a written permission from the College;
- (13) to take part in aviation without leave, which may be obtained by personal application to the Junior Proctor on presentation (1) of a written permission from the College and (2) a *written request* from the parent or guardian;
- (14) to obstruct or annoy any University officer in the discharge of his duty;
- (15) to smoke in public in Academical Dress.

B. "Academical Dress" consists of the cap and gown (see *Statt. Tit. XIV. § 3, pp. 335-6, ed. 1911*). Both must be worn whenever an Undergraduate has occasion

- (a) to appear before the Vice-Chancellor or Proctors or any other University official;
- (b) to visit the Examination Schools or Bodleian Library;
- (c) to attend any University ceremony;
- (d) to be out of College after 9 p.m. in the Summer Term, or after 8 p.m. in the Winter Terms.

When an Undergraduate presents himself for a University Examination in the Schools, or for receiving a Degree, he must wear, with the Academical Dress, either a black coat and dark waistcoat, dark trousers, or a dark blue, dark grey, or dark brown suit, black boots or shoes. A white tie and collar must be worn.

How many careers are worthy of your 'A' levels?

The exhilaration of passing 'A' levels can often leave in its wake a deep and lasting sense of frustration. Jobs aren't so easy to come by. And even those that are can sometimes leave you feeling strangely unrewarded.

Yet, if you have the potential, it is possible to have a rewarding and absorbing career ready waiting for you at the end of the sixth form.

As a Naval Officer.

First, however, you'll have to convince the Admiralty Interview Board that your mind is practical as well as analytical. That you have the capacity to execute as well as theorise.

Then, if you're accepted, there are several ways in which you can enter.

To be considered for Naval College Entry at Dartmouth, you must be between 17 and 20½ years of age and possess at least 5 GCE's, two at 'A' level, and including English Language, Maths and Physics at 'O' level or equivalent.

And if you're good enough, and you want to, we'll send you to university to read for a degree.

Alternatively there's the University Cadetship Scheme. If you have a place on a full time UK degree course we'll pay you £1,200 a year to read a degree of your own choice.

Or, if your university agrees, you can defer your place for up to a year and spend it with us in the Royal Navy. In which case part of your time will be spent at sea.

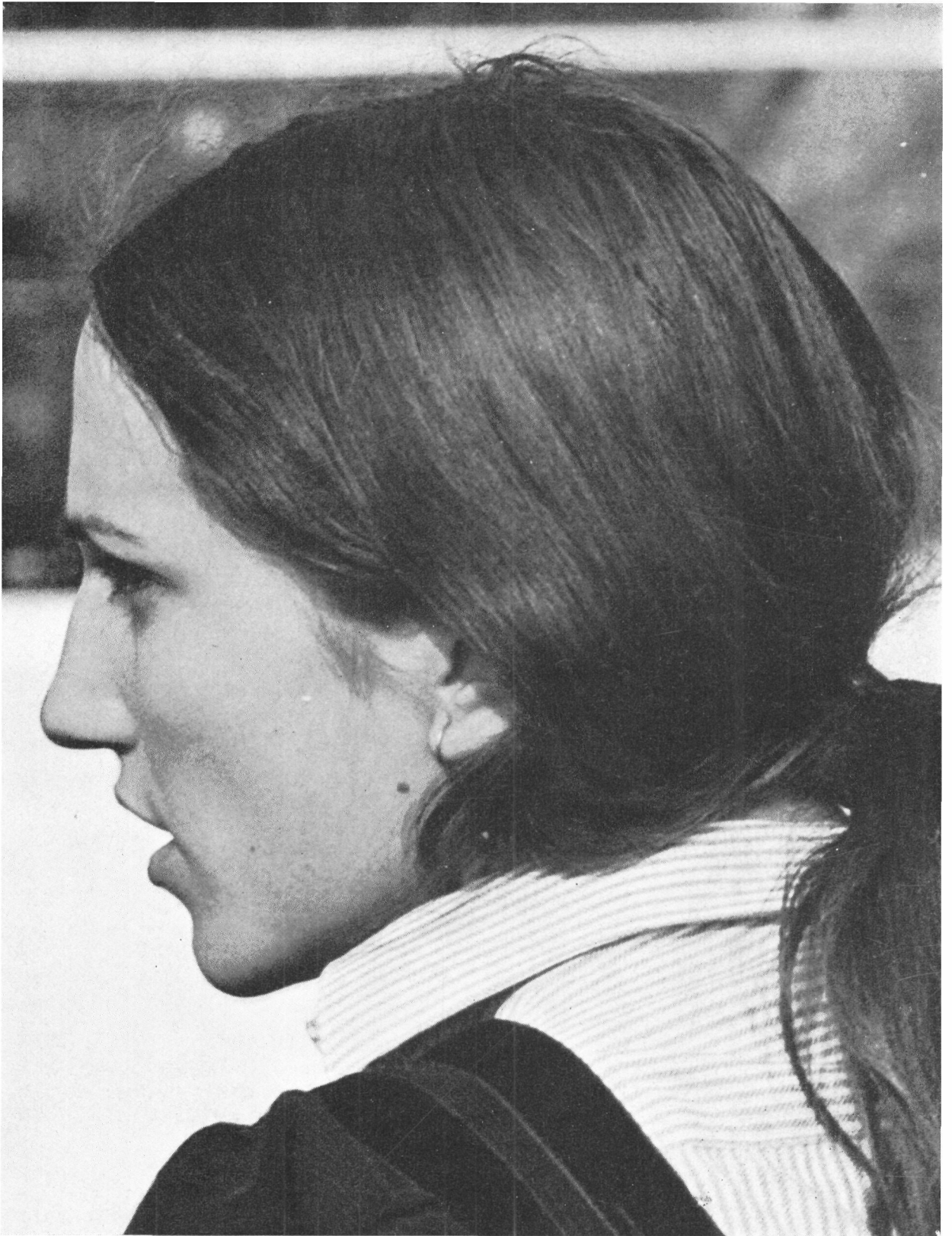
In the first instance, however, you could be awarded a scholarship to help you stay on at school to take the two 'A' levels you'll need to be considered for Naval College Entry. It's worth up to £385 a year and if you're interested, you should make preliminary enquiries as early as 14.

If a career in the Royal Navy or the Royal Marines appeals to you and you would like further details of these and other methods of entry - including Short Career Commissions - have a talk with your Careers Master or write to the address below, giving your age and present (or expected) qualifications.



Royal Navy and Royal Marines Careers
Service, Officer Entry Section (25 BW),
Old Admiralty Building,
Spring Gardens,
London SW1A 2BE.





The Elizabethan

Editors:

Matthew Fforde and Anthony Winston

Photographer:

Martin Parnwell

Advertising Manager:

Crispin Simon

Editorial

How long to go?

History, we are told, is the study of what succeeds. In this sense education will have been shown to be a failure. There may well be many schools, maintained by either the state or parents' money, but existence alone does not imply success. It is only the student's desire to be educated that can enable the concept of education to be a real one; and, if this desire is corroded or disappears altogether, then we may expect the end of meaningful education.

The belief that the pursuit of knowledge and the education of the members of a society is beneficial to that society has been a common one. It has been shared by Adolf Hitler and T. H. Green, by Jeremy Bentham and John Dewey, and it comes as no surprise that it is still pursued by alternating British Governments. Yet the desire for academic excellence has so withered away that the school leaving age has had to be put up once again, this time to sixteen. The question that must be asked is why in the past academic achievement has been so strongly advocated. It would appear that it was either to produce an effective governing class or to ensure a public and private morality. This is the philosopher's argument. But with the onset of industrialism and the further pursuit of the material, it came to be thought—and to some extent to be practised—that academic achievement led to a rewarding and materially profitable profession. Today this is plainly not the case. The good examination result does not necessarily

lead to material gain. Material gain, it is now noticed, can be achieved by other means. It is no coincidence that the decline in the material reward of some middle class professions has been matched by a rise in the material rewards of the previous "working" class. Socialist thought now enables material wealth to be gained from the state rather than from the efforts of the individual. In this way Socialism not only discourages the individual's self-improvement but also removes a check on public morality.

Socialism now promises the abolition of the Public School system and an increase in the numbers of so-called "Comprehensives"—schools that encourage the centralization of large numbers and in so doing remove the individual's ability to identify himself as a distinct and separate entity. This denies his freedom to be different or similarly his desire to be "better". If this desire is removed, then an essential aspect of education is at an end.

Difference between men is not an evil; rather it should be encouraged. If it is not, and there are signs that this is the case today, then the concept of education as a means of self-improvement is replaced by an increased reliance by the individual on the state. This would lead to a denial of the individual's freedom to dictate private morality and then, perhaps, George Orwell will have been proved right after all.

WITCHES COVEN SHOCK



Westminster Notes

If The Elizabethan matters to you, you matter to us.

DISGUSTING

That's how a well-known Westminster described the shutting down of the Vitello d'Oro, for many years the centre of culture and composed discussion for the élite of the élite. "Land speculators are not to blame," said Maria, owner and proprietor of this Tothill Street haven.

(Reuter)

SHAME

Readers of the previous *Elizabethan* (issue 320) were warned of the evils of moderation. Now it seems, Ken Slabb, leader of the N.U.S., directed from his bunker in Kensington some weeks ago that "Students should not obey the rules of their educational establishments if they do not agree with them". This, his personal adviser Keith Stein told us, was to stamp out all neo-fascist propaganda and to establish a totally anarchic moderate society where all criminal elements would be removed and liquidated.

SHOCKING

Attendance at voluntary Abbey has now reached its lowest level since the Reformation. Some weeks ago the assembled congregation numbered three. The Sermon was on "Courage".

OUTRAGE

The unique fourteenth-century frescoes of 20 Dean's Yard continue to rot. *The Elizabethan*, the Voice of Westminster, asks "When will something be done?"

ODD

At a John Locke Society meeting (see Court Circular) to the question "What do you think of the Mental Institutions in Russia?" an official Soviet journalist replied "I don't know; I've never been to one".

SUPER

Societies are still holding meetings! Debating Society, Pol. and Lit. Soc., and John Locke Society continue to flourish, as do Chinese Soc., Backgammon Soc. and War Games Soc., whilst a new dimension has been added to Westminster life by the setting up of Diplomacy Soc.

WORLD RECORD

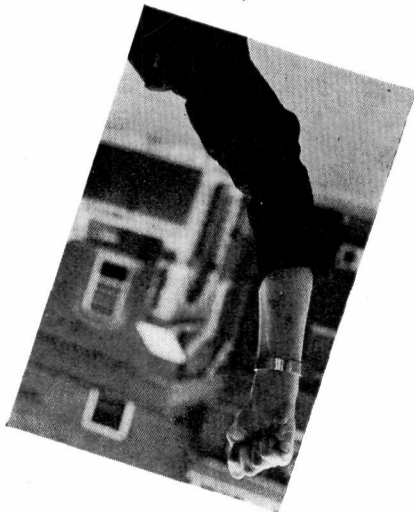
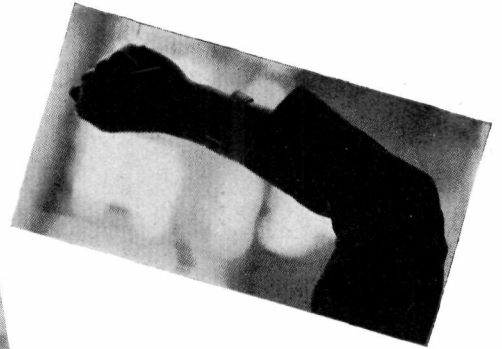
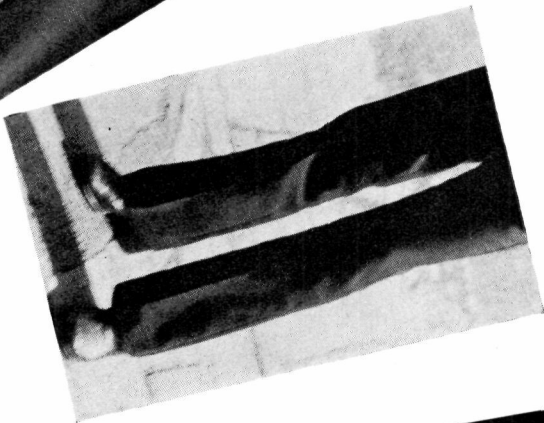
Last term a world record was made before the eyes of the world and the *Westminster and Pimlico News*. Large groups of people appeared in Yard and obeying the orders of a loudhailer sat down on each others laps thus creating a human circle of a size never before seen by the living eye. They then went away again.

INFLATION

The fees at Dr. Wortle's school in 1880 were £200 p.a. This was a high fee but everything was of the best, and it was generally agreed by his friends that if only he would raise his fees to £250 he would double his numbers.

Junior Section

MAKE YOURSELF A MONITOR



Cut out these pieces and make a puppet

Join up the dots

... and see what you get.



On The Dark Side of the Moon

The editors of *The Elizabethan* are probably unaware of the embarrassment they evoked when they asked me to write something about education. The nightmare of three years as an embryonic educational pundit returned. Images of tutorials, seminars, and lectures at Oxford reappeared to haunt me. Recollections of lunches with headmasters and headmistresses from Newcastle to Plymouth, when we discussed my pupils' showing on teaching practice, presented themselves together with that all too regular question, "Just how old are you, if it is not impertinent to ask?" The routine satisfactions and frustrations of my return to the coal face for the past six years were stripped away.

If, as Edmund Leach suggested years ago in his Reith Lectures, "we behave our language", then my persisting problem with the overt discussion of education is perhaps intelligible. The words used by theorists, administrators, teachers, and laymen, when children, lessons, activities are considered, are strangely inflated. I remember a conference at Cambridge when for more than an hour talk about love affairs in co-educational boarding schools was conducted in terms of "grande passion". Questions of what a school staff are or are not prepared to allow their particular children to do are for me too frequently formulated in terms of abstract freedoms and disciplines. Clearly this is such a prevalent practice that it gives satisfaction to very many people. But not to me. I ask myself why?

It may be that most people involved in talk about education employ the vocabulary of what I would call the nineteenth century liberal bourgeois tradition, even when they are committed critics of that tradition. Perhaps my historical interests, following on my experience as a first generation grammar school boy at Oxford, intensify my alienation from this particular usage. In other words my training to observe the many influences at work at any moment is reinforced by the varieties of the social context and language which I have lived through and appreciated, without, I hope, forgetting or undervaluing any of them.

I would welcome a return to a much more particularist approach to education. Admittedly the impact of examining systems, of publishing houses' enthusiasms, of legislation, of regulations of Local

Education Authorities or Governing Bodies, of prevailing fashions of parental and youthful attitudes, all play upon a given school; *but* to be blinded or bemused by these is dangerous.

The danger lies in postponing recognition of the complexity and the immediacy of the situation. At any given moment in any school a collection of people is thrown together. The significance of this juxtaposition is of considerable mystery and controversy. Conventionally it is seen as of greatest importance for the younger members of the group. Yet they are the most transient members. They are the most likely to change or settle under future influences. The majority of the academic and domestic staff nearly always stay longer than the school-time of any pupil. Yet, in so far as they are a model to follow or reject, totally or in part, the behavioural patterns of these adult members of a school are of significance. Alongside the influence of home and friends these people have something to do with the limits within which the young ones will develop their own ways of life and thought. There is much less coherence in this group of adults than is usually admitted. To differences of personality and professional interest are added a wide variety of assumptions of the desirables of a lifetime. Fashions in educational discussion tend to minimize these differences rather than exploit or encourage them. Yet any child or teacher knows that these are half of the fascination of a place. The enthusiasms and eccentricities of the individual adult members of the group are observed, envied, emulated, exaggerated, and so on. Local successes are no more or less than an intricate pattern of acceptances, rejections, and misunderstandings of these characteristics—and so are local failures.

In the neutralized verbal gestures of homage to entrepreneurs in teaching method or the formulation of subjects, we are inclined to overlook the somewhat humbler entrepreneurial rôle of every member of a school. Too often the bucks run to the system or the head before they stop. Perhaps this would be of little consequence if we lived in some monolithic society. Increasingly we speak as though we do so. Sometimes, as I listen to educational discussion, or read it, I sense that many of the supposed opponents of a monolithic system are its best advocates. On the

one hand there is lip service to variety and change, on the other no communicated sense of the abidingly personal situations in which we live. The enormous successes of this country in the last hundred years in increasing comforts and opportunities for such a great proportion of its population are minimized. Is it because this improvement has also been accompanied by a shift of power?

When more than a hundred years ago university subjects and school practices were being set in controversial motion, there was less uncertainty about the degree of personal responsibility of individual leaders in their field. The language of the discussion was certainly inflated, but the speaker was identifiable with real changes. So called traditions are the results of the confidences, propositions, and neglects of men in action. The language of anonymity blinds us to the reality of the situation. To say that traditional standards and practices are the resultant states of continuing manoeuvres between individuals balancing their energies and interests as they feel able is in no way to undermine the value of them. It is to suggest that their defence lies in action and the recognition of personal influences rather than in studied neutrality. Disappointed students on university campuses are not necessarily the real threat to the viability of the system. Children who temporarily defy their teachers are not invariably those

who are most likely to end up by rejecting or neglecting the system. The most serious dangers within the educational institutions are those advocates and opponents of change who do not recognize how much their own schemes and convictions are no more than their own, whose supposed standards are often no more than devices to conceal their idleness or lack of conviction or to exert their will. These voices can be strong because they cannot be modest.

While values are of course conventionalized in their extension, they remain personal and the main-springs of action. It is possible to disguise this reality. This concealment seems to me to be extensive in the schools and universities of this country at the moment. Yet in terms of the continuing vitality of the society some courageous recognition of the inescapable responsibility of the individual for action is more than ever needed. This is especially true if the most sensitive, observant, and energetic among the young are not to misunderstand, or worse, to drop out. The challenge to those in authority is to see and communicate the nature of their power. It ought to be exciting that it is at once both more real and more limited than our language suggests.

Richard Woollett



Poems

The wind blowing the flowers from her hands
and nightfruit from the trees.
I fell among red roses that dripped red before dawn,
the moon lying on them
as they feigned death.
Time slept with the Sun
and we slept with roses
and violets.
The Sun rose jealously to melt her;
violets (love of truth, truth of love)
turned sepia, a brown study
in the watery rocks
now melting in fire,
the Sun burning bridges in his sorrow.
Day cannot last without her;
the Sun and I,
both unblinking
lest we cry, mourning her.
Streams from the stones
rush to tell the sea of us,
messages from the mountains
the sea alone shall hear.

In the evening by the seashore
a ferry boat, a sun-blazing pyre
summoned by the streams
lies lurking on the waves.
Sunless hills crouch in silent pity;
an old crimson Moon
lies dying in the young Moon's arms;
they reach across the waters
and throw my lonely shadow
—all others fled—
to the fishes.
She lies on the pyre,
as it flees
throwing foaming silver through the black jet,
through the night dark as a leopard flower
though the Sun and Moons look on;
it flies towards the dark dying Sun
—invisible, guided
by a candle placed in a dead man's hand—
to become the Sun, though never to rise again.
A moonmoth flies up as I turn to the crying trees
—a broken necked sunflower—
and long to enter the land where the past lies.

Iain Ross Marrs

**In saecula saeculorum, in articulo mortis, felo de se,
in aeternum.**

Floating in a watermeadow,
lilies touch the sides of the skiff
with yellowwhite bluered fingers,
flowering at noon, for you and I;
weeping oars point
to waterclocks and sundial;
nightingale sings
“memento mori”,
dares day's eye,
lest loving
we should drift toward midnight stream,
slip from shadow to shadow
to rest unknowing in the last cold shade
of deep and chill white mist.

Amidst trees with shrouds of ivy—
green snowmen ruffled like bird's feathers
by the wind—that drip yellow jasmine
and old man's beard,
we, uncaring of waterfalls,
sail on a sighing wind,
nowhere, unknowing.

Unknowing did we die?
Do I see our love,
reflected still
in the water's mirror,
from beneath the cool calm lake?
Will I burn eternal incense to you,
stare into a fire of watery memories
as it incessantly dies,
leaving me colder,
in a listless void, floating?

Iain Ross Marrs

The gentle undulating swell of a mind
In perpetual motion
Sends through the rushes on the lazy lake ripples
Which momentarily shatter the moonlit reflection
Of phantom lovers, who, gently undulating
Yet transient, return.

Stephen Garrett

Why Teach Science at School?

It interests me why science ever came into the school curriculum, and especially the quite different reasons underlying the introduction of chemistry and biology as compared with physics. There is no doubt that the historical reasons still colour to some extent attitudes to the teaching of these subjects; but, rather than taking this approach to my theme, I propose instead to try to answer two questions that seem to me pertinent.

1. If there is a need for scientists, technologists, and technicians, is science at school in any way necessary to the process by which we get them?

2. Suppose we did not require scientists, technologists, and technicians, would science still merit a place in the school curriculum?

To the first of these questions: Certainly there is a very small minority of people who say life was happier without them and even, perhaps, that it would be so again. They seem usually to mean technologists and technicians and to imply that, if we did not use technology, we should not need scientists or technicians. We should, however, need at the very least some means of dramatically reducing the population of the world. It is true that technology produces much that a puritanical society can do without: Do we need to fly the oceans at 1,000 m.p.h.? Do we need multicoloured fabrics? Do we need blue roses and black tulips? Do we need to live 80 or 90 years? Or do we just like to, some one some another? But technology is principally engaged in enabling us to make the best use we can of the limited resources of materials and energy simply to support the ever-increasing population of the Earth, a thing we are still very far from being able to do at any acceptable level for the majority. If we need technologists, we need technicians; but do we also need scientists? Or have we nowadays enough science—or almost enough—for our technological needs? To present the case, I have to try to say in a few lines what scientists are fundamentally doing.

First, they observe phenomena either of their own choosing (and there is a debating point here), or because they are asked, required, or impelled to do so. They will usually be seeking further data in an attempt to extend a pattern of which there already are indications. When an observation crops up which would have been expected to extend the pat-

tern but does not, they will look again and again until they are satisfied that it does or does not. If it does not, the search is on for other observations which may extend this one into a pattern of observations. If it does, the search is on for an “explanation” of the pattern, at first, and mostly nowadays successfully, in terms of some concept or concepts (energy, atoms, forces and many others) which have already proved their worth as rationalizing notions. Every now and then it becomes clear to someone that the existing notions (theories or whatever they are called) cannot contain, and cannot be moulded or modified to contain, the new pattern. Then a quite new notion is needed, although, until a Newton or an Einstein or a Dalton or a Darwin or a Planck (perhaps, nowadays, a Nobel Prizewinner) comes along, a scientist has to make do with an old notion which fits most but not all, or sometimes with two notions, one containing some aspects of the new pattern, one another. Aware it may well be that no theory is big enough to contain all the data relevant to it, he has to make do with the best available; and this will at the very least suggest to him what to look for to give him clues as to how far the current theory is adequate.

Now all this is a considerably limited account, but it does, for me at least, imply two reasons why one should be very reluctant indeed to cut back on science as a pursuit, and the two are so closely interwoven as to amount to one of immense importance. First, the process I have outlined is a fundamental need of the human mind. It is not of course confined to science, but it is highly relevant to those areas of experience we call science, and I have now begun part of my answer to the second question. The second, closely linked, reason is that the outcome of all this is to provide even narrower limits within which the technologist must necessarily exercise (controlled) trial and error. If he ignores what the scientist can tell him, his bridges will fall down, his perpetual motion machines will not work, his plastics will deteriorate, his ground nuts will not grow, his aeroplanes will not fly, his tunnels will collapse, and so on and so on; but the scientist can as yet very rarely, if ever, tell him enough for him to get it exactly right first time; he has therefore small scale trials, though too many can be very

costly in money, resources, and not infrequently lives. Examples tend to be news, and several recent ones will come readily to mind. The solution is more science not less.

What then have schools to contribute to this?

First, meeting a need of the human mind applies to the young as well as the “mature” mind—if there is such a thing, which I doubt. But it is proper to ask whether we have yet found school science courses which go nearly as far as they could to meet this need. Second, technological problems are not only of the momentous sort I have so far mentioned. We all meet them every day, and we ought to begin to see early—and increasingly as a school science course proceeds—that we can bring to bear on those little local problems the same science-based rational approach that has to be applied to the great problems facing the human race. We may not in tackling our smaller problems have to take into consideration quite so many non-science factors (economics, politics, even religious beliefs), but they are not the less important to us for all that. Further, it is likely someone has already solved those of our smaller problems that are of concern to enough people to provide a market for the solution. But we can all gain by accepting the discipline of applying what we have learnt in science to our own solution of such problems, whether they concern motor cars, growing tomatoes, or fuelling a model aircraft. Above all, a school science course can and should give boys and girls, whether as scientists, technologists, technicians, or all three, a taste for this kind of pursuit which makes the effort and acceptance of the need for disciplined study appear abundantly worthwhile.

Now the second question. I have already said that I believe, on abundant evidence, that the learning process I outlined is a requirement of the human mind. It is food for the mind, and science at school has a significant contribution to make to the education of the individual. We have as yet scarcely more than begun to see clearly what is required if we are to give full effect in practice to the phrase “education through science”, but we have begun and are becoming more confident in our ability to progress. On a, perhaps, more mundane level however we face many unavoidable decisions which require for their satisfactory resolution a knowledge of science. They

may be purely or largely personal decisions, often affecting safe and healthy living: to smoke or not to smoke, to drive carelessly at speed or not, and so on. We can, of course, do as someone or other tells us, out of respect or fear or whatever, but, whilst there are situations in which we must accept this, for example when we are very young, I would hope that one of the purposes of education is to reduce the need for it and allow us instead to make our decisions from knowledge. Many, however, are decisions to the taking of which we subscribe, unless we opt out of doing so which is another story, as members of a group: family, school, town, country. We often elect or hire people to take decisions for us, and many of these, too, have or ought to take into account what science has to say. It can tell you what can be done, it cannot alone tell you whether or not you should do it. One of the in-terms at present, and in my view rightly so, is “participation”. How can you participate without knowledge? Science at school ought certainly to help us to distinguish between a hypothesis “I should not be surprised if . . .”, a theory “I have good reason for expecting that . . .”, and a superstition.

It is here, more than at any other point, that the question of a specialized science curriculum arises; for these decisions I have been talking about do not often fit nicely into one or two subject areas. (Any other specialized curriculum must come under the same scrutiny.) We are not, however, attempting to complete a person’s education at school. We can teach him what it means to be a student and provide him with the opportunities to learn. We can give him some glimpses of the areas of human endeavour to which his special skills are especially relevant, and we can give him some awareness of the similar and different skills required over a wider range of endeavour. In other words we can help him to set out on a life-time of learning.

If we did not have science in school, how much we should be denying him!

Norman Booth, H.M.I.



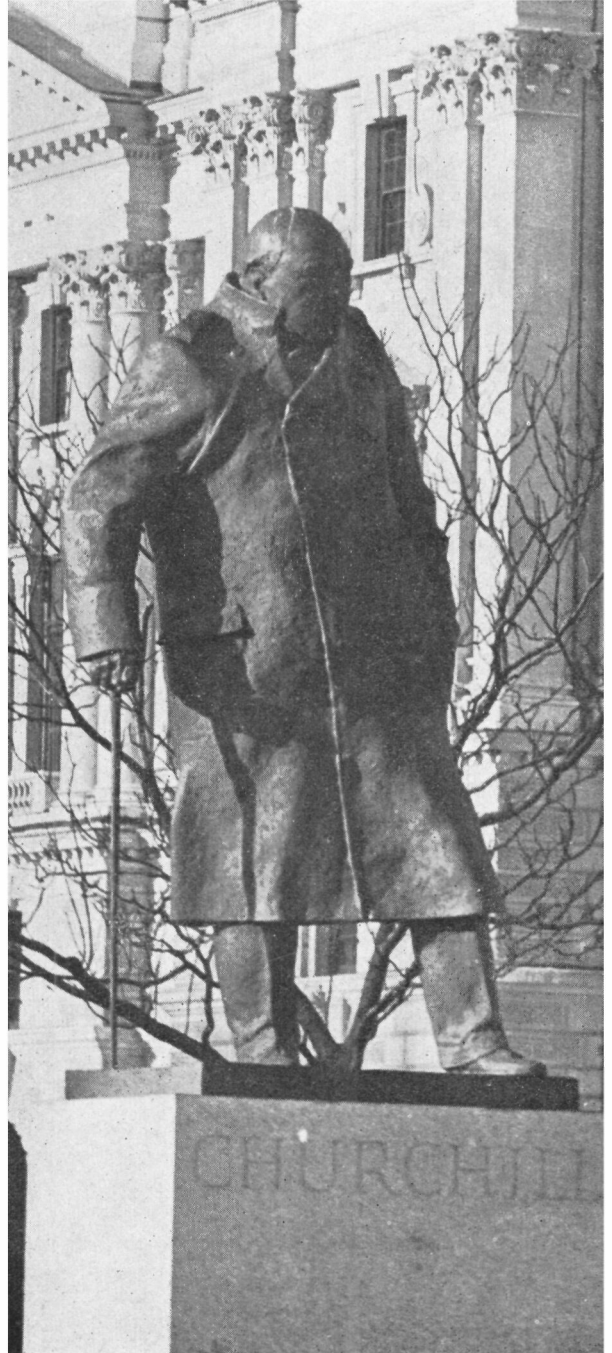
A Final Complaint

By its own admission, *The Elizabethan* casts itself as the scourge of those fashionable hypocrisies which perennially dishonour the glorious traditions of seven centuries. Previous editors pretended to astonish the world by exposing the unbelievable decadence of Westminster (though it had been the tired topic of suppertime conversation for years); they wrote in the resonant phrases of latter-day Ciceros:

“In such a situation, cynicism becomes the easiest alternative, as it did at Westminster.” Or, weary of playing the exalted moralist, they just grumbled: “The number of eccentrics seems to be growing smaller, while the Sixth form pseud set (us) grows larger.” Occasionally *The Elizabethan* has given these mumblings an air of cosmopolitan relevance: “. . . on the whole, people have come to terms with the headache of modern-day existence. . . .” Pupils and masters are heard to argue earnestly, even fervently, that “apathy-in-the-Remove” and the “decline of certain intellectual and academic disciplines at Westminster are symptoms of the wider decay of Western Culture and the Liberal Arts.”

I understand from the present editors that they wish to reveal twelve instances of unthinkable corruption in high places. *The Elizabethan* is surely a steely instrument of social justice; it is even rumoured that future editions will decry the reputations of “powerful cliques” and praise those whom Westminster has failed fully to appreciate. This edition has been heralded in some quarters as a miniature Senate Investigation Committee; it is to be hoped that No. 681 does not live up to this reputation for vitriolic denunciation; there are dangers in such political comparisons. As was implied in the previous edition, Westminster is not a microcosm of contemporary society and politics, but a community of “partly formed social beings”. It is inaccurate to see History sets as corrupt political parties and school magazines as weapons of social reform. It is even silly.

In any case, if ever *The Elizabethan* succeeds in perpetrating the reforms which it advocates, it will simply go out of business with little left to write about. By Robin Griffith-Jones’s own confession, complaints are “the one, perennial, never-changing theme of *The Elizabethan*”. It would be foolish to



challenge the importance or the validity of such a theme when illustrious Westminster have groaned eloquently in these pages for decades. Moreover, people like being told how decadent they are; it makes them feel like Nero or Oscar Wilde; it flatters them that even the Westminster scene, with its “funny little immoralities”, can flaunt something of the magnificence of a dying empire.

This flattery may be indulgent—it is certainly inaccurate—and perhaps because of these qualities it is usually in the best taste. However, it has led *The Elizabethan* to commit the rare slip into flagrant vulgarity. One editor, “who shall be nameless,” once referred to the contempt for keenness which prevailed “amongst the coffee-bar syndrome”. Most readers will know what is meant by the phrase, and appreciate it as a flattering complaint. Nevertheless, all must find it offensive in its inaccurate use of medical jargon.

Furthermore, *The Elizabethan*’s readership are perhaps bored by the stance of the reformer. Several editors have protested that their edition would be “something quite new and unorthodox”. Yet *The Elizabethan* is traditionally unorthodox. It has enjoyed the position of outspoken critic for several years, and the more radically it complains of decay, the more completely it conforms to its own traditions. It may be time for the magazine to begin agreeing with contradictory opinions, praising the hypocritical foibles which editors are surely tired of exposing.

Lastly, there is the more serious objection that the scourge of society is itself tainted with the corruption it reveals; that *The Elizabethan* acts hypocritically in exposing hypocrisy. A previous editor has written of the importance of his magazine’s reforming character: “We must strive to improve the school, for ourselves, each other, and posterity.” Yet the pages following his editorial show that the improvements suggested in *The Elizabethan* are occasionally fantastic, often frivolous, but very rarely executed. It is widely known that the sincere reformer puts his most trivial complaints and his most urgent projects, not to *The Elizabethan*, but to the complicated hierarchy of committees, Heads of Departments, Housemasters. I’m told he still gets very few results; perhaps he’s not sincere enough.

The Elizabethan might do better to abandon the pretence that it initiates reform, and instead to chronicle the changes brought on Westminster through other channels. Criticisms of the school should be implied in its columns by wistful recollections of times when academic life at Westminster was still motivated by “a courageous love of freedom”. Rather than trying to reform by painfully explicit complaints, it is more gracious—perhaps more honest—to remark sadly that such times may never be revived, and to marvel from afar. It has already been better put.

E. G. Macmillan

Poetry Today

So,
goodbye old campaigner it’s
been a long time. no more those words of ol
d.
it’s over GOODBYE old CAMPAIGNER,
You WERE FUN OLD friend,
lots of times.

E. C. Twickey-Smythe

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I was much interested by Mr. Robin Griffith-Jones's article on "VIIth or Transitus" in Issue No. 680 of *The Elizabethan*. Having myself entered the VIth in 1965 after only three terms at Westminster, I unfortunately left the school with only one year's tuition in Physics, and none at all in Chemistry or Biology. On the other hand, I would endorse Mr. Griffith-Jones's claim that the VIIth is a place to develop one's intellectual and general maturity, with the proviso that two terms or a full year spent away from an academic atmosphere before going up to University are even more valuable.

Where I would take issue with Mr. Griffith-Jones is on his attitude to early specialization in general. I do not believe that A level syllabuses aim rather at width than at depth of knowledge! By comparison with the educational system of almost any other country (including Scotland) the English A level system is narrowly based. I would argue that, for artists and social scientists at least, specialization on a larger number of subjects at the A level stage would be more beneficial both for individual career choice and for the development of broader-based cultural standards than prevail at present in our society.

Yours faithfully,
Richard Tucker
(Q.S. 1964-68)

Dear Sir,

Donald and I realize that we can never fully extricate our individual selves from the skin of that monstrous, two-headed, FlandersandSwann which walked this earth between 1956 and 1967 and walks it no longer.

But may I make one vain effort to lay the premature ghost of this fabulous beast as reported on by Timothy Gardam in your last issue? The FlandersandSwann did not "first perform in Orations" and thus—apparently—licence future generations to make this an occasion for "hilarious silliness".

I took part in Orations four times, when the set pieces ranged from *The Jew of Malta* Prologue to Eliot's *Journey of the Magi* and one of Queen Elizabeth I's Speeches to the Commons. I think only the last may have raised a titter. Donald reserved his efforts for the Music Competitions and acted only once, he tells me; as the (very suitably) mute *Lord Burleigh* in a College production of *The Critic*.

We were at Westminster more simultaneously than together. I arrived up Grant's at the beginning and he in College at the end of 1936. We never knowingly met or spoke to each other until the summer of 1940 in Exeter when, in the last few weeks of my last term, a group of us got together to stage a revue.

The effect of this cataclysmic meeting and marriage of true minds was such that during the time we shared at Christ Church we never met again there either. That happened in 1948.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Flanders



Photo: Nigel Purchon

Westminster Reflections

Solitude

Sitting at ten in a high-backed Georgian armchair, regarding a black night unrelieved by a single star between lines of Woolf, life is civilized. Withdrawn from the maelstrom of adolescence, I sit at the open window, the only sounds the ticking of the clock and the shrilling of the insects. My days are spent in small cars packed with people and loud music, or on speeding motorbikes, or lying on lawns or mountainsides in a crowd of youth, drinking in clattering cafés, sitting on church walls, walking for miles through arduously beautiful woods. Reading letters of middle-aged nothings, adolescent outpourings, friendly documentaries, rousing beauty, commonplace boredom—writing replies on the same lines. Laughing too loudly, drinking too fast, walking too far. Perhaps to sit alone, to write or draw, or read, is an unjustifiable luxury. Perhaps it is one of those delicate pleasures to be reserved for one's retirement, when one could well sit by a similarly open window, with a night of approximately equal black-

ness, to fill the pauses that one makes to consider what one has read. One might even have the good fortune to find oneself again in France, with cicadas and a distant clock booming the hour, a clock ticking, and a faded copy of Woolf. But would it be the same? Would the aged fingers, no doubt retaining a certain elegance, but indisputedly shaky, hold the long white roll of tobacco with such lightness and quiet relish, would one be able to watch the thin blue tongue of smoke curling out into the night, or would it not rather make one cough? Would solitude itself still seem a rare jewel set in the broiling mass of one's daily life, or would it be part of the monotonous and hateful peace enforced by age and the death of one's friends? Rather let me dream now, let me play act the part of a woman twice my age, share her pleasures. Allow the child to play with elegance and sophistication; the toys are non-toxic and guaranteed not to harm the furniture.

Patricia Hitchcock

Westminster

There it stands, outspreading, at once solid and ethereal, as most of them can see. A strange spirit—it is not buried within, for the entrails are mostly battered and functional, while outside the grace and dignity of the old buildings and courtyards impresses a reverence on those who stand and stare. They do not know why the buildings live, why they breathe a sustaining tranquillity, sheltering the spaces they enclose with the visions and sufferings of their centuries. Nothing can prevent the airplanes, the horns, the pollution which does not choose to wait behind these walls. Yet the seclusion is real, and the spirit, so strong, so apparent, is somehow reserved and impenetrable, as though even when it gives most freely of its beauty it is guarding its secrets.

But what do they do there? What do they do? There are patterns and plans, complex as the system of courtyards and corridors, gardens and

doorways in which they live. They say that some are there to explore, to grow, some to explain and to guide, some to serve the others, more important. But really there is no difference. Feet across the stones do not think where they are heading, they will get there all the same. In a tangle of legs, everything is moving; shoes are small and scuffed, large and shiny, mounted on blocks of wood producing a clatter which pleases when it is noticed. Perhaps when they run or saunter, stride or drift, they will trip without knowing over others who have done the same and are now dead—there is always someone watching. This one's mind falls into categories: "My friends know about me what I know about them what we all pretend the masters don't know now it's time for tea which is important I will never do as much work as that old man can't make me soon we will run and run in the green then go to a forbidden place to smoke never a word after which

I will work but first there are some things to do we always watch each other's progress soon I will eat supper tell him there was no time." That one never listens but sees everything: "The buildings are here and are very old but people were there first, the bricks have soaked up all their people so that when we look we see faces and faces. The chestnut tree wants to embrace the whole of this place; if you stand beneath it you become either a leaf or a bird. It is like the school grounds and buildings—they are a shell, an empty vessel, and when we fill them we are incorporated, we belong, and then it is real. But sometimes it makes me sad."

Oddly enough—though it is certainly not peculiar to them—they reason and argue, plan, deliberate, decide and control; they feel they must accomplish something. There is a superior state to which they belong—they can act upon each other to improve it, but there was something commendable there from the start. "*What on earth are you rattling on about? Hurry up and get on with it!*" In short, they are extremely self-conscious and self-absorbed. Which of course is sometimes necessary and productive, but which would cause far less mental torture if they could occasionally forget about it. "*I have to admit there are some very intelligent people—but they're just too damned clever! Arrogant! With swollen superiority glands!*" Speaking purely pedagogically of course, they cannot expect to produce any results such as . . . "*I never read such pretentious rubbish—SHUT UP!!!*"

At the top of the long, high-walled garden, which engulfs you in magic whenever you enter, are four trees, swollen big with masses of pink blossom. Like their surroundings, they are the sturdy observers of many colours of life, yet they have a delicacy and an exotic remoteness, as though they would sweep you from where you stand gazing to wrap you forever in a cloud of pink. Petals float silently down; the ground beneath is a gentle pink with brilliant glimpses of green. A gusty wind blows and a man comes with a noisy machine which sucks up the petals. He works hard amid a whirlwind of gay, defiant fragments. They stare, hypnotized, from the windows, and soon no one can tell whether he is one of them or they have merged in him.

From a high window they are tiny—they have

really become little dark spots, moving in strange patterns far below. They pass through the arches one after another, until they are outside, where they are absorbed into the complicated web of streets, buses, cars, buildings and people. Out there is excitement, confusion, danger—all of which they have known already, for green squares and serene walls do not cloister their inhabitants, though they may impregnate them with their own spirit. Perhaps it is this which makes these people see the busy streets in a different way, for though they seem to belong there as much as within the courtyards, they are detached when they have just come from within, like someone watching from a high window as the insects move across the yard.

It is the same outside—there too it is raining, there too the sky is dark, the air heavy and cold. But here it brings out something more of the secrets which the place is hiding, letting them appear slowly and only to those who do not try to understand them all at once. The buildings are dark and stern; they seem taller than they do in sunshine. Everything turns in on itself; the yard is even more enclosed as the buildings on all sides yearn towards each other, trying to lessen the space between them. In the long garden there is magic still, but it is eerie and desolate and the gay petals are gone. The stones are dark and shiny and the feet hurry across them. The doorways seem dark and unwelcoming, but beyond them, after climbing stairs or passing through corridors, lie a multitude of new places. Rooms with battered chairs and desks, rooms with beds and gramophones and books, rooms with carpets and paintings, sculptured ceilings and deep plush chairs in which to fall asleep. They talk here, they read, they wash the windows and sweep the carpets, they play the game of putting an idea into someone else's head and then denying its origins. For a few, home is fixed in some of these rooms, and after crossing the yard in the rain they close the door and go to the window, sensing the strange timelessness of grey and brown and green dripping slowly on and on.

In the morning nearly all people everywhere awake, get up, and begin their daily work. There the human lot is not much changed, but inevitably the ritual involves the old tireless bricks and stones,

cloisters and arches—or rather they take over the ritual. Only the privileged take part, and of course most of them fail to realize that they are privileged. They stream into the Abbey noisily, their voices echoing in the cloisters. They are perhaps not all fully awake, yet they receive their daily impression whether they are devout or not: “Space and space but very cold space, bound by cold grey stone in symmetrical beauty. Closing my eyes I will fly to the top where there must be air which was there when it was built. Here too there are faces and faces; bodies draped and poised, watching through the hollow spaces. Their world is defined by these towering stones, this strange filtered light, and mine is not but they are nonetheless part of me now, I can never forget. Music I would never notice, but it presses on the hard cold walls and rebounds to my ears. Why am I here it is not to worship God I am in school but there is a spirit, a spirit in the place and in me. It is intense, alive, growing, and this place is part of it and part of me forever and ever Amen.”

Anne Tyson

Daydreams

The syllabi of the public examinations are above all tedious, as is the tendency for the same thing to happen at the same time each day for long periods of time. We may be consoled by the thought of those worse off than ourselves; consider for instance the pastor and mentors, for whom public examinations are an annual event for life, remission in old age only. We have been let off lightly with a five-year sentence because of extreme youth, remission generally deemed undesirable. However, five years is quite a long time, even in an “open” establishment, and you may find yourself “going round the twist” before they are up. Some indulge in various harmless activities, such as organizing Ancient Chinese seminars, or passing round gaily coloured bits of paper to promote religious harmony. Others day-dream. . . . A mellow afternoon, the children playing happily outside Ashburnham. Suddenly, but not surprisingly, a bear dangling a chain round its neck trots through Liddell’s Arch, and proceeds amiably,

if purposefully, towards Danny and Sophie. Nobody notices, it probably isn’t hungry . . . bears rampant appear on the roofs round Yard. . . . Morning Abbey; the preacher’s voice drones on, and on; people inspect their watches. A dinosaur . . . no . . . five young men walk up the aisle, and halt the proceedings prematurely with a very noisy machine-gun. Miraculously no one is hurt. (Well, only a few.) Yours truly overpowers an attacker, seizes his weapon, and sends his companions to their Maker. The unrighteous are slain, yea even on the steps of the High Altar; the Lord hath received a burnt offering and the Gates of the Celestial City are firmly closed . . . the Head Master streaks into Latin Prayers . . . I.R.A. snipers are fought off using the range rifles to deadly effect. . . . A ski-jump has been erected behind Grant’s. With amazing precision, I shoot over Yard, and through the window of the History Library, gloriously showering glass and wood, and coming to a perfect halt on the polished tables, much amazing the Medieval History Remove . . . tomorrow I shall sharpen all the swords in Fencing Station; I shall make slow punctures in all the boats; I shall cause the Police to destroy the cars of various masters for fear of explosive devices; I shall lock the Common Room in Break, and proclaim a New Order to the cheering School, which will last until Reg finds the key on College flag-pole. . . .

James Tickell

The School Monitorial

Does Academic Élitism lead to Efficiency?

If a school is to run efficiently there must be a good system of communication between the Head Master and members of the school. In times past the most senior and responsible boys in each house have performed this task as School Monitors. These were boys who, by virtue of their senior position and thus greater experience of school life, were looked upon



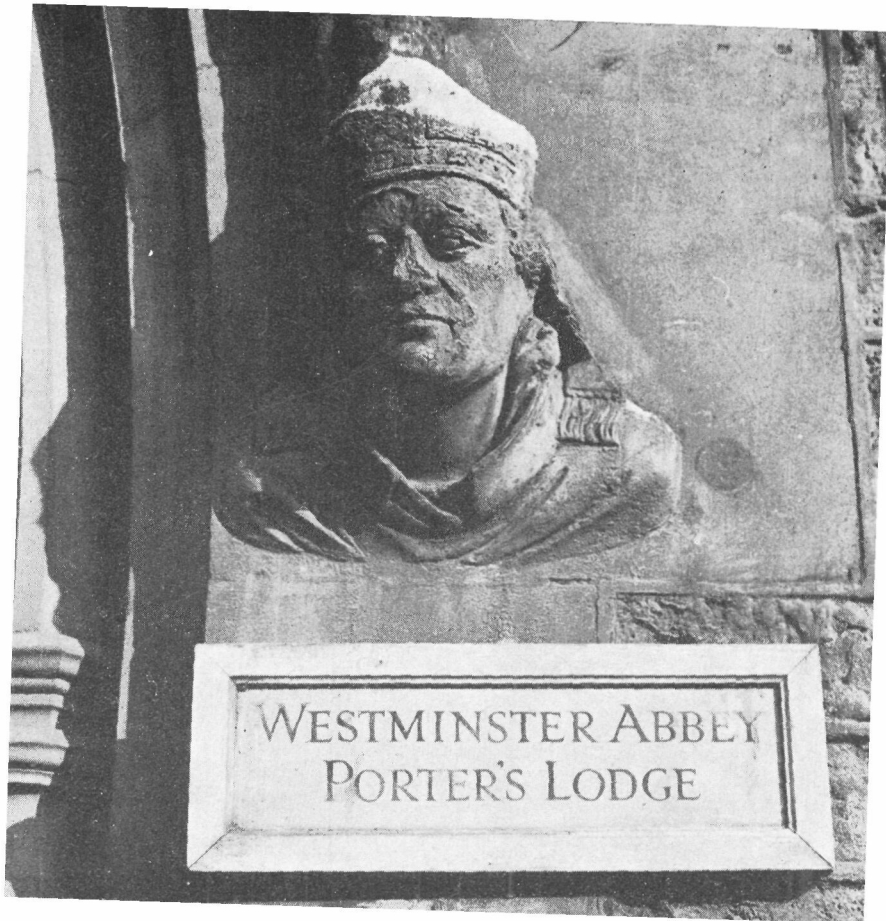


Photo: Robin Brown

with confidence both by Head Master and younger boys. Apart from their rôle as mediators, Monitors fulfilled a number of other tasks, which could be called trivial by those who know no better. It is, for instance, very important in any school, not least Westminster, that the non-teaching staff should be aided in every possible way. Good liaison in this field helps to provide a steady base on which the school can operate.

To do the job outlined above properly, a Monitor needs to have common sense, a deal of humour, and the ability to command respect, whilst still being approachable. The other, and most important, factor is that he should be conscientious, since much

depends on him. It is obvious that it is not necessary to be an academic genius to do this job well.

Generalizations are dangerous and often wrong, but nevertheless the view could be put forward that a Monitor whose main interest lies in academic matters will find that he devotes too much of his time to these pursuits, and therefore has insufficient interest in his duties as a Monitor. This prevents him from performing them satisfactorily.

In every society, and especially at Westminster, there is room for an infinite variety of different people, all pursuing their own interests and possessing their own special talents. What has to be avoided, however, is the assumption that those who have

great and undeniable talents in academic fields should therefore automatically take over the running of the school, as members of the School Monitorial, at the expense of academically less able but nevertheless perhaps more suitable boys. If such a thing does take place, then there is an alarming risk that the Monitorial will cease to fulfil many of its functions, including the all-important one of representing the opinions of all the members of the school, and not just of a small, academically élite, clique.

The answer, therefore, to the question posed in the title must simply be “No, academic élitism does not necessarily lead to efficiency”. While of course there is an exception to every rule, there are few boys who are able to combine great intellectual and academic powers with the many abilities needed to be a competent School Monitor. Nobody can be perfect, but academic élitism often, unfortunately, leads to unwillingness to deal with matters of merely practical importance; yet even these demand qualities which by no means everybody has: sound common sense and pleasant manners, without that all-pervading Westminster arrogance.

K.A.M.S.

Prospectus and Reality

Unlike many Public Schools, Westminster prides itself on the number of open awards which it gains to Oxford and Cambridge, rather than on the football 1st XI or of the rowing VIII. More boys attend a meeting of the Political and Literary Society than enter a school table-tennis competition. But despite being contributors to an atmosphere which evokes more of the cloister than of the betting-shop, those who decide policy remain insensitive to general opinion in the school.

The quality of the teaching is rarely questioned; most complaints are expressed in parody, a tribute to those to whom it refers. It is not the practice, but the theory, which is at fault. The claim of the School Prospectus that “for any boy who will have to make his own way in the world, Westminster provides a sound education and stimulating atmosphere” seems likely to bring along the prosecutors of the Trades Descriptions Act.

That seven of the last nine Captains of the School

have been awarded their “pinks” strengthens the opinion that too much attention is paid to sportsmen, and in particular to good sportsmen. Those who prove themselves, in a hasty test at the start of their first term, to be able footballers have at their disposal for the next five years the valuable turf of Vincent Square. But those who do not impress on their first, and consequently only, appearance at the “Home of Westminster Football” are consigned to the weekly trans-urban coach trip to the famous Grove Park slope.

Many boys in the junior part of the school spend their free time either watching television or inconveniencing others, because the school has come to the rather inexplicable conclusion that, if a boy is going to make his way in the world, he must learn by experience, rather than be steered around the first few obstacles.

The real problem, however, is neither academic nor sporting, but the inability of Westminster to tolerate or accommodate anything but superlatives. The boy with two “O” levels, or the boy who cannot play cricket well, is not induced to improve by being brought into direct competition with those who are more fortunate. The school makes an attempt to conceal him, either on distant playing fields, or in hidden corners of Ashburnham House and the science block. Westminster must realize that no such problem vanishes overnight, and must be prepared to consume a little energy in efforts to coax these people towards participation. No entrance examination can be foolproof, but, once a mistake has been made, it should be admitted and then rectified, rather than disregarded.

Graham Whittington

Limitations

In recent years many efforts have been made to encourage after-school activities. This is presumably because those running the school have concluded that less is being done by the boys together than formerly. This initiative has come principally from the Common Room. Yet the over-anxiety and zeal of some masters has simply caused resentment and forced people further into their apathy. The forma-

tion of the E.C.A. Committee was in theory an excellent idea. A framework was provided by the masters for the boys to create interest amongst their fellows in anything that they might enjoy. Unquestionably though, it has failed. A look at its expenditure will reveal that a third of the money was unspent. Ideally the Committee members should have been forced to make difficult decisions about how to spend the five hundred pounds, which was not a lot of money. Instead, by the end of the year they were accepting every application they received. The one exciting idea to emerge, the Chinese Society, which organizes lessons from a qualified teacher, was, ironically, financed by the school rather than the E.C.A. Committee. As one member said: The E.C.A. provides extra-curricular activities for its members.

Some of the older established societies have been successful in attracting big audiences, but those present have largely been members of the upper school, except, of course, at "big name" meetings. (The one exception is the Debating Society, where, at the expense of lowering its tone, the organizers have put forward simple, but lively, motions.) For the junior part of the school there appears to be a very limited range of activities open. "Westminster boys are apathetic," runs the excuse. But most of the initiative so far has come from the masters, not from those at the top of the school.

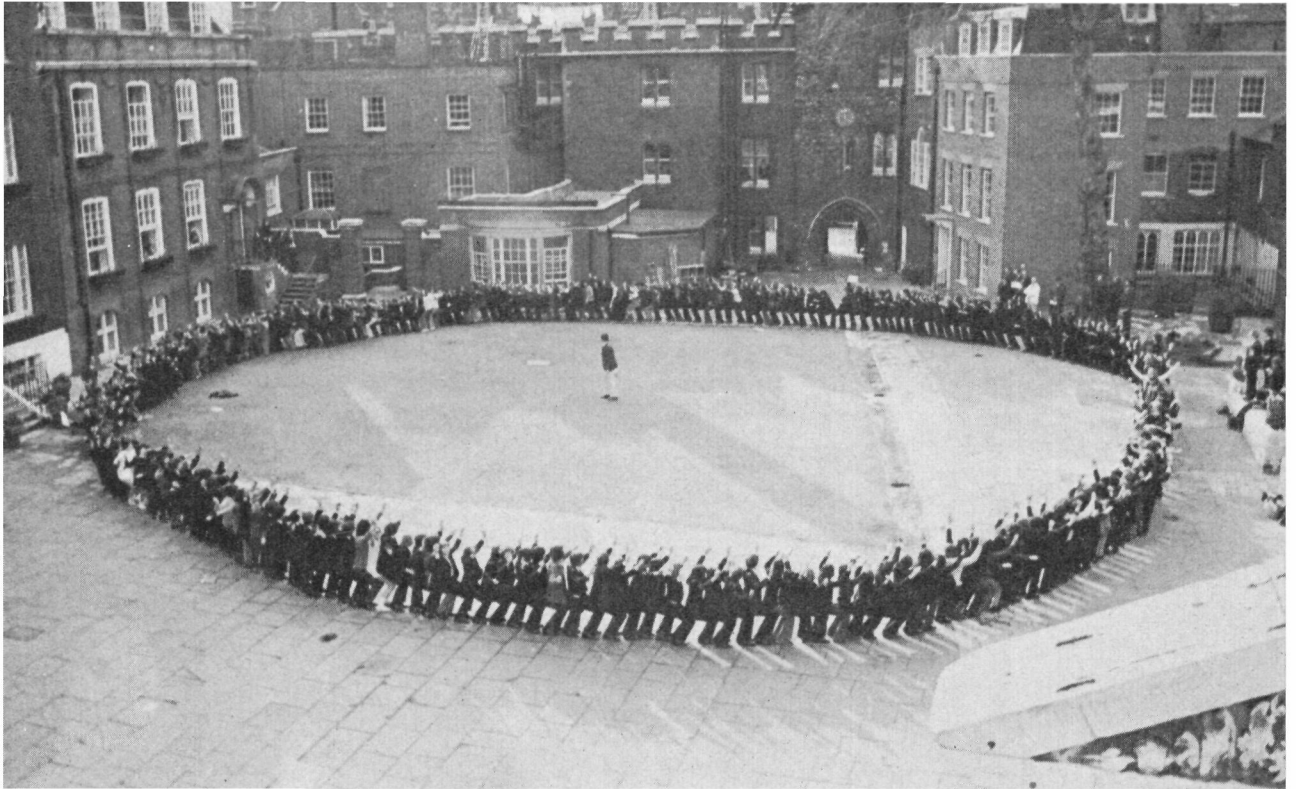
Boys at Westminster talk about academic work increasingly in terms of their own ambition. Many of them aim to read at university subjects which they freely admit do not interest them, but will be useful degrees to have when applying for jobs. This is not really surprising. The majority of society's attitude to education, and particularly further education, is that they pay taxes to finance educational schemes, and in return expect that a student's training should benefit society. Many parents send their children to Westminster because they believe that it is here that they will get the best education and, at the same time, good academic results. Yet one hopes that, if they were simply concerned with academic results, they would save the large sum of money that is required to send a child to Westminster and send him elsewhere. There is no reason to believe that Westminster handles its material—its

intelligent pupils—better than anywhere else, particularly in "A" levels, although in university entrance it probably does achieve better results than most other schools.

Westminster has traditionally done more than simply provide good academic results. In certain organs of the press the Head Master has talked about education and the instilling in pupils of a "radical independence of mind", and, while questioning this line on semantic issues, as a number of people did in the last issue of this magazine, one accepts his point. But education should also be striving to excite the intellect, not only in the directions dictated by exams. Boys should be encouraged to follow their own interests after school, or be stimulated into following up new interests which may have been prompted by something in a lesson. Yet unfortunately there now appears to be a reaction amongst boys at the top of the school. The rejection of the General Studies courses amongst some people provides an example of this. There are clearly many criticisms that can be levelled at them in their current state, but demands for their complete abolition, or at least during "A" level term, suggest a certain limitedness on the part of their critics.

I believe that there is a very close link between the failure to emerge of new societies and ideas for after-school activities, and this restricted approach towards education. The ever-increasing numbers of day boys means that fewer and fewer people are staying in the school after four o'clock. A boarding school creates an artificial sort of community which requires flexibility amongst its members, and encourages discussion and argument between them. There is now less discussion amongst people about their shared intellectual experiences—which may account for the more limited approach to education—and less endeavour from the senior boys to encourage interest in forming societies amongst the junior boys. If Westminster is going to maintain its educational traditions and eminence, boys at the top of the school must be prepared to shed their insularity, and contribute more to the community.

Simon Taube



Privilege, Purpose, and Effect

A school for the privileged, whether with regard to their money or their intellectual ability, is what Westminster is, and it has represented this position for some time. What has for long been unclear is its aim in occupying such a position. In fact the number of conflicting views on this matter expressed by influential voices inside the school itself suggests that Westminster, whatever the highest authority proclaims and would enforce, if possible, follows the policy it has made its own over so many similar issues—one of total unconcern.

This attitude would produce absolute chaos in a school more regimented and disciplined, but of course in such an organization it could never occur; so in many ways we are faced by an exclusively Westminster phenomenon. Certainly few other

schools have an intake mainly drawn from such high income levels, whom they expose to an education with such a liberal slant. Leaving aside the falsity of that fondly imagined “liberal upbringing” fiction, an issue whose solution a present-day Westminster can best decide through his own experience, while we cannot with justice speculate on the actual Westminster process, something perfectly open to our comment is its effect on our contemporaries, and finally our own responses to it.

Elements within the school which foster the idea of freedom have for long been feuding with a more moderate party, but this conflict goes far above the head of the schoolboy, who sees only a maze of contradictions opposing him wherever he turns. This, coupled with Westminster’s charming innate

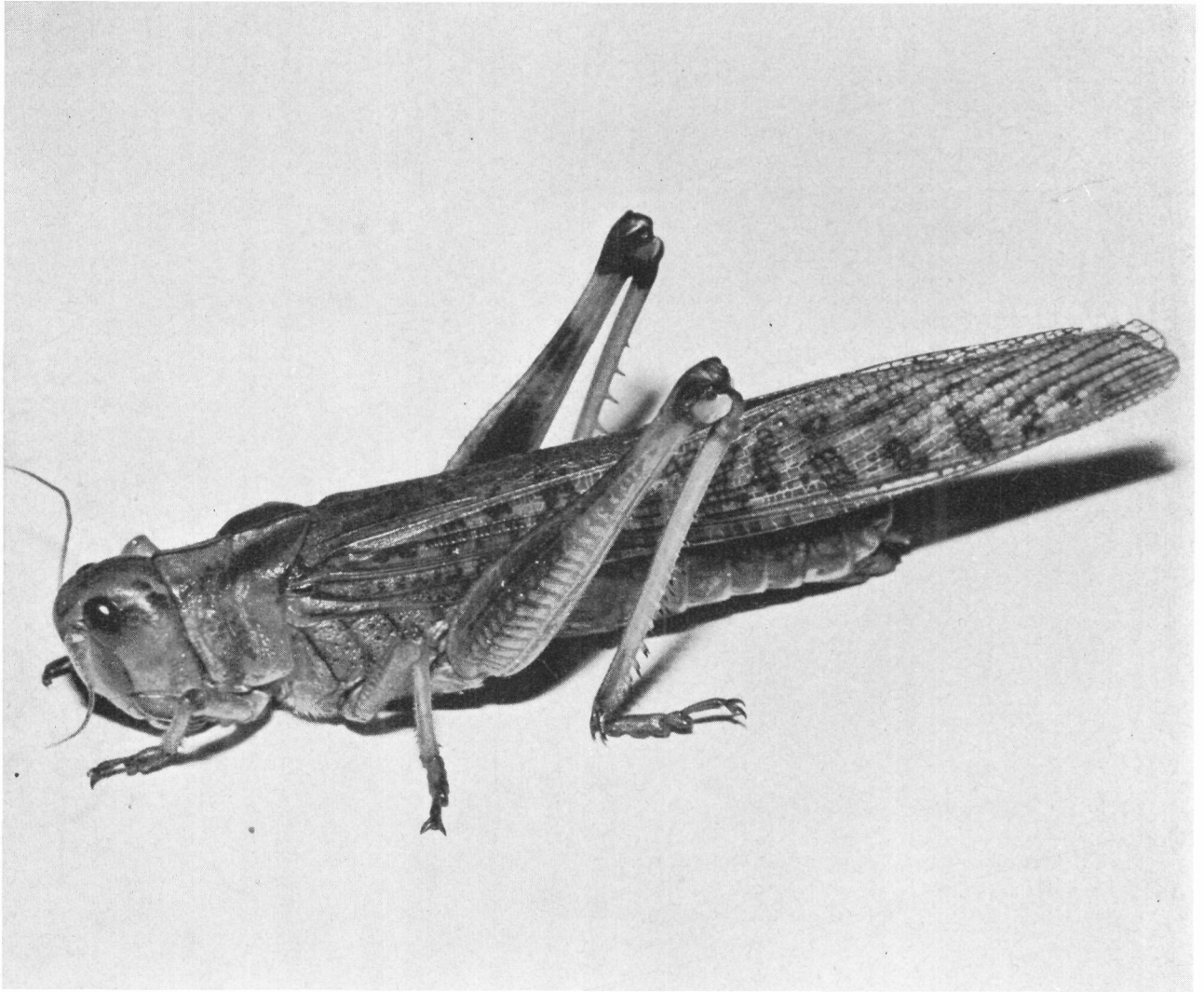


Photo: Nigel Purchon

“ the years that the locust hath eaten ”

inactivity, could hardly fail to direct pupil X away from concern about the nature of his education, and rather to looking beyond it. So, throughout the school on both levels, no one really worries about the ethics of reading *A Burnt Out Case* with impressionable children, or many other such outrages

which are committed daily. This situation does not arise through apathy, the traditional scapegoat boys feel bound to invoke to defend any element of their conduct or attitude which is questioned, but rather through a concentration on a wider front than the domestic one. Such a state of affairs is unique, and,

whether desirable or not, is with us. Also it seems to be a purely modern phenomenon. I doubt whether illustrious old boys such as Herbert and Dryden ever experienced the feeling of looking beyond inhibitions and beyond life itself to more ethereal issues, though certainly Robert Southey seems to have experienced in his later life that loosening of inhibitions which over-afflicts many of those who tread in his footsteps today.

Any attitude can be taken to this situation. I incline to the sympathetic one for many reasons, but mainly because in practice it appears to do little injury to the academic mind and unites most of those subjected to it. Fortunately few Westminsterers do overdose themselves or hurl themselves from wind-swept cliffs, although they, more than most other schoolboys, are given to fantasizing on such lines. It is from practised and observed human behaviour-patterns that a defence for Westminster must be constructed; for it is these that Westminster rests upon, and indeed the agents are not the rules and regulations, and the masters, but rather the subtle chemistry of the school, its internal social and moral conventions, and the interaction on each other of the members of each year in facets of the school only the person at the centre of it, the pupil, can appreciate.

It may not be true that here, as in Venice, "it is to works of art, to things of priceless beauty, that the task is entrusted of giving us our impressions of everyday life", but our responses are conditioned by a moment of careless consideration of this or that arched window and the spring of its broken curves, lying with a passive grandeur in the sun which communicates more effectively than any obvious reminders of the past the atmosphere, always submerged but also present, of the indefinable nobility, seriousness, and concern for higher things that have characterized Westminster for long whether manifested by "seals broken by the lean solicitor" or modern flashes of lightning—indeed everything Westminster gathers to itself becomes transformed into an extension of the outward expression of the institution's nature as directed by those who form it.

The ability to feel such a sentiment at any time, emanating from some unpredictable source, is the irregular this school confers by the basic action on

the senses of its atmosphere, built up by centuries of the mind's rechannelling into the source of its emotions, emotions limited by a sense of awe of the past and that which created it, linked with the very modern discipline of the education. Many Westminsterers feel such a paranormal sensitivity to what surrounds them, whether in the physical sense of the Abbey and its buildings or the metaphysical of their insight into emotions. The two are too rarely linked and their cause insufficiently understood by most. The action on each is different but fulfils the same need in each, conditioned by the open nature of the training he has received, so that to some it appears simply, to others in a more complex light.

I do not seek to maintain for a moment that this benefits everyone, for it is quite clear that many people rise only to the simpler levels of cynical social intercourse and the mood of rejection, not perceiving the muted positives lying behind. I have merely tried to give in words an example of the extra dimension provided by the fusion of the two elements of the system here, a highly individual dimension in its interpretation, which may to some seem almost unrecognizable under this guise. Those who have felt it would be wrong to underestimate the advantages of such a depth of sensitivity, and those who have not, may rest easy in the knowledge that, since such a response has not been awakened in them here, it is not likely to trouble them anywhere else.

Besides such gifts the school offers more obvious ones which need no mentioning in this article. This blend of religious insight and animal satisfaction evoked by the "life" of the school may be universal in different forms, but it can rarely have been so pleasantly cloaked. Nor has Westminster harmed too many of its less mystic pupils. They have always had the safety-valve of apathy and cynicism to fall back on.

That unconcern, which outsiders may deplore, is in fact, however, the school's greatest blessing, the unnatural which produces that much-maligned figure, the Westminster introvert. Introvert, one hopes, only by being turned towards his monastic and pure vision of life.

Nicholas Rothwell

Poems

Mountain Reef

Softly she slipped through the shimmering sunshafts
Pursued by me, exhilarated, blissful.
Time was endless, the day continuous play.
Light bartered with the green of the summer gloom;
Patience; the hour was yet young.

Fresh, the living colours whispered in the wind.
Sparkling, the sun flecked green eyes.
Time played youthfully over cherished cheeks.
Brown velvet clothed supple shoulders.
Grass bent joyful under buoyant toes.

The dancing waters gave forth their echoing dingle;
Soft strong bowers in the ferns.
Dazzling dreadnoughts sailed through vivid blues;
Dashing dippers chased shrimps through moving
silvers.
Moths floated in the breathing ether.

Oh God! I am caught, stuck in her strands.
Hair sprawled in the moss.
Halcyon face bathed in shadows.
Damp earth under supine woman.
My labyrinth's goal; uncharted.

Martin Parnwell

C'est inutile

Toi, fille, qui attends près de moi,
Je ne te connais pas, je ne sais pas d'où tu viens,
Tu sembles me regarder du coin de ton oeil,
Tu restes immobile, comme pétrifiée par une émotion
d'incertitude.

Moi aussi, fille, je te regarde du coin de mon oeil;
Mais au fond de mon coeur je sais que ce serait inutile.
Je me sens joint à toi par un lien chaud et extatique,
Pour un instant j'ai failli parler, et puis non,
Dans un sens, c'est mieux, ç'aurait rompu le charme.
Tu entends ce ronflement lointain, c'est le bus qui
approche,

Ce bus qui nous séparera à tout jamais.
Adieu belle fille, je ne te reverrai plus.
Et toute la nuit mon coeur pleurera en rêvant de toi.

John Cinnamon

Grey Sea

The grey waves crawled up the marbled beach,
Then fled and laughed and chuckled to their depths.
They rumbled, sang, they curved passionately in the
pale light.
It did not change however long I stared, the sight.
My eyes were pricked by bitterness, and partly by the
wind.

I faced the great grey sea, its languid waves, and wept.
I wrang my hands, I tossed my head, the wind
She only leapt. And sour my heart within me lay,
The salt was sweet upon my lips. Alone, the
Curlew through the marble did probe and probe.

The depths imposed the evening sullen light.
They moaned, groaned, knowing wrong from right.
I would not moan, I would not groan, but
Stand and stare. Myself there was to fight,
I, here above the sea, the shingle; below the night.

Martin Parnwell

Brief Meeting

Hope pinned on the level, eyes on the sun,
Her journey is over;
Wherever sound afflicts her ear
The world dies, guardian of decay.
Her beauty is fading—
The dreamer is gone from the hillside
Into dark.
She feels once, their brief meeting is past
And his fall dies in song;
He has left her, the sun is down.
A dead smile breaks on her face,
She talks, but is alone;
When she dreams she sees him
Climb and fall.
The level stretches before her,
And her vision dies in the darkness
She knows is her own.

Nicholas Rothwell

Stories

The Event

“Open the doors!”

The doors opened, and an oblong beam of light streamed in, casting weird reflections on the glass and stone. The roar of traffic outside seemed distant, blurred, a transitory detail passing on unnoticed, while the vast echoing edifice all around us continued changeless. The cars, buses and taxis that passed us in an endless stream might have tried to disregard this place as they travelled through the green light, scattering pedestrians on their respective ways to Battersea, Peckham, and perdition. There was no real denying its presence, however. It stood, a vast, beached, crucified, whale on a mound of floodlight green, in full view of all the nine-to-five pinstripe men, as they scurried, like beetles, home to their holes. Tonight was The Night, but they didn't know.

Inside the whale, people began to join us as we stood, Jonah-like and purposeless, on the vast stone floor. Beneath us, covered by the polite black-and-white slabs, lay the jungle—the tubes, drains, and cables of the big city, the bones of the dead, the famous and the forgotten, the earth, the ants, and the decay. And now, like the ancient monks who sheltered here, the people were streaming inside the whale. No escape for long, though. The insidious pulping into dust, into oblivion under the marble, into the bowels of the jungle went on. The whale continued unchanging, rigid stone, soaring fan-vault, and crystal glass.

The people were pouring in now from all directions. Watching, trying to stay cool, aloof, despite the wilting flower in my coat, I saw the persons enter and change into a crowd. At first reasonable folk, ladies and gentlemen, they became an unmanageable mass of bodies, with limbs for programmes, tickets for seats, and impatience for The Event. Somewhere in the East, a floodlight shone out like a herald. From the West, the setting sun drove more of them into the sanctuary of stone, glass, and marble. My head ached, I saw double.

Five minutes, then close the doors; but still they

came, as the muffled scraping started, away in the immeasurable distance, and my brow began to beat out my pulse. Three . . . the errant masses swarmed towards their respective Meccas and the curtain threatened to rise on The Event. The pressure on the doors became unbearable. The voices rose in frustration, anger, and distress. Like a great wave they engulfed the feeble entrance, which seemed to topple with our sanity. The bright dots danced their heathen ritual under our eyelids as the vibrations started. The pressure rose to an unbearable, an impossible, climax, and suddenly left the air. The Event had begun—the silence showed it, and I walked slowly, almost reluctantly, to take my place. The doors closed with a hollow clang and the traffic went on outside, unknowing and oblivious.

Nicholas Freeth

A Death in the Family

George was lying in bed, asleep. Outside the house, staring at the window, was a lunatic. In his hand was a home-made bomb. The lunatic's broad grin snapped into a roaring laugh. This was the first sound that George, on waking, heard. Then there was a splintering of glass, a man running away outside, laughing, shouting. George sat up. There were pieces of glass in his hair, on the bedclothes, round the room. His mind unable to grasp the full implications, indeed any of them, he watched the bomb. He knew he was watching his Death. In one moment he knew. “Not by the sword nor by poison to die, the horror of drowning is not to be mine, but you, I can see, are to finish my life.”

In his room, George's father, the ambassador, was putting on his dressing-gown, wondering what the noise that awakened him could have been. Then without warning, the floor was pulled from under him, the sound of an explosion crashed against his

ears. Blood and cries. His wife screamed. He tried to stand up. The roof beat down against him. He lay on the floor not breathing or thinking, but alive.

George was dead. A red, dripping arm hung down from the bed, now at ground level. His face was obliterated by debris. His legs, torn away by the blast, were on the floor above. Yet somewhere inside him, a thought flickered. Not of pain or hate. Not of love or regret. Intangible, undefined and indefinable, a realization of death. Just a flicker, a glimpse of Destiny before thought itself perished, and a great understanding was lost until the next death. George's mind, unsupported now by fresh blood, and quivering heart lay useless and unused. One muscle twitched unknown by its owner. Nerves and senses, great tangled systems of extraordinary complexity and of unique and unrepeatable synchronization, destroyed. The burning building quickly lavished its consuming flames on this mass and soon even the shell was gone. Energy destroyed. Ashes to ashes. A lunatic's dreams fulfilled. And dust. Cansdale, to Paul and Mary a son, George. To dust.

To Paul and Mary, the pain, Death. Not their own, but their son's. In twenty minutes, George was created. In nine months he was visible. In eighteen years of preparation, he was a man on the brink of success. Exams studied for, passed, and tucked away for future use, useless. A mother's love, a father's understanding, a teacher's knowledge, useless. Plans for tomorrow, dreams for the future, hopes and desires, gone with the thought, useless.

To Paul and Mary, the money, the power. Trust and faith, an embassy to govern, a leader to serve, possessions to keep.

To Paul and Mary, a death in the family. Oh God, that made Heaven and earth, that made George, that made the lunatic, why can't we save ourselves from our fate? Why can't we escape by surrounding ourselves in little balls of love and curling up for the duration? By surrounding ourselves with our friends, our relations, our possessions, our money? Why must you always point out to us our faults, our mistakes, our enemies, our death?

Why is life so damned difficult, and death so damned unpleasant? Poor old George. Poor old us.

Ian Assersohn

Grand Crû

The fuses blew yet again, and slamming down a bottle Bernard ran down the cellar steps, pausing only to pick up his torch, which as usual he had left upstairs. The champagne cellars were steeped in black. Encrusted dust coated the shimmering rows of shelves, and here and there a heavy drop of sticky juice was frozen in its path. It was a mortuary of bottles, that were only prevented from rotting by the intense cold that gripped his throat and almost choked him.

It had once been the crypt of St. Julian; appropriately, thought Bernard; for the massive piers which defined the cellar up to where the nineteenth-century ramifications had created a monotonous passage had capitals decorated with rich scenes of feasting and drinking: ill-proportioned stodgy monks and bemused rulers at lavish tables, while grotesque animals and wilting peasants bayed at the doors for entry.

Guided by the fluorescent gleam, he sat down on a stone block and felt his movement echo through the foundations, on and on, until the noise seemed to lose impulse and relapse into a vibrating murmur. Bernard glanced at his watch as he leant down to turn on the light in order to repair the other fuses which had blown. As its gold case snapped shut, he saw a vague shadowy outline against a rack. His breath slowed, his heart seemed about to stop, his scalp itched. He moistened his tongue, swallowed, and ran his lower lip between his teeth. The stairs were too far away; he had no weapon. There was a coal fire in the office, if he could get to the poker. This reassured him and easing himself from the seat he slowly walked towards the office, moving each limb separately, at times pirouetting like a disconcerted ballerina. Every creak, every rustle, every time his clothes rubbed, he became more unnerved, felt more vulnerable. At the base of a pillar he eased into a sitting position, fighting the stifling folds of black that relaxed him and made him feel drowsy.

He stood up. No cosh, no shot, no chloroform, no snarling voice. The light flared on. Bernard covered his face and hid his eyes as they tried in



Photo: Nigel Purchon

vain to come into focus, their view blocked by a blaring white imprint that refused to go. Of course nobody was there; but then he was not expecting him to come up and introduce himself. He made his way cautiously along a rack, meeting no mysterious stranger at the corner. The office faced him, and, softly pushing the well-oiled door fully open, he entered, staring a little as the heat from the fire hit him, leaving his face tingling. Should he ring the police? All that had happened was that a light had gone on and he had seen a dark stranger hiding among the champagne bottles. Bernard was sure

that the new Inspector would tactfully suggest that he was imagining things. And then he would begin to discuss how the harvest had gone and he would have to offer him a glass upstairs.

Where was the poker? He spun round, and stood gazing stupidly at the fireplace. His sudden movement blew some papers off the desk, and, as he stooped down to pick them up, his hand rubbed against the fresh blood that had permeated the carpet. It dried instantly and some of it flaked off as he clenched his fist in disbelief. Everything was normal. The fire make him feel relaxed. All was as

before, except for the irregular trail of blood that led to the champagne racks.

After that his mind began to work quickly. Whose blood was it? Was there someone bleeding in the cellar? A body? On impulse he threw open the door and ran down the racks, round the piers, past the racks, vintage, non-vintage, special reserve, to be redone, premier crû, vintage select; stumbling at the non-vintage, launching himself into the air and falling flat on his face, he screamed. All light was blocked out. He could see and feel only blood. His arms were on the floor, but his legs were draped across his employer's back. Someone had come up behind him, and hit him, again and again, until his back was splattered with blood, and his neck a mush of flesh and tendon.

Bernard got slowly up; but even as he did so he was struck by a poker that flew through the air. He turned, supported by his own momentum, and collapsed in a spiral. A man in a green jacket with tight fitting gloves picked up the poker, held Bernard's warm hand against it, then threw it aside. Finally, for good measure, he tipped over a rack, and the non-vintage exploded, its sparkling bubbles fizzing quietly as they were sucked up by the clothing on the bodies.

Adrian Le Harivel

A Girl at Ten

The hot tarmac smarted under the rays of the three o'clock sun. To Michel's left, a small boy scout laden with an unwieldy collection of camping equipment struggled manfully up the sloping road, the lines of his face twisted into an immovable expression of martyrdom. Michel reflected that he would like to hurt the scout very much. Michel believed his own personal burden to be far more agonizing than any rucksack, and yet the little boy wore this pained expression. Again Michel felt a desire to hurt him, then he sighed, and started off down the road.

A few minutes later, Michel's house had become hidden in the anonymity of the suburb, indistinguishable from any other home in the area. The mistral was beginning to blow across the streets. The palm trees, responding to the wind, clucked frantically about like ageing hens. As he loped down the pavement he could just make out a small group of teenagers, his own age, collected around a couple of light green mopeds. Their eyes sparkled as they caught sight of Michel's awkward bouncing walk and close-cropped head. Hesitantly, he swallowed and crossed to the other side of the road, lowered his eyes worriedly, tried to look unperturbed. But he knew they were watching him, knew he would hear a challenge or a jeer of derision, knew he was to be humiliated again. On the periphery of his vision he glimpsed a blur of white teeth, long dark hair, and bright glimmering eyes. His ears were tensed for the shout, his nerves strained.

Nothing.

He hurried on, relieved. Just as he had his back to them there was a huge burst of laughter and then normal conversation. "They were laughing at me," Michel thought; "I knew they were laughing at me."

The reassuring growls and squeals of Toulon's main thoroughfare gave his memory a pleasant jolt: tonight was *the* night. Michel felt an unaccustomed wave of confidence flow around his body as he entered his tenth fantasy of the long-awaited evening. In three seconds Michel pictured the dark romantic sky, the decorated drinks shimmering behind frosted glass. Beside him, Suzanna sat smiling, her beautiful eyes looking innocently up at him, her long, black hair lying delicately—no, maybe her hair would be brown; it could, of course, be blonde; it didn't matter.

Across the road, on the edge of the pavement, he caught sight of a student girl, quite tall, heavily made up, her tinted blonde hair clashing wildly with purple eye-colour; she moved on her stacked-heel shoes with a sexual confidence that was unnerving. Michel watched her with the half-detached air of the experienced observer, and then displayed what he imagined (incorrectly) to be a lecherous grin. He felt superb, as he had never felt before in his life, all because he was to get his first girl that night. It would be the first time in his adolescence that any

girl had even looked at him more than once. And he still, he thought sadly as he watched his thin, clumsy frame reflected in the shop window opposite, wasn't much to look at.

The Toulonnais mingled behind and around him: young men in chequer jackets, old soaks with worn tired faces, impatient housewives, the occasional business-man in a flared blue suit; all flowed over the irregular ground, some in cheerful clusters, others expressionless and alone. Every few seconds an individual stood out from the rest of the crowd, some inexplicable characteristic of his or her face impressing itself more than the others'.

Before long Michel realized that close to him a wealthy Algerian in black trousers striped with red and an effervescent wide-knot tie was leaning against a shiny barrier, his eyes following Michel's line of sight. Very carefully, the Algerian turned his head and then the rest of his body, until he was facing the boy, a lock of his hair falling so that one eye was completely obscured. The other eye stared meaningfully at Michel, its eyebrow raised slightly. Acutely embarrassed by the intense observation and completely ignorant as to the pimp's meaning, Michel gave an idiotic little bow, followed by a suppressed "Au revoir, M'sieur", and left quickly, tripping once on the edge of a paving-stone. Only when passing the *parfumerie* a few yards on did anticipation of the coming evening restore his confidence. He entered the Prisunic supermarket, orange plastic overhead and tinned music pinging asininely in his ears, completely relaxed and unusually happy.

It had started two days ago, a Monday night:— The great gas signs of the Boulevard Strasbourg had dwarfed the little human silhouettes which strolled carelessly to undecided, unimportant destinations. Every few hundred yards an unlit building plunged its corresponding part of the street into a sombre blur, its cavernous black windows regarding the lights opposite with disdain. Michel, as he did every night, was walking down the Boulevard for his cup of coffee, as always, grateful for the darkness which hid him from the crowds, which screened his awkwardness, his ugliness.

His regular café came into sight, a nasty conglomeration of slick chrome V-pillars, stainless-steel-

edged glass windows, vinyl floortiles, and, of course, illuminated orange plastic for the signs. Michel detested the moment he entered, when his gawkish build fell under the electric interrogation of neon lighting, when the students at the tables glanced at him and looked away again with a tiny sneer on each face. With a sigh, Michel endured his second of humiliation and sat down relieved. The waiter walked slowly to him, bored and tired, eyebrows raised. In a quiet voice Michel muttered his order. The waiter half turned his head suddenly, shouted out: "Café au lait"! abruptly, and shuffled off to another table.

Just at that moment a girl, a pretty girl, walked into the café and placed herself alone at another table. He was completely numbed, his eyes floating over her face in an unconscious euphoria. She had for him a bewitching defencelessness, being somehow sexually provocative and emotionally attractive at the same time, her wide helpless eyes coinciding with large embraceable lips and a figure which was erotic in its innocence. Michel gawped at her incredulously, the pupils of his eyes dilating rapidly and his mouth hanging stupidly open. He only stopped when he became aware that two tables away a party of students was laughing and whistling. Petrified, he glanced up quickly and recoiled visibly as he saw that the entire attention of the café was turned on him alone. The blood rushed to his cheeks, his eyelids narrowed in fright, and his hands started to shake violently. The students, there were about five of them, grinned reassuringly and slid up chairs to Michel's table, not roughly but more in a fatherly manner. The spokesman was a friendly boy of nineteen with an imitation leather jacket, long brown hair, and kind helpful eyes. He turned to Michel almost sadly.

"Not many girls, eh?" Michel looked at his new company, and toyed with the notion that it was none of their business how many girls he had and that he ought to tell them so. But there were five of them.

"No," he replied quietly, looking at an imaginary bit of dust on the table, "not many girls." The spokesman drew in breath, obviously feeling he was getting somewhere.

"Well, look; we know how things are; we're not

stupid. I'll tell you what; I can't help you with that one there"—he nodded to the girl Michel had been so stunned by—"but I might be able to fix you up with someone. I've got this friend, his daughter you see, Suzanna . . .". The student paused for a few seconds and looked hard at Michel. "Are you interested? Shall I try?" Michel raised his head slowly and said gently, "Yes please." The spokesman thought for a minute and then said decisively: "O.K. Done. Do you know that big tree opposite the *glacerie*, in the square near Monoprix?" Michel nodded. "Right; be there at ten o'clock Thursday evening, and we'll see. Is that all right?" Michel nodded enthusiastically, stood up and shook hands warmly with each student, and even asked if he could kiss the girl they had with them. He did so, blushing frantically and thanked them all several times. With a new light in his eyes, he left the café. The waiter, who was just bringing Michel's coffee, shrugged, went back to the bar, and poured it through the waste grill of the espresso machine, feeling a little more tired and bored than before.

* * * * *

Michel had now six hours to go. He walked home and read for three of them. At dinner his parents noticed his apprehension. They watched him toy with his soup, lifting out spoonfuls and letting them splash back into the bowl, while he drank nothing. His father began surveying him worriedly, frowning. Michel's eyes pounced upwards and glared back at his father's.

"What is it?", he asked, nearly throwing his spoonful of soup back into the bowl. His father, a reasonably successful, if boring, banker, averted his glance, and shook his head with a non-committal "Nothing at all". The family returned silently to their meal. Michel managed to eat the rest of the courses without giving rise to any more suspicions, and helped his mother with the washing up, a cold, frightened pulse trembling in his stomach.

At a quarter to ten he pulled on his coat, shouted a short "Au revoir!" to his parents, jerked the door open, and strutted into the waiting night. The air was cold and stung his hands and cheeks, his breath transformed itself into wisps of pale vapour, which

hung for a second, luminous in the dark, only to vanish soundlessly. He hesitated for a moment while his fears and desires swayed in drunken combat, and then walked quickly on down the road, the desires having gained a precarious victory. He passed each identical house, his eyes fixed on the road ahead, his mind burning with confused yet powerful visions. An unconscious half-smile flitted across his face from time to time as he felt the first twinges of freedom. The passing houses appeared almost symbolic as he saw that he was soon to find an escape from the sickening homogeneity of the suburbs. And, of course, his haunting anticipated vision of Suzanna flickered continually into sight.

He entered the old town of Toulon. Immediately the cacophony of the Boulevard died, and a strange traditional silence ruled the atmosphere. His shoes clicked on the stone and echoed around the thin constricted streets, while smells of fruit and old vegetables drifted through the air. He kept cautiously to the well lit areas, glancing occasionally down the desolate and rotting alleys, where old shutters hung grimly from ruined hinges. Michel walked past a deserted paper stall, and saw the *glacerie*, the edge of its canvas awning flapping half-heartedly. Opposite it, the tree, with a small fountain built into it so that the water seemed to rise out of the bark and clatter back to the pool below. Then, from the other end of the little square, the harsh burr of six mopeds mingled with a muffled stamping of several pairs of feet and the occasional shout broke the previous gentle sounds. Michel froze, half in fright, half in anticipation. The first person he saw was a tall Algerian in black trousers with red stripes and a colourful wide-knot tie. The students gathered round. The spokesman of Monday night came forward and shook Michel's hand.

"Glad you could make it," said the student, a huge grin on his face. "We thought that you might like to join us for some fun tonight, eh?" Michel didn't reply; so the spokesman continued: "Before you meet Suzanna and we all leave together, may I introduce you to M. Duvar, friend of the students and Suzanna's father." Monsieur Duvar smiled and shook Michel's hand, his teeth thin and white. After having met the pimp, Michel looked up hesitantly at the spokesman, unsure of what was

going to happen. Someone asked: "Where's Suzanna?", and there was a rustling in the group as they looked behind them for her. Michel's heart-beat rose and something dry stuck in his throat. A dozen beautiful dreams hovered in his mind; he felt a huge pressure trying to force his heart through his mouth. Then Suzanna appeared. She looked at him with attractive dark eyes. Her hair was long and black.

She was four years old.

Michel felt sick. He heard the students' cackling dimly, as if from a distance. In desperation he

looked at the spokesman, but his kind helpful eyes had become sharp and ugly. Michel jerked his head away and clutched it viciously in his hands, his back bent in retreat, a slither of vomit pooling in his throat. He released his head and scampered suddenly back up the street, his body giving an awkward bouncing shadow which eventually vanished silently into the night.

Suzanna turned round and giggled. Someone gave her a boiled sweet.

Matthew Tree



Poems

Ouvre tes yeux!

Un rayon de soleil traverse ton lit,
Réveillé et grisé par la fraîcheur étincillante de la
rosée du matin,
Arrête un instant, ouvre tes yeux!
Et découvre un monde
Que tu as depuis tes quatre ans oublié:
L'oiseau inconnu qui plane
Dans un ciel infini et limpide;
La mer belle et menaçante
Qui berce la terre dans un roulis monotone;
Les vieux arbres à deminus
Qui balancent en cadence,
Chuchotent à tons variés,
Intimidés par le vent, impassibles, mais plaintifs.
Ouvre tes yeux et apprécie!
Ce monde mystérieux
Dans lequel tu vis.

John Cinnamon

Despair

Despair
is the old man of eighty
sitting in his chair
staring into the fire
wondering if he will be alive
the next night;
the little boy
with 2½ new pence
wanting to buy
a 3p balloon;
the stray cat
lost in the trees
of the Battersea dogs home;
the dying rabbit
caught in the kitchen
of the Hoi Pong Chinese restaurant.

Stephen Caplin

Enfant Perdu

Lady of the Lake, where do you sleep?
Rainbows die at sunset, drowned in your eyes
like distant moonlit shores that weep.
The butterfly kiss of long ago
that you gave the silent summer's moon—
a ripple through the aether's flow—
returns to break the mirror of the lake
and the silence since
I asked you if you loved me.
White night mare
do not fly with the shadowstealing moon
but lie with me once more.
Faux-jour of white velvet
entices, entrances;
the white sickle will kill,
you dance with the Angel of Death.

Iain Ross Marrs

I Remember

I remember
when packets of crisps
contained
little blue bags of salt,
When a pound was 2.4 times
what it is now . . .
When President Nixon
was
“quite a nice man” . . .
I remember all these things.
I think I'm getting old.

Stephen Caplin

Societies

John Locke Society, the latest major addition to Westminster's range of flourishing societies, has now become a firmly established feature of Westminster life. The school's proximity to Parliament is often discussed and the value of such an association was clearly demonstrated last term, when Mrs. Shirley Williams, M.P. arrived at a meeting with the news of an imminent General Election.

Among other speakers were Sir Alan Cottrell, then Chief Scientific Adviser to the Cabinet, who gave a broad-ranging talk on issues of general scientific interest, and Mr. Oserov, a representative of Tass, the Soviet news agency, who provided an interesting diversion from the usual talk, and managed to emerge good-humouredly from a barrage of often hostile questions.

The Revd. Michael Moore talked on the unfamiliar subject of ecclesiastical foreign relations, while the Revd. John Arnold gave a more literary talk, on the subject of Alexander Solzhenitsyn and "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich".

The John Locke meetings of recent months have undoubtedly provided a varied and entertaining range of talks, and have been greatly enjoyed by members of the Upper School.

The two other best known societies, Political and Literary Society, and Debating Society, have also had a successful series of meetings. Guests of the former have included Nigel Lawson, M.P., George Hutchinson, George Steiner and Professor Frank Kermode.

Of the smaller societies, William Thomas Society invited Dr. Pulzer; Jeremy Bentham, however, appears to have encountered some difficulties.

Robert Hooke Society

During the Lent Term, the re-emergent Robert Hooke Society proudly announced two visits by famous scientists. The first was from the brilliant neuro-physiologist Professor Brindley, inventor of the artificial eye, who came to talk about his other inventions in the field of bassoons.

He was the classical image of a scientist, brilliant, incredibly inventive, and seeming to live on quite a different plane from us lesser mortals. The talk was a tremendous success; he showed off his logical bassoon and double bassoon and the unfinished logical bass clarinet in see-through perspex. The term "logical", incidentally, refers to the complicated-looking electric circuitry of these creations, the so-called "logic circuits", which allow the fingering to be much less complicated—a mere keyboard—and hence the playing much easier. The high-spot of the entertainment came when he called on members of the audience to join him in a Mozart wind trio which was performed with tremendous gusto.

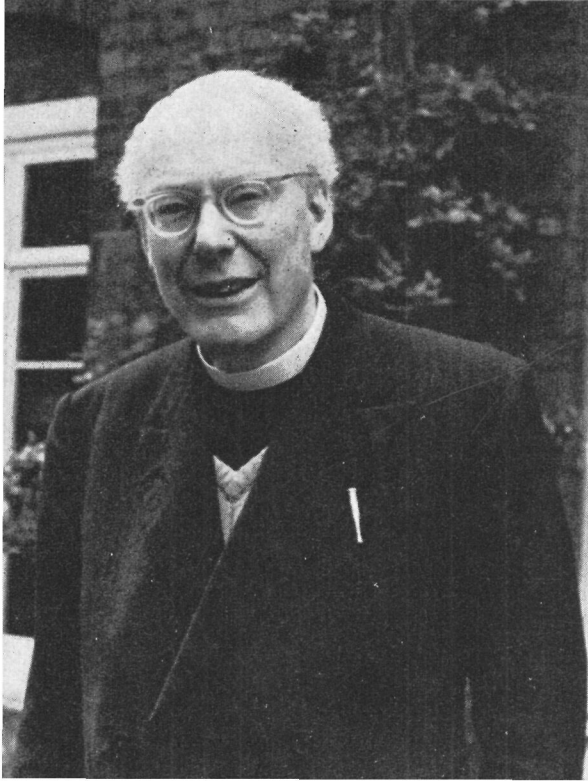
Our other guest was the controversial psychologist Professor Eysenck. Though not particularly controversial, his talk was vastly enjoyed by the huge audience that came to hear it. He gave us an interesting run-down of the present state of Pavlovian psychology, augmented with some earthy case-histories. He also set our minds at rest on questions about free will and the Oedipus complex, denying the existence of the former and ordaining the latter a myth.

Humphrey Birley

More Poetry Today

Hazy reality in my dark mind I
can't go on: It's like the sun ominous
on THE LAKE on the sun by THE MOON near
THE STARS by the sky of my MIND.

A. Briggs-Thomas



The Very Reverend E. F. Carpenter

whom we welcome as the new Dean of Westminster and Chairman of the Governing Body. Dr. Carpenter is already well known to us as he has been a Canon of the Abbey since 1950. We are delighted that Dr. Eric Abbott's successor shares his interest in the school and goodwill towards it.

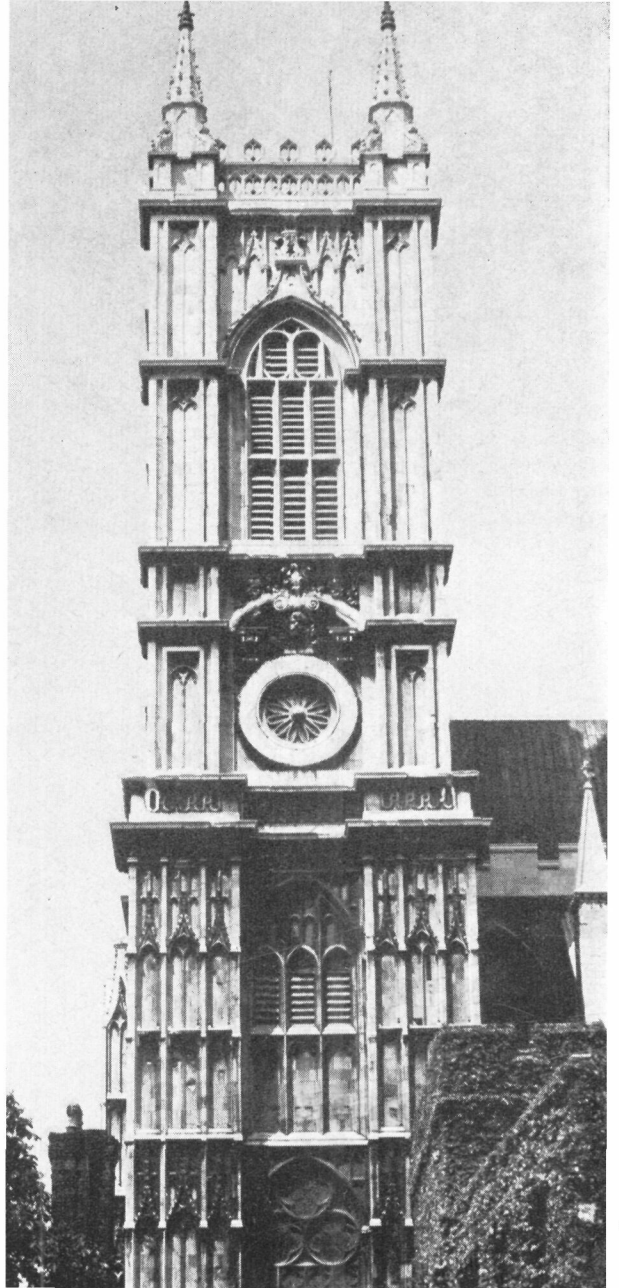


Photo: Robin Brown

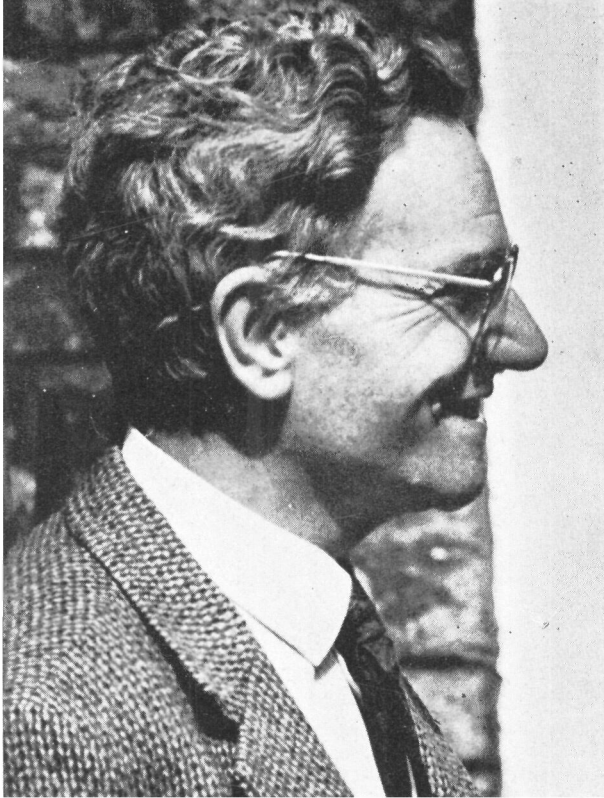


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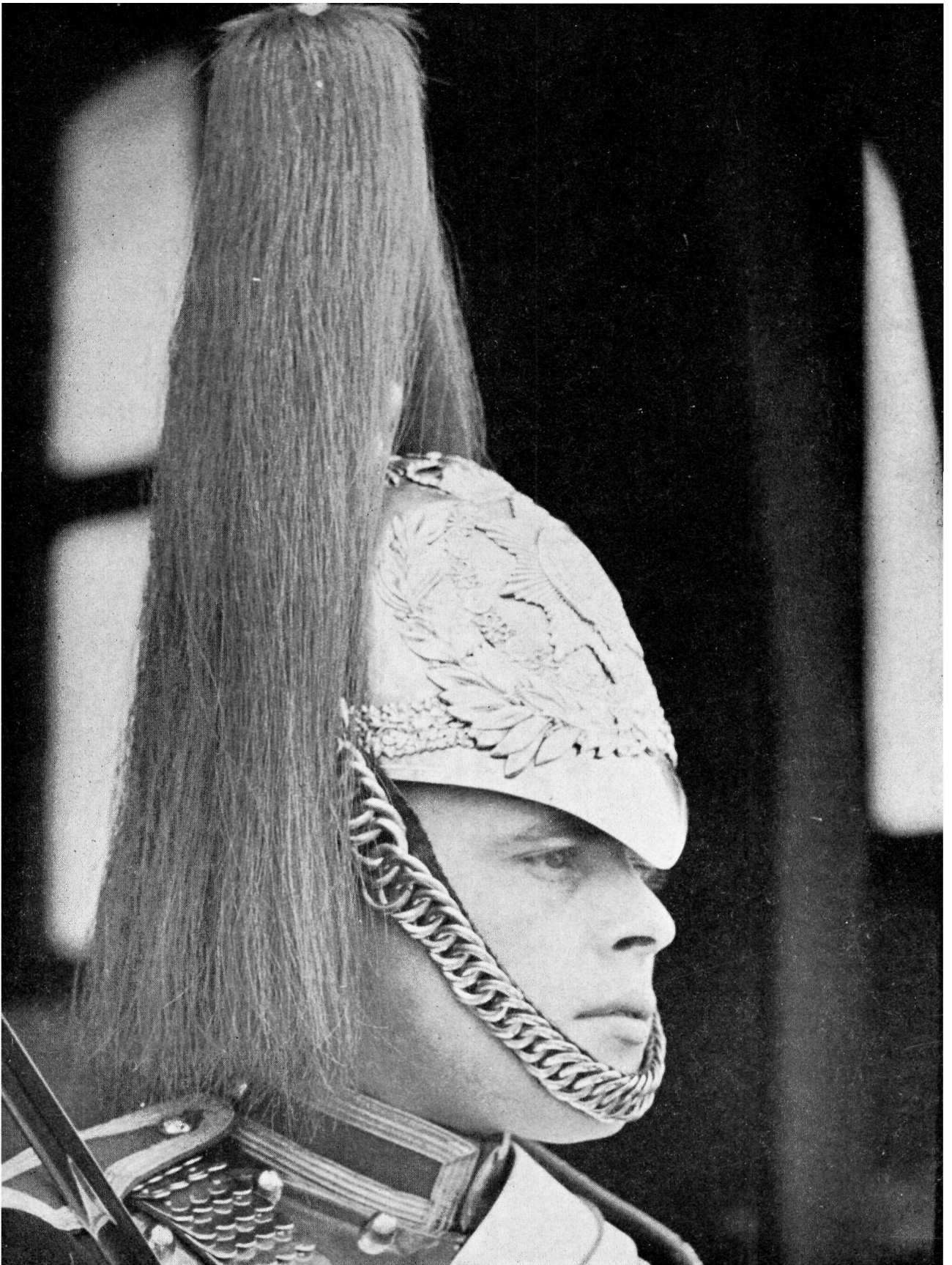
L. C. Spaul

Leslie Spaul came to Westminster in January 1946. At that time the school was recovering from the effects of the war and evacuation—there was no art room and the subject had not been taught for several years. He met this daunting situation with cheerful determination and soon established the subject from both the practical and the academic aspect. As a practising artist himself (his paintings could be seen in the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibitions) his example and encouragement lent urgency to the revival of the subject. Too often he had to fight against prejudice and denigration of art as an academic discipline, and although personally sensi-

tive to criticism he never allowed his standards to be lowered. Exacting in what he demanded of himself he expected others to live up to these standards—he had little time for shoddy workmanship but was quick to reciprocate the developing appreciation and confidence shown by many of his pupils.

In his early days at Westminster, Leslie Spaul helped to run the football, fencing and athletics. For many years he coached 0.22 shooting practice and proved no mean shot himself in the Staff Matches. He is an expert on Naval History and brought an original and fresh slant to the Naval Section of the C.C.F. by his lectures on seamanship, tactics, rigging, etc., all of which were brilliantly illustrated by his own immaculate drawings. The sets for the school plays of the fifties and early sixties were all designed and executed by him and he contributed designs and plans for the reconstruction and decoration of many parts of the school ranging from the Masters' Common Room to the top floor of Turle's House.

In the Quatercentenary Year he planned and organized the exhibition "Westminsters in History" which, in addition to members of the school community, was visited by 1,960 members of the general public. In 1962 he took over the editorship of the *Record of Old Westminsters* and saw the successful publishing of Volume III of the *Record* in the following year. Much of his time from 1958 onwards has been devoted to work on the school archives and the present orderly state and indexing of the school records is entirely his work. Whether it be in his duties in school or in the mending of a clock, the technological processes of photography, or *The Times* Crossword Puzzle, Leslie Spaul has always brought a combination of both inspiration and meticulous execution. There can be very few people who know more about the school or who have brought to it a greater feeling and sensitivity for all that its history, architecture and tradition stand for.



Drama

Murder in the Cathedral

Eliot's play is a far cry from the main stream of twentieth century European drama, owing more to Attic tragedy and the Christian liturgy than to any contemporary manifestation of the live theatre. Despite the outmoded format, the producers, Adam Zeman and Charles Target, made a shrewd choice, because its strengths as a dramatic entertainment are precisely those which the cast was equipped to project, and which the setting of St. Margaret's could most effectively supplement.

No one is in doubt that overall the production was successful and praiseworthy—the more so when one remembers that adults contributed only a minimal amount to it. But it is interesting to work out how the producers achieved their effects and what sacrifices, if any, had to be made. The production depended above all on the clarity and the sensitivity of the verse speaking, and in this respect an agreeably consistent level of enunciation was achieved considering how unnaturalistic the poetry is; the formality of the verse—the alliteration, the rhyming, the heavy metre—was never intrusive. Within the total euphony there were extremely satisfying modulations—the basic contrast of the chorus with the all male cast, more subtle variations within the chorus itself, the different symbolic intonations of the Tempters, the light tones of the priests, the plainsong of the choir, the grandiloquence of Thomas. Visually too the play was a delight. The late Gothic of St. Margaret's seemed a perfectly adequate Canterbury; the stage manager had ironed out any problems which the narrow chancel posed, and excellent use was made of the body of the church. In this respect the production skilfully manipulated our latent Christian sympathies.

So far it sounds no more than "son et lumière". What degree of genuine dramatic involvement was secured? Eliot presents Thomas as a version of himself—high-minded and articulate, with a taste for metaphysical speculation and his own inner tensions under control.

Oliver Slater's interpretation was largely accurate, impressively statuesque, magnificently high flown and



occasionally very moving (as in the Christmas Day sermon); but at times his self-control lapsed abruptly into unjustified hysteria. Understandably the chorus in gesture and intonation was inclined to accentuate this intensity and opportunities for tonal variation were lost. Even so, it was no small achievement to drill the group to the point of apparent spontaneity. All four Tempters made a lot of their parts: they spoke well, and effectively dramatized their relationship with Thomas, creating the outlines of an individual psychology on the basis of one overriding characteristic: Anthony Murphy's suggestive eye-rolling, Ewen Macmillan's mordant superciliousness, Matthew Tree's uneasy bonhomie, and Peter Hirsch's physical molestation of the Archbishop, textually without any basis; all this made a surprisingly varied Temptation sequence. The same actors also handled the prose post-mortem rather better than it deserved. The supporting rôles were likewise played competently and, if at the end one felt at all critical, the faults were as much Eliot's as the producers'.

Jim Cogan

Death of Siegfried

The *Death of Siegfried* was Wagner's original sketch for *Götterdämmerung*, the last opera in his great tetralogy *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Mark Griffiths took a very bold step when he decided to perform it as a school play, for, while Wagner has long been recognized as a tremendous musical genius, few people (apart from Wagner himself) have ever seriously maintained that he was a great playwright. In producing *Death of Siegfried* Mark Griffiths was faced with countless extravagant demands, as at the end where the Rhine is meant to overflow the stage; occasionally, as in this case, he omitted these sections altogether, but generally compromised very satisfactorily. He also made a compromise between treating the play entirely seriously and sending it up. This was a very difficult problem to solve; after all it is extremely hard not to send up a play as grandiose as this. However, the result of this ambivalent approach to the play was that the audience became confused: for example during Siegfried's narration in the third act when he was telling of his slaying of the dragon we saw the appropriate section of Fritz Lang's marvellous 1923 film *Siegfried*. It was impossible not to laugh at some of the antics of Siegfried and the dragon, and yet very shortly after we were all supposed to participate in Siegfried's tragic death. Nevertheless, although confusion resulted from this ambivalence, the reasoning behind Mark Griffiths's approach was very sound: he simply realized that the play was far too dry in itself. Thus he advertised it as a "multimedia experience", a description justified by many extracts from the *Ring*, the film, and also by the fact that one scene (Act Three, Scene One) was pre-recorded and Siegfried and the Rhinemaiden (just one in this production) mimed the parts.

The visual side of this "multimedia experience" was of a high standard throughout. The scenes were roughly divided into two groups, and so the fantastical scenes (those of the Norns, Valkyries and Rhinemaiden) were treated entirely differently from those in Gibich Hall. In the former the audience were kept at a distance from the characters, sometimes by the colours (as with the cold blues, whites, and silvers of the Valkyries' scene), sometimes by the extreme sparseness of the sets (especially true of the Norns' and Valkyries' scenes) and, in the Rhine-

maiden's scene, by the pre-recording. By way of contrast the predominant colours in Gibich Hall were soft browns and greens, and, whilst none of the sets was overcrowded, there were many more natural objects in these scenes (for instance the table, chairs, and goblets in Act One). Much thought was obviously put into the special effects for the most dramatic moments; Siegfried's death itself is the best example of this: Siegfried reaches the point in his narration where he remembers Brünnhilde, and Gunther cries out in horror; immediately there is a deafening sound of ravens cawing and Hagen shouts to Siegfried: "Can you tell also the speech of those ravens?" Siegfried looks up, Hagen slowly approaches from behind with his spear, and after three preparatory chords we hear the two merciless beats of the funeral march just as Hagen plunges his spear into Siegfried's back. Straightaway the sky changes colour to a blood red and we are launched into the funeral march proper. The production was most successful in details like this; the uncharitable will call it gimmicky, but it is vital in order to sustain interest in a play of this type.

This same problem, that of sustaining interest, confronted the actors. It was a very great problem; Wagner was not primarily a playwright; he was a musician. Thus he expressed his characters through music, and the words themselves do not carry nearly the same force. And force was really what I found lacking in much of the acting; take Siegfried for example: Richard Thomson made a valiant attempt at the part, but I didn't feel that he was a fearless hero. How can you possibly expect a schoolboy in his first play to be "der starkste Held der Welt"? Similarly how can a schoolboy play the rôle of Hagen, the personification of evil? William Dawkins did well to put the part across at all, but I never felt he was evil enough. Gunther is a very weak, feeble character, and Chris Graves did what he could with what is a very unrewarding part. As Gudrun, Siobhan Rae impressed me by the way she managed to project a character instead of allowing the part, as so often happens, to be pushed into the background by the forcefulness of Brünnhilde. The best performances, though, were those of Erica Foggin as Brünnhilde and Wilkie Hashimi as Alberich. The former, though perhaps lacking in heroism, was



Hagen

actress enough to dominate the stage, and the latter showed how much could be done with a small part.

If the play as a whole did not come to life as Mark Griffiths would have wished, this was partly the result of the acting, which was generally far too wooden, with not nearly enough movement. How-

ever the main fault lies in the play itself, and the fact that both the confirmed Wagnerite and the uninitiated could enjoy the evening reflects very favourably on all concerned.

Ian Pearson

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

(Upper Shell Set I's French Play)

In the subtle satire and comedy of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Pierre Hodgson as Monsieur Jourdain, whilst being denounced by John Cinnamon, his wife, for attempting to climb the ladder of society, lifted this most splendid of Molière's plays to a height from which it never subsequently fell.

Although the story belongs to the seventeenth century, because of the difficulty of hiring period costume, the production was set in the 1920's. The seeming incongruity of Molière embellished with Duke Ellington's Big Band Sound did not hinder the play in any aspect; indeed, the variation caused by this contrast enhanced it.

Before Madame Jourdain discovers her husband attempting to become an aristocrat, Monsieur Jourdain, in endeavouring to acquire some of the social graces and to be able to appreciate the finer points of the arts, is taught by the various masters of Philosophy, Music, Dance, and Arms. John Barkhan played his rôle marvellously as the aggressive, belligerent Maître d'Armes and yet, in a subtle way, there was a deliberate hint of inferiority in his acting, which was appropriate to the situation, for he was surrounded by, supposedly, men of culture.

John Cinnamon perfectly interpreted the rôle of Madame Jourdain as the stern unrelenting wife who sees through her husband's shortcomings. It was his accomplished acting that secured a contrast which was a vehicle on which the whole play could smoothly run; for Monsieur and Madame Jourdain were so different, had such varying ideals, and held such diverse attitudes towards their status as middle-class people, that each highlighted and made more poignant the traits of the other.

Monsieur Jourdain is totally gullible and flexible when in contact with aristocrats, and this is best illustrated by his friendship with Dorante. The latter was played by Matthew Tree and was perhaps the best interpretation of all the characters: he is an aristocrat; suave, arrogant, debonair, sly, and cunning; and within a short time he has made a puppet out of Monsieur Jourdain. The astute Madame Jourdain sees through Dorante but is

rendered powerless by his domineering ways. Monsieur Jourdain has fallen in love with Dorante's fiancée, a noble lady called Dorimène, who was played well by Mark Davison. Meanwhile, Lucile, Jourdain's daughter, played by Mark Farrant, and Nicole, the maid, played by Harry Chapman, are being courted by Cléonte and Covielle, his valet. They were played by Rupert Birch and David Hillelson; and what next followed was a superb double act in which first the women tantalized the men, and then the rôles were switched, setting the stage alight with energy and vitality.

Monsieur Jourdain refuses to allow Lucile to marry Cléonte on the grounds that he is not suitably noble. Covielle (David Hillelson), who stood out as one of the finest actors in the play, devises a plan to marry Lucile to Cléonte. After Dorante has entertained Dorimène at Monsieur Jourdain's expense in his own home, Covielle, disguised as the Ambassador to the Great Turk's son, convinces Monsieur Jourdain that the son of the Great Turk, who is really Cléonte, wishes to marry Lucile. Monsieur Jourdain suspects nothing. Suddenly the whole mood and atmosphere of the play turns turtle, for the Great Turk's son wishes to bestow the title of "Mamamouchi" upon Monsieur Jourdain. The latter is involved in a bizarre Eastern ritual, which signifies the climax of the play as a farce. Lucile and her mother see through the trick and consent to the marriage. Covielle marries Nicole, Cléonte marries Lucile, and Dorante marries Dorimène.

The play presents many problems for the producer: the constant changing of scenes and characters; the rapid switching of one scene to another to keep the audience in touch, and link the different themes indirectly, while retaining the individual story running through the play. In this respect, Pierre Hodgson had the difficult task of holding the plots together. This he did successfully. The whole play could have disintegrated into a series of sketches bearing little or no relevance to its neighbours. But the production was professional and flowed with ease.

The producer, Mr. Martin, directed with accuracy and discipline, but not so much so that the spontaneity and the natural reaction between the actors was stifled. Each person responded and



Photo: David Hillelson

**Dorimène (Mark Davison), Dorante (Matthew Tree)
and M. Jourdain (Pierre Hodgson)**

reacted to the atmosphere of the moment and to the other characters, with the result that the acting was not rigid and wooden, something which can so easily happen in school plays.

If I did attempt to fault this production I would

be doing a great injustice to a play which was produced in just over half a term, and all of whose actors were under the age of fifteen. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was superb entertainment.

Scott Keyser

Music

Christmas Term Concert

This concert continued the policy that, except in the Lent Term, when we hope to perform a major choral work, school concerts should rely entirely upon our own resources without outside professional assistance. But it was more ambitious than any such concert in the past, in that it began with an hour's chamber music, followed after an interval of half an hour by a full length concert of choral and orchestral items.

The Chamber Concert was a bold and important venture. By limiting this concert to one particular genre, albeit one that admits variations on a theme, Mr. Byrt ran the risk of attracting a smaller, though perhaps ultimately more appreciative, audience. The audience was, indeed, in marked scarcity, and frequently the music was punctuated by the percussive element of late arrivals grappling their way into choicer positions. However, for all those who did arrive before the final chord, there was a very polished and enjoyable event in store.

The performances in general were from highly proficient musicians who obviously knew their pieces and enjoyed playing them; what they perhaps lacked was that heightened touch of atmosphere only possible in a hall brimming with eager listeners; nevertheless, some of the necessary *stimmung* had been created by the end of the evening.

The already famed figures of Alistair Sorley and George Benjamin played with their usual professional skill a Zapeando by Sarasate. This was followed by an encouragingly confident rendering of a piece for brass octet by Merulo; well bound together by Mr. Byrt's conducting, and played with much more skill than comparable pieces in the past.

John Brisby completed a piano solo that was adequate, if somewhat short of his usual sparkle, with the *Grande Valse Brillante* by Chopin; a well-known piece, but thankfully not handled too heavily.

All the performances were sound but one could not help feeling that there was a certain lack of life in them, perhaps due to the conspicuously small audience, which made them seem more like the steady and reliable acting in the middle of a long

theatre run than the more nervous, but potentially brilliant, performances on a first night. Nevertheless, one could hardly apply this to the last piece, the sonata by Brahms for Clarinet and Piano. Simon Ubsdell and Callum Ross, two of our most distinguished musicians, who were making their final appearance, both made some not inconspicuous mistakes; but the general feeling of professionalism and a touch of brilliance breathed life into this piece, and closed the concert admirably and with excitement.

The whole idea was a most interesting innovation and the repetition of such Chamber Concerts would be greatly to the advantage of performers and audience alike.

The second half of the concert provided a most enjoyable selection of music, starting with Vivaldi, and progressing, through Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, to Britten and Vaughan Williams. Playing was of an exceptional standard, with a number of excellent solo performances and fine backing from the orchestra.

The first item, a concerto for four violins by Vivaldi, lies somewhere between chamber music and a full-scale concert hall piece. It is delicately scored, with two energetic outer movements and a gently emotive Largo between. The four soloists, Graeme Kirk, Ian Pearson, Charles Peebles, and Alistair Sorley, produced a spirited rendering of the Allegros, but the inner movement tended to sound slightly strained, particularly when the four parts were in unison. Nevertheless, the overall impression was enjoyable, with firm support from the orchestra and Callum Ross playing the continuo part on the harpsichord.

The Chandos Anthem No. 9, "O Praise the Lord with one consent", saw some fine singing from all the soloists (Mark Williams, Jonathan Wright, Alistair Williams (trebles), Timothy White (tenor), Alexander Scott (bass)) and the powerful choir, whose rendering of the final section ("Your voices raise") was particularly effective. The singing of the treble soloists was not only of a high standard but far the best treble singing heard at Westminster for years.

Before the interval came Bach's *Suite No. 2 in B minor*, with Guy Johnson as the flute soloist. This

Lent Term

was probably the most impressive performance in this part of the concert, with the orchestra providing outstanding accompaniment, exact but in no way rigid, and Guy Johnson playing with great feeling and lucidity. The piece consists of an overture followed by six dances, each of contrasting mood and tempo, and both soloist and orchestra managed to sustain constant variation together with sensitive playing, most notably in the central and closing sections.

After the interval came Beethoven's great *Coriolan Overture*, perhaps a dangerous choice in the light of its being so well known. Nevertheless, David Byrt managed to produce a solid performance of considerable intensity, and drew some fine playing from the strings, particularly in the opening sections.

Though Britten's cantata "Rejoice in the Lamb" is a wonderfully impressive work, the words he employs, taken from Christopher Smart's poem of the same name, are perhaps equally striking. The dedicatee, the Revd. Walter Hussey, comments that "Smart was a deeply religious man, but of a strange and unbalanced mind". Phrases such as "I will consider my cat Geoffrey", "for I am possessed of a cat, surpassing in beauty", and "H is a spirit and therefore he is God. For K is king and therefore he is God", would certainly bear this out. The soloists in this piece (Mark Williams, Helen English, Nicholas Freeth, and Alexander Scott) were, as in the Chandos Anthem, powerful and expressive, and the choir produced some outstandingly controlled singing, particularly in section seven, "I am under the same accusation with my Saviour", and at the end.

For the last item in the concert, David Byrt chose Vaughan Williams' *Folk Song Suite*, an excellent choice perhaps, for it is easily enjoyable and not over-taxing to an orchestra that has been playing for a full two hours. The three folk songs (Seventeen come Sunday, My Bonny Boy, and Folk Songs from Somerset) produced some of its finest playing from the orchestra, most notably in the strings and the woodwind. Altogether this piece formed a fitting end to one of the most enjoyable and successful concerts of recent years.

Marcus Alexander and
Christopher Duggan

Informal Concert

It was, of course, unfortunate, that this concert was overshadowed by the performance of the Verdi *Requiem* in the Abbey later in the term; this was reflected in the size of the audience for what was, in fact, an evening of great enjoyment, enhanced by most of the performers being members of the school rather than music staff or Old Boys. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the Election Term concert is always so popular, all the performers being boys or girls from the school.

The concert opened with the Schumann *Piano Quintet opus 44* played by a well-matched quintet, mainly from Ashburnham. Special praise must be given to Philip Shannon for his piano playing, although at times he tended to dominate the others. This was followed by the Telemann *Viola Concerto*, directed by Desmond Heath, in which the soloist, Ian Pearson, gave an inspired and truly professional performance of a work that is very difficult to put across. It is also to his credit that he played in all the other works in the concert except the song-cycle.

The first half finished with the Schubert *Quartettsatz*; this was a polished performance, but it seemed to lack depth and quality, perhaps in the main because though Alistair Sorley's technique is highly developed his playing lacked much expression. The others, however, particularly Charles Peebles, showed considerable feeling and musical sensitivity.

Nick Freeth started off the second half of the concert with a refreshing change from the rather more heavy works of the evening, by singing a selection from Vaughan Williams' *Songs of Travel*, accompanied by Philip Shannon. This song cycle presents many technical difficulties, especially in range and interpretation, but, all in all, Nick sang exquisitely, giving a very accomplished performance.

The concert concluded with a rather disappointing performance of Handel's *B Flat Concerto Grosso*. It is hard to say what went wrong with it, for the

players themselves made a very pleasant sound, under the skilful direction of Desmond Heath; but, taken as a whole, the work seemed to lack body, and the very special pleasure and quality that this, one of Handel's most brilliant works for chamber orchestra, should bring to the listener.

Our thanks go to David Byrt for organizing such an enjoyable evening, which, sadly, there were few people to appreciate.

Alex Scott

Verdi's Requiem

Your reviewer's first reaction on hearing that the school concert was to be a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* was amazement. It seemed to be one work which was definitely beyond the organizational capabilities of any school. And yet under Mr. Byrt it has been managed and that in itself is a triumph. But in choosing such a work, the performers had set themselves a task that required an unusually high standard of performance; so one should not review the *Requiem* with the genial condescension which can so often be the lot of school concerts.

The performance was given in affection and gratitude for the life and work of Dr. Thornton Lofthouse. In it the school's Choral Society was joined by singers from the Grey Coat Hospital, the two Francis Holland Schools, the United Hospitals Choir, and the South West London Choral Society, and the orchestra by students from the Royal College of Music and Trinity College. The soloists were Patricia Clark, soprano, Gloria Jennings, mezzo-soprano, Edgar Fleet, tenor, and Leslie Fyson, bass.

The general atmosphere of the performance was excellent; this was largely due to the surroundings, which also precluded the tasteless applause which might well have been the fate of this deeply religious work, had it been executed in a secular building. It should be remembered in this context that Verdi

wrote the *Requiem* in memory of the man he admired above all of his contemporaries, and whose death was a tragedy for him, the poet Manzoni. The performance itself had several characteristics which determined its quality throughout. The chief defect of the evening was that the choir, when singing with, and sometimes against, the full orchestra were to a large extent, blotted out. This was of course in large part not the fault of the choir itself, but of the strange acoustics, which very much favoured the brass but were most unhelpful to the choir and upper strings.

This impression was even more exaggerated for your reviewer, thanks to the original conception of the controller of seating of placing him directly behind the brass and timpani. This defect was most apparent in the *Dies Irae* and the *Sanctus*, but one should not complain overmuch, since at least it gave us an opportunity to hear more of the brass section, who played with wonderful fire and clarity throughout the work.

To the brass indeed was allocated the most inventive and spectacular part of the performance, when the trumpets, placed at either side of the audience, thundered out the last trump in true stereophonic fashion. This was thrilling for the unsuspecting audience, but it seemed to unsettle the choir's timing, for their supposedly heaven-storming entrance on the words "Tuba mirum spargens sonum" was more uncertain than anything else.

In a romantic choral piece the words and music are very closely related; thus the soloists in this *Requiem* must to a certain degree act as well as sing. This was achieved to a much greater extent by the tenor, Edgar Fleet, and the mezzo-soprano, Gloria Jennings, than by the other two soloists. On the whole the soloists managed their difficult parts commendably, with the possible exception of the soprano, Patricia Clark, who was in some difficulty during the immensely demanding *Libera Me*.

Although there are not a few points of criticism that could be made, especially about the tutti passages in the *Dies Irae*, there was much that was excellently done and these points also deserve mention. In the tense, yet beautiful, moment when the promise made to Abraham is recalled, the climax of the *Offertorio*, the soloists' co-ordination was per-

fect, and in the Liber Scriptus Gloria Jennings was outstanding, both in control and interpretation.

It has been said that as long as a work begins and ends strikingly, it doesn't matter what goes on in between; and certainly the school's performance seemed to function well on that principle, in that the Kyrie and the Libera Me were the best performed sections. In the former, the choir managed the delicate and moving entrance with both discipline and feeling, and made that quiet and introspective part of the work more overwhelming than all the brash fanfares of the Dies Irae.

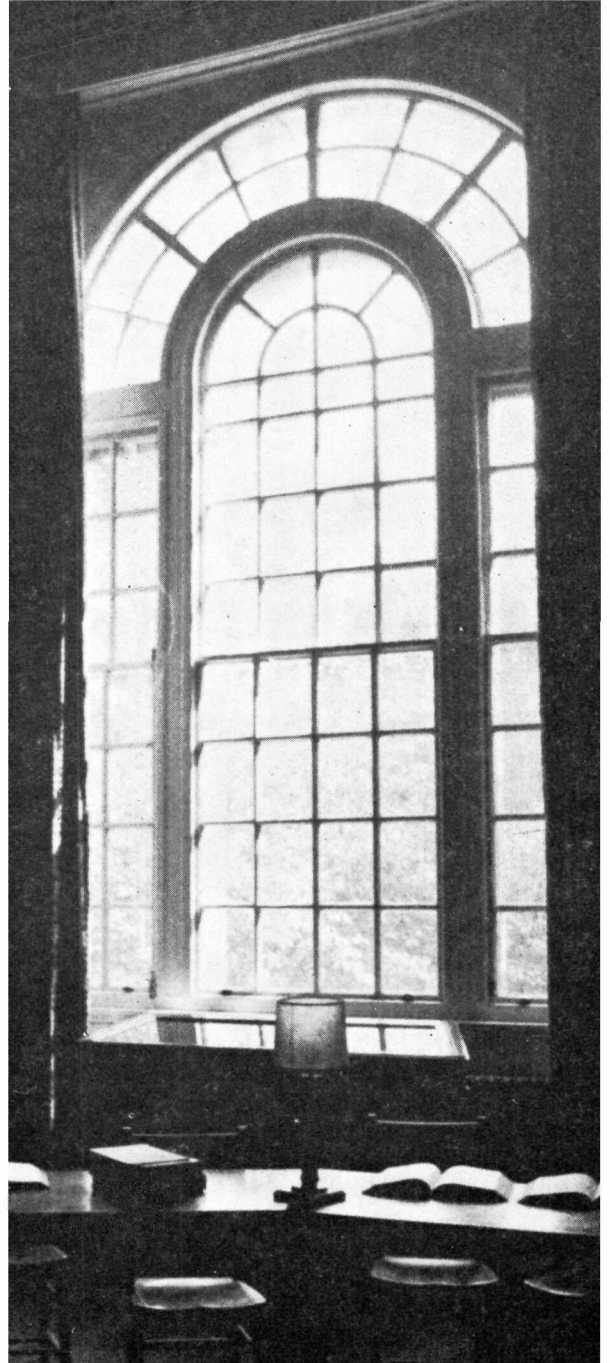
In the Libera Me, the choir was seen to be at its best in the quieter passages, achieving a greater degree of control, and of co-ordination with the orchestra. But of course this was, to repeat, as much as anything else due to the acoustics of the Abbey, which blurred terribly the louder passages. The orchestra too performed splendidly, capturing both the early sardonic element and also the lachrymose spirit of the deeply committed conclusion to the work.

Finally your reviewer found most successful Mr. Byrt's slow tempi; these enabled the audience to appreciate to the full the inspired melodies which manifest themselves throughout. At the same time he, the orchestra, and the choir conveyed the sad and intense mood of the *Requiem* without ever descending into sentimentality, as can so often happen in a performance of a romantic work.

Dominic Lawson

Every day
the man climbs
the 425 steps
to wind up
Big Ben
(it has to be that big
to hold the pendulum)

Stephen Caplin



Sports Reports

Football

P1 24 W 5 D 7 L 12 F 32 A 50

It is hard to write a report for the whole season when really the two terms were so different. In the Play Term it was a matter of regaining football abilities with a virtually unchanged team, whereas in the Lent, with several of the best players having left, the early part of the term was spent in re-making the side.

In the Play Term, we had a good team which virtually broke even with four wins, four draws and five defeats. As so often happens, we should not have lost four of the five, particularly against Eton. There were throughout, it must be said, a number of unnecessary goals conceded due to moments of slackness in the defence. However, luck was sometimes with us and overall the team played well. Our

strength lay in our forward line; A. P. Macwhinnie, in his faded, but ageless, pink shirt, gave the attack some purpose, which was well rewarded for most of the term. This gave confidence to the side and enabled the defence to sort themselves out. Co-ordination as a team was not our strong point, but R. A. Jones and S. A. Hollis in mid-field managed to forge some link between attack and defence. After Christmas, we lost Macwhinnie, Jones, and Ubsdell, the key players in each line. The pattern of play sometimes became obscure, and, although A. D. W. Kinn was prominent in attack, our ideas were often too ambitious to produce goals.

A number of interesting points arose out of the season as a whole. We seemed capable of playing our best football for one half of a match. In the Play Term the results were largely determined by whether we could hold on to our first half lead. We succeeded in this against St. Edmund's Canterbury,



Photo: Robin Brown

Winchester, and King Edward's Witley, but only achieved a draw with Ardingly, Lancing, and Repton, after having been at least a goal up at half time. In the Lent Term, it was harder to recognize a distinct trend but, if anything, the pattern was reversed. Often we allowed our opponents to dominate in the first half and left it until the later stages of the match to play our best football. However, being an inexperienced side, we were usually incapable of getting good results in this way. Only twice were we successful; a late goal against Christ's Hospital brought us our only victory of the term, and in the last minute of our game with the Army Crusaders a goal enabled us to draw. The best match of the term was a one-all draw with Charterhouse, when we managed to play reasonably well throughout.

A further difficulty was the large number of injuries sustained, particularly after Christmas. The

defence was hit the worst; only J. P. C. Fenton and S. A. R. Taube came through unscathed, and it was on them, with A. T. B. Rider in goal, that we had to rely when fielding an often makeshift back four.

The 1st XI season may have ended on a poor note; however the Colts and Junior Colts both had good seasons. The Colts' success was due largely to their goalkeeper T. J. Richards, Tiratsoo in midfield, and their captain, Thorne, in defence. There are, too, a number of promising younger players, so the future of Westminster football looks more encouraging.

The following represented the 1st XI during the season—Macwhinnie, Rider, Fenton, Jones, Ubsdell, Kinn, Hollis, Taube, E. N. W. Brown, Law, Stanbrook, Slater, Whittington, G. E. H. Wells, Lom, Knox, Livingston, and Frew, Graves, Hirsch, Flower, Garrett, Vigne.

Tom Rider

Fives

The past season has not been discouraging; six matches against schools were won out of thirteen played. Results against clubs were not so successful (two won, two drawn, ten lost) but those matches provide necessary experience to supplement the practices of Station Days.

The unexpected loss of Hugh Simon at the beginning of the season made a considerable difference as there would have been few school pairs to match his partnership with Julian Brigstocke. Brigstocke and Philip Wilson, however, played some admirable games and when they both struck form simultaneously were formidable opponents. Unfortunately such a coincidence was not a regular feature.

Their departure at Christmas meant the upgrading of second and third pairs and the creation of a new third pair. Petropoulos and White as first pair were often their own worst enemies, losing control of games in which they were comfortably leading. They

gained valuable experience, however, and greater steadiness with capacity to vary their game should make them a difficult pair to beat next winter. Their contrasting styles could blend into an effective combination.

The second pair, too, were beginning to play well together, though cries of "Steady!" were at times not inappropriate; nor always heeded. The third pair played determinedly but against more experienced players found it hard to adjust their game from its fairly stereotyped pattern.

The Fives competition was well supported and a great success. It showed that there are plenty of boys who enjoy the game and take advantage of the convenience of having courts within the school. A pity that not more are prepared to offer their services to the Station. The competition was won, as expected, by Liddell's by a comfortable margin over Wren's.

Judo

Pl 12 W 9 D 1 L 2

The last two terms have seen a revival in Westminster judo and we have had more success than at any time since Play Term 1971. Although our team contains few outstanding individual players, the most notable being Wilkie Hashimi with his celebrated strangle, we have had a greater strength in depth than any team we have played. This has dictated our tactics, which have been to try and win as many fights as possible at the lower end of the team to give the people at the top end a fighting chance against brown belts and blue belts. As can be seen from our match results these tactics have been very successful.

1973 Play Term	Aldenham (away)	won 6-5
	Lancing (away)	drew 2-2
	St. Paul's (away)	won 9-2
	St. Edward's, Oxford (home)	won 7-4
	Wilson's G.S. (home)	won 7-3
	Eton (home)	won 7-0 A team won 5-1 B team
1974 Lent Term	St. Edward's, Oxford (away)	won 5-1
	Dulwich (away)	won 6-3
	King's School, Canterbury (home)	lost 3-5
	Eton (home)	won 7-0 A team won 3-0 B team
	Christ's Hospital (home)	won 5-1
	Tonbridge (away)	lost 2-6

At the moment the club has one brown belt, one blue, six green, and several orange and yellow belts, which is very creditable when one considers the age of our members and the fact that in public gradings we have to fight and beat men in their twenties to gain promotion.

Before I finish I must just mention a match which does not appear in the results above, but which was just as great a triumph, the rugby match which the judo team played against Senior Grove Park.

Despite their "masterful" team we beat them 12-0, and thus completed a hat-trick of victories in this fixture.

I should like to thank Mr. Wightwick and George Chew, our coach, without whom none of our success would have been possible, and I hope that next year brings as much as this one has.

Andrew Berkinshaw-Smith

Shooting

In 1973 the 1st VIII had a very successful year. One member, J. M. Lander (B), shot in the selection trials for the Commonwealth Games and another, S. Trevor-Roberts (W), came second, shooting for England in the British Short Range Championships, while the team as a whole shot exceptionally well, winning all of its matches.

None of this would have been possible without the team coach, A. C. Lamb (London Secretary), who gives up a great deal of his time to expert and enthusiastic teaching and guidance. Mr. Harris, master in charge of the 1st VIII, whose lively and efficient work for the team is remembered by all its members, has finally decided to lay down his rifle. The team would like to thank him for all the service he has given, and at the same time to welcome Mr. Purchon, who has now succeeded him.

Unfortunately the team lost more than half of its senior members at the end of the Christmas Term, so that we are now building up a new, young, and to some extent inexperienced squad. The team captain is J. M. Lander and the secretary is S. Trevor-Roberts. The other members of the squad are: G. E. H. Wells, N. J. Bowman, N. G. A. Phillips, N. R. Edwards, S. A. Ridley, J. H. Wilson, A. P. Somervell, S. D. Peck, and N. C. Walker.

This team has shot admirably throughout the Lent term. Although it lost its first two matches, against Highgate and Charterhouse, it won all four rounds of a postal shoot against the Civil Service and had a clear win over them in a shoulder to



Photo: Nigel Purchon

shoulder shoot with a margin of forty-three points. J. M. Lander won the spoon for the highest score and N. J. Bowman that for the highest aggregate.

On Saturday, March 16th, a team of four, J. M. Lander, S. Trevor-Roberts, S. A. Ridley and S. D. Peck visited the Ham Ranges for the British Schools Long Range Championships. The team was placed second and J. M. Lander came second on the hundred yard range.

In the summer term the Shooting VIII have prospects of a long range shoot with Highgate and a match with St. Dunstan's. In October a return match with Charterhouse and a match with Lancing. The school has been invited to enter a team for the Civil Service Championships, and we shall probably travel down to the Bisley Ranges for the full-bore meeting.

Simon Trevor-Roberts

Athletics



A full report of the current Athletics season will be given in the next issue, but readers might be interested to see an up-to-date list of school record-holders. Records set before 1973 have been converted to their metric equivalent.

<i>Open</i>				<i>Under 16</i>			<i>Under 14½</i>		
100 m	G. D. Howlett	11.2	1891	N. N. M. Cohen	11.7	1954	A. Zachariades	12.2	1973
200 m	I. S. Cook	23.2	1967	E. G. Macmillan	24.1	1973	A. D. R. Abdela	25.7	1961
400 m	R. J. T. Givan	50.7	1957	R. J. T. Givan	} 53.5	1956	R. G. Dawson	56.1	1938
				E. G. Macmillan		1973			
800 m	R. J. T. Givan	1m 53.8	1957	R. J. T. Givan	2m 3.2	1956	R. F. P. Lindsay	2m 26.8	1974
1500 m	R. J. T. Givan	3m 56	1958	R. J. T. Givan	4m 22	1956	—	—	—
High jump	R. Griggs	5' 9"	1967	D. J. Ray	5' 6"	1974	C. R. Low	5' 0½"	1969
Long jump	J. W. Woodbridge	21' 3½"	1937	D. J. Ray	18' 10½"	1974	A. Zachariades	18' 2½"	1973
Weight	P. C. S. Medawar	45' 9"	1960	P. C. S. Medawar	41' 1½"	1958	A. D. R. Abdela	39' 9½"	1961
Discus	N. Nops	141' 7"	1967	D. Pickering	139' 1"	1966	—	—	—
Javelin	P. C. S. Medawar	162' 11"	1960	—	—	—	—	—	—

Cross-Country

The 1973-74 season began with a runaway victory for Woods (G.), holder and Captain, in the Senior Long Distance Race; it is to be regretted that none of his rivals was capable of staying with him and pushing him to the record he could surely break. The Junior Race provided greater excitement with Macmillan (R.), last year's winner, being narrowly beaten by Wareham (C.), the result of thorough and intelligent training, reaching a peak on the day that mattered (an example to David Bedford here!). However, the difference between the flat towpath and "real" country courses is indicated by the fact that it was Ridley (R.) and Reid I. M. (G.) (3rd and 4th respectively) who were to produce the more consistent running throughout the season.

Pride of place should go to this year's Under 15 team who, under Reid's inspiring leadership, ran with spirit and recorded fine victories against Abingdon, Winchester, Latymer, U.C.S., Highgate, and Haberdasher's Aske's. They were not able to remain undefeated, but even St. Albans were given a run for their money. Reid (who ran for London during the season) was ably supported by P. G. D. Smith, Carson, Lindsay, C. J. Buckley, and Davison. In occasional Under 16 matches this group was joined by Macmillan, Ridley, and Wareham, and again they enjoyed success; their best match was

against Raynes Park High School, which was lost by the narrowest margin possible, no disgrace against a team which was unbeaten in the Surrey Schools' League.

The Senior team was really a one-man show and Woods is to be congratulated on a fine series of individual wins. Perhaps his best performance was in coming 2nd in the Ranelagh Trophy out of a field of sixty and he also recorded one of the fastest legs in the Oxford Relay. He was unlucky to be injured on the day that we were visited by strong teams from Eastbourne and Haberdasher's, when Pepper (Haberdasher's) ran the towpath course in 16 min. 51 secs., over half a minute inside our record! Unfortunately the team lacked depth, and it was only when the promising juniors could be included that reasonable results were achieved. In the circumstances they can feel satisfied with 4th place in the Ranelagh Trophy and 11th (out of 38) in the Oxford Tortoises' Relay, to say nothing of beating the Old Westminsters and the ageing Common Room in the Towpath Cup!

A new event this year was an Under 14 Long Distance Race at the beginning of the Lent Term at Putney. Lindsay (W.) won in fine style from a new boy, Summers (R.), and also led Wren's to a narrow team victory over Rigaud's.



Photo: Robin Brown

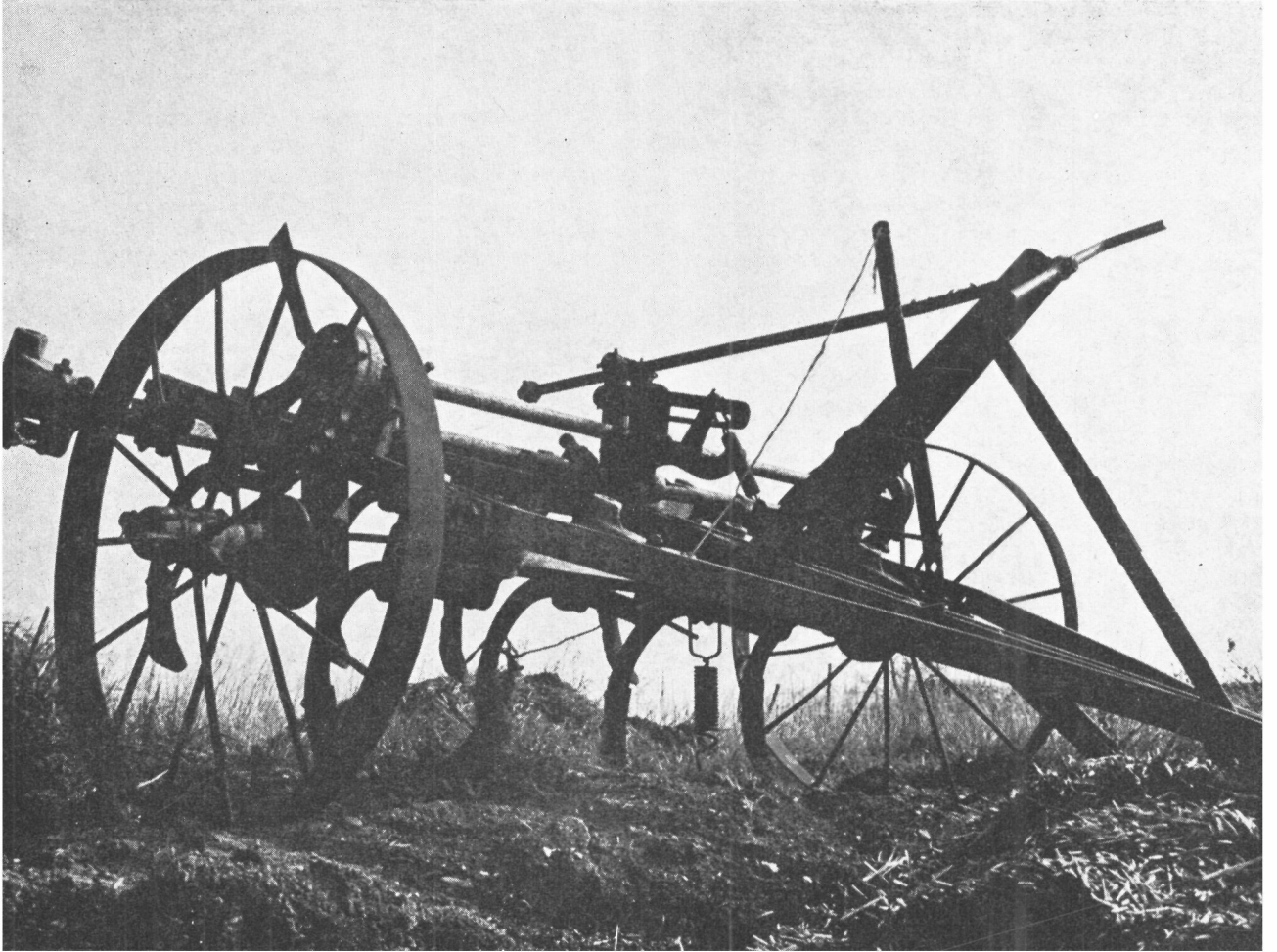


Photo: Nigel Purchon

The Elizabethan Club

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

The Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, S.W.1, on Monday, October 7th, at 7.00 for 7.30 p.m., immediately following the Annual General Meeting.

The retiring President of the Club, Sir Henry Chisholm, will preside and the principal guests will be the Dean of Westminster, the Head Master and the Dean of Christ Church, who will propose "Floreat".

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

Tickets: £5.00 each (inclusive of wines during Dinner).
Cheques to be made payable to THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB.

Dress: Dinner Jacket.

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

Commemoration

The Latin Service in Commemoration of the Foundation and Benefactors of the School will be held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, November 14th, 1974, at 8.30 p.m. After the service there will be a reception up School and in Ashburnham. Dress: Dinner Jacket. Admission to the Abbey and the reception will be by ticket only. Old Westminsters who wish to be present should apply for tickets not later than October 1st to the Reception Secretary, 17, Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1, enclosing stamped addressed envelope. It is regretted that not more than two tickets can be issued in response to any application. No tickets will be issued before October 25th.

O.W. Notes and News

The following O.W.W. were elected as M.P.s at the General Election in February:

Sir Frederic M. Bennett (R 1932-36)	Torbay	Cons.
L. R. Carr (G 1930-35)	Sutton and Carshalton	Cons.
R. N. Edwards (B 1947-52)	Pembroke	Cons.
Dr. Alan J. Glyn (G 1931-34)	Windsor and Maidenhead	Cons.
Sir Michael Havers (R 1936-40)	Wimbledon-Merton	Cons.
Nigel Lawson (H 1945-50)	Blaby	Cons.
N. D. Sandelson (G 1936-39)	Hillingdon-Hayes & Harlington	Lab.
A. D. Steen (A 1952-57)	Liverpool-Wavertree	Cons.
W. R. van Straubenzee (G 1937-42)	Wokingham	Cons.
A. N. Wedgwood Benn (B 1938-42)	Bristol S.E.	Lab.

L. R. Carr (G 1930-35) is Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer.

W. R. van Straubenzee (G 1937-42) is Shadow Minister of Education.

The Reverend Dr. Thomas Triplett, D.D., Sub-Dean 1662-70 and a benefactor of the school, has been appearing in Aubrey's *Brief Lives* at the Mayfair Theatre.

Michael Miller (K.S. 1946-51) has been appointed a Q.C.

J. J. T. Jeal (G 1958-62) has had his new novel *Cushing's Crusade* published by Heinemann.

D. F. J. Piachaud (W 1959-64), Lecturer in Social Administration at the London School of Economics, is a member of the Prime Minister's Policy Unit at Downing Street.

D. E. A. Carpenter (W 1960-64) has been awarded a Doctorate of Philosophy by Oxford University.

R. T. Friedlander (B 1966-71) has been placed in the First Class in Honour Moderations and been elected to a Westminster Scholarship at Christ Church.

C. R. L. Low (Q.S. 1967-72), who was awarded an Exhibition to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1972, has been elected to a Scholarship.

When the late Colonel R. H. Phillimore, C.I.E., D.S.O. (Q.S. 1893-96) died in 1964 at Gulmarg in Kashmir, the Indian Army accorded him a military funeral. On March 21st this year a bust of him was unveiled at Dehra Dun, the Headquarters of the Survey of India.

Election of Members

Both these unusual honours recognized his long and devoted service to the Survey, not only as a serving officer in the Royal Engineers until his retirement in 1934, but also the twenty-five years thereafter spent writing the *Historical Records of the Survey*, going back to its start in 1767.

The Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on February 26th at the Waldorf Hotel. Mr. V. J. G. Stavridi was in the chair and thirty-one O.W.W. were present. The Head Master was the guest and spoke after dinner.

O.W.W. who would like to keep in touch with the school may like to know that the Old Westminsters Lodge of Freemasons is the senior Public Schools Lodge, and meets four times a year up School, and the Brethren dine afterwards by kind permission of the Dean in College Hall.

Enquiries should be addressed to Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Herts.

The first A.G.M. of the **Rigauds Society** was held up Rigauds on 21st May 1974 and was followed by a dinner at which the following were present. O.R.R. who are not members of the Society and wish to join should write to the Hon. Secretary at 29 Great College Street, S.W.1

Dr. H. N. G. Allen, A. P. de Boer, H. Boggis-Rolfe, Hon. P. Bradbury, H. K. S. Clark, R. S. Clark, R. A. Colville, F. R. Cullingford, Dr. P. Davies, L. C. Dribbell, A. H. Fewell, E. R. D. French, J. R. Gandy, Miss J. Higgs, Dr. G. B. Hollings, M. J. Hyam, C. P. C. Martin, A. H. W. Matcham, P. W. Matcham, R. P. G. Meyer, B. J. Newman, D. J. Newman, G. H. Oxley, G. M. E. Paulson, R. J. Penney, J. C. Power, A. Rider, F. A. G. Rider, H. R. L. Samuel, J. Shillingford, Sir John Stocker, H. P. Straker, Miss L. Teare, J. W. Triggs, Dr. R. R. Watkin, Miss P. Wilkinson, P. B. Williamson, Dr. P. C. F. Wingate, J. T. Woodgate.

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

February 6th, 1974

House	Date of entry	Name and address
L	1969 ³	Antonatos, Dimitri 19, Berkeley Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.
B	1969 ²	Balfour-Lynn, Graham Howard Court House, 24a, Holland Park Road, London, W.14.
G	1969 ¹	Bernstein, The Hon. David Sidney Flat 4, 26, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.
C	1969 ³	Boothby, Henry Alexander 23, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.
B	1969 ³	Brett-Smith, Adam Falaise Brett 2, Ormond Road, Richmond, Surrey.
A	1968 ³	Brigstocke, Julian Renwick 41, Moore Street, London, S.W.3.
B	1969 ³	Brisby, John Constant McBurney 20, Ansdell Terrace, London, W.8.
R	1968 ³	Brown, Edward Nicholas William Riverhill, 1, Longdown Road, Epsom, Surrey.
W	1969 ¹	Chatto, James St. George Sproule 24, Christchurch Street, London, S.W.3.
L	1969 ¹	Clarke, Oliver Martin 32, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, W.6.
A	1969 ²	Cottom, Andrew Jonathan Muirfield, 46, Queen's Road, Weybridge, Surrey.
A	1969 ¹	Crowdy, Philip Adrian 6, Blackheath Park, London, S.E.3.
A	1968 ³	Denniston, Nicholas Geoffrey Alastair 40a, Ladbroke Square, London, W.11.
L	1969 ³	Dinn, James Layton Candlers, Harleston, Norfolk.
B	1969 ³	Ede, James Edward 37, Brook Street, London, W.1.
L	1970 ¹	Edgerley, William Thomas Manor Farm House, Kelsale, Saxmundham, Suffolk.
R	1968 ³	Edwards, Christopher Alan Farthings, St. George's Hill, Byfleet Road, Cobham, Surrey.

House	Date of entry	Name and address	House	Date of entry	Name and address
W	1970 ¹	Evans, Julian Philip Broke 15, York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.	R	1969 ¹	Ledger, Robert Mark Stanford University in Britain, Cliveden House, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks.
L	1969 ¹	Forbes, Charles Stewart 26, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1.	B	1969 ³	Leggett, Richard David George 12, Ranelagh Avenue, London, S.W.13.
W	1969 ³	Fournier, Alan Maurice 65, Dulwich Village, London, S.E.21.	C	1968 ³	Lemos, George James Dimitrios 14, Bryanston Court, George Street, London, W.1.
W	1971 ¹	Furber, Edward Richard Alexander 8, Pond Road, London, S.E.3.	G	1970 ¹	Lennon, Peter Anthony Hamper Mill, Hamper Mill Lane, Watford, Herts.
G	1969 ¹	Gardam, Timothy David 53, Ridgway Place, London, S.W.19.	C	1969 ³	Longford, Thomas Michael Wingfield Gamlingay Rectory, Sandy, Bedfordshire.
R	1970 ¹	Garner, Anthony Frederick John 7, Iverna Court, London, W.8.	L	1969 ¹	Louloudis, Leonard Constantine 19, Lowndes Lodge, Cadogan Place, London, S.W.1.
A	1970 ¹	Golding, Daniel David 12A, Welbeck House, 62, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.	L	1969 ²	Lowe Watson, Stephen 10, Highgate High Street, London, N.6.
W	1969 ³	Greene, Timothy Charles 25, Addison Avenue, London, W.11.	B	1969 ¹	Lyne-Pirkis, Charles Julian Aldwyn Ockford Hill, Godalming, Surrey.
G	1970 ¹	Hammerson, Anthony Robert Wadwick House, Wadwick, St. Mary Bourne, near Andover, Hants.	R	1969 ³	McNair, Hamish Lindsay 24, Queen's Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.
B	1969 ³	Harding, Samuel Adam 1, Palliser Court, Palliser Road, London, W.14.	G	1969 ¹	Macwhinnie, Antony Philip Flat 902, "Tavistock", 10, Tregunter Path, May Road, Hong Kong.
B	1968 ³	Hare, John Robert Hemingway 21a, The Close, Salisbury, Wilts.	R	1968 ³	Manser, Jonathan Paul St. John's House, Chiswick Mall, London, W.4.
W	1969 ³	Hodson, Paul Benedict 1, Wildwood Terrace, North End, London, N.W.3.	A	1969 ³	May, Simon Philip Walter 68, Lowther Road, London, S.W.13.
C	1969 ³	Hudson, Andrew William 36, Wimpole Street, London, W.1.	W	1970 ¹	Mostyn, Alaric Hugh Hunter 3, Southwood Lawn Road, London, N.6.
W	1969 ¹	Hurst, Andrew Charles Simon 901, Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1.	R	1968 ³	Newman, David John 10, Woodhall Drive, College Road, London, S.E.21.
B	1969 ²	Johns, Patrick Norman Chaloner 32, Calonne Road, London, S.W.19.	L	1969 ²	Ogden, Jonathan Digby 15, Winterstoke Gardens, Wise Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.
C	1969 ¹	Johnson, Guy Andrew 6, Alan Road, London, S.W.19.	L	1969 ²	O'Shanohun, Jeremy Nicholas 24, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.
R	1969 ³	Jones, Romily Arthur 31, Newton Road, London, W.2.	W	1970 ¹	Otten Sooser, Gabriel Stephen 15, Wynnstay Gardens, Allen Street, London, W.8.
A	1970 ¹	Kent, Ronald Simon 6, Ranulf Road, London, N.W.2.	A	1970 ¹	Ovens, Steven James 38, Devonshire Place, London, W.1.
W	1969 ¹	Kirk, Graeme Donald 75, Rycroft Road, London, S.W.16.			
R	1969 ³	Kowol, Thomas Paul Shalford Cottage, Uffington Road, London, N.W.10.			

House	Date of entry	Name and address
L	1969 ¹	Pappworth, Robert Adam Holly Hall Farm, Deepcar, near Sheffield, Yorks.
A	1971 ³	Porter, Andrew The Royal Institution, 21, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.
C	1969 ³	Ray, Ian Deric 37, The Drive, Esher, Surrey.
B	1969 ³	Richards, Simon Anthony Bill Hill Park, Wokingham, Berks.
R	1969 ³	Riviere, Oliver Byam Samuel 4, Stanford Road, London, W.8.
B	1969 ³	Rose, Lochlan Houghton 37, Millington Road, Cambridge.
C	1968 ³	Ross, Callum David George Orchard House, Downside, Epsom, Surrey.
A	1970 ¹	Rutherford, Charles Darley 18, Hitherwood Drive, London, S.E.19.
W	1970 ¹	Schwartz, Paul Arthur 26, Walton Street, London, S.W.3.
A	1969 ¹	Seddon, David James 77, Lawn Road, London, N.W.3.
C	1969 ²	Ubsdell, Simon 110, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.
L	1969 ¹	Vincenzi, Mark James Chalkney Cottage, Lamberts Lane, Earls Colne, Essex.
R	1969 ³	Weir, Archibald Matthew 30, Camden Square, London, N.W.1.
B	1968 ³	Wells, Edward Christian John Brook House, Woodlands Road, London, S.W.13.
G	1969 ³	Williams, Simon John 5, Field Close, Molesey Park Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

House	Date of entry	Name and address
G	1968 ³	Wilson, Lewis Andrew Gallery House, 139, Burbage Road, London, S.E.21.
L	1969 ¹	Wilson, Philip Charles 21, Elm Avenue, London, W.5.

May 1st, 1974

House	Date of entry	Name and address
G	1971 ³	Cawston, Timothy Edwin Rhys Willow Cottage, Chalford Lane, Chorley Wood, Herts.
B	1970 ¹	Davies, Robert Adrian James Poplars, Woodhurst Road, Maidenhead, Berks.
R	1970 ³	Dick, Jasper Henry 3, Linton Road, Oxford.
A	1970 ³	Griffith-Jones, Robin Guthrie 5, Blithfield Street, London, W.8.
G	1970 ¹	Hatton, Philip 39, St. Lawrence Avenue, Tarring, Worthing, Sussex.
A	1970 ¹	Macnair, Hugh Peter Atkin 28, Rawlings Street, London, S.W.3.
W	1970 ¹	Mawson, Robert Stuart 7, Clarence Gate Gardens, Glentworth Street, London, N.W.1.
G	1969 ²	Orgill, Andrew Alan 18, Hillview, London, S.W.20.
B	1969 ³	Pearson, Ian Barclay 114, Sutton Court Road, London, W.4.
R	1970 ³	Somervell, Colin Martin Sidegarth, Staveley, Kendal, Westmorland.

Obituary

Allen—On April 10th, 1973, Charles Pratley (1920-25, G), aged 67.

Asquith—On December 18th, 1973, Simon Roland Antony (1932-38, A), aged 54.

Astbury—On November 26th, 1973, Arthur Ralph (1895-97, A), aged 93.

Benson—On January 22nd, 1974, John Arthur Gillies (1927-30, A), aged 61.

Buchanan—On November 17th, 1973, James Graeme (1915-17, H), aged 72.

Chapman—On January 20th, 1974, Walter George (1891-93, G), aged 97.

Comer—On October 22nd, 1973, David Anthony Claude Marcel, Flt. Lt., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F. (1933-35, H), aged 54.

Creswell—On April 8th, 1974, Sir Keppel Archibald Cameron, C.B.E. (1891-96, H), aged 94.

Dugdale—On April 22nd, 1974, Alfred Stratford (1896-1901, G), aged 91.

Dunbar—On November 28th, 1973, Uthred Home Bernard (1914-15, H), aged 71.

Erskine—On April 23rd, 1974, Keith David (1920-24, K.S. and A), aged 66.

Fisher—On November 22nd, 1973, Roderick Charles (1916-21, K.S.), aged 71.

Hamilton—On March 24th, 1974, Arthur Douglas Bruce (1914-15, H), aged 73.

Lochhead—On December 7th, 1973, Alexander David (1942-46, R), aged 44.

Lowry—On March 23rd, 1974, Geoffrey Charles, O.B.E., T.D. (1907-13, K.S.), aged 79.

McBride—On January 30th, 1974, Walter Nelson (1918-24, G), aged 69.

Macdonald—On December 11th, 1973, Ronald (1901-02, H), aged 87.

McKay—On October 31st, 1973, Gordon George Adrian (1912-13, R), aged 75.

Mackintosh—On April 9th, 1974, Neil Alison, C.B.E., D.Sc. (1915-18, G), aged 73.

Pantin—On November 10th, 1973, William Abel (1917-20, R), aged 71.

Rae-Fraser—On January 13th, 1974, George Gerald, M.B.E. (1902-06, G), aged 85.

Sayers—On March 18th, 1974, Gerald Fleming (1908-10, A), aged 81.

Sorley—On December 30th, 1973, Kenneth William (1908-10, G), aged 78.

Stones—On April 10th, 1974, Charles Edgar, F.R.I.C.S. (1913-18, H), aged 74.

Summers—On December 21st, 1970, Geoffrey (1950-54, W), aged 33.

Taylor—On January 16th, 1974, Arthur Peach (1916-22, H), aged 70.

Tiarks—On January 2nd, 1974, Right Reverend John Gerhard (1917-22, K.S.), aged 70.

Vedder—On February 13th, 1974, Lt.-Col. John Roos (1914-18, R), aged 73.

Ward—In September 1973, Commander Sir Melvill Willis, Bart. R.N., D.S.C. (Apr.-Dec. 1896, R), aged 88.

Whitley—On December 29th, 1973, Edward (1920-24, G), aged 67.

Williams—On April 19th, 1974, Sir Griffith Goodland, K.B.E., C.B. (1904-09, K.S.), aged 83.

Willson—On July 5th, 1973, Thomas Olaf, C.B.E. (1895-98, A), aged 92.

Lofthouse—On February 28th, 1974, Charles Thornton, Mus.D. (Director of Music 1924-39), aged 78.

Sir Archibald Creswell, C.B.E.

Sir Archibald Creswell, who died in April at the age of 94, was an outstanding authority on Islamic architecture and craftsmanship. In 1920 he settled in Cairo, where he lived for the rest of his life, devoting himself exclusively to the study of Muslim building in the Near East. He was Professor of Muslim Art and Archaeology at the Egyptian University from 1931-51, and of Muslim Architecture at Cairo University from 1956. He published several massive and definitive volumes on these subjects as well as many papers in learned journals.

But no note on Creswell's life and work would be complete without reference to his personality. His small, neat figure, always impeccably dressed, with a high starched collar in the hottest weather, was familiar in the streets of Cairo and commanded respect and indeed fear in every situation—even during the height of the Suez crisis when he strode through the Cairene crowds carving a swath with his sword-like walking-stick. For any sort of cruelty, even so venial a one as that of beating an over-laden donkey, he had no tolerance. The sequence was inevitable: (i) Arab carter savagely belabours donkey, (ii) Creswell leans over the side of his open car and thrashes Arab carter, (iii) crowd assembles and blocks street, (iv) Creswell spots distant and reluctant policeman, leaps from car, thrashes his way through the crowd and collars policeman when on the point of escaping, (v) Creswell compels reluctant policeman to march offending carter in front of him to the nearest

police station, (vi) crowd makes away with cart and donkey. To his last day, Creswell was unaware of the demise of the British Empire.

The C.B.E. accorded to him in 1955, his fellowship of the British Academy, his gold medal from the Royal Asiatic Society, and many other recognitions of his achievement as a scholar, were received with a proper appreciation, but his friends felt that the knightly spurs which came to him in 1970 were his just and most felicitous reward.

(Abbreviated from *The Times*)

Sir Griffith Williams, K.B.E., C.B.

Sir Griffith Williams entered College in 1904 and was elected head to Christ Church in 1909. He was a master for a short time first at Wellington, then at Lancing; but in 1919, after war service in India and Mesopotamia, he was appointed to the Board of Education where he remained until he retired as Deputy Secretary (of the by then Ministry) in 1953. He was created C.B. in 1945 and K.B.E. in 1949.

In the mid-30's he had been Principal Private Secretary to Lord Halifax and Oliver Stanley, and was a greatly liked, highly respected and influential personage in the world of education. He played a prominent part in the preparation of the Education Act of 1944 for the reconstruction of the education system after the war. His interests lay mainly in the schools, especially in the Grammar and Public Schools. He was a member of the unofficial Committee of Three on the future of the Public Schools. Their report led directly to the establishment of two Governing Bodies' Associations, and subsequently of the Fleming Committee. He was also, when Ellen Wilkinson was Minister of Education, the principal architect of the present Direct Grant system. Later he was closely involved with the Awards Scheme which enabled so many members of the Armed Forces to go to the universities.

Of commanding stature (despite a slight stoop), with a patrician yet kindly cast of feature, and a resonant voice, he was characterized by a geniality, an approachability, and a depth of sympathetic understanding. A devout Anglo-Catholic, he was well versed in the finer points of ecclesiastical practice. A special pleasure, in which he could indulge to the full at the Athenaeum, was assessing the form of likely candidates for ecclesiastical preferment. It was no surprise therefore when, on his retirement in 1953, Bishop Wand invited him to become the first Secretary of the Churches' Main Committee, a post he held until 1970.

He was also Commissioner for the City of Westminster Boy Scouts from 1925-35, and member of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts, Governor of Eastbourne College, and a member of the Governing Bodies Association.

(Abridged from *The Times* notice by R. N. Heaton, K.S. 1925-30)

The Right Reverend J. G. Tiarks

J. G. Tiarks, son of a clergyman, entered Westminster as a King's Scholar in 1917: he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, in 1922 and thence to Ridley Hall, from which he was ordained in 1926. For the next eighteen years he was in Lancashire, for the last seven as Vicar of St. Helen's, before going to Bradford in 1944 as Vicar and Provost of the Cathedral. In 1962 he was appointed Bishop of Chelmsford, retiring in 1971. He was Chairman of Simeon's Trustees from 1949-62 and in 1963 succeeded Sir Cecil Hurst as a Busby Trustee retiring in 1971 when the vacancy was filled by the Rt. Hon. Robert Carr. He was for many years a regular broadcaster and well known for his bon-mots. He described the London Sunday as "ugly rampant paganism", the opening of the football season as "All Pools Day", and the surest way of increasing a congregation as to announce the closing of the church.

The Bishop of Wakefield said of him in *The Times*: "He was more than a preacher and organizer, he was a man of deep but simple Christian devotion, and it is for the quality of his pastoral ministry that he is most remembered in his parishes. . . . It was one of the mysteries of the Church of England's system of appointment that Tiarks was not raised to the episcopate many years before he was. . . . In the huge diocese of Chelmsford he gave himself unreservedly to the service of Church and County."

Mr. S. R. A. Asquith

S. R. A. Asquith was a grandson of the Prime Minister, and his mother, Lady Cynthia Charteris, was J. M. Barrie's secretary. He was up Ashburnham from 1932-38, and had two sons at the school between 1958 and 1964.

Mr. W. G. Chapman

W. G. Chapman, who died in January at the age of 97, was perhaps the oldest living Old Westminster. He was up Grant's from 1891-93.

Dr. W. A. Pantin, M.A., D.Litt., F.B.A.

W. A. Pantin went from Westminster to Christ Church, where he took a First in Modern History in 1923. After a lectureship at Manchester University from 1926-33, he returned to Oxford as Fellow and History Tutor of Oriel until his retirement in 1969. From 1946 he was also Keeper of the University Archives. As a research worker he specialized in the History of the Black Monks in England, studying monastic architecture, archives, and letters; he later turned to the Benedictine colleges in Oxford, medieval Oxford, and local topography, publishing several books and many articles on all these subjects. He also, for a time, edited the Oxford Historical Society's publications. *The Times'* notice said of him: "He was one of the most learned and lovable of Oxford characters. Books, plans, and drawings covered not only the walls but the floor, tables, and chairs of his rooms in Oriel to such an extent that his study became an academic peepshow. His small, round figure bobbed about like a swimmer's in a rising tide of volumes. The mixture of freshness and informality with erudition, which made him a successful tutor and lecturer, came out in his conversation. He was a charming host, an apt and witty after-dinner speaker, and a good colleague."

Dr. N. A. Mackintosh C.B.E., D.Sc.

N. A. Mackintosh, the distinguished biological oceanographer and authority on the ecology and populations of whales, was zoologist to the first *Discovery* expedition to South Georgia and the Antarctic in 1924. He took part in three major voyages of *Discovery II*, being leader of two of them. He became Chief Scientific Officer to the *Discovery* committee in 1929, was Director of Research from 1936-49, and later Deputy Director of the National Institute of Oceanography. In 1961 he established and became Director of the Whale Research Unit at the Natural History Museum. He was editor of *Discovery Reports*, to which he made many outstanding contributions. In addition to his work on whales, he published important papers on the macroplankton of the Antarctic and discovered their seasonal vertical migration. He was awarded the Polar Medal in 1942 and the Patron's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1954.

At school he was a useful athlete, being a football "pink" and a good sprinter, specializing in the 100 yards and the long jump. For many years he supported O.W. functions whenever he could. He was unmarried.

Dr. C. T. Lofthouse Mus. D.

Only the happiest memories are associated with the name of Charles Thornton Lofthouse. Very many Old Westminsters who were at school in the twenties and thirties will remember him as a master who brought music into the school for everyone to enjoy. Many young boys discovering the early adventures of school life found that singing in "Mad. Soc." or playing in the orchestra was an uplifting "adventure". Then under the encouraging baton of Dr. Lofthouse, a very real and deep love of great music grew, until for many boys music became an essential part of life, which in later years would never diminish.

To take part in all kinds of musical activity was natural under Dr. Lofthouse's leadership; even non-musical boys enjoyed joining in the carefully selected choruses from oratorios and in the school song. His teaching was rather to lead and arouse enthusiasm than merely to impart musical knowledge. As a result every boy in the school came to have an acquaintance with the works of the great masters from Bach and Handel to composers of the twentieth century. For the boys who showed genuine talent, Charles Lofthouse continued to give inspiration and a sound musical education.

His popularity was based on his sense of humour and a warm-hearted friendliness; no one's effort was too modest to arouse his interest, for he assumed that his own love of music must be shared with everyone, particularly as Westminster enjoys the unique advantage of the Abbey with its great musical tradition and superb organ.

The memorial to Charles Lofthouse is not in stone or wood but in the life-long love of music which he engendered through his example and warm encouragement and which has remained as a permanent gift in the lives of many Old Westminsters, and indeed of all who knew him.

Mr. K. W. Sorley

Kenneth Sorley, son of Professor W. R. Sorley, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, was the twin brother of the poet Charles Sorley, who was killed at Loos in 1915. From Westminster he went to Oriel and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. Though unfitness prevented him from fighting in the First War, he was a very brave and efficient A.R.P. Warden through the Blitz. He married in 1950 Frances Berry.

Mr. K. D. Erskine

Keith Erskine, who died in April from injuries received in a car accident at Taynuilt, Argyll, was the son of Sir James Erskine. While still at the school he spoke from the hustings when his father stood and was elected for St. George's Westminster in the 1921 by-election. His name began to come to public notice when Kensington Palace Hotels Ltd., of which he had become Managing Director the previous year, took over a small private company called Securicor. The success and rapidity of its expansion under his leadership need no comment. He was a demonic worker, often sleeping at headquarters on a camp bed and sometimes going out himself with his armoured vehicles. He had been Chairman of Metal Closures Group since 1959 and was senior partner in Hextall, Erskine & Co., solicitors. In the midst of these and many other activities he was Chairman of the Multiple Sclerosis Society's National Appeal, and both he and the Securicor staff provided tremendous help to the Society; this included the delivery every Christmas morning of 500 hampers donated by him.

Mr. W. N. McBride

W. N. McBride was an outstanding ball games player, being a member of the School Cricket XI for three years and Captain in 1924. His great season was the previous year when he averaged 49.46 and scored three centuries in successive matches. When he left it was said he had made more centuries for the School than any previous player. He was also an able goalkeeper. Going up to Christ Church he joined the few O.W.W. to be given a Blue for both games.

Later on he was in goal the only time Westminster reached the Arthur Dunn final and played some cricket for Hampshire. Going to Canford as a master he had the benefit of a real tennis court and represented the O.W.W. in the Henry Leaf competition. A few years after the war he moved and became a director of Davies's, the well-known London tutors.

Mr. R. D. E. Spry

Richard Spry, whose death at the early age of 29 was recorded in our last issue, after leaving Westminster in 1962, spent a year at the University of Grenoble and then went up to University College, Oxford, where he read P.P.E. and became Secretary of the O.U.B.C. In 1967 he returned to Canada and the following year was Mr. Trudeau's Office and Facilities Manager during his successful General Election campaign. He then went into Radio and Broadcasting and became one of the best known and most respected figures in the media in Canada. His work for the C.B.C. in Montreal is acknowledged as one of the most successful attempts by the Canadian media to bring French and English Canada closer together. He combined this work with teaching "The Politics of Communication in Canada" at Loyola University and a course in contemporary film at Dawson College. His final post as Supervisor of Radio News and Public Affairs in Winnipeg was a senior post not usually given to a man of Richard's age. He combined a love for Quebec and Canada with a desire to see that the media be used to help, instruct, improve, and inspire, and displayed a dedicated selflessness that will remain a shining example. In his long final illness he derived tremendous support from his wife Deirdre.

Mr A. D. B. Hamilton, C.M.G.

Bruce Hamilton and his younger brother Patrick, who predeceased him, were both very briefly at Westminster during the First War. After leaving University College, London, in 1926, he went to live in Barbados and remained there for the rest of his life, principally teaching at Harrison College and the Technical Institute. He was also Chairman of the Barbados Public Service Commission and President of the Barbados Arts Council. He wrote several competent and readable novels, and a moving memoir of his brother, *The Light Went Out*, published in 1972.

Masters in the photograph published in November 1971 issue

Mr. Adrian Cocks (K.S. 1918-22) writes:

Raynor. I commenced my boarding apprenticeship in College in the autumn of 1918, and remember him well. He *could* raise an occasional smile; I'm sure he made a good job of producing the Latin plays, and, amongst other accomplishments, he could play a useful game of Fives.

Etheridge was paid to teach French but spent a lot of classroom time sipping hot water from a glass tumbler. He was sometimes referred to as "The man of blood".

Gow. Gave up at the end of the 1919 Summer Term on account of, I believe, failing eyesight. When Latin Prayers had finished up School on his last day, he walked to the far end of School and shook hands with each boy as we quietly filed out. I think we had to say our name and there was a quite distinct atmosphere of sadness about the occasion.

Bill Huckwell. There was a good story about him in my time. He did not normally participate vocally during morning prayers in Abbey; but the story went that on one occasion in the middle of the creed Bill's voice rang out loud and clear proclaiming the somewhat unique affirmation "Oi believe in Pontius Poilate".

Brigadier S. D. Graham writes:

If of any interest I can add the following memories of the masters in the Nov. '71 issue photo:

Jimmy Gow. I agree, a very kindly human soul. He spoke in short terse sentences. If the Buck told me to get special permission for something, Gow would say, "Don't see why I should." Pause. "But don't see why I shouldn't."

Wootton came while I was at the school (G 1903-08). He was known as Wotan Ye War God. One day at a Grant's cadet corps parade, my name had been put up as 12th man for some school match. "Daddy" Boulton (now Sir Adrian) was sergeant on the right of the line, I was sergeant on the left. When it came to my turn, on the command "Number", I said "Twelfth Man", and got severely told off. I enjoyed his science form. He took a personal interest in me.

J. Michell. Dear old Mike. My last year at school I decided to learn German, and, as far as I remember, Mike was the only master who taught it. In the form was one Hope, the school wag. Invariably the first thing Mike said as he entered was "Hope, say your lines". So Hope had to stand in the open doorway and recite the words over the entrance to Dante's Inferno, my phonetic memory of which nearly 70 years later sounded something like "Tuti voyi qui entrati laschiati oni speranza".* (Abandon Hope all ye that enter here.) Fellows used to present him with pencils made in the workshops almost

the size of pickhelves. He'd advance on you with one of them saying, "Toddy (my nickname), I'll give you such a crack of the head in a minute." There was some doggerel which finished "Herr Michell's mächtige bleistift leaves it marks on my skin." One day he was strolling round when I was batting at the nets. He stopped and said, "Eh, a very bad shot, Toddy. Play it like this.", demonstrating with his umbrella, which put paid to its handle, amid cheers from bowlers and batsmen.

I was at the War Office when Earl Haig died. So, when they asked for ushers at the Abbey, I applied, if I could have my old school chapel, Poets' Corner. And many a famous person came to be escorted to his seat like Lloyd George and Megan. But what I remember most vividly was the pipers of the London Scottish playing the Flowers of the Forest in Henry VII chapel. It appealed to my Scottish blood.

*Dante's actual words are: "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate." *Ed.*

Mr. G. W. M. Wiggins writes:

Although my time at Westminster does not go back to 1910, I cannot refrain from entering the fascinating correspondence about the Masters.

My time at the school ran from May 1917 to July 1923, and during that time I had the most undistinguished career possible, but it was on the whole a most interesting time to be there. For instance, I was there for the last two years or so of Gow's headmastership, when he was almost entirely blind, and saw the arrival of Costley White, who looked to me, then aged about thirteen, to be a very elderly gentleman indeed; he was, I suppose, about 35.

I experienced the last fifteen months of the war when strict rationing was in force, which resulted in the Day Boarders up Rigaud's being divided into meat eaters or otherwise, according to their family's ability to get meat outside the normal ration. Strict O.T.C. control was experienced by all and the large majority of boys wore nothing but uniform. So much so that, when the war ended, several boys had neither tails nor Eton jackets and arrived after the final date given to leave off uniforms still wearing them, and got tanned up School for so doing. I remember many day time air raids when we all descended into the cloisters and spent most of our time there "sheltering" under the glass roof at the entrance to Little Cloisters.

I also have the clearest memories of King George the Fifth, Queen Mary, the then Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, later King George the Sixth, coming to the School, all on the same occasion, to see the Pancake

Grease. The O.T.C. formed the guard of honour from Parliament Square to the Abbey when the Unknown Soldier was buried, and we had the best possible view of the scores and scores of celebrities, including, of course, the Prime Minister and all the Cabinet, who followed the entire Royal Family. We also attended the weddings of Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Princess Mary.

I must also mention the *really* famous day when at Vincent Square Taylor and Lowe bowled out Charterhouse for, I think, 26, and then between them scored more than that themselves; *and* all before Lunch.

During most of my time there was a very strong interest in everything theatrical, and this possibly helped boys such as John Gielgud, Byam Shaw, and others, in their careers. George Robey's son was also at the school in my time.

Ah well; happy days; or were they?

Now about the Masters.

B. F. Hardy—Basil. Most likeable. He had only one eye and it was always said that he lost the other in Spain after he had called someone a liar. True or not, he always said, "I suppose you would be annoyed if I called you a liar." He became Housemaster up Rigaud's in 1923 and made the most welcome change from Fox, who was one of the most unsympathetic Form or House Masters I ever experienced.

Dr. Gow—Jimmy please, *not* James. A really charming man; he had the most pleasant habit of sending round the form rooms, on hot afternoons, Sergeant, of blessed memory, to say that the Head Master thought it too hot to work.

Mitchell—Mike. Really a great character, and it was claimed that he had never ever trimmed his moustache; and it certainly looked that way.

Baron De Aponte. He came in only once or twice a week to teach Spanish which, if you were wise, you could take up instead of Latin. No attempt whatsoever was made by the Baron to teach anyone a word of Spanish, and his sessions provided his class of about sixteen or so with a splendid opportunity to rest, gossip, or do their homework. After a couple of years or so of this we had for some reason or other to move the class to the first room on the ground floor of the old College building. This would not have mattered much, if it had not been for the fact that the wall of the room did not reach the ceiling and thus allowed anyone passing in the corridor to get a very good idea of what was going on. Finally, as we were all enjoying a most exciting Cricket Match, with a soft ball of course, and the Baron had just bowled someone out and was advancing on the wicket, bat in hand and crying out "my turn to bat", the door

opened and in walked Costley White. That, needless to say, was the end of the Baron; and after a very short interval we actually had to start to learn Spanish under someone else.

I must finally mention **Major D. P. Shaw**. I don't remember if he had been at the school before the war; but he served with great distinction, was very badly wounded, and became Housemaster of Grant's in 1919. He was a most charming person and he had one most amusing "turn", which he carried out in class when he and everyone else were bored with what they were doing. He started talking about the war in France, and then told us how on one famous occasion a German had sniped at him. There was a pause, and he then opened his desk and pulled out a German forage cap which he threw in front of him and said "and that was his cap". He died very shortly afterwards of his war wounds. A great loss.

Really finally, I must mention the **Revd. W. B. Dams**, who had the most delightful habit of saying to his class, if they were making too much noise, "If you continue making this noise, I shall leave the room". The noise always did go on. So, quietly and with much dignity, he would pick up his books and leave for the rest of that session.

(This correspondence is now closed. *Ed.*)

Games Committee

The Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club will take place at 6.15 p.m. on Monday, September 23rd, 1974 at the School, by kind permission of the Head Master.

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

Agenda

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters arising.
4. Correspondence.
5. Hon. Secretary's report for the year to May 1st, 1974.
6. Accounts for the year to May 1st, 1974.
7. To receive the names of the Section Hon. Secs.
8. Election of Officers and Members for the year 1974-75. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose any alternative or additional names for election to the Committee should send such names to the Hon. Secretary at least three days before the Meeting supported by the names of the proposer and seconder.)
9. Any other business.

After the General Meeting the new Committee will meet.

Old Westminster Football Club

The arrangements for the beginning of the 1974-75 season are as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| Thursday, August 29th | Training at Vincent Square at 6 p.m. This continues every Thursday until the end of September. |
| Saturday, September 14th | Practice game against Westminster School at Vincent Square. |
| Saturday, September 21st | Two Friendly Games at Grove Park. |

D. A. Roy
Hon. Sec.

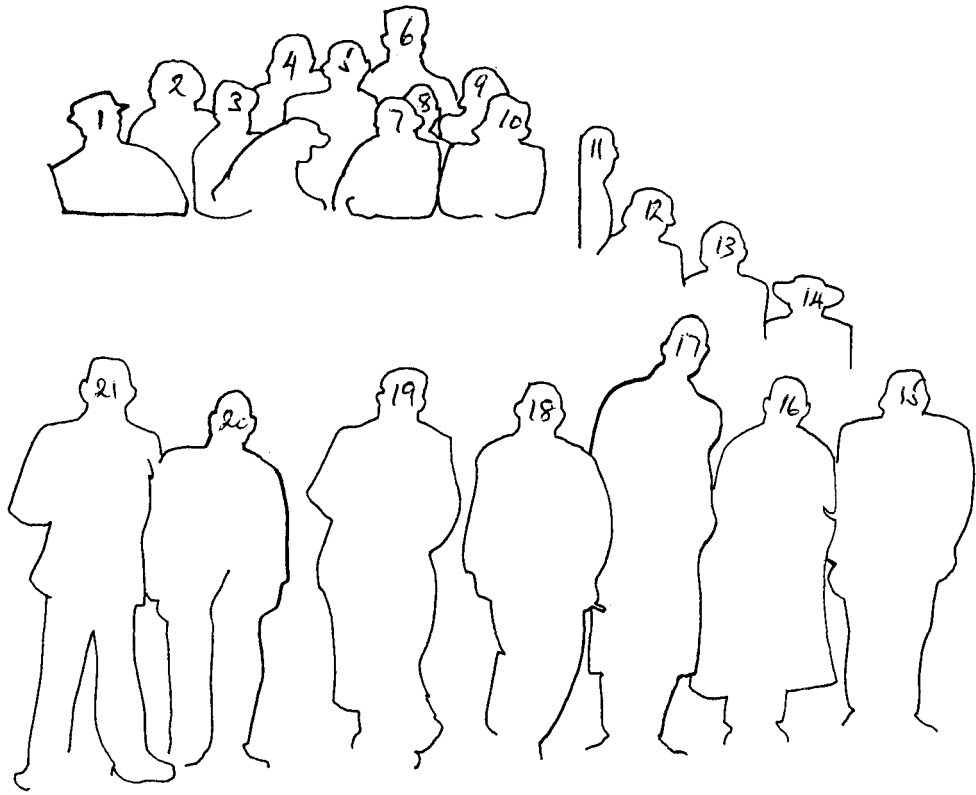


Maintenance and Domestic Staff—April 1939



1. Nell
2. Scottie
3. Miss Ridge (holding her dog)—School Caterer
4. George Bladen—Laboratory Technician
5. John Kresil—Assistant Chef
6. Sam Sellars—Chef
7. Gwennie—Miss Ridge's assistant
8. George Curr—College John
9. Betty—Miss Ridge's maid
10. Lily—College Hall maid

11. ?—Cleaner in the Laboratories and Home Boarders
12. Daisy
13. May
14. Mrs. Middleton
15. George Aldridge—Senior Laboratory Technician
16. Ted Batchelor—Carpenter
17. Jack Johnson—Foreman Carpenter
18. Bill Funnell—College John
19. Frank Wilby—Painter
20. Spike Everett—Boilerman
21. Sergeant-Major W. J. Stewart



Sam Sellars (Chef) and John Kresil (Assistant Chef) are still with the school. George Aldridge, George Bladen, Ted Batchelor, Frank Wilby, and Sergeant-Major Stewart are still living.

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at the Army and Navy Club, 36, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1 on Monday, October 7th, 1974, at 6.30 p.m.

F. A. G. RIDER,
Hon. Secretary

July 1974

Agenda

1. To approve the minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 15th, 1973.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1974.

4. Election of Officers.*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:

President: J. D. Carleton
Vice-President: F. N. Hornsby
Chairman: R. Plummer
Hon. Treasurer: C. M. O'Brien
Hon. Secretary: F. A. G. Rider

5. Election of General Committee.*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:

†1954-59 P. L. M. Sherwood
†1932-37 D. F. Cunliffe
†1959-62 A. J. T. Willoughby
†1955-59 M. C. Baughan
†1955-61 D. A. Roy
†1961-65 E. S. Funnell
†1965-70 P. W. Matcham
†1948-52 P. J. Morley-Jacob
†1961-65 R. J. D. Welch

E. R. D. French
1950-55 C. P. Danin
1964-69 J. H. D. Carey

6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any Other Business.

*The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2, Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA, so as to reach him not later than September 30th, 1974.

†Members of the 1973-74 General Committee eligible for re-election.

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Tenth Annual Report covering the year to March 31st, 1974.

The Committee regrets to report the deaths of the following members:

C. Allen, S. R. A. Asquith, A. R. Astbury, J. Austin, E. F. Barlow, J. A. G. Benson, D. A. Butterfield, D. A. C. M. Corner, V. Croome, C. T. H. Dams, O. A. Derry, M. E. Fearnley, N. A. Garrard, R. S. Gordon Jackson, A. D. Lochhead, Dr. C. T. Lofthouse, G. C. Lowry, R. Macdonald, A. H. Maclean, W. N. McBride, A. G. S. Parish, J. J. Peattie, J. H. B. Phillimore, W. Rosser-James, C. W. Shearly-Sanders, L. L. Slaughter, R. D. E. Spry, G. E. Stoker, G. Summers, A. P. Taylor, Rt. Rev. J. G. Tiarks, J. R. Vedder, and E. Whitley.

One hundred and seven new members have been elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 15th, 1973, R. Plummer, C. M. O'Brien and F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively, and E. S. Funnell, P. W. Matcham, P. J. Morley-Jacob and R. J. D. Welch were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club, through the kind offices once again of V. T. M. R. Tenison, immediately following the Annual General Meeting. The President, Sir Henry Chisholm, presided, and 93 members and their guests, who included the Rt. Hon. Robert Carr, M.P., the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master, attended. The toast of "Floreat" was proposed by Mr. Carr and responded to by the Head Master. The President's health was proposed by the Dean.

At the Annual General Meeting of those interested in the Games of the Club, held on October 2nd, 1973, J. A. Lauder, P. G. Whipp and D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Assistant Secretary respectively.

The ATHLETICS CLUB's annual match against the school resulted in a narrow defeat for the Club. The Towpath race in February also resulted in a win for the school with the club defeating the staff team for second place. The club entered the Thames Cross-Country race and in a large field finished seventh in the team race with McNair gaining the fifth individual place. The summer

of 1973 saw the club's best ever performance in the Old Boys' Athletics meeting in which ten teams competed. The club was placed second, losing narrowly to Old Gaytonians, the Old Boys of Harrow County Grammar School. Four members of the team gained second places in their individual events.

Members of the BOAT CLUB continued to make use of the boat available to them, but the club reports little other activity.

The CRICKET CLUB played 11 matches, of which one was won, seven lost, two drawn, and the last match of the season, against Beckenham, ended in a tie. The Club found it easier to raise sides during the season, but the number of active members is small and new members would be welcomed. In the Cricketer Cup the club was defeated by the eventual winners, Rugby Meteors, by 51 runs, and in the match against the school the club was defeated in a low scoring game. During the fortnight up Fields, matches were played against Aldershot C.C., Eton Ramblers, Incogniti, Adastrians, Dragonflies, Old Citizens and Free Foresters.

The FIVES CLUB arranged 18 matches during the season, but only 11 of these were played, due to lack of support. The club would welcome new members. During the year members played on the School Fives Courts on Tuesday evenings during the Play and Lent terms.

The FOOTBALL CLUB again enjoyed an active season playing in both the senior and junior divisions of the Arthurian League, but the results were less successful than in the previous year. In the Arthur Dunn Cup the club lost 4-1 to the Old Foresters in the first round.

The GOLFING SOCIETY again entered for the Halford Hewitt, Bernard Darwin and Grafton Morrish tournaments. The Society meetings were again successful in spite of limited support, and a number of matches were played against other societies and against the school. To celebrate the 50th year of the Halford Hewitt, the Society presented a seat to the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, Deal—home of the tournament. It was handed over to the Club Captain by Sir Anthony Grover, President of the Society, before the start of the 1974 competition.

The LAWN TENNIS CLUB was unable to enter for the D'Abernon Cup, but a number of matches were played during the summer. The club won the match against the school by 6 matches to 3. Members played up Fields on Wednesdays from the first week in May until the end of July.

The TENNIS CLUB played three matches, but lighting restrictions affected arrangements made for others. New matches have been arranged at Lords, Oxford and Moreton Morrell.

No activity has been recorded in the Fencing, Sailing, Shooting, Squash, or Swimming clubs. Anyone interested in helping to revive their activities is asked to contact P. G. Whipp, 22, Boileau Road, London, W.5 (Tel: 01-997-9385).

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

The Elizabethan

BALANCE SHEET

1973 £		£	£	£
	CAPITAL FUND			
8,380	Balance April 1st, 1973		8,696	
316	Add: Termly Instalments (proportion)		298	
<hr/>			<hr/>	
8,696				8,994
	ENTERTAINMENTS FUND			
	Balance April 1st, 1973		270	
	Add: Gross Income		29	
	1973 Games Dinner—over-provision		42	
			<hr/>	
			341	
	Deduct: Grant—Westminster House Boys Club	50		
	Taxation	11		
		<hr/>		
270			61	280
	INCOME ACCOUNT			
	Balance April 1st, 1973		1,542	
	Less: Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year		17	
			<hr/>	
1,542				1,525
	C. M. O'BRIEN Hon. Treasurer			
<hr/>				<hr/>
£10,508				£10,799
<hr/>				<hr/>

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITOR

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

April 26th, 1974

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT MARCH 31st

1973 £		£	£
63	ADMINISTRATION		57
75	HONORARIUM—Miss Francis		100
317	TAXATION on Income	362	
	on Capital Gains	317	
		<hr/>	
			679
	GRANTS		
503	The Elizabethan	500	
725	The Games Committee	725	
		<hr/>	
			1,225
—	LOSS ON CLUB DINNER		93
339	EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		—
<hr/>			<hr/>
£2,022			£2,154
<hr/>			<hr/>

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

Club

MARCH 31st, 1974

1973	£	£
9,214	INVESTMENTS (at cost less proceeds of realizations) £1,300 8½% Treasury Stock 1980/82 £2,000 5% Exchequer Stock 1976/78 £4,000 5% Treasury Stock 1986/89 7,200 City of London Brewery and Investment Trust Ltd. Deferred Stock Units of 25p each 1,591 Scottish National Trust Company Ltd. Ordinary Stock Units of 25p each £1,000 Rothwell U.D.C. (Yorks) 6¾% Bond 12/2/75 £2,000 City of Hereford 6¾% Bond 19/2/75 £2,000 Cannock Rural District 6¾% Bond 4/6/75 The value of the Investments at middle market prices on March 31st, 1974 was £12,700 (1973 £16,169)	9,708
	CURRENT ASSETS Balances at Bankers Less: Sundry Creditors	1,532 441
1,294		1,091

	£10,508	£10,799
	=====	=====

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and the Club at March 31st, 1974 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

H. KENNETH S. CLARK, F.C.A.

Hon. Auditor

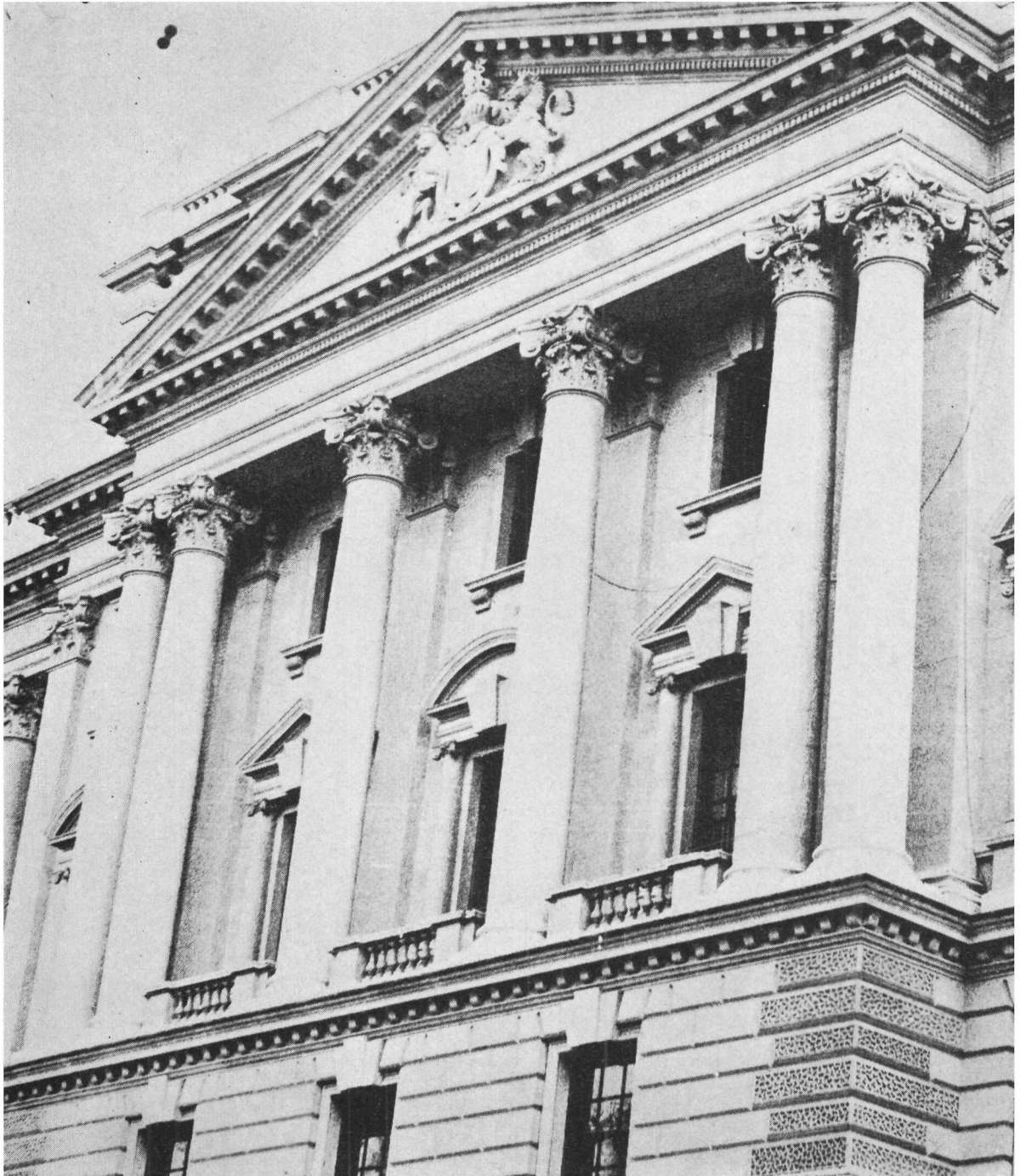
FOR THE YEAR ENDED

1974

1973	£	£
1	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	1
1,261	TERMLY INSTALMENTS (proportion)	1,192
733	INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS (gross)	944
27	PROFIT ON CLUB DINNER	—
—	EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME	17

	£2,022	£2,154
	=====	=====

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



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Lloyds Bank Limited, 71 Lombard Street, London E.C.3.



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Midland Bank

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Address.....

.....

Tel. no..... Age.....

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