the Elizabethan

The Elizabethan

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Lawrence Tanner

An address given to the School in Abbey by John Field

Soon after half past ten on the first morning of the holidays, when many of you were enjoying the first consciousness of freedom, Lawrence Tanner died. It was the end of a life so closely woven with Westminster's that it seems his last effort of will was to keep his frail frame alive until the school term had ended. He never enjoyed the holidays: when the school was away he found the place too quiet. I scarcely know how to begin to convey to you, most of whom knew neither the character nor even the name of this man, Lawrence Tanner's importance to us all. How tempted you must be to stop listening. An old man has died. What business is that of ours?

Who was he? What did he do? Why do I want to tell you about him? He was born in 1890 in Vincent Square and christened in Henry VII Chapel. Later that same year his father became Housemaster of Grant's and by taking up residence as an infant he gleefully and shamelessly declared himself the oldest living Grantite, much to the mystification of his lifelong friend Adrian Boult, who was by all the rules of chronology 10 months older.

He was born into a world infinitely remote from our own. The oldest living Grantite in 1890 was the 6th Earl of Albermarle, the last officer survivor of Waterloo, who had been born in 1799. Lawrence Tanner was taken as a boy to see the first motor car move through a London street and cows milked in St. James's Park; he knew a man who had shot snipe in Tothill Fields before Pimlico was built, and another whose father had been born in the reign of George II. He was the last living Englishman to have attended four Coronations. The Head Master and senior masters were often seen riding out on horseback in the early mornings for an airing in Hyde Park.

He entered Grant's in 1900 as a puny and timid 10 year old, and eventually became Head of House. He returned to Westminster as the master of the History VII in 1919 and, more than any other man, established (often in the face of official disapproval) the tradition of relaxed, liberal and informal Sixth Form teaching, which is one of our happiest possessions. His pupils included John Gielgud, Angus Wilson, Gerald Ellison and John Carleton, John Rae's predecessor as Head Master. In 1926 he became keeper of the Abbey Muniments or Records and in 1932 left the school to give himself wholly to a life of devoted and meticulous scholarship in the Abbey until his retirement in 1964.

But how lame and empty these biographical facts seem. You will have formed an impression only of a dry, traditional figure, valued only as a historical curiosity himself, leading a narrow and undramatic life. I must try a different tack and tell you not about Lawrence Tanner, scholar and antiquary, but about Lawrie, as he was affectionately known to friends of all ages. In his later years, his sitting room was a magnet for scores of people, many of them from the School, who revelled in the company of the 'garrulous old man with the silly and affected voice', as he used to say disparagingly of himself. He had everything to teach us and we had everything to learn. 'Old men should be explorers'—in the confines of Westminster, he discovered more than we ever shall.

He loved and served this place; for him it was sacred: it was his religion. We cosmopolitans have the whole world for our life, and are aliens wherever we are. He was luckier. His love of place enabled him to love life with intensity. His memory was vivid and exact and in his gift of anecdote he could bring the past to life with a special power of consolation. In his presence the meaning of time altered. The importance of old people to us is their ability to reassure us that our present difficulties are neither absolute nor insuperable. A long life lived to the full and a wide knowledge of history make for openmindedness: Lawrie was the youngest old man I have known, appreciative of change, however radical, critical of some of the fuddy-duddies of the Governing Body (30 years his juniors) and quite convinced at the age of 89 that some of the boys of Grant's who visited him must have been well over 90. The only prejudice I ever found in him was his unswerving belief that the entire academic and cultural excellence of the school was concentrated in his old house.

His services to the school can probably

never be listed. He established beyond all doubt the rights of scholars at Coronations, and the School's rights to use Green. Whenever the relations between School and Abbey became strained, he always threatened to produce the evidence which proved, also beyond doubt, that the Choir School had no rights to use it. He acquired for the School, the portrait of Busby that hangs in the hall of no. 17; through him the Weavers' Company provided the richly woven curtain that hangs Up School; in his will he has left to us his unmatched collection of Westminster books and pictures.

In 1941, a few hours after he had picked out the Greaze Bar from the charred wreckage of school after the incendiary attack, he wrote in his journal:

'. . . All that really matters is that no one was injured and that at present the Abbey is safe and very little damaged. It is distressing to look up at a great square of sky over the Lantern, but it was the only place where the roof could fall in without doing much harm. The whole burning mass fell in a heap in the central space between the Choir and the Altar steps and burnt itself out. The Choir stalls a bit singed and the 17th century pulpit a little damaged but as far as I could see nothing else–hardly a chip.

But all the most beautiful parts of the School (except Ashburnham House) have vanished in a night, and only bare walls remain. 'School' with its glorious roof is gutted. It is simply heart-breaking, and tho' I have seen it all it is still difficult to realise.

The Deanery and the lovely houses round the Little Cloister are just heaps of bricks. I could not have believed such utter desolation. The curious thing is that the monastic buildings have been laid bare. The medieval stone walls stand out everywhere in the ruins and all the Tudor and later work grafted on to them have disappeared. Charles Peers and I walked round, and in a stunned and rueful way noted that the whole place was alive with antiquarian discoveries—what an irony!

Everyone is very brave and just humbly thankful for what has survived. I just dare not think of the School, for we depended much on the charm of our buildings—still nothing can destroy the spirit of the place, and in time a new and even greater School will arise.'

That is so characteristic of the man: in the midst of adversity he finds reasons for rejoicing. Some years ago, suddenly, he went almost totally blind, losing the very sense upon which his whole life had been founded. Rather than give way to self pity, he had the courage to treat blindess as a new adventure. 'Never stand near the kerb with a white stick. Some kind person is always taking me across the road and I haven't the heart to tell them that that was not where I wanted to go.' In the last weeks of his life he faced death with a radiancy which inspired all who visited him. One evening in October, when it seemed he had only a few hours of life left, I helped carry him in a chair back to bed. As we neared the door, moving forwards, he weakly raised a stick. 'Stop', he said 'I always travel with my back to the engine.' And so we reversed. When we lifted him on to his bed, he lay back, exhausted, and chuckled happily. It was the contentment of one whose wise and mellow life was accomplished, looking into death as into a new adventure, and insatiable, despite his weakness, for the company of his friends. His love of company, his gift for friendship, his buoyant humour remained vital till the last. 'They all thought I was going to pop off yesterday', he said after he had survived the first crisis, 'but I wasn't going to.' About this time he was visited by the Bishop of London. 'Who do you think has been to see me?' he asked with a conspiratorial twinkle. 'The handsomest man in London. He must have heard I was better and came to see the miracle. If he doesn't watch out, he'll be getting himself canonised!' And, on hearing of a 92-year-old Westminster who had been unexpectedly unearthed somewhere—'He's got no business to be alive, he's much too old.' Such exuberance of spirit kept him alive while the body was dwindling into death.

As a four year old at the beginning of his long life, he startled his nurse by declaring 'I was born in Westminster Abbey, and I mean to be buried there and have on my tomb Mr. Lord General Baba Tanner'. On Monday afternoon his childhood wish will be realised, and his ashes will be buried here. The service—at his request—will be a joyful one; those who attend—and I hope some of you will wish to do so—will breathe the very breath of Westminster and share the celebration of a life richly lived and one equally richly bestowed on all of us who had the fortune to be his friends. His grave will not say 'Mr. Lord General Baba Tanner'; it may say 'Lawrence Edward Tanner, C.V.O., D.Litt.' But all it need say is 'Lawrie'. That is quite enough.

School Concert in St. Margaret's, March 19th, 1980

The Fauré Requiem is a curious piece. Its transportingly lovely settings of the text—the Dies Irae impossibly managing to be quite without terror—have endeared it to audiences as has no other work by this private, almost arcane figure. It's not specifically French in idiom: there's a modal flavour which removes it from the mainstream of European late-romanticism (which is where the orchestral colour belongs) and the long, rapt vocal lines are apt to suggest (if only to English audiences) an incongruous affinity with Elgar. There's little point looking for analogues in the Berlioz or Verdi Requiems; they both dramatize the text more literal-mindedly. It may be said of those works that they fail to provide an intense religious experience by being too naturalistic; by the same token it may be said of the Fauré that it's too cushioning, transporting the listener to a contemplation of little more than the beauty of the ride. It's apt that Fauré himself spoke of art having every reason, even a duty to be voluptuous.

There's an innocence about the work, intuitive, not, as in Mahler, willed, and for this reason the less self-conscious the performance the better. The school performance was refreshingly unself-conscious, though the use of a treble and baritone from the choir as soloists might have made it even more so. The tenors were perhaps lacking in body and there were moments when the otherwise steady tempi slackened, resulting in a blurring of texture, but it was a genuinely affecting performance, sounding lovely in the St. Margaret's acoustic, and ending an evening rich in musical pleasure.

The inherently undramatic nature of the Fauré was sharply set off by the fifth Brandenburg. This always surprising work dramatizes both the relationship between solo instruments and strings and that between the solo instruments themselves. The first movement is the most inventive. During it the harpsichord changes its status: it grows unchecked from glorified continuo, displaying no more than its own decorative momentum while violin and flute develop an intimate exchange of ideas drawn from the strings, through a flurry of elaborate, busy runs, to a blithely sudden take-over in an astonishing, protracted solo. It's as if the movement had been a subversive keyboard concerto all along. We're given just about enough time to adjust to this casual upheaval before it too is subverted by the affetuoso: this banishes the strings and insists on equal status for all three soloists. So we move from pseudo double-concerto for violin, flute and strings with fiercely independent harpsichord continuo, to pseudo keyboard concerto complete with romantic cadenza, to pseudo chamber-trio. The last movement contrives to reorientate us, by pretending jollily that nothing startling had happened at all.

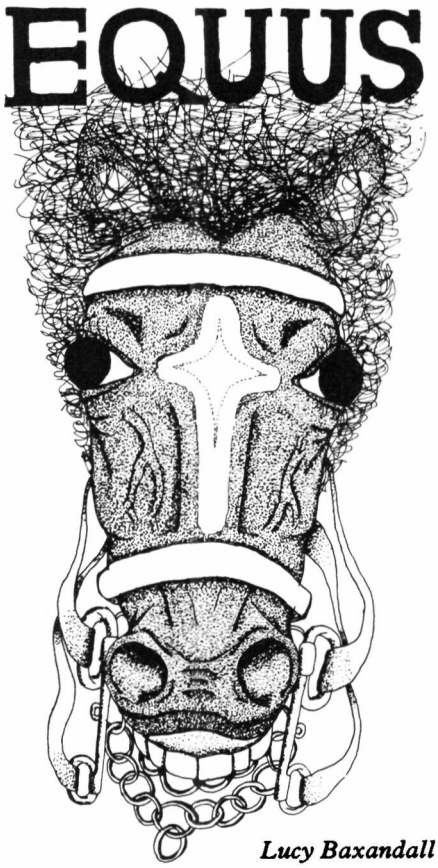
Whatever else is uncertain about the provenance of the Brandenburgs, it seems a fair guess that each sets itself particular formal problems of argument associated with a particular combination of instruments. Given this, it's useful to 'cast' the works with an eye to dramatic contrasts and Charles Brett's 'production' of the fifth was wonderfully successful for this very reason. It was not just that his shaping and timing of the whole scenario was perfectly judged, nor, even, that Justin Brown, Charles Sewart and Sam Coles are extraordinarily accomplished young musicians: it was, most, the sheer drama in the contrasting performing-styles of the three of them that made this fifth Brandenburg such a striking experience.

Brown was quite properly set back from the other two, facing the conductor, isolated in the centre of activity, yet obscured: this

arrangement exactly caught the equivocal role of the harpsichord, as it both draws everything in while blandly demanding solo-status. Brown played the part most aptly: eyes doggedly fixed on the score, as if challenging us to deny that the whole piece wasn't a mere red herring to the concerto he happened to be busy writing himself. Sewart and Coles stood in classical solo-concerto position, supported from behind and listening to each other. And the exchanges between the two, particularly in the first movement, made for fine theatre. Coles was elegantly poised, as if born to hold a flute, eyes searching the vaulting for the exact timbre, demonstrative in every phrase and gesture; Sewart, much slighter, was intent and still, with a quiet, changeless smile, producing a modest but intensely sweet tone. The result was a Brandenburg of memorable distinction—not only expert, but also alive in dramatic personality.

Richard Jacobs

EQUUS



Lucy Baxandall

Drama

'The finest amateur production of this play you'll ever see', someone assured us. This praise was, perhaps, over-generous, but the whole school should feel privileged to have had a chance to see John Field and Paul Sandler's '*Equus*', which was certainly the best play we have been to at Westminster.

Uniquely for a Westminster play, this production belied the fears of even our gloomiest cynics. They were entitled to feel sceptical: it was an ambitious, almost lunatic project. The play itself presents many difficulties for both actors and director—the seduction scene is an obvious example—and yet at the same time it has been a West-End smash hit which many of the Westminster audience (particularly parents) probably saw.

In the face of these enormous difficulties, the directors realistically but perhaps a little regrettably decided to employ the best dramatic talent in the school: should the aim of theatre at Westminster be solely to achieve high artistic standards (remembering that '*Equus*' was not this year's official school play) which means spending a lion's share of the E.C.A.'s budget on one play and using actors we have seen repeatedly for the last two years; or should it try to involve as many members of the community as possible? In the event, however, the cast's performance invalidated these criticisms.

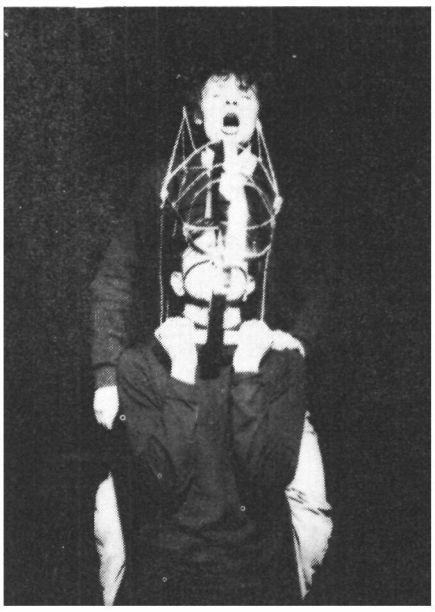
In '*Equus*', dramatic interest is focused solely on Dysart and Alan and therefore the success of the production depended almost entirely on Francis Ennismore and Martin Griffiths; the other parts must support these two and illuminate new aspects of their relationship.

Starting with the best performance, Francis Ennismore was simply brilliant. His voice, mime and walk all characterised the tortured psyche of Alan. Yet when the play turned to the scenes where the boy had a chance to escape from all his frustrations, Francis successfully lost himself in the part to become the frenzied creature that lurks at the play's heart.

Shrewdly, the directors decided to concentrate principally on this relationship between patient and psychiatrist, made explicit when, in a final gesture of reverence, Dysart knelt to Equus, his *patient's* God. As the other half of the combination, Martin Griffiths gave his usual highly professional performance, marvellously portraying a man on the very edge of a nervous breakdown. For us, the best moment of the play came with his delivery of the 'Normal' speech which merged hypnotically and musically with the metallic tapping that formed the background to his words.

The majority of the other actors supported these two very successfully. Sarah Lambourn gave Jill such a warm, attractive personality that her courting of Alan suggested real love rather than a mere flirtation. Particularly in her 'Devil' speech, Fiona Mann almost gained the audience's sympathies for the confused, self-deceptive Dora. Characterisation was less successful in the parts of Mr. Strang and Nugget. Although Nick Palliser acted superbly when portraying Alan's father as a nervous little man, he never came to grips with Frank's repressive, bullying nature, whilst Sanjay Nazerali's Nugget lacked both essential qualities of grace and pride. However, the overall impression of the acting standards in this production left with the audience was a very high one indeed.

The directors had chosen very skilful technicians for their production, as well as competent actors. Seymour Segnit's lighting, based mainly on darkness and spot-light, and Paul Cavaciuti's mysterious electronic music marvellously overcame the problems created by Shaffer's setting and time-sequence: the two together created the basic atmosphere which in most conventional theatre is primarily suggested by scenery. Another unconventional technique adopted by the directors was their ingenious use of film and slides (skilfully photographed by Paul Lowenstein). In fact,



the directing of this play achieved the high standards we have come to associate with John Field, who in this case was aided enormously by Paul Sandler; the only mistake they seemed to make was to ignore the centre of the stage and this, at times, meant that the play needed more focus and concentration.

When the audience started drifting into Little Dean's Yard at the end of the performance, they seemed utterly drained and exhausted, such had been their involvement in the play. Justifiably, therefore, we can hail last term's '*Equus*' as a magnificent production.

Daryl Weldon and
Sebastian Anstruther

Androcles and the Lion

Overall this was probably one of the most enjoyable productions to be put on Up School for some time. Paul Jepson and Jason Morell have shown themselves to be confident and ingenious directors, making full use of a sparse stage and giving the audience greater involvement by having the seating as in an amphitheatre.

The emphasis was largely on the slapstick element in the play and because of this the serious discussions between a Roman Captain (Nick Eisen) and the idealistic Christian Lavinia (Natasha Crowcroft) fell rather flat despite both actors giving good performances. The whole play was however acted with enthusiasm, largely by a cast of Westminster 'unknowns'. They were helped out by Bobby Maslen managing to overact ludicrously as usual and therefore to carry off his part perfectly, and the indomitable Millie Murphy who sailed through her part as Androcles' wife. Special credit must go to Andrew Savege for his playing of Androcles, a part which he managed very successfully despite being ill at the time. Simon Witter and Jason Goodwin were fine as senators and John Dean was an excellent lion. In his role as the stupid tough Christian convert Nick Palliser was in his element, seeming hardly to act at all to make the part convincing.

Inevitably this all leads back to Jason Morell who is credited with being co-director, set designer, wardrobe assistant, make-up assistant and actor (as Spintho, the cringing Christian). This is a remarkable feat and he must be congratulated for producing such an entertaining evening. Enthusiastic acting, atmospheric introductory music by Peter Muir, excellent staging and good direction all made it into a highly enjoyable play and I wait eagerly for Paul and Jason's next production.

Simon Winder

'The Waste Land'

College's drama offering this year was T. S. Eliot's '*The Waste Land*', adapted for the stage by Andrew Holmes. This was an ambitious project. Interest in the plot is all too often the only thing that keeps the audience in their seats during many house plays, apart from eager expectation of some hilarious blunder. The rendition of a poem is unlikely to provide either the former or the latter excitement. Good speaking and acting are therefore essential to the success of such a venture. College, realising this, had the female parts played by Rigaudites, Bronwen Maddox and Aviva Silver. Unfortunately this was not quite enough to turn '*The Waste Land*' into a success.

Andrew Holmes' dramatisation involved preceding each section of the poem by slides and music. This was an excellent idea, in theory. In practice, placing indistinguishable snatches of late Bartok and showing assorted pictures of the West country in winter (even, for good measure, repeating some of them) did little to distinguish between the various different moods of the sections. Neither was the flow of the production enhanced by the occasional technical breakdown. That having been said, Andrew Holmes was correct in his decision to have the stage as flexible and unadorned as possible.

The actors were similarly unadorned, in black pullovers and trousers. They were not, however, similarly flexible. Bronwen Maddox impressed most; if she was a trifle soulful in the 'young man carbuncular' section, elsewhere, and especially as Lil, she showed herself sensitive to the poet's intentions. Andrew Holmes was on the whole good; least convincing in the last section, where he lacked vital sonority. Jason Streets threw himself wholeheartedly into his part. Aviva Silver was initially very impressive, but as the production wore on her tone became monotonous and she seemed quite unaware of the humour of the fortune-telling section. Paul Castle, although embarrassed as 'the young man carbuncular', was otherwise most successful. Natasha Crowcroft did well with her small part and Peter Dean did well to choose a small part.

The art work, done by Sophie Temple-Muir and Natasha Crowcroft, was just as good as one would expect from two such talented artists.

It would be wrong to condemn '*The Waste Land*'. With a little more polish and a little more ruthlessness from the director, it might have been excellent. Nevertheless it introduced interesting and important ideas to Westminster drama, and we should be grateful to Andrew Holmes for that.

T. H. O'Shaughnessy

Italienische Nacht

Ödön von Horváth's '*Italienische Nacht*' is the first play in German ever to have been produced at Westminster. Ian Huish's excellent production answered a long-felt need, adding German to the other foreign languages represented on the Westminster stage, French and Latin.

Although of narrower linguistic appeal than the recent 'La Cantatrice Chauve', since fewer study German at Westminster than French, the play was also appreciated by many who knew little of the language. It is about an evening of preparations for left-wing festivities, the 'Italienische Nacht', in pre-Hitler Germany. The left-wingers are on the whole blissfully ignorant of the fascist threat, and Horváth parodies those who even up to 1933 felt that 'as long as there are Republican strong-arm boys, the Republic can sleep soundly'. Mark Lightbown gave a fine performance as the left-wingers' leader, the Stadtrat, and clearly relished his role as a domineering husband. He was well supported by Ralf Woodbridge as Engelbert and Simon Witter as Karl. The latter was type-cast as the ladies' man pursuing Leni (Lucy Baxandall), and the young Anna (Fiona McKenzie), who is not afraid to speak her mind.

Apart from one or two anxious, unintentionally funny moments, when James Mackie's cigar broke, for instance, the cast performed well together and spoke fluently, especially the impeccable Christian Frei. Amongst the smaller parts it is the fascists like Henry Winter, the lecherous Richard Davies and his violent officer, Oliver Heggs, who particularly stick in the mind. Although the play is humorous at times, it was pleasant to have the additional light entertainment supplied by Claire Watson and the Cogan kinder, however much the young Marxists like Robert Lomnitz may have despised it.

Ödön von Horváth is little known in this country. He is however an amusing and keenly observant writer who deserves more attention. Ian Huish is trying to make his work better known and has recently published a critical study of the author. By producing one of Horváth's plays so well, I hope he may have persuaded some people to read some of his other works, like '*Jugend ohne Gott*'. My one criticism of the production is that the Lecture Room's dimensions prevented many of us from seeing the front of the stage. But, since this was due to the size of the audience, even this reflects well on the play.

P. D. B. Castle

Requiem

Just yesteryear you lay upon the grass
and watched the creeping beetle make his way,
then tossed on wheels, ran through wind
your body live, and eyes that lit the day.
We caught your smiles and lent the laughter
that rang in corridor and clipped the stones
in fields and rippled circles in the water,
a childish cover, wrapped and warm.

What questions then were of the present
The past was not, except in old men's
words,
And of tomorrow nothing but the sureness of it;
Of sorrow, just a freckled shadow on
distant herds
that wandered in the meadows, patched,
sunlit;
And over all a trust and certainty,
that the fish would stay for ever in the pool
and birds would wing in perpetual
evensong.

Just yesteryear, and now the boy is gone!
So changed he cannot know himself
and all his thought is what he is;
and all his action what he will become.
Clouded now, the landscape obscures the truth
that once he knew, but thought so little of.
Where yesterday it mattered if the bee
sucked violets,
today the action is within, drawn deep in
self-discovery,
Death's bitter nectar, when childhood dies.

Bruno Rost

Skye 1980

The journey up was the same as ever—everyone trying to grab a couple of hours' sleep, on floors, seats, and luggage racks. Some ventured into the realms of the First Class, but the kindly B.R. guards made this a risky business, only attempted by the hardiest and most intrepid, Jon Ormerod and Paul Youlten.

Still, like all good things, the journey ended, and we arrived at Glen Brittle, our home for the next ten days. Tents were pitched, brews were made, and eventually supper time came and went.

On the next day, all four groups went up into Coire Lagan, perhaps the most impressive corrie of all those in the Cuillin Hills. Dave Higgs and Steve Newman led their group up the An Stac screes, while Roger Jakeman took his up Sgurr Alasdair, the highest mountain on Skye. Cedric Harben's group, which I was in, and Jim Cogan's, were about fifteen minutes behind Roger's, making use of the convenient steps he had kicked in the laborious snow slope. Activities while climbing ranged from in-depth, high-brow discussions, such as were indulged in by Giles Richards and myself, to the meditation of Jim Cogan, from which no doubt he obtained new leases of deep inner strength. The youngest member of our group, and indeed of the whole camp was Danny Cogan, aged 10, but he was bashing up snow slopes with the speed and enthusiasm of a hardened Skye man. Indeed, at times he was a good deal more enthusiastic than most of us . . .

This was proven beyond doubt a couple of days later. On a rare miserable day, at about 2 p.m., when everyone had resigned themselves to a rest day, Jim C. stuck his head in the tent and asked if anyone would like to walk the 15 miles to Coruisk and down Glen Sligachan. Danny and I went along. We left at about 2.30 p.m., and arrived at the Sligachan Hotel, the 'local' pub, after 7½ hours of strenuous bog-trotting. Not once did Danny complain, and he finished with seemingly plenty of energy left. This day was, perhaps, for me the most enjoyable of the camp, with the showers of rain not spoiling the fun at all. The last hour and a half were walked in the dark, and this added an extra bit of enjoyment and, looking back, satisfaction.

A number of mountains were climbed on this camp, including Sgurr Dubh Mor for the first time by a Westminster group, Dave Cohen, Ivor Scott, Alastair Jakeman, Charles Barclay, and the leader, Roger. Cedric and Dave took a large group up Sgurr nan Gillean ('The Peak of the Young Men'!), one of the most attractive mountains on the ridge, and Dave and Steve took another group to Bidean. There was also an attempt on the Cioch, a rather improbable rock buttress which involves rock-climbing, led by Roger. Due to adverse weather this failed, but a good time was had nevertheless.

The Skye air must have got to Ivor Scott, because his antics during the camp were, for him, abnormal. The poor boy was first up, leaping about like some overweight mountain goat. He was keen, always ready to go off on any climb. Always, that is, until he went up a mountain with Roger. In order to 'get some exercise, man', he loaded his rucksack up with anything and everything. That evening, when I arrived back from my day, I found him spread-eagled on the floor. When I asked what was wrong, he looked up with a shattered expression on his face, and moaned 'I'm dying!' Still, his skill at palmistry helped our spare time pass more enjoyably and intriguingly.

The camp was a very successful one, both as regards the mountains climbed and the enjoyment we had. For this we must thank our 'gallant leaders', without whom none of this would have been possible. Nor would we have enjoyed those splendid hills and the grand views which the unusual good weather allowed us.

Jo King

Cedric Harben

* * *

The Tizard Lecture, 1980

The title of this year's lecture—*'Cosmology and the Limits of Physics'*—together with the very distinguished scientist and lecturer, Professor Martin Rees, attracted a large attendance, not only from the science department but from much of the rest of the school as well.

The lecture was illustrated by a series of slides and transparencies which helped one to come to terms with the wide range of ideas that were covered.

Professor Rees began by pointing out where we on earth stand in relation to the rest of the perceptible universe, in both time and space. He then examined what sort of information we can obtain from other parts of the universe. This is mainly in the form of the analysis of electromagnetic radiation throughout the whole spectrum. This information, of course, travels at the speed of light and may have come from many millions of light years away. In effect this enables us to 'view' events which happened a long time ago, to formulate theories to explain how the universe evolved, and to speculate on its future.

Looking at the radiation from very distant galaxies we can identify possible occurrences of Black Holes. Black Holes, if they exist (which is now almost certain), present a whole new set of problems to be solved and questions to be answered. It seems that the more we find out the more we realize there is that we still do not know.

One area of research has been to study the background radiation, the so-called 'Echo of the Big Bang', to determine whether the laws of physics and fundamental constants that we experience now were the same at the time of the formation of the universe, when time and space were created. The results have suggested that this was most probably so, which is a remarkable fact with deep philosophical implications.

Was it just chance that our universe happened to be formed with the laws and physical constants that it has, so that stars and solar systems which can support life could evolve? As Einstein said, it is not the complexity of the universe that is so extraordinary but rather that it is possible to formulate laws about it at all.

Christopher Harborne

Interview with Andrew Lloyd Webber

Looking back on it, it seems to me that Westminster was an extraordinary mixture of being very conventional in some ways and very liberal in others. When I was there the school corps, which I wasn't keen on, was compulsory, and it seems strange now that we really did have station three times a week. However I think a liberal blind eye was turned on people who didn't really want to take part in sports, provided they felt you were actually pursuing something worthwhile. I was allowed to do a couple of shows while I was there: I did a rock show to celebrate 'Peter and Gordon' being the first Old Westminsters to reach number one in the charts back in 1965. It was quite a success and nobody seemed to object to that sort of thing at all—I was even allowed to have Ashburnham House for a reception afterwards.

There was very little school music going on that I was aware of. Westminster always slightly suffered from the fact that you could go along to somewhere like the Festival Hall and hear music obviously better played than you could on your own doorstep. That was another thing the school was quite liberal about: there were never really any barriers put in anyone's way against going out to theatres and concerts. I didn't actually learn music at the school—apart from Music 'O' Level classes—but by that time it was not possible to teach me about the sort of music I was most interested in. As there was no tradition of musical theatre in Britain the only way you could learn about it was through your own experience.

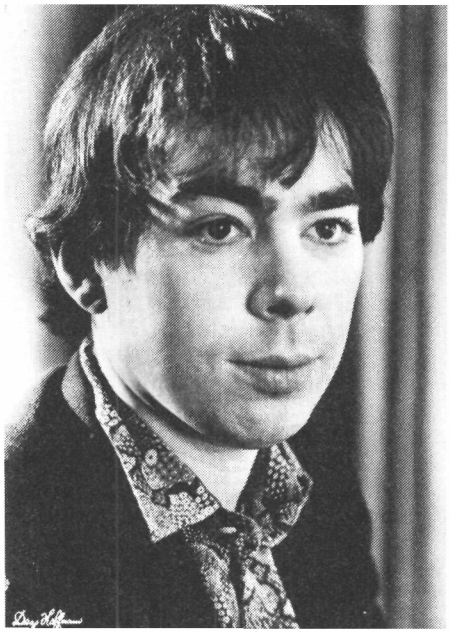
Popular musical theatre was a very unfashionable area at that time. I confessed to liking '*The Sound Of Music*' and even went down to see what the reviews were like. I was interested in any sort of musical theatre—including opera.

In fact I knew when I first went to Westminster that I wanted to go into musical theatre. There was a boy who was a head of house when I arrived and wrote lyrics; we started a tradition of a House pantomime in which various numbers I may well have used since over the years first appeared. That was the odd thing about Westminster: he was in the Remove and so we weren't supposed to speak to each other. But he was a lyricist and needed a composer when I was a new boy, so we had a sort of professional relationship over the five years' difference in age.

* * *

I think if I hadn't had this strong musical interest I would have had to pull myself together and concentrate on academic work. But there's no doubt about it that being at Westminster was—certainly when I was there—a bit of an advantage in getting to Oxford. I got a 'D' and an 'E' at A level, yet I won an exhibition to Magdalen to do History.

I went to Oxford because at that time it had a great tradition in theatre generally, and also, to some extent, in music theatre, so I thought it would be a very good place to learn about it. But what I hadn't bargained for was that music is such a small and specialized field that there wasn't much going on in that particular area. Also I had just met Tim Rice, who was four or five years older than me and therefore already embarked on his career. There was no one of his quality in lyric-writing working in Oxford that I could find, so I made the decision to leave Oxford very quickly. I regret having gone there so young—I was only just seventeen when I went. After I'd been there for one term I was offered a year off, which I took, did a couple of shows with Tim and consequently never went back.



Andrew Lloyd Webber (1960-65, QS), whose most recent work 'Tell me on a Sunday', to lyrics by Don Black, was performed twice this year on B.B.C. TV, as well as being recorded, was interviewed for The Elizabethan *by Justin Brown, Mark Wightwick and Louisa Dent.*

There hadn't really been any pressure on me from the school to go to Oxford. Charles Keeley was head of History department when I was there, and I think he would be quietly pleased at the thought of somebody who'd been taught by him going off in a direction which perhaps reflected some of the ideas he had wanted to put across. He was the first person to introduce me to Puccini, for example, which he did by suggesting I should go to see a production of '*Tosca*' in London in 1965. I'd always regarded Puccini as a pretty ordinary pot-boiling composer, but that production utterly transformed my views on musical theatre.

* * *

Puccini of course wrote to a great extent with his audience in mind, and although I like to feel I am writing things that the public are going to enjoy I am interested in writing music which will, I hope, stretch a wider public than is perhaps usual. I certainly don't want to be involved in writing for a very narrow audience. I suppose all music in a way could be described as élitist, but what can happen with modern serious music is that you find the same little clique of people going to hear new works every time. That sort of thing doesn't interest me at all.

* * *

The title 'Rock Opera' was actually first given to '*Tommy*' and was attached to '*Jesus Christ Superstar*" merely because we were on the same record label as the Who in the U.S.A. and they wanted to give it a name so that they could find a rack to put the records in. But I think '*Joseph and his Technicolour Dreamcoat*' was the first of its kind in the sense that it was a continuous music piece that would stand up as a work in its own right. We wrote it for an end-of-term concert at Colet Court and a few bored parents turned up and looked extremely morose throughout. There was sporadic applause afterwards and it was decided to do it again on a Sunday night at the Central Hall, Westminster. The kids from Colet Court turned up, everybody said 'Hm . . . . very nice' and we thought that would be it. But a critic from the *Sunday Times* had been talked into going by his son, who was ex-Colet Court, and to our amazement there was a review. And that review, small though it was, meant that a record company rang and said they would like to have it, and it was recorded. It wasn't a success on record, but it did pave the way.

* * *

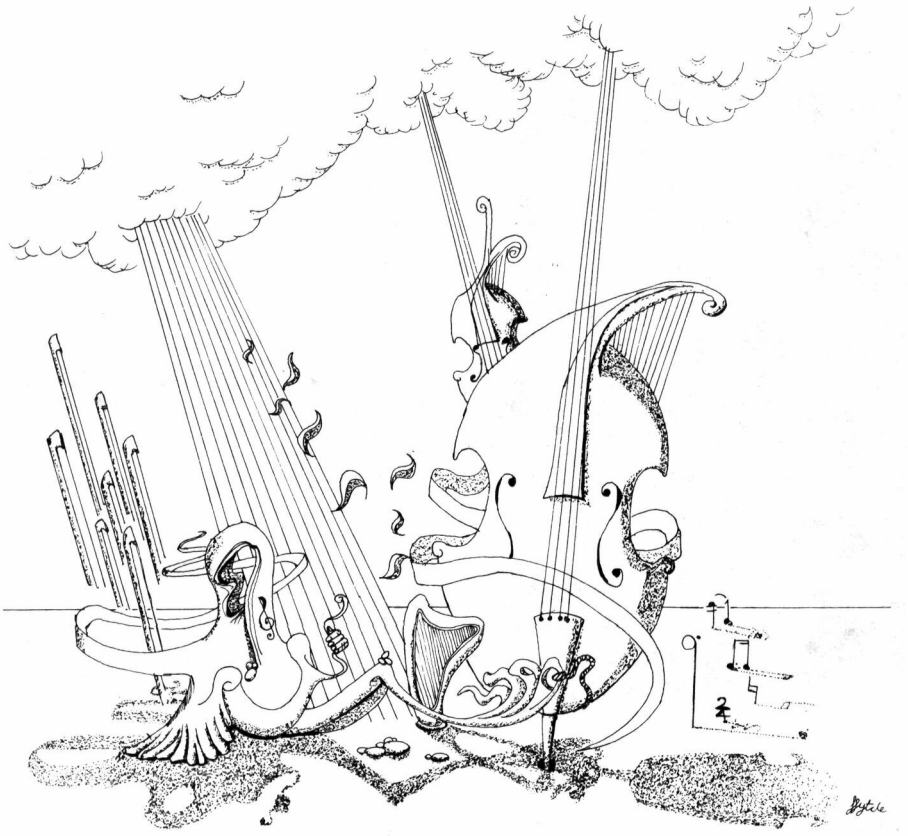
The idea of doing a piece based on Eva Peron came from Tim, as did '*Superstar*'. They are both grand larger-than-life subjects and Tim likes that sort of thing to work on. I was interested in the Evita story because it was about the manipulation of people for political purposes—an intriguing subject because it was the sort of thing you were reading about in the newspapers every day back in 1975, especially in England, where people were far more aware about it than elsewhere. It's very clear to anybody what the political message of '*Evita*' really is, and I think that any problems we had with it in America arose from the fact that Americans aren't used to this sort of thing in their musical theatre. They are more inclined to think of their musicals as being about little orphans or nuns and so on. A serious writer like Stephen Sondheim will be respected over there, but he is not really touching on subjects which are as close to America's concerns as '*Evita*' is. Significantly, though, the mood in America has entirely changed anyway since '*Evita*' opened there in 1979. America is a country of violent changes of mood.

* * *

'*Tell me on a Sunday*' was written because I wanted to do a piece for a woman.

In my collaborations with Tim we'd never written anything about an ordinary person. And although New York has been written about many times I thought it would be good to write about it from an English point of view. I liked the idea of letting the B.B.C. have a go at doing it. The power of television is extraordinary; even if a programme is only seen by three or four million people, that is more than have seen '*Superstar*' and '*Evita*' all over the world in the theatre. This was something I hadn't fully realised until I did '*Variations*' which was televised on a Saturday night at eleven o'clock, against 'Match of the Day'. I was very glad to have it on the 'South Bank Show', but I didn't think any one would watch it. But what matters is the *sort* of people who watch. There's no point putting '*Tell me on a Sunday*' out at prime time against some I.T.V. soap opera or the like, because the sort of audience one wants to reach is not going to watch it then. The kind of audience I'd like to reach is one that makes an effort, takes the trouble to find out that the thing's on, and actively wants to listen.

Justin Brown



M. T. ffytche

Common Room Notes

H. C. Keeley

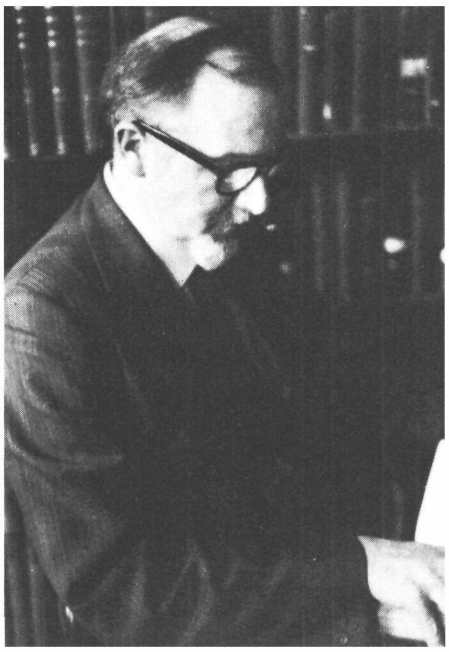
Charles Keeley came to this school in May 1950 from Maidstone Grammar School and New College, Oxford and after war service in Africa and India.

He came to a school that had just started the hard job of rebuilding, after a long evacuation during the war, with its main building still roofless, and classrooms primitive. He was appointed form master of the History VIIth and was to become senior history master. This was at a time when there were fewer departments, and it would not be unfair to say that the academic reputation of the school was based on its Classics and History side. There can be no doubt at all that Charles Keeley contributed very much to this reputation. He was one of the school's outstanding teachers, in sheer knowledge, in breadth and depth, in wit and wisdom, and his former pupils will vouch for this. The VIIth form of those days was much more like a university tutorial, although there could be a dozen or so boys in a class. There was no narrow syllabus and not many restrictions—one master had most of the responsibility and control. It may be out of fashion now, or simply not possible for a school to function in this way, it may have made some boys a little arrogant, but it produced fine minds. Charles was at the heart of this sort of education, and it rubbed off on masters as well. No one who has listened to him talk, supporting a point in Latin or German, getting approval from such experts as Theo Zinn or Hugo Garten and others, can have come away without some feeling of humility faced with the gaps in their own knowledge and wit, for Charles is a very witty person in both the erudite and the more earthy, ribald tradition. After an exhausting and almost disastrous war (for the school, that is), there came a sparkle in the fifties, a lot of intelligent boys, a probing outwards after the restriction of the war. Charles and a few other masters (some still here, even if a bit grey) fired these boys.

He was made a Housemaster of Wren's in 1957, then became the second Housemaster of Liddell's, taking over from Stephen Lushington. I was a Housemaster at the time he went into Liddell's and we saw a lot of each other. Charles was always able to put aside his academic work and concentrate on looking after his boys. Hours were spent up fields, supporting his house and the school sides—learning the right football expressions from the master in charge. I remember the call of 'get ready for the cross' in his quiet voice, and I was never sure whether Charles was giving practical advice to the players or meditating on profounder things. I have vivid memories of hot summer days spent with him at regattas, watching him present the Westminster boys with their gold medals at Nottingham, seeing him run and almost dance with joy when the school eight won outright at Pangbourne (so long ago), autumn days at Marlow waiting for what seemed hours for the procession of sculls to come down the river in the damp and mist—he would know each name and give each his support. He was the school's most ardent rowing and football supporter, but not in the mould of Mr. Chips. His is too wide a mind. He is very capable of detachment and can be the opposite of cosy. He is not an old school tie man in any sense, but takes pleasure in keeping in touch with Westminster things and in observing school customs. He has friends from many backgrounds, and we have all enjoyed those tales of country life in Wales and Kent, when he talks about old Bill and Jack and many others from the pub, or about the grander life of the 'club' in London, imitating the voice and passion of the characters. He has a really remarkable talent for such imitation.

Coming home late at night from a parents' party, I would come across Charles moving round outside Liddell's, checking that all was well, and when one comes to think of it (as he would say) it was the best way to check a long rambling house, full of boys. A quiet talk, perhaps a puff of the pipe, and he would be back on the job. Weekly housemasters' meetings with Charles, fortified by John Carleton's sherry, showed us all the art of wearing down the opposition with gentle and learned discourses, interspersed with witty comments and at the end, the famous 'if you see what I mean, Head Master'. It was impossible not to agree with him, otherwise one risked giving the impression that one had not quite grasped the real meaning of the Goethean line, and this would have hurt Charles. He often won his point. I must leave it to others to talk about his days in Liddell's itself, but I remember talks and stories with the favourite Bach record on, and finely balanced meals, with good wine.

He became the school librarian, archivist and is President of the common room and its senior master. He has written a history of Westminster football and won approval from Old Westminsters whose football memories date back to well before the first world war. He has put on many exhibitions of the school's past. He has traced the old, perhaps original, scenery of the Play. In his



Paul Lowenstein

generous way, he delights to invite friends to dine at his club.

I have tried to show (and I know it is inadequate) something of this unusually gifted and complex man, who has given so much more than we can remember over many years to the school. We will all have our own picture of him. For me it is not the academic man, but Charles with the glint in his eye, about to tell one of those anecdotes, with humour and affection (stop me if you have heard this before, Richard), getting down to the essential comedy of things, ranging freely.

Of course we shall miss him, but I am not writing his obituary. We shall see him. He is going to settle down in his house at Harrietsham in that most favoured of counties, with the Roebuck at hand, if need be, and Maidstone, the Castle and Canterbury not too far away. There will be work to be done in the house, and perhaps the scholarly book on St. Jerome which he had meant to write, but has found that the life of the school has taken up his time, his pleasure and his love. I expect he will say it is right it should have been so.

G.A.S.

Anthony Howard (1946-52, B) writes:

Thirty years ago the History VII consisted, I think, of eight boys. We knew in advance, of course, that we were to be the first generation of Westminsters for some years not to come under the continuing tutelage of a remarkable scholar and gymnast, Winston Monk (who had just departed to take up a post at a university in the Antipodes where, tragically, he was very shortly afterwards to be killed in a plane crash).

But what we did not know at all was what lay in store for us. That was revealed only on the first day of term when a hesistant ex-Research Student of Christ Church diffidently sat himself down at the round table in the History VII room in Ashburnham House. 'You may perhaps wonder,' he began, 'what has brought me here'—and proceeded to warn us never to reply 'Very nice, thank you' when confronted by the greeting 'How do you do?' For that, if we wanted to know, was the reason why he was here this morning to see us through our VII form careers: it was an answer he himself had given all too many times in the Senior Common Rooms of Oxford, whose doors had thus been permanently closed to him.

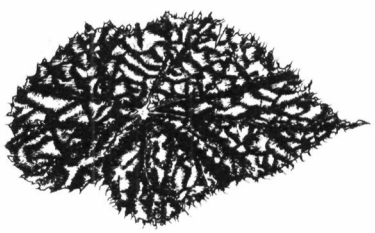
Especially in those days it was not quite an orthodox start for any master at Westminster; and we soon discovered that in Charles Keeley we had a far from conventional teacher. Although he had already served as a wartime captain in the British Army in India, he was—at least until he became a housemaster—hardly noticeable for his allegiance to the doctrines of 'good order and military discipline': recognisably, in fact he was the nonconformist on the Westminster staff.

Not that his approach was in any way evangelical—he fought shy, indeed, of enthusiasm in all its manifestations (his favourite emendation to any of our essays was always to insert before any challenging statement the saving clause 'It may perhaps be said that . . .'). No one can ever have taken greater trouble with his pupils' essays—and there must by now be countless generations of Westminster historians who, whether they realise it or not, have had their prose style moulded by the scholarly, if sometimes tart, cadences of St. Jerome, to say nothing of the oratorical rhythms of Origen (for whom Charles, like Jerome, always had a more than sneaking regard).

The Early Church Fathers, in fact, had a special place in Charles's affections—St. Jerome had been the subject of his thesis at Oxford—and there is a sense in which he himself remains something of a mediaeval schoolman. Certainly, there was from the beginning of his teaching a marvellous testing, questing spirit—from which no conventional wisdom was ever entirely safe.

In his more irreverent moments the desire to dissent could extend even to the judgements passed on prominent School personalities. Of one illustrious Westminster figure I can still hear him saying: 'Of course we all know that ------ is a Saint of God, but I have noticed that he is a Saint who seems instinctively to know which side his bread is buttered'.

That was the quintessential Charles—overawed by no one, reluctant to impose his opinions on anyone but still determined to give his own prime allegiance to the truth. There cannot be many attributes for a teacher—and I still like to think that those eight of us in the History VII long ago in Election Term 1950, as well as being the first to enjoy them, were the first to appreciate their uncommon value.



W. S. L. Woolley

The Mersey and the Thames suggest very different atmospheres. Stan Woolley is from Liverpool, indeed a former distinguished member of the Liverpool Victoria Boat Club. It was after service in the Royal Corps of Signals and a period at L.S.E., when he had a distinguished record with University of London Boat Club, that he came to Westminster in 1965: he has also rowed with Thames. He had taken part in the British Antarctic Survey, and was for example a joint leader of the Westminster 1966 Icelandic expedition and of the 1972 Greenland expedition: on both occasions his experience was most valuable for glaciology, occasions among many that continue to reveal his extraordinary fitness and determination.

Stan's arrival was associated with the introduction of Economics as an Upper School subject: its recruits have not been numerous, as was after all to be expected, and his teaching has been rewarded according to the ability of those who elected to continue with the subject. It is for his fourteen years' association with W.S.B.C. that he will be particularly remembered: for eight of those years he has been master in charge. Perhaps the most spectacular of his many successes was the four of 1968, with P. D. P. Angier, S. D. Nevin, M. I. Williams, J. D. Hopkin and A. C. Houston, among others. They won the Head of the Medway, the Schools Head of the River Fours, the Head of the Cam, the Cadet Fours' Division, and represented England in the Home Counties International at Lake Blessington in Eire.

On the water Stan was always demanding both of himself and of others, and with his northern brevity of speech and his speaking of the truth he could seem a Pharaonic taskmaster. For so many this initial impression gave way to very real loyalty. His rich oarsman's humour was revealed to his many friends, who have feasted on his fund of rowing stories. Just one glimpse finds him outside the tea room at Weybridge Silver Sculls after the race. Asked by a great Westminster oarsman how he got on, Stan replied, 'A wonderful thing happened to me: now, this is true . . .'

Never a blower of his own trumpet, to those who do not know him well or love W.S.B.C. Stan could easily be an underrated man: not to his many friends, who wish him and Angela and their son every success very warmly.

H.C.K.

* * *

We have enjoyed the company this term of **Mr. James Bowman,** who has been deputising for Mr. Field. Mr. Bowman took his first degree at Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania. Subsequently he graduated at Cambridge in 1975, since when he has been working in the U.S.A. He is married and has a son.

Gérard Daniel

His favourite composers were, perhaps, Monteverdi and Mahler: he loved the Italian's control and the German's introspection. Bruckner was too celebratory, early Verdi too sentimental, and Bach (strangely) a little too cerebral. In Mozart he admired the magical synthesis. Brassens, Barbara, Piaf and Brel boomed continually from his classroom, and he could sing all their chansons from memory and out of tune.

He always knew not only the work but the oeuvre. He seemed to know all de Gaulle's war speeches by heart, the whole of di Lampedusa's *Il Gattopardo,* most of that overrated poet, Aragon, and all of Mozart's Italian operas in every available and unavailable recording. If you were studying Cocteau's *Orphée* with Gérard, you also studied, ipso facto, Gluck and Monteverdi. A study of *Othello* meant *Otello,* and most of his French sets heard the *Marseillaise* à la Berlioz, Tschaikovsky *(1812),* Schumann *(Die beiden Grenadiere),* in a ghastly military version and a bizarre rendering by Michel Dens of the Opéra. He was, above all, an enthusiast.

He could also be outrageous. The same meerschaum pipe that scented the Wren's mezzanine once occasioned an indignant onslaught from a Normandy Youth Hostel warden who caught Gérard en flagrant délit puffing away in a dormitory of Lower School expeditionists; one out of twenty was a generous mark for a prose in the week before A level; and he could refuse the most reasonable request with a withering 'non' that seemed to pop from his pipe and not offend.

Gérard spent five years at Westminster, and last year's glut of Modern Language Awards at Oxbridge provided eloquent testimony of his ability as a teacher. He inspired many of his students with a lasting love of French language and literature, and formed some close friendships. He leaves with his recently won Agrégation—achieved at the first attempt—and uncertain plans for the future. Of one thing, though, he can be certain: that he will be missed and not easily replaced.

R.R.S.

Mrs. Joan Fenton

Joan Fenton came as Matron to Grant's in 1958 when her children Jane and Frances were still quite young and John Wilson had some years to run as housemaster. She has been matron to four housemasters and has seen her daughters grow up; Jane has made her a grandmother and her grandchildren might come to Westminster. In her time, one tutor has become a headmaster, others have become housemasters and senior masters, one master a priest. Joan has looked after all these, has given them support, cheered them up when they have come back to the house after some battle or other with a headmaster or a class. She has been at the end of the 'phone or at the door when the housemaster was out, dealing in her reserved and kindly way with parents, staff, bursars and others who flood into the private and public lives of staff at Westminster. She would provide that link with parents that a master does not always provide, she would give the homely and reassuring word about a boy who was ill, would tell the mother what really happened in some incident and often smooth out problems in this way.

The matron is the front runner, often exposed to the blast of the boy's or parents' worries (and their gratitude, of course), and Joan is no exception. As Senior Matron, she has just done this sort of thing longer than others, and we, as teachers or school staff, know the effort and concentration it requires to be at the flesh and blood end of people, especially young people, however gentle they may be.

In her quiet and motherly way, she has worked long hours. Each matron at Westminster nurses her own sick boys (the san went long ago) and in the Lent Term she will often have had more than a handful of boys to look after with flu or some stomach sickness—this as well as looking after the domestic running of the house. It is a job that not many can do with patience, and hospital nurses have long ago won their battle over the division of labour. But I am sure there are rewards.

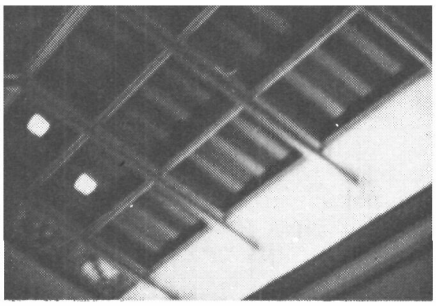
I remember being invited to her flat for supper and, after evening prep, there was a long queue of boys waiting to see Joan. None of them looked ill to my eyes, they were happy, laughing quietly. I was a young master then, not in my own house and very shy, of course, but I summoned up enough courage to ask them why they were all there. One boy, whom I still remember very clearly, answered for the lot: 'We like to come to see if Matron's all right, to have a chat and see who the guests are'. This friendliness is her making, of course, and the boy's answer showed affection and trust, and very little is worth more than to have this from others.

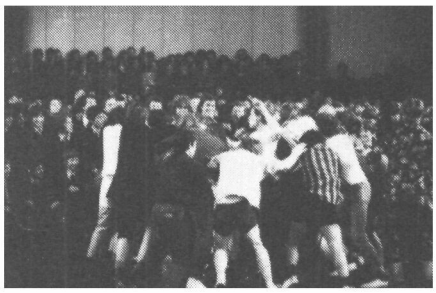
We have very elegant matrons. I have attended Commemorations—as many as most, I suppose—and to see three tall ladies in evening dress sweeping out of the Abbey (by contrast with the roll of the posse of masters) was a delightful and refreshing sight. Joan was, of course, one of the three.

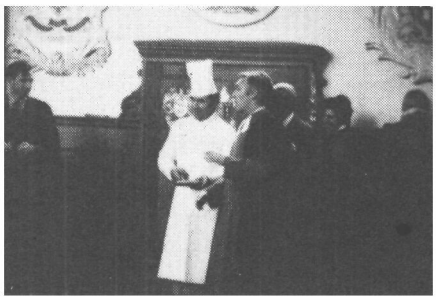
No one can know fully the effect of a person's presence over many years in one place, in close contact with people. I imagine most would say it was Joan's sympathy and care, her affection for people, her rather shy and restrained way, never pushing herself forward—that it was this that showed and often brought peace.

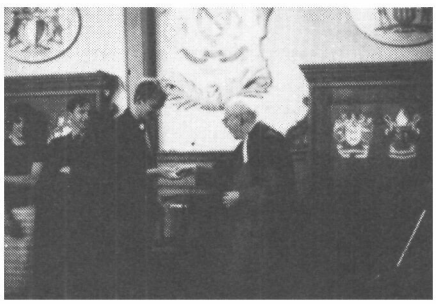
I hope she will be happy in retirement, in her house at Ealing, and that when her grandchildren come to Westminster, she will come often to see them and us, and that perhaps she will not even wait that long.

G.A.S.









The Greaze *Paul Lowenstein*

By Old Westminsters

Growing up at York and Essex

I expected to find insecurity and indirection at the new universities, in the face of 'level funding', expenditure cuts, an increase in overseas student fees and self-imposed moratorium on recruitment. But the eight adolescents, which were constructed after the recommendations of the Robbins Report (Sussex, Essex, York, Warwick, Lancaster, East Anglia, Kent and Stirling) seem to have grown hoary before their time. Their foundations are recent, but the present climate has introduced both an older orthodoxy and a newer sense of identity. York and Essex are in the sharpest possible contrast, in terms of their 'respectability', reverence for tradition, subjects for which they are known, and, they would hate to confess, the people they admit.

A campus university, like the others of its generation, York looks like a large industrial estate, neatly laid out round a shapeless artificial lake. The prefabricated buildings, covered with pebble dash, recede muddily into the flat landscape in the rain. The architect must have designed the place in summer, thinking of roses at least, or students sunbathing among the duck droppings. One of the few complaints of Professor Berrick Saul, vice-chancellor of a year's standing, is that room was not found to build the university in the magnificent city itself. Coming from Edinburgh he has had to get used to York's peculiar insularity.

York, he told me, was one of the most traditional. In the enthusiasm of the early Sixties, Lord James, the first vice-chancellor, took the safer route; those at Sussex and Essex were more experimental. Cambridge was the model he followed. York established traditionally organised courses, changing only the methods of assessment, with a strong emphasis upon academic standards. It was decided that the university would always be small. There are now 3,500 students in all, split up into five colleges. With the exception of Philosophy, the figures for applications per place are between 2% and 10% up on the national average, the most prestigious courses being English, History, Music and Social Administration. Universities, like industry, measure success by demand. It can also be measured by scholastic achievement. Last year York's external examiners in English were the same as those for Cambridge; the York scripts overall were of a higher standard than those of Cambridge, they said, and one student produced the best undergraduate work they had ever seen.

Lately the Government has cut back directly, and also practises 'level funding': i.e. not making up for inflation. At York savings of £215,000 must be made over an annual expenditure of £7 million, a cut of 3½%, Professor Saul explained, and the university will still be left in deficit. Since the moratorium on recruitment, four chairs have become vacant, English, Philosophy, Languages and Maths.

There are other problems unique to new universities, he suggested. The generation of academics who colonised the new universities are now in their forties and fifties and far from retirement. Only one professor is due to retire in the next five years. So there is a generation growing steadily more senior and no new blood at the bottom. Such immobility, he agrees, cannot be good for standards.

In the long term, Berrick Saul is an advocate of the idea that small is sensible. He forsees that small, cohesive places like York will be hard hit in the event of further cutbacks at the end of the Eighties; for the same reasons that they now find they have little excess growth which can be pruned. If everything created by Robbins was threatened, Saul feels that government should weight the scales in favour of the small universities. York, he says, has exceeded expectations. 'If others have failed,' he said pointedly, 'then all right, they should go!'

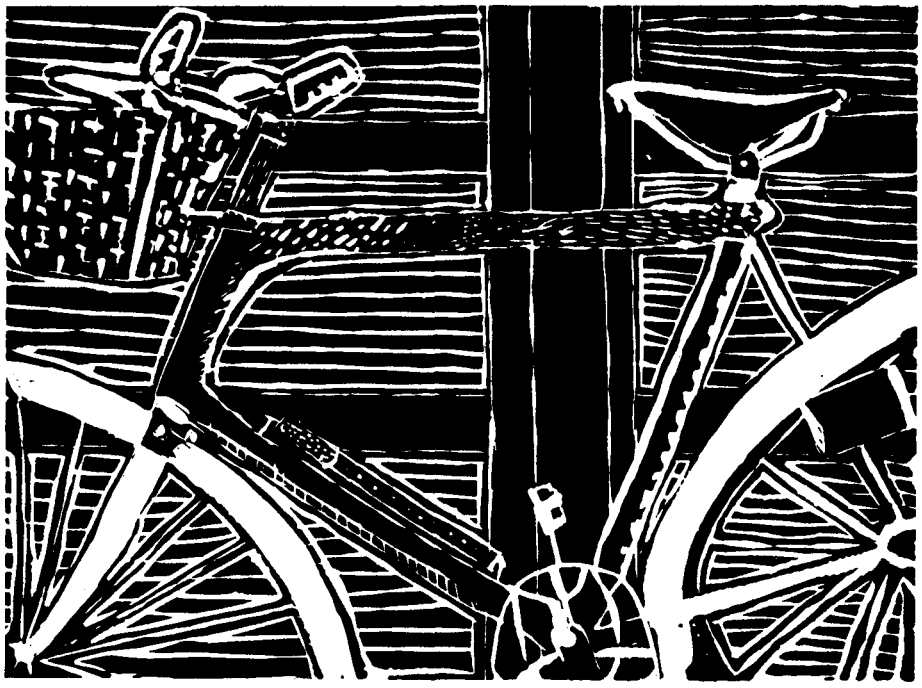
Essex University, founded on different lines, is a mausoleum of radical intentions. The best view of the campus, aptly enough, is from the window of the vice-chancellor's drawing room. Looking down the valley, with its two small wooded lakes, the brutal architecture of the place appears softer. Our guide describes it as 'a futuristic version of the integrated pedestrian campus, with vertical as well as horizontal segregation'. Walking on the campus itself, one feels like any unassuming vegetable entering a split-level grill. Sadly, as with some of its experimental intentions, there is an air of absurdity. One walkway just stops in mid-air, like the set of an abandoned science fiction epic. The paint is peeling. A lecturer I spoke to said, 'Shabbiness is the price we pay to carry on.'

Dr. Albert Sloman, Essex's founding and present vice-chancellor, seems a man slightly battered by adverse publicity from the years, now past, of student disruption. 'We aimed, at the beginning, to be inter-disciplinary in outlook,' he told me, 'to rewrite the map of learning. I don't think any of us that tried it [Essex, Warwick, Sussex, East Anglia] have been very successful in that respect.' (The absurdly named School of Comparative Studies is a vestige of this.) 'A new university justifies itself by innovation,' he went on, 'at Essex we concentrated on forming departments with new concerns such as Linguistics and Electrical Engineering, on new means of assessments, and on new methods of university government.' But a lecturer I spoke to later added, 'The law of inertia ensures that any institution ends up in a familiar form.'

There is a feeling of incipient orthodoxy at Essex. Its strengths, in Government and Sociology, much loved by the left, are balanced by Sober Linguistics, Computing and the pioneering Electronic Engineering department. Essex is still prone to odd appointments, such as the recently established chair in Artificial Intelligence. But those who teach at Essex are, by and large, colonists from other universities and academics, of whatever political complexion, are notoriously conservative. Now that it is back on conventional rails, Essex is catching up.

Dr. Sloman shares the financial worries of his counterpart at York. But, having survived worse, he is inclined to be more philosophical. 'Rationalising departments is the logical way to cut back,' he said, 'there is no question of doing away with institutions. The government has given a firm undertaking that none will go and it would be wrong to suggest that this might happen.' He even appears unworried by the insecurity Essex faces, having a high proportion of overseas students, 25% compared with 5% at York, whose fees are

W. Brittain-Catlin



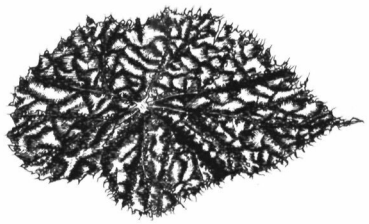
to rise next year to a level where even Harvard would be cheaper. I got the impression that the overseas demand for places is much more buoyant than the universities would admit.

He refused, however, to give figures for the proportion of students admitted during U.C.C.A. 'clearing'. I found out later that 25% are admitted to Essex after the failure of their first applications to other universities, compared with about 4% at York. Hardly any Essex students come from public schools, whose progeny seems attracted to less controversial places. My graduate friend, not a public school person, was more candid: 'They have a nasty habit here of accepting idiots, on principle, just because no one else will take them.'

Whether one thinks of them as centres of innovative excellence or monuments of bad architecture there is little doubt that the new universities have grown up. Something of an achievement considering that it took the 'redbricks', like Leeds and Bristol, 60 or 70 years to arrive at this same impasse of beleaguered orthodoxy. The economic climate compels students, too, to grow up faster, and academics to stick to more 'approved' studies. Altogether forced maturity doesn't seem to be very good for them. There was a distinct feeling of nostalgia among graduates and lecturers at Essex and York for the days of radicalism and rebellion. One misses a little constructive argument, a little of what Cardinal Newman might have called in his *Idea of a University* creative dissent.

Charles Clover (1972-5, L)

(Reprinted, by permission, from the *Spectator*.)



J. Kitching

Arts at Oxford—a personal view

Even student guides now point out that 'there is nothing students like better than giving advice to other students'. I would like nothing better than to disassociate myself both from being a student and a guide. In spite of its appearance what follows is not advice: it is a subjective observation of my own university career and an equally subjective set of opinions drawn from it. If I have a purpose beyond self-contemplation I want my readers at Westminster to consider my version of their social role and to decide whether they should continue or change the role that they think they occupy.

In this time of Thatcherite anxiety school leavers are cautious about their academic futures with some justification: will white hot technology make liberal arts graduates obsolete? The question exposes its own fatuousness by its failure to die: if it can survive Wilson's sixties so presumably can arts graduates. If Westminster pupils were going to suffer materially by taking English or History at University it is doubtful that their guardians would continue to expose them to the 50% likelihood of doing so. For, in spite of professed admiration for science by headmasters, leading public schools, like, for instance, Westminster and Marlborough, continue to divide their university entrants 50/50, arts and sciences, Oxford and Cambridge. Those in the parental generation know that a degree, any degree (preferably Oxbridge) coupled with a major public school background can still count for something in their sector of classless Britain.

Many employers recruit graduates whose preliminary qualification can be a degree of any calibre. Old Westminsters who want a job after their finals can find one: quite probably in the popular areas of banking, publishing, journalism or advertising, while accountancy and business seem hard to miss. The army now pays well; law schools are open to general graduates for a few years yet; and the competitive can try for the Foreign and Civil Services. At present most arts students should be more anxious about their time at university than about their prospects.

By most accounts, employers in the sectors I have mentioned are almost exclusively interested in 'the sort of chap you are'. Academic high standards are often a handicap likely to prevent a would-be applicant from muddling in with the others. Employers, with the complacent majority of students, take mere admission to university as sufficient proof of useful intellectual ability. Certain groups of employers agree with undergraduates that Oxbridge is better than elsewhere. Merchant Banks, for example, find that about half of their suitable applicants come from Oxford.

An arts degree can be a pleasant prelude to working life. If someone at Westminster chooses 'going to university' and cares little which subject to read then the present system works well. But a candidate interested in his subject is, I think, likely to be disappointed by University. This candidate may find that character-building activities like sport, acting, writing, eating and casual sensuality do not quite compensate for the hollowness of his course of study. What follows are reflections on my period reading English at Oxford. It is probably significant that I have tried to subscribe more to academic than to extracurricular student values while at Oxford and that I am now not the sort of chap wanted by several employers.

Arrival at Oxford from Westminster does not necessarily feel like a step in a classic progression. Most entrants would claim to be quite interested in their subject. Their behaviour seems orthodox only to the point of accepting the truism that 'Oxford is a nicer place and you'll be better taught'. Many people coming to Oxford still expect to find the sort of opportunities for intellectual and social communion which their parents and teachers have described. The gap between expectation and reality can turn halcyon brilliance into dog days. For most arts undergraduates Oxford does not have an academic focus. This absence of meritocracy permeates all of university life. Undergraduates fail to examine what they are doing and believe that because they, the nation's brightest soi-disant, are doing it, it must be of superior quality. The result of this conspiracy against self-examination is manifest underachievement. However undergraduates are encouraged in this arrogance by their milieu, employers will be impressed by the fact of achievement and not by its quality, while tutors are easily satisfied.

Arts study at Oxford demands no more technical skill than 'A' level. The notion of professional English or History graduates being produced is erroneous. Undergraduate courses call for that application, over a wider area, of what you have shown you can do already. Of course university study is not meant to be taught like school work, but many students fail to find adequate motivation if they are not even directed towards new approaches to their subject. Oxford's academic tradition produces, at best, groping or whimsical scholars who are often unaware or contemptuous of the focused exposure given to their subjects elsewhere. The exceptional literary, philosophical and historical intelligences in Oxford play a minimum role in University life. Some are alienated by the complacent parochialism of Oxford (a charge endorsed by most undergraduates) and play truant in their books, journalism and lecture tours. For others, the introverted system of book learning has worked and the Bodleian Library looks much the same now as it did, but with more women I suppose.

Although the government might find fault with it, the donnish high mindedness which places all the onus on the student would be a tenable principle by which to run the University. Nevertheless a system which places paramount emphasis on studiousness is self perpetuating and many promising students do not feel drawn to it. Academic success at Oxford means a first and a first necessitates hard working devotion to an unchallenging syllabus. Success is not always a measure of a flexible or useful mind and failure costs nothing and carries no stigma. One tutor summoned an idle undergraduate to tell him a joke: 'Did you hear the one about the man who could have got a first, settled for a second and took a third?' Big Joke but little bearing on reality. Thirds are reserved for the deliberately idle and the zealous whose studiousness is sidetracked from the exam. Every year candidates whose brilliance is recognised by the University are awarded straight gammas.

The mediocrity of arts study at Oxford is perpetuated by the self-absorption of the talented and the arrogance of the mediocre. If your confidence ever lags you can comfort yourself with the failure statistics; or the poll of academics which still places Oxford top for arts. Nobody feels compelled to work because it is almost impossible to fail a degree or to be thrown out on academic grounds. The exceptional

hard line college will get rid of you on grounds of psychological incompatibility but you would need to be unlucky. Tutors are either resigned or encourage the good-lord-you-shouldn't-be-working-on-a-nice-day-like-this-get-a-girlfriend attitude. I once heard a tutor comment on an essay, 'I don't care what you write but you'll need to punctuate and spell correctly when you're a chartered accountant in Guildford'. In Oxford this wasn't as rude as it should have been.

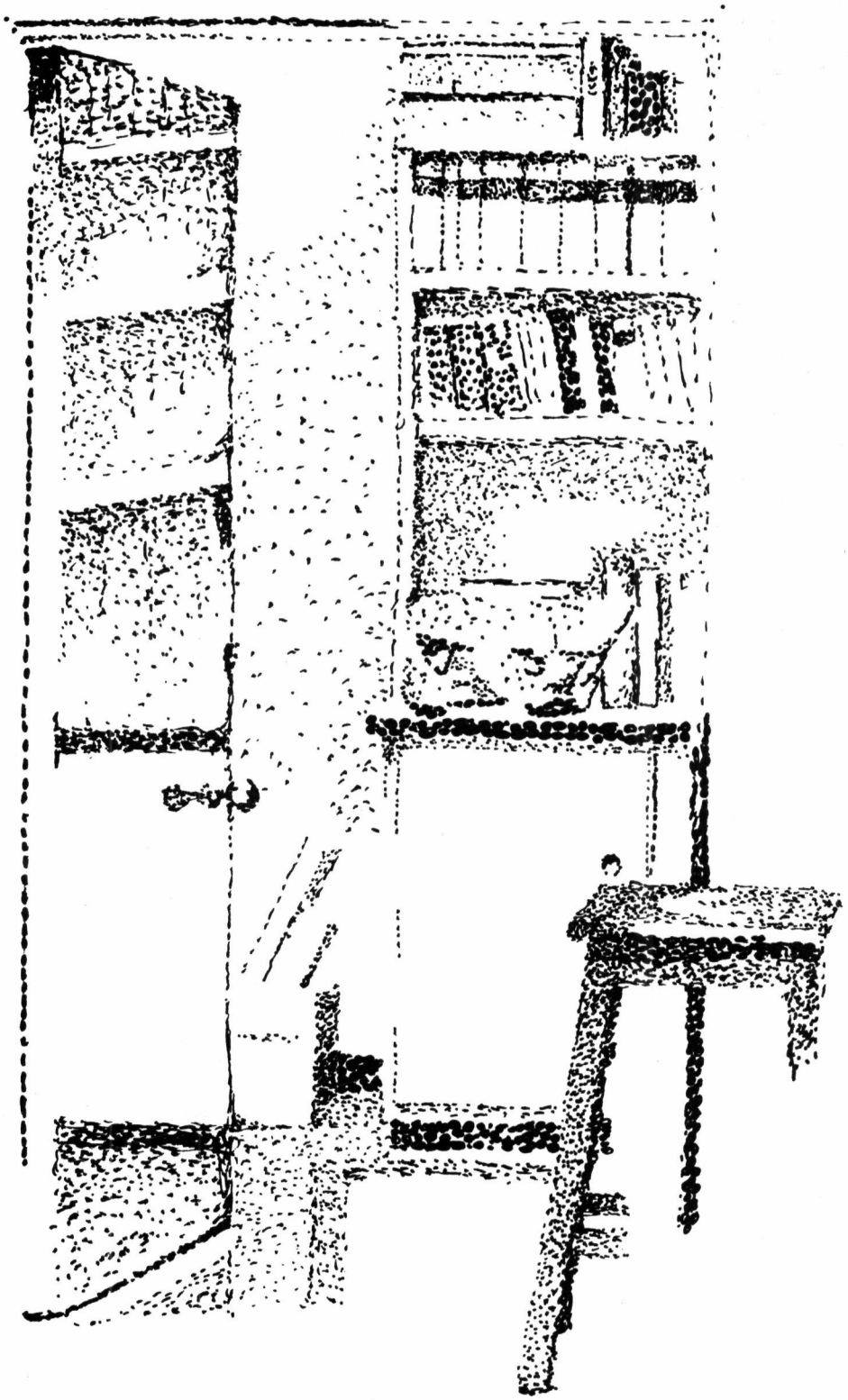
The climate of opinion in Oxford has not changed significantly over the last three years and some newcomers from Westminster may respond as fastidiously as I seem to have done. I think that I share my response with most of the Westminster/Oxford/Arts contemporaries I have encountered. In my opinion few of them have 'made the best' of Oxford either academically or socially. The prospects of people leaving this year divide neatly. A rough third are headed for Oxford-favouring bourgeois service industries. Another third are rejecting the expectations of their background. The remainder, myself included, are trying to compensate for Oxford by doing post-graduate work abroad—in several cases only tangentially related to Oxford studies. So only the minority of us have felt, or been, able to take up the easy opportunities mentioned in my first section. Other people will judge whether my attitudes will obstruct my ambitions but I am convinced that my credentials, B.A. Oxon, are quite adequate for most areas of satisfactory professional remuneration.

If people want to study arts subjects they don't have to do so at Oxford. But it should be remembered that Oxford is still the arts' yardstick for the nation's academia. Many of the new universities have significantly failed to produce any quantity of worthwhile research since their inception. Ian McEwen's comments on Sussex are similar to my own feelings about Oxford: he got A's for school work with B — rubbed out. To an outsider, Cambridge now seems to be a very constructive place to study my own subject, English. The disadvantages of a selective approach are at least balanced by the theoretical demands made of the students. Unlike Oxford-oriented universities Cambridge has responded to the professional developments in literature study. Its professors are leading practitioners in the new fields: Christopher Ricks is a great practical critic, Tony Tanner and Frank Kermode have studied Philosophical and American developments and Stephen Heath is Britain's leading structuralist. However it is worth noting that in *'My Cambridge'* Simon Gray and others who had been academically successful felt that the Cambridge system was very faulty while personalities of middling quality mused on Cambridge's high standards and trapped a little glory.

Although the present system may not be very enlightening it certainly rewards the majority of people from Westminster handsomely. Mrs. Thatcher is likely to prevent this system from changing very rapidly. Liberal arts dons don't want to favour public school pupils but, as more school leavers are waylayed by the dubious prospects of a science career, they will continue to fulfil their capitation quotas. One of my tutors remarked 'my policy is to take Westminsters only if we give them awards', but there are other colleges. Westminster pupils will continue to benefit from Oxford. Perhaps one Westminster house-master was right when he claimed that his charges were lucky averages who had been taken through the right hoops and would be rewarded exorbitantly for unspectacular careers. It is certainly true that many schoolboy heroes are now slumbering in well-lined London bolt-holes. A Westminster parent once asked me if this was élitist education: it seems to be.

Adam Boulton
(1972-76, QS)

J. E. T. Jones



Olivier Messiaen

[*Messiaen, now in his 72nd year, has had an enduring and far-reaching influence on 20th century music. His revolutionary researches into harmony and rhythm have affected the majority of today's avant-garde composers. The author of this article, George Benjamin (1973-77, R) now studying at King's College, Cambridge, was a pupil of Messiaen for two years after leaving Westminster. He writes: 'I took five exams to get into Messiaen's class, two of them lasting 12 hours each. I was locked in a small room from 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. and had to write pastiches in the style of one modern and one classical composer. My time with Messiaen was really wonderful. I was his youngest ever pupil and formed a very strong and close relationship with him. He has now retired from the Conservatoire and has virtually shut himself off from the outside world in order to work at an opera, commissioned by the Paris Opera. However he still lets me go and see him once every two to three months. When I last saw him I played him the tape of a new large orchestral piece 'Ringed by the Flat Horizon' that I have dedicated to him. (It is going to be played at this year's Proms, then in the Festival Hall, and a commercial recording is planned.).'*]

Messiaen has taught at the Paris Conservatoire for 36 years; his pupils have included Stockhausen, Boulez and Xenakis. He himself was a student there for 11 years and it must have been sad indeed for him to retire after almost half a century at the Conservatoire.

His classes were held from 9 till 2 every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday in a modern classroom overlooking the Conservatoire central gardens in the Rue de Madrid. The maître sat at a grand piano, surrounded by his pupils. The atmosphere was informal; pupils could arrive or leave almost as they wished. Messiaen never wore a tie. He always appeared very happy and relaxed during the classes and obviously derived great pleasure from teaching.

Although overweight and short of hair, the striking thing about the maître is his youthful appearance. His face is alive and bright, his reactions quick and full of vitality, his constant fascination with new ideas and new sounds quite extraordinary for a man of his age. His pupils were aged from 17 to 30, but in spite of being somewhat in awe of the presence of a great man, we considered him not as an old and wise professor, but as someone very much of our own generation.

During the class the maître read or listened to our compositions, analysed classical or modern works and discussed music: Japanese Gagaku, Hindu tales, silence, as well as western traditional, from countless different angles. Discussions in class would range from atom bombs to Chinese philosophy, from Japanese food to Mallarmé's poems, and from Brigitte Bardot's husbands to Robert Delaunay's paintings.

His teaching is free from all present day musical phobias. He does not worry about complying with fashion: 'What is beautiful will remain beautiful regardless of when it was written, or whether critics like it or not.' He considers that a young composer should above all be faithful to his own character: 'False avant-garde writing is a type of snobbery!' He considers it invaluable for a modern composer to compose when not inspired. 'Everything is useful to a composer' he says, 'from copying out one's favourite pages from other composers to reading Shakespeare, from terrible misfortunes to falling in love.'

He spent six weeks analysing Debussy's *'Pelléas et Mélisande'*. Messiaen was given this score when he was only 10, and it had a decisive effect on the whole of his musical thinking. We could see how he loved the work, how he treasured its harmony and orchestration. First he would play each scene on the piano (singing all the parts himself!), then analyse it and finally put on the record of the specific scene.

During the year he analysed such works as Wagner's *'Siegfried'* and *'Götterdammerung'* (which Messiaen considers the greatest work ever written), Berg's *'Lyric Suite'*, Stravinsky's *'Rite of Spring'*, Lutoslavski's Cello Concerto and Boulez' *'Pli selon Pli'*.

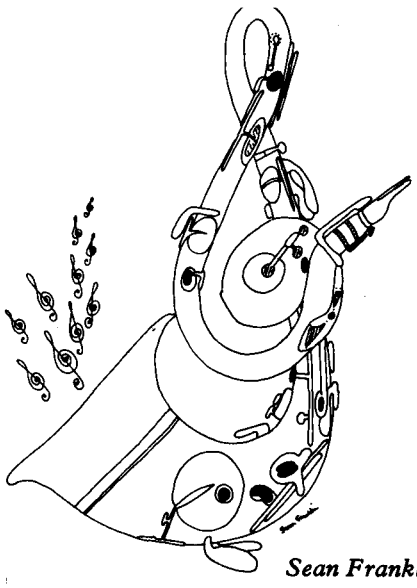
In analysing his own works for us it was clear that he genuinely feels and believes in every note he writes. He would often use the verbs 'aimer' and 'croire' with great conviction when discussing music. Two other words cropped up frequently, words that form the basis for so much criticism of his music: 'oiseaux' and 'couleur'.

It is well known that he has been notating and using bird-song since he was fifteen and indeed he considers birds the greatest musical artists on our planet. As for colour, he regards it as the most important aspect of his music. Thanks to his exceptional inner ear, he actually sees extraordinary complicated mixtures of colours on hearing chords. He admits that he might appear mad, but states that Debussy and Wagner had thought in similar terms before him. If music sounds 'good' it is coloured—thus Ligeti is multi-coloured while Schoenberg is a monotonous dirty grey.

Messiaen admits openly that he thinks his music is good, yet he has a genuine and great humility: I once saw him standing outside the Radio France centre ten minutes before a concert of his was due to begin. He had forgotten to bring his tickets, and instead of going to see the management or just walking in, he joined a very long queue at the box-office.

Messiaen has a tremendous sense of humour. He is always telling amusing stories about his past pupils and experiences: how a conductor named René Baton refused to conduct Messiaen's *'Les Offrandes Oubliées'* on seeing an 11/8 bar on the first page: how he recorded a lavatory flushing to simulate the sound of a waterfall in his only electronic piece: how Stockhausen one day threatened to hit a fellow-student, who was practising Chopin on the piano, unless he stopped playing.

Messiaen is a very active and busy man.



Sean Franklin

Whenever one of his pupil's pieces is performed, he and his wife, the famous pianist, Yvonne Loriod, will always attend, however bad the performers and however inferior the concert hall. Apart from classes, concerts and rehearsals his duties as organist at the Trinité Church (a post he has held since 1931) and extensive foreign tours, he has to complete an opera he has been working on since 1974, an enormous project commissioned by the Paris Opera. The maître is doing everything himself: the libretto, the lighting, the scenery and even the costumes. The music itself is finished in short-score, but he has 1,800 pages of full score to orchestrate, and his vast orchestra includes seven flutes, three ondes martenots, and fourteen percussionists.

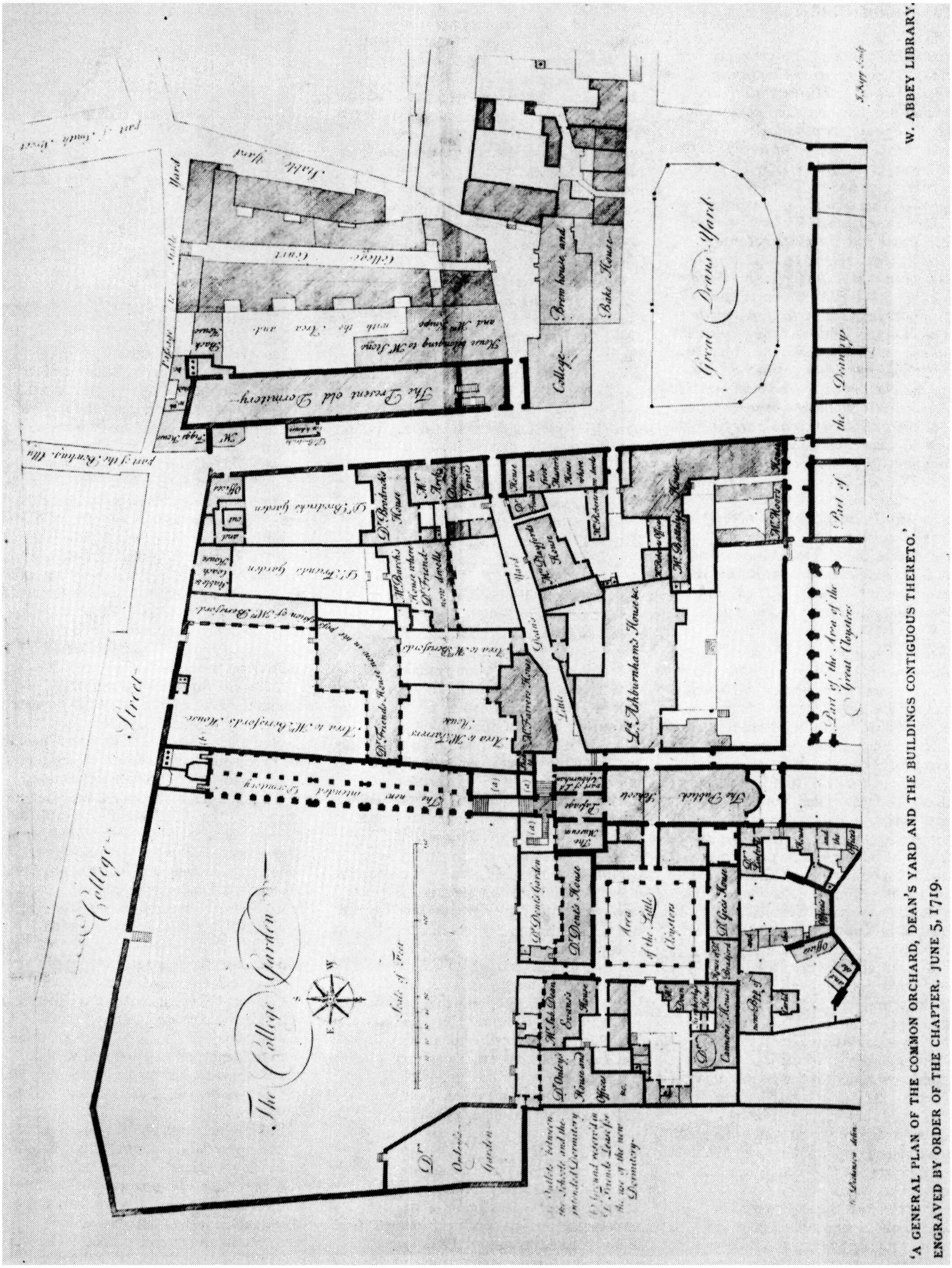
As for the future, Messiaen has a commission for an orchestral piece once the opera is finished. He says he is now too old to produce innovations and that it is now for the new generation to advance the art of music; 'How lucky you are to be young.'

We asked the maître whether, when he was young, he had thought it possible to write music more modern than that of, say, Stravinsky. He replied that people who think that advancement is impossible (like his teacher, Dukas, who told him that no more beautiful harmonies could be possible after Ravel) are usually proved wrong.

As for electronic music, he believes that it will remain one of the strands, but by no means the only one, of music to come; 'As the cinema has coexisted with the theatre, so will electronic music co-exist with instrumental music. . . . There are three predominant qualities that will remain in music: melody, harmony and rhythm. One will always be able to create something new with them.'

For me this sums up the role of Messiaen, the composer and teacher. This separation of music into clearly defined fields is on the very basis of his originality. His optimism and certainty of direction are the factors that enabled him to make so many innovations and inspire his pupils. However is it still possible to find a totally new musical language with the twelve notes of the chromatic scale? Many would think not, but it is tempting to trust the greatest French composer since Debussy—for who is more qualified to answer this question than Messiaen?

George Benjamin



Pl. 1. *"A General Plan of The Common Orchard, Dean's Yard and the Buildings Contiguous Thereto." Engraved by order of the Chapter, June 5, 1719.*

Westminster in the Eighteenth Century

The Dormitory Business

For this authoritative article we are much indebted to Mr. John Harris of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Curator of the Drawings Collection and Heinz Gallery and author of the recent book 'The Artist and the Country House'.

Legend has it that the new Dormitory of Westminster, whose foundation stone was laid in 1722, represents the triumph of the neo-Palladians led by Lord Burlington over the Baroque school championed by Sir Christopher Wren, Nicholas Hawksmoor and William Dickinson. It was certainly a triumph, but if anything it is of one man over another, of the young Lord Burlington (1694-1753) over the older William Dickinson (*c.* 1671-1725). Myths as far as Wren is concerned are many, and are very often perpetuated by those who should know better. Despite the fact that the existing documents and accounts concerning the protracted genesis and building of the Dormitory were carefully laid out by Arthur T. Bolton in the eleventh volume of the *Wren Society* in 1934 and were used by Lawrence E. Tanner in his *Westminster School A History* the same year, neither got the story right. Although they might be excused lack of connoisseurship of architectural drawings in those early days, it is really astonishing that drawings clearly signed and dated by Dickinson could be optimistically ascribed to Wren or thought to be 'corrected and improved' by Hawksmoor. Poor Dickinson has had a bad press, for the truth is that he, and he alone, was responsible for the Baroque designs, all conceived in a vain attempt to persuade the Dean and Chapter that the style of the old Establishment was preferable to the new.

What are these opposing styles? The baroque is epitomised by Castle Howard in Yorkshire (1700+) by Sir John Vanbrugh, or the Orangery at Kensington Palace (1704) by Hawksmoor. Wren's work at Hampton Court is in a muted baroque style, but his and Hawksmoor's additions to the Royal Hospital at Greenwich from 1696 are probably the best examples of baroque architecture in London. Put very simply, a baroque façade is conceived with a plasticity of ornament, with a recession and advance of planes contributing both movement and deep shadow. The lifeline of all this returns to the Rome of Bernini and Sixtus V via France in the later seventeenth century. Neo-Palladianism is more difficult to define. It is, in effect, a revival of Palladianism, which is itself derived from the architecture of Andrea Palladio in Vicenza and the Veneto during the second half of the sixteenth century. Palladio published his famous *I Quattro Libri dell' Architettura* in 1570, a treatise that has been venerated ever since. In 1613 Inigo Jones, then still only a designer of court masques, but ardent to be the British Vitruvius, travelled to Italy, bought a copy of Palladio's book in Venice, and toured Palladio's villas and town buildings with it. In Venice, he and his companion the Earl of Arundel, met the successor to Palladio's practice, Vicenzo Scamozzi, who being near death and partly blind, was persuaded to sell all Palladio's drawings to Inigo Jones and all his own to Arundel. It was an astonishing coup for the future of English architecture. Jones's architecture might be represented by the Queen's House at Greenwich (1617+), the Banqueting House in Whitehall (1619), the Chapel at St. James's Palace (1623), and St. Paul's church, Covent Garden (1631). The discerning, however, will recognize that these buildings are not pure examples of Palladio's manner, but are in addition a development from printed works as well as Roman antiquity. What Jones borrowed was somehow synthesised into his designs, to the extent that the original motif or source remains only in ghostly outline. Jones's work was, indeed, truly Jonesian. Jones's legacy was forgotten through the second half of the seventeenth century, particularly after 1670 with the rise of the Baroque School. It was an enterprising Scotsman, Colen Campbell, who saw the main chance to start a revival of Palladio and Jones, and to this end published in 1715 the first volume of a trilogy titled *Vitruvius Britannicus,* a compilation of engraved views and a manifesto for the new taste. In 1718 Campbell designed Lord Burlington's town house in Piccadilly, now incorporated into the Royal Academy of Arts. At this point Lord Burlington enters the lists.

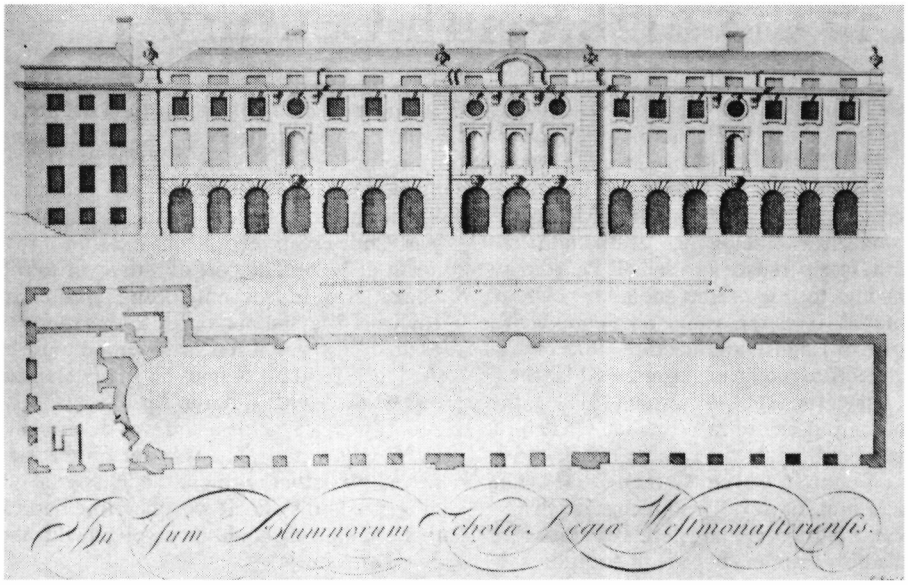
Whilst Burlington House was building, Lord Burlington decided to see Palladio's buildings, and like Jones he went around with the *Quattro Libri* under his arm. He returned not only with a determination to be an architect, but with a great collection of Palladio's drawings of Roman antiquity found in the stables of the Villa Maser. In 1720 fortune favoured him by his acquisition of Palladio's drawings that had belonged to Jones, as well as Jones's own designs. Thus in London the whole corpus of Palladio's designs, split up in the sixteenth century, was re-united. It was quite remarkable. Burlington soon recognized Campbell's limitations and the derivative style of his brand of neo-Palladianism. It lacked an intellectual discipline. Compared to Campbell, Burlington worked cerebrally, and there is no doubt that he saw neo-Palladianism, not only as the new London style, but potentially as a national style in which were to be united the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, gardening, music and literature. Thus London to him would be the modern equivalent of Rome, or perhaps as he fondly hoped, the Rome of antiquity. He was called by the Italian antiquary Scipio Maffei' il Palladio e il Jones de nostri, tempi', and was recognized as the Apollo of the Arts. This was the man with high architectural ideals who intervened in the Dormitory business.

The authorship of many of the School buildings can probably be ascribed to some of the names in the lists of 'College Surveyors' and 'Surveyors of the Fabric' of Westminster Abbey. William Dickinson was 'College Surveyor' from 1711 until his death in 1725. The post of 'Surveyor to the Fabric' had, in fact, only been instituted in 1698 and the first appointee to this more exalted post was Wren, who served until he died in 1723. Throughout his life Dickinson had worked with Wren in various subordinate capacities, and was described by Wren's son in 1711 as 'a person that has served my father with great fidelity, diligence and skill'. It was therefore natural that Dickinson should be involved with the new Dormitory.

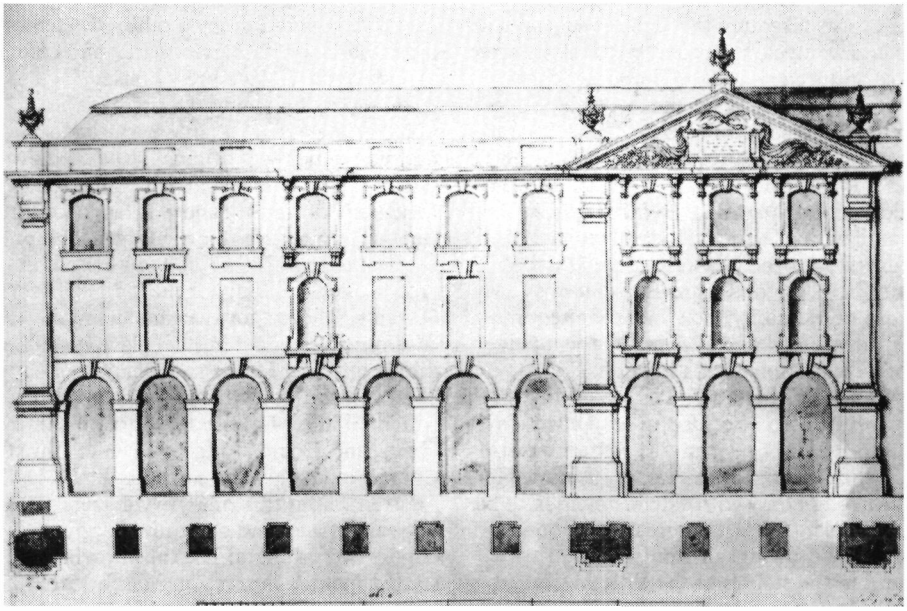
Today Dean's Yard is a large coherent space, but as Dickinson's engraved plan of 1719 (*Pl. 1*) shows, it was not so in the early eighteenth century. Dean's Yard was then called Great Dean's Yard, and was only about a third of its present size, the northern parts being taken up by a rabbit warren of old buildings with narrow yards and courts including the college brew house, bakehouse, and facing the present west range of the School a large barn-like building which was originally the medieval granary. The latter had been converted to the School dormitory and was fast becoming ruinous. To rectify this Sir Edward Hunnes bequeathed in 1708 £1,000 to be used 'in erecting and building for the lodging of forty Queen's Scholars for the time being in Westminster School in such place as shall be directed by the Deane and Chapter of Westminster, in contriving and desyning which building I desire Sir Christopher Wren, and Doctor Aldrich Dean of Christ Church in Oxon to be consulted'.

Wren was at this time very ancient, being 76 years of age, and was quite happy to depute everything to Dickinson, who started making designs on March 15th, 1711. A year later Wren and Dickinson jointly concluded that the £1,000 was only sufficient 'to raise the Long Roome and put a new Roofe upon it with a Ceiling and new Windows backwards', a statement that implies rebuilding on the old foundations. There is a design by Dickinson for a plain building with semi-circular headed windows. The Dean and Chapter had obviously been thinking of a new Dormitory on a new site, for a year later another statement by Wren and Dickinson concludes that there was not enough money for this. Then just two days after this statement, on March 23rd, 1713, the Dean and Chapter agreed to rebuild the old Dormitory, giving instructions on April 23rd for the Queen's Scholars to temporarily lodge in 'Mr. Lambert's house'. Another statement on May 12th hints at caution, demanding estimates before demolition of the old Dormitory should proceed. This, in fact, spelled the end of the old Dormitory project.

The note of caution is probably connected with the new Headmaster, Dr. Robert



Pl. 2. *William Dickinson's project of February 24, 1714, to accompany the 'General Plan'.*



Pl. 3. *William Dickinson's new baroque design of January 22-31, 1719.*

Freind, who had succeeded Dr. Thomas Knipe in 1711, and the new Dean of Westminster, Francis Atterbury, who had been appointed in 1713 and was an old school mate of Freind's. This personal re-union provided the impetus for a new approach to the Dormitory problem. On January 7th, 1714 the Dean and Chapter agreed 'that a new Chamber . . . shall be built in the College Garden . . . according to a plan . . . which was afterwards printed'. On the survey published in 1719 the College Garden is shown bounded by the Abbey precincts to the north, by College Street to the east, by a low wall to two gardens and the narrow end of Dr. Freind's house to the south, and by the line of the present east-facing range of the School to the west. The printed design is Dickinson's, who had obviously been ruminating on various possibilities. His first designs in 1711, for example, were in the Hampton Court manner, but once the new site was determined, he became bolder, and more baroque.

The College Garden projects started off with one dated February 24th, 1714 *(Pl. 2)*, an up-dating of the 'Hampton Court' project with baroque details and generally more massy. This was printed to accompany the survey in 1719 and may have been printed to solicit subscriptions to a Building Fund. At this point a great row blew up, and it was one of those controversies that appear futile to anyone outside the precincts of an abbey. Some of the Prependaries objected to the new site on the grounds that the new Dormitory would overlook the precincts. Atterbury was forced to take the fight all the way to the House of Lords. The 'Cause' as it was known, was heard in the King's Bench on June 18th and 20th, 1720, but Atterbury was not given the Lords' blessing until May 16th, 1721. By this date another architect had entered the lists.

It is possible that had there been no 'Cause' Lord Burlington might not have appeared in this article. Despite all the delays Dickinson seems to have been producing more and more designs. Between January 22nd and 31st, 1719 a new baroque design *(Pl. 3)* by Dickinson was produced, and this was very much in the style of his colleague Nicholas Hawksmoor. After the Lords' decision of May 1721 another group of designs by Dickinson are dated between July 29th and September 19th, 1721, and these vacillate between the Hampton Court and Hawksmoor styles. One design, however, submitted to the Dean and Chapter between August 31st and September 1st, 1721, has a baroque centrepiece, but is surprisingly chaste on the flanking elevations. The reason was almost certainly due to Lord Burlington's influence or intervention, and this is clear from a remarkable drawing dated August 29th and September 19th, 1721. Here Dickinson has been forced to present one bay of Lord Burlington's designs *(Pl. 4)* (left) contrasted with one bay of his own new design (right). The new design must be Dickinson's response to what he must have seen as Burlington's impending triumph in this battle of the styles.

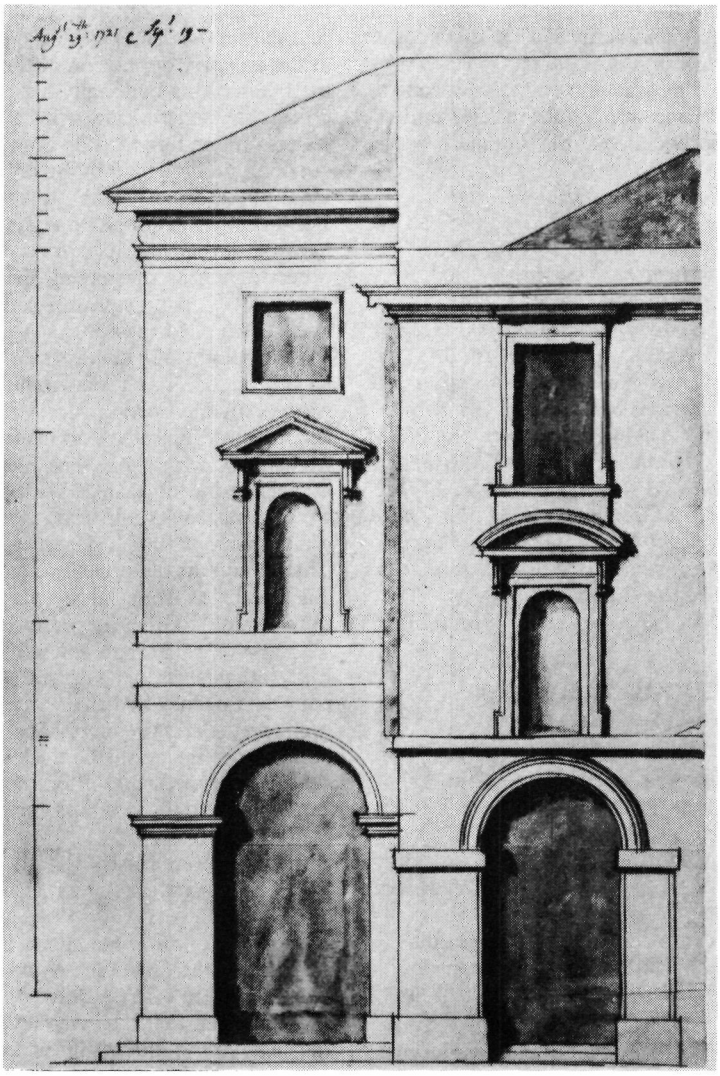
Exactly how Burlington entered the lists remains something of a mystery. His friendship with Dean Atterbury is uncertain, but old Westminsters included Henry Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bath, all three belonging to Burlington's 'Rule of Taste' in their building patronage. There was also John Aislabie who contributed to the Building Fund in December 1718 and was a friend of Campbell's. Regardless of how the decision was reached, the contest had been decided on April 21st, 1722 when Lord Burlington laid the foundation stone inscribed 'Posuit felicibus (faxit Deus) Auspiciis Ricardus Comes de Burlington, architectus, 7 Kal Maii 1722'. Atterbury, alas, did not have long to enjoy the fruits of his toils, for on August 22nd he was committed to the Tower for treason in connection with the Stuart plot, and in 1727 was banished and exiled to Brussels.

Burlington's design *(Pl. 5)* is a proclamation of the new English Palladian style. The aged Dickinson had tried hard to tear himself away from the shackles of the old manner, but as his composite drawing demonstrates, even when he did attempt to emulate Burlington's design of arcade on ground floor, pedimented aedicule with niche on the first, and square window on the second, the way he links his three vertical elements in the bay betrays a mind inextricably tied to the baroque. In British architecture there is nothing like the Dormitory. By its cleaness of articulation, its chasteness, and its minimal decoration, it breathes a fresh air. Nothing, however, is pure invention, and the source is the elevation of Inigo Jones's 'piazza' fronts at Covent Garden, but with their Tuscan

pilastered order elided. Nevertheless, compared even to Burlington's own house in Piccadilly only four years before, the Dormitory is almost 'antique' in feeling, particularly in its absence of the orders of architecture. It is, in other words, astylar, and although astylism, to coin a word, is not necessarily concomitant with Burlington's neo-Palladianism, his severe approach to design often makes his buildings look neo-classic *avant la lettre*.

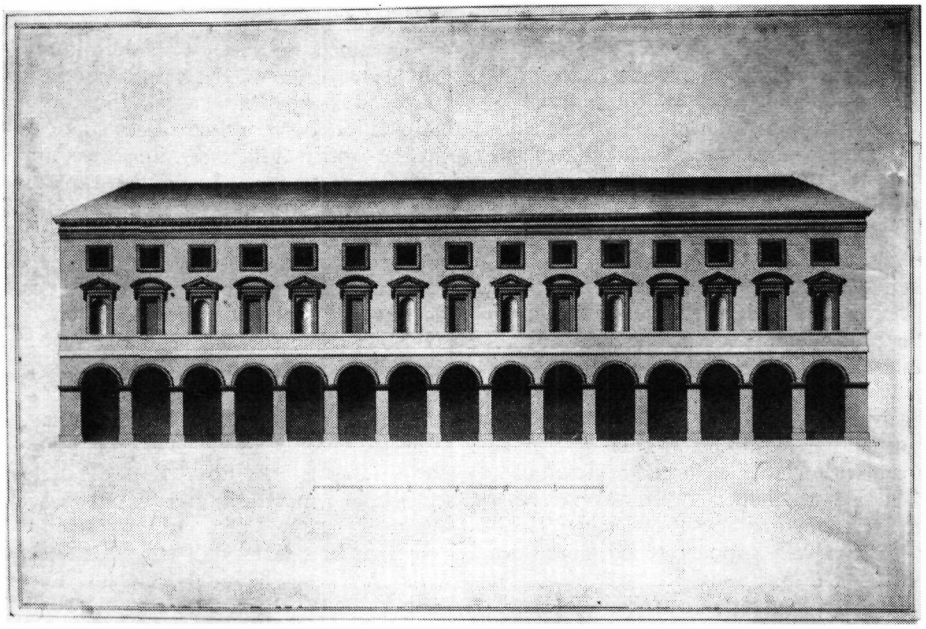
The completion of the Dormitory programme can be read in sporadic Dean and Chapter records. On January 18th, 1724 Burlington was handling monies collected to pay the workmen. From 1725 until at least 1733 the Dean and Chapter were in dispute as to who should pay the bills. On January 4th, 1729 workmen were owed £1,586.16.4½, of which £215.5.5 was available with the Dean and Chapter willing to offer another £700. The disagreement seems to have gone on and on, but it does have one positive aspect, for had there been no dispute some of the itemised documents listing craftsmen may not have been drawn up. Burlington appointed John James as supervising surveyor, and this was the obvious choice, for James had succeeded Dickinson in 1725, and after Hawksmoor's death in 1736 became Surveyor to the Fabric. There is a hint that Burlington was fed up with the whole business, and he may have left to James responsibility for all the interior works and decorations. On September 30th, 1729 'Mr. James, his scheme' for receiving scholars into the Dormitory was approved. There is a bill for 'building the Staircase and fovicas' and making the designs submitted by James, and it is James who approves the plasterer's bills for work in 1726, but not signed until 1732. During these proceedings Henry Flitcroft, Burlington's amanuensis and assistant, endorsed a bill for painting on July 19th, 1726, possibly when Burlington had gone off to Paris. The masons were Christopher Horsnaile and Edward Stanton; carpenter John Norris; carver James Richards; plumbers Law and David Arnott; bricklayer Henry Dagley; plasterer John Mines; glazier Charles Corner; painter Charles Handford; smiths John Montigny and Henry Sims; ironmonger Thomas Ingram, and clerk of the works Thomas Grant. The final costs are not certain, but a figure of £4,426.9.6 occurs on one document. Considering that at least £2,500 had been raised by bequest and subscription the squabbles of the Dean and Chapter over payment seem inexplicable, but there must have been resentments over the suppression of poor Dickinson who was, after all, hard done by. But then had it not been so, Westminster School would not have been able to boast one of the most important buildings in Europe of its day.

The later history of the Dormitory is one of alteration and destruction. The ground floor was originally an open 'piazza' or cloister, and in 1846 this was filled in. Up to 1895 the interior of the Dormitory was one long room the height of the whole building above the cloister and was lit by the square lights above the pedimented aedicules. The niches in these aedicules were made into



Pl. 4. *The comparison drawing of August 29-September 19, 1721, contrasting Dickinson's last design and Lord Burlington's new one.*

Pl. 5. *Lord Burlington's design for the Dormitory, drawn by Henry Flitcroft for publication in William Kent's* Designs of Inigo Jones . . . With Some Additional Designs, *1727.*



windows in this year, probably by Sir T. G. Jackson, but it was only in 1906 that another floor was inserted into the tall space. The whole building was blitzed in the Second World War and was rebuilt in 1947 under the superintendence of Sir Reginald Blomfield.

Note: the designs are in the Gough Collection, Bodleian Library, and All Souls College, Oxford. For the Bodleian cf. Gough Maps vol. 23, nos 30, 30B 31, 31B, 32, 32B, 33, 34, 35B, 36B, 37, 37B, 38, 42, 42B, 44; for All Souls cf. III, nos 25A, 25B, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37. A certain number of miscellaneous 'working' designs or drawings are in Westminster Abbey Muniments, e.g. WAM nos: 24875 (plan, 1712), 24877 (site plan), 52459 (d. 1721), 52460 (d. 1715), 52461 (plan at north end d. 1721). There are also a number of later plans, notably one of 1846 for adding a sanatorium at the south end of the Dormitory.

John Harris

The School in the Eighteenth Century

Nos facili erigite, o, risu, plausuque secundo, ludere qui pariter discimus et sapere.

e Prologo in *Andriam*, 1739, auctore V. Bourne

The eighteenth century took Sargeaunt getting on for a hundred of his pregnant pages, and Lawrie about a quarter of his historical summary. George Colman's *Random Records* and Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs* are among much to read. Very briefly, it is the century between Busby's death in 1695, after a reign that began in 1639, and the onset of the decline into the near extinction of the 1840's, of the new dormitory ('College') and the first steps to clearing green and yard, of the beginnings of cricket, ending with the saving for the school of a little remnant of fields, of Cowper, Bentham, Gibbon and Southey, of Warren Hastings: a century when large numbers of Westminsters figured in the American business on both sides, and many went out to the East India Company service. Early in it a head master was put on to preach the Tory sermon in St. Margaret's for the commons, and Atterbury, after achieving the new dormitory, was exiled for the King over the water's sake. There were Carteret, the Pelhams, Rockingham, Portland. Westminsters became ministers not because of Westminster attainments but because families like theirs sent their boys here. Charles Watson-Wentworth, or rather Charles Higham-Ferrers, better known to history beginners as Rockingham, who got himself shown over the school in drag as a lady visitor of quality by Nicoll, and ran away to fight the rebels in the forty-five, had seven other Westminsters in his system. The ideas with which he clothed his spirit of faction, since there could be no reversionary interest for some time after George III's accession, were supplied by Edmund Burke, introduced to political life by Markham.

It was a foundation good families sent their boys as town boys to profit by, a foundation the dearer to an age insistent that at the effective deposition of the old family in 1688 nothing had really happened to change the constitution, with church and state so much linked. The humanist curriculum, defended by Busby against new ideas in education, shared this veneration. Because it was a foundation, not necessarily because of their merits compared with others', six head masters of the period were canons of Westminster, one canon also of Wells, two of Christ Church and one of Peterborough. Markham, famous for rowing, fighting and scholarship, who warned off the Gordon Rioters from his Bloomsbury house next to his friend Lord Mansfield's with a gun, became archbishop of York, Vincent dean of Westminster. All were gremial Westminsters, three former under masters; four had been elected to Christ Church, the other two to Trinity. They received from the revenue of the foundation of which they and the king's scholars were members no more than the Elizabethan statutory salary of twenty pounds, but they had their other preferments and the town boys' fees: even scholars of prosperous families had long since been expected to offer substantial annual gifts to the head master and the under master.

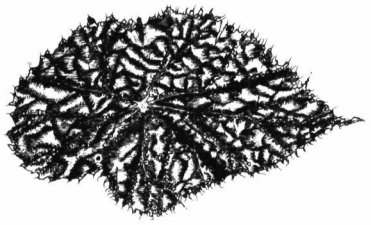
Shortly before Busby's death, because the king's scholars were not supervised in the dormitory, the early morning Latin prayers, a good portion of Prayer Book morning prayer, between five fifteen and six every morning, were often gabbled over (it was not suggested that they were ever omitted). In the 1790's William Vincent, elected to Trinity in 1757, head master since 1788, recalled in the school's defence that four out of the five statutory times of Latin Prayers were still observed, even if such a heavy daily obligation led sometimes to formalism. Between these periods there were superficial changes. The old dormitory, the former abbey granary range west of and parallel with No. 17 and No. 18 Dean's Yard, had finally been abandoned in the 1730's for the new, facing College Garden, though despite the change from Gothic to classical, the old form, of one single oblong room on the first floor over an open portico with colonnade, was retained. Because the old dormitory had always been ruinous the windows of the new were always kept broken, and the forty foundationers sat at their places appointed by the captain at the three fire places, upper, middle and under, wearing their caps and their gowns, which for warmth as well as academic gravity reached the ground. Early in the century the statutory Latin play every Christmas time had been revived after a lapse at the time of the great rebellion (Busby's successor, Knipe, under master since 1663, had been elected to Christ Church in Cromwell's time). Those captains delivered the prologues, Charles Wesley, Charles Abbot (later Speaker), James Impey, his nephew Elijah Impey (Chief Justice of Bengal), his great nephew Elijah Barwell Impey, William Ellis of the cheeky portrait, later rector of Thames Ditton and East Molesey. The king's scholars had the abbot's hall to themselves now that the chapter preferred to eat at home with their families, and day by day sent up the statutory grace, in a tone of perhaps sometimes exaggerated declamation, 'Oculi omnium in te spectant, Domine.' The school prided itself on delivery, one of the purposes of the Latin play, and would not wish to follow a more subdued monastic intonation. Other people did not get into College Hall: a correspondent once asked about the Akerman print which shows a group of assistant masters (!) eating a meal there.

A 1790's picture Lawrie reproduced shows the view from Marsham Street over open ground, with the Royal Hospital at Chelsea afar and the king's scholars' cricket tent in the middle distance. Vincent, dean from 1802, was to decide, in view of increasing building and the chapter decision to lease the whole of the land for this purpose, to enclose a small area in the neighbourhood of the tent for the school's use, and the Public Schools Act was to transfer the freehold to the school, where it remains. It was a great Westminster decision, though scarcely avoidable perhaps in view of the outcry that the boys would be deprived of their healthy and sometimes not so healthy exercise and amusement and be shut in by slums. In good years the numbers rose to between three hundred and fifty and four hundred, in others fell to something like two hundred and fifty. The classical curriculum laid out in detail in the 1560 statutes, with its relatively early introduction to Greek (pronounced in English, accents and all, which placed an extra burden on the memory) was still meticulously followed all day and every day, with the rods prepared daily by the juniors, to be produced when needed folded in the gown, and with the daily round up school supervised by the monitor of school, according to the time taken from the head master's watch laid on the table (watches cost money, and the duties of the watch and the tenner in the dormitory were very necessary). The *Mon. Os.* in his times of duty remained outside: it is true he acted as a porter, sifting and presenting visitors who wished to come up school, but the *ostium* he was guarding was the 'mouth of College', since the chapter would not find a porter. Though the obligation to be actually present up school was so overriding that a master might by custom give a tired boy permission for 'dor', to sleep in his place, the curriculum was for many a core round which to develop wider interests. Cowper, who was to translate Homer in a style opposed to Pope's, read the whole Iliad and Odyssey with a school friend. Never more Westminster comments than Sargeaunt's on Nicoll's time, Nicoll 'master not only of the dead languages but of the living manners', that at no period in the school's history except one was less knowledge imparted and more acquired, and that, while Busby had sought to make his boys, Nicoll with a wiser instinct made them make themselves. Though welcome to the king because of his German, Carteret liked to quote Greek: Pulteney was considered to be dying, as indeed it proved, when he ceased doing so. A Cambridge Westminsters' dinner in 1750 attracted the

proctors' attention: Thomas Francklin, the fellow of Trinity in the chair, who like the other masters of arts claimed the undergraduates present as their guests, had just become professor of Greek. The Westminster preference for Christ Church, where those elected became students and those not elected often 'canoneer' students, continued to grow. It is typified perhaps by Cyril Jackson, elected head to Trinity in 1764, who none the less went to Christ Church and was dean from 1783 to 1809: his kindly, well nourished features still look down both at Westminster and at Christ Church. As an elector at Westminster during those twenty-six years he can hardly have felt severely towards his successors who took the same view. No one of course could be elected by Christ Church or Trinity who was not a king's scholar, and no one could become a king's scholar who had not already been at the school at least a year.

Markham in mid-century planned the clearance of Dean's Yard and a series of houses on the south side to bring the town boy boarders in from those private lodgings in the neighbouring streets: one member of the chapter at least considered this would make life in the precincts unbearable. He was allowed by the chapter to knock down the old dormitory and use the materials for the foundations of the terrace, though in fact the clearance of the brew house and the bake house and the king's scholars' coffee house had to wait till early the next century. The medieval fresh water supply from the West Bourne still came to the pump opposite No. 20, the pump under which Vincent saw an old woman who had taken half a crown off him. The old woman was James Hook, dean of Worcester in time, and those who thus completed the joke were Harley, earl of Oxford, and Carey, later head master. Mrs. Porten, who had boarded her nephew Gibbon in Great College Street, moved into the centre terrace house, whose pediment is still commemorated in Sir Herbert Baker's Church House. Gibbon came to Mrs. Porten's in 1748. Philip Stanhope, of the Chesterfield letters, had left in 1746. Warren Hastings and Elijah Impey became king's scholars in 1747: Hamilton Boyle, captain of the school that year and elected head to Christ Church in 1748, was to be Shelburne's closest friend at the House. All these were schoolfellows of Cowper, who left in 1749. Francis Hastings, another, who succeeded as tenth earl of Huntingdon in 1746 and became head town boy that year, was famous for the graces on his weekend leaves in town. Richard Sutton, the son of an ambassador and of the earl of Sunderland's widow, was considered 'a perfect boy in the simplicity of his manners but of surprizing attainments': he was the friend with whom Cowper read the whole of Homer. Cowper saw Charles Lennox set light to Vinny Bourne's hair and box his ears to put it out. Presumably Vinny was intent as usual on his own verses rather than his pupils', though there is a testimony here to Vinny's teaching to which Sargeaunt may have been unfair.

The turn of the school year was still Bartholomewtide in late August, when a holiday under family arrangements had



J. Kitching

become usual, but, though holidays as known today were not otherwise yet invented, relaxation was provided by the early plays on every red letter feast, and there were others. 'Heavy' visitors, in modern parlance, 'plump-walkers' in eighteenth century language, might ask for one: that notice fixed to the wall of school warned that the statutes did not allow more than two plays in one week. There were late plays too, after the midday meal. Thus released, the boys amused themselves as they could, or could afford. Recreation had little organised form, and was certainly not 'station', though a marked interest in cricket, developed by the Sackvilles and others, emerged. Solid ground was not easy to come by up fields, and the cricket pitch near Rochester Row had to be disputed, sometimes unsuccessfully. From fields to Battersea was an obvious step in an age of easy water transport. The Watkin Williams-Wynn dynasty began their annual patriotic request for an early play on St. David's day, marked by the ditch leaping at Battersea, which made great friendship because everyone must have ended by going in. The Old Red House, still commemorated opposite the Dogs' Home, and the Old Swan, were to be points of reference when the boat club emerged next century. There were surely those who got dad's permission to borrow the barge ('If you scratch the paint . . .'), but there is no evidence of this. Though Cowper and Hastings were good oars, several who were drowned, or rescued by their friends, seem to have been sailing, not rowing. Fighting was a great recreation. In the next century, Sir Clements Markham tells, E. C. Burton, that hero of W.S.B.C., was always to the fore when there was fighting, as he liked all sports. Beaumont Hotham as head town boy admitted to Markham having arranged a fight, the contemporary equivalent of arranging a football match, between the school and the butchers of Westminster market: Markham perfectly saw the point that it would be caddish for Hotham to reveal the date of the fixture. The so-called rebellions of the end of the century seem to centre on refusal to come up school until a fight in the cloisters had been completed. Even the high steward failed to stop such a fight during the installation of a new dean. Bishop Short declared that in the first decade of the next century the boys fought each other, the masters fought the boys, all the time.

Some spoke of the Westminster blackguards. Charles Churchill, whose grave Byron visited, Wilkes' colleague on the *North Briton*, curate and lecturer at St. John's Westminster in succession to his Westminster father, married while a king's scholar. Timothy Brecknock, who forged a draft on his father and fled the country, was later hanged for murder. Clutterbuck, another forger, was last seen going aboard the galleys at Marseilles loaded with chains: hence the boat which is named after him. If a classical education was not, as Vincent's radical disputant claimed, a training in paganism, and the Terentian comedy was not really a school of immorality, the clever slave's part in solving his young master's generation gap difficulties contributed much to the witty self-reliance of the Westminster character. Teaching methods included as a matter of course the use of physical violence, and this violence was applied in flagrant instances of bad behaviour out of school, though apparently in a chancy way: a modern degree of supervision of such behaviour was not thought suitable. Dames in the lodging houses made what arrangements they could, and ushers who were by degrees attached to these houses either did little or were driven to desperation. Perhaps this explains why the laudable nineteenth century discovery elsewhere that a boarding house is the housemaster's household was only grafted onto the boys' long lived determination that a house is their house. The first Under Master forced by reform ideas to bow to the notion that he was the scholars' housemaster found the idea as repellent as they did: of course he was a gremial Westminster. Going to see the condemned criminals turned off, many of them little older if at all than the boys, could be a recreation, and for a boy to die of sickness at school or as an undergraduate was not uncommon.

Young Southey was a typical Westminster of his time in claiming by pseudo-patristic argument that beating, as part of the religious observances before Christianity and retained by monastic superstition, was an invention of the devil, unworthy of clergymen, and at the same time a personal indignity easily dismissed by a young man of spirit: of any more psychoanalytical implications his article is quite unaware. When he went on to claim that a boy had as much right as the next man to use his innate reason to decide his own convictions, Vincent, equally a typical Westminster, expelled him. Those were years when the revolution was taken seriously, and this taint of revolutionary ideas was Vincent's real target. Yet the foundation continued unofficially tolerant. A boarding house in Great College Street was recognised as the place for dissenting town boys. The Acton boys spent a short time there (one was to become a cardinal). Bentham, though he got the challenge, was allowed to remain a town boy and thus avoid conformity: a morning service for the whole school was a late nineteenth century innovation. Mansfield, C. J., that great light of law and liberty, was buried in abbey on account of 'the love I bear to the place of my early education'.

H. C. Keeley

Author's note: It is not claimed that any of the material in this essay is original. (The sites of the old dormitory, brew house and bake house mentioned above may be seen in the plan on p. 14.)

Judith and Holofernes by Adam Elsheimer (1578-1610), *c.* 1601-3. Oil on copper, 23·2 × 17·8 cm. The Wellington Museum, Apsley House. It belonged to Rubens, after whose death it was sold to the Spanish Court: it was captured as booty by Wellington at the Battle of Vitoria and subsequently given to him by Ferdinand VII of Spain. This reproduction is full-size.

Art

[In this article, the second in our series on paintings in collections within easy reach of Westminster, Richard Stokes describes a picture by Elsheimer at Apsley House.]

'Judith and Holofernes' by Adam Elsheimer

The Apocrypha tells the story: Holofernes, the Assyrian general, has laid siege to the Jewish city of Bethulia. The Jews are about to capitulate when Judith, a rich and beautiful widow, devises a scheme to save them. Adorning herself 'so as to catch the eye of any man who might see her', she crossed with her maid into the Assyrian lines, persuaded Holofernes that she had deserted her people and proposed to him a fictitious scheme for overcoming the Jews. Holofernes fell in love and invited Judith to a great banquet. Alone with her when the guests had left, he intended to seduce her but was overcome with liquor. Judith took her chance; seizing Holofernes' heavy sword, she severed his head with two swift blows.

This is the moment Elsheimer captures in his tiny picture, painted in oil on copper, which measures only 9⅛ by 7 inches. It is one of the marvels of the Apsley House collection. Indeed the picture is so small and dark that a preliminary description might help the reader. On the table in the right foreground stand an embossed silver ewer, two glass carafes filled with liquid, a dish of grapes and a candle. At the foot of the bed another candle glows on a pedestal. These two candles are the sole source of Elsheimer's light. Holofernes lies on the bed, nude except for a red garment across his legs which are raised in reflexive defence. His head, deeply gashed at the throat which spews blood, hangs over the end of the bed, and his hands are raised with clenched fists. By his side, at the centre of the picture, stands Judith. With her left hand she grasps his hair, and with her right she holds his sword aloft, ready to deliver the second blow. At the back of the room her maid draws aside a curtain and witnesses the deed.

These, then, are the bare facts; but a prosaic account of them quite destroys the mystery and drama of the painting, whose meaning Elsheimer allows gradually to emerge. At first glance we are aware only of the central figure; exactly what she is doing is not clear—the sword cannot be seen, nor can Holofernes' features be clearly distinguished. Little by little we adjust our eyes to the gloom and Elsheimer's light works its magic . . . we pick out the details and grasp the structure. The candle at the back of the room plays across Judith's face where her conflicting emotions flicker, illumines Holofernes' right eye and writhing torso, and lights the still-life on the foreground table, whose tranquillity offsets the violence of the warrior's convulsions and the suddenness of the attack. An extraordinary tension is thus created. The candles glint too on the sword's pommel and those clenched fists, and they faintly light the face of the waiting maid. But most dramatically of all, the taller candle catches Holofernes' foot thrashing the curtain above him in a reflex action that perfectly conveys the paroxysm of the butchered general. Candle and curtain symbolize Holofernes' fate.

The power of this work is appreciated if we compare it to Caravaggio's treatment of the same theme in a picture painted around 1599, eight years or so before the Elsheimer (Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica, Rome). Caravaggio, as usual, goes for a theatrical use of light; his chiaroscuro highlights the violence, and his shadows seem to possess a kind of dynamic formal quality. Elsheimer, however, plays down the horror and invests his shadows with a poetry that was to influence Rembrandt a quarter of a century later. The violence is muted, his candlelight suggests brutality but does not parade it. The painting is both dramatic and beautiful; indeed Elsheimer's candles light a dutch-like interior that is more still and more beautiful than the de Hooch, Maes, van Mieris and Netscher interiors that hang in the same room at Apsley House.

Rubens, too, painted a *Judith and Holofernes* one year after Elsheimer. Cornelius Galle's engraving (the original is lost) displays a baroque whirl and fussiness, however, that detracts from the drama of the deed. Rubens greatly admired the German artist and penned one of the finest panegyrics ever written by one artist of another—but his version of the tale quite lacks Elsheimer's economy, beauty and dramatic intensity.

Elsheimer painted little, hardly more than Vermeer whom in this picture he seems to foreshadow. Born in 1578 he died at the age of 32, and his influence on European painting—Claude, Rembrandt and Rubens all owe something to his art— is perhaps difficult to grasp, so short was his career and so small the format on which he chose to paint. Yet he was an astoundingly original artist, not least in the way he reduced cataclysmic events to a quiet intensity and bathed them in poetic light. A look at the fires in the National Gallery's *Saint Paul shipwrecked on the Island of Malta* and the *Martyrdom of Saint Lawrence*, and the lyrical areas of light in the *Tobias* will reveal his poetic gifts.

Elsheimer's *Judith and Holofernes* is tiny, as tiny as this reproduction, and patience is needed to plumb its depths. It is poorly hung, and to see it properly one needs to place oneself by the window that looks out onto Hyde Park Corner, and kneel.

Richard Stokes

Sports Reports

Judo

I've nothing to say but 'congratulations'!—to our two devoted instructors, of course, but really to the team as a whole—on our unbeaten record this year. Everyone has fought well and it's good to see our training paying off at last.

Since our last grading, Westminster Judo now boasts three blue belts (including Kev Jackson), our brown belt captain (Mark Oakley), plus a host of other grades. We must be an imposing sight, lined up for a contest; and it makes one happy *not* to be on the other side, for a change!

Judo at Westminster often has a raw deal, I think. A major station when it suits the school that we should be so, our efforts, nevertheless, are rarely recognised. There are two reasons for this. First, the notorious 'reign of pleasure' several years ago (which ended when Doctor Davies took over) when Judo lost what good name it might have had to become one of those despised institutions—a 'shag station'. We have laboured under this reputation for years; it is now mere prejudice. The second reason that Judo is not taken as seriously as other major stations is one that we'll never surmount—the sport itself. People's ideas about Judo waver between romantic admiration for the martial arts and laughter. This isn't really surprising—who *are* all those boys crossing Yard in pyjamas every Thursday afternoon? Perhaps our performance this year will have some effect on these prejudices . . . we'll see.

Colours this year were awarded to: S. Anstruther, M. Oakley (Full Pinks); G. Galatis, O. Heggs, K. Jackson, J. Salisbury-Jones, R. Rutnagur (Third Pinks); J. Whitehorn (Colts); F. Nosher, D. Gane (Junior Colts).

Sebastian Anstruther

Fives

The Lent Term started off on a winning note thanks to some clever manipulation of the fixture list; we played a Wellington team which has never won a match! The middle of the term was less successful apart from a few individual efforts in the Colts and Junior Colts. A trip to Oxford was not as fruitful as it has been in the past but nevertheless we came away with a draw, both pairs playing five games. The only other highlight of the season was a victory over Lancing at home, which merited the dedication of the team. We are grateful to R.H.S. and T.J.P. for their support throughout the season.

P	W	D	L
11	3	1	7

Jason Streets

Football

The history of Westminster football seems to suggest that the school produces a good 1st XI every decade. Usually there are two successful seasons, during which the team does not change very much, i.e. a nucleus of players holds the eleven together and helps to develop the necessary teamwork and discipline.

This was the case in the successful teams of 1959-61, which represented the peak of achievement in the early post-war period. At this time, however, only 9 schools were played out of a total of 22 matches. More than half of the games were against club sides.

Since the early '60s the fixture list has been gradually transformed; now only three club matches remain on the card—Old Westminsters, Army Crusaders and Chelsea Casuals—and over twenty highly competitive matches a season are played against other schools.

Our school opponents are of three types: traditional opponents, such as Charterhouse; State schools, like Westminster City; and rugby-playing schools, such as Christ's Hospital, where soccer is becoming more and more popular, and whose vigorous style of play makes them formidable opponents for Westminster.

For some years now Westminster has employed full-time soccer coaches to raise standards amongst the junior players. This policy is now beginning to pay dividends in the skill-level and tactical understanding of boys graduating into the 1st XI. It is no longer really necessary to devote most of the time to mastering basic skills.

The drive and enthusiasm of the masters in charge of the junior sides has also been a major contributory factor in their steadily improving performance over the years. They steer the boys on the right course and keep them competitive throughout the seasons. Their role is invaluable because they inculcate good playing habits in future 1st XI players.

The 1969-70 XI was the first team to reap the benefit of this coaching policy. They won 11 matches, including 7 against other schools—the latter a higher total than ever before.

Since 1977 Westminster has had three successive seasons in which the 1st XI has earned a considerable reputation for itself.

In season 1977-78 10 victories were gained, including the highest ever against other schools—9 wins.

Season 1978-79 was Westminster's most successful season ever. The 1st XI established several new records, the details of which were recorded in *The Elizabethan* a year ago. Their notable achievement was to break the record for the total number of victories (12) established as far back as 1928-29. The 1978-79 XI won 13 matches altogether.

This season, 1979-80, has improved upon the previous record-breaking one. The results speak for themselves:

Played 25; Won 16; Drawn 2; Lost 7; For 93—Against 48. School victories have been recorded against:
Westminster City: 4-0 Forest: 6-1
Aldenham: 3-1 Lancing: 2-1
Winchester: 7-1 St. Edmund's
K. E. Witley: 7-2 Canterbury: 3-1
Ardingly: 3-2 Chigwell: 6-1
Christ's Hospital: 4-3 St. John's: 9-2
City of London: 4-0 U.C.S.: 1-0
Brentwood: 4.0.

New records created this season include:
(a) Highest number of wins—16 (three better than old record).
(b) Highest number of school victories—14 out of 20 matches.
(c) Lowest number of school defeats—4 in 20 matches.
(d) Number of goals scored—93 (old record—91).
(e) Best Lent Term ever—8 wins, 1 draw in 10 games.

Although a new goal-scoring partnership record was not established, R. R. Wood (23) and T. F. Walker (30) still managed 53 goals between them. For the second time Westminster has won the Army Crusaders Cup for the best school performance against the Army Crusaders. Westminster won 5-1.

There is a maxim in football which says that every good team has at least five outstanding players. This season Westminster has been fortunate enough to have had a squad of capable players who worked well together over the two terms and produced these outstanding results. Up front the forwards (T. F. Walker, C. Wharton, S. M. Beadle, S. P. Gay and S. F. Cotton) had lots of pace, skill, and, above all scoring ability. In midfield the high work-rate, constructive qualities and perception of R. R. Wood, A. St. J. Joyce and P. T. Dean brought an extra dimension to our play. At the back the disciplined and aggressive play of P. J. Harris, J. M. Newberry, S. J. Crabtree, H. O. Winter, N. C. Marston, G. R. Shannon and, in particular, the reliability of goalkeeper M. J. Byam Shaw, enabled the defence to protect our goal very effectively.

Finally mention must be made of the captain, Ralph Wood. Without his quiet leadership, tactical awareness and, above all, his talent for scoring goals at just the right time, the Westminster 1st XI would not have reached the peak it has during the 1979-80 season.

Played 25, Won 16; Drawn 2; Lost 7; Goals for 93; Goals against 48.

S. E. Murray

Shooting

Since the last report, personal performances have greatly improved—thanks chiefly to the patience and determination of our coach, Mick Russell.

Chris Harborne shot only the third 'ton' (100/100) ever to be shot on the College range. Fortunately this was scored during the Schools Individual National Championships, in which all our first team took part. Chris was the only finalist from our club, the rest of us being knocked out in the penultimate rounds, and he finished fourth in the country. This achievement will join our 'Hall of Fame', whose members include numerous winners and runners-up in this competition, and all of whom have then joined national squads.

We now have such a pool of talent—happily in both lower and upper schools—that we field five teams in the Public Schools' League, and, as usual, some of these find themselves losing first places by just one or two points out of five hundred.

These teams include such promising shots as Ken Adams, who consistently scores ninety-eights and ninety-nines on the slightly easier junior cards; Julian Peck, whose amazingly rapid progress has gained him a leading place in the team after just one term; Charles Barclay, who scored a ninety-eight on the senior cards after just half a term of coached shooting.

These three achievements are just examples of the potential that the Westminster School Rifle Club once more has, and if all our members' determination, enthusiasm and aptitude at this difficult and often infuriating sport continue to grow, as they have over the last terms, we will be adding yet more Old Westminsters to Britain's national squads.

N. J. Hurst

Squash

We started off this season having lost three of our 1st V; Ben Dillingstone (secretary), Duncan Matthews and Marcus Manuel. We were therefore left with a team made up for the most part of quite inexperienced old Colts players. However as the experience grew of our new 1st V, so our performances improved, crowned with a fine victory over the mighty Dulwich College, whom we beat 4-1. This was our last match of the season, and also our best, which just goes to show that when we get the practice we need we really can do very well indeed. Our strongest 1st V consisted of Toby Jones, Tim Crook (secretary), Tim Cornwell, Andrew Torchia and Chris Nineham, although Bob Bowers and Ralf Woodbridge also contributed. Unfortunately most our matches were 3-2 losses, show that we just lacked that edge which extra practice would give us. Our only hope for acquisition of courts which will actually be our own lies in the possible development of the recently-bought hospital in Vincent Square.

At the end of this season all the 1st V will be leaving or engrossed in their Oxbridge exams with the exception of Andrew Torchia. Boys who played in the Colts all seemed to settle down quickly, and Alastair Jakeman and Matthew Norman played well, and likewise our young hopefuls, Albert, Mann and Richardson. We wish them all the best of luck for next season.

Toby Jones

Cross-Country and Athletics

Athletics and Cross-Country are at a low ebb at the moment. With Mr. Kennedy running the stations alone, only about 20 people have been able to do either.

We couldn't go to several of last year's Cross-Country fixtures, including the London Schools Championships and the Haberdasher's Aske's relay, because of the ban on Wednesday matches, due to the abolition of Guilds.

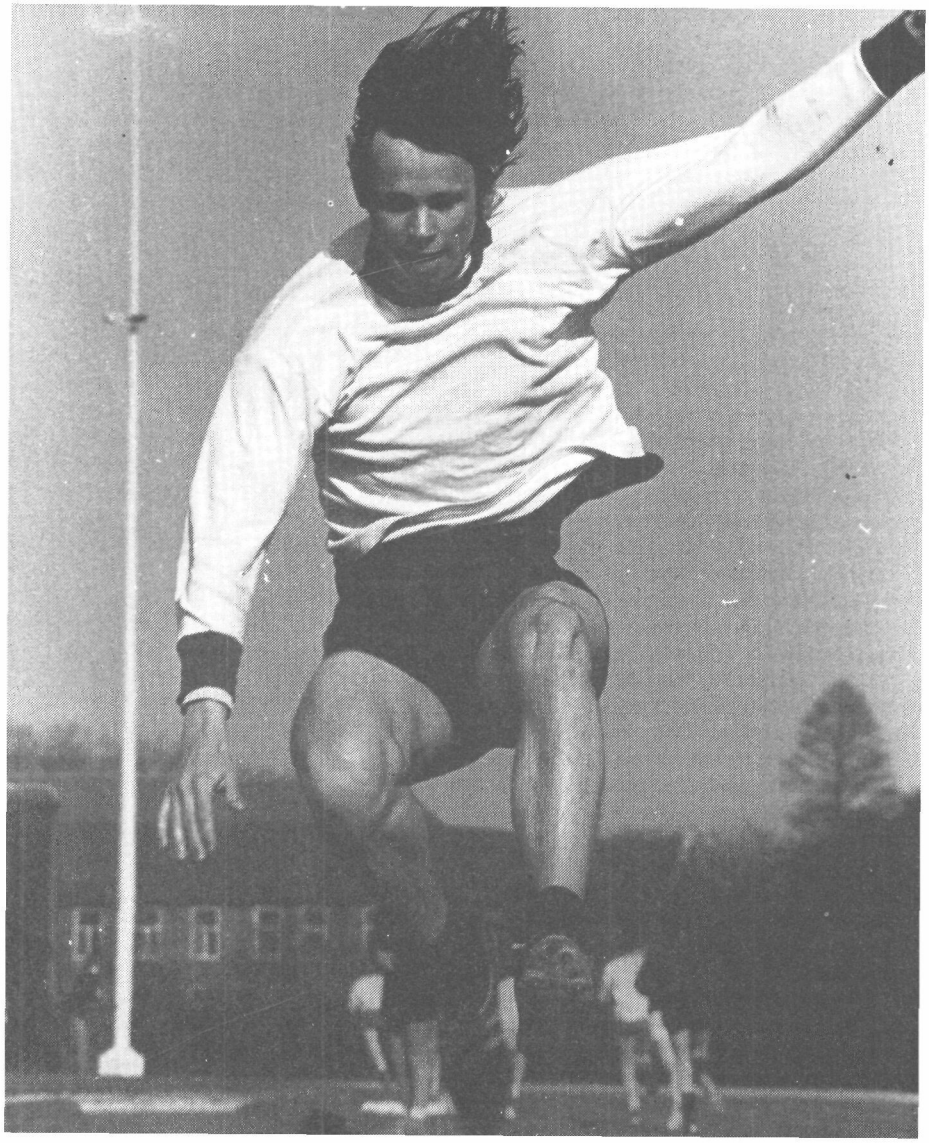
We ran in two Cross-Country matches in the Lent Term, against Winchester and U.C.S. Hampstead. We lost both, in spite of Adrian Baars, who came 7th at Winchester and 9th at Highgate, Paul de Keyser, who came 8th at Highgate and Richard O'Hara, who came 10th at Hampstead. All three had joined Cross-Country in the Lent Term.

This summer Athletics almost didn't happen. The demand for athletics facilities throughout London was much greater than last year, and there was some doubt whether we could find a track within a reasonable travelling distance and not booked up. Battersea track, where we usually met last year, has been booked every Tuesday and Thursday between 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. by a school bringing 250 people. We can't compete for space against such large numbers.

This term we'll be going down to Tooting Bec to train, or Crystal Palace, when it's available.

We wish to thank Richard Kennedy for his continued help and support.

John Vickers



H. W. Siemens

Joseph Lee Todhunter

After a year and a half of treatment during which hopes of a cure rose several times only to be cruelly dashed, Joe Todhunter succumbed on January 19th this year to the leukaemia which had been diagnosed shortly after he took his A-levels. Unable to sit the Oxford Entrance Exam, he was offered a place by Brasenose to read Oriental Studies on the basis of an interview, but was not fit enough to start his course in October 1979. But he pursued, at home and in hospital, the study of Sanskrit which held such cultural significance for him, and arrangements were made for him to go up to Oxford at the beginning of January, where he died on the first day of the Lent Term.

Joe came to Westminster from the Hall in September '74, specialised in Classics and English, was a keen Waterman, a School Monitor and Head of Ashburnham. Despite our having worked closely, I would feel inadequate to attempt a detailed portrait of him, as he was someone who was discreet about his inner life, preferring to listen rather than to talk. His was however a rich personality, marked above all by a powerful impression of dignity and great inner strength.

This was never more so than during the period of his illness, and those of us who had the privilege of being in contact with him at this time cannot feel that grief at the loss of a young life is a wholly appropriate reaction. Joe attracted to him a large number of people, all of whom felt enriched, not only by the example of his constant cheerfulness and complete absence of self-pity, but by the equanimity with which he faced the growing prospect of death, as though he truly felt that 'life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one'. In the words of the address at a beautiful memorial service at Nutfield, attended by many Westminster friends, he had found the gift of 'unlocking the love in our hearts'.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be:
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
Fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

(Ben Johnson)

A. W. L-S.

The Elizabethan Club

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

Old Westminster Notes

Simon de Mowbray (1966-70, G) danced the title role in Mikhail Fokine's ballet *'Petroushka'* to Stravinsky's music on December 25th 1979 with the Dutch National Ballet at the Stadsschonburg, Amsterdam. The production was mounted by Nicholas Beriosov, with additional choreography by Leonide Miassine and sets and costumes reproduced by Toer van Schauyk from Alexander Benois' original designs.

Richard Blackford (1967-70, L) is the composer of a new opera for children, *'The Pig Organ'*, with a libretto by Ted Hughes. It received its first performance at the Round House in January.

George Benjamin (1973-77, R), whose new orchestral work *'Ringed by the flat horizon'* is to be performed at the Proms this year (as reported on another page), played his own piano sonata on French Radio during his time at the Paris Conservatoire.

Anthony Howard (1946-52, B) has been appointed Editor of *The Listener*. He has also been commissioned to write the official life of Lord Butler.

G. M. R. Wilsdon (1972-77) has gained a First Class in Classical Honour Moderations.

* * *

Apologies are owed to some Old Westminsters who notified us of a change of address after receiving the last issue. A bunch of these notes were inadvertently thrown away—in a manner reminiscent of the loss of Carlyle's manuscript of 'The French Revolution'. If your copy has again gone to a wrong address, would you be good enough to let us know?

* * *

The last issue was inadvertently described on the editorial page as being Vol. xxxiv No. 1. This should read Vol. xxxiii No. 10.

Letters

The Editors,
The Elizabethan

December 1st, 1979

Dear Sirs,

I was most interested to read Stephen Squire's article on football in your last issue.

What a good side the school had last year—I hope they are having continued success.

Incidentally, in the article referred to, the greatest number of goals in one game is far from correct. In 1926 K. H. L. Cooper's side beat Lancing 13-1. I have the complete fixture list and saw this game. Cooper went on to get a blue at Cambridge.

It's a pity incidentally that we never read reports, or even scores of school matches, in *The Times* or *Daily Telegraph* during the past year. It would be nice to read them, especially that they are good.

Good luck with the *The Elizabethan,* it's always interesting.

Yours truly,

Ian K. Munro
(Captain of Football, 1932)

April 16th, 1980

Dear Sir,

In view of your comments about the lack of Old Westminster news in *The Elizabethan* of February this year, I regret that I must correct the largest item. I am not a doctor of anything, nor did I receive the Glaxo fellowship. The medical correspondent of the *Sunday Times* is my second cousin who confusingly has the same name, but was not educated at Westminster (a deprivation he seems to have survived quite well).

Yours faithfully,

Oliver Gillie
(1953-55, R; 1955-58, QS)

* * *

A. J. A. Cunynghame (1964-68, R), now married and living at the Old School House, Bishops Tachbrook, nr. Leamington Spa, would be glad to hear from any Old Westminsters living in that area.

* * *

Graham Maw Scholarship

The first Graham Music Scholar—Matthew Broadbent from King's House, Richmond, who plays the trumpet—will join the School in September. Funds for this scholarship have been most generously donated by N. N. G. Maw (1946-51, G).

Book Review

Raymond Monbiot: *How to Manage Your Boss*, Scope Books, Kingsclere, Newbury, Berks., 1980.

Management in recent decades has taken on a certain common character across the board, from churches, some would say, and government itself, even to the running of schools: the author speaks of his own field, that of business management. At one time managing director of Lyons Catering Supplies Ltd., currently managing director of Assorted Biscuits, Reading (and indeed president of Reading Regatta), Monbiot (1950-55, W) speaks from experience and distinguished success.

Brief, rapid and amusing in form, his little treatise is very substantial. External factors have drawn bosses' attention outwards from actually running the business, while increasing size and complexity have been added reasons for filling the vacuum with specialists and experts: those who ran the actual production were disparaged in favour of the successive advisers and their rapid succession of wheezes. The more developed and influential the central advisers the more unhappy and ineffective the concern. Memoranda and constant discussion created insecurity and inhibition: time better spent on real tasks was taken for what could become a cult of criticising one's colleagues. Those who flourish in this atmosphere should always have attention drawn to weaknesses in their own performance.

Business management is about creating a climate in which the manager can get on with the real work he understands and is capable of doing, and earn his boss' support based on mutual loyalty and trust. There are ancillary ways of achieving this, always remembered that the loyal execution of the tasks set by the boss is paramount: he needs to feel informed, and one way of meeting this need is the 'rabbit garden', or surrounding one's real preoccupations with minor ones which absorb his wish for information. The author's first experiences in this direction were surely gained as a senior boy at school, where he is still a legend for his effectiveness as C.Q.M.S. of the Corps. It needs remembering too that the boss is unlikely to discern the boss management techniques being employed, since he got where he is by using them himself. The happy firm is a college of boss and managers united by trust and loyalty, who all respect each other as professional performers.

'Hieronymus'

Marriages

Sheriff-Smith. On November 5th, 1979, at Scottdale, Arizona, John Leslie, elder son of Albert Sherriff to Winifred Eleanor, elder daughter of George Smith of Chester.

Wharton-Edmondson. On December 31st, 1979, Geoffrey Scott Wharton, elder son of Mr. Robert Wharton and Mrs. Rosemary Wharton of Grand Forks, N. Dakota, to the Hon. Frances Mary Edmondson, second daughter of the Rev. Lord Sandford and Lady Sandford.

* * *

Old Westminster Lawyers

The Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on February 19th at the Athenaeum Club. Col. Stuart Horner, O.B.E., was in the chair and 42 OWW were present. The guests who spoke after dinner were the Bishop of London (Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. G. A. Ellison, OW.) and the Head Master.

* * *

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London S.W.1, on Monday, October 13th, 1980, at 7.00 p.m.

C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Secretary

AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 31st, 1979.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1979.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee.
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any Other Business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London S.W.1, so as to reach him not later than October 3rd, 1980.

For Sale

Set of three, signed, of Westminster School by John Western. £100, o.n.o. Tel. 828 7923 or write Major J. V. E. F. O'Connell, c/o *The Elizabethan.*

Election of Members

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

College

Carras, Christos John, Flat 4, 44 Lowndes Square, London S.W.1.
Cohn, Juliet, 18 Brim Hill, London N.2.
Freedman, Derek Justin, 1049 Park Avenue, Apt. 10A, New York, NY10028, U.S.A.
Gould, Amanda, 11 Woodlands, Borrowfield, Hove, Sussex.
Harper, Janice, Greenways, 7 Woodcote Lane, Purley, Surrey.
Harris, Peter Jonathan, 76 Woodside, London S.W.19.
Herrmann, Paul Benedict, West Bowers Hall, Woodham Walter, Maldon, Essex.
Lemkin, Robert Thomas Fitzgibbon, 4 Frognal Close, London N.W.3.
Lloyd-Jones, Antonia, 15 Harberton Mead, Oxford.
Madge, Thomas Alexander, 134 Ifield Road, London S.W.10.
Matthews, Duncan Henry Rowland, 74 Eaton Drive, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.
Secker Walker, Sebastian Macius, 5 Chalcot Square, London N.W.1.
Stubbs, Imogen, Sailing Barge 'Resourceful', Chiswick Mall, London W.4.
Target, Simon Prentice, White House, Guilfail, Lewes, Sussex.
Whittaker, John Lyndon, Ptarmigan, Crowsley Road, Shiplake, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.
Woodell, Vivian Stanley, Quince Cottage, Oakley, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Zentler-Gordon, Karen, 79 Lawn Road, London N.W.3.

Grant's

Blaksley, Richard Edmund, The White House, Gosmore, Hitchin, Herts.
Cranleigh-Swash, Peter Lawrence, Bramble Hill, Balcombe, Sussex.
Croft, Charles Desmond, 37 Sheen Common Drive, Richmond, Surrey.
Dawson, Christopher George Robert, 56 The Knoll, London W.13.
Denny, Paul William, Lanrick, Backlane, Cross-in-Hand, Nr. Heathfield, Sussex.
Everington, Paul Andrew Harald, 19 Granville Road, Limpsfield, Oxted, Surrey.
Gardom, James Theodore Douglas, 79 Maze Hill, London S.E.10.
Hamilton, James Edward, Mallards Farm, 96 Galley Lane, Barnet, Herts.
Heyman, David Jonathan, 22 Cheyne Gardens, London S.W.3.
Howard, Crispian Michael Pitt, Purleigh Lodge, Purleigh, Essex.
Longford, Philip Michael, Timbers, Witley, Surrey.
Mayle, Simon Peter, 3 Dorchester Court, Sloane Street, London S.W.1.
Metrebian, Ara Maris Robert Balfour, 6 St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, London W.14.
Miller, George, 55 Clarendon Road, London W.11.
Moss, John Hugo, Lasham House, Nr. Alton, Hants.
Nutting, David Edward Harold, 1 St. Peter's Close, Burnham, Slough, Bucks.
Ray, Richard Bardrick, 37 The Drive, Esher, Surrey.
Squire, Stephen William Paul, c/o C. W. Squires, Esq., M.V.O., c/o Foreign and Commonwealth Office, King Charles Street, London S.W.1.
Tyrrell, Simon Rupert Mackenzie, 15 Willifield Way, London N.W.11.
Urquhart, John Cameron, Connet Hill, Elgin, Morayshire.
Von Blumenthal, Henry Charles Edward Alexis, 2 Paper Building, Temple, London E.C.4.
Williams, Christopher David, Ditton Ridge, 2 Pelham Close, Esher, Surrey.

Rigaud's

Carey, Alison Aithna, 2 Frank Dixon Way, London S.E.21.
Cooper, Michael Francis Robert, 17 Henley Drive, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.
Culling, Jonathan Beaumont, 8 Pierhead, Wapping High Street, London E.1.
Dannatt, Adrian George, 8 St. Mary's Grove, London N.1.
Dillistone, Benjamin Richard David, 11 Aylesford Street, London S.W.1.
Fowle, Diana Charmian, 29 Manor Way, Beckenham, Kent.
Freud, Matthew Rupert, 22 Wimpole Street, London W.1.
Hall, Jonathan Roger, 5 Middle Field, London N.W.8.
Higgins, Matthew John Cato, Court Cottage, The Green, Hampton Court, Surrey.
Jakeman, Roger John Boyce, Drumboe, Woodcote Close, Epsom, Surrey.
Keynes, Zachary Edmund, 16 Canonbury Park South, London N.1.
Lowe, Philip Edward, 47 Corringham Road, London N.W.11.
Mace, Ruth Helen, 8 Hollycroft Avenue, Hampstead, London N.W.3.
MacSweeney, Eve Marina Gabriel, 5 Diamond Terrace, London S.E.10.
Mizen, Miranda Susan, 28 Kensington Park Road, London W.11.
O'Neill, Mark James, 11 Castle Close, London S.W.19.
Robinson, Stephen Julian Roper, 15 College Gardens, London S.E.21.
Sykes, Jeremy Jonathan Nicholas, Mallington, The Mount, Leatherhead, Surrey.
Wright, Penelope Jane, 30 Smith Street, London S.W.3.

Busby's

Ball, Robert Henry, 13 Moore Street, London S.W.3.
Boxer, Charles Stephen, 34 Holland Villas Road, London W.14.
Bredin, Lucinda Juliet, 42 Dalebury Road, London S.W.17.
Buchan, Alexander Edward, 47 Cardigan Street, London S.E.11.
Corbett, James Justin, 34 Chester Row, London S.W.1.

Dow, James Christopher Francis, 15 Crescent Grove, London S.W.4.
Fafalios, Constantine, 47 Northgate, Prince Albert Road, London N.W.8.
Foster, Caroline Sara Anne, 27 Peckarmans Wood, London S.E.26.
Goldsmith, Alexander Benedict, 3 Fernshaw Road, London S.W.10.
Hall, Julie Victoria Lindop, 3 Pine Walk, Leigh Hill Glades, Chobham, Surrey.
Hollis, Guy Frederick, Bailey Hill, Tilehouse Lane, Denham, Bucks.
Horowitz, Stephen Brook, 8 Falcon House, 202 Old Brompton Road, London S.W.5.
Israel, Ashley Jonathan, 99 Kingsley Way, London N.2.
Jay, Alan Bernard, 20 Chelsea Park Gardens, London S.W.3.
Law, Christopher Geoffrey Henry, 61 Cadogan Square, London S.W.1.
Levinson, Charles Mark, 5 Pembroke Villas, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.
Loveless, Christopher Hugh, Springfield House, Dyers Lane, Slindon, Sussex.
Manuel, Marcus William George, 23 Alleyn Road, London S.E.21.
Marshall, Piers Simon Curtis, 22 Smith Street, London S.W.3.
Maslen, Robert Warner, The Old Telephone Exchange, Vicarage Road, Lingfield, Surrey.
McClellan, James-Edward, Residence au Bois, Avenue des Phalenes 3, Boite 10, 1050 Bruxelles, Belgium.
Pappenheim, David Michael, 13 Wellgarth Road, London N.W.11.
Sanders, David Alan, 57 Wimpole Street, London W.1.
Shay, Stephen Everett, Flat 31, Empire House, Thurloe Place, London S.W.7.
Taube, Martin Quintin Nils, The Old Rectory, Great Wigborough, Colchester, Essex.
Von Stackleberg, Nicolai Cornell, 5205 St. Augustin 2, Im Erlengrund 3, West Germany.
Watson, Timothy Dwight, 7 Hallam Mews, London W.1.
Welch, Richard Adam Roy, Moaralyn, King William's Road, Castletown, Isle of Man.
West, Colin Paul Nicholas, Beaulieu, Beech Close, Cobham, Surrey.

Liddell's

Baring, Adrian Hugh Vasily, 60 Woodsford Square, London W.14.
Beck, Antony Rowland, 66 Chelsea Square, London S.W.3.
Charles, Nicola Mary, 27 Kensington Court Gardens, London W.8.
Eisen, Nicholas Christopher Davorin, 8 Rosecroft Avenue, London N.W.3.
Fafalios, Haralambos John, 84 Viceroy Court, Prince Albert Road, London N.W.8.
Gale, Richard Francis, 9 Malmains Way, Beckenham, Kent.
Holbrook, Nicholas Brian, 16 Manor Way, London S.E.3.
Jones, Alastair Rees, 1B Silkham Road, Oxted, Surrey.
Kavanagh, Simon James, 29 Edwardes Square, London W.8.
Lazarus, Ian Kenneth, 31 Aylestone Avenue, London N.W.6.
MacVeagh, Charlton, 4E 88th Street, New York City, NY10028, U.S.A.
Outram, Iliona Maria Hodkinson, 44 Connaught Square, London W.2.
Pearson-Gee, William Oliver Clinton, 3 Gloucester Walk, London W.8.
Potts, Christopher Edmund, 3 The Keir, West Side, London S.W.19.
Platt, Robin Alexander, 71 New King's Road, London S.W.6.
Rubens, Simon Alexander, 56 Acacia Road, London N.W.8.
Sofer, Paul Martin, 3 Cranmer Road, Cambridge.
Stacey, Fiona, c/o 204 Grenville House, Dolphin Square, London, S.W.1.
Thomson, Roger David, 2 Rosmead Road, London W.11.
Turner, David Murray, Little Abbotsbury, Aldenham, Watford, Herts.
Wharton, Christian, c/o Texaco Trinidad Inc., Point-a-Pierre, Trinidad, W.I.
Wilson, Paul Joseph James, 21 Elm Avenue, London W.5.

Ashburnham

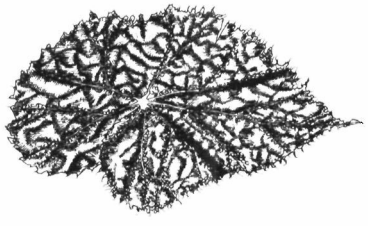
Beech, Guy Evelyn Patrick, 13 Park Gate, Blackheath, London S.E.3.
Bertschinger, Petrus, 12 Steele's Road, London N.W.3.
Clement-Davies, Christopher Geraint Alan, 3 Hanover House, St. John's Wood High Street, London N.W.8.
Cumper, Hugh Neville, 57 Westgate Road, Beckenham, Kent.
Denman, Francesca Marie-Carola, 23 Lawrence Street, London S.W.3.
Drummond, Charles Michael John Joseph, 62 Ashley Gardens, London S.W.1.
Freedman, Benjamin Matthew, 4 Chester Terrace, London N.W.1.
Hickmore, Stephen John, 14 Beadon Road, Bromley, Kent.
Hills, Christopher John, 1 Gatehouse Close, George Road, Kingston, Surrey.
Instance, Richard Mark, 2 Rutland Gate Mews, London S.W.7.
Lake, Christopher Ross, Flat 3, 6 Collingham Gardens, London S.W.5.
Morgan, Andrew Geraint, 1 Spencer House, Oakfield, Somerset Road, Wimbledon, London S.W.19.
Muffett, Christopher Andrew, 41 Mooreland Road, Bromley, Kent.
Newcomb, Paul Roland Stuart, 3 St. Michael's Close, Bickley, Bromley, Kent.
Oerton, Claire Louise, 86 Hillway, London N.6.
Perricone, Guido Roberto, 26 Montpelier Street, London S.W.7.
Rix, Juliet, Basement Flat, 112 Hamilton Terrace, London N.W.8.
Ross, Tessa, 16 East Heath Road, Hampstead, London N.W.3.
Taverne, Suzanna, 60 Cambridge Street, London S.W.1.
Vazsonyi, Nicholas, 67 Chambers Lane, London N.W.10.
Viles, Nicholas John, 7 River Grove Park, Beckenham, Kent.
Wilson, Adam Ledyard, 84 Addison Road, London W.14.
Wregg, Douglas Stuart, 5 Eglon Mews, Berkley Road, London N.W.1.

Wren's

Bailey, Catherine Amanda, 13 Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, London N.W.1.
Bannenberg, Benedict Jon, 35 Carlyle Square, London S.W.3.
Bendix, David Peter, 89 Clifton Hill, London N.W.8.
Besterman, Gregory David Mack, Flat E, Albert Lodge, 35 Regent's Park Road, London N.W.1.
Cattell, Caroline Ann, 54 Platts Lane, Hampstead, London N.W.3.
Cobham, Mark Geoffrey, 103 Arthur Road, London S.W.19.
De Guise, Lucien Simon Gaston, 40 Elsynge Road, London S.W.18.
De Wardener, Gabrielle, 24 Chartfield Avenue, London S.W.15.
Goldbach, Elizabeth Maria, 108 St. George's Square, London S.W.1.
Humphris, Nicolas, 4 Pembroke Walk, London W.8.
Inglis, Neil Langdon, 40 Winchester Street, London S.W.1.
Kampfner, Jonathan Paul, 4 Gresham Gardens, London N.W.11.
Lo, Francois Se-Han, 27 Redington Road, London N.W.3.
McColl, Alastair James, 10 Gilkes Crescent, Dulwich Village, London S.E.21.
Rohde, Simon Peter, 84 Burbage Road, London S.E.24.
Symon, Andrew Graham, 7 Allen Mansions, Allen Street, London W.8.
Tomalin, Emily, 57 Gloucester Crescent, London N.W.1.
Weaver, Jonathan Samuel, 29 South Lodge, Grove End Road, London N.W.8.

Dryden's

Brownlee, Michael Brian, Flat 1, 12 Lowndes Square, London S.W.1.
Deuchar, Neil John, 37 Ranelagh House, Elystan Place, London S.W.3.
Giffin, George Mark St. John, 78 Albert Street, London N.W.1.
Jump, Harriet, The Old Paddock, Dorman's Park, East Grinstead, Sussex.
McLaren, Fiona Rosalie, 30 Sussex Street, London S.W.1.
Shaldon, Nicola, 2 The Pryors, East Heath Road, London N.W.3.
Stebbens, Kate, 57 West Side, Clapham Common, London S.W.4.
Tyndall, Katherine, 18 Earls Court Gardens, London S.W.5.
Usill, George Oliver, 28 Portland Road, London W.11.



J. Kitching

Matthew Lloyd

Obituaries

Devereux—On April 22nd, 1980, Brigadier Almeric Clifford Eustace, R.A. (Retd.) (1920-23, R), aged 74.

Holmes—On April 20th, 1980, Sir Stephen Lewis, K.C.M.G., M.C., (1909-15, KS), aged 83.

Johnson—On April 2nd, 1980, Harold Daintree, M.D., F.R.C.S. (1923-27, R), aged 69.

Kirkness—On April 7th, 1980, Desmond (1922-24, H), aged 71.

Lasbrey—On December 1st, 1979, Geoffrey Arthur (1916-19, H), aged 77.

MacCallum—On January 31st, 1980, Dr. Colin Rae (1954-58, A), aged 39.

May—On September 17th, Sir Cyril, Surgeon Vice-Admiral (1909-15, H), aged 82.

Potter—In 1978, Hugh Charles Riddell (1945-49, A), aged 45 or 46.

Rawson—On January 7th, 1980, Wyatt Trevelyan (1907-10, KS), aged 86.

Ripman—On April 11th, 1980, Hugh Brockwill (1922-28, A), aged 70.

Tanner—On December 15th, 1979, Lawrence Edward, C.V.O. (1900-09, G), aged 89.

Todhunter—On January 19th, 1980, Joseph Lee (1974-78, A), aged 18.

Trebucq—On February 9th, 1980, Michael (1937-42, A), aged 55.

Turner—On November 21st, 1979, Francis Gordon, O.B.E., M.C., (1903-08, H/KS), aged 89.

Turner—On January 12th, 1980, Michael Richard (1931-35, A), aged 62.

Wallis—On January 4th, 1980, Eric Spencer (1900-03, A), aged 92.

Walters—On February 19th, 1980, Rupert Cavendish Skyring, B.Sc., F.I.C.E., F.G.S. (1904-07, A), aged 91.

Warren—On October 7th, 1979, Algernon Peter (1911-15, A), aged 81.

Garritt—On February 15th, 1980, Reginald Graham, Piano teacher at the School 1924-61.

R. C. S. Walters

Rupert Cavendish Skyring Walters, B.Sc., F.I.C.E., F.G.S., who died on February 19th, 1980, at the age of 91, was formerly Senior Partner with Herbert Lapworth Partners, Consultant Civil Engineers, in London.

He was born on July 21st, 1888, in New Zealand where his father, Charles Flamstead Walters, was Professor of Classics at Christchurch University for some years. On their return to London he was educated at Westminster School and then at Kings College London where he gained an Honours degree in engineering. From 1908-12 he served with the Officers Training Corps (Territorials) but was rejected on medical grounds by the army in the first World War but went with them to Salisbury Plain where he was given the organisation of the layout, drainage, etc. for their camps. After a period with contractors as resident engineer, he joined as a partner Dr. Lapworth's firm in 1932 specialising mainly in water supply, and remained with them until 1967 when he became a Consultant with Rofe, Kennard and Lapworth.

In 1929 he was awarded the Whitaker Medal of the Institution of Water Engineers and two of their President's Premiums for papers on hydrogeology. He was closely involved with the design and construction of many dams and reservoirs notably the Sutton Bingham dam for Yeovil R.D.C., Weir Wood dam for the supply of Crawley, Sussex, Lamaload dam in Cheshire for Macclesfield, two dams in Cornwall—Drift and Stithians, as well as the designing of many ground water schemes including the Thames Basin scheme in the 1960s and 1970s. He was also involved in the early stages in the design of the Scammonden dam for Huddersfield over which the M62 motorway passes and which was opened by the Queen in 1971.

He was President of the Water Engineers in 1951-52, President of the British Section of the Société des Ingénieurs Civils de France in 1951, and was on the Council of the Freshwater Biological Association and of the Geological Society for several years.

In 1932 he married Miss Sylvia Doreen Barham Beal who survives him with three daughters, one son and five grandchildren.

adapted from *The Times*

Mr. H. Daintree Johnson

Mr. H. Daintree Johnson was for many years one of the best-known gastro-enterological surgeons in the London School of Medicine. A prolific writer on the subject, his approach was primarily that of the clinician, and though in *Who's Who* he gave research as one of his recreations (farming being the other) he was happiest at the bedside and in the operating theatre.

Born on May 26th, 1910, the son of Sir Stanley Johnson, he was educated at Westminster, Christ's College Cambridge and St. Thomas's Hospital where he qualified in 1935. After war service with the 6th Airborne Division, R.A.M.C., he was appointed in 1947 to the Royal Free Hospital, where he was to spend the rest of his professional career. He was also a lecturer in Surgery at the Royal Post-Graduate Medical School. In 1948 he was awarded the Leverhulme Scholarship in Surgical Research at the Royal College of Surgeons.

He was a senior member of the British Society of Gastro-enterology, in the proceedings of which he had taken an active part over many years.

He is survived by his widow and one son.

adapted from *The Times*

Sir Stephen Holmes

Sir Stephen Holmes, K.C.M.G., M.C., who was High Commissioner for the U.K. in Australia from 1952 to 1956, was born on July 5th, 1896, the son of Basil Holmes. After Westminster he served in the Royal Garrison Artillery during the First World War, winning his M.C. and being twice mentioned in despatches.

After the war he gained his M.A. from Christ Church, Oxford and entered the Colonial Office in 1921. By 1936 he was to be Senior Secretary at the Office of the High Commissioner for the U.K. in Canada and from 1939 to 1943 he was an Assistant Secretary at the Dominions Office. From 1943 to 1944 he was Dominions Office Representative in Canada and continued there as Deputy High Commissioner for two further years.

From 1947 to 1951 he was Second Secretary at the Board of Trade and from 1951 to 1952 Deputy Under Secretary of State, Commonwealth Relations Office. His expertise in trade matters made him the natural choice for United Kingdom High Commissioner in Australia in 1952 at a time of crisis in Australian imports policy.

He was appointed C.M.G. in 1942 and created K.C.M.G. in 1950. He married in 1922, Noreen, only daughter of E. F. C. Trench, C.B.E., T.D. They had two sons, one deceased, and one daughter.

adapted from *The Times*

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Sixteenth Annual Report covering the year to December 31st, 1979.

The Committee regrets to record the deaths of the following members during the year:

J. W. T. Allen, C. W. Baty, D. E. Bedford, W. E. C. Bensley, R. S. Browning, G. A. Clare, Dr. C. Dunscombe, K. L. Ellis, L. S. Hadden, J. G. Harrison, E. H. Horton, W. I. Lang, O.B.E., G. A. Lasbrey, M. E. Levey, E. N. Osborne, D. I. Peacock, O.B.E., C. W. M. Turner, Brigadier W. H. D. Wakely, The Rev. Canon A. C. P. Ward, Major H. K.Wilkes.

One hundred and forty-one new members were elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 31st, 1979, Mr. Michael Tenison was elected Chairman of the Club and Mr. C. J. Cheadle was elected Hon. Secretary. Mr. M. C. Baughan and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively. Mr. F. A. G. Rider, Mr. J. L. C. Dribbell, Mr. P. A. A. Duncan and Mr. J. H. D. Carey were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Annual Club Dinner was held in College Hall on October 3rd, 1979. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Mr. John Dancy, Professor of Education, Exeter University and former Master of Marlborough College, and responded to by the Head Master. It is pleasant to be able to record that College Hall was filled to capacity for this enjoyable occasion, although the Committee regret that it was impossible to accommodate all those who applied for tickets. This year a number of tables were sponsored by Sports Sections, the Lodge and the Committee, and it is hoped to continue this practice in future years.

On behalf of the Committee
C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Secretary

H. Martin

From College Dormitory to Ford's Theatre

Some time during 1689 an 8-year-old boy entered Westminster as a Scholar. He stayed at School until he was 17, in 1698, and during that time he showed an extraordinary aptitude for acting, taking part in many of the School plays from his earliest days. As soon as he left he started an acting career in Dublin, which was to last until his early death at 52, in 1733. His name was Barton Booth, and when he died he had made a name for himself as a very great tragedian, playing in the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, The Haymarket, and finally at Drury Lane. During this short career he became a close friend and colleague of another great tragedian of the times, Robert Wilks, an association that was to be manifest by name in another actor, born 105 years afterwards.

At approximately 10.15 p.m. on Friday, April 14th, 1865, a 27-year-old actor named John Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln during a play at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C., the United States President dying at 7.00 a.m. the following morning, April 15th. John Wilkes Booth was shot 11 days later in a barn at the Garrett Farm in the swamps of Maryland, a fugitive from justice. In due course it will be shown how the lives of both these actors are associated with each other.

Barton Booth was the son of John Booth, a Lancashire Squire and kinsman of the Earl of Warrington. In 1704 he married Frances, daughter of Sir William Barkham, Bt., but she died childless in 1712. (There are no records of any issue from this union.) Barton Booth had for some years been living a profligate life, and during that time he had acquired a mistress called Hestor Santlow, an actress. However, in 1719 he repented of this way of life and married the lady and thenceforward lived a completely respectable life until his death.

From this union too, there is no record of any issue, but this is now in doubt as evidence is available that in all probability Barton Booth fathered a son—John Booth. Regrettably there are no records of this John Booth's birth and death dates, but this is not surprising, as in those days it was not compulsory to register such events. (They were to become so in 1874.) In the case of legitimate births, and subsequent deaths, records were usually made in Family Bibles and/or Parish Registers, but in the case of illegitimate births (and deaths), recognition of paternity was made tacitly, and in writing only if there was a possibility of any significant inheritance. As there are established records of all the later Booths, it is more than probable that this John Booth was the bastard son of Barton Booth. He may also have been the reason for the reformation of his father.

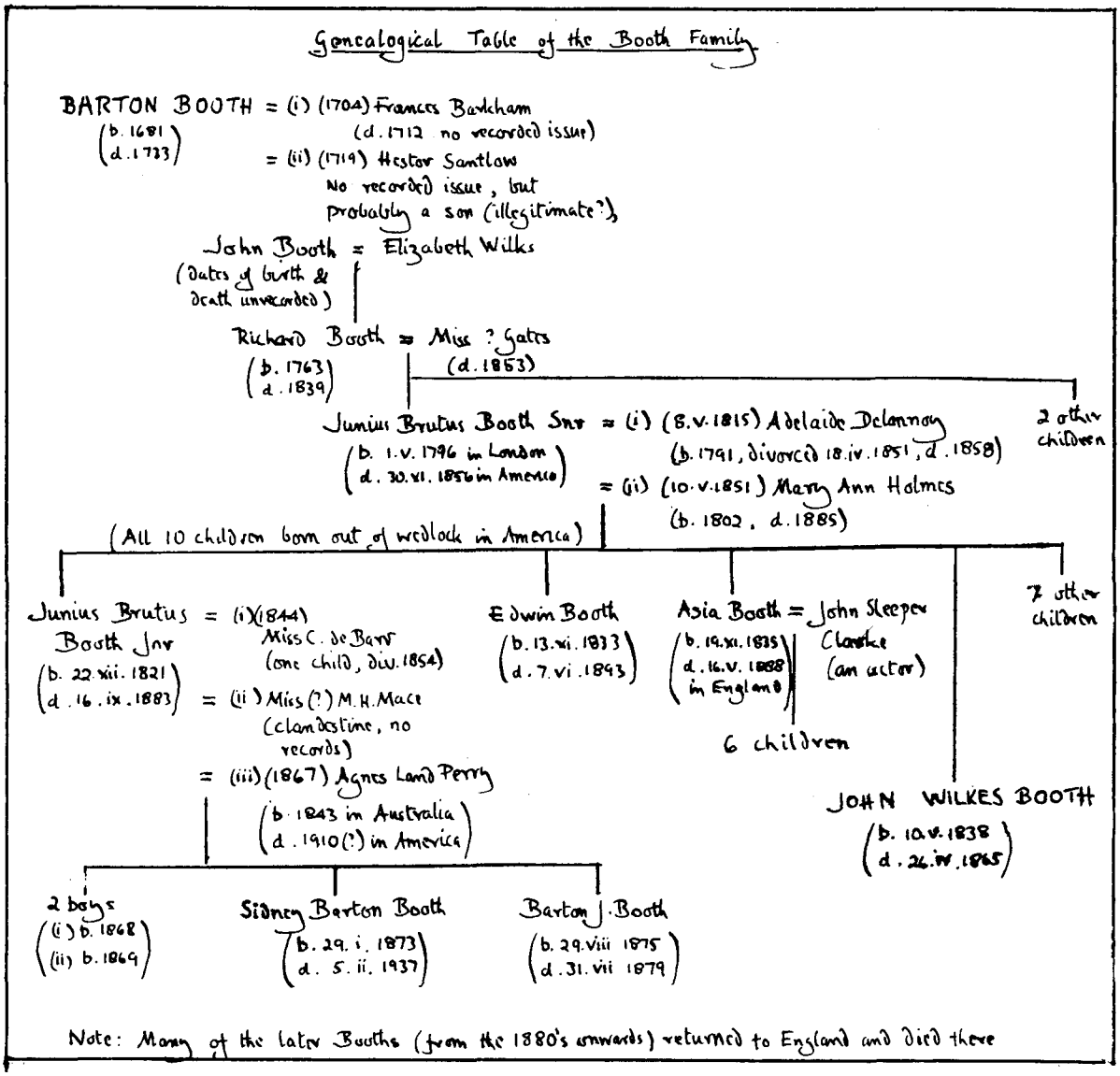
American sources argue that this John Booth (great-grandfather of Lincoln's assassin) was the son of one Ricardo Botha, a Jewish refugee from the Iberian Peninsular, but this is most unlikely as the Semitic strain does not come out in any likenesses of the later Booths. Photographs have been examined of John Wilkes Booth and four of his brothers and a sister, and there is no trace of any Semitic strain at all—a strain that is always apparent throughout the generations of Jewish families. If anything, they all bear a close resemblance to their mother, Mary Ann Holmes. (All her 10 children were illegitimate: see genealogical table for dates of births etc.) There are available engravings from portraits of Barton Booth, and their father, Junius Brutus Booth Snr shows a very close resemblance to Barton Booth, especially as regards the bulbous nose.

It is unlikely, too, that a Jewish family would have sought political asylum in England in the early 18th century, owing to the strong anti-Semitic feelings of those times. Moreover, it is an established fact that 'BOTHA' is in no way an Iberian name. It is, however, a Netherlandish name from the period of the Van Riebeck migration to South Africa during the second half of the 17th century, and there are now established families bearing that name, none of which are Jewish. In the lusty days of the 17th century it is inconceivable that the liaisons of Barton Booth went childless, as there were no reputable methods of birth control. More likely he used the name of 'John', after his own father, for the boy, thus establishing paternity.

Another genetic aspect of the case is that of all family traditions and traits that of acting is the most hereditary. Of course there are always breaks in tradition throughout the generations, but acting always returns somewhere along the line. John Booth is said to have been a silversmith, and his son, Richard Booth, was definitely a London lawyer, but HIS son, Junius Brutus Booth Snr was an actor, and so too were members of future generations of the family, though not all, as some followed different professions. Continuity—and breaks—are thus established, exceptions proving the rule. In support, John Wilkes Booth's sister married an actor and two of his brothers became actors—one of whom—Edwin, becoming the greatest American actor of all times. Subsequent nephews and nieces went on the stage. Now let us examine the evidence of family names.

John Wilkes Booth's brother, Junius Brutus Booth Jnr., had four sons by his third wife. The first two are irrelevant to the matter, but each of the other two sons bore the name of 'BARTON'. In this case it has to be stated that the aforementioned Edwin Booth was, for a short while, apprenticed to a Mr. Thaddeus Barton, who owned the Holiday Theatre, Baltimore, Md., and its stock company of actors, but the Booths were not close friends of this Mr. Barton, and it is unlikely that this name was attributed to him in gratitude as he was not doing young Edwin any favours; rather Edwin was doing Mr. Barton a favour, as the name 'Booth' was always a magnetic draw for theatre audiences in the America of those days.

However, the most conclusive piece of evidence as regards family names is 'WILK(E)S'. Earlier it was stated that Barton Booth was a close colleague of actor



Robert Wilks, who had a daughter Elizabeth who married our 'John'. American sources say that the name 'WILKES' was given to J. W. Booth because the family claimed kinship with John Wilkes (1727-1797), of England, the notorious member for Middlesex and author of No. 45 of the *'North Briton'*. It appears that Richard Booth DID know John Wilkes, but there could have been very little love lost between the families as John Wilkes reported to Richard's father (our John Booth) that his son was on the run to seek his fortune in America, and the father was thus able to stop the flight. (Richard Booth was the father of Junius Brutus Booth Snr—see genealogical table.)

The most probable reason for this name was the association of Barton Booth and Robert Wilks. By the time of J. W. Booth's birth all the Booths were Americanised, and Americans would have been more likely to have used the name of a notable (acting) connection, than that of a notorious and hostile one. (The 'E' probably slipped in erroniously, due to the lapse of time.)

Lacking conclusive documentary evidence about John Booth's birth and death dates we cannot be 100% certain that he was the son of Barton Booth, and thus the great-grandfather of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, but let us look at family characteristics. The central link in the chain is Junius Brutus Booth Snr. He deserted his legitimate wife and son to run away to America with May Ann Holmes, with whom he went through a bigamous marriage ceremony, and by whom he had ten illegitimate children. His eldest son, Junius Brutus Booth Jnr., had three wives, one of whom was clandestine. (Like father—like son!) Back in time, Richard Booth, Junius Brutus Booth's (Snr.) father, had many doubtful and naughty escapades, and the Old Westminster, Barton Booth, lead a profligate life for a number of years. Funnily enough, all the Booths seemed to settle down quietly in the fullness of time, except John Wilkes Booth.

In America, Dr. Richard J. Mudd, the grandson of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was wrongfully convicted of conspiracy in the Lincoln murder and unjustly imprisoned for two years in the Dry Tortugas, off the coast of Florida, has examined closely this writer's theories. Dr. Richard Mudd has worked for over 50 years trying to clear the family name of any stigma involved by the original miscarriage of justice, and has thus become an authority on all aspects of the Lincoln murder mystery. He writes: 'I like your reasoning very much. Certainly Barton Booth has the background to support them and to fit into the case.' He added: 'I saw Barton Booth's monument in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, but did not make any association at the time between him and John Wilkes Booth. You could very well be right.' (Incidentally, the family name has at long last been cleared by Presidential Decree, July 1979.)

This writer knows Dr. Mudd very well, and he is a very fair man. Surely the evidence here supplied, and the opinions of such an expert as Dr. Mudd, should be sufficient to establish that Abraham Lincoln's assassin was a direct descendant of a 17th century Old Westminster, the first of the 'acting Booths'.

Sources:

(i) The Records of Old Westminsters, volume 1.
(ii) Dictionary of National Biography.
(iii) 'The Mad Booths of Maryland,' by Stanley Kimmel (2nd revised edition. Dover Publications Inc., New York, 1969).
(iv) Correspondence with Dr. Richard J. Mudd, of Saginaw, Michigan, U.S.A.

John Ventura (1926-28, H)
Chairman, The Americans Civil War Round Table (U.K.)

Sports Reports

Golf

1979 produced a mixture of results. The most disappointing aspect of the year was the Society's poor performance in competitions. On the other hand, the Society's performance in matches was relatively successful, in that only one match was lost.

The full results of the inter-Society matches were as follows:

Against
Old Uppinghamians:
won 9½-6½
Old Cheltonians:
cancelled due to bad weather
Old Canfordians:
drew 1½-1½
Old Reptonians:
won 6-2
Old Radleians:
lost 3-5

There is no doubt that our poor performance in competitions was due once again to the fact that on almost every occasion, we failed to put out anywhere near our best possible team. In both the Grafton Morrish qualifying competition, where we failed to qualify, and in the Bernard Darwin, where we lost in the first round, the team was one short at the start of the event. It is bad enough to lose in the first round, but unforgiveable not to have a complete team. It is, therefore, hoped that everyone responsible for organising teams during 1980 will, as a first priority, ensure that every team is at least complete.

In the Halford Hewitt, we again lost in the first round to The Leeds 1-4, again due to the very weak team available. Several young O.W.'s participated in this year's Halford Hewitt, but many of the better players previously participating failed to turn out, and so the benefit of the youngsters was nullified.

Attendances at the Spring and Autumn Meetings is still very much too low, averaging about 12 per meeting. The Summer Meeting, where the number is limited to 12, is generally well attended without too much problem. It is to be hoped that for the Spring and Autumn Meetings, all members will try to bring at least one other O.W. to increase the numbers. With very small numbers, golf clubs are forced to add a second Society and this, of course, does create severe delays.

Settling on Seaford Golf Club for the Summer Meeting, and New Zealand for the Spring and Autumn meetings, seems to be a success and will be continued during 1980.

B. Peroni
Hon. Secretary

Squash

Philip Duncan of 11 Ewehurst, Kersfield Road, London S.W.15, telephone number 01-623 4356 (office) is keen to start an Old Westminster Squash Club and would be interested to hear from any willing players.

Football

Report on Season 1979-80; up to April 12th, 1980

Old Westminsters football is going from strength to strength. We now have two teams in the Arthurian League for the first time in several years and both are doing very well.

Our 1st XI is in Division II and riding high in fourth position having played fifteen games of which they have won seven and drawn three. They have also enjoyed spectacular success in the League Cup Competition and meet the Old Aldenhamians in the final later this month.

The 2nd XI has just become Division V champions and still have two matches to play. To date they have played twelve matches and only dropped one point. They have also knocked two Division III and one Division IV side out of the League Cup Competition before succumbing in the quarter finals to a Division II side 1-0.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup 1st Round v. Old Bradfieldians we were not so lucky, finishing on the wrong end of a 2-1 score-line after a competitive match.

We also won both our games against the School, the 1st XI by 1-0 and the 2nd XI by 7-0.

To continue our growth we do need a larger pool of players, so if anybody is interested in playing please contact the Hon. Secretary. Who knows we may even be able to enter a third league team next season which incidentally is our Centenary.

Stop Press
On April 19th our 1st XI beat the Old Aldenhamians 1-0 in the final of the League Cup. Since they were the underdogs, this must be considered a highly meritorious performance and the team is to be congratulated in bringing a second cup to the Club this season.

Martin Samuel, *Hon. Secretary,*
15 Cambridge Road
New Malden
Surrey KT3 3QE

Shooting

1979 was a relatively quiet year for the club. An attempt was made to reactivate the club officially at the last meeting of the Sports Committee but the lack of information about members and pressure of time caused by the secretary's membership of the international shooting team have delayed affiliation to the N.S.R.A. and other matters necessary for the club to reach a full, active status.

The annual Tankard shoot and three-way match were held as usual at the Centre Rifle Club in the late summer. The Elizabethan club were only able to field a team of seven but they put up a very creditable show. It is becoming increasingly difficult to raise a team for this event as it depends on University vacations and School terms as well as the centre ranges being available for the event. Congratulations are in order for Geoff Pope who scored 196 ex 200 to become top scorer for the Elizabethans and the other top scorers, Mark Habershon (Centre) 198 and J. Mackie (Westminster School) 185. We thank Centre Rifle Club for their continuing hospitality and look forward to our revenge in 1980.

1980 should see increased activity with the possibility of further matches if it proves possible to field a full strength team and arrange a dinner and meeting to discuss the future of the club. It is hoped that in the next few years the club might be able to start a regular weekly training evening and activities apart from the fielding of what could be a crack team.

The secretary is anxious to hear from anybody who is actively shooting and would be interested in being considered for the team. Averages over 95 on 1966 N.S.R.A. targets appear to be the expected norm for the team at the moment.

C. G. Pascall
Hon. Sec. Shooting
6 Pembroke Square, London W.8

'Weasels' Royal Tennis

For the 1979-80 season there are six matches arranged going up to June. The new season starts almost before the old one ends!

A number of new enthusiasts have been recruited and we may happily have to look to forming a second team to cope with those stalwart players who are older rather than young.

Against an unusually strong Canford School side the score of 4-1 to Canford conceals one very hard fought match. There seems no reason why we should not do very much better next year at this most enjoyable occasion against such hospitable and pleasant opponents. We have every intention of entering a team for the Henry Leaf Cup at the end of the year.

If you wish to take up this wonderful, though at times maddening, game you should contact: Esmond Seal (01-979 4088 if you are near Hampton Court) or Michael Tenison (Little Chalfont, 024-04 2107 if Hatfield is nearer).

In November 1978 Williams and Fairbrass Ltd. published a limited edition of 550 sets of three fine art prints of the School by Suffolk artist John Western. Printed on 'Goatskin Parchment' by the Collotype process using two plates per print, the prints are (1) 250 × 410 mm with a 60 mm border and (2 and 3) 338 × 250 mm each with a 70 mm border, decorated with the School crest, individually signed by the artist and numbered.

The prints can be seen on display at the School and the set is one in the series illustrating leading English public schools produced by this publisher. Carefully packed in a stout outer tube, the prints are available at £90 the set, including VAT and postage on application to Williams and Fairbrass Ltd., George Street, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

Sports Committee

Chairman: P. G. Whipp
22 Boileau Road, Ealing W.5.
Hon Treasurer: J. A. Lauder
54 Latimer Gardens, Pinner, Middx.
866 3370 or 629 7282 (W)
Hon. Secretary: D. A. Roy
33 The Avenue, Hatch End, Pinner, Middx. HA5 4EL. 01-428 1348 (H); 01-606 7711 (O)

Elected Members
A. J. T. Willoughby
66 Endlesham Road, London S.W.12. 01-673 2182
N. Margerison
14 Stanford Road, Dalston, London N.1 01-249 6218
C. Colville
3 Dove Mews, London S.W.5.
R. G. H. Hinton
55 Arlington Road, London N.W.1. 01-387 9874 (H)

Hon. Section Secretaries
Cricket: J. Carey
16 Iverna Court, London W.8. 01-937 0807
Football: M. Samuel
15 Cambridge Road, New Malden, KT3 3QE. 01-942 9845 (H); 01-488 0808 (O)
Golf: B. Peroni
c/o Norman A. Peronia Ltd., Stancrest House, 16 Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks. 024-03 4254
Fives: R. J. Grant
66 Cornwall Gardens, London S.W.7
Lawn Tennis: M. Newlands
29B, Marlborough Hill, London N.W.8 01-606 4477; 01-586 1591
Real Tennis: M. Tenison
Shortmead, Village Way, Little Chalfont, Amersham, Bucks. Little Chalfont 2107
Shooting: C. Pascall
6 Pembroke Square, London W.8 01-937 7446 (H); 01-828 9811 (O)
Athletics: J. Forrest
Ashburnham, High Road, Chipstead, Surrey. Downland 55258
Fencing: E. Gray
85A Stockwell Park Road, London S.W.9 01-274 5670 or Old Crofftan, Cantref, Brecon, Powys. 087-486 279

The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet December 31st, 1979

1978 £		£	£
	GENERAL FUND		
	Balance at December 29th, 1978	15,415·63	
	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	889·50	
	Profit on realisation of investments	405·05	
		16,710·18	
	Less: Tax	133·94	
15,416			16,576·24
410	SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (see below)		323·40
	INCOME ACCOUNT		
	Balance at December 29th, 1978	3,636·61	
	Excess of Income over Expenditure	806·25	
3,637			4,442·86
19,463			21,342·50
£		£	£
18,138	INVESTMENTS at cost		20,796·11
	Market value at December 31st, 1979 was £23,570		
	CURRENT ASSETS		
1,325	Debtors	568·75	
	Balances at Bank	2,140·69	
		2,709·44	
	Less: Sundry Creditors	2,163·05	
			546·39
19,463			21,342·50

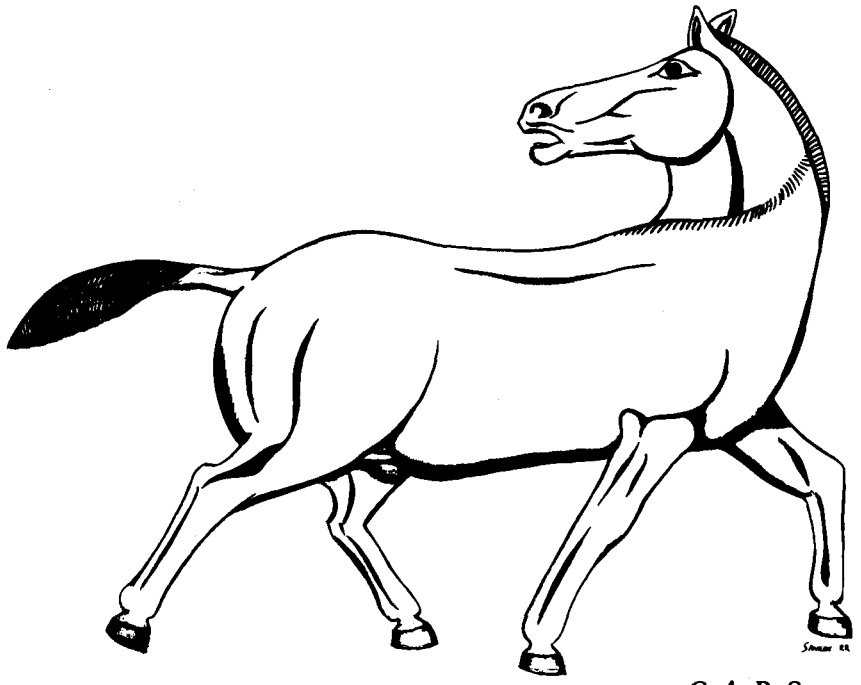
M. C. BAUGHAN
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st, 1979 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Honorary Auditor

33-34 Chancery Lane



C. A. R. Savege

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended December 31st, 1979

1978 £		£
62	Administration	36·47
125	Honorarium	150·00
500	Taxation	1,118·41
71	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant	71·42
1,570	Sports Committee	1,700·00
1,333	*The Elizabethan*	2,354·88
95	Loss on Dinner	163·17
147	Loss on Cricket Club Dinner	—
290	Loss on Ball	—
259	Excess of Income over Expenditure	806·25
4,452		6,400·60

£		£
1	Annual Subscriptions	1·00
3,148	Termly Instalments (proportion)	3,558·00
1,303	Income from investments (gross)	2,841·60
4,452		6,400·60

Sports Committee Fund

	£	£
Balance at December 29th, 1978		410·38
Gross income	46·20	
Less: Tax	18·18	
		28·02
Grant from Elizabethan Club		1,700·00
		2,138·40
Grants paid to Sections	1,595·00	
Cheques not presented in 1978	220·00	
		1,815·00
Balance at December 31st, 1979		323·40

The grants allotted were: Football £450, Football (rent of ground) £240, Cricket £400, Golf £250, Lawn tennis £100, Fives £80, Shooting £40, Athletics £35.

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Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....Tel. .....

I have a university place at .....

.....

National Westminster Bank

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THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Annual Dinner—Monday, October 13th, 1980

The Dinner is being held again in College Hall, by the kind invitation of the Dean and Head Master.

The President of the Club, Dr. David Carey, will preside and the principal guests will be the Dean of Westminster and Tim Devlin, Director of the Independent Schools Information Service (ISIS), who will propose the toast of *Floreat*, and the Head Master, who will respond.

Accommodation is limited to 130 and members are invited to apply as early as possible for tickets to Michael Tenison at the address shown below.

Time of the Dinner	7.45 for 8.15 p.m.
Tickets:	£13·00 each (inclusive of *all* drinks during the evening). **Members who left the School *after Election Term 1974* may purchase tickets at the *reduced price of £9·00* each.
Cheques:	Made payable to **The Elizabethan Club.**
Dress:	Dinner Jacket or Uniform.

The form below is for your convenience when applying. In previous years a number of members have most kindly sent donations towards the expenses of the Dinner, and the Committee hopes very much that members may once again feel able to help in entertaining the Club's official guests.

Telephone: Little Chalfont (024 04) 2107 Michael Tenison's Home.

To: V.T.M.R. Tenison Esq.,
'Shortmead',
Village Way,
Little Chalfont,
AMERSHAM,
Bucks HP7 9PU.

Date.....

*I shall/shall not be able to attend the Annual Dinner.

*I wish to invite ..... as my guest (OWW, Governors or Masters of The School).

I enclose cheque for £ ..... for ..... tickets(s)*/* as a donation towards expenses. Cheques payable to **The Elizabethan Club.**

My years at the School were 19.... to 19...., House .....

I should like to sit at the table organised by Cricketers, Footballers, Golfers, the Lodge, House Society, the General Committee, or be seated with .....

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

*Please delete where inapplicable

THE OLD WESTMINSTERS FOOTBALL CLUB

Telephone: 01-942 9845 (Hon. Secretary's Home)

15 Cambridge Road,
New Malden,
Surrey, KT3 3QE.
July 1980

Centenary Dinner—Friday, December 12th, 1980

The Dinner is being held in **College Hall,** by the kind invitation of the Head Master.

Accommodation is limited to 130 and members are invited to apply *as early as possible* for tickets to the Hon. Secretary at the above address, and in any case *by* November 15th, 1980, *at the latest.*

Drinks before dinner will be served in Ashburnham Drawing Room.

Guests of Old Westminsters will be more than welcome on this special occasion.

Time of the Dinner: 7.45 for 8.15 p.m.

Tickets: £13·50 each (inclusive of *all* drinks during the evening).

Cheques: Made payable to **The Old Westminsters Football Club**

Dress: Dinner Jacket

The form below is for your convenience when applying. On previous occasions a number of members have kindly sent donations towards the expenses of the Dinner, and the Club hopes very much that members may again feel able to help in this way.

THIS IS THE ONLY NOTIFICATION MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE

M. J. Samuel
Hon. Secretary

To: The Hon. Secretary. Date.....

The Old Westminsters Football Club.

*I shall/shall not be able to attend the Centenary Dinner.

*I wish to invite ..... as my guest

I enclose cheque for £ ..... for ..... ticket(s)*/* as a donation towards expenses.

My years at the School were 19.... to 19.....

I should like to be seated with .....

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

*Please delete where inapplicable