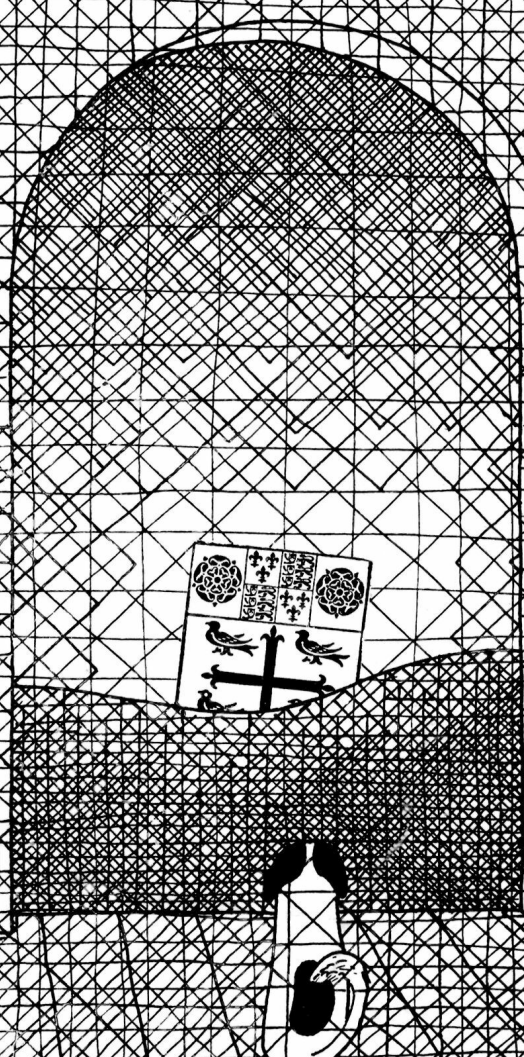

The Elizabethan

Vol. xxxii No 5, Issue No 687, July 1977





V. Papastavrou

University Grants

There is a commonly-held belief that university costs are paid for by the State. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The odds are that any parent who can afford to send his child to Westminster will receive only the minimum grant for university education.

Finding the extra money will almost certainly present a problem, if you wait until your child gets a place.

School Fees Insurance Agency can help with a special Scheme to make payment easier if you take action in time.

Write or phone for details to:

SFIA

School Fees Insurance Agency Ltd

Incorporated Life Assurance Brokers

10 Queen Street, Maidenhead SL6 1JA

Phone: (0628) 34291

Why Lloyds Bank needs your 'A' levels -in 1978 and after

Today our services are so many and our techniques so advanced that we need a high calibre of staff to provide them. To take responsibility. To handle people as well as money. To train for management.

We're looking ahead now to next year and the year after, so if you expect to leave school with 'A' level passes, we'd like to hear from you.

The Recruitment Manager,
Lloyds Bank Limited,
71, Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS



Lloyds Bank

The Elizabethan *July 1977*

Editors Piers Higson Smith, Adam Mclean, Guy Weston

Advertising Manager Duncan Matthews

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

Ad Elizabetham II Reginam

Hos tua felices viginti quinque per annos
Te Schola Reginam gaudet habere suam

Editorial

You may find at Westminster a number of the disillusioned or malcontented. Often this is due to the false hopes of many that they might one day, as students, be able to affect the running of the school. But Westminster's 'liberal tradition' does not consist of opportunities for reform via consultation with the pupils. It is rather a realization by those in charge that the fripperies of semi-feudal institutionalism can be disposed of without interfering with the underlying purpose of the school—the assurance of the students' futures.

Westminster, like all public schools, is profiting from the apparent mess in the state system, both in terms of supply of pupils and of university places. Despite the country's economic and political difficulties, the school goes about its business with efficiency or pettiness proportional to the zeal of the masters.

The boys and girls whose parents have decided to purchase a future will probably enjoy themselves. Encouraged by the extreme views of many of the guest speakers at the school, they may flirt with socialism or neo-fascism, or they may wallow in a comfortable cynicism.

With last year's record figures for Oxbridge awards, we can perhaps settle back complacently and forget all those annoying articles asking 'What is wrong with Westminster?'. The question has always been incongruous in *The Elizabethan*. After all, the school achieves its objectives much more consistently than this magazine has ever done.

L'état, ce n'est pas nous

Perhaps one of the strongest images we have of the youth of the Sixties comes from 'Ban the Bomb' marches and anti-Vietnam protests—and most of all from the swing to the Left in political beliefs. Is there anything to compare with that, nowadays? The most we seem to be able to muster is a march and protest against 'governmental cuts in spending on education'. In terms of politics the swing seems, if anywhere, to be in the direction of right-wing fascism and hence the growth of the infamous National Front.

This is indicative of one inescapable factor in the Britain of the Seventies: the cream of the educational and intellectual processes is no longer providing the cream, or even just the higher echelons, of the political processes in this country (or in any given Western nation). There even seems to be a distinct lack of interest in such matters. For instance, the Oxford Union, which has been in the past the gauge of the intensity of political feeling in that establishment, has now (in the opinion of many) degenerated to the level of personal invective and squabbling over trivia. Ten years ago there was no self-respecting student (or don, come to think of it) without his thumb-worn copy of the Communist Party Manifesto. All the more extraordinary considering that any such élitist institution is likely to reflect its selectivity in basically right-wing tendencies—and now it is not so much that 'Mein Kampf' (for example) is the prescribed reading, but that nothing at all is prescribed. There seems, apart from the zealous few, to be

a totally apathetic rejection of the necessity for a firmly held political belief.

In Westminster School it is not much different. There used to be a Political (and Literary) Society but now it is totally defunct. In the 'John Locke Society' the speaker from the National Front was met first by a half-hearted display of graffiti and then by questioners who were interested only in improving on each others jibes. At the other end of the political scale, the speaker from the Workers' Revolutionary Party could only muster an audience of any proportion by being M/s Vanessa Redgrave, although, in the end, she neither used nor aroused any histrionics. In fact any and all political inspiration which the school may offer is met with stolid indifference.

There are two possible reasons for this. The first is that there are no external influences operating upon our student in Higher Education to inspire him to some political fervour. In the Sixties the Vietnam and the Cold Wars, to name but two, were ever-present stimuli to political thought and action. Nowadays there are no wars to speak of in progress and the Cold War has been emasculated to the level of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks around polished tables, and if they fail we can always rely on Mutually Assured Destruction. The 'Bomb' has become so proliferated, common and hence remote that there is no point in trying to 'Ban' it, or so it seems, according to the reaction of Seventies youth.

British Party Politics and government

have been equally emasculated: Mrs. Margaret Thatcher seems to have but one ('typically female') political aim (to become the first female Prime Minister); the Liberals have finally signed their own death-warrant by dwarfing themselves in their pact with the Labour Party (thus disappointing many Liberal voters who are exiles from the other two main parties) in order to gain power which they cannot hope for; and the Labour Party themselves, although trying to pull the country through, are playing for time in Parliament by introducing wild-goose chase bills such as Devolution. None of this holds out much temptation to the embryonic Member of Parliament, at present involved in Higher Education. Certainly, the international political doldrum, in which we nowadays wander aimlessly, is partly responsible for this noticeable lack of political fervour.

The second possible cause for this is an internal one. Are the educational establishments of the country pointing their alumni towards the political scene or even just teaching them to think, re-act and act upon World events? There was certainly a time when the country was governed entirely by ex-public schoolboys and university graduates. Lord Rosebery could still fulfil his ambition to be Prime Minister and ride a winner in the Derby. Even Harold Macmillan's cabinet was, all Old Etonian, but for one (and he was an Old Harrovian). But today our Prime Minister has not even been to university, and his predecessor in the Labour Party was the only member of the Sixth Form at the Grammar School he attended. No longer are the Public Schools dominating the government of the country—even to the extent where Westminster's most famed alumnus in this field—Anthony Wedgwood Benn—has utterly renounced his 'alma mater'.

Further still, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where both dons and students surely consider themselves to be the cream of their fields, are no longer in a dominating or even influential position. In the Sixties it was taken as a matter of course that their undergraduates would swing to the Left. Now there is no such zeal in any direction. It could be that new trends in education have initiated this increase of apathy and desire to ignore contemporary events—but that remains to be investigated at far greater length.

Nevertheless it is indubitably apparent that the intellectual élite is no longer the political élite or even, at present, seeks to attain such a position. The two factors I have isolated, both internal and external, must play a part in this phenomenon which surely is damning for all those involved in Higher Education.

Jonathan Mverson



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We wish to thank National Westminster Bank, who kindly contributed towards the cost of producing *The Elizabethan*.

Bellerophon

I

But he said, 'No', and I fell,
All my scheme's structure, shattered,
Falling through air.
He pushed me back, with my clever
fingers
Clutching his sleeve, he felled me,
Tomorrow's Adonis.
So I have fallen
And done my task of falling; here,
in the depths,
Will I call unto thee, my God,
My Friend, who leads me in green
pastures
And pushes me down.

II

'It is purely a matter of blind men',
Said the learned Doctor, cutting his arm.
And I have sold my eyes for this
And I have sold my eyes for roses
Ash-grey . . .

We the heroes, reaching for
starlight

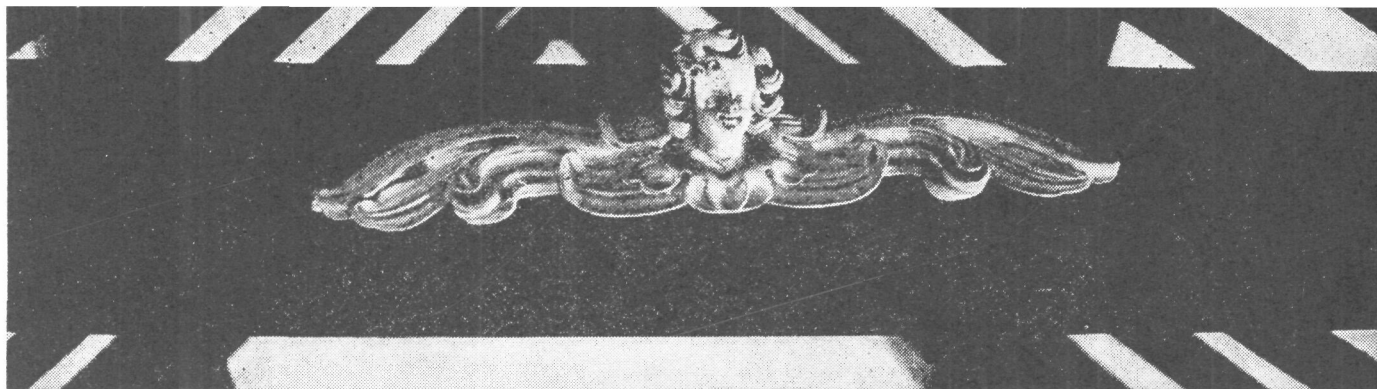
Touch the fire of Phaethon, and, in pain,
Reach higher: losing our grip
We fall, never having connected
But only staining our eyes
With a little blood from a little star.
And that is why they hail me Adonis,
Sacrificed, myself to myself, here in the
dark places.

T. Holt

Poem

When he his undefiled love proclaimed
For some poor soul, the which he left
unnamed,
The heavenly spheres their ordain'd
order lost.
For he, the gossip, was beyond all
certain doubt,
A man ambivalent; or man or no
Not one could ascertain. Each morning
lo,
When rosy finger'd dawn the vaprous
East
Doth taint with red; in shape of ancient
beast,
He sallies forth upon the field of Green,
And goes to war with scandal base and
mean,
For arms. The hand so fair for which
he fights
Doth notice not, or if she does takes
it but light
But fierce his more undying ardour
burns,
Missives he sends, but all she does is
turns away.
So scandal he creates from air,
Hoping to charm the gleam from off
her wondrous hair,
(Not Helen's hair was e'er so long in
length.)
However though he is so great in
strength of words,
The unnamed one at him but laughs,
And washes scandal off with numerous
baths.

J. Todhunter



Royal Fanfare

Handwritten musical score for "Royal Fanfare" by George Benjamin. The score is arranged in five staves, each with a different instrument label on the left:

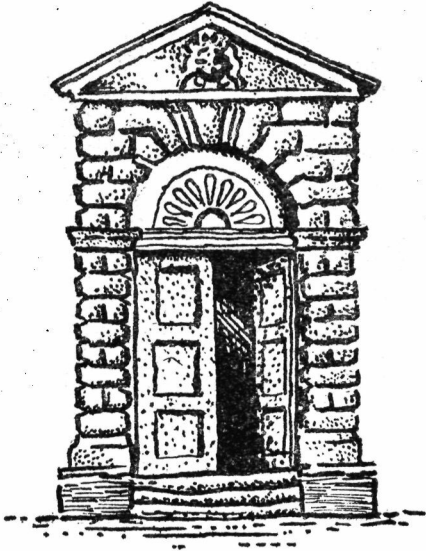
- Trumpets:** The top staff, featuring a melodic line with triplets and dynamic markings from *f* to *fff*.
- Trumpets and Horns:** The second staff, providing harmonic support with chords and dynamic markings from *ffp* to *fff*.
- Trombones:** The third staff, with a melodic line and dynamic markings from *ffp* to *fff*.
- Tubas:** The fourth staff, with a melodic line and dynamic markings from *f* to *fff*.
- Drum:** The bottom staff, showing a simple rhythmic pattern.

The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings (*f*, *ffp*, *fff*) to indicate volume and performance style.

George Benjamin
1977

On 21st March a distinguished panel of Judges including David Wilcox and Malcolm Williamson, Master of The Queen's Musick, decided unanimously to award George Benjamin (R) first prize in the Co-op Royal Silver Jubilee Fanfare and March competition. The £2,500 in prize money was shared by him and the school. There were five finalists in the competition open to young people all over the country, and the final was held at the Royal Festival Hall. Since this impressive win, George has appeared on television several times. The piece has been published, and he has presented a specially bound copy to the Queen. It will be played quite often throughout the year.

After much persuasion, George let us have a small section of the manuscript.



R. Keating

Westminster Top Twenty

I spent a week-end during the holidays with friends in the West Country. 'Name the top fifty men of world genius,' said my host as I settled down with a book in front of the fire. 'Shakespeare, Plato, Goethe, Einstein, Leonardo. . . .' I thought that if I could rattle off enough names at one go I would be allowed to read my book in peace. But I had already been hooked. For the remainder of the week-end we discussed and argued about our list at every possible moment. Over dinner and country walks and long into the night the debate continued. 'You cannot include Jesus,' said my host. 'Why not?' said I. 'Because he is of a different order. He is divine.' It was a distinction that had not occurred to me.

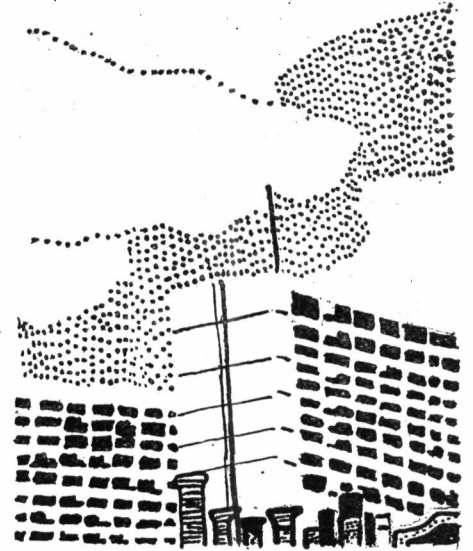
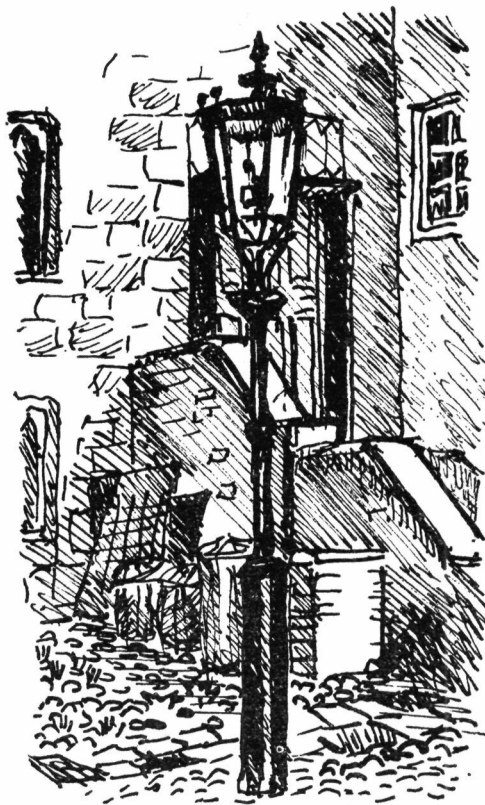
By Monday morning the list had been agreed. I drove back to town. But the problem of right selection still nagged. I telephoned my host. 'We forgot Galileo'. 'Galileo? A minor figure. Definitely second eleven.' I could not afford to argue. But neither could I shake from my mind all the men of undoubted genius we had omitted. Raphael, Renoir, Racine—I could have made a second eleven from the R's alone. There seemed to be only one way to prevent this problem from dominating the rest of my holiday: I would start a new list, not of world genius but of Westminster boys who could be described as men of national or international stature. Name the top twenty Westminsters. It was a challenge that enabled me to forget my anxiety over the rejection of Galileo.

I resisted the temptation to rush in with all the obvious names. I would think in terms of categories: letters, science, philosophy, politics, law, faith, miscellaneous.

Westminster men of letters are a varied and talented lot. Two must go into the top twenty without argument: *Ben Jonson* and *Edward Gibbon*. *John Dryden* is not perhaps in the same class but he should probably be included. On the other hand *Southey* and *Cowper* are second eleven material. Most twentieth century figures are too close to be assessed but I do not think it is possible to exclude *A. A. Milne*. To the intellectuals even the mention of *Milne's* name will be regarded as the height of frivolity, yet it is probably true that no Westminster since the foundation of the school has enjoyed such world-wide readership. *Winnie the Pooh* has swept the planet; only the Bible and *Alice in Wonderland* have been translated into more languages.

Scholars will find it difficult to accept that *Milne* is included when such brilliant classicists as *Peter Elmsley* are excluded but I think the decision is right.

The scientific world presents similar difficulties both in assessing the present and in selecting from the past; there have after all been nearly 150 Westminster Fellows of the Royal Society. But there is one Westminster scientist of true genius and that is *Robert Hooke*, though scientist is too narrow a title for a man of such extraordinary gifts. I am going to include here *Richard Hackluyt* and *Christopher Wren*, neither a scientist in the popular sense of that word but both men whose genius defies precise categories. *Hackluyt*, cartographer, demographer, colonial promoter, above all historian of maritime enterprise and discovery, would merit a place in anyone's list of great Elizabethans. *Wren* needs no recommendation.



A. Richardson

Philosophy is a simple matter. *John Locke* and *Jeremy Bentham* select themselves. *Locke*, incidentally, was the one Westminster to appear on our list of fifty world geniuses.

On the other hand politics is not a simple matter. There has been no shortage of successful Westminster politicians but with a few exceptions they are not of the first rank and about some of their names hangs a distinct air of corruption. Perhaps the fact that the eighteenth century was the hey-day of Westminster politics helps to explain this. Of the more or less corrupt, *Warren Hastings* stands head and shoulders above the rest. In *John Sargeant's* view he was 'perhaps the greatest of Westminsters' an opinion that will command less support in the post-imperial days. When it was suggested that the new day boy house should be named after *Hastings* rather than *Dryden*, the dissenters argued that the choice would no longer be appropriate. Though acquitted of all charges after the longest trial in British history, *Hastings* is still a controversial figure.

I would also include *Lord William Bentinck*. I am not sure that *Bentinck's* contribution to the development of the great sub-continent of India was not in the long run more significant than *Hastings's*. He was a reforming Governor-General: he prohibited the practice of *suttee*, he initiated the suppression of the *Thugs* and he introduced education, a step towards the anglicization of India and towards its ultimate independence.

Among domestic politicians the choice is less clear. I settled for *Halifax*, *Newcastle*, *Carteret* and *Lord John Russell*: *Halifax* because as a talented financier—he was Chancellor of the Exchequer for five years—he was instrumental in launching the National Debt and the Bank of England; *Newcastle* because his political management enabled *Pitt* to achieve the

most extensive territorial gains the world had ever seen; Carteret because, though he was never the leader of a ministry and was too easily outmanoeuvred by Walpole, was nevertheless by common consent the most brilliant politician of his age; and Lord John Russell (in so far as his brief sojourn at the school qualifies him at all) because he is the one Westminster Prime Minister who appears to have been motivated by political ideals.

The Law is a favourite Westminster career but Westminster's greatest lawyer, *William Murray, Earl of Mansfield*, was as much politician as lawyer: Cabinet Minister as well as Lord Chief Justice; 'the founder of modern Toryism' as well as the 'silver tongued advocate'. His inclusion in my list is assured. But when we turn to matters of faith, worldly success is not the principal qualification. There are many prominent Westminster churchmen (even one Cardinal, ecumenicals may wish to note) but ecclesiastical preferment is no guarantee of religious faith. I have therefore passed over the fourteen Archbishops in favour of two Westminsters whose faith was actively expressed in their life and work: *George Herbert* and *Charles Wesley*.

I have left myself two vacancies for the miscellaneous category. Here I must include *Dr. Richard Busby*, not because he was Westminster's greatest Head Master but because his greatness reached far beyond the narrow confines of the school: Gladstone regarded him as the founder of the public school system (a title to which Busby would not have aspired), and the leading historian of the public schools rated Busby 'probably the greatest schoolmaster before Thomas Arnold'.



B. Critchley

The final place on my list I give to *Adrian Martin-Leake*. 'Who?' you may well ask. It is a curious and rather precious example of intellectual snobbery that this name is omitted from the school's histories and has no place upon its walls. Surgeon-Captain Martin-Leake was the first man to win the Victoria Cross a second time. He won his first V.C. during the Boer War in 1902 and his second during the Great War in 1914. Since the school appears to have overlooked his distinction the two citations may be quoted. At Vlakkfontein, Martin-Leake 'was wounded in three places while attending Lieut. Abraham under murderous fire'; at Zonnebeke in Belgium he displayed 'conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in rescuing, while exposed to constant fire, a large number of wounded who were lying close to the enemy's trenches.'

In positions of high command Westminsters have not always demonstrated a firm grasp of military science: Burgoyne managed to lose the American Colonies and if Raglan did not actually lose the Light Brigade he certainly had a good try. Their arms are up School. Is it not time the school recognised gallantry rather than incompetence?

In my opinion, these men are Westminster's top twenty. I do not expect all readers to agree; if they do not I hope they will write to argue the case for the inclusion of other names or the exclusion of those I have chosen. But I think my twenty will be difficult to displace.

Roscellinus

A Letter

To the Editor of *The Elizabethan*
Dear Sir,

I do not think I wrote the review of the 1976 Ashburnham House play 'The Brass Butterfly' in the last issue of *The Elizabethan*. I did not even see the play in question, let alone sleep through it as I so peacefully slept through all the other plays I was supposed to review. It might be a worthier occupation of your ill-spared time to chase up idle members of your staff than to indulge in senseless and insensitive misattribution. You may have lost me untold respect, admiration and love, even ruined my career. If, as I suspect, disapproval of 'unnecessary sophistication' may be taken to be synonymous with 'expedient victimisation of all creative energy and original talent at Westminster' (i.e. mockery of Henry Chapman) in murky advocacy of a return to 'stock comedy', then I am in any case wholly opposed to the sentiments expressed in that review and would, therefore, rather not be associated with it on moral as well as aesthetic grounds.

Yours sincerely,
B. C. T. Hoskyns

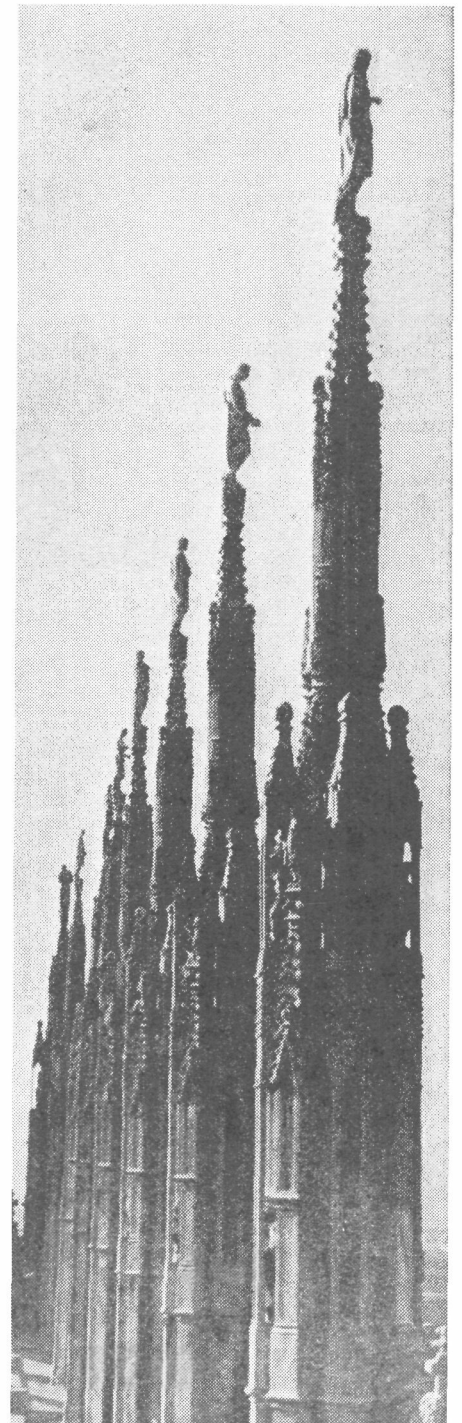
The love song . . .

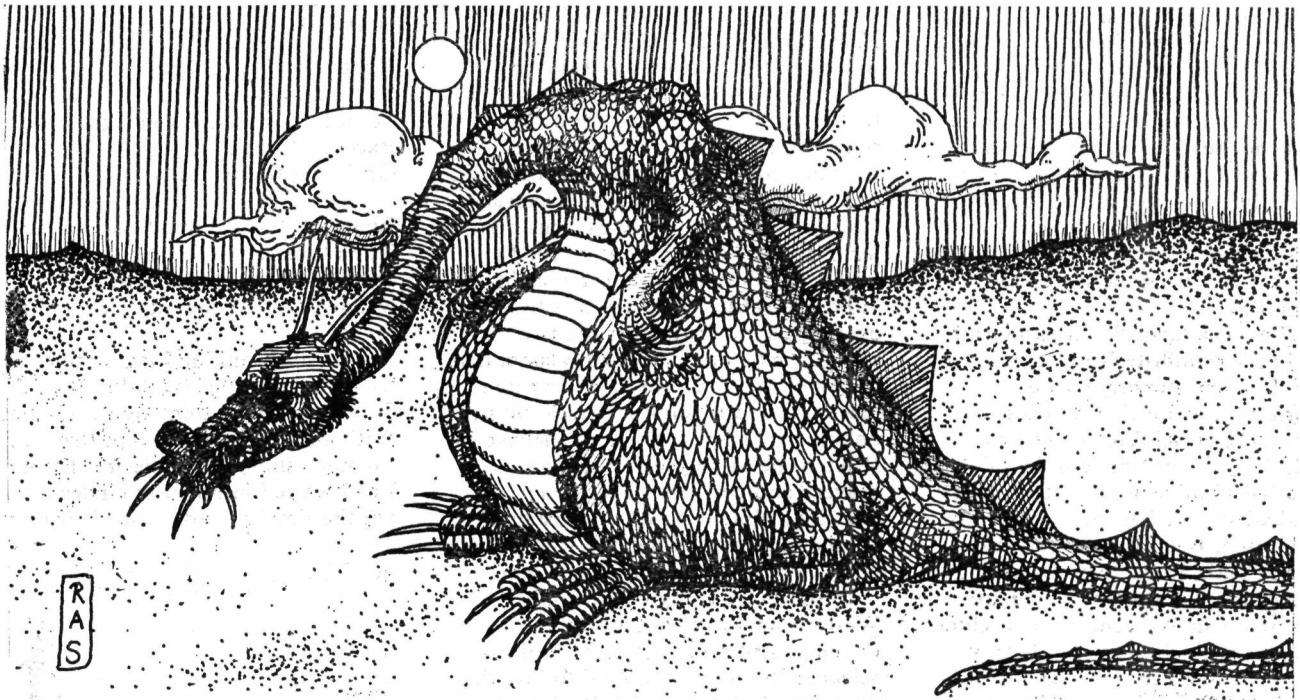
Kept pent, breath ends.
'It went very quickly, didn't it'.
So does all in useless thought
Except that . . .
Oh it doesn't matter.

Emotions from without controlling
The ultimate philosophy
Instinct crushes intelligence
Sudden sadness the intended smile.

Inevitability smiling longing to achieve
'It went very quickly, didn't it . . .'
So will the next, thinking deeply but
Without conclusion, except that . . .
Memory and cerebral desire stirring
Land wasted in hopeless circles
On the timeless droplet of their earth.

Guy Weston





Now We Are Sixty

The sun rose slowly in the translucent sky, lifting the last vestige of summer mist that had draped itself over the green fields; the warm scent of honeysuckle wafted gently through the warm air, while the drowsy buzzing of contented bees lulled the senses into unconsciousness. . . .

Meanwhile, in the Big Wood by the Cricklewood by-pass, life went on. 'Pooh,' said Piglet, 'why is grass green?' Pooh thought this over for some time then said uncertainly: 'I think it's something they put in the water.' 'Ah!' said Piglet mysteriously, and they carried on walking until they reached the Sandy Place under the fir tree. 'I'm exhausted,' said Piglet, 'It seems to get more difficult every day.' 'You're not getting any younger, Piglet,' said Pooh kindly, 'and you're a little bit flabby.' 'I am *not* flabby!' shrieked Piglet, pummeling the folds of fat encasing him, 'And you're not in the first flush of youth yourself!' 'Ah. . . .' said Pooh in a how-little-you-know sort of voice, but the unfortunate truth was that both he and Piglet were showing signs of that approaching old age. Pooh's muzzle was turning white, and he spent much of his time snoozing in his cave; Piglet's falls into rabbit-holes had become monotonously frequent, though he protested that it was out of habit. 'I prefer to think of myself as Mature,' said Pooh. 'Hallo . . . Hallo Pooh'. It was Rabbit, out for a walk with Kanga and Roo. 'Haven't seen you for ages, old man, though I must say you're looking fit, damned fit really. . . .'

'So are you,' said Pooh gallantly, 'Definitely.'

Just as Kanga was about to launch into a talk about her latest operation ('It's not the pain I mind, it's just the principle of the thing . . .') they were startled to hear a loud rumbling like approaching thunder. Suddenly Christopher Robin roared over the hill on his Kawasaki 900.

'Wotcher, Pooh,' said Christopher Robin, revving up.

In his years at Cricklewood Comprehensive he had abandoned his pinafore in favour of faded jeans and a leather jacket with 'KEVVIN KILLS O.K.' written in studs.

'Just dropped by to see the old folks' he said, 'Years since I saw you all.'

'Oh, Christopher Robin . . .' began Pooh.

'Er, yeah, I've changed my name to Kevvin—pulls the birds, yer know. Anyway, I just been to see some footie—they're playing away at Crystal Palace; Derek an' me went down with Alice (that's my bird), so I thought I'd drop in, make sure you're all right. . . .'

'Oh, well. . . .'

'Fine, great, I'll be off then. See ya', gang!' With a noise like receding thunder he roared off. There was a long silence.

'Ah, Youth,' said Eeyore, who had lost his years before but, unlike his tail, had been unable to find it; he had been there all the time but nobody had noticed him.

'Sweet Child,' said Kanga, 'Hasn't changed a bit.'

'Wurra-wurra-wurra' said a weak voice; Tigger came up, made a feeble

attempt to bounce Pooh and fell over.

'Now Tigger, you shouldn't do that at your age' admonished Kanga, 'You should be having your mustard-bath now.'

'Tigger's don't like mustard-baths' began Tigger but Kanga hushed him up and sent him off home with Roo.

'Well, Rabbit, I think we'd better help Eeyore back to his thistle patch,' she said.

'Too kind, too kind,' said Eeyore, 'there's hope for the world yet.'

Slowly they left, and Pooh and Piglet sat alone.

'Pooh,' began Piglet.

'Yes?' said Pooh, who had been pondering on the mysteries of the Universe.

'Pooh,' said Piglet, 'we're getting old.'

'It's something they put in the water.'

Rupert Stubbs



Epilogue upon a Failed Tragedy

And will this, then, this one poor,
withered wreath,
The best that poverty in crooked age,
Wrapped round about in cares, can well
bequeath,

Leave this, our play, upon a naked stage.

T. W. Keynes

Kart Blanche

Work on the Kart went on until ten the previous night. Had a late supper, cleaned the leathers and went to bed. There is a lot to think about before a race and the preceding night is always sleepless. It is a very cold Sunday morning as the team begins to assemble. A silent breakfast is eaten and the equipment is loaded into the car. Nobody will ever say it but everyone is wondering whether they have chosen the right option. The mechanics are anticipating the cold. The driver checks he has collected his personal equipment and wishes people would start moving. He feels irrational, excited, impatient.

In the warmth of the car spirits begin to rise. Conversation never dwells on the day ahead. There is a unity of cause that spreads a close friendship within the team. The mechanics are tense. Potentially, a fault in their task could cause a very serious accident. The driver is relaxed and so he must remain. He must have confidence in his team, in his Kart and in his own ability. He must know the track perfectly—a good driver can place his machine to a sixteenth of an inch after a long four-wheel drift at speeds exceeding eighty m.p.h. He does have fears: firstly that his Kart will break-up and secondly that another driver will draw him into an accident. When they occur such actions are unavoidable, sudden and often nasty. Like an act of God. If the driver makes his own mistake due simply to personal error then he hopes for the chance to avoid the accident, and if the accident does occur, the luck to come out unhurt.

It is very cold at the circuit. The team arrange the equipment in the Pits, the Kart is scrutineered by an R.A.C. official and the driver signs on in the clubhouse. The mechanics bustle around the Kart, carefully going through the checklist. The driver watches, hands out hot coffee and helps his crew; he checks his visor, puts on his boots and waits. There is a lot of apprehensive laughter. The track, glistening in the early sun, seems very stationary, very quiet. Marshals and race officials walk around the circuit muttering amongst themselves and occasionally sweeping grit from the corners with their large brooms. A

solitary lapscorer tests his machinery and the Starter, a man very high in his own esteem, unrolls his flags.

The ambulances arrive and practice may begin. Suddenly the Pits are engulfed by activity as drivers describe the problems to their teams between practice sessions. Engines are changed, chains tightened, handling problems solved. Within an hour one hundred and fifty Karts have had the allotted time for preparation. As drivers attend the statutory briefing many teams are still working frenziedly to prepare the Karts for the first heats. Each driver will get three heats, the results of which will determine his position on the final grid. The Karts are divided into classes regulated by the R.A.C. according to engine capacity and overall weight.

The worst moments of the race directly precede the start. The mechanics sit patiently, talking to the driver, cleaning his visor, making last minute checks as the Kart waits in the dummy grid. They hope the machine will hold together, praying that no accident will occur that they could have avoided. They are not particularly concerned that their driver wins the race but rather that he will drive to his own satisfaction. The starts are rolling—Indianapolis style. The Karts move slowly around the track in their allotted grid positions until given the signal by the Starter. These rolling laps are very tense for the driver. Two inches in front of his bumper is a Kart, in front of that another. There are twenty-four Karts in the grid. The driver can see very little, due to the exhaust of the Kart in front. He builds up for the start only to be let down by the Starter who is not satisfied by the turn out. Then suddenly they start and twenty-four Karts race at eighty m.p.h. into the first corner. Memory of the race itself is lost due to the intensive concentration. Lost that is except for the warm satisfaction at the finish. A satisfaction that lies very deep, a satisfaction that so many today will never feel.

Our thanks to Mr. Harris and Dr. Davies of the Physics department who do not realise the encouragement they gave by taking an interest.

Stephen Cornwell and David Morland

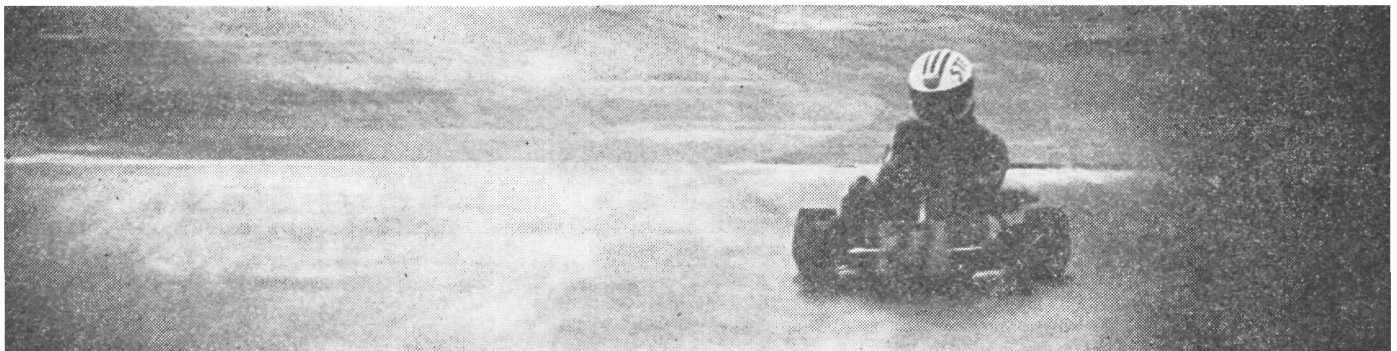
Drama

Happy Birthday, Wanda June

The year is 1970, and the by now middle-aged Kurt Vonnegut 'Junior' decides to jump on the Vietnam arts bandwagon and write a play about 'the homecoming of a twentieth-century Odysseus'. All well and good, but for two facts; Mr. Vonnegut's previous successes as a writer have been in the structural freedom of Science Fiction, and he has never written a play before in his life, all of which becomes embarrassingly obvious in the course of the play.

He has no staying power where his own dramatic conventions are concerned; why are the characters allowed to speak directly to the audience in Act One, then less and less as the play develops? Why is there only one solitary three-minute flashback, with little bearing on the plot anyway? Why does the dialogue vary between rampant surrealism and supposedly naturalised styles of speech? Throughout the play Vonnegut takes cute little ideas and dresses them up as wit. Every character, however inarticulate for most of the play, seems to be able to soliloquize fluently and elaborately when asked. Dramatic tension only rears its head when one character is pointing a gun at another—hardly the hallmark of an exciting new playwright. Worst of all, the central theme of the old, thuggish American hero being replaced by the new peace-loving, dope-smoking vegetarian hero—gets lost somewhere in the Pythonesque mish-mash half-way through, and has to be hurriedly reinstated in the last reel. This is done by shunting all the other characters off to the outer reaches of Manhattan, leaving the personifications of Old and New on stage to argue it out. A trite little discussion ensues, in which New, with unconvincing ease, strips Old of all credibility and dignity in about two minutes flat.

It has to be admitted that Mark Gibbon, as Woodly, the New American Hero did little to make him a more



believable character; in a cravat and flash Seventies suit he seemed even more camp and objectionable than he was intended to be. John Burns did better with the awkwardly-drawn role of Harold (Vonnegut's Odysseus), who somehow has to combine dry wit with bullying insensitivity. As sub-titles were not provided, I find it hard to make any comment on Bob Lunds performance of Harold's buddy, Loosleaf, except to say that he seemed to keep the audience steadily entertained. Penelope, the only character drawn with any sensitivity was handled convincingly by Liz Smith in a part which could have been tailor-made for her.

Charles Humphries, crushed no doubt by 'The Birthday Party', succeeded in melting into the scenery for most of his part; Derek Freedman was fine as Paul, Penelope's son, actually managing to bring some coherence to another sloppily-drawn character. The trio in heaven (where Vonnegut has to go to find a subplot) were given competent performances by Felicity Plaat, Justin Byam Shaw, and, most notably, Sara Foster in the title role.

Jonathan Myerson's (ah, at last!) direction, though ineffectual, was at least satisfactory. For some reason the bleak scenery was decorated with comic strips, near enough to distract the attention but too far away to read during the boring passages. The sound effects worked perfectly except at the most crucial moments—the final shattering gun report sounded like someone dropping an empty beer can.

At most dramatic evenings at Westminster we see thoroughly worthy plays struggling manfully to survive against the barrage of incompetence on stage; it was a sly move, therefore, on the part of Jonathan Myerson to choose for this dramatic venture a play so clumsy, forced, and ill-constructed that the critics, desperate for something to praise, would have to turn to the quality of the production.

Roly Keating

The Golden Pathway Annual

This was a fairly small-scale production directed by Clare Conville, to whom must go much of the credit for a highly enjoyable evening. Sensibly chosen, it was essentially humorous, so the social comment had to be treated quite lightly; it probably would not stand up to any really serious presentation. The story (of the growing up of an intelligent boy with working-class parents) provided a suitable framework for the comedy.

Individual performances were for the most part very pleasing, especially from David Giles and Katie Law who carried off their difficult variety of roles with considerable skill. Tad Ross was consistently impressive as the growing

boy himself. Technically, the production went well, the light being used intelligently and unobtrusively and the stage being set up cleverly. Following in the tradition of such 'greats' as 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' and 'The Soldier's Tale', the stage itself was set at one side of School, with the audience in an arc around it, and as before this arrangement proved very satisfactory. 'The Golden Pathway Annual' was enjoyable and carried off with some polish, and a refreshing example of how, by not setting her sights too high, a director can produce some very high-class entertainment.

G.H.W.

The Birthday Party

The lecture room is ideally suited to the presentation of absurd theatre. Even before 'The Birthday Party' began, I was aware of being trapped in a room of patently Pinteresque proportions. There was a large number of people between me and the sole exit, and I could readily sympathise with the horror shared by Stanley and his symbolic concrete cat as their refuge from the outside world became a trap. This, incidentally, is where the similarities between the two main characters in Rory Stuart's highly competent production end. Charles Humphries' acting was admirably thoughtful and methodic, although he might have done a little more to outline the contrast between the two Stans of acts I and III, while the cat was wooden to say the least. Stan and Meg worked well together, and Tracy Hofman was excellent as the slightly insane and repulsively sensual old woman. Roly Keating produced another highly professional performance as Goldberg, and the rest of the cast, including Jeremy Syke's menacing McCann, did all that was required of them.

There was some discussion after the play, although it was rather one-sided, concerning the advisability of allowing boys and girls to play down the humour and emphasise the violence in 'The Birthday Party', since this is equivalent to asking them to portray deeply pessimistic and cruel characters. Personally, I considered the violent moments to be the production's only weak points, since they looked clumsy and lacking in conviction in the confinement of the lecture room. There was certainly no danger that either audience or cast might look on the play as a condemnation of real-life boarding-house brutality. Rory Stuart was careful, on the contrary, to emphasise the play's allegorical patterns. Overall, the production was good in all departments, and very little of the impact of this superb play was lost.

Stephen McDadd



Music

Play Term Concert

What sort of expectations do we bring to a school concert or play? Is it reasonable to hope for a genuine musical or theatrical experience in which allowances need play no part? It has not always been easy to answer these questions optimistically in recent years. Amongst much decent work there have been too many signs that Westminster is quite unaware of the high standards in both music and drama that are taken for granted in many schools—and too many evenings which have somehow failed to generate any special sense of occasion.

On the evidence of this concert Mr. Brett was aware of the problem and one felt that we could well be at the beginning of a new era in which real standards will be set. There was indeed a sense of expectation amongst the gratifyingly large audience.

For a genuinely illuminating musical experience I would instance a moment at the beginning of Beethoven's 'Spring' Sonata. I do not recall ever having heard this piercingly beautiful opening played with such sweetness of tone, and indeed Charles Peebles and Mr. Katz gave a performance that was both professional and affectionate in a way which was especially appropriate to this, the most Schubertian of Beethoven's works. It would have been nice to hear the rest of the sonata in place of the display piece of non-music by Kreisler, yet Peebles has earned the right to show that his sensitivity is matched by great technical skill.

The real test in concerts of this kind comes with the orchestral items. There is no more valuable experience for young players than to rehearse and perform a complete Haydn symphony,

and reassurance, if it were needed, came early on in the firm controlled playing of the opening *Adagio*. The orchestra, which must have been about the size that Haydn himself was used to, gave a spirited account of themselves and the unavoidable intonation problems (which will not have been unknown to Salomon's first London audience for this symphony) did not detract from the general effect. Mr. Brett's boldness in starting the concert in this manner was justified and the reappearance of the orchestra, playing with obvious enjoyment the conductor's happy orchestration of three Gershwin songs, made an equally apt ending.

It is, of course, easier to achieve polish with smaller concerted groups but this does not diminish one's admiration for the real musicianship shown by the eight singers who sang, with noticeably true tone, in a delightfully unmannered performance of

contrasted madrigals by Lassus and Vecchi.

The remaining items brought forward three boys who have done much for the school's music in recent years. Steven Edis and Ian Assersohn gave a respectable account of Mozart's E Flat concerto for two pianos and earlier in the concert George Benjamin gave enormous pleasure with two piano solos, both extremely taxing, from composers as different as Schumann and Ravel. The second movement of Schumann's Fantasia in G is notorious amongst professional pianists for its impossibly demanding left-hand leaps and the prelude from Ravel's 'Le Tombeau de Couperin' needs the ability to handle very rapid figuration while bringing out the melancholic lyricism of the piece. Benjamin was equal to it all—a remarkable and satisfying feat.

Michael Hugill

Lent Term Concert

The concert was held in Abbey on March 21st. The School First Orchestra was led by Charles Peebles conducted by Charles Brett. The Orchestra played Masonic Funeral Music (K.477) by Mozart and Symphony No. 8 in B minor (Unfinished) by Schubert. After a brief interval a largely professional orchestra accompanied the School Cantata Choir in Missa Brevis in F (K.192) in which the soloists were Jean Wilkinson (soprano), Janice Alford (alto), Philip Salmon (tenor) and Peter Hall (bass).

Keats and Façade

Ian Assersohn and Charles Peebles unfortunately left Westminster at the end of Play Term; *Keats* and *Façade* served as examples of their individual and outstanding talents.

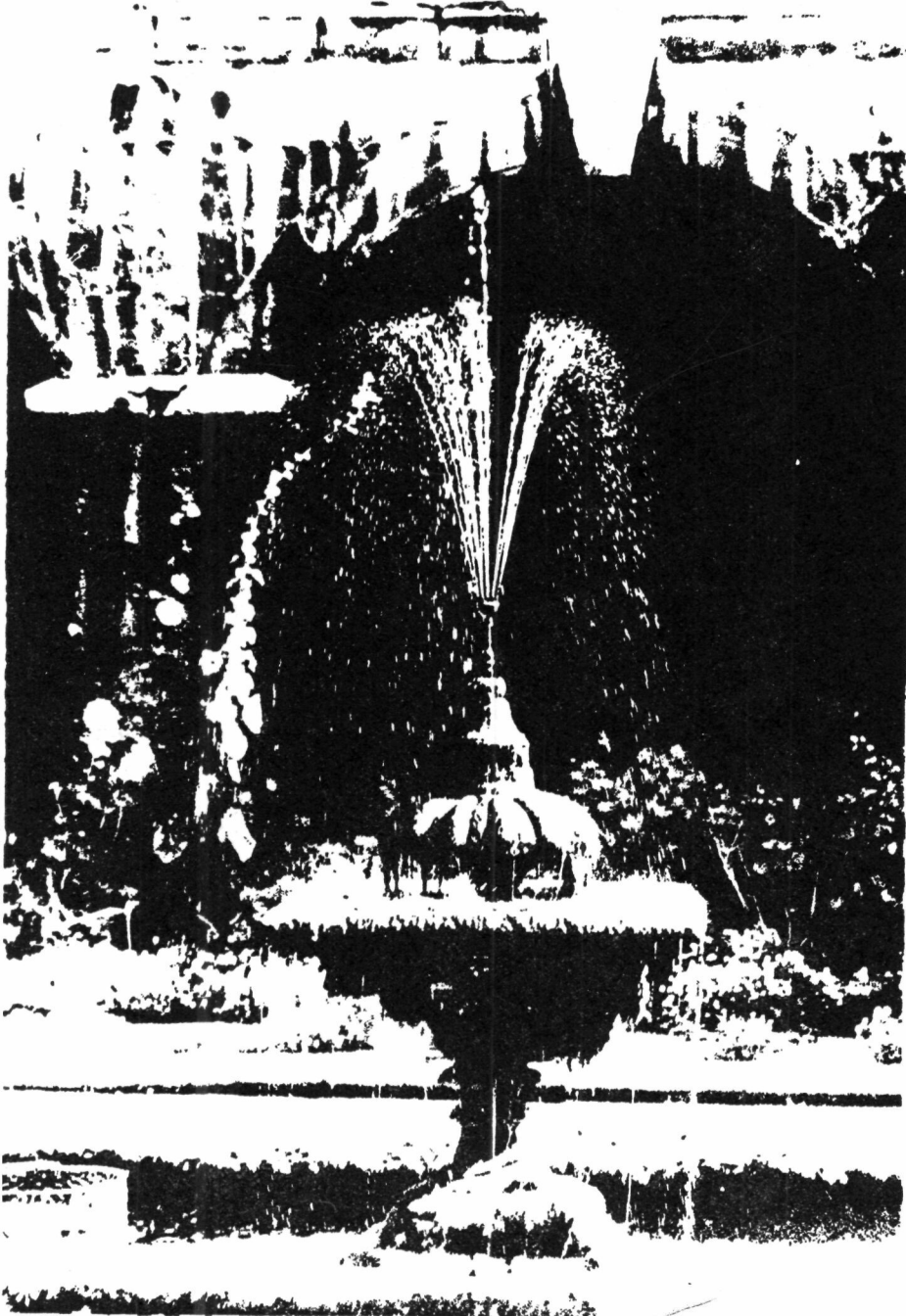
The performance took place in Ashburnham drawing room, and *Keats* dealt very effectively with the limitations imposed by such a small stage. The acting and chanting were skilfully executed, although the actors were not at all times happy with the stiff rhythms to which Keat's romantic poetry was set.

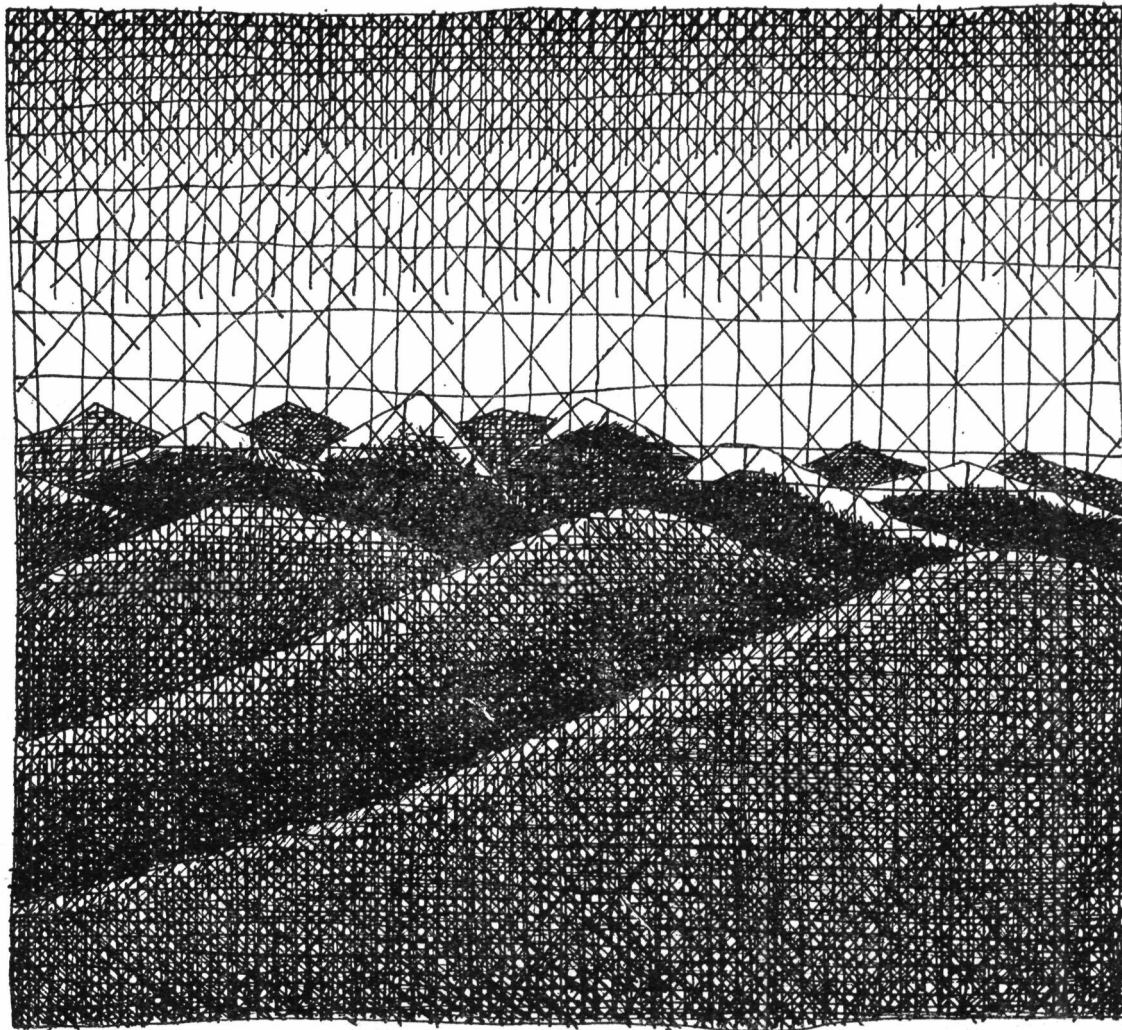
The musicians played excellently throughout, especially Steven Edis on the trombone and Giles Taylor on the trumpet. Assersohn's music was full of vitality; the melodies and motives were memorable and were used ingeniously in counterpoint. The small orchestra, especially the piano, were written for imaginatively. A vast amount of work must have gone into Assersohn's writing and direction; it was a very effective and complete work.

Walton's *Façade* illustrated what can be achieved by a group of the best musicians in Westminster. Some of the individual performances were outstanding—Liz Wilson and Jonathan Wright's playing in *Mariner Man* was magnificent. In some movements (*viz. Pop Song, Scottish Dance and Yodelling Song*) the texture was perfect. However in others (e.g. *Valse*) the woodwind overpowered the 'cellos and without a firm bass the delicate musical continuity was occasionally lost.

The narrators spoke with confidence and conviction, though perhaps did not always capture the atmosphere of Edith Sitwell's poetry. The whole work was controlled by Peebles—the polished performances being a great tribute to his rehearsing ability and professionalism. He has shown himself to be a very talented conductor as well as being a superb violinist.

George Benjamin





Mountains.

M.S.77

Awards 1976

Oxford

Alexander, S. M. St. J.
Westminster Scholarship in Classics
at Christ Church

Birch, R. S.
Hinchliffe Exhibition in History at
Christ Church

Boulton, T. A. B.
Westminster Exhibition in English
at Christ Church

Bury, M. H.
Exhibition in Natural Science at
St. Catherine's

Clarke, P. C.
Open Scholarship in Natural Science
at St. John's

Foster, O. J. F.
Westminster Exhibition in Natural
Science at Christ Church

Hamilton-Jones, T.
Westminster Exhibition in History at
Christ Church

Hodgson, P. T. G.
Demyslip in History at Magdalen

Hoskyns, B. C. T.
Westminster Scholarship in English
at Christ Church

Hyman, J. D.
Open Scholarship in English at
St. John's

Mann, Caroline
Exhibition in Natural Science at
St. Hilda's

Tree, M. P.
Open Scholarship in History at
Brasenose

Wilsdon, G. M. R.
Open Scholarship in Classics at
Corpus Christi

Gooding, H. G.
Open Scholarship in Natural Science
at Pembroke

Graham, J. M.
Exhibition in Engineering at Queen's
Green, R. J. H.
Exhibition in Mathematics at
Trinity Hall

McKenzie, C. G.
Open Scholarship in Natural Science
at Corpus Christi

Muffett, M. A.
Open Scholarship in Natural Science
at Trinity

Peebles, C. R.
Westminster Exhibition in Music
at Trinity

Smith, P. G. D.
Exhibition in Natural Science at
Trinity Hall

St. Johnston, R. D.
Open Scholarship in Natural Science
at Christ's

Wilkie, A. O. M.
Open Scholarship in Natural
Science at Trinity

Williams, A. G.
Open Scholarship in Mathematics
at St. John's

Cambridge

Bowers, P. J.
Westminster Exhibition in Mathematics
at Trinity

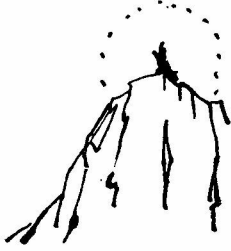
Chapman, H.
Exhibition in Modern Languages at
King's

Crabtree, P. M.
Westminster Exhibition in Mathematics
at Trinity

Edis, S. F.
Open Scholarship in Mathematics at
Corpus Christi

Farrant, J. M.
Exhibition in Natural Science at
St. John's

Easter Camp 1977



The Black Cuillins on the Isle of Skye were once again the magnificent setting for the annual Westminster Easter camp. The Cuillins are perhaps the range of hills in the United Kingdom most closely approximating to an alpine ridge. There it is necessary to use ropes and elementary rock-climbing techniques to attain the harder summits, as opposed to the ordinary walking ability that can carry one to the summits of most other peaks in Britain. The many summits of the Cuillins are linked by a sinuous seven mile knife-edge ridge, which provides plenty of staggering drops and equally impressive views out to the rest of Skye, the Scottish mainland, the Hebrides and on a clear day to far St. Kilda, 96 miles away. The mountaineering at this time of year is very serious—the first winter traverse of the ridge being completed in two days, twelve years ago by Everest climber Hamish MacInnes and a few other climbing ‘heavies’.

The advance party (Cedric Harben, Eddie Smith, Nick Barrett and John Severn) had three excellent days climbing before the hordes arrived. It culminated in an excellent day on Bidein where they were unable to progress from the north summit onto the central summit because of encroaching bad weather, verglas and a rather tricky bit of climbing that no one fancied. The good weather lasted for one more day enabling everyone else to make either their first peak, or renew their acquaintance with the snow, wind and rock. Most important of all, it gave the beginners a chance to learn about rope handling and movement up steep snow with ice-axes.

Two days of bad weather followed this. In this time we were forced to hang around camp getting on each other's nerves, or go rock-climbing in the cove near the camp-site. However, after this rather trying respite the weather once again abated, enabling the mountaineering to continue on and off for the rest of camp. Among the most notable exploits included C.Y.H.'s successful dual attempt on Sgurr Sgumain and the higher Dubh; the two ascents of Alasdair—the highest peak; E.A.S.'s grip upon Dearg and the Coruisk expedition. The latter event involved M.I.W. and his obsession for isolated lochs surrounded by high mountains, a venture that ended up as

a rather more serious undertaking than calculated. The five had to endure force 10 gale winds and driving rain which resulted in five soaking and very cold Westminsters, a demolished tent and the necessity to survive what can only be described as one hell of a night, followed by a very scary return to camp back over the ridge.

There was no shortage of tourist attractions on the Isle for those who could not face another mountain on a particular day—trips to the extraordinary Quirang rock pinnacles and the Waterstein lighthouse proving most popular.

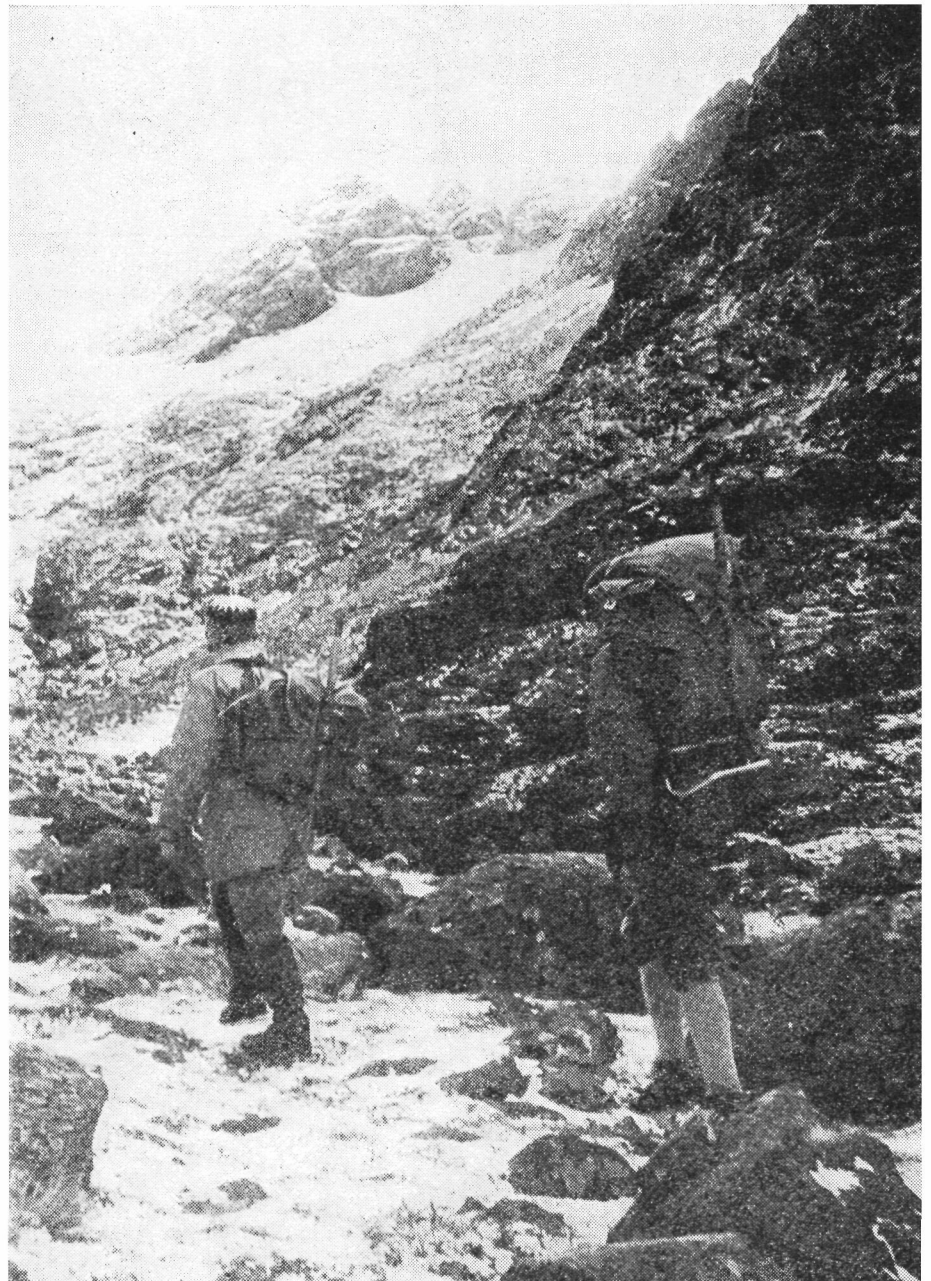
The camp proved both good training for the Baffin ‘hard men’ (!) and the younger boys, all of whom coped with the conditions most admirably. Thanks must go to Cedric Harben as organizer and to Eddie Smith (marron glacé pâté et al), Mike Williams and Roger Lazarus for helping out.

Nick Barrett

The Schools Challenge

Westminster's top know-alls won the regional final of the schools challenge (a quiz game) by beating Eton. Dr. Evans, the questionmaster presided over the contest and the well-behaved, if partisan, Westminster audience were rewarded by an exciting finish during which the Westminster team snatched victory from a seemingly hopeless position in the last few minutes.

The judges might be interested to hear that Keats' ‘Pot of Basil’ is otherwise known as ‘Isabella’ not as ‘Lamia’, that Fitzgibbon, not Darwin, was the captain of the Beagle and that Adam and Eve's sons were: Cain, Abel . . . and Seth. These mistakes were minor compared with the memorable moment in one of the qualifying rounds when Westminster were given ten points for claiming that Ernest Bevin founded the Health Service.



An Interview with Michael Duane

Mr. Duane was, from 1960 to 1965, headmaster of the highly progressive Risinghill Comprehensive. His personal views on education disagreed with those of the then L.C.C. and by a mixture of bad luck and concerted hostile bureaucratic action the school was closed down, despite the pleas of parents and children.

Since coming to Westminster two terms ago as a Visiting Fellow he has given a slightly baffling lecture on his political beliefs, written an article for the *Rigaud's House Magazine* and taught two General English sets.

This interview is taken from a conversation with the *Remove* set.

Q. If you were in a position of power, would you try to phase out the private schools?

M.D. If you mean in a position of power in this society as it stands now, then not directly. I think that the private schools have arisen within our society as a perfectly natural response to the structure of the society, to the fact that we have in our society, what could be called an élite, or some would call a ruling class. People in this sort of position will obviously have their children educated in such a way as to continue the kind of life to which they have been accustomed. So to phase out private schools would mean that some substantial alteration had already begun to occur in the structure of this society. I would try to alter the society, of course, but the schools seem to me to be derivative of the society.

Q. How do you feel about the fact that in this school the boys seem to have absolutely no say at all in the running of the school?

M.D. I am sad about it, but I can not see how to alter it easily. Except to try and raise the level of consciousness within the boys and the girls of the school of their own capacities, their own power of choice because so often people simply go along with the system. I think this is mainly true of the people here, because they have been impressed not directly, usually by subtle and indirect means, by the fact that there is not much they can do about it, that the system is too big for them. Whereas each one of us does have a power of choice, highly pressurised as we may be and one can only create within individuals the power to choose by first of all building

their confidence in themselves. By giving them the feeling that they have a validity, that they have a right to live and to live the style of life that they feel they want to.



Q. In the school that you ran you seem to have got a very close involvement with the neighbourhood. Sometime ago the headmaster of this school said that he wanted to see the school becoming more involved with the actual neighbourhood. How do you think this might be achieved?

M.D. That can only happen when the neighbourhood and the school have similar cultural and social objectives. If you have a school in a working class neighbourhood and the school is catering, predominantly for working class children then I think that kind of growth can occur. Westminster School is not, so to speak, indigenous to this neighbourhood. It draws people from all over London, from a relatively limited social background, although the background immediately around the school is rather broad, to that extent the School and the immediate neighbourhood do not have common social objectives. It is an artificial exercise to try to create bonds between the two. Some bonds may arise but that, I think, would be purely a matter of chance rather than something which could be predicted.

Q. Have you found your teaching experience at Westminster an interesting one?

M.D. Fascinating. I would not have missed it for anything.

Q. Why?

M.D. I enjoy teaching young people, no matter what their backgrounds. I enjoy working with people who are very quick on the uptake, as you all are, remember you are a very highly selected élite in terms of the broad spectrum of academic ability in this country.

Q. Did you come to Westminster to find out about the Public School system?

M.D. No, I came at the invitation of the Head Master. Because we had met on a number of occasions and he said would I like to come as Visiting Fellow, interact with the staff and the students.

Q. Did you run your school on your anarchic beliefs?

M.D. Not really, no. When I started to run a school in 1960 I was very traditional in my views, I believed that one should aim for academic excellence, polite well-mannered students and a good wide range of things to be done, decisions made by the staff and so on, and it was only our experience of the pupils that caused us to start changing our assumptions. It is fine to talk about uniform and good manners, if the background of the children is already moving in that direction. Where you have children whose fathers are thieves, where some people, for whatever reasons, are behaving in ways that we here would consider anti-social then how does one start to deal with those children on the assumption that they will have the same values as oneself.

Q. Did you have any compulsory religious services?

M.D. Yes, because this is required by law. And very quickly we abandoned the ordinary paraphernalia of prayers and hymns, and various pupils would sing or do particular dances or put on some sort of small show. But generally my feeling was that the important thing about it was the fact that we were all together and that some kind of dialogue should take place.

Q. Having seen some services in Abbey, do you think they serve any purpose?

M.D. They serve the purpose of continuing a very powerful tradition for this section of society from which you come. I think that people's attitudes to religion are changing but I think that behind the service in Abbey lies some deeper social meaning than the purely religious one. Many people now would not attribute a personality to God.

What they mean when they talk about God is some concept within themselves of what is the best in man's achievements so far. God is a shorthand for the best of which man is capable. Many people still believe in a personal God, of course. But the concept is fluid and therefore can be accepted by people of widely different backgrounds without their feeling disturbed about it. This is why I think so much attention is still paid to religion amongst a group which has a strong social feeling.

Its being compulsory introduces an element of confrontation, of conflict which is unnecessary. And since it is only one aspect of the social bonds that unite a sector of our population, it is not so important. At more traditional public schools much more attention is paid to rituals than at Westminster. You have a number of rituals here. The function of ritual, as with the spartans, as with all élite throughout history, is to bind together that group more closely because they are a minority.

Q. When you apply advanced psychological principles in dealing with children in a school, are you not to some extent risking the equilibrium of each child? Is there not a distinction between the kind of life he has outside which operates on a totally different principle with which he is not really accustomed nor able to deal?

M.D. Part of my feeling about this was that schools had moved into a position of exerting an influence that the family had not. The family had gone beyond the Victorian attitude of discipline and parents and children have a much friendlier basis in homes. Whereas I felt that schools were tending to maintain an older fashion of relationship and that they should move a little bit towards the position that families had already reached. So I did not feel that there was any jeopardy there for the child, there was jeopardy for those members of staff who were attached to the old system of discipline.

The actual event that caused us to make it clear that we were changing the disciplinary pattern was when a boy had been caned by a head of house for stealing. When they heard about this some of the staff protested, they said: 'Look, this child's father is in prison at this moment for larceny, so the child is merely carrying on his father's

occupation. It is quite unsuitable to beat the child, besides we do not believe that beating children is really very valuable'. They had held a meeting to discuss this without my knowledge and they decided to try to do away with corporal punishment. So when they came to me and explained what they had decided I was delighted as I had not been expecting to be able to do this for sometime. The next morning at assembly I said to the whole school of twelve hundred, as from today, no more physical punishment, no more cane. And of course I knew that they would test this out and of course for the next eighteen months they did test us out to see whether we meant what we said. Now those teachers who had never used the threat of corporal punishment had no bother. Those who had called on the possibility of the cane or actually struck children had an awful time.

Q. Is this not the trouble in believing in anarchy anyway in that it does assume a clean sheet to begin with in order to develop. It is a beautiful ideal, but it is almost impossible to build it on anything at the moment. I can not see an anarchic society ever happening in my lifetime. It implies people accepting anarchy from the beginning of time.

M.D. Or else it implies a collective decision to move in that direction. You see, had I decided alone that there would be no corporal punishment, and many of the staff had not agreed with this, then clearly there would have been a chaotic situation after it. But because the staff had discussed it and the majority had said that it was not necessary, the others having had their chance to argue for corporal punishment said that they would accept it. Now once you present a collective front to the children then they can see that the situation has changed radically.

Q. Did you feel that once having changed your original belief about education and the way to treat children, that there was a definite improvement of any sort?

M.D. Well according to the records, probation dropped from 9% to 1½% after five years which is about average for schools in London. I am not trying to claim that this is entirely the result of what happened in the school. Because the school only existed for five years which is not long enough to suggest trends very clearly.

Q. If you accept our society as it is, do you think that the people that Westminster produces serve that system well?

M.D. I do not accept society as it is, I deplore society as it is. I think Westminster, like the state system, is highly efficient. The state system is highly efficient in producing not only able technicians, but highly efficient in producing a mass of the people who do not have enough confidence to protest against the system, it is efficient in producing a failure.

You see if you have an examination it not only rewards those who succeed it also tells the others: 'You are not much good so do not try to be "uppity" in the future'.

Q. You have met with some hostility in this form, did you expect that?

M.D. Oh yes. No one is going to have his ideas challenged without objecting. After all thinking is a very hard process, and if you have to re-think or if you are threatened with the need to re-think then you are obviously going to be hostile. I am not saying that my point of view is of necessity more convincing or more logical than the opinions held by the members of this form, it is just the possibility of re-thinking that will create argument, but that is what democracy is about.





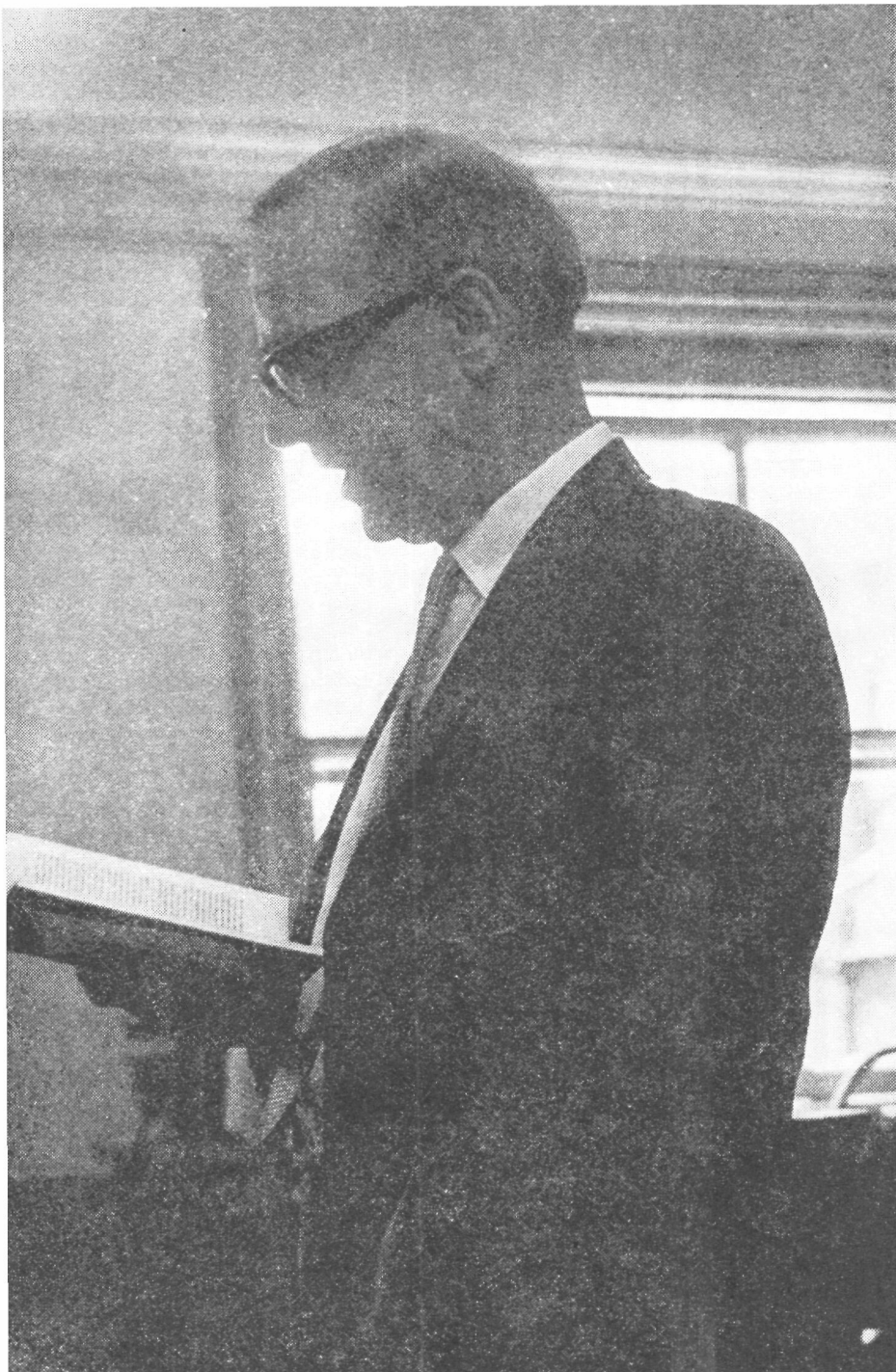
Ted Craven

'Ted and Dorothea'. How sad that, almost unbelievably, after all these happy terms, we must now say 'Good-bye' to them. My earliest memory dates back nearly twenty-seven years, when I was for the first of many times given the familiar hospitality of No. 2 Barton Street. Ted was my 'substance' at Westminster, then as honest and unpretentious as he has remained throughout.

Comparatively recent Old Westminsters will of course remember Ted as House Master of Ashburnham, and Dorothea shedding her usual unfailing goodwill upon Ted's house. Much older Westminsters will remember Ted's Scouts supplying a humane alternative to the Corps in the 'Bad Old Days'. One of my first awarenesses of Westminster came when I heard of a boy on one of Ted's Field Days spending all his time—I am sure with Ted's total approval—in his tent, browsing over an edition of Procopius. Generation after generation of Classicists will nostalgically remember Ted's classroom—windows firmly shut, and Classical learning meted out to them with a strong admixture of naval reminiscences. Many are those who will also remember with gratitude happy days spent as guests of Ted and Dorothea in their Northern redoubt.

Ted, free from cant and self-advertisement, has never bothered about his image. This is one of the most endearing things about him. Smoothness and plausibility are utterly alien to him. In these days, when people are taken so much on their own rating, we should pause and acknowledge Ted's finest points (how he will hate this!)—his tremendous sense of humour, his deep love of music (only the best), and his unerringly wise assessment of the boys he knew.

I am sure Ted will agree that throughout his years at Westminster he has considered his teaching and his contact with generations of boys to be far the most important aspect of his



time here. Never for a moment did he doubt that 'the lines were fallen unto him in pleasant places'. He never looked elsewhere for what he had already found at Westminster.

Perhaps my own most vivid memories of Ted and Dorothea come from our many happy Greek tours. What a wonderful advertisement for the School they both were. Year after year they made and remade firm and valuable relationships with masters, wives and boys from schools all over the country—not to mention the many fruitful contacts they made in Greece itself. Ted, though a scholar of literature rather than architecture or archaeology, groomed himself admirably to the task of conducting us round the sites, and Dorothea afforded to all alike the benefit of her constant kindness and

never-failing good-nature. Never, in the course of nearly twenty years of those tours in which I accompanied them, did I ever see Dorothea even mildly annoyed. Always ready to help, to listen and to sympathise, she was beyond praise.

It is sad indeed that two such people will no longer be with us. But rarely can the conventional consolation have been more apt—namely that Westminster masters, boys and wives alike have been lucky indeed, extraordinarily lucky, to have had Ted and Dorothea so faithfully and loyally here for thirty years and more—and may they enjoy as many again in happy retirement.

T.L.Z.

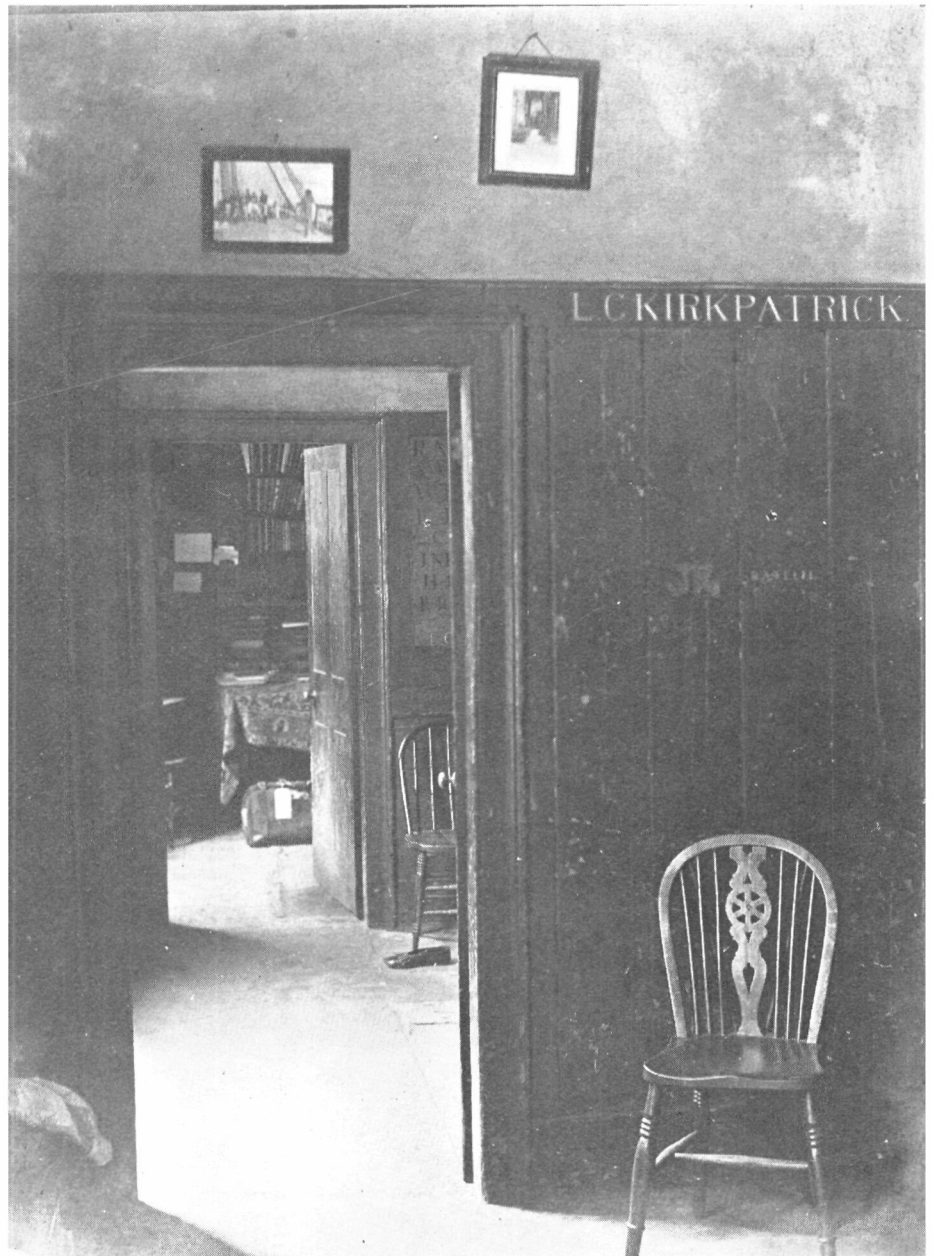
Exituaries continued on page 192

Memories of a Westminster Lifetime

I was born in Vincent Square on February 12th, 1890. My father shortly afterwards became the Housemaster of Grant's. With the exception of three years reading history at Cambridge, over the next thirty odd years my life was centred entirely around Grant's. I consequently came to know the school more intimately than many, maintaining close contact with all its life until I retired in my roles as master of the History VIth and as Keeper of the Muniments. In my retirement I remain very attached to it.

In 1900 when I first entered the school, it was a *very* uncivilised place. A present boy would hardly recognize it. My father had just taken over the house and there was no electricity, no bathroom and certainly no central heating. The floor of the Hall was unvarnished and splintered: the whole place wore a rather dirty aspect. We went to bed with candles which lasted only half an hour, so one had to get to bed quickly, or get to bed in the dark. There were many petty rules mostly aimed at the juniors each carrying punishment mainly of a corporal nature. As juniors we had little free time and what we had was normally taken up with fagging duties. Our timetable ran something like this:

7.15-8.00 a.m. Early preparation, even in the winter when it was not yet light.
8.05-8.30 a.m. Breakfast, eaten up house, with the fags making toast on an open fire for the house monitors.
8.30-9.30 a.m. A more or less free period, unless it was a Saint's Day, when Abbey began earlier and included a sermon. However, all one's fagging duties had to be done in this period. If there was nothing else to be done a game of football or cricket would be started in Grant's Yard, which was about twice its present size. I can assure you that cricket with a broomstick and a soft ball is very good fun.
9.30-9.45 a.m. Abbey, where we sat in forms rather than the present arrangement in houses.
9.45-10.45 a.m. First School.
10.45-11.00 a.m. Break.
11.00-12.00 noon Second School.
12.00-1.00 p.m. Third School.
1.00-1.30 p.m. Lunch in Hall.
Once the house had assembled the monitors would come in and look around to make sure everything and everyone, was in order. Then the Head of House would signal to the Lag of Hall (the most junior boy in the house) to go and get my father. He would come in and proceed to do the carving: he disliked the man-servant cutting great hunks of meat for the boys. The meals were generally of a high standard, with vegetables from our kitchen garden in Surrey, brought up



twice a week in huge straw hampers. There was beer to drink at the table, but, perhaps surprisingly, it was unpopular and eventually discontinued.
1.30-3.00 p.m. Station, which meant football or cricket up Fields or on Green.
3.30-4.45 p.m. Afternoon School.
4.45-4.55 p.m. Latin Prayers.
5.00 p.m. The half-boarders, of whom there were a few, went home. I think that tea could be eaten, but somehow I never found out where.
5.15-6.15 p.m. Station. The word was used much more broadly than it is now, it meant somewhere where organized activity was taking place. In this case it was in the Gymnasium or up Library, where one was encouraged to read, write letters or attend one of the Societies.
6.15-6.30 p.m. High Tea. The senior boys would take it in turns to supplement the supper of those in studies with sausages or bacon or poached eggs or something of that sort. This provision was called a 'sport'.

'Whose sport is it tonight?' was the usual question.

Then we had free time for about three quarters of an hour, followed by:
7.15-9.00 p.m. Evening prep. In my father's time, the Head of House would take the first half and he the second half.
9.00 p.m. Prayers. After this the juniors were sent to bed, unless there was a 'case'—a curious and occasional ritual in which a malefactor was summoned to appear in front of the monitorial. Some 'cases' ended in a tanning after quite a fair trial; many other culprits were let off with a warning.
9.30 p.m. Dormitory check. This was conducted by one of the monitors. Anyone found out of bed had a 'case' the following night.
10.00 p.m. The senior boys went to bed and the whole place was as quiet as the grave, or rather less so.
The House was considerably smaller than it is now. There would be about fifty boys at lunch of whom only just



over a half were boarders. There was a man-servant called John and a page called Joe (it did not matter whether these were their real names, they were called John and Joe all the same). They did all the menial work in running the House and left the fags very little to do except make toast. Even the fag who was responsible for the cleaning of the Head of House's shoes got off lightly: he would just take them to Joe and return them when cleaned.

On some days the timetable was slightly different. On Wednesdays and Saturdays there were much longer stations up Fields, especially in the summer when there would be inter-form matches. In contrast wet days were spent up Library and extraordinary meetings of the various Societies were spontaneously convened. If no-one could be persuaded to give a lecture or some such thing, then we were allowed to roam freely among the bookshelves. I think this was one of the greatest benefits of my school life, to be able to look at whatever books I liked in the Library, with no thought to any syllabus.

One must remember that the school was only about half the size that it is at present and it was much easier to accommodate all the boys in the Library and form rooms with their books, but it had its disadvantages. As there were so few boys only four sports offered: cricket, football, fencing and fives. Tennis was frowned upon because it did not encourage a healthy team spirit and 'Water' had collapsed. The main reasons for the demise of 'Water' thirty years before were that, when the new embankment walls were built, the old boathouse had been destroyed and, should a new one have been constructed, the river had become too deep and tidal for one safely to cross over to it. A lot of the boys felt angry, because it meant that there were no boats on the river at all between Westminster and Putney. Rowing was revived after I left with a four down at Putney. Even so there was a generation of Westminster who never forgave Dr. Rutherford (the Head Master at the time) for having abolished it.

There are many other ways in which

changes have taken place. The rules about going out of bounds were very much stricter and bounds were clearly defined in the school rules. We were allowed to walk around the boundary line, which passed down Great College Street up to the Houses of Parliament (always on the inside pavement) and around St. Margaret's to the West Door of the Abbey. As an example of the stringency of the rules, some monitors punished boys for 'cutting the corner' in Sanctuary, outside the Abbey Bookshop. Apart from this, leave was needed for any excursion outside and we had to wear our top hats as well. We were not allowed out of the house after station up Library except perhaps to get a book left there.

As well as having to wear top hats to walk beyond the school precincts, which in earlier times made the boys very conspicuous and resulted in scuffles with the local ruffians or 'scis', boys had either to wear 'Etons' or 'tails' depending on their ages. There was no actual school uniform, but in those days it was supposed that a boy's



clothes were modelled on his father's. The dress on the whole was very conventional.

In my last year I became Head of Grant's and began to see things from a different angle. I had, for example, five fags working for me: one to tidy my table, usually rather irritating as it made it impossible to find anything I wanted; one to make toast on the fire; a third to take my shoes to be polished; a fourth to collect my books every afternoon after Latin Prayers and take them back up House and a fifth who used to run messages and take letters to be posted. The service was not grudging by the fags, at least not by me when I was a fag. It was rather like the relation of a younger to an elder brother. Now the fagging seems to be on a much more collective basis for the benefit of the whole house. Many of the jobs now performed by boys would have been thought below the dignity of fags in my time. One may think that it would have been difficult to have one's father in charge of the house of which one was Head. I made it clear

from the beginning that I should regard him as the housemaster and as a result he left me the job of running the house while he stayed very much in the background.

When I returned to London from Cambridge, it was just after the Great War and there was considerable confusion about employment. I had just arrived back at Grant's when I received a letter from a friend suggesting that I apply for the Clerkship of the Honourable Company of Weavers. I did so since I had no other job and was duly elected. The work was interesting: it took me into the entirely different world of business. But the Head Master, Dr. Gow, asked my father if he thought I should like to teach the History VIth and VIIth. I took that on as well and found I could manage both.

My teaching method was strongly influenced by that of John Sargeant, the master in charge of the Classical VIIth, to whom I had owed a great deal myself as a boy. He used to encourage his pupils to wander around in the school Library, and to dip into

books not necessarily connected with his lessons. He saw that this was one of the most valuable contributions of a school, promoting a much wider education. I think that this is one way in which the contemporary Westminster is possibly lacking, that he neither has the inclination nor the allotted time to roam around a good library. One has to bear in mind that in my day there were no televisions, radios or record players to distract one from spending a good deal of one's time reading. Some masters said that I was a little too relaxed with my forms, but I knew that they would always respond to this kind of teaching as long as I did not allow them to abuse it.

It was soon after this that the Abbey offered me the job of sorting out the Muniments room, which had become rather disorganized through lack of staff. I used this to help my teaching as well. I would take a class up and show them a document from the period we were discussing. It was always a thrill, for instance, to hold a document which had been signed by Henry VIII while



we speculated what sort of mood he was in. I occasionally even gave lessons in reading the various scripts, some were extremely difficult to decipher, particularly the Elizabethan and Gothic ones. I taught on at Westminster for five or six years before I became full-time Keeper. This came about when that august body, the Pilgrim Trust, gave the Abbey a large grant for the restoration of the Muniment's Room and to provide for a Keeper. By this time my interest in the documents had become far too specialized to be readily used in the classroom and I was becoming more absorbed in them than in my teaching. So after twelve very happy years of teaching the History Vith, I finally left. I found too that between us my father and myself had been on the staff for fifty consecutive years and that seemed quite enough for one family to inflict itself upon Westminster!

Lawrie Tanner (GG 1900-09)



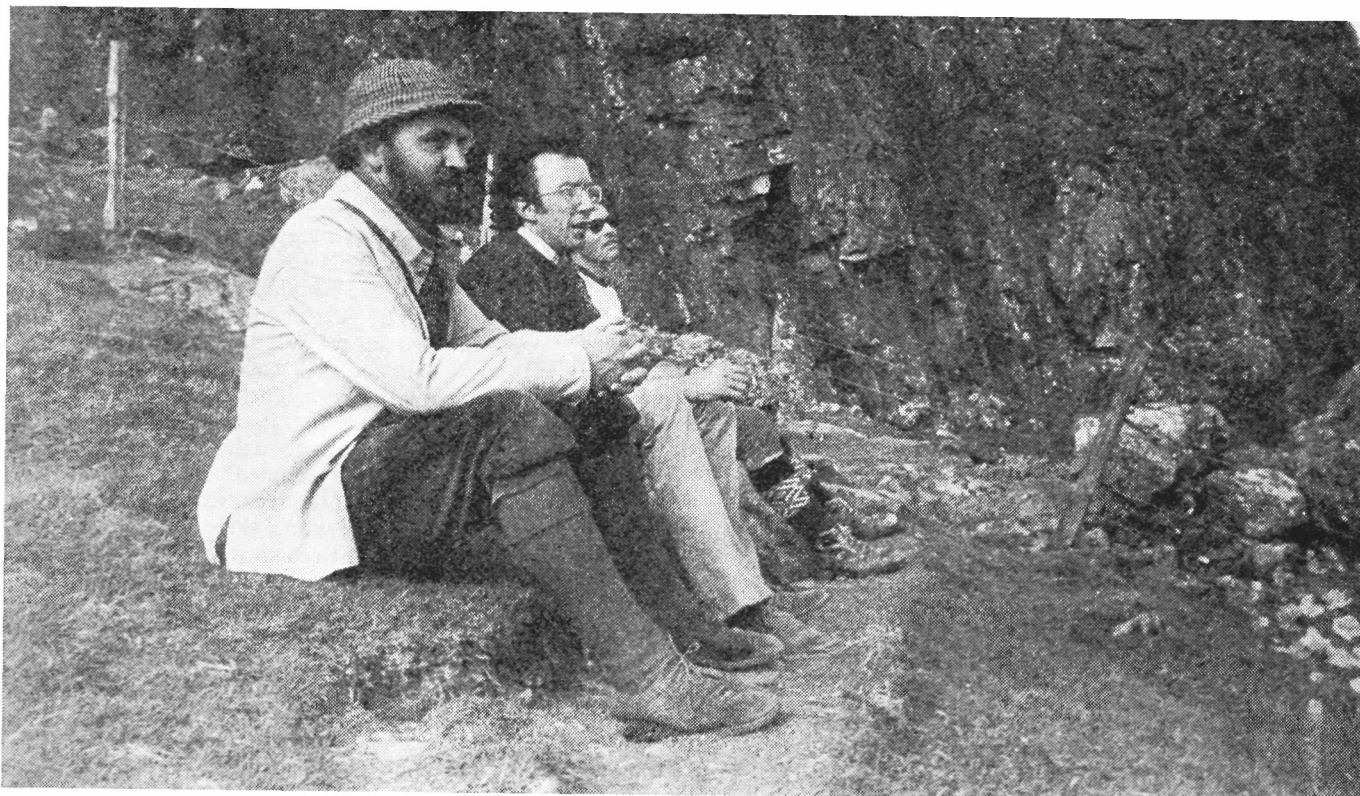
Michael Brown

In Michael Brown Westminster loses yet another old and cherished friend. It has been my lucky privilege to have known him over a long period as pupil and colleague—and I have rarely met a kinder or warmer person. The school owes much to him as a devoted teacher, a tutor up Grant's and as a *runner* of athletics. The eight years of his stay have seen the growth and flowering of the Athletics and Cross-Country stations, this is due entirely to his energy and dedication. But this list of his outward contributions to our life goes hardly anyway to doing him justice.

The Old World of Greece and Rome and the New World of Australia meet in a fine point in Michael. He loves both equally and each of these two sides of him enriches the other. Full of fun, totally unstuffy, facing difficulties with bravery, meeting the situations with great depth of feeling, Michael has been approachable to all—particularly those who have needed humane attention. He and Ruth, for whose nursing prowess the School has often had occasion to be grateful, are going to Eastbourne. The gain is theirs, ours the loss; we dearly hope though that Westminster has not seen the last of them?

Mark Griffiths

In his seven years as a Maths master at Westminster, Mark Griffiths has contributed to very many different aspects of school life. In the classroom he has clearly brought to many a sense of fun not always associated with the subject and in this way made his own contribution to the renaissance of mathematics here. He has run Grove Park in his time—one of the school's more thankless administrative tasks. He took over Judo and made marked personal progress up the gradings. In drama he directed memorable productions of 'Zigger Zagger', 'The Death of Seigfried' and 'The Trial'. His gift for discovering unknown talent was especially notable here. Many boys will remember his kindly and efficient organization of the Entrance Examination. Common Room dinners were the livelier for his inventiveness. Those who went to Le Mans on expeditions weekend, like others on equally exciting occasions, will remember his vitality. He has been a house tutor in Wren's and, more recently, in Busby's. The Cordon Bleu group has been his most recent innovation. It is with best wishes that this apostle of the good things in life leaves for a new career—running a fashionable Chelsea restaurant.



Tim King

Tim joined the Biology Department in the Play Term 1972 after completing his Oxford D.Phil. thesis on an aspect of the ecology of ant-hills. He immediately revealed himself to be a dedicated and enthusiastic teacher of his subject, taking infinite care in the preparation of candidates for examinations. It was not long before his energies were extended to a wide range of school activities—House Tutor in Wren's, Secretary of the Heads of Departments Committee, running chess and tennis and organising the day of VIth. Form entrance tests and interviews.

However, it was the personal attention he gave to boys which perhaps revealed one of his best qualities. Nothing was too much trouble, whether it was out-of-school coaching for an examination or advising on the intricacies of U.C.C.A. choices. Now that he has returned to Oxford, we wish Tim and Heather all the best for the future.

Jonathan Katz

Jonathan Katz has been at Westminster all too short a time. During three years he has brought great riches to the School, as a teacher (of Sanskrit inter alia), a musician, a choir master and above all as an immensely likeable person who has endeared himself to colleagues and pupils alike. In this brief period he has become part of our lives and it will be a great wrench to say farewell. We hope and feel sure that he will thoroughly enjoy his position at Oxford as Librarian of the Indian Institute though we are sad to lose him.





Fixing bails Singapore style

Despite surprisingly unseasonal weather (and even floods in Wellington) we had some excellent cricket. Altogether we played 9 matches, including one in Singapore on our return. We won 1, drew 3 and lost 5. Three of the matches were abandoned due to rain. These statistics do scant justice to the quality of our play against some remarkably strong sides. Such was our reputation that our opponents even enlisted some 'Under 25' support.

Among individual performances worthy of mention are John Barkhan and Tim Bailey's fine all round contributions, Mike Warburg's promising swing bowling and brilliant catching by Cameron Horne and Mike Richards in the victory over the Singapore U25 XI. It should be added that, after a somewhat shaky start, Peter Wilson delivered speeches of thanks in the evenings with as much aplomb as he delivered seamers during the day, his oratory even making the local press.

Incongruously bronzed we arrived back at Heathrow on January 14 in swirling snow. We owe enormous thanks to Mr. Baxter for his tremendous organisational work and leadership and to those many others who, whether by generosity or effort, helped make this enriching enjoyable experience possible.

Football

Westminster 1st XI Football in the 1976/77 season never fully produced the results that it deserved.

The first few games of the term were closely contested while the team found its feet: it lost to Forest 1-2, then achieved a very lucky 1-1 draw against Eton. This was followed by a good win over St. Edmund's, Canterbury 4-2.

The next match proved to be a disaster for Westminster. Lancing's skill and ball sense made it 6-0 by the final whistle. The reasons for this particular defeat are difficult to find; perhaps the thought of Lancing as opponents coupled with a partisan crowd overawed the team. In the following week the school travelled to Repton where the school were 3-0 up after ten minutes. Repton fought back to 3-3, and although Westminster went ahead twice more Repton managed to equalise in the final minute, thus ending probably the most thrilling game 5-5.

After a 1-0 victory over Winchester the real determination seemed to lapse, allowing defeats from Elizabeth College, Guernsey, Highgate and Ardingly. Despite this the term was finished on a high note with two excellent victories over the Old Westminsters 7-2 and John Lyon 7-1. The remarkable thing about these two matches was the way the school took risks on a very icy pitch.

The Lent term began satisfactorily with 3-1 against Christ's Hospital and away draws against Charterhouse and Chigwell, but ended rather poorly with defeats from Sevenoaks (1-2), City of London (1-3), U.C.S., Hampstead (0-3) and Battersea Grammar (0-3).

Because of the poor state of Vincent Square as a result of the summer drought, the season ended early on 26th February.

The team owed much to the captaincy of Peter Wilson who controlled the side admirably throughout the Play Term. John Barkhan's service from midfield was an important factor which, linked with Scott Keyser's determination and the shooting of Andrew Graham-Dixon, produced many successful moves.

In the Lent term the reshuffled XI was admirably served by Chris Dean, Matthew Patrick, Mark MacKenzie and Francis Hodgson.

Despite the defeats of the Lent Term there is cause to be optimistic about the future, as some of this year's players will be able to link up with the Colts, who incidentally won fourteen out of their eighteen games. Under the captaincy of Jeremy Leisner, Mike Warburg, Nicholas Barratt and Chan MacVeagh look very strong and should find a place in next year's 1st XI.

Lower School Football is looking promising with several skilful players who, under the supervision and organization of the coaches and staff show much promise for future years.

B. Grant

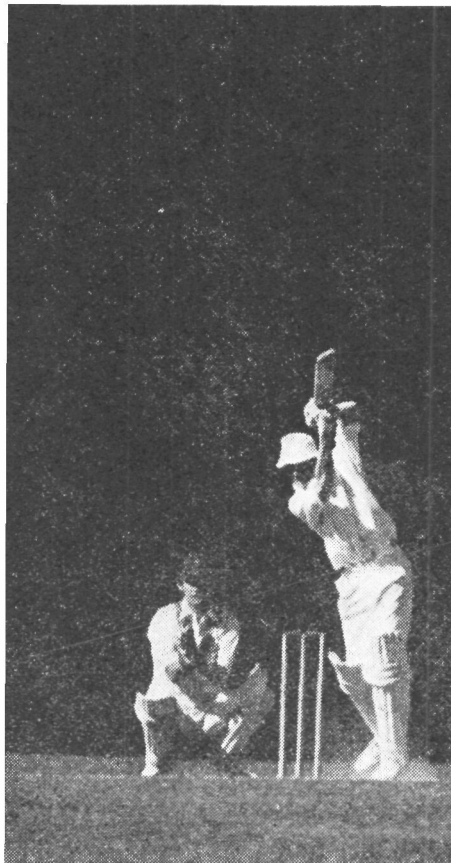
Sports Reports

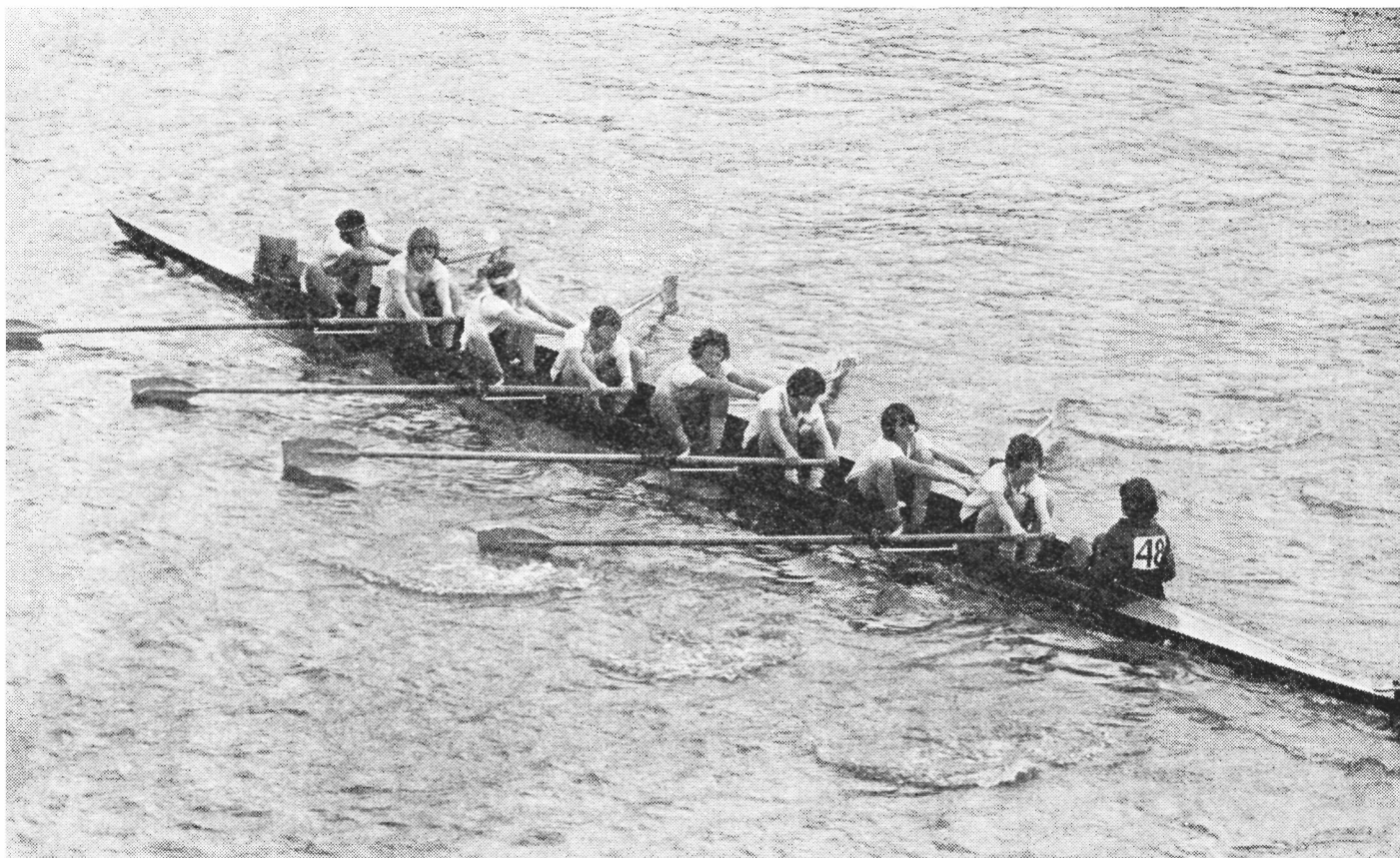
Cricket

The New Zealand Tour

On December 17 a combined Charterhouse-Westminster team boarded a Jumbo at wintry Heathrow bound for high summer in New Zealand. The joint managers were John Baxter for Westminster and Andrew Morrison for Charterhouse, Bill Higginson from Charterhouse was coach. The Westminsters in the party were: Peter Wilson (captain), John Barkhan (vice-captain), Tim Bailey, Cameron Horne, Mike Richards and Mike Warburg.

Countless impressions remain. Perhaps foremost we remember the warmth and hospitality of our hosts who received us into their homes. We met unfailing sportsmanship in our matches and were fortunate indeed in the universal good spirit within the touring party. Of course there remains a vivid impression of the natural beauty of New Zealand, from the snow-capped peaks around Mount Cook to the vast fertile Canterbury Plain, from the calm blue waters of Lake Taupo to the rushing torrents of the Waimakariri River.





Junior 15 eight on their way to winning their division in the Schools' Head of the River Race

Cross Country

Before the departure of Reid, Smith and others last term, the school won against Alleyn's and U.C.S. and notably came third and fourth in the junior and senior categories respectively in the London District Schools' Championship. Madge and Mostyn were subsequently invited to the inter-district Championships in January and came second in Under 14 and first in Under 16 groups respectively.

In the Lent Term many juniors joined the station and this was reflected in the Under 14 results, the team conquering St. Albans and Haberdashers' Aske's and performing creditably in the St. Nicholas and Haberdashers' trophies. Madge, Joyce, Cary and Lambie were all outstanding and thanks are also due to Holmes for volunteering for matches from Water.

In the Under 16 and Open categories there was less of a shortage of manpower than last season but a few illnesses were still enough to decimate a team. Nevertheless in both categories the Mostyn-Madge-Page combination (in that order) plus good running from Davison and Williams secured wins against Winchester and City of London; despite cynical commentary in another school publication the teams had almost exactly middle placings in most large

meets. As if to emphasize the shortage of senior runners when Dean, Summers and Barrett temporarily joined from Football in March results improved dramatically. In summary, competent performances and results continued throughout the season and I expect the teams to become even more successful as the revitalized recruitment levels among new boys filters through to the upper age groups. Congratulations are due to Mostyn, now Secretary of cross-country and Madge who at the tender age of 14 is almost our best runner in every age group.

In the long distance races Wren's, College (with Dryden's) and Grant's monopolized the top positions, Wren's winning the Under 14 race and the Bringsty relay, College the Senior and Grant's the Junior races. Towpath record times were set and broken several times by Mostyn and, you guessed it, Madge.

Most important of all we must say 'Good-bye' to Mr. Michael Brown, who is leaving us to take up a post at Eastbourne College. In eight years he has, single-handed, developed both Cross-Country and summer Athletics stations from scratch. We wish him every success at his new school.

Fives

This season proved uncharacteristic of recent years. Our team for the Play Term was unexpectedly weak and we succumbed too often to clubs especially (W1, D0, L4) and also to schools (W2, D2, L5). The Captain, Rupert Birch, and Robert Lund were an erratic first pair who were both capable of giving fine individual performances, though rarely together, and of surrendering early in a match to weaker and stronger opponents alike. The second pair, Justin Byam Shaw and Paul Howe Browne, were steady and more tenacious if less spectacular. They won as many games as they lost and failed to take a game in only two matches. The third pair, Benny Green and Daniel St. Johnson, were keen, though not the youngsters that we would have liked in that pair!

The team for the Lent Term was altogether better, even though we lost our Liddellite veterans, Birch and Howe-Browne (Clubs W1, D4, L2; Schools W0, D1, L4). The 1st Pair (Byam Shaw and Lund) were bad-tempered, confident and well-balanced. On several occasions they had the maturity to turn a losing position into victory which they had rarely done in previous terms. The second pair also came to rely more on cunning than on thrashing the ball around the court at

S. Page

random. On occasions their placing and timing of the ball made their opponents look as clumsy as they themselves had appeared in the previous term. In the 3rd pair Richard Ray and Torsten Behling appeared to play more as individuals than as a team. However they achieved some good results and in several matches only lost after taking their opponents to five games. Richard Ray should make a formidable opponent in a couple of years' time.

Of the other younger players, Robin Platt, Jonathan Hall and Christopher Ledger have the ability to make a very good side for 78/79 although at the moment they lack the experience of many of their opponents. Given the will to win Matthew Greenburgh will also make a good player, as will Nivad Shah who already shows considerable skill in deft placing.

Finally thanks to Bruce Grant, the soccer captain for supplementing the team at short notice all over England and for his versatility in being able to match his opponents with consistency and his own brand of tenacity.

J. D. E. Byam Shaw

Shooting

Though we have not had a 100% success record in the last two terms Westminster team has had many distinguished victories showing that this so-called minor station is not neglected at this school. The Under-fifteen team have done exceptionally well in the Schools League and are lying first at the moment, while in the Public Schools' Championships Rupert Stubbs reached the final (in the Senior Section) as did Robin Platt in the Junior Section.

The teams for those terms were:
 'A' team: S. Peck (Captain), R. Stubbs (Secretary), J. Wilson (stats), G. Rackham (equipment), W. Pearson-Gee.
 'B' team: J. Severn, J. Burns, D. Strage, C. Wigoder, N. Edwards.
 'C' (Under-fifteen) team: R. Platt, H. Moss, G. Miller, M. Cobham.

Although unfortunately six of our squad will be leaving at the end of the summer term we are sure that the young blood will show themselves capable of taking their places.

The whole team is deeply indebted to our coach, Mick Russell, who has been the major force in making the last two seasons such enjoyable ones, and of course our heartfelt thanks to Dave 'Dead-eye' Edwards who has been a hard working, helpful, and patient Master in charge.

R. A. Stubbs

The Elizabethan Club

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

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 Wednesday, October 5th, 1977, at 7.30 p.m.
 July 1977

F. A. G. Rider
 Hon. Secretary

Agenda

- To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on September 29th, 1976.
- To receive the General Committee's Report.
- To receive the audited Accounts for the Year ended March 31st, 1977.
- Election of Officers*
 The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:
 Chairman Mr. F. B. Hooper
 Hon. Treasurer Mr. M. C. Baughan
 Hon. Secretary Mr. F. A. G. Rider
 Hon. Sports Secretary Mr. D. A. Roy

- Election of General Committee**
 Under Rule 13, Mr. P. W. Matcham is ineligible for re-election. The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:
 †1961-65 R. J. D. Welch
 E. R. D. French
 †1964-69 J. H. D. Carey
 †1937-40 V. T. M. R. Tenison
 †1936-38 P. G. Whipp
 †1931-37 C. M. O'Brien
 †1964-69 M. W. Jarvis
 †1951-56 M. J. Hyam
 1967-71 R. J. Grant
 1963-67 R. L. Paniguan
 1955-60 F. M. B. Rugman
 1959-62 A. J. T. Willoughby

- Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
- Any Other Business.

*The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2 Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA, so as to reach him not later than 26th September, 1977.

†Members of the 1976-77 General Committee eligible for re-election.

Special General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 5th, 1977, at 7.31 p.m. (or so soon thereafter as the Annual General Meeting convened for the same date shall have been concluded or adjourned) to consider and, if thought fit, to approve amendments to the Club Rules providing for the admission of membership of girls who have been educated at the School, and to make such further minor alterations to the Rules as may be proposed by the General Committee.

**Copies of the proposed alterations to the Rules can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary in advance of the Meeting.

F. A. G. Rider
 Hon. Secretary

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Thirteenth Annual Report covering the year to March 31st, 1977.

The Club suffered a severe loss by the death of Raymond Plummer on 29th March, 1977. He had served successively as Hon. Secretary, 1955-70, Chairman, 1972-75, and as a Vice-President since 1976. His devoted work over so many years will be long remembered.

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

F. N. Ashley, Dr. K. J. Box M.C., Brigadier A. G. H. Brousson, O.B.E., N. F. Cachemaille-Day, R. M. Carter, H. F. Charrington, G. L. Crowe, Col. G. G. Feasey, G. N. Gabell, V. A. Gascoyne-Cecil, A. B. Gourlay, C. J. H. Graham, A. A. Grove, C. B. Hollins, G. W. Ilsley, J. P. Johnston, I. D. Lloyd, Sir A. S. R. Macklin, I. M. Main, R. C. Morris, D. V. Murray, H. J. Myhill, W. H. Newson, Lt.-Col. P. H. Phillips O.B.E., R. W. Pite, B. G. Scholefield, Rev. Canon P. Simpson, R. S. Summerhays, D. C. Waterfield, The Hon. S. F. Waterson, Sir D. C. Watherston, J. A. Wheeler and D. Youatt.

Ninety new members have been elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on September 29th, 1976, the President, Sir Anthony Grover, paid tribute to the retiring Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. M. O'Brien, for his services to the Club in that office over the past twenty years. Mr. Raymond Plummer and Rt. Hon. the Lord Carr of Hadley were elected Vice-Presidents; Mr. Frank Hooper, Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively; Mr. M. C. Baughan was elected Hon. Treasurer. Mr. C. M. O'Brien, Mr. M. W. Jarvis and Mr. M. J. Hyam were elected new members of the General Committee.

Mr. P. J. Morley-Jacob was appointed Chairman and Mr. J. A. Lauder Hon. Treasurer of the Sports Sub-Committee for 1976-77.

The Westminster Ball was held at the Hurlingham Club on June 18th, 1976, and attended by 330 members and their guests. The Committee has agreed to hold the next Ball, again at Hurlingham, on June 16th, 1978, but, unless there is considerably more support from members for this function, it is doubtful whether its cost to the Club will justify its future continuance.

It is heartening to record, however, that the attendance at the Annual Dinner increased due, undoubtedly, in large measure to the change in venue to College Hall, made possible by the kindness and enthusiastic support of the Head Master. The guests of the Club

on this occasion, held on September 29th, 1976, included the Dean of Westminster, who proposed the toast of 'Floreat', and the Head Master, who responded. The President's health was proposed by Mr. Frank Hooper.

On February 7th, 1977, the Committee gave a small party in honour of Mr. Michael O'Brien and in recognition of his distinguished service to the Club as its Hon. Treasurer from 1956-76. The dinner was held in Ashburnham House and the Head Master and the Bursar also attended as guests of the Club.

The Cricket Club had an enjoyable and successful season and were represented by a large number of members. Seventeen matches were played, of which ten were won and three drawn. For the first time in many years the Club won through the first round of the Cricketer Cup, when the Old Whitgiftians were beaten by 161 runs. Stuart Surridge, John Mortimer and Michael Mitchell all batted very well and O.W.W. achieved a score of 258-8. In the second round, the Club was beaten by the Bradfield Waifs in an exciting game by 20 runs, despite good batting by Michael Mitchell, Robert Welch, Charles Colville and Desmond Perrett. During 'The Fortnight' notable performances were Stuart Surridge's 124 not out against the Adastrians, Tony Willoughby's 100 not out against Hit & Miss C.C. and Alan Yuille's bowling against the Dragonflies who were beaten for the first time in many years.

The Football Club won six of the fourteen matches played (the season being ruined by the very wet winter), although all who played enjoyed the season. In the first round of the Arthur Dunn Cup, the Club lost a very exciting game 2-3, and it was encouraging to see a number of young players representing O.W.W. for the first time. It is hoped that those now leaving, or about to leave, the School will enjoy playing for the Club and thus ensure a brighter future.

The 1976 season of the Golfing Society was a little disappointing as very little of the playing potential was realised. In the Halford Hewitt, the Club was beaten by Oundle in the first round; likewise, we were defeated at the same stage in the Bernard Darwin Trophy. In the Grafton Morrish, we just failed to qualify although one particular young O.W. played very well. In the Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition, we were also unsuccessful. However, the Society won one and drew one of the four inter-Society matches, the highlight being the good golf played when the Old Radleians were defeated 7-1. The Spring, Summer and Autumn meetings were enjoyed by all those who attended.

The Fives Club entered three pairs for the Kinnaird Cup, all of whom unfortunately failed to pass the first

round. Peter Rundell however made the final of the Plate.

Charles Wakely has retired from his post as Secretary after four years, we should like to record our gratitude to him for all his efforts. Frank Hooper's achievement of 50 seasons playing Fives should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Season 1976/77 P 19, W 11, D 3, L 5

You can be guaranteed a game on Tuesdays at 6.30 p.m., but please ring to let us know you are coming.

Andrew Aitken 730 0982
Neil Margerison 802 9990
Chris Cheadle 940 6528

The Lawn Tennis Club had an outstanding season, winning ten of the twelve matches played. In the D'Abernon Cup, the Club reached the quarter-final round for the first time for many years. In the first round, Malvern were beaten and, in the second, Marlborough—the semi-finalists last year. The Club now has a good nucleus of players and it is hoped to form a second 'six' during 1977.

The Athletics Club had rather a disappointing season and managed only sixth place in the Inter-Old Boys' fixture, although N. Nops came second in both the Shot and the Discus, John Fenton third in the Javelin and Steve Instone third in the Walk. Unfortunately, it was not possible to field a team in the Old Boys' Cross Country Race, but the Club did achieve success in the annual match against the School.

The Real Tennis Club had another very enjoyable season and had no difficulty in raising sides for their matches against Canford School, Petworth House and Hatfield House.

If any O.W.W. are interested in any other sporting activities, the Secretary of the Sports Committee will be glad to hear from them.

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

Sports Committee

Hon. Secretary:

D. A. Roy, 49 Pebworth Road, Harrow, Middlesex. 01-422 2878

Hon. Section Secretaries:

Athletics: J. Forrester, 11 Orchard Way, Lower Kingswood, Surrey, KT20 7AD. Mogador 3323

Cricket: J. H. D. Carey, 16 Iverna Court, London, W.8. 01-937 0807

Fives: R. J. Grant, Pendle, 17 Stone Road, Bromley, Kent. 01-228 0224

Football: M. J. Samuel, 26 Amity Grove, London, SW20 0LJ.

01-946 8421

Golf: N. B. R. Peroni, Stancrest House, 16 Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.

024 03 4254

Lawn Tennis: R. Balfour-Lynn, Court House, 24A Holland Park Road, London, W.14. 01-602 2002

Real Tennis: G. Denny, Penrhos, Hollist Lane, Mithurst, West Sussex. 073 081 2995

The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet 31 March 1977

1976		£	£
	GENERAL FUND		
	Balance at 31st March, 1976	11,868·06	
	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	655·50	
	Profit on realisation of investments	1,150·55	
		13,674·11	
	Less: Transfer to Entertainment Fund	250·00	
	Tax	345·16	
		595·16	
11,868			13,078·95
	ENTERTAINMENT FUND		
	Balance at 31st March, 1976	257·39	
	Gross Income	28·12	
	Transfer from general fund	250·00	
		535·51	
	Less: Tax	11·28	
	Loss on Ball	394·92	
		406·20	
257			129·31
56	SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (see below)		217·76
	INCOME ACCOUNT		
	Balance at 31st March, 1976	1,904·78	
	Excess of Income over Expenditure	685·91	
		2,590·69	
1,905			2,590·69
14,086			16,016·71
	INVESTMENTS at Cost		14,008·64
12,858	Market value at 31st March, 1977 was £18,312·31 (16,824)		
	CURRENT ASSETS		
	Balances at Bank	3,448·93	
	Less: Sundry Creditors	1,440·86	
		2,008·07	
1,228			2,008·07
14,086			16,016·71

M. C. Baughan
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF THE 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 31st March, 1977 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

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

6, Eldon Street, London. 28th April, 1977.

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 31st March, 1977

1976 £		£
102	Administration	171·81
100	Honorarium	100·00
425	Taxation	538·76
50	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant	50·00
50	—Donation	—
900	Sports Committee	1,250·00
800	The Elizabethan	1,000·00
(7)	Loss on dinner	175·22
429	Excess of income over expenditure	685·91
<u>2,849</u>		<u>3,971·70</u>

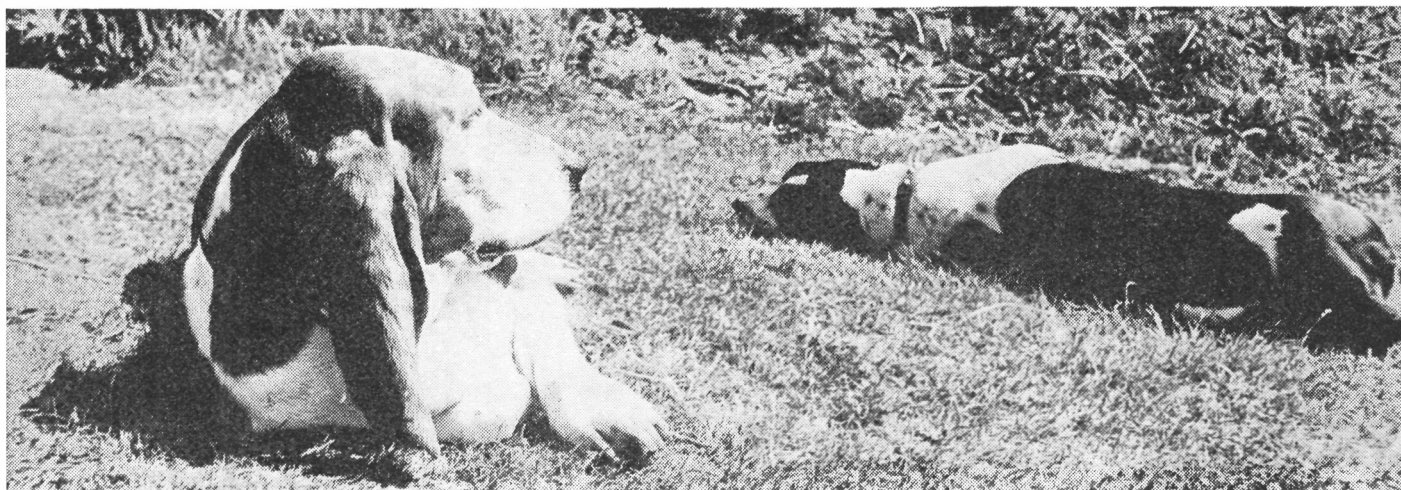
1976 £		£
1	Annual Subscriptions	1·00
1,714	Termly instalments (proportion)	2,622·00
1,134	Income from investments (gross)	1,348·70
<u>2,849</u>		<u>3,971·70</u>

Note: The Club has entered into a Covenant to pay a net sum of £50 p.a. for seven years to the Westminster House Boys Club.

Sports Committee Funds

	£	p	£	p
Balance of Funds at 31.3.76			56	30
Grant from Elizabethan Club			1,250	00
Gross Investment Income			19	15
			1,325·45	
Administration		nil		
Grants to Sections	1,100	00		
Taxation		7·69		
			1,107·69	
Sports Committee Funds at 31.3.77			£217·76	

The Grants allotted were: Athletics £35, Boat Club £10, Cricket £330, Fives £70, Football £330, Golf £175, Lawn Tennis £100, Tennis £40, Fencing £10.



Old Westminster Notes

Sir John Gielgud (1917-21, G) has succeeded Dame Edith Evans as President of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

* * *

J. K. Ledlie (1955-60, G), secretary of the Nato Eurogroup, has been appointed Deputy Chief of Public Relations, Ministry of Defence.

* * *

P. M. C. Forbes-Irving (1970-74, QS) and S. Ubsdell (1969-73, QS) achieved Firsts in Classics Honours Moderations.

* * *

A. J. N. W. Prag (1954-59, QS) has been appointed Editor of Archaeological Reports by the Society for the promotion of Hellenic Studies.

* * *

J. J. T. Jeal (1958-62, G) has had his novel *Until the Colours Fade* published by Hamish Hamilton.

* * *

P. H. J. Young (1939-43, KS) was elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society in 1974, the Hon. R. H. Adrian (1944, B) was similarly elected in 1977.

* * *

T. H. M. Edwards (1925-29, A) was awarded the M.V.O. in the 1976 Birthday Honours.

* * *

Professor T. C. N. Gibbens (1927-31, R) was awarded the C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours.

* * *

D. Grieve (1969-74, G) has been elected President of Oxford University Conservative Association.

* * *

N. J. Usherwood (1956-61, L), assistant secretary at the Royal Academy of Arts, has been appointed Deputy Keeper in charge of Public Relations and Design at the British Museum.

* * *

The Head Master has been appointed a Governor of Westminster Cathedral Choir School.

* * *

D. B. Harden (1914-20, H) has been awarded the Gold Medal of the Society of Antiquaries, 1977.

* * *

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held at the Athenacum Club. Sir Reginald Sharpe Q.C. was in the chair and thirty-four O.W.W. were present. The Guests were the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master.

* * *

A. M. E. Scrimgeour (1958-63, R) was the Liberal candidate in the City of London and Westminster by-election in February 1977 and in the G.L.C. election in May 1977.

* * *

G. U. Salvi (1919-23, H) has been appointed Cavaliere Ufficiale Ordine al Merito della Repubblica Italiana.

* * *

Election of Members

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on 2nd February 1977.

College

Spiro Marcus St. John Alexander, 57 Morley Road, East Twickenham, Middlesex.

Thomas Adam Babington Boulton, Townsend Farm, Wallingford Road, Stratley, Berks.

Jonathan William Elwin Carson, 62 Cheyne Court, London SW3.

Stephen Martin Millband, 38 Deneholm, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear, NE25 9AT.

Peter Gareth David Smith, The Garth, Windmill End, Epsom, Surrey.
Andrew Oliver Mungo Wilkie, 4 Grange Road, London, N.6.

Grant's

Timothy Mark Barrett, 7 St. Aubyn's Avenue, London, SW19.

Philip John Bowers, 4 Orchard Drive, London, SE3.

Ian MacDonald Reid, Woodcote, Horsell Park, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.

Rigaud's

Howard George Gooding, 22 Ashcombe Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

Barnaby Chandos Tom Hoskyns, 83 Clapham Common West Side, London, SW4.

Robin Antony Knapp, 127 Blenheim Crescent, London, W11.

Alexander George Peattie, Forge Cottage, Foundry Lane, Loosley Road, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

Charles Ross Peebles, 68 Overstrand Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, SW11.

David James Murray Richardson, 1 Chesham Close, London, SW1.

Matthew Aspland Snow, 57 Egerton Crescent, London, SW3.

Record of Old Westminsters

A Supplement to Volume III

is to be published early in 1978. It will contain in Part I Addenda and Corrigenda to entries in Volume III, and in Part II entries for those who entered the school between 1960 and 1974. Further news in the January issue.

Editor: F.E. Pagan

L5, Albany, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Busby's

Malcolm Allen-Brinkworth, Flat 5, Arundel House, 22 The Drive, Hove, Sussex.

Ian James Assersohn, Rogate Lodge, Rogate, near Petersfield, Hants.

Alastair John Bates, 2 Maids of Honour Row, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Adam Brooks, 34 Warwick Avenue, London, W9.

Paul Christopher Clarke, Bwlchgwynt, Farmers, Llanwrda, Dyfed, SA19 8HJ.

Jonathan Paul Dent, Fountain House, 4 Lower Terrace, London, N.W.3.

John Mark Farrant, 8 Highview Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Julian Richard John Harcourt-Webster, 41 Shortlands Road, Bromley, Kent.

Mark John Abbott Russell, The Cottage, Newtown, Witchampton, Wimborne, Dorset.

John Douglas Hyman, Atp. 14, 51 South Street, London, W1.

David Patrick Crofton McLaughlin, Milbourne House, Barnes Green, London, SW13.

Neil Thomas Monro-Davies, 10 Playfair Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, London, W14.

Matthew Patrick Tree, 49 Westminster Gardens, London, SW1.

Rupert Sylvester Birch, Westwood House, Gilsland, Cumbria.

Liddell's

Philip Mark Crabtree, 75 Home Park Road, London, SW19.

James Douglas Firth, 3 Erskine Mews, London, NW3.

David Christopher Peter John Garrett, Penshurst, Meadow Road, Wentworth, Surrey.

Anthony Paul Howe Browne, Hartfield House, Stradbroke, Diss, Norfolk.

Jonathan Philip Kahn, 56 Windermere Avenue, London, N3.

William Dunbar Lees, The Commons, Kimpton, Hitchin, Herts.

Giles Stephen Frederick Taylor, 17 The Avenue, London, E11.

Anthony Geraint Williams, 1 Broadlands Close, London, N6.

Peter Robert Wilson, 21 Elm Avenue, London W5.

Ashburnham

Costakis Christou, 5 Reynard Close, Bromley, Kent.

Oliver James Francis Foster, 3 Marchmont Gardens, Richmond, Surrey.

Pierre Thomas Godfrey Hodgson, 7 Collingham Gardens, London, SW7.

Michael Peter Muller, Delta, Oldfield Road, Bromley, Kent.

Simon David Ovens, 38 Devonshire Place, London, W1.

Robert Mark Pickering, 31 Argyll Road, London, W.8.

Aristotelis Zachariades, Azalca, Tenterden Grove, London, NW4.

Wren's

John Aime Cinnamon, 30 Kingston House North, Princes Gate, London, SW7.

Thomas Hamilton-Jones, 17 Russell Hill, Purley, Surrey.

Martin John Kelly, 62 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

Scott Keyser, 8 The Lodge, Kensington Park Gardens, London, W.11.

Simon Trevor-Roberts, 5 The Heath Villas, Vale of Health, London, NW.3.

* * *

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on 27th April 1977.

Rigaud's

Matthew Wade Jones, The Courtyard, Ewelme, Oxford, OX9 6HP.

Liddell's

Mark David Katzenellenbogen, P.O. Box 6764, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Ashburnham

Mark Ashley Muffett, 31 Babbacombe Road, Bromley, Kent.

Obituary

Box—On January 17th, 1977, Dr.

Kenneth James (1913-14, H), aged 78.

Carless—On November 20th, 1976,

Henry Alfred, C.I.E. (1907-14, A), aged 82.

Carter—On October 22nd, 1976,

Rodney Martin, F.A.I. (1933-37, A), aged 56.

Dewar—On October 29th, 1976,

Canon Lindsay (1905-07, A), aged 85.

Eaton—On January 13th, 1977, Sidney

Wilfred (1926-30, R), aged 65.

Gascoyne-Cecil—On January 17th,

1977, Victor Alexander (1903-07, A), aged 85.

Grove—On April 1st, 1977, Anthony

Alleyne (1922-26, R) aged 68.

Hollins—On February 17th, 1977,

Cecil Braithwaite (1912-16, G) aged 78.

Lloyd—On November 27th, 1976,

Ivan David, T.D. (1929-33, H), aged 50.

Macklin—On December 28th, 1976, Sir Albert Sortain Roamer (1903-08, KS), aged 86.

Main—On March 7th, 1977, Ian MacDonald (1918-22, G), aged 71.

Moller—On February 26th, 1977, Savile M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (1932-37, G), aged 56.

Morris—On March 10th, 1977,

Richard Conway (1935-39, B), aged 55.

Myhill—On April 16th, 1977, Henry James (1939-44, B), aged 51.

Newson—On December 7th, 1976, William Hill, M.C. (1909-12, R), aged 81.

Phillips—On January 17th, 1977, Lt.-Col. Percy Hepburn, O.B.E. (1907-10, H), aged 84.

Pite—On January 17th, 1977, Robert William F.R.I.B.A. (1907-10, H), aged 83.

Plummer—On March 29th, 1977, Raymond, F.C.A. (1924-28, G), aged 66.

Preston—On December 30th, 1976, Sir Thomas Hildebrand, O.B.E. (1901-02, H), aged 90.

Raymond—On April 14th, 1977, John North Blagrove (1937-40, B), aged 53.

Summerhays—On October 25th, 1976, Reginald Sherriff (1896-99, H), aged 95.

Watherston—On January 16th, 1977, Sir David Charles, C.M.G., K.B.E. (1920-25, KS), aged 70.

Wheeler—On March 13th, 1977, John Arthur, O.B.E. (1930-33, B), aged 60.

Ray Plummer

The death of Ray Plummer at his home in Wadhurst on March 28th robs Westminster of one who over many years contributed to his old school on many fronts; in the larger sphere it removes one of the leading figures from the boys' clubs movement.

Born on August 7, 1910, son of Sidney and Hannah Plummer, he was up Grants from 1924-28, going on to University College, Oxford. This was in the late 1920s when the influence of Basil Henriques was strong, and Ray on coming down went to live at the Oxford and Bermondsey Club's settlement in south London. Here he became deeply immersed in boys' club work, sharing a natural gift for friendship, loyalty to ideals, and useful athletic prowess with young people less privileged. Though he never lost interest in O.B.C., his attention was increasingly turned to the Westminster House Boys' Club in Nunhead, successor to the pre-war Westminster School Mission in Vincent Square. He actually joined the Committee of the Mission before the War and subsequently had almost unbroken service either as

an officer or as a member of the Committee throughout the post-war period until ill-health overtook him. In his lifetime he set up a generous charitable trust benefiting Westminster House and his generosity to the Club has enabled it immensely to expand its activities; he was Honorary Treasurer until his death.

He gave much time during more than forty years to developing the work of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs, not least in the organization of sporting and cultural activities which stimulated and developed latent talent. Himself a useful distance runner, it was no unusual thing for him to run and complete the annual cross-country course with his club boys; this he did until he was over fifty. No less importantly he assumed responsibility for the Federation's finances from 1944 onwards; here his experience in accountancy was most useful (he had been articled in 1931 to Fuller, Wise and Fisher, a city firm of chartered accountants; becoming F.C.A. in 1951, he retired, in 1973, as a partner). He served the Federation as Chairman (1963-67), and Vice-President from 1953.

No mention of Ray Plummer's life is complete without recalling his dedication in a very practical way to Westminster. Ray was first elected to the General Committee of the Elizabethan Club in 1952. He served as Honorary Secretary from 1955-70 and as chairman from 1972-75. This long period of selfless work was recognised by his being made a Vice-President of the Club. It was typical of Ray to take a keen interest in the affairs of his old house; he was Honorary Treasurer of the Old Granite Club from 1951-64. Here too he was made a Vice-President and certainly would have been President this year, had his health permitted him to accept the election. Ray was first elected to the Council of the Westminster School Society in 1957. He retired through ill health after serving for eighteen years; throughout that long period he was a valued member giving thoughtful and expert advice particularly in financial matters.

Music was an abiding interest in Ray's life; it took a very practical form in his membership of the City Music Society, the major part of whose work is to promote lunchtime concerts in the City of London, where it is able to offer a platform not only to the eminent, but also to young professional musicians at the beginning of their careers. This was an interest which was particularly dear to Ray's heart and many who were unknown when they played for the Society have since attained international status. In 1972 Ray became Honorary Treasurer of the Society, remaining so until his death and never failing in his careful and painstaking control of the Society's financial affairs.

Ray's success as a boys' club leader was due largely to a genuine modesty, loyalty to people as well as to ideals, and a desire to share privilege. He set high standards, and expected others to do the same; he condoned little but forgave much. His generosity to charitable causes, much of it given privately, was very great.

Not only his sister Cynthia, who survives him, but all those connected with Westminster and the whole scene of social work in London have suffered a deep loss.

William Hill Newson

He was born on February 3rd, 1895 and was up Rigauds from 1909-12. He served as an officer in the Gordon Highlanders throughout the 1914-18 war, winning an M.C. and being mentioned in despatches. He was admitted as a Solicitor in 1920 joining the firm of William A. Crump & Son, which specialises in shipping practice, and was a partner from 1923-46.

When the Territorial Army was reformed in 1921, he was commissioned to the Inns of Court Regiment, and was appointed Commanding Officer in 1935. He continued to serve, as a Chief Instructor to the Royal Armoured Corps, until invalided out in 1942.

In 1947 he joined the Board of Directors of A. Bilbrough & Co. Ltd., Managers of the London Steam-ship Mutual Insurance Association, and was Chairman of the Board from 1964-72. He was a Member of the Council of the Chamber of Shipping and the Shipping Federation and a Member of the Baltic Exchange for over 50 years.

A man of high standards and integrity, he was kindly, reserved and with a great dry sense of humour.

In 1931 he married Jessie Nora (née Finch) who survives him.

Sir Thomas Preston

Sir Thomas Preston, Bt, O.B.E., held many consular and diplomatic posts. He was the 6th Baronet.

He was British consul in Ekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) when, in July 1918, the Tsar Nicholas II, his wife, his five children and four of their personal attendants were murdered in a basement on orders from Moscow. In this atrocity, which was carried out secretly, Preston was powerless to intervene; but when a few days later Ekaterinburg was temporarily liberated by the Czechoslovak Legion and the White Russian forces under Admiral Kolchak, his local knowledge proved of great value.

Educated at Westminster and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Preston had conducted mining expeditions to Siberia and the Caucasus. In 1941 he was one of the H.M. Counsellors at Cairo and later Minister to the Republic of Lithuania. In 1947 he was the Resident Representative in the Middle East of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees. He retired in the same year, but was later re-employed by the Foreign Office on the secretariat of the Council of Foreign Ministers, and was also an Associate and Official Lecturer of the British Atlantic Committee. He attended Election Dinner in 1976.

He published a book *Before the Curtain* (1950) and was the composer of two ballets.

He married, in 1913, Ella Henrietta, daughter of F. von Schickendantz. They had one son and one daughter. His son Ronald Douglas Hildebrand Preston, succeeds him.

(reprinted from *The Times*)

Canon Lindsay Dewar

Canon Lindsay Dewar, M.A., B.D., theologian, religious controversialist, leader of men into the ministry, and devoted parish priest in Hertfordshire, died on Friday, October 29th, in Malvern. He was 85 and had retired as Rector of Much Hadham in 1967, when, having been honorary canon of St. Albans for 30 years, he was then made canon emeritus.

Lindsay Dewar will be remembered as principal of the former Bishops' College, Cheshunt, from 1937 to 1955, a period of wartime and postwar anxiety over recruitment and training of clergy. His was the role of the thorough and exacting leader, and one more authoritarian than would be expected today. His position and his work were reinforced strongly by his presence in what could be regarded as a St. Albans diocesan team, and made their own contribution to it. For Dewar's first seven years at Cheshunt Dr. Furse was Bishop, but Dewar remained almost exactly contemporary with the late Dean Thicknesse and the then residentiary Canon of St. Albans, Cyril E. Hudson, with whom Dewar collaborated in some of his most significant writing. Lindsay Dewar was certainly a man for an era, and perhaps the last man for that era.

Son of an Edinburgh physician and surgeon, and born in 1891, Dewar was educated at Westminster (Ashburnham), King's College London, and at Keble; was a wartime Chaplain to the Forces; and in 1918-19 had a short spell at Cheshunt as lecturer. He took up a responsible role as Warden of St. Anselm's Hall, Manchester, until 1927; became a Lancashire vicar; and from 1930 to 1935 was successively Succentor

and Chancellor of York Minster. At various periods he was examining chaplain to the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of St. Albans and Gloucester.

His writings spanned the popular book and article, works on moral theology, and dogmatic theology. In the first category came such books as *Training in Prayer* (1937), and *What is the Purpose of Life?* (1939); his articles included provocative contributions to *The Times* as late as 1971-72, with a look at the merits of intolerance in Christianity, and at the limitations of democratic decision-making in the Church.

Deep study of moral theology and especially the teaching of Dr. Kenneth Kirk, Bishop of Oxford, led to close collaboration with Canon Hudson, notably in *Christian Morals* (1946), and to *Moral Theology in the Modern World* (1964), by his own hand. This attempted more than a restatement of the traditional case for orthodox Catholic moral theology, and sought to refute attitudes of the new moralists. There were, however, differing opinions whether Dewar had completely appraised the intelligence, integrity or strength of his opponents, and whether he had done his own case full justice. In 1968 he produced *An Outline of Anglican Moral Theology*.

There was also his work, by no means negligible in volume or in importance, on dogmatic theology, particularly *The Holy Spirit and Modern Thought* (1960). This was no less than an inquiry into the historical theological and psychological aspects of the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit.

His active life as a parish priest showed him always concerned with the utmost in pastoral care, notably in his last ministry at Much Hadham from 1955 to 1967. He had been a great fighter, making opportunities to speak on causes, often legal or administrative, before the Church Assembly.

His was never a negative attitude, and he was a considerable innovator. He was in a St. Albans experiment with an early, infant type, of synodical government, which was to grow to full stature in recent days. He gained deep insight into psychology. As early as 1932 he collaborated with C. E. Hudson in *A Manual of Pastoral Psychology*; there were other useful volumes by himself, and his work can be said to have produced results in the Westminster Pastoral Foundation and the Clinical Theology Association.

Lindsay Dewar no doubt thought of himself, as many others saw him, walking the path of the liberal, sensible, middle-of-the-road Anglo-Catholic.

His wife, Miss Edith Hudson, whom he married in 1926, died some years ago; they leave a son, who is also a clergyman, and a daughter.

(reprinted from *The Times*)

John Raymond

John Raymond was born the son of a well-known West End actor and actress, Cyril Raymond and Iris Hoey. He was up Busby's from 1937-40. After a short time in a bookshop he worked as a copy-boy on the *Daily Sketch* until called up into the Army. Soon after demobilization he joined the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, moving to *The Times* in 1949. In 1952 he left to take up the post of assistant literary editor under Janet Adam Smith on the *New Statesman and Nation*, a post he held until 1958. For the *Statesman* his work was always readable, lively and backed by wide reading. From time to time he gave a hand to Cuthbert Worsley with the renowned 'back half' of the *Statesman*.

He published *England's on the Anvil*, which contained a selection of his criticism previously printed in the *Statesman* and a handful of his literary broadcasts—given the right climate and good presentation he was an engaging broadcaster. *The Doge of Dover* (1960) also brought together some of his reviews, but it included a group of more independent essays on interesting characters. He edited *The Baldwin Age* (1960) and in 1968 wrote *Simenon in Court* a scholarly and affectionate dissertation. When he died he was at work on what might well have been a major study of the Catholic sect, the Jansenists.

(adapted from *The Times*)

Henry Myhill

Henry James Myhill, author of many travel books, died suddenly in Algiers on April 16th.

He was born and brought up in Leicester, where his family was associated with hosiery manufacture. He spent five contented years at Westminster, mostly in Bromyard, and three acutely miserable ones as a 'Bevin Boy' on National War Service working in a Leicestershire coal mine. He longed to escape from England after the War and studied at Grenoble University. After a brief start at Cambridge, he was called urgently into a family business. In his two years there he brought about fundamental changes, but this experience and his life in the pits left him sorely disillusioned about industrial attitudes.

Afterwards he read History at Oxford, where he paid for his three years out of his pocket, supplementing his income by acting as a travel courier in Spain during the vacations. He enjoyed this work so much that after taking his degree he spent a good many summers representing Thomas Cook and Swan's, usually in Spain, enchanting hundreds of tourists with his shy, friendly personality and puckish sense of humour. During the winters he explored the remoter parts of Europe for his own pleasure.

He had great clarity of mind, an unlimited thirst for knowledge, almost total factual recall, a gift of language and a love of landscape. The results were *Introducing the Channel Islands* (1964), *The Spanish Pyrenees* (1966), *The Canary Islands* (1968), *Brittany* (1969), *Portugal* (1972), *North of the Pyrenees* (1973) and *Motor Caravanning* (1976). *The Loire Valley* will be published early next year and he was at work on a book on Algeria and Tunisia when he died.

He attended many European Universities to learn fluently the language and even the patois of specific regions and to steep himself in the history of each country he was about to describe. He wore his learning lightly and his books were widely praised.

He made friends wherever he went. He thought of himself as a footloose rebel with a craving for security. He found it in a unique way of life, for he was above all else an original.

(abridged from *The Times*)

Reggie Summerhays

Reggie Summerhays, who died on September 25th, 1976, at the age of 95 was a Grand Old Man of equestrian letters. A solicitor, practising in London, he had ridden since he was a boy, and had the good fortune to combine business and pleasure when, in 1936, he became the first editor of *Riding*.

A keen fox hunter, he also played polo, and was for many years chairman of one of the biggest hunting and racing stables in the country. When the First World War broke out, feeling that his knowledge might be of use to the government, in the remount service, he joined that branch and was made civilian remount purchasing officer for the regular army. He was a past president of the Arab Horse Society, he founded the Horse and Pony Benefit Fund and initiated the Horseman's Sunday on Epsom Downs. His first book was published in 1932, to be followed by *From Saddle to Fireside*, *Elements of Riding*, *Elements of Hunting and Riding for All*.

He loved horses and attributed his long life to the many hours he spent in their company.

(abridged from *The Times*)

Harry Carless

Harry Carless C.I.E. was born at Richmond in 1894 and was at Westminster for seven years (1907-14), becoming Head of Ashburnham as a non-resident King's Scholar. Keeping goal for the School in 1912-14, he was Captain in the latter year. He also gained a cricket 'pink' in 1914 as wicket-keeper.

He joined the Indian Police in 1914 and was appointed to the United Provinces. During the First World War he was detached for service in Eastern Persia, a country for which he gained great affection. He then took leave to go to Cambridge where at Trinity Hall he won a double First (in Persian and Arabic and Law) and a double Blue (for hockey and tennis)—and a wife.

Returning to India in 1924 he served at Allahabad, Lucknow and in Kumaon. Later he was seconded from the United Provinces to Rajasthan as Inspector General of Police. He was made a C.I.E. in 1947.

On retirement from India he worked at the Colonial Office and took a considerable interest in civic affairs at Burgess Hill where he was a member of the District Council.

In 1924 he married Gwendolen Pattullo and had one daughter and two sons.

Sir David Watherston

Sir David Watherston, K.B.E., C.M.G., an administrator who played an important role in founding today's Malaysia, died on January 16th at the age of 69.

David Charles Watherston was born on February 26th, 1907, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He became a Cadet in the Malayan Civil Service in 1930 and was seconded to the Colonial Office from 1939-44. He was at the Malayan Planning Unit in 1944-45 and was with the British Military Administration, Malaya, in 1945-46.

In 1946, soon after the liberation of Malaya from the Japanese occupation, he was appointed Secretary of the Constitutional Working Committee which created the new Federation of Malaya to replace the Malayan Union. His unflagging industry, his patent integrity his sincerity and his modesty restored confidence in the British intentions and went far to calm the communal jealousies and fears which had flared up in the aftermath of the war and anxieties for the future.

The new Federation successfully established then had to face the emergency caused by the Malayan Communist Party's resort to armed terrorism. David Watherston was selected to be Secretary for Defence and Internal Security in 1948 and was at the centre of the struggle through the bad early years with their distressing setbacks, until in 1952 he was promoted to be Chief Secretary.

In this his final post in Malaya he carried a gruelling burden of work under Sir Gerald Templer and Sir Donald MacGillivray. Slowly with the full cooperation of the political leaders they stemmed and finally turned the tide until in 1957 they were able to hand over a healthy Malaya to an independent elected Government, under its first Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman.

He joined Tube Investment in the personnel field in 1959 and served on the board as personnel director from 1964-70, through a period when nationally industrial relations, recruitment and training were all in a process of rapid change and development.

He brought to this task a clear mind, great determination and a real understanding of human nature. He was for a time vice-chairman of the Council of the Foundation for Management Education and also a member of the governing body of the London Business School.

In 1962 he returned briefly to the Far East as a member of the Cobbold Commission. It is in part thanks to him and to the enlightened political leaders that the Federation of Malaya continues successfully. Few, if any, members of the Malayan Civil Service did more for Malaysia and none more modestly.

He was made an Hon. D.Sc. of Aston University in 1968 and was a Knight of St. John. He was made a C.M.G. in 1953 and a K.B.E. in 1956. In 1958 he was made an Hon. Panglima Mangku Negara by Malaya.

He married, in 1933, Maude, daughter of W. Hopkirk Noble. They had two sons and two daughters.

(adapted from *The Times*)

Kenneth James Box

Kenneth James Box, who died on January 21st, entered Home Boarders in May 1913 at the rather late age of 15 and remained for four terms. He served for three years in France from 1916-19, holding a commission in the R.F.C. and K.O.Y.L.I. and being awarded the M.C. in 1918. After the war he qualified at St. Thomas's Hospital and set up as a general practitioner in Hove. He served in the R.A.M.C. in the Second World War.

A. G. Davidson

Born in 1902, he was up Rigaud's from 1917-19. He made friends wherever he went and was known at school as 'Smiler'. During the Second World War he reached the rank of Captain in the West Africa Brigade in Abyssinia. His career ended in H.M. Customs and Excise in Ghana, and it was for his work there that he was awarded the E.D.

P.H.

Lt.-Col. V. A. Gascoyne-Cecil

He died at Chelmsford, aged 85. He was High Sheriff of Essex 1950 and Deputy-Lieutenant 1961-68. Commissioned in the Hampshire Regiment in 1911, he served in the Great War and in the North West Frontier in 1922. He was son of Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exeter and grandson of the Marquess of Salisbury, Prime Minister.

Sir Albert Macklin

He entered the Indian Civil Service in 1913 and was Puisne Judge in the High Court at Bombay from 1935-47. He was also Chairman of the Medical Appeal Tribunal from 1952-62. He was knighted in 1946.

Hope Costley-White

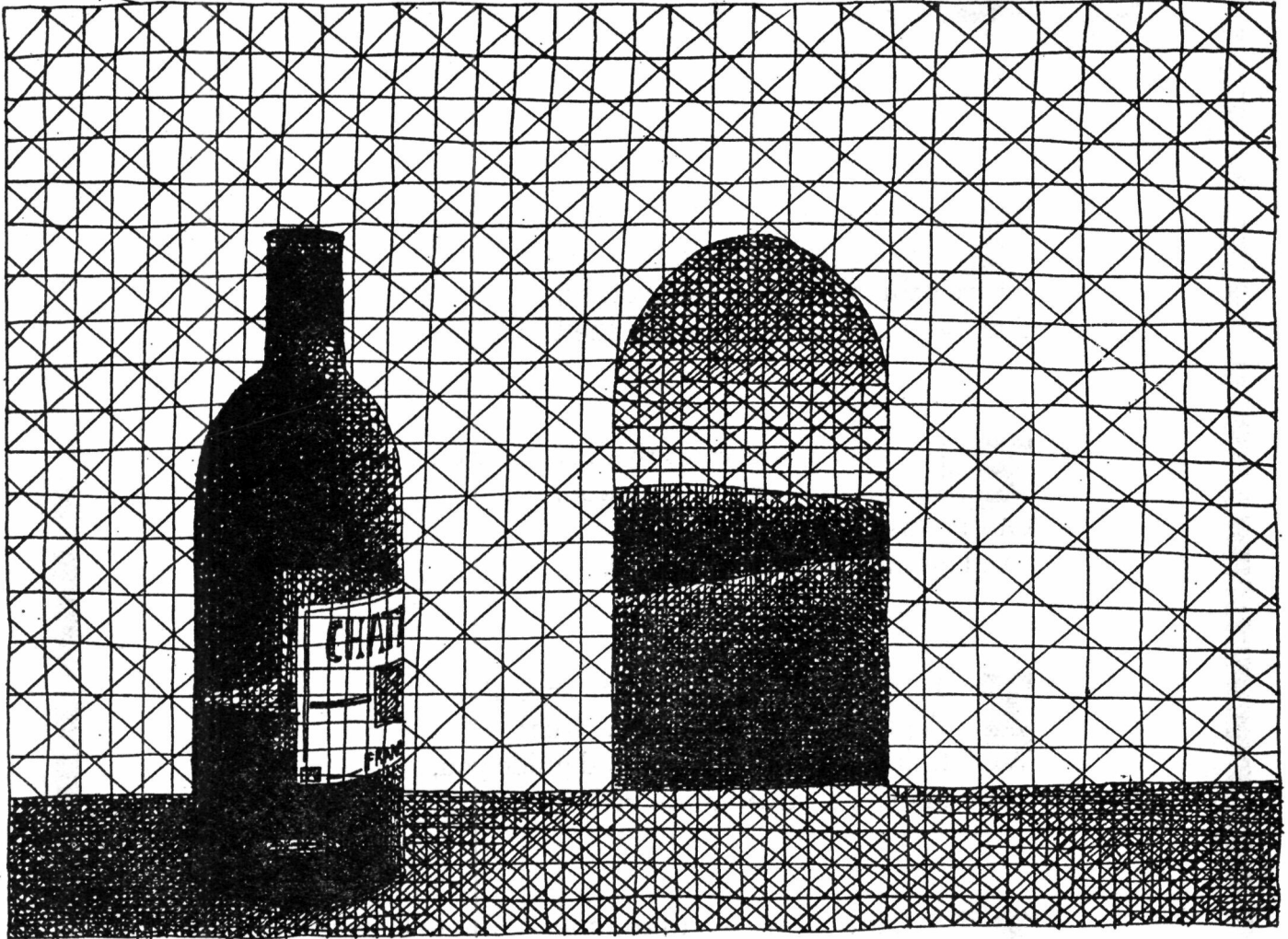
As her obituary notice in *The Times* described: 'Successively at Liverpool College, Westminster School and the Deanery at Gloucester, Hope established a reputation as a hostess. High spirited, impulsive, amusing and racy in conversation, she attracted a wide circle of friends of all ages and walks of life to her home'.

Certainly as a hostess at Westminster Hope was the 'Head Master's wife' par excellence, whether she was entertaining her personal friends or the many official guests of the School. Moreover she was at pains to invite to her parties not only members of the staff and their wives but also senior boys, who often had the chance in this way of meeting people of great interest and of great importance in the nation's affairs. Such were her qualities as a hostess that no one ever felt ill at ease, whatever the company, and it is as a great hostess that many who were associated with Westminster in the 1920s and 1930s will remember her.

But there were other aspects of her concern for Westminster and for all connected with it that endeared her to so many people. She was so very much, and so very directly, interested in the welfare of all who worked for the School, in whatever capacity. Perhaps I may be allowed to write of a personal experience of this. In 1930 a young secretary, Marjorie Milne, was appointed to work in the Bursary, where the retiring Bursar, during his very many years in office, had done his own work, in his own rather unusual ways, without any help. It was Hope who realised that here was someone thrown into a position completely unfamiliar to the School's organization, and it was Hope who without hesitation made the newcomer feel welcome in her home. It was Hope who, a little later, delighted in the news of the secretary's engagement to one of the masters ('but, my dear, . . . which one is it?') and who gave us her house for our wedding reception.

When Harold left to become a Canon of Westminster, he and Hope were meticulously careful to avoid what might be thought a too close association with those concerned at the School. But at Gloucester and afterwards in retirement near Wells they both to the ends of their lives welcomed visits from and news of their Westminster friends. Hope remained the perfect hostess, but she would wish Westminster's memory to be of both of them together.

T.M.M-R



WESTMINSTER ABBEY BOOKSHOP

This delightful Bookshop stands adjacent to the West Door of the Abbey, and its entire profits are devoted to the Abbey and its Services. Here may be found a wide choice of Bibles, Prayer Books and other literature. Things bought here leave a happy memory of the Abbey itself.

Tel: 01-222 5565

T Think of O's and A's being over,
What are you going to do?
There's this and that and the other,
And, what's more, there's also the Pru.

H Have you dreams that revolve around money,
Can vulgar cash you woo?
Our bonuses can't be beaten,
(And neither of course can you).

I Is training to do something special
A part of that dream come true?
We'll train you and teach you and guide you,
You can make a career at the Pru.

N Now we hasten to add there's fun to be had,
You make friends when you work at the Pru.
We're sporty and socially minded
And we're mostly very young too.

K Know-how and friends and a future -
They're just some of the things you'll accrue.
Give it a thought, as we all did,
Then our lives began at the Pru!

When you think of your future, think of the Pru.

Talk to your careers advisor or write to: Sue Branden, Prudential
Assurance Co. Ltd., 142 Holborn Bars,
London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential

Your 'A' levels can mean more than just a certificate.

HELICOPTER PILOT/OBSERVER OFFICER. For Short Career 5 GCE 'O' levels including Maths and English Language.



WRNS OFFICER. Cadet entry. 5 GCE's including English Language, 2 at 'A' level.



ENGINEER OFFICER. 5 GCE's including English Language at 'O' level and Maths and Physics at 'A' level.



ROYAL MARINES OFFICER. 5 GCE's including Maths and English Language, 2 at 'A' level.*



SEAMAN OFFICER. 5 GCE's including English Language, Maths and Physics, 2 at 'A' level.*



*5'O' levels only may be acceptable for a Short Career Commission.

Passing your 'A' levels could be the first step to a more stimulating, challenging and rewarding career than you ever imagined possible.

As an Officer in the Royal Navy, Royal Marines or Women's Royal Naval Service. Think about it. Then see your careers adviser about a full career, Naval College or University Cadetship entry, or Short Career Commission. Or write to the address below, giving your age and present or expected qualifications.

N.B. GCE 'O' levels must be grade C or above. Equivalent CSE or SCE passes are acceptable alternatives.

Officer Entry Section (25 FK), Old Admiralty Building, Spring Gardens, London SW1A 2BE.



**ROYAL NAVY
OFFICER**

There's no place like **Selfridges**

OXFORD STREET, LONDON W1A 1AB





**THINK
PORSCHE**

