

# The Elizabethan

A black and white photograph of three young boys and a horse. The boy on the left is smiling, wearing a patterned vest and shorts, and holding a long wooden staff. The horse in the center is dark-colored with a harness. The boy on the right is wearing a jacket and shorts, and is touching the horse's face. In the background, another boy is visible, wearing a uniform and smoking a cigarette. They are standing in front of a structure made of thick, dry thatch or straw.

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# Reaction '70

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Westminster remains horribly liberal. Not revolutionary but a rather cynical product of the Dr. Spock era of method and understanding. Luckily the place is still very informal. "Nobody tries to commit suicide or win the short story competition. Whatever happens it does not matter. It can't." Whether it's apathy or arrogance it's all very relaxing. But this is coming to an end. People are earnest about their grooviness, their sex and their particular hang-ups and on the other hand about their authority, their politics and their morals. Understanding in teaching has become a conscious act. Quietly the place is losing a lot of atmosphere and is likely to lose a lot more when the present Head Master leaves. No doubt for the best; things will adapt and there will be girls (to keep up the academic standard?) and more day boys and new masters. Nevertheless a great compromise is fading into the past and though it's taking a lot of rubbish with it there may be something there that's very valuable.

*The Elizabethan* over the last few terms has been showing this change quite clearly; rather confusedly solemn about revolution, piously offended by authority and laden with comment on the petty politics of the institution. The whole school is absorbed with the present. So what more fitting time for *The Elizabethan* to react, to look back into the past and try to capture a dying ethos before it fades. In this first issue of the new decade when everybody else is looking forward to World War III, to anarchy and Saturday night with Eileen, *The Elizabethan* rushes away into the past. The War Years. This is a magazine for the O.WW. After all, out of our 3,950 readership, 3,251 of them happen to be O.WW. (Despite the fact that they contribute less than half the cost of printing the magazine. Each copy of *The Elizabethan* costs more or less 2s. 6d. to produce and while the boys at the school pay 3s. 6d. for their copy the O.WW. pay under 3d. The system has been clearly arranged so that it is almost impossible to change without upsetting the whole finances of the magazine.) Nevertheless, O.WW., this is your magazine and this term it is almost wholly yours. Anyway at least O.WW. (*circa* 1939-45) may be faintly interested.

Twenty-five years ago (a good start) the war was coming to an end and Westminster returned to London, rejuvenated. Its romantic sojourn in the country has been called the beginning of the liberal Westminster—certainly of the informal Westminster. Now that era is just about ending and, just before the end, *The Elizabethan* looks back to the beginning.

The War Years was an adventure. Westminster was a hierarchic but secure community and yet, in many ways, it was surprisingly the same as today. Grants was the "sporty" house, the History VII was centre of radicalism, homosexuality was approached "tongue in cheek", there was a smattering of cynicism and superficial sophistication. Much more important the informal atmosphere was creeping in somewhere. The war brought change; the extraordinary top hat and tails get-up was done away with and people were allowed to work on their own much more (because of the staff shortage). The cramping traditions and trivial rules of the Victorian age were mostly swept away.

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The material for the "War Years" super-feature was collected from interviews with **Tristram Cary** (K.S. 1938-42), **Robin Denniston** (K.S. 1940-45), **Michael Flanders** (Grants 1936-40) and **John Carleton**, the present Head Master, from articles by **T. M. Murray-Rust** (House Master of Grants 1935-48), **A. J. Croft** (Grants 1938-42) from a long account of College during the war by **D. C. Simpson**, the Undermaster, and from various sources in the school archives etc. Thanks also to **Country Life Magazine** and the **Hulton Library**.

**Editor: Huw Thomas**

**Arts Editor: John Cary.**

**Editor next term: Adam Harvey.**

## Before the War:

### bogeur etc.

**"bogeur is haunted by two spectres, the originality of its thought, and the thought of its originality."**

Westminster before the War; **Michael Flanders** talks about the liberalism that was stirring in parts of the school before being irrevocably established during the war.

"The History side was definitely liberal before the war. I don't know how general this was throughout the school. There were certainly not many people who supported the Labour Party in debates; there was little Tony Benn running perkily around doing everything and a few others like Francis Noel-Baker, but on the whole it tended towards a rightish liberal atmosphere. This had started before the war; after all, who are more left-wing than the sons of the right.

"We used to get marvellous speakers who would obviously be very happy to just cross the road and come and talk to Political Soc. or Literary Soc. We felt the whole time that we were part of an urban life. We had very close contact with the centre of the country's life. What we did lose in a way was the sense of community outside school hours. Over the week-end, when I think a lot of things happened in a country school, people were very thin on the ground.

"It was a pretty liberal school. Beating had almost totally been given up. There were a lot of magazines being run all the time—*bogeur* was a great magazine of the *avant-garde*. It didn't have any capital letters. There were poems by Michael Hamburger and so on. But even that was pretty tongue-in-cheek.

**Crime!** "There was a boy who was reputed to have a mistress in an hotel opposite by where the old hospital was. There were also quite a lot of Middle-Eastern chaps who tended to smoke a lot and all the rest of it and rather found that the discipline of the school was somewhat irksome. Nobody had ever heard of pot in those days so we didn't have that problem. Homosexuality was rife and rampant so we didn't have any shocks about that later in life. We used to have a thing called epigrams, sometimes given in Latin and one of them was: 'It's a wise King's Scholar that knows his own bed.' At Lancing, though I'm sure just as much went on, it was much more of an unspeakable sin whereas at Westminster it was again taken rather tongue-in-cheek.

### Big Bear, Little Bear, and Tiny Bear

The year 1939 was the end of an era and *The Elizabethan*, always keeping up with the times, did away with its gaudy pink cover. There were immediate complaints. "One misses the pink cover, which can almost be said to be traditional. . . . The new type of print used in this issue somehow lacks the distinction of that used in recent years," wrote one O.W. "There is a value in tradition, and what can preserve that value in *The Elizabethan* so well as its pink cover? I never had the honour in my school-days of wearing pink (unadulterated), but the sight of the pink cover still gives me a thrill," said Brigadier-General J. B. Wells (A.H. and Q.S. 1894-98). The Brigadier goes on to tell the sad story of how he suffered a few years previously when the *very* old cover had been changed.

There were nevertheless supporters of the new photograph on the cover. Lieut. A. G. A. Beyts wrote from India: "I find it particularly agreeable to sit down, during the terrible heat of the monsoon, and contemplate the peaceful environment of my old school as shown on the front cover of *The Elizabethan*." (It was 1939!) He continues: "On the other hand, there is a traditional aspect of the pink cover which, in the new cover of *The Elizabethan*, has been neglected. I remember how, before I came out to India, the two old Westminsters in my club in London, one of them nearly a hundred (he called himself 'The Big Bear') and the other middle-aged (he called himself the 'Little Bear', while I was the 'Tiny Bear') used to open their Elizabethans and discuss modern aspects of Westminster. The contents of *The Elizabethan* conveyed little to the Big Bear, who was almost too blind to read, but the pink cover had quite a rejuvenating effect upon him. He considered that it was the best tonic he knew."

The conflict over the presentation of the magazine continued right on into the war.

Well now, doesn't history repeat itself. This term, also the end of an era, there is a lovely photograph on the cover. Let's hope it doesn't cause another outburst.

# "We're rather short of spoons"

**John Carleton talks about the preliminary move to Lancing.**

In 1938 the whole international situation suddenly blew up. By the time we came back to school on about September 17th there were terrific preparations going on; barrage balloons were hurriedly going up all over London and deep shelter trenches were dug up Fields which are still there 16 feet underneath the ground. My only experience of A.R.P. before the war was when we had a splendid meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber and some chap let off some magnesium ribbon and burnt the carpet.

Everybody expected a massive air onslaught so Mr. Christie arranged to whizz off to Rossall and sent round a circular to all the parents. But one parent high up in the Treasury said: "Hey, you can't go there, we're going there." The Treasury had commandeered Rossall without telling them. So Mr. Christie said to me one afternoon: "Carleton, get in your car and find somewhere else for us to go." "But Head Master, where?" "Well I'm very busy at the moment . . ." So I got in my car and went off.

I thought it could only really be another school—a lot of schools in those days were half empty. The first school I looked up on the road map was Ardingly. I arrived about 3.30 in the afternoon, drove up and rang the doorbell. The Head Master said that he had not got any room at all and, feeling a bit of a fool I was dragged round the dormitories where the beds were about 18 inches apart. "You go on to Lancing—they're half empty." So I got in my car and drove off to Lancing about 20 miles away.

Doherty (O.W), the Head Master there, said he thought he could manage it but he would have to consult his caterer. I could see everything depended on her. She asked:

"When do you want to come?"

"Tomorrow" and I watched her face very carefully and I could have hugged her because all she said was:

"Oh yes and about what time?"

"Perhaps 5.30." (long pause.)

"Will they have had tea?"

". . . Tea, good gracious . . ." and then a cloud passed over her face.

"There's just one thing—we're rather short of spoons."

"We'll bring hundreds and thousands of spoons. . ."

And believe it or not the next day we were there.

We had practised a system whereby everybody in the whole school had a kitbag packed with emergency provisions and by practice we got it down to 16 minutes from the time the whistles blew (it might be in the middle of morning school) to the

time the last bus moved off.

It all happened so quickly. I remained behind and it was one of the most desolate periods in my life—one moment the school was absolutely full, and the next utterly deserted. I went round the school and I practically wept—expecting any minute to be demolished myself.

It was really a great build-up for a let-down. Come six o'clock the Munich Agreement was announced on the news. There was no emergency at all. I cannot tell you how pleased I was. I turned on all the radios in Busby's for the good news to flow out into College Street and a few minutes later I got a telephone call from the Cowley Fathers saying would I please make less noise.

## P.T. in break

The defence preparations before the lightning plunge into the country were extensive. Everyone was fitted with gas-masks and two of the staff had taken a special Air Raid Warden's Course. In June there had been a fire engine in the middle of Yard. The School Library was mostly packed up in crates. Roofs were covered with sand-bags and each house tried to make at least one of their rooms gas-proof. Windows were protected with wire and tape and boys sent some of their precious possessions back home. *The Elizabethan*, November 1938: "Throughout the week-end, Fields had been converted by government workmen into a series of trenches capable of holding 8,000 people. These trenches are now completed and will be covered over with concrete, 18 inches of earth being laid on top to enable games to continue."

College, Grants and Busby's went to Lancing, Rigauds to Hurstpierpoint. "Kings Scholars wore their gowns at all times!"

"On Monday evening an informal concert was arranged by the Lancing authorities in which members of each school's staff sang. At the conclusion of the performance, which was conducted throughout in a delightfully hearty and informal manner, the Head Masters of the two schools made speeches in which they laid stress on the historic importance of the visit."

Rigauds at Hurstpierpoint seemed to be doing just as well. A letter from the Head of House to Westminster at Lancing: "We are having a marvellous time . . . we get up incredibly early; breakfast is at 7.25, then Chapel, then two hours of work with P.T. in the break. Then we have two more hours of work, and lunch at 12.45. There are games every afternoon and tea in studies after them. Then we do some Prep., followed by two more hours of work, Chapel, more Prep., and then bed. We are a bit cramped—there are eight of us in a study meant to hold two—but we are enjoying ourselves terrifically."

**The school was back in London by October 3rd**  
**"These . . . . . Westminster."**

**The Elizabethan, November 1938:**

It must be confessed that on that Black Wednesday most of us thought that we were leaving Westminster for the last time. . . . Little did we think that within a week we would be back here again with the cloud of war lifted from us. It was indeed with rejoicing that we sang Latin Prayers up School on the following Wednesday morning. . . . The week at Lancing taught us much. To begin with it made us appreciate Westminster so much more . . . we began to realize that Dean's Yard possesses something unique—an atmosphere which no other school can give and which no amount of modernization can destroy. We left Sussex on the Tuesday following our arrival, with gratitude in our hearts. . . . Our visit will go down to history not only as something unique in Public School Annals but as an event which provided an example of true Chivalry—an example of all that is best in the English Public School spirit. . . . To quote a small Lancing boy in the last stages of squash fever (that Westminster had apparently "caught"

while down at Lancing) "Why these . . . Westminster play at all if they can't even hit the ball, I dunno." Which only goes to show, doesn't it, the spirit of friendship that existed between our two great foundations, though perhaps concealed by the keen sense of boyish rivalry that is to be found in every community.



## “Coo, what a lot of grass!”

Within a year Westminster was back down again at Lancing (September 1939). They had come to say in the country for quite a time and by 1944 there was great talk of remaining in the country after the end of the war. **The Star, July 27th, 1944:**

“There is a movement to follow the successful Charterhouse and transfer the school entirely to new buildings in the country. It is contended that the classrooms, laboratories and houses in Dean’s Yard are inadequate and inconveniently laid out, and that time and money are wasted in travel to and from the school for games. It is also thought by some that the splitting of the school into day and boarding sections does not help to foster the spirit of unity. Although it is generally accepted by the governing body that the school will return to its pre-war buildings . . . there is an influential body in favour of its remaining permanently in the country—not of course in Herefordshire but somewhere in the Home Counties.”

In 1939 however, most people at Westminster were rather cynical about the beauty of the Sussex countryside. **Michael Flanders** (GG. 1936-40) never seemed to have quite accepted the country life. “At Lancing you felt that everything began to get a bit isolated, a bit a world of its own; not looking out on the outside world at all. It was just school life and ra ra and all the rest of it which we never subscribed to too much.

“We didn’t overlap with Lancing very much and I think there was a certain amount of jealousy—we thought they were rather hearty and they thought we were effete and cynical and snobbish ‘townies’. Certainly we had more sort of left-wing intellectuals than they did and some of them, like old R. A. Wollheim, were quite prominent as being rather extravagant and declaiming about this, that and the other and knowing about absolutely everything. But people also began to realize that there was a lot in the country life that they had rather laughed at; being good with animals and cultivating gardens. There was a great craze for practical things. We gradually took over the country life and rather enjoyed it.

“We had a feeling that our discipline was more liberal than down at Lancing. A lot of houses lived actually in Shoreham and this meant that we went on having a great deal of freedom. (Only the most senior boys from Lancing had the great privilege of crossing the bridge and going into Shoreham.) Because of the shortage of classrooms things

automatically became less informal and we had splendid Socratic periods when we all sat around under the trees taking notes and chewing acorns.

“I’m sure we all got much fitter after being rather yellow and pallid and bronchitic in London. But we were still rather sarcastic about it. When we arrived there I remember the first thing I said, because I thought it was expected of me, was: “Coo, what a lot of grass!” Actually my housemaster took that seriously.”

“**We were a pretty cynical lot in a way,**” says **Michael Flanders** still at Lancing. “The school on the whole was always rather tongue-in-cheek about everything. It never took anything terribly seriously, never took itself seriously and there was a pretty good balance (in town anyway) between sport, for which the facilities are not great and being good at various other things. In those days, for instance, College quite often won lamprobatrics (a great event when College took on the rest of the school at sport) and on the other hand some of the more hearty houses like Grant’s, which was meant to be rather good at sport, as likely as not would win the music competition.

“Led on by J. E. Bowle the History Sixth was all violently anti-Munich’ But on the whole it was not a war about which people were cynical—even the most convinced anti-war people. There were only a very few exceptions, like Donald Swann and Adams. Adams, (a great eccentric who before the war had a mania for eating meals on trains and went on a boat train to Amsterdam and turned round and came back again in one day) was more demonstrative. He made gestures like once when they were inspecting the O.T.C. he insisted on walking between the inspecting officer who had come up from Whitehall, and the serried ranks before disappearing into College. They rushed after him and tried to call him out but he claimed sanctuary saying that nobody was allowed to come into College to get him out—which they weren’t, I think.

“We spent a lot of time doing the Home Guard. We were out all night guarding unlikely-looking railway stations miles from nowhere and asking policemen for identity cards and generally amusing ourselves. We did have the advantage that there was no great impetus to join in; you could be in the scouts or do P.T. or various other alternatives. There was no victimization of those that opted out.

“*Oh God, the cold!* It’s so cold there. And of course they beat us hollow at every sport. The standard was so low at Westminster that I even won the putting the weight, throwing it half as far as the people at Lancing. Where Westminster gained on the sporting side was taking seriously the smaller games like Squash, Fives and Tennis. Fencing was even a full-time sport.”

**Opposite Top: The Manor at Lancing 1940.**

**Bottom: The school arriving at Lancing.**



## "The girls of Grant's"

Michael Flanders' housemaster was **T. M. Murray-Rust** who was at Grants from 1935-48 and, with his wife, he built up quite a reputation for Grants as an individual house. He writes:

"The first real experience of what life might entail outside the main-service comforts of a town came after Christmas with a particularly severe spell of weather. We discovered, for the first of many times during the coming years, that a community can get on for a time without many 'necessities' but that it quickly grinds to a halt without water: such was the frost that our water supplies were no longer adequate, nor could they speedily be restored. And so the famous telegram was sent to parents from the Head Master; starting with the phrase 'Lancing frozen stiff', it announced the postponement of the term's start. Eventually, of course, we did start, but the frost still prevented a lot of our normal activities. And so, with time to fill, there started the Grant's knitting parties! The 1914-war spirit of 'Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers' was alive again, and the country (or at any rate the female part of it) was enjoined to send knitted protection against the weather to the troops in France. Anyhow, my wife got more and more wool, and more and more patterns—the

demand from the boys, younger and older, seemed insatiable. A very considerable amount of very usable 'knitwear' was sent to the distributing agencies: the housemaster discovered a latent ability to contribute in crochet. And we discovered that we deserved thoroughly the compliment intended in a message of gratitude sent to 'the girls of Grants'!"

## "A small suitcase containing £150."?

"The uncertainties of the times were reflected in the fact that we kept to hand a small suitcase containing £150 (a largish amount then) for distribution to boys in case emergency (e.g. invasion) occurred and they were forced to disperse. A note of gaiety was introduced into a very anxious time by the case falling open on Shoreham station." **T. M. Murray-Rust.**

**Below: Arriving at Lancing.**

**Opposite: Goodbye from Lancing.**





## “This is the Old-Boy Network for you”

The “phoney war” continued until the spring. The school was becoming optimistic and the governors were considering a return to Westminster in September. But in May, with the fall of France, they had to think again—quickly. The whole of the south of England was declared a defence area and Lancing suddenly got notice to quit—they gave the school a week to get out. The Navy was taking over. John Carleton was again sent rushing round looking for somewhere for Westminster.

“Mr. Christie said to me: ‘Well, seeing you were so successful last time you’d better find another place.’ I thought that Cathedral cities might be a good idea; you’ve always got an old Chapter House to use instead of an Assembly Hall and you can teach in the cloisters in the summer. This time I couldn’t take my car because of petrol rationing so I went down by train to Wells. The West country seemed to be away from it all. They’d just heard about Hitler by then. The Dean wasn’t much help. The bishop’s palace, which was a lovely place with a moat, had just been taken over by Shellmex or something, but there is a theological college there and the term had just ended and I managed to take over an hotel and the student’s lodgings after a lot of bullying, but there was only room for about 250 boys.

So then I took a train down to Exeter where the Vice-Chancellor was a chap called Dr. John Murray, a Scotsman, who lived in a beautiful Regency house called Barton Place, some way out of the town. I rang him up and the parlour maid said: “Oh no, I’m afraid Dr. Murray is dressing for dinner”—in the middle of the invasion really. “We have a little party.” So I took a taxi out and rang the front doorbell.

“Could you get Dr. Murray for me—it’s important.” He came to the door very angry indeed saying: “I think you rang up before” in a splendid Scots voice which I can’t imitate.

“Yes I did.”

“Did they not tell you we had a dinner party?”

“Yes.”

“And still you came.”

“Yes.”

“You seem a most peculiar sort of person.”

“I’m awfully sorry, I don’t normally do this sort of thing—but it’s really rather urgent.” So he said (and this is the Old Boy Network for you) “Were you at Oxford or Cambridge?”

“Oxford.”

“Which College?”

“Merton.”

“Oh, so you know Dean-Jones.”

“Yes, he was my tutor.”

“And you know Garrod.”

“Indeed I do.”

“Come along in, come along in. We’re having a little musical evening. I hope you’ll join us.” I had to sit right the way through this old-fashioned evening—even for those days—with Lady Mary Tiddleypush and daughter. I thought time was absolutely vital and I tried to broach the subject once or twice. “No, no, we’ll talk about that tomorrow.” I went the next day and he said: “When do you want to come along?”

“Absolutely as soon as possible.”

“Oh, that’s a pity, the University doesn’t go down till next week.”

Pause.

“I’ll send the young men away. They’ll like a little bit of extra vacation.” And he jolly well did and within about three days—by special train—we sailed down from Lancing to Exeter.

## "Go to it!"

### Grant's at Exeter—T. M. Murray-Rust

This was the one relatively sybaritic period of the war for us. Grant's was housed, together with home-boarders, in Mardon Hall, the most recent of the University hostels. It was well and comfortably furnished, and the boys' life there reinforced our belief that reasonably comfortable and civilized conditions could, and should, be present in a school boarding house. It was not easy subsequently to put into practice these beliefs! The Vicar of St. David's church had been very helpful to us, and in order to thank him, Michael Flanders staged a super-version of our Lancing variety show. "Go to it" which played to a full house and provided a lot of money for the church. It was the first professional joint appearance of Messrs. Flanders and Swann.

We dispersed safely to a holiday in which the Battle of Britain staved off the threat of invasion: a holiday in which, for the first time, a party of Granites came to our Dorset cottage to help with the harvest.

**Michael Flanders** talks about his show: "Donald and I and Wedgwood Benn (who, according to *The Elizabethan* "gave a good rendering of a typical public schoolboy" in the famous version of Dick Whittington in 1940)—and so on were all involved in a little show together in the local church hall. The war gave us an opportunity for Drama not previously possible. During the previous five years the Latin Play was the only thing ever presented and that was strictly for scholars. Drama had been discouraged but obviously down in the country we had to entertain ourselves more. We used all the available talent in a few sketches and songs. Rude words to old songs, a satirical news reel, something about Training Corps and that sort of thing. Of its time it could be considered satirical, I suppose. It was called 'Go to It!', one of Herbert Morrison's slogans at the time."

### The College Street Clarion July 29th, 1940:

"'Go to It', the ambitious and delightful entertainment which Mr. Flanders and his company gave us was well worth going to. Perhaps the two most sparkling sketches (of the first half) were 'Marvello', in which Mr. Flanders burlesqued the giant of the music-halls to perfection, and 'Not so Newsreel', a glorious libel on Gaumont-British. . . . Mr. Flanders' 'One Man Pantomime', after the interval, in which so many characters were represented that it was unbelievable that one person could assume so many voices, was, to the reviewer at least, the best thing of the evening. The curtain came down on 'The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter', a hilarious melodrama in dumb-show, by Mr. Edwards." 'Go To It—we went, and came away rejoicing."

## The Blitz

### John Carleton

I would have thought it would have been absolutely obvious to everyone that London would be bombed; my only inkling as to the reason why Westminster moved back there is that on our governing body was Sir Henry Tizard, the inventor of radar. It's just conceivable it seems to me that he, with greater faith in his own invention (which saved England I suppose) gave the impression to the governors that everything would be all right. I don't know.

Anyway they did decide to come back and we got back here about the end of August and one of the great problems was the blackout, the amount of material and how to fit it up and wooden frames and that sort of thing was absolutely fantastic. Then suddenly on September 6th or 7th the Blitz began. Central London hadn't been bombed before and I was sitting in my study in Busby's and I could hear the planes and the Air Raid Alarm. Somebody said: "There are German planes above" so I said, "I can't believe it" and dashed up to the roof of Busby's and there, sure enough, I saw masses of planes swanning around the sky plus a lot of smoke from our anti-aircraft guns, missing everyone.

I then ran up to the roof of the Abbey to get a better look and right at the Apse I had a most marvellous view of these bombers circling round overhead, not dropping bombs. What they'd done was to drop a good many bombs on the East End and from the Apse I remember seeing that they had started a great fire which was exactly framed in the square of Tower Bridge. Then that night was the beginning of the really heavy bombing which went on for weeks and weeks and weeks.

The School was just beginning on a day boy basis and really it was too funny because a master used to say, "Don't you know you never . . . "OOOOH! BOOM!". . . Attend please in the back row." I was more scared than the boys. Of course we couldn't really do anything. It would have been hopeless to recognize every air raid alert. We only used to take action in an imminent alert or whatever the jargon was. There was a splendid chap called Dunlop, who came as a temporary master, very punctilious, and he used to stand in the middle of Yard with his tin hat and say to me, "Carleton, do you think I should blow my whistle? I don't wish to involve the boys in any danger but at the same time we must think of the G.C.E. and next July. . ." Meanwhile the German bombs would be plunging down everywhere. Crash! Crash! Crash!

**Opposite: School bombed 1941.**



## Monk's Lavatory

A bomb in Smith Square which blew the railings of St. John's Church into Barton Street and nearly blew Aldridge and Bladon off the roof of Busby's, caused the headquarters of the garrison to be shifted to the stoke-hole which henceforth became the key point of our A.R.P. system. For one night more we continued to sleep in Busby's basement, and then a time bomb in Barton Street caused a hurried 2 a.m. withdrawal. Homeless, we took refuge in the vault beneath the Busby Library which for a century had housed the play scenery and there, amid pasteboard columns and a cardboard dove of peace from some forgotten epilogue, we crouched forlornly till the dawn.

A few days previously the Matron of Grants had asked the Keeper of the Archives what the vault was used for in monastic times and on receiving his answer had dated her correspondence accordingly. Her letters, when they were delivered to her bore the subscription: Mrs. Cooper, Monk's Lavatory, Westminster Abbey, S.W.1. **Clarion, November 8th, 1940**

**John Carleton:** "We had the most extraordinary dormitory consisting of Mr. Christie as 'dorm Captain' and one or two matrons and Wilby and a few masters. Mr. Christie was rather strict. He used to say: 'It's ten o'clock. Lights out. I think we all ought to get to sleep.' As all hell was raging outside there was no possibility of getting to sleep at all. We took it in turns to do duty; not only here but all over the Abbey as well."

**Below: Dormitory on the east side of Whitbourne Court, see next page.**  
**Opposite: Beckenhill front view.**



## "Surrounded with Craters"

The blitz continued and the School virtually came to a standstill but a surprising number of day boys came in for "informal tuition". The School Staff slept in the Monk's Lavatory while the Garrison kept watch from the stoke-hole. **Clarion:** "After the last game of darts had been played those on duty—a master and two of the school staff—would sit on, tea-cup in hand, and tire the night with talking. . . . The feature which gave that room its character was the great boiler, christened 'Robin Hood Major' by its maker in a whimsical flash, which brooded squat and massive in one corner, vibrating only to the thud of the heaviest bombs. Outside was a vault-like annexe, in which were a few chairs and a table with a candle on it—a miniature thieves' kitchen where those who were crowded out by the darts players sat and smoked. Outside again was the sand-bagged entrance where we would stand for hours on end watching the falling shrapnel striking sparks from the flagstones in Yard or listening to the crash of glass as it fell through the skylights in Ashburnham."

Westminster was surrounded with craters. Bombs fell on St. Thomas', St. James' Park, County Hall, Lambeth Palace, Queen Anne's Mansions in Victoria Street, Marsham Street, etc. There had been a bomb on the Choir School. Then a bomb fell on the Busby Library just missing the garrison and Grants matron. Very luckily there were no casualties, but the ceiling and several book shelves had been destroyed. But apart from this the Abbey and Westminster had so far suffered very little. Morale was high and as **John Carleton** has said: "After the fall of France there was a feeling of positive exhilaration not the other way round. The general line, rather traditionally British I suppose, was thank God there are no more bloody foreigners to let us down."

Nevertheless, there was one major disaster during that Autumn Term. On Monday, October 14th, John Carleton was running through the Archway into Dean's Yard when he heard the ominous whistle of a bomb right overhead: "I flung myself flat on the ground in front of the arch. Crash! There was a terrific explosion and dust and muck sped past me. I picked myself up, thankful to be alive and ran out into Dean's Yard. I could see Church House had been hit."

Fourteen people had been killed including Miss Meacy, the Head Master's loyal secretary.

It was obvious that Westminster would have to get out pretty quick. They tried Henley but there did not seem to be enough room anywhere. Finally they got hold of an "extraordinary, sham Gothic castle run by a lunatic called Barneby".

# Herefordshire

In November the whole school moved down to Herefordshire and was scattered around Saltmarsh Castle ("the most God-awful place"). The castle was the teaching centre. Busby's and home-boarders somehow fitted in to a tumbledown "Queen Anne" house belonging to Barneby-Buckenhill. Later College and Rigaud's joined them. But to begin with College and Rigaud's installed themselves in Whitbourne College in Whitbourne Court and Rigaud's in Whitbourne rectory, six miles from Buckenhill. Ashburnham was split up between Brockhampton and Clater, while Grants had to live in Fernie Bank, a small house on a hill above Bringsty Common. The Library, the Shop and the science labs were in Bromyard.

## The Ram

**John Carleton:** Buckenhill hadn't been lived in since 1918, you had to hack your way into the house through brambles and undergrowth. There wasn't a single pane in the windows. Barneby had completely let the house go, there wasn't even a kitchen range and no water or gas or anything like that. There was a tree growing through the dining room floor.

There was a diabolical water machine called the Ram, the water was alleged to pump itself up from about a mile away from across the fields. It was always going wrong, at 1 o'clock at night somebody would say "The Ram's stopped; none of the loos are working". We'd put on gum boots and trudge across through the snow. The filthy machine lived in a cabin with a manhole over it so you had to find the manhole under the snow, get it off and then climb down with a torch and get it going. By the time you got back to the house, it had stopped again.

**Smelly stables.** Whitbourne Court, Sir Richard Harington's home, where College was hibernating, also had to be completely renovated. *The Elizabethan*, March 1941: "One of the first victims of the decoration fever at the Court was an old stable, smelling of hay (old) and woodwork (rotten). This was hastily stripped; the partition inside was removed and re-erected as an outer door to keep in the warmth and keep out the light after blackout hours. The walls were lime-washed, pink on top, brick below, the ceiling distempered, the floor of brick was down and covered with an old felt and no carpets, an old stove appeared in the wall as though by magic, and there was a music room which has held since then up to 50 people."

**The rectory.** Rigauds was in the rectory "a rather plain red brick house". Their station was called "gardening, chopping, and pumping". *The Elizabethan*—"Once a week there is for some a pilgrimage to Worcester, to remind one of the smell of petrol and the sound of traffic, or for others, a walk or ride with no aim but enjoyment of the countryside—Whitbourne becomes to College and Rigauds a haven where the siren has never been heard by some of the villagers and bomb craters do not exist. This haven, more than four miles from the next school house, set in a country whose incredible hills are a perpetual nightmare to all cyclists, is a complete self-supporting world where over 60 people, normally accustomed to all the luxuries and advantages of life, live entirely by themselves."

**Ashburnham** became a boarding house. "House prayers, lights out, prep., rising bell have become part of our everyday lives. We have to mend no leaky roofs here at Clater as other more unfortunate houses have but we have suffered as many domestic troubles as anyone else. We washed up ourselves to begin with. But now things are going smoothly. We have a play-reading Society which is very popular even to those who do not take part." By December 1941 Ashburnham and Homeboarders, which had both diminished to about 20 boys, joined together at Brockhampton and Clater, forming a "Homeburnhamite" magazine a year later and joint teams.





# Grant's in Herefordshire

T. M. Murray-Rust

A despairing search led me to Fernie Bank, a moderate-sized house some two miles from the Whitbourne centre and five miles from Bromyard, and this house, nothing like large enough to house us, was taken in the wild hope that supplementary accommodation would be found round about. It was—a disused farmhouse (Tiblands), rooms in another farmhouse (Huntlands), and rooms in a neighbouring bungalow.

As it turned out, we had nearly five years in which to plough our Herefordshire furrows. We were, in fact, as well placed geographically for survival from sudden death as we could be, especially when it became certain that the country would not be invaded. Nevertheless, we were close enough to the Midlands to get vividly both sight and sound of the destruction of Coventry and to be reminded, if reminder were necessary, of what was happening elsewhere.

From our first days at Fernie, our never-ceasing problem of survival was the water supply, and this persisted when, later on, the diminishing numbers of the school compelled us to give up Fernie, and to join the mixture of Busby's, Homeboarders and Ashburnham at Buckenhill. This was a "federation" that was viewed in advance with foreboding by all concerned, but, when it was accepted that it had to be, combined determination and good sense set out to show that it could and would work. The organization involved two groups of boys thrown together, each with its own housemaster and each with its own individuality, which had taken shape under the differing conditions of our wartime life up to then. My wife and our most admirable cook—"Cookie" to several generations of Grantites—had the responsibility for feeding us. The problems of this aspect of survival had been much relieved when a system of bulk ordering of food was organized by Mrs. L. H. Burd (who later took over the catering for College Hall at Westminster). Our community needs were too great for the local shops to cope with in their entirety.

Water supply involved a succession of diabolical and unreliable pumping-engines, and a succession of boys helped me to keep these ticking over—just: we once got within a day of ceasing temporarily to survive, and were saved by the local water authority sending to Buckenhill a water cart with just enough. Either a new engine was needed or the old one to be

re-established in a different place. Probably our nearest to water-starvation came from the refusal of the petrol authorities to admit our need for supplementary petrol for the engine. This was one occasion when, in despair, we went "to the top", through a member of the Governing Body: as a result, enough coupons were issued for us to fill a swimming bath with petrol!

The Head Master was determined that there should be fair shares of travelling to work between the main centres of Bromyard and Whitbourne, and lessons took place on alternate days at each. This involved, in turn, each group travelling some six miles. Buses were used, but, on the grounds of expense, were kept to a minimum, and a good deal of bicycling took place. This especially affected Grants in the Fernie days—obviously we bicycled the two miles to Whitbourne, and increasingly the Fernie bus was phased out in favour of the four to five mile ride to Bromyard. On its travelling days each group took a packed lunch, and this led once to an interesting situation. After returning to Buckenhill after an exeat, it was discovered (by sight, sound and scent) that some local pigs had been imprisoned for the whole week-end in the room where one group of boys ate their packed lunches. A discarded lunch or two had been pushed under a bookcase, and in their frenzy of starvation the pigs had rootled both under and through the bookcase to get at the food. Not only did they devour this, but a number of the School archives as well.

Animal life provided its problems such as this and the occasions also when the Buckenhill dining hall (including the tops of the dining tables) was invaded by a pair of sheep. But animal life also helped to solve our problems—hens were kept, both at Fernie and Buckenhill, and once the original hundred from Dorset started to lay we were never short of eggs. Moreover at Fernie we kept pigs, being allowed ample pigfood on condition that we sold half of the pigs to the authorities. Our own half we used to store in a commercial refrigeration plant at Worcester, and draw out when we wanted it: surely the prototype of the domestic use of the deep freezer.

In their "spare" time, opportunities arose for the boys to mix with the local people. Some of this came from agricultural activities, especially fruit-picking—a major industry around there. Much of it came from the association through the Home Guard between local members and senior boys.

It was not easy to organize regular games. Certainly the rowing devotees soon got themselves fixed up at Worcester, thanks to the kindness of the College for the Blind who allowed the School to use their accommodation. It was footballers and cricketers who came off worst, mainly for a reason entirely

**Opposite: Saltmarsh "the extraordinary sham Gothic Castle."**



beyond control—the geography of the local terrain. It was almost impossible to find a sufficient extent of grass anywhere near level enough for either game. One or two “grounds” were used, among them a cricket ground which used for its pitch a stretch of one of the grassy footpaths—the only smooth place available. But one sort of athletic activity could be accommodated to perfection—cross-country running. The Thames-side long distance racers found themselves in some very different scenery (with very different gradients): and the Bringsty Relay was born on the common of that name.

When the School reassembled at Westminster for the first time in 6½ years none of the boys had experienced a “normal” Westminster life: nor, indeed, had many of the masters. A balance had to be struck between such commonsense restraints as seemed necessary for school life in a big city and the continued enjoyment of as much as possible of the freedom based on self-discipline, that most of the boys were accustomed to. An outward and visible sign was the change in school dress.

Grants, at any rate, took the opportunity of dispensing with what little fagging still survived, in the hope of continuing, as far as possible, the family association between adult and boy, between older boy and younger boy, that we had become accustomed to in evacuation.



**Above: Work in Saltmarsh.**

**Below and opposite: Station.**



# Black Opposite

from an interview with

## Robin Denniston (K.5.)

A lot of things that happened were straight traditions imported from the town without very much change, like in College we went to church twice a day though it happened to be in the village church in Whitbourne and not the Abbey. The services were the same and so was the basic work.

The main differences were things like bicycling and cold knees and the cold in general. Three days a week you bicycled six miles there and six miles back to lessons—and it was very hilly indeed. One bloke got a permanent scar by skidding down one hill a bit too fast. Music was very good partly because there was little else to do and partly because Arnold Foster really stood out as a giant; basically as a teacher, more particularly as a personality. He not only got the whole School but also the whole locality going on music, so there was a mixed choir and orchestra and he'd fix up concerts in Worcester. All this against petrol rationing and everything else.

I did my ration of farming and found it moderately boring but there were not many organized games and we weren't very good. But I actually enjoyed playing cricket and took quite a lot of trouble to play occasionally. In fact, I learnt to drive much before I should have done to get more or less the whole team to Worcester to play a game perhaps with another school. There was also quite a lot of cross-country running. Bringsty common was two miles from Whitbourne—a really lovely common with green grass rides over which we used to run. We had to wear shorts and open-necked shirts—even the staff used to do this, and if you were in college, you had a gown on top of that, so you looked a bit funny. You soon got used to it. Come Sunday you put on tail-coat and striped trousers, and we looked right twits (you might have thought). I didn't take the hearty line—that can be very boring, but then the anti-hearty line is equally boring.

The work wasn't very good. John Christie was reckoned to be and is an outstanding teacher. But all the same we didn't have any brilliant scholars like there were before the war. I think it was back to a quite different sort of education. You were set the work, you absorbed it, learnt it up and you did it and then you heard it and you either got it right or wrong. Monk—a very little man, a history master who lived at Whitbourne Hall—was an exception to this. One Christmas he walked all the way round the dining room table on his hands. He was slightly weird.

Most of the masters were either housemasters or house tutors. The others lived in Bromyard, like

Claridge who ran the bookshop—in fact he much preferred books and locals to boys, with some good reason too.

I think there was a greater cohesion in College than in any other house (surprisingly we were best at games). This was mainly because by the end of the war although there were still 40 boys in College the rest of the School had shrunk to 160. College was quite a league and it was a league that was very much resented and rightly so by other houses. Nobody was very conscious of being a member of the school until they were fairly senior. One was isolated. One knew everybody in the house very well—too well probably.

We were fairly cynical about the whole operation and a lot of people thought that joining the Home Guard was joining the establishment. There was just as much "black opposition" as there is now. I joined the Scouts as an alternative; it was deliberately non-regimented. It was actually inspired by a conscientious objector, who had to work on a farm for most of the war. I do remember thinking that all the ra ra stuff produced by the mums about our gallant boys in blue was offensive—just as you would have thought the same.

Apart from the occasional visit to the pub or an occasional cigarette or chatting up the milk-girl there was remarkably little local life. But in terms of straight discipline, it became much more permissive during the war. People were quite wicked; no more no less than they had been, I suppose, but external circumstances meant that you didn't have any energy left over for some major confrontation with authority. There was very little beating and judging by what people say there had been a great deal before the war. I think the war more or less ended it. Westminster has always been slightly in advance of its time—or certainly thought it has.



# The Bright Side

A. J. Croft

Many aspects of life at Westminster in the early forties were undoubtedly grim and no one had a rougher deal than those who would otherwise have been sportsmen. However, science and music—two lines in which I had a personal interest—flourished more than could have been expected in deeply rural surroundings.

We went to Worcestershire and Herefordshire thinking that it would be for one year at the least and two at the most. This misjudgment makes it all the more remarkable that the laboratories which were created out of nothing were adequate to give one as complete courses in experimental work as one would have had in Westminster. Physics and chemistry were housed in a building which had long ceased to form part of a tannery and much structural work had to be done quite apart from the business of installing laboratory services. J. S. Rudwick and W. J. N. Burch—both nearing retirement—dispensed wisdom in these far from ideal conditions. The biology laboratory was at Buckenhill under L. H. Burd who commuted to and from Bromyard along the perilous lower drive on a seedy B.S.A. motorcycle. The establishment of these laboratories and their return to Westminster involved the transport of much delicate and fragile apparatus and it is astonishing that almost nothing was broken. The only real casualties were among the few pieces of apparatus left behind in Westminster. In my subsequent work I have had much to do with building and running laboratories and I was lucky to have learnt so much about it at Westminster—notably from the incomparable G. P. Aldridge, laboratory assistant for 37 years.

If there was no particular reason why science should have flourished there were clear reasons for the excellence of the music during the war: lack of distraction and a few exceptionally talented boys. It also happened that Arnold Foster was at the height of his powers and was able to whip up the flagging musical life of Worcester and combine it with that of the School. The result was a series of remarkably good concerts given mainly in the Christopher Whitehead school in Worcester. The two stars of those years were Tony Hewitt-Jones, now well-known as a composer, and C. K. Smith who is now a professional pianist of standing under the name Colin Kingsley.

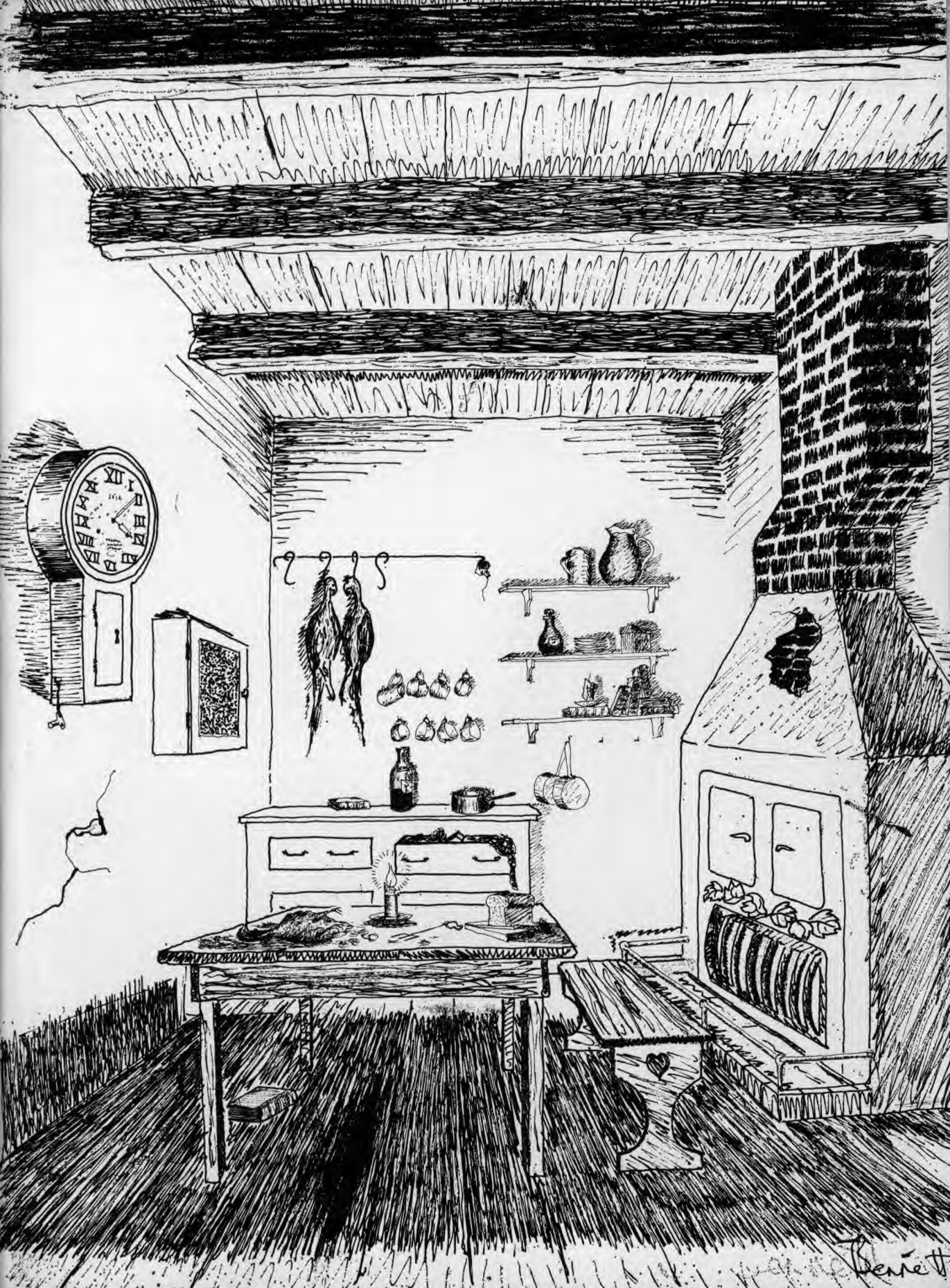
We all took things very much as they came and most of us enjoyed our sudden immersion in the deepest country. Now that I have reached the age of the younger of the then masters I feel a great

respect for the way that they took it as it came as well. To have to exchange one's car for a moped or tramp several miles to work along muddy tracks in one's late fifties and still appear cheerful calls for more grit than I should have had myself.

## Whitbourne Court

D. C. Simpson, Master of the King's Scholars

The village of Whitbourne is situated in a hollow a little to the north of the main road from Worcester to Bromyard, just on the Herefordshire side of the river Teme. It lies amid hop yards and orchards, white and pink in spring with the blossom of cherries, damsons, apples and pears, and consists of a handful of scattered cottages, nestling in the trees, a school, a post office and a general store, but no hotel. . . . Whitbourne Court is a two-storey, gabled house of no special style of architecture, said to have been originally constructed out of the gatehouse to an episcopal palace which was destroyed in the Civil Wars, but much added to at various dates, and now an amorphous though not unattractive mansion, partly of stone, partly of brick and stucco. Most of the rooms look out at the back over a wide lawn stretching down to a moat which skirts the garden on three sides. The view is flanked by stately trees, and extends over the Teme to the low, wooded hill of Ankerdine, and in the foreground some previous owner has planted on an island in the moat a clump of Scotch firs, whose feathery branches stand out dark against the sunrise and whose trunks are red in the evening light. To the left is a deep flower border and arches of rambler roses, and still further the kitchen garden, bounded on two sides by a wall of orange-red brick, and on the other two by a dark yew hedge, thick and neatly trimmed. Here there is beauty at every season, whether it be winter and the mist lies in the valley or a fox crosses the frozen waters of the moat and the branches are heavy with snow; or summer when the gleaming water is fringed with reeds and rushes and water lilies unfold their cups on its surface; or autumn with here and there an evergreen set in a sea of yellow and copper and scarlet. But it is loveliest of all in spring, when a score of different birds are singing and building in the garden trees, and the shrubbery is decked in succession with blossoms of every hue, forsythia, jasponica, currant, lilac and wild cherry. Such were the surroundings in which a generation of King's Scholars grew up.



Bennett

## What we've missed

By the end of 1942 the School had settled down to the country life. College was famous for its chickens and its potatoes while Grants had collected together fruit, vegetables, hens, rabbits and pigs. In 1942 the Buckenhill Garden, under the supervision of C. H. Fisher had three pigs, four geese, 20 ducks, 56 chickens, 17 rabbits and four colonies of bees and over the past year had produced 306 eggs, 960 lb. parsnips and 497 lb. kohlrabi as well as every other possible vegetable or fruit including 56 lb. of honey. They even formed a Rabbit Club.

Societies like this began to jump up everywhere. There were Spotter's Clubs and Aero Clubs, Pol. & Lit. Soc. was revived, an Opera Society began. Music was a very big thing and began to recover its pre-war status when every house produced an orchestra. There was an excess of drama. "Hamlet", "Macbeth", "Richard II" were performed one after the other. Every house had a magazine.



# Real Happenings (13.3.70)

**Back again!** To dusty London, petty politics and happenings. We would have been swamped if we'd been in Herefordshire but as it is there has only been the occasional murmur of activity. A lot of drama and this term various sports have bothered to turn out reports which are, apparently, of great interest to many people.

Apart from drama both the **Political Soc.** and the exciting new-look **William Thomas Soc.** have been conspicuously active and there's a good list of speakers for next term including **Vic Feather**, **Christopher Brooke**, famous medievalist, is coming to talk to William Thomas Soc. later on in the Lent Term on the Norman Conquest—History "A" level special subject. Last term **Sir Edward Boyle** came and talked very authoritatively on education and was very much in favour of purpose-built comprehensives—on a voluntary basis of course.

Despite the apparent quality of the speakers for these two societies the secretary is still complaining about lack of enthusiasm. He writes: "Boys lack enthusiasm for affairs outside their own narrow spheres and this is particularly hard on Societies." Certainly Westminster produces very few societies compared with other schools (other Public Schools anyway) and compared also with the glorious Westminster of the war. But then there are so many other things to do in the middle of London, aren't there?

**Prof. Sir Leon Rabinowitz** was going to come to speak to the Pol. Soc. on **Crime in our Society**, particularly crimes of violence. He couldn't make it and sent along another eminent criminologist from Cambridge, **Dr. West** who gave a dry account of the facts behind the present controversies and some enlightening answers to various questions. Very worthwhile.

The other speaker for Pol. Soc. was **Mr. Russel Profit**, a Vice-President of the **N.U.S.** talking about **Student Participation**. Wonderfully controlled, moderate, well-meaning and even weak. He tried hard to convince people that the N.U.S. had something to offer school-boys. Westminster cynicism didn't help him very much.

**William Thomas Soc.** This retains a worthy and solid following of historians. **Prof. J. H. Elliott** gave a fascinating talk to the society about how he found out about seventeenth-century Spain, first of all his fruitless search for information about **Olivares** and then his absorption with the **Catalon revolt** of 1640. He reflected a typically "donnish" engrossment in his work. At the end of term **J. S. Wilders** came to give a talk to **Literary Soc.** about **Comedy and "As You Like It."** This society seems to have

otherwise given up. What's happened?

**Music.** In 1938 every house had an orchestra. "They were pretty fair some of them," says **Michael Flanders**. "There was also a jazz combo run by an American boy." Things change.

**Free Press.** This is another major Westminster adventure, completely divorced from the School. Very professionally printed and laid out. Rather disappointing otherwise.

**W.W.F?** An appeal was organized by Upper Shell 1. There was a chaotic sale in the Lecture Room on February 23rd that raised over £25. Julian Target seemed to be a very experienced auctioneer. Several firms have also contributed and a raffle has been planned to bring the total up to £50. The cause: **The World Wild Life** fund. This is a critical time for many near extinct species.

**Weather.** Terrible.

**Wild Horses.** Another Ben Travers farce from Liddell's was produced last term. Just as farcical as "Thark," there was somehow less of the Liddell's style. It had degenerated. Liddell's is still a young house!

**Passion.** On the last Friday of the term the story of the "Passion" was told in 10 episodes, in simple and natural English together with modern hymns and carols. The intention was to use voices dramatically by surrounding the congregation with sound.

**Westminster.** John Field writes: "A great quantity of historical material is being sifted in order to compile an anthology in words and music about life at Westminster since its refoundation in 1560. This **anthology**, at present untitled, is to be performed in Ashburnham Garden in June. Its aim will be to entertain rather than offer a comprehensive historical picture. (It will bear no resemblance to a pageant, in case anyone had begun to fear the worst.) It is hoped to place selected material from the archives on view at the same time."

**Olivier's Hamlet** film was shown last term, mainly for those doing the play for "A" level. Surprisingly good although Olivier was much too poofy; the photography and good old William Walton's music again made their point a trifle undelicately.

**Yard** has been painted a brilliant white. But what about inside?

According to some people there have been many **complaints** about the past two issues of *The Elizabethan*. Where are they? The Editors have only received warm congratulations. We got a lovely blue Christmas card from Cambridge with the



message: "The last two issues of *The Elizabethan* have been read from cover to cover. Previous ones have found premature resting places in dustbins. Do I have to say more to show that the changes are being appreciated?" Certainly not, but if it isn't being appreciated elsewhere please say so. This issue has given great opportunity for O.W.W. to write and should be more interesting to Old Boys anyway. If you think that anything else should be said about the war why not write a little note.

**Divinity Lectures.** The Chaplain's object this term has been "to draw attention to some of the social problems facing us and to point forward to the opportunities for social service which were to be discussed in a morning symposium".

**Norman House. Mr. Merfyn Turner** from Norman House came to talk to us first about the aftercare of prisoners. He talked about the problems facing prisoners on release, a high proportion of whom return very quickly to prison. Norman House is not a rehabilitation centre but a place where ex-prisoners can live with other ex-prisoners all wanting to lead a normal life instead of being isolated.

**Miss Jean Finzi**, from **St. Thomas' Hospital**, was the next speaker. She talked about hospital service—at the moment Westminster boys help out in St. Thomas' on Friday afternoons.

**Mr. Len Bloom** talked about race relations in what seemed to be a rather idealistic way without providing any constructive suggestions. He claimed that racialism was produced in an insecure person trying to find a place in society—the cause of a lot of other trouble as well. But then he denied that the Biafran War was a racial war. An interesting if completely negative talk.

The last lecture came from **Revd. John Hester**,

**the Rector of Soho** who, unlike the others, was amusing, human and not at all self-important. Nevertheless there was no new insight into the usual problems; pornography, drugs etc.

**The Greaze.** This splendid occasion always falls flat. More use should be made of the savage, brutal spectacle. This year the pancake had to be thrown three times before it went over the bar. It was finally won by **Roger Cohen**.

**Drama Guild.** It has become an established practice for Drama Guild to offer a short "entertainment" at the end of each term. Last summer it presented a study of power, using film, sound, mime, allegory, light, audience participation and theatre-in-the-round techniques. Though intentions were much misunderstood, the cast enjoyed both the entertainment and the publicity-seeking demonstration preceding it that convinced some casual tourists that the English Revolution had begun.

"In December another circular experience was offered, in the Lecture Room, where, assisted by bright lights, brassy music and the patronizing hyperbole of a ring-master, the guild presented their own **Christmas Circus**, in which acts as various as snake-charming, juggling, lion-taming and chimpanzees at tea were mimed. The audience was sympathetic, if restrained.

"In March the movement back towards conventional theatre continued with the presentation of two excerpts from established plays, **The Cherry Orchard** and **Sergeant Musgrave's Dance.**" **J.C.D.F.**

**Athletics.** At last this bitterly cold imposition has been abolished. There is now opportunity for people to do any station from judo to badminton in the latter half of the Spring Term.

**Film Society.** Hurrah! A tremendous term. Good cinema and not too old. A well-balanced programme spanning the British new wave and the revival of the Hollywood thriller. The season began with a bang; **Dr. Strangelove**, Stanley (2001) Kubrick's brilliant film version of the famous novel by Peter George. **Peter Sellers**, on top form which has sadly still to be recovered, beautifully stumbled through this cautionary tale. Everything about the film is right, from the inventive screenplay to the sensational sets by Ker (James ("Oliver") Bond) Adams. Very, very welcome.

Next the dark "new" world of the rain-washed working classes on screen. Much influenced by Truffaut's "Les Quatre Cents Coups" and of course Jack Clayton's "Room at the Top", **The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner** from the haunting short story by **Alan Sillitoe** was **Tony Richardson's** first good film. Far more imaginative than his "Look Back in Anger", its greatest virtue is Walter Lassally's stunning black and white photography and a very fine debut by **Tom Courtenay**. Occasionally grossly over-emphatic and self-conscious, it nevertheless remains very moving—and was well worth choosing despite its two recent showings on television.

**Bullitt.** But 10 years later young British directors are finding their feet in America. After John Boorman's sensational "Point Blank" (a possibility for the future), **Peter Yates**, who made "Robbery", breathes amazing life into an unbelievably cliché story concerning the protection of an important state witness. Apart from the already famous car chase (which will take some beating) Yates is

particularly good with short atmospheric scenes in hospitals, airports and traffic jams. Superbly edited, nicely scripted and hardly acted, the only real fault is the murmuring of the American conscience summed up by the long, lingering shot of MacQueen's bullitts!

Last and possibly least, **Orson Welles' Othello.**

**A few suggestions.** Albert Finney's superb **Charlie Bubbles**, Truffaut's **Stolen Kisses**, Bryan Forbes best film **King Rat**, the only worthwhile Goddard **Breathless**, Orson Welles' brave effort at Kafka, **The Trial**, Clive Donner's undemanding **Here we go round the Mulberry Bush**, Schlesinger's **A Kind of Loving**, Ken Loach's haunting **Kes** (which may not be generally released), Hitchcock's marvellous **Rear Window**, **The Bofors Gun** and John Sturge's unashamedly American **The Great Escape**—why not?

**The Year's Congratulations!** David Byrt has a second daughter, Jane-Elizabeth. Geoffrey Boys is to be married on April 2nd to Miss Jenny Verstage who teaches at the choir school. Christopher Martin has had a daughter, Katharine. Stuart Murray was married in December. Hubert Ward has become Head Master of the King's School, Ely, just in time for its millenium celebrations and David Custance is now Dr. David Custance. Well done everybody!

Thirty boys still carry on with Athletics under Stuart Murray, Christopher Martin and David Brown. There are two matches against **O.W.W.s** and against **Eastbourne**. (St. Paul's have given up Athletics altogether.)

The **Bringsty Relay** was won by Grant's.

**Pottery** that started two years ago under College is now flourishing. See below.





# Drama

## L'Alouette

The French Play, directed by Christopher Martin up School on March 5th, 6th, 1970

Below: Felix Barber and James Thomson in L'Alouette.



Two questions immediately pose themselves. Is L'Alouette a stage-worthy play? And, even if the answer to the first question is yes, is it a suitable choice for a school production?

Like many of Anouilh's plays, L'Alouette is a play of ideas, ideas in this instance incarnated in certain historical characters whose debates happen, with very little distortion of authority required, to mirror Anouilh's own preoccupations. His characters exist for the sake of their ideas and attitudes, as representatives, rather than because their own vitality is valued. Can we, then, say that these figures belong to art, or are they counters in some realm of pseudo-philosophy? Anouilh hardly even bothers to continue for us any dramatic action: the best he offers in this respect is the trial backcloth, and the constant cross-questionings that compose most of the dialogue; the only action that takes place is in the minds of the characters; the beating of Jeanne by her father is only a moment's concession to the groundlings, and the burning of Jeanne doesn't happen.

No sarcasm is intended in saying that one of the best features of Christopher Martin's production was the cutting. The text as performed cannot have been more than half the length of the original—and the fact that this can, with skill, be done while still missing out no essential element among the debates and developments of the play and leaving it running fluently points to something wrong in the original. Mr. Martin was perhaps a little too thorough in his pruning of the part of Warwick (James Thomson) and Cauchon (Felix Barber): if they are not to be allowed their real complexity and prominence, then one cannot understand why the political world gets its way and it seems incredible that Jeanne with all her leadership and purity can be caught by such petty men as these. Otherwise the cutting was enormously to everybody's advantage: the issues of debate were crystallized in impressive simplicity rather than evaporated in lengthy refinement, and actors and audience were able to spare more energy to attend to the vivid realization of the personalities of the play.

In the realization of the characters very high

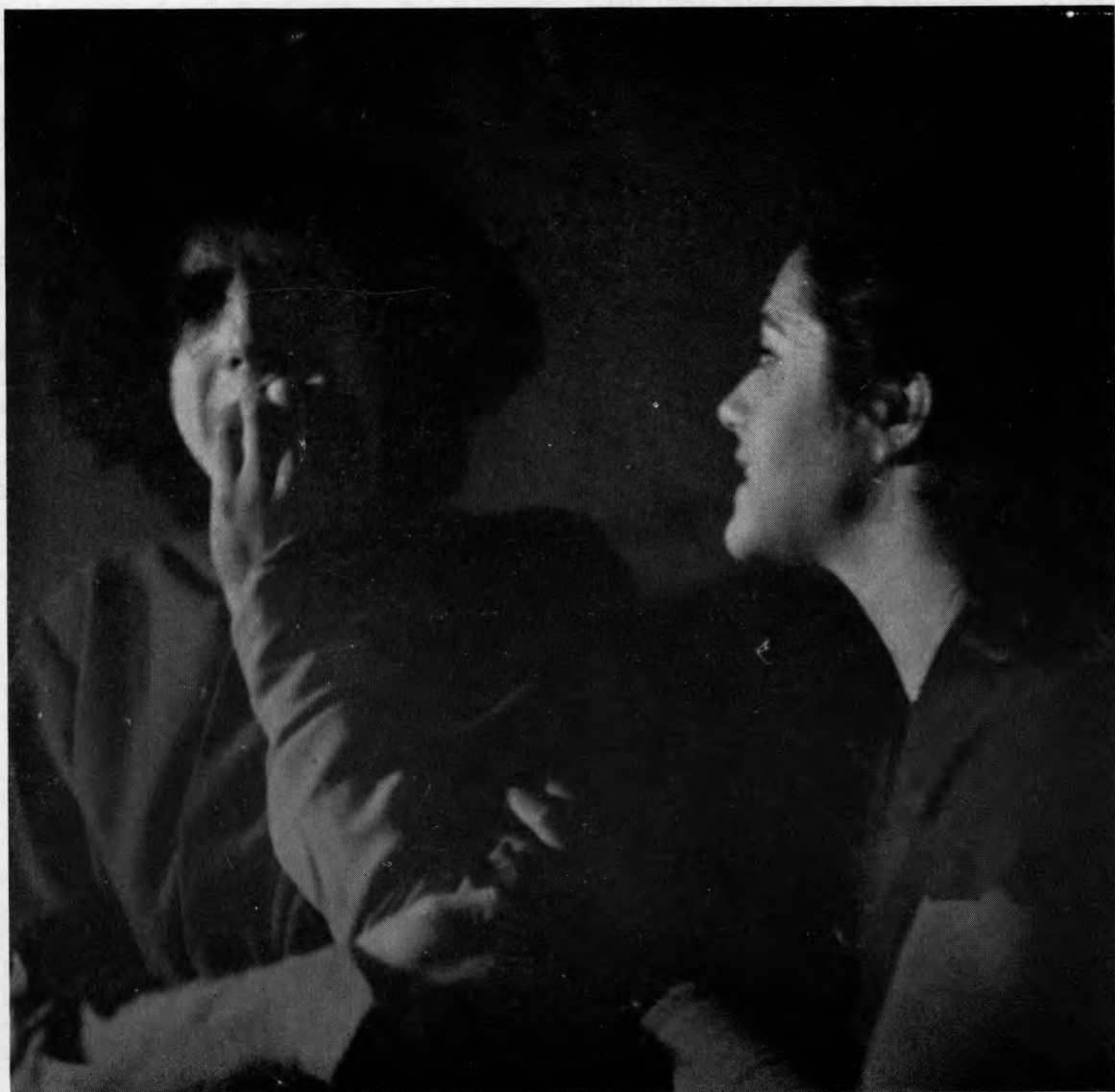
praise should go to Jane Harris, who played Jeanne. We see Jeanne in her development from a simple peasant girl to a character who if still guileless is involved in and represents complicated issues. She is ingenuous, yet wise; sweet, yet commanding; frightened, yet enthusiastic and defiant; bewildered yet overwhelmingly confident. All this Jane Harris was able to convey and speaking as well as she did the fine rhetoric of many of her speeches, she produced a moving performance.

Even if the other parts offered less scope, there were some strikingly good performances among them too. Antony Peattie as the Inquisiteur showed us a sinister eager bigotry, and Peter John White as the Promoteur was also singularly nasty; both

should be praised for their sense of timing. Nigel Planer as Beaudricourt gave us, in his stupidity, exactly the right degree of comedy; this was perhaps the most accomplished performance in the evening. John Cary's was also satisfying. David Abrahams gave a performance as Charles which taken in isolation was a studied and successful piece of broad caricature, but it could be felt that his rendering was too flamboyant to blend with the restrained manner of the whole production.

Disappointments in the acting otherwise were few and minor, and there were very few lapses from a commendably high standard of spoken French. After all reflection one is happy to reply to the two initial questions asked in a confident affirmative.

**Below: Dave Abrahams and Jane Harris photographed by Hugh O'Donnell.**



## The Government Inspector

Last term, for the second time in six years, Westminster saw a production of "The Government Inspector". Busby's followed up their success, "Charley's Aunt", with a stylish and expensive production that perhaps sacrificed some of Gogol's underlying moral intention for their usual light farce approach. Nevertheless the production was remarkably successful. The Busby Play is an institution and always has a unique and very appreciative audience. They fully justified the use of School.

Gogol's satire on officialdom and bureaucracy set in a small and corrupt Russian town presents a collection of stereotyped character parts admirably tackled by the cast, most of whom had never acted before. Ben Rampton and Andrew Lloyd-Thomas, as the gossipy duo, Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky, waddled round the stage chattering away very effectively and Richard Harries-Jones as the self-important mayor was convincingly corrupt and slimy if rather pathetic. Charles Hayward gave a very good performance as the pretentious hero, Khlyestakov, who is obsessed with social grace. A beautifully polished and stylized performance that also hinted at a hesitancy underneath. Very convincing as an imposter. He had good support from his servant, Ossip, played by Charles Colborn who established a sympathetic link with the audience—especially in his major soliloquy of the First Act. Busby's also had a girl in the cast for the first time. They lost the humour of drag (perfected last year by Richard Harries-Jones) but Lucy McNair's performance as Anna Andreyevna, inquisitive, vain and horrifically suburban wife of the Mayor, fully made up for this loss.

The whole production was a very lovely extravaganse with golden sets and magnificent costumes. Even if long, heavy and contrived it's lucky that one house can afford such an occasion.

## Cockles and Mussels

The College play this year was "My Poll and My Partner Joe", a nautical drama in three acts by John T. Haines. The whole of College romped their way through this sumptuous melodrama with mock-seriousness and glorious self-delight. The memorable and mellifluous Mr. Neville Walton, master-of-all ceremonies introduced the scenes and, in a tone of rare purity, led such communal favourites as "Daisy, Daisy" and "Cockles and Mussels" during the scene-changes.

The hero, Harry (Hurrah) Hallyard, was played by Mr. Stephen Ruttle; the villain, Black (Boo) Brandon, by Mr. Neil Margerison who exuded evil panache all over the lovely heroine Mary Maybud—pouting, little Miss Ruth Alloway with her flashing eyes. The whole cast spoke exceptionally clearly so that not a single chestnut could be avoided. The production (yet more congratulations to Mr. Neville Walton) brought some excellent character parts to the fore; notably Mr. David Robinson's Joe, the Jonsonian bore Watchful Waxend of Mr. Joe Earle and the matriarchal mountain of motherhood Dame Hallyard (Mr. Thomas Longford). This would all have been excellent—in moderation, but the performance was excessively long.

All in all an exhausting evening especially at the over-wrought *denouement* with people weeping copiously over battered copies of *The Times*, reading about others deaths, but the enthusiasm of the elder members of the audience for the sing-songs was quite splendid and I'm pretty sure the cockles of my heart were warmed at the end.

**A.P.**

## Football

### David Drew

Football at Westminster has never been really outstanding. There have, in fact, only been two good footballing periods in the school's history; one in the 1920's and the other between 1959 and 1961. Now, however, the 1969-70 season can be added as a third.

The game has changed radically, even in public schools, and it would be invidious and ultimately useless to make comparisons. The 1920's saw the simple use of the long ball and animal speed to outwit defences. This traditional running style was still generally prevalent in the late fifties, but today, method and systems have replaced mere physical effort. There is less room for error; spaces are smaller and skill has to be correspondingly greater. Above all, individuality must be subordinated to the team effort. Of course, within the framework of the side there is still room for flair. But this must be harnessed and you cannot nowadays rely on your "mazy dribbler" to score every goal as in the twenties, and to be free from the tight marking and defensive organization, a feature now of even schoolboy football.

People say this is an emotional age and this is very much apparent in our particular brand of football. Morale, self-discipline and concentration matter just as much as physical condition and inherent talent. Especially at this particular school, it seems that if one feels good things go well, and the reverse happens if you feel "off". Although this season there have been no major disasters when the team has completely cracked, except perhaps against Eton when we lost 0-5, it is indicative of the importance of this mental approach that our best games have always been against the best teams—Alleyns, St. Clement Danes, Charterhouse and Highgate. The emotional build-up to these matches was much greater than, for example, against Victoria College, Jersey, with whom we disappointingly drew 2-2. Perhaps we need a school psychiatrist.

The greatest change in Westminster football has come in the number of games we now play, especially school games, of which there were 18 this season, as opposed to nine in 1960-61 and five in 1926-7. The challenge of these games is very great. Twenty-four of them in one term and a half is quite a strain. The Club teams are now better organized, as one can see in the institution of "Arthurian" Old Boys League, are bigger, more

experienced, fitter and more professional, and they are always hard to beat.

Thus, taking all this into consideration, the results this year have been outstanding, comparing favourably with the records of the previous best seasons:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
1928-29	20	12	3	5	27	40
1959-60	23	11	6	6	54	48
1960-61	22	10	6	6	68	38
1969-70	24	11	3	10	46	51

We have won more school matches than ever before, although the fixture list is now much bigger:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
1928-29	5	3	1	1	23	9
1960-61	9	3	2	4	19	18
1969-70	18	7	3	8	34	39

Against club sides, such as the Metropolitan Police, Westminster Hospital and Chelsea Casuals we won four games out of six.

The side contained no outstanding players and the results were achieved more through teamwork and fitness. That this is so can be judged by the fact that with five having left the 1st XI at Christmas we could still win three games and draw one of those played in the Lent Term. The replacements have fitted into the team well, and the prospects are good for next year since most of the team will be staying on.

Good victories were gained over Winchester, 5-1; Highgate, 2-1; and against Repton, 3-0. Against St. Clement Danes, one of the best London Grammar sides, we only lost 2-4, and that was conceded after having led 2-1 until 15 minutes from the end. Another close game was that with Alleyns, one of the strongest H.M.C. schools. We lost 0-2.

It is not only the 1st XI's results which are encouraging. The Colts won seven out of their 14 matches and the Junior Colts have had a phenomenal season, winning 10 out of 13 games and scoring over 100 goals—an average of eight per game.

However, there is little room for complacency. In the 1st XI there were many matches where we clearly played below our capabilities, losing, for example, 0-1 to both Forest and Aldenham in laughable fashion, and giving in to Lancing's physical strength to lose 1-6. One mustn't end on a sour note, since this has been a particularly good year, but there is still a long way to go.

# Water

## John Lever

Probably the less said about last year's crew the better. Although they won the school VIII's at Horseferry they had a very indifferent season.

At the beginning of last Play Term trials for representative crews were held up for a few weeks by the School regatta, which for the first time for many years was eventually won by Busby's because of their strong Junior team.

The Senior section of the Boat Club then raced in sculling boats for about three weeks culminating in the Weybridge and Eton Excelsior Sculler's Heads. In these we won three divisions at restricted and cadet level and Sam Nevin was very unlucky not to win the complete schoolboy division—being beaten by the same person by the narrowest of margins each time.

After Eton Excelsior S. D. Nevin (who was leaving at the end of term) dropped out and the 1st VIII of 1970 took shape. A crew was formed for the Vesta lightweight VIII's which we managed to win by a mere 2 ft. from Imperial College. This was a good start to the season and the crew, coached by Richard Woollett, began serious training which included weight training and running on non-station days. The term ended with a narrow defeat in the final of the Vesta Invitation VIII's to Thames R.C.

This term we are lucky in that Ian Ross accepted an invitation to coach the crew, and we have also managed to pick up Dan Topolski (Head of Water 1963 and an Oxford Blue) who has proved a superb inspiration to the crew. A few changes were made and the crew has recently been having outings on Wednesdays and Fridays in addition to normal station.

On February 14th we went to Gloucester Head of the River Race and won overall. This was an encouragement and the training has now been stepped up further so that we can maintain our record. On February 28th we won the Junior Pennant at the Burway Head. Owing to our success so far there is no lack of keenness in the crew although the A-level cloud is looming over the horizon so that Wednesday stations may soon have to stop. However, at least three wins are expected next term and we have had the best crew for years.

Other Westminster crews have yet to prove themselves except the 1st IV (which consists of reserves for the 1st VIII) which won the School IV's division at Gloucester. The Colts under Revd. David Harding and Mr. Noble have recently had a number of changes following an indifferent performance at Gloucester. The "new look" Colts are certainly an

improvement. The results in the School's Head will be very interesting.

The Junior Section of the Boat Club is now huge, following a vigorous recruiting campaign over the last 18 months. There are 42 people at Junior Colts level who are very efficiently dealt with by Richard Woollett helped by Howard Green. These crews have yet to prove themselves but the "A" crew certainly looks promising.

At Novice level Stanley Woolley is doing a splendid job and there should be some very good Westminster crews in a few years time.

Recently a new boat has been purchased for the use of the Colts. She is appropriately called "John Carleton".

## Squash

Squash is coming up. Sixty people are now rushing down to Dolphin Square on the 24 bus every week and a few others cross over to Thames House to play in the sub-sub-basement underneath the pipes. There are also a number of masters playing occasionally. Mr. Zinn has built up a good station with the help of David Munir and this term has fortunately not been broken into by Athletics.

As yet there is only an Under 16 team; Neville Walton (captain) quietly efficient, Roland Peters, temperamentally brilliant, Adam Harvey, surprisingly effectual, Nicholas Denniston, looking like the future champion and N. G. A. Luard, who is amazingly agile. The team for the first time won a match last term—against Mill Hill, famous for its Squash. Soon there should be a first team.

## Fives

Compared with other seasons the Fives team has done remarkably well over the last two terms. At last everybody was good. The partnership of John Mumford and Simon Commander led the success with nine successive wins. Very disappointing to lose to Charterhouse by only one point after so many years of victory.

Peter Foster and Neil Margerison have entered the Public School's Fives Competition.

**Results:** Played, 16; Won, 8; Lost, 7; Drawn, 1.

# Fencing

With a disappointing showing in the London School-boys' Championships this term, and little to expect from the Public Schools' which come in a week when most Westminster parents seem to be packing their offspring off on holiday, Fencing Station prefers to maintain a discreet silence until such time as the new generation emerges, phoenix-like from the glories of past glories. Particularly so, perhaps, as the principal figures of the balmy years '64-'68 have been making their mark at national level in a big way in the past six months. So this is principally a report of O.W. achievements.

Since going up to Cambridge in October, J. E. Deanfield has had a fantastic year so far, winning the National Junior Sabre, the Under-20 Sabre, the British Universities' Sabre, coming 2nd in the

Under-20 Epee and 4th in the Under-20 Foil; in international competitions, he was 6th in the Nestle Under-20 Sabre. It is therefore fitting that he is in the Olympic training squad which has been recently set up to prepare for the Munich Olympics in 1972. H. T. Tizard captained the Oxford University team which recorded its first victory against Cambridge for a number of years. He too has been in the finals of the Junior, Under-20, and Universities' Sabre. In the Oxford team was P. A. Halban, with Deanfield fighting for the Light Blues. Up at Edinburgh, K. I. M. Wilson is fencing for the university, and is this year's Scottish Junior Foil Champion.

It is most gratifying to see so many O.W. fencers keeping up their fencing after leaving school, as there has been a great tendency for them to fade, leaving it to Brentwood, Merchant Taylors etc. to provide the international teams. **A.W.L.S.**

# A Westminster Antiquary

reviewed by John Carleton

**Recollections of a Westminster Antiquary**, by Lawrence E. Tanner (Baker, 50s.) is the record of a long and full life. Within a few weeks of his birth 80 years ago Mr. Tanner moved from Vincent Square to Grants, where his father had just become house-master and which was to be his home for the next 29 years of his life. At the early age of 10 he was admitted to the school, and after Cambridge and war service he returned to Westminster in 1919 as Master of the History VII. In 1925 he became Keeper of the Abbey Muniments, and in 1932 he retired from the school and was later appointed Librarian of the Abbey. He was also Clerk to the Weavers Company and Secretary of the Royal Almonry.

Mr. Tanner writes with urbanity and kindness, but he has a keen eye for detail and is a close observer of the social scene. The result is a wonderful picture of Westminster—the School, the Abbey, and the precincts—at every period during the present century. The events and persons described cannot fail to evoke memories in Westminsters of every generation.

## Oxbridge Awards 1969.

Barber, S. J. F. Westminster Exhibition  
(Mathematics) Christ Church  
Brindle, M. J. Open Scholarship  
(Classics) New College  
Crawshaw, A. Westminster Scholarship  
(Classics) Christ Church

Forman, C. J. G. Open Exhibition  
(English) St. Catherine's  
College, Oxford  
Hartshorn, N. V. Exhibition (Mathematics)  
King's College, Cambridge  
Henderson, L. D. J. Open Scholarship  
(Classics) Balliol College  
Kemp, C. P. Hinchcliffe Exhibition  
(History) Christ Church  
Mitchell, N. H. G. Open Scholarship  
(Mathematics) and  
Westminster Exhibition  
Trinity College, Cambridge  
Nevin, S. D. Westminster Exhibition  
(Science) Christ Church  
Orbach, J. G. M. Open Demyship  
(History) Magdalen College  
Pitblado, A. B. Westminster Scholarship  
(English) Christ Church  
Smedley, J. R. Open Scholarship  
(Classics) Pembroke  
College, Cambridge  
Vernon, J. G. Open Scholarship  
(Mathematics) Churchill College  
Walker, A. G. Open Scholarship  
(Classics) and  
Westminster Exhibition  
Trinity College, Cambridge  
Young, C. H. S. Open Exhibition  
(Classics) Magdalen College, Oxford

Last year Westminster had 28 awards at Oxbridge.

# The Elizabethan Club

## Annual Dinner

Members are asked to note that the Annual Dinner of the Club will be held on Tuesday, October 20th, 1970, at the Army and Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, S.W.1. Full details will appear in the July issue of *The Elizabethan*.

## Arthur Dunn Cup Committee

W. M. Atwood has retired from the Committee after over 20 years' service as a member and has been elected a Vice-President.

## Membership

The following new members have been elected :

A	1965-69	<b>Beacham, Jeremy Lance</b> 83, Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey.
L	1965-69	<b>Brindle, Michael John</b> Northleigh, Westbury Road, Bromley, Kent.
W	1966-69	<b>Campion, Anthony Rowland</b> 61 Wimpole Street, W.1.
R	1965-69	<b>Carr, Richard Philip</b> 34, Hillgate Place, W.8.
L	1966-69	<b>Catto, The Hon. Alexander Gordon</b> 41, William Mews, Lowndes Square, S.W.1.
A	1966-69	<b>Cheng, Theodore Yao-Yuan</b> 8A, Brunner Close, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11.
A	1965-69	<b>Clarke, Arthur Christopher Fison</b> Little Mead, Dartford Road, Farningham, Kent.
L	1965-69	<b>Colvin, Mark Ragnar Manifold</b> The Old Parsonage, Pamber Heath, Basingstoke, Hants.
G	1964-69	<b>Dickson, Nigel Patrick</b> Downe House, 116, Richmond Hill, Richmond, Surrey.
L	1966-69	<b>Diggines, Stephen Christopher</b> 8, The Hamlet, Champion Hill, S.E.5.
R	1965-69	<b>Douglas, John Robert</b> 29, Cadogan Square, S.W.1.
L	1966-69	<b>Douglas, Michael John</b> 1, Oldfield Close, Bickley, Kent.
B	1965-69	<b>Dowding, Jonathan Alan Somerville</b> Wye House, Ashford-in-the-Water, Bakewell, Derbyshire.
R	1965-69	<b>Ellis, Timothy Stuart</b> 4, Ladbroke Road, W.11.
G	1966-69	<b>Fforde, Adam Jerome</b> 21, Hollycroft Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.
R	1966-69	<b>Fitzgerald, Charles Leslie</b> 14, Rutland House, Marloes Road, W.8.
B	1965-69	<b>Floyd, Christopher David</b> 14, Highgate Close, Hampstead Lane, N.6.
G	1965-69	<b>Forman, Charles James Gordon</b> Little Garnetts, Dunmow, Essex.
B	1966-69	<b>Green, David Mino Allen</b> 55, Gerard Road, Barnes, S.W.13.
C	1965-69	<b>Henderson, Launcelot Dinadan James</b> 16, Pelham Street, S.W.7.

L	1965-69	<b>Hurn, Adam Peter</b> The Quail Farm, Hempstead, Saffron Walden, Essex.
C	1965-69	<b>John, Nicholas Andrew</b> Littleham, St. Mary's Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.
W	1965-69	<b>Johnston, Alexander David</b> 18, Mallard Street, S.W.3.
G	1966-69	<b>Kemp, Charles Patrick</b> Lockey House, Langford, near Lechlade, Glos.
W	1966-69	<b>Knowles, Thomas James Metcalfe</b> 9, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3.
L	1965-69	<b>Madge, Robert Hylton</b> Parsonage Farm, Rickmansworth, Herts.
B	1965-69	<b>Miller, Andrew Blair</b> 30, Devonshire Place, W.1.
W	1965-69	<b>Mitchell, Nicholas Hugh Gay</b> 26, Redington Gardens, N.W.3.
A	1965-69	<b>Murray, William James Greig</b> Six Pillars, Crescent Wood Road, S.E.26.
G	1964-69	<b>Nevin, Samuel David</b> 17, Malmaison Way, Beckenham, Kent.
C	1966-69	<b>Orbach, Julian George Michael</b> Small's Farm, Horsmonden, Kent.
W	1965-69	<b>Packshaw, Charles Max</b> 98, Rivermead Court, S.W.6.
G	1966-69	<b>Parry-Crooke, John Paul</b> Corner Cottage, Peldon, near Colchester, Essex.
A	1965-69	<b>Pitblado, Alastair Bruce</b> 23, Cadogan Street, S.W.3.
W	1966-69	<b>Poliakoff, Stephen</b> 13, Addison Road, W.14.
C	1965-69	<b>Prentice, Iain Colin</b> Rugby House, Church Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.
C	1966-69	<b>Radice, John De Lisle</b> 65, Cholmeley Crescent, N.6.
G	1966-69	<b>Ravenscroft, Timothy Stephen</b> 12, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8.
L	1965-69	<b>Ross, Alistair Charles</b> Orchard House, Downside, Epsom, Surrey.
G	1965-69	<b>Royce, George David</b> 5, Sprimont Place, S.W.3.
R	1965-69	<b>Russell, Andrew Charles Finch</b> The Grange, East Hanney, near Wantage, Berks.
W	1966-69	<b>Samuel, Zachary Edmund Frewin</b> 99, Southwood Lane, N.6.
L	1969-69	<b>Sebastian, Timothy Nicholas Andrew</b> 31, Briardale Gardens, N.W.3.
A	1965-69	<b>Skelton, John Martin</b> 178, Charlton Road, S.E.7.
C	1965-69	<b>Smedley, John Ralph</b> Sherwood, Oak End Way, Woodham, Weybridge, Surrey.
L	1965-69	<b>Thomas, Julian Harry Penrose</b> Hillcote, Terry's Lane, Cookham, Berks.
B	1966-69	<b>Vernon, John Gervase Boleslaw</b> 214, Avenue Louise, Brussels 5, Belgium.
G	1965-69	<b>Walker, Andrew Greenfield</b> West Callerton, Runnymede Road, Ponteland, Northumberland

- G 1966-69 **Wilkinson, Charles Rupert Alexander**  
Houghton House, near Arundel, Sussex.
- W 1965-69 **Wright, Richard Charles**  
115, Whitton Road, Hounslow,  
Middlesex.
- R 1965-69 **Young, Christopher Hugh Sproule**  
c/o A. L. B. Sproule, Esq., 30, The Close  
Frinton-on-Sea, Essex.

- Cardale**—On Dec. 30th, 1969, Hugh Rashleigh Cardale (1915-17, G.), aged 69.
- London**—On Jan. 27th, 1970, Louis Selim London (1919-23, G.), aged 64.
- Bradley**—On Jan. 27th, 1970, Dennis Anthony Bradley (1919-19, A.), aged 63.
- Evans**—On Jan. 16th, 1970, Dr. David Gareth Evans (1919-24, H.), aged 63.

## Old Westminsterers

**Professor Keppel Archibald Cameron Cresswell**, knighted at the age of 90 for services to archaeology in the Middle East. Even *The Times* commented on such an unusual honour for a man of Professors Cresswell's age.

**Professor William Rede Hawthorne** knighted for services to thermodynamics. He has also been appointed a vice-president of the Royal Society.

**Mr. Ralph Pride-Wilson** has been appointed a deputy keeper in the department of oriental antiquities.

**L. J. Hermann** has had a second son, Jeremy Francis, born October 7th, 1969.

## Deaths

**Watson**—On June 11th, 1969, Eric Edward Constable Watson (1904-09, H.), aged 77.

**Nitch**—On Sept. 17th, 1969, Cyril Alfred Rankin Nitch (1892-93, A.), aged 93.

**Stuttaford**—On Sept. 13th, 1969, Anthony Stuttaford (1933-36, A.), aged 50.

**Phillimore**—On Sept. 19th, 1969, Henry Augustus Grenville Phillimore (1907-13, C.), aged 75.

**Seton-Anderson**—On Sept. 21st, 1969, Lt.-Col. William Seton Anderson (1912-14, R.), aged 71.

**Dyson**—On Sept. 24th, 1969, Frank Palimon Dyson (1914-18, C.), aged 68.

**Gibbs-Smith**—On Sept. 26th, 1969, The Very Rev. Oswin Harvard Gibbs-Smith (1916-19, H.), aged 67.

**Mann**—On Sept. 25th, 1969, John Robert Bagshaw Mann (1917-19, A.), aged 66.

**Maxwell**—On Oct. 21st, 1969, Luke Finlay Maxwell (1928-30, H.), aged 55.

**Vigor**—On Oct. 20th, 1969, Sydney Hart Vigor (1903-4, H.), aged 82.

**Freeston**—On Nov. 2nd, 1969, Bernard Dunkerley Freeston (1909-13, R.), aged 74.

**Mathews**—On Oct. 22nd, 1969, Gilbert Matthews, C.V.O.; C.B.E.; (1902-7, R.), aged 78.

**Pemberton**—On Oct. 23rd, 1969, Max Joseph Pemberton (1899-1903, G.), aged 84.

**Peter**—On Nov. 4th, 1969, Richard John Vivian Peter (1937-41, B.), aged 46.

**Wylie**—On Nov. 12th, 1969, Rev. William Percy Wylie (1912-15, H.), aged 71.

**Hartley**—On Nov. 17th, 1969, William Lister Hartley (1918-22, G.), aged 65.

**Alers-Hankey**—On Nov. 14th, 1969, Richard Lyons Alers-Hankey (1920-21, R.), aged 63.

**Potter**—On Dec. 2nd, 1969, Stephen Meredith Potter (1913-18, A.), aged 69.

**Walters**—On Dec. 6th, 1969, Hubert Algernon Walters (1912-13, G.), aged 71.

**Bonhote**—On Jan. 10th, 1970, Thomas Edward Bonhote, a modern Languages master 1921-45, and Ashburnham Housemaster, 1932-39.

## Obituary

**Mr. Stephen Potter**, who died on December 2nd, 1969, is one of that select company who have contributed not one, but several new words to the English language. Though internationally known through writing, broadcasting and films, as the originator of an entire comic philosophy, variously entitled Lifemanship, Gamesmanship, Oneupmanship and Supermanship, his reputation as a scholar and as a stimulating acquaintance perhaps stands higher among those who knew him personally. His work on Coleridge and Lawrence, his sane and enlightened attack upon academic criticism (*The Muse in Chains*) and above all his ready wit and agreeable company will long be remembered with admiration and affection.

**The Very Rev. O. H. Gibbs-Smith** (H.B. 1916-19) who retired as Dean of Winchester in July 1969, died on Sept. 26th, 1969. Ordained in 1924, he was successively curate at Harrow, assistant master at Harrow School, curate at Ilkley, vicar of Mill Hill and St. John's Wood before his appointment as Archdeacon of London in 1947. He was very largely responsible for the reconstruction of the City churches after the war, and for their conversion from parish into Guild churches. His organising genius and his energy resulted in a large-scale material and spiritual rehabilitation of the Diocese of London in the post-war years. He brought the same qualities to bear upon his work at Winchester from 1961 to 1969.

## Old Rigaudite Dinner

A Dinner was held up House on Tuesday, February 17th, 1970. "Floreat" was proposed by Mr. J. L. C. Dribbell and the Housemaster responded. The following attended:

K. G. Allison; R. A. H. Arnold; T. J. E. Barlow; P. S. Bennett; A. J. Bonar; C. G. C. Brousson; R. G. Cardew; H. K. S. Clark; R. A. Colvile; W. R. F. Coutts Donald; J. L. C. Dribbell; A. H. Fewell; R. France; G. Francis; J. R. W. Gandy; T. C. N. Gibbins; F. Halliburton Smith; G. B. Hollings; E. D. Jefferiss Mathews; P. E. Lazarus; H. J. M. Lindsay; S. McCallum; C. F. C. Martin; A. H. W. Matcham; R. P. G. Meyer; C. A. Murray; J. Naylor-Smith; B. J. Newman; G. H. Oxley; R. J. Penney; D. H. Perkins; S. R. M. Price; G. C. Richardson-Bryant; F. A. G. Rider; M. A. T. Rogers; S. N. Rosin; H. R. L. Samuel; J. B. Stocker; H. P. Straker; J. W. Triggs; N. Wallis; G. S. Warburg; R. R. Watkin; D. J. A. Williams; J. B. Williamson; P. B. Williamson; P. C. F. Wingate; J. T. Woodgate.

A. F. Marreco and M. Downes were unavoidably prevented from attending at the last moment. Great interest was shown in the possibility of organizing regular dinners—not necessarily to be held annually, and of the formation of an Old Rigaudite Club to arrange the dinner and other social engagements. If there are any other Old Rigaudites interested in such a scheme, will they write to the Housemaster, 29, Great College Street, S.W.1, expressing their views.



*a date for your diary!*

THE  
**WESTMINSTER  
BALL**

will be again held at

**HURLINGHAM**

LONDON S.W.6.

on

**FRIDAY JUNE 19, 1970**

from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.



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and his Orchestra

**TROPIC ISLES**  
Steel Band



Full information, ticket application forms etc. will be sent out to O.W.W. within the next few weeks. In the meantime any enquiries should be addressed to:

FRANK B. HOOPER, 12/18 PAUL STREET, LONDON E.C.2

# PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE ELECTION TERM 1970

Old Westminsters and friends of the school will be most welcome at any of the following events. Applications for tickets should be addressed to the Latin Play Business Manager, the Concert Secretary, and the Anthology Business Manager respectively, all at 17, Dean's Yard.

## **The Latin Play 'The Captivi' by Plautus**

**Friday 29th May**  
**Saturday 30th May**  
**Monday 1st June**  
**Tuesday 2nd June**

## **The Concert (in the Abbey)**

**Wednesday 3rd June**

## **'Gloves for Mr. Busby'**

An anthology in words and music compiled from the School's archives. To be performed (weather permitting) in Ashburnham Garden.

**Monday 22nd June**  
**Tuesday 23rd June**  
**Wednesday 24th June**

Old Westminsters and friends are also invited to attend the Election Service at the end of term, at 11.30 a.m. on Friday 10th July, at which the preacher will be the Dean of Westminster. Tickets are not required for this service.

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