# The Elizabethan

*Vol. xxxii No 6, Issue No 688, Jan 1978*


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# The Elizabethan *January 1978*

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## *Community Service at Westminster*

It is widely acknowledged that more young people are more involved in more responsible ways with more aspects of their environment and community than ever before. Countless volunteers give their time, skills and energy every day for the well being of others. Is this 'do-goodery'? I doubt it. There is genuine pleasure here and a recognition that both sides gain. Voluntary service performed in a spirit of condescension is doomed, and rightly so.

Does Westminster play its role in this pattern? Yes and no. No, in that the walls of the ivory tower are thick, few pupils live within walking distance of the school, we all vanish in the holidays and can therefore hardly *belong* to the local community. Yes, in that over 50 senior boys and girls have, for three years, spent one afternoon a week in a variety of voluntary service outlets. This year we are involved in two hospitals, three primary schools, two schools for mentally handicapped and spastic children, a pensioners' food cooperative, a home for destitute women, the Pimlico Neighbourhood Aid Centre and the Portobello Project. There is also a street drama group which performs in schools in and around Westminster.

In general terms, there are three kinds of work involved here. There is the chance to share the predominantly physical life of young children, playing, fighting, reading with them or taking them round London. One child had no idea there was a river three blocks from his home until shown it. Then there are one-off jobs; window-cleaning or shopping for old people, changing curtains in hospital wards, working on an insulation campaign for pensioners, producing a weekly shopping guide for OAPs. Finally, there are long-term projects, conducted under the auspices of PNAC and the Portobello Project, which have included a study of facilities in Pimlico for those released from hospital, mental hospital or prison; a study of brewers' and publicans' application of the law with regard to under-age drinking; an analysis of agencies offering counselling services to young people and a similar analysis of those offering sexual counselling.

The range of interests and skills that can be accommodated in the Local Community Unit is extensive but in practice, everything depends on the initiative and interest of the individual volunteer. When it works, teachers and social workers have been known to swoon with delight. When it does not, a transfer to a more structured option is usually the answer.

The inclusion of voluntary service in the timetable, blocked against some twenty other options, was a pretty radical step. The advantages are obvious, but the limitation on time is a source of serious inhibition in trying to widen the range of outlets available and intensifying the level of commitment. Moreover, the development of the L.C.U. has coincided with, and may be partly responsible for a drift away from Task Force. Again, two schemes to involve Sixth formers with local youth groups of an evening have foundered, as has another to help out in a hostel for single homeless men. Clearly everyone's free time is finite, but is there a feeling that two hours a week is the limit? How deep does the idea of service to others really go? Does the convenience of the Wednesday afternoon spot encourage a complacent and possibly inaccurate view that voluntary service flourishes here? After all, few people sign up for C.S.V. or other residential service organisations between school and university, though those who have done so, whether in the U.K. or in Africa, have usually recognised the experience as being of central importance to their development. For many Westminsters such openings are the only escape from some of the restrictive factors inherent in privilege.

A different aspect of service is fund raising. In the last five years I estimate that well over £3,000 have been raised. Beneficiaries have included Waterford School in Swaziland, the Budiriro Trust for scholarships for Rhodesian Africans, SWAPO, and three local charities. The money has been raised by three sponsored walks, an auction and last year's Mediaeval Fair in which a hundred pupils took part and which impressed *The Times*, the *Evening News* and Radio London more than it did *The Elizabethan*. Yet the initiative for all these activities came from the Common Room, not the pupils. This highlights for me a weakness in the system. Surely the definitive proof that service to others fulfills a need for pupils is when such service is self-generated. Despite the often humbling success with which many boys and girls from Westminster exercise care, concern, affection, enthusiasm for those with whom they spend L.C.U. afternoons, I suppose a nagging doubt about the success of the venture will remain until one knows that, if the opportunity did not already exist for service, they would create it.

But the optimism and sheer good sense of the bulk of volunteers should wind up this account. One of the twenty contributors to last year's L.C.U. broadsheet ended his views on his work in a local primary school thus:
'It should be a pleasure that you look forward to each week, and only if it is can it be worthwhile.'

Christopher Martin

# P.H.A.B.


'P.H.A.B.' means 'Physically-Handicapped and Able-Bodied'. In July at Westminster, for a week, P.H.A.B. meant an intense experience of sharing work and play for a group of 42 young people, 20 of whom were physically-handicapped in varying degree: spina-bifida, cerebral palsy, Friedrich's Ataxia, general paraplegia.

There were those who moved on wheels, and there were those who walked; there were those who were largely dependent on others, and there were those who were independent; some could talk, too much even, and some needed to use sign language, but all involved themselves in music, or drama or art, went swimming or horse-riding, toured the Abbey and the Palace of Westminster, went to Greenwich, the theatre and danced into the small hours at the Disco up School.

All laughed, some cried a little: the differences between the physically-handicapped and able-bodied were more apparent than real. Perhaps that was the greatest lesson learned during the week.

W.J.B.

*The following articles were written by both physically-handicapped—Dorcas Munday, who has to type using a stick in her mouth—and able-bodied—Mark Gibbon, Daniel Newman and Keith Weaver.*

The course was held in the second week of the summer holidays and organised by the Reverend Willie Booth who organised similar events at Cranleigh in previous years. We lived for the week in College, as this seemed to solve most (although by no means all!) of the problems posed by the question of mobility and manœuverability. Breakfast and supper were taken in College Hall. There we were indebted to Chef, Becky, Zilla, Miss Roberts and the other kitchen staff who saw to it that our meals were varied and enjoyable, as well as providing support on our many expeditions. On these trips we took packed lunches and ventured as far afield as Greenwich, where we visited the Museum and Observatory, and Thames Ditton where some were able to go horse-riding. It is a mark of the success of the week that we were able to achieve so much in so little time and provide something of interest for everyone. We went to the National Gallery, the Commonwealth Institute, the Houses of Parliament, Dolphin Square for swimming and visited the Abbey, the Zoo, and the Open Air Theatre in Regents Park and still managed to find time for two discos, an excellent slide show given by John Ogden and a film, 'Murder on the Orient Express', which was very kindly introduced by the producer himself, Richard Goodwin.

In the evenings after supper we split into study groups—Art, Music and Drama which were taken by Messrs. Clarke, Baird and Field, respectively. In those we experimented and tried to explore in particular how relationships amongst the participants had progressed since the first day. We rounded off the course with an entertainment, which was the culmination both of the study groups and the course as a whole, which was enjoyed immensely by performers and audience alike.

Westminster with its resources of people, space, and equipment, and being, as it is, in the centre of London, has unique opportunities for work of this kind, and although L.C.U. and Task Force do their best, hardly any of these resources are properly exploited. Westminster, to put it bluntly, has no social conscience. It is too fashionable to preach about Westminster apathy, but there is in fact so much that could be done and so little that is. The P.H.A.B. course was something new, and all those who were associated with it will vouch that it was well worthwhile. It must not be allowed to be the last of its kind here.

Mark Gibbon
Daniel Newman

At times it is difficult to come to terms with others. Sometimes similar background and experiences help to achieve this. As a result when these factors differ because one person is able-bodied and the other is physically handicapped, many people believe that the establishment of any mutually enjoyable relationship is impossible. The P.H.A.B. course hoped to prove this theory wrong.

Suddenly being confronted with a group of handicapped people is a remarkable experience. Initially there is shock. In the streets one tends to avoid contact with the handicapped, either looking away pretending they are not really there, staring at them as if they are some kind of freak, or feeling sympathetic without wishing to get involved. I say this both from personal experience and observing the reactions of the general public when the course participants travelled. The realization that one is going to be obliged to make very close contact with this group is rather frightening, but the discovery that just like the able-bodied they can be humorous, considerate, grumpy and offensive is rather reassuring because it shatters the illusion that all the handicapped are characterless vegetables.

People seem to revolt at the thought of having to help the handicapped eat, travel, go to the loo and wash. Most would not however hesitate to help their family or friends perform these tasks if the need arose. The only difference between the two is personal embarrassment.

The P.H.A.B. course depended on co-

operation, and not only was a mental adjustment required—to realise the needs of the handicapped—but also an adjustment to the physical strain of lifting bulky wheelchairs up and down the steps which lead to the dormitories and studies of College, and the steps which you do not realise exist all over London. Anyone who thinks himself a good driver should attempt to negotiate Oxford Street pushing a wheelchair. Some quite remarkable physical feats were achieved by good organisation and co-operation. The course was not a continuous journey around London however. Music, Drama and Art courses all took place for several hours on most days. It was moreover hoped that the P.H.A.B. course would do more than show people London and let them paint pictures and hit musical instruments.

On the first evening I helped to collect a boy from Victoria Station. He was shy and refused to talk. By the end of the course he was an offensive wise-guy. What more need be said.

Keith Weaver

I was very thrilled that at last P.H.A.B. was to have a course in London. This meant adventure! in seeing some of the places which are not possible without the lifting power of four strong people, but which do become possible with P.H.A.B. 'P.H.A.B.' is 'Physically-Handicapped and Able-Bodied' working and being social together.

We visited many of the sights of London. We were the handicapped helped by the able friends up many stairs including those at the School! Yet, despite this our able friends coped so well. All enjoyed the course, which was not just for us, but for everyone. We were looked after so well, you see a P.H.A.B. course is built on understanding, accepting and giving and receiving.

I have been on twenty P.H.A.B. Courses and I think that the course at Westminster School was tip-top. The helpers, who became our friends, were some of the best for accepting us as people, whatever our handicap. The Tutors were very good. The outings about London to the Tate Gallery and Greenwich; the visit to Westminster Palace, and Westminster Abbey; my first dose of William Shakespeare, at the Regents Park outdoor theatre was most enjoyable. The film and visual aid evenings were also very interesting. Indeed the Art, Drama, and Music groups all produced something, and we learned a great deal from the Tutors.

I still, however, come back to people rather than places, because it is all the people, both P.H. and A.B., who make the courses work or not, and the ones at the Westminster course made it for many one of the most memorable courses.

Dorcas Munday

# The Sinking of No. 17 Deans Yard

During the summer of 1977 a number of small fissures appeared in the walls of no. 17 Deans Yard which, in conjunction with the noticeable slope of the flooring and the existence of older cracks, prompted the school to call in a firm to take a look at the building. The walls, foundations, and soil were examined and the report that was produced indicated that the 150 year-old house was in very poor condition.

The walls showed a number of small cracks of varying age, while the west wall (facing Deans Yard) had a lean inwards from the vertical of up to nine inches. A section of the foundations was exposed and found to be cracked, both in the stone foundation and in the brick footing. The soil survey explained these various flaws in terms of settling and subsidence of the underlying strata. The foundations were on a layer of 'made earth' stones and scraps put in during the construction, beneath this was soft clay followed by gravel. The earliest cracks and distortions were probably caused by settling of the made ground and previous attempts to shore up the building provided only partial support so that some areas were held up while others continued to sink. This caused twisting and skewing of the whole building and the western wall effectively unsupported by its foundations was held up 'like curtains' supported only by Busby's on one side and Liddells on the other. Measurement of the stress being exerted on the soil showed that it approached and in some places exceeded the theoretical maximum loading that the clay would take. This does not present any danger of collapse, but it does mean that every time the loading is momentarily increased for instance by the vibrations from a passing lorry, the clay will flow slightly causing further subsidence. The conclusion of the report was that although no. 17 presents no immedate hazard, action will have to be taken within six months since 'the general condition of the building will now continue to deteriorate with little or no margin of safety in the bearing capacity of the soil and its worsening condition will be accelerated by its main walls being out of plumb.'

The suggested remedy is to prevent any further settling by connecting the foundations to lower more stable layers with underpinning, to straighten out the front and back walls with concrete reinforced by a lattice of metal pins, and to strengthen the whole building from inside. A more dramatic costly, and final alternative is to rip out the entire back of the building and reconstruct it retaining only the present frontage. Whatever the decision it must not be long before no. 17 is evacuated and the inevitably long and costly repairs begin.

Adam Mclean

# A Letter

Sir,
Your editorial in the July 1977 number (Vol. xxxii, p. 175) describes the alienation of young people from the present-day political scene, and finds that this also includes the young people at Westminster School. The factors involved in this situation are likely to be many and complex; but the obvious is often overlooked and we sometimes fail to see things of which we wish to remain in ignorance.

In Britain and in Europe political life seems to be dominated by a striking demoralization and cynicism, characterized by expediency, double-talk and money-seeking. Unemployment, poverty and homelessness persist in Britain alongside Concorde, Tornado and Polaris. Fat, overfed Europe, with its millions of unemployed people and under-privileged immigrant workers, stockpiles food and wine and milk. It does this in a world, two-thirds of the population of which are the victims of starvation, disease and oppression.

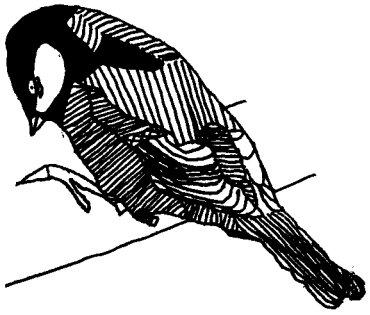
A divided, 'de-imperialised' Britain, railroaded into the EEC after years of expensive brainwashing, can only pin its hopes on foreign loans and the hoped-for income from the exploitation of North Sea oil. No wonder, then, that people of all ages turn from public affairs in disgust and boredom.

There is no shortage of clever men in public life today. The ingenuity and deviousness of their scheming and solution seeking are amazing. But such activities only add further complexity and confusion, and serve to mask the moral infirmity of a community which cannot find among its divided sections the common ground and the will to make significant changes.

These changes entail the transformation of our society into a sane, peaceful and just community, one which can play its part with men and women all over the world working for the survival of human life on the planet Earth.

W. Allchin

*(Dr. W. Allchin is prospective Labour Party Candidate for Andover and Winchester)*



# A Reply

Perhaps my article in the July issue of this magazine (entitled 'L'Etat, ce n'est pas nous') might have been rather abstruse but the prospectively honourable member for Winchester and Andover seems to have interpreted it in his own way with a remarkable perversity, in order to suit his own similar views.

He seems to have understood the basic symptoms ('a striking demoralisation and cynicism') but would have us believe that this is manifested by 'expediency' but what else are politicians supposed to do? As a result any party voted into office during this and the next few sessions is bound to spend its time in the House debating ostensibly useless stop-gaps such as Devolution or the Bi-Cameral issue while outside the House the economy is directed in collusion with the Unions and the IMF (which is where the real power lies). For the Government's 'expedient' duty is to get the economy back on its feet before Britannia sinks into the waves forever.

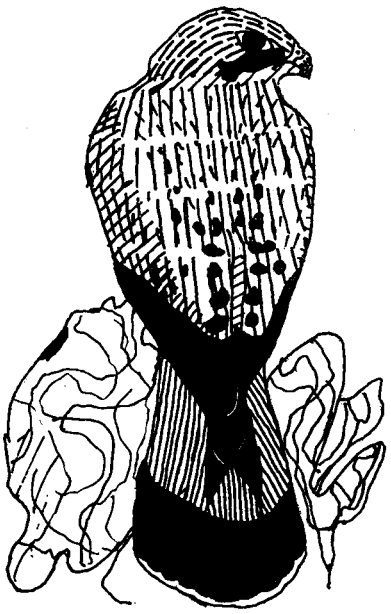
We are also led to believe that it is characterised by 'double-talk' and I feel I should put it to my critic: since when has politics been anything but such? The only possible exception to this rule occurs when the governing body is responsible to none but itself and hence need not pander to an electorate/mob.

The third characteristic is 'money-seeking' and, having been deserted here by my friend and companion the OED, I can only presume that Dr. Allchin has simply, succinctly summed up the basic principles of Capitalist Free Enterprise and Union militants alike under both of which we supposedly operate.

My critic, however, is right on the next point: three of the blights from which we suffer at present. They are inescapable in any society and although we do not ignore them, we have by no means eradicated them. But to compare these with another (almost Holy) triumvirate of Concorde, Tornado and Polaris shows a naïveté (or wilful distortion of the truth?) second to none: these three are but a drop in the ocean compared to the millions ploughed into nationalized industries which in return repeatedly come up with balance sheets in the red (sic), and yet all Labour Party Conferences endorse the continuation of this programme by a vast (and proportionately wrong) majority.

Moreover Europe may be overfed and it is correct to say that there are 'millions' of unemployed—but at least Britain tries to cut down this figure by employing quite a number on useless projects such as, say, Concorde, or perhaps Tornado, or even maybe Polaris.

Furthermore I find it stunning that my learned colleague can see De Gaulle's veto on our entry into the EEC as 'expensive brainwashing'—but no doubt we were finally railroaded in by allowing the country to decide for itself in a referendum: it just goes to show you can't trust the proles to get it right when you need them to. Moreover it is inevitable that we have to pin our hopes on the IMF, since the last fifteen years of pandering to the electorate (five years of Conservatives, as against ten of Labour) have



left the country penniless. But at last we have a chance to make some easy money for ourselves from North Sea oil—although I fail to see who is being exploited apart from the odd plaice, halibut or mis-placed Dover Sole. Do not forget, Dr Allchin, that this is a *United* Kingdom and most of us want it to stay that way.

Having abandoned '*money*-seeking' we now find that our politicians are *solution*-seeking; but is this not what they are supposed to look for when faced with a governmental problem for which, after all, they were voted into office?

Moreover I cannot see how complexity and confusion would help to mask moral infirmity; if anything it would just reveal it all the more. Anyhow I have yet to find any moral infirmity here: in fact we seem to be too concerned by our moral health—involved in constant lobbying on the subjects of rape, abortion or divorce laws. I suspect however that my critic is in fact referring to a political infirmity which manifests itself in free democratic franchise for all, for all beliefs, instead of an electorate which is forced to vote for one and the same (would it be Marxist, Dr. Allchin?) totalitarian party which forces all previously freely-thinking and freely-choosing citizens to choose them so that they can make their chosen changes—for better or for worse.

If this sort of change were to come about here, when a government need no longer listen to its subjects, our society would certainly become 'sane' for the

simple reason that all dissidents would be cured in the State's happy Psychiatric Homes; it would be 'peaceful'—after all it is surprising how tanks in the streets can turn people into pacifists, just as the peace-loving, happy Hungarians found out in 1956; it would be 'just' because the Judiciary would inevitably become subordinate to the Government.

But surely the fact is that any political system can play its part in worldwide 'human survival' or not as the case may be: but I fail to see how a predominance of political bickering, in-fighting and time-proven deception can have any bearing on this. For, when it comes to the survival of 'Planet Earth', one enters the field of statesmanship, about which I have no complaints: for, by definition, it transcends the pettiness of national politics.

So I shall reiterate my point from the last issue to sum up and correct any other persons who may have misinterpreted what I thought to be rather a simple thesis, I quote: 'the intellectual élite is no longer the political élite or even, at present, seeks to attain such a position' because 'British Party Politics and government have been emasculated' and 'the educational establishments are no longer pointing their alumni towards politics'. The latter point is not here being contested, but the former is tshown more and more every day to be rue and all that Dr. Allchin has tried to prove only re-inforces this point. For, if all he states were as apparent to everyone as it is to himself, there would be few grounds for genuine apathy, as all the injustices would easily provoke enough interest. As it is, these injustices, notable only for their complete absence, provoke only apathy amongst those who claim to be our 'intellectual élite'.

Jonathan Myerson

# *Born to be Buried*

The attempt to give Westminster a second magazine was an unqualified and pathetic failure; I can risk saying this so soon after the eighth and last issue of the *Hatchet*, because the blame lay not with particular individuals but with the school as a whole.

*The Elizabethan* was a traditional magazine intended primarily as an advertisement for the school, hence the care taken over presentation, and as a link with Old Westminsters. That members of the school outside the editorial staff made little effort to provide journalistic or creative writing was therefore forgiveable. *The Elizabethan* appeared only bi-annually and was thus unable to react to fluctuations in school life as they happened. An 'organ of the sledge-hammer critics' and 'nose to sniff out corruption' was needed, as A. Boulton put it, either to discover the Westminster character or to establish it. Even if such a paper should reflect only our supposed cynicism and apathy, at least it would have some value as a stimulator of self-awareness and interest (or disinterest) in the school community as a whole. What nobody realised was that the apathy that the *Hatchet* reflected was to take the form of unwillingness to write for it and an unwillingness to persuade anyone else to write for it.

This lack of productivity was soon apparent in the subject matter of the early issues. There was plenty of material for issue one, but much of it had been written rapidly with little care and had to be rejected. There was one good central article, forming the nucleus of a large quantity of reading matter in the centre of the magazine, but few people took the trouble to read it, and those who did were not provoked to comment or react. Perhaps the articles were too stereotyped and uninteresting. The case for the abolition of Saturday school was stated, but everyone knew the arguments already, agreed with them and had no intention of acting on them. More popular were the 'fag-ends', witty (or original?) pieces of gossip which promised many future moments of entertainment during under-the-desk respites from maths lessons. The passive fans of the gossip columns were to find satisfaction in the second issue, to which the school in general contributed not one jot. There was a second Adam Boulton article, and the rest of the issue was written almost exclusively, I am ashamed to admit it, by me. There were reporters, science editors, features editors, columnists and general hangers-on, but none of them found the inspiration to write during the fortnight between the first two issues. There were no letters, the advertisements were all faked and the total substance of the paper was glaringly thin.

Yet issue two was received enthusiastically by many members of the school. Much of it was funny, some was daring, some was so subtly and ironically offensive that it passed for wit. Those who had ignored the articles of issue one found issue two perfect. The concensus of opinion in the common room did not agree with them. It had anticipated a literary magazine, with reviews, news, creative writing and the gentle satire that used to be the speciality of the numerous secondary Westminster magazines. Disappointed in this respect and in some cases indignant at the personal references of the second issue, some masters complained bitterly to the master in charge, Mr. Stuart.

The *Hatchet* had been his inspiration. He saw a magazine written and controlled entirely by boys. It was to appear at regular intervals, bringing major issues to light and providing a forum for the ideas of all members of the school. He therefore called a meeting for anyone interested in such a paper: it was announced in Abbey. About a dozen people turned up, but only one of these was from the lower school. Rupert Green had two free post-Oxbridge terms ahead of him, so he became editor. Other appointments were made, but few of them stuck. There were no 'features' as such until the article on school uniforms in the third issue, there were never any science reports, no entries in the official diarist's diary that term and absolutely no initial response from the duly appointed news staff. There were plenty of ideas for interviews, special reports, a box for anonymous articles and all kinds of news and information, but something in the Westminster mentality kept all the plans firmly tied to the ground.

The second issue represented a kind of crisis. It was hard enough to find material to fill it, but when it was sub-

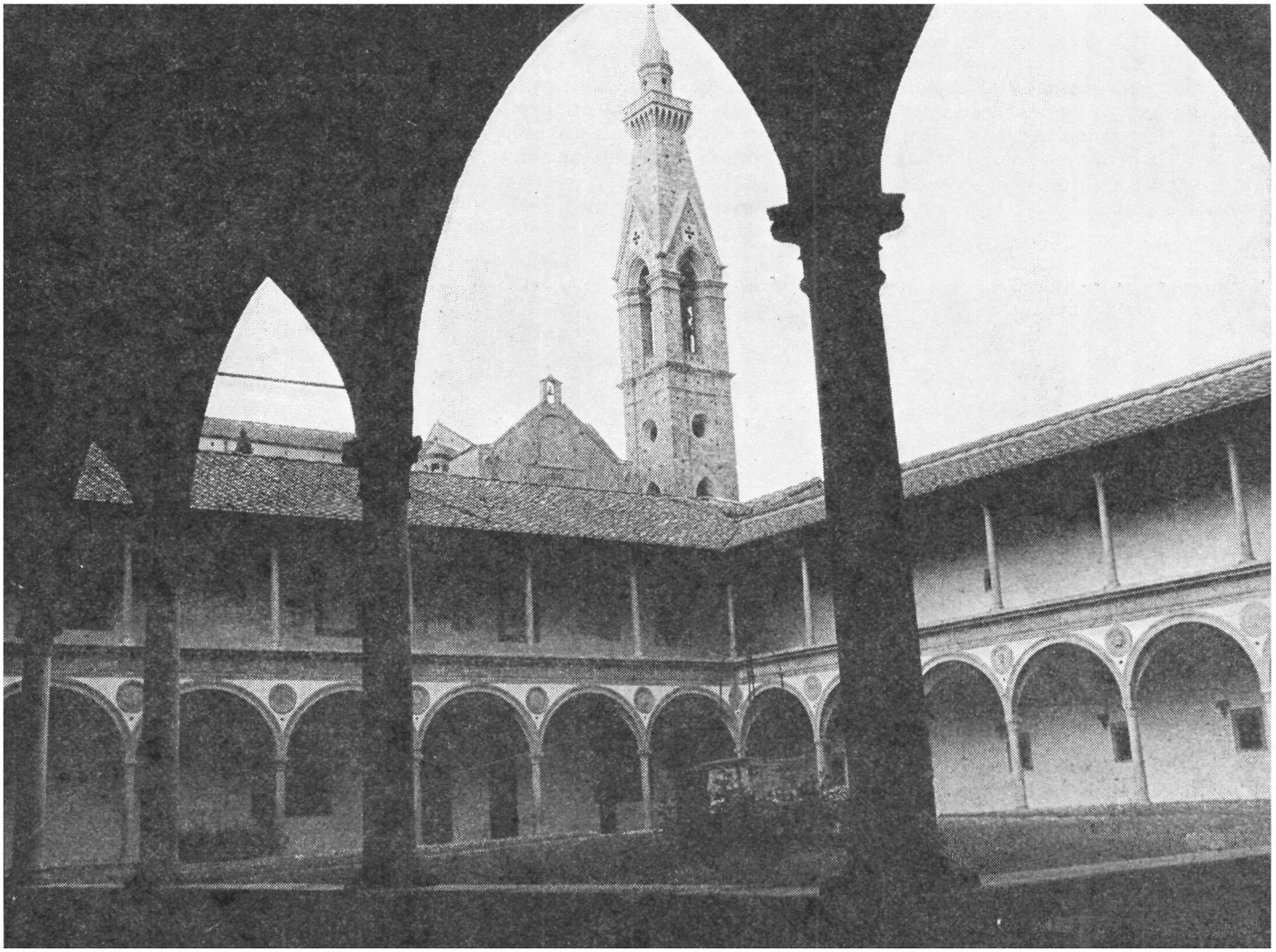
mitted to the master in charge for censorship he refused to allow several paragraphs and the drawing of a well-known personality on the front cover, which was covered over by an anonymous schoolboy figure in gown and mortar board. A further article had to be re-written, and the finished version of the magazine bore little resemblance to the first draft. The problem was to find a happy medium between common room intervention and the genuine work of boys. To further complicate matters, tastes differed drastically: the part of the issue which the master in charge approved of most, a comical letter, was met with disdain by most of the magazine's readership. *The Elizabethan* had always been based on the values of the school in general, and a new magazine based on the mainly non-existent values of the *Hatchet's* lower-school readership was unlikely to prove acceptable to members of the common room or to the dwindling intellectual core amongst the boys. Only the Head Master's assurance that the school would continue to provide money until the *Hatchet* found its feet kept the paper in business.

Ironically, the second issue sounded the death knell of the magazine, although issue number three announced its intention to 'move the entertainment to a secondary place and replace it by informature' (sic), the violence of the reaction to this meant from that point onwards the *Hatchet* was written almost entirely by the editorial staff, as the lists of contributors show. The original editors eventually left in apathetic disgust, and the *Hatchet* became yet another vehicle for the very limited views of a particular school clique. For this reason the magazine lasted only as long as the interest of the said clique in writing it. It was entertaining and it was full of details of the latest rock concerts, but it had nothing to do with Westminster School in general, or with its problems and beliefs.

The attempts to interest and involve the whole school by including statistics on fees, 'A' Level results and so on apparently did not work, for the prose style of each one of the five *Hatchet's* of the Lent term 1977 was so similar that they could only have been written by the same handful of people. Some issues were of a very high quality. There were short stories, interesting and sometimes searching articles, reviews and pieces of satirical comment approaching true wit and good taste, even if the writing was often racy and in no way approaching the standards of the once hoped for literary magazine. The simple problem was the paper's complete dependence on the energies of one or two editors who were swiftly running out of ideas.

One of the first aims of the *Hatchet* was to interest not just boys and girls at the school, but masters and parents as well. This was never achieved, but the fault lay with the boys and girls for failing to give the magazine an image that masters could attach themselves to without risk and for failing to perform the simple task of giving the magazine to their parents and asking them to read it. The pupils themselves did read them. In every house over 50 per cent and in cases up to 95 per cent of the boys subscribed to the first three issues. However, no-one was prepared to write. Either the Westminsters of the day had no ideas, or they preferred discussing them over a cup of coffee to airing them in the columns of a school paper. And so *The Elizabethan* lives still to chuckle wisely and with great satisfaction over the front cover of *Hatchet* No: 1, which displayed *Elizabethan* No: 685 torn into four quarters, and to sigh knowingly at the pitiful and inevitable pun provoked by *Hatchet* No: 8—'Let's bury the *Hatchet*!'

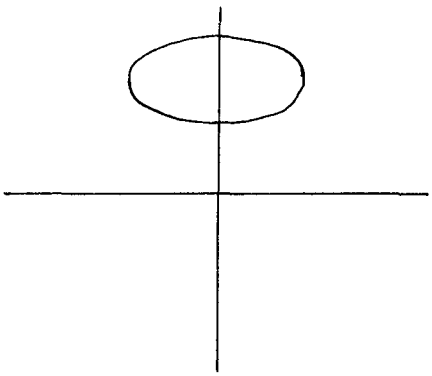
S. M. McDadd



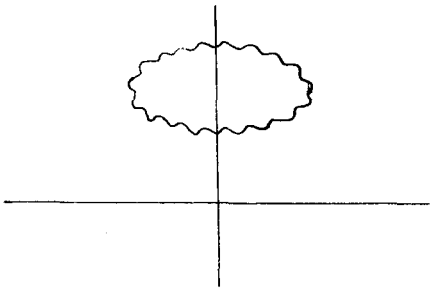
# *The Choral Curves*

## The Sopoid

Note the characteristic letter-box shape; the roof of the mouth is arched, giving rise to a permanent semi-screech,



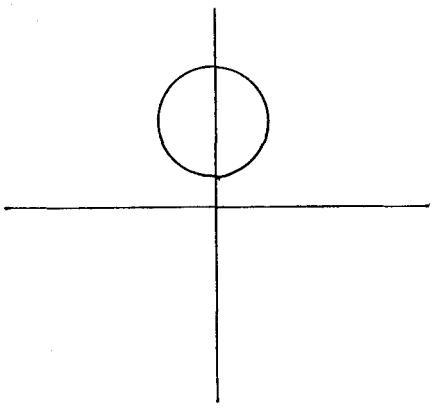
especially in high passages. Also note the bold outline of the curve—this is perhaps the bravest of the choral species, owing to years of singing the tunes which has given it the self-confidence to bear the responsibility of always being on top. It does not like consonants, and objects to singing in English, German, Russian or Outer Mongolian.
Parameters:
x = A y = B♭ where A and B♭ are function of $\phi$ (the key of the piece)
Note at x = A or above the shape of the curve may change to



this is known as the dead beat or degenerate case.

## The Altoid

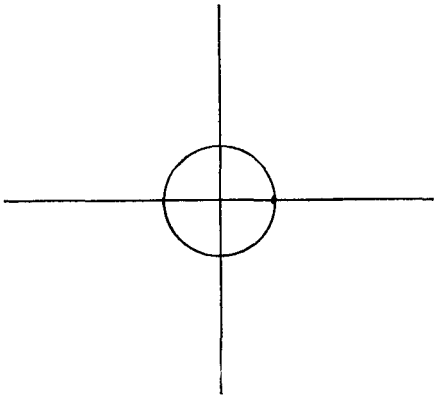
Shy and unassuming this is perhaps the most musical species. Bold and confident in its own territory of the Middle Harmony, it lives, however, in perpetual fear of suddenly being given the tune and being noticed.



Warning, it is very territorial and objects strongly to having to double the tenor line.
Parameters:
x = E♭ y = F♯ x and y also functions of $\phi$
N.B. The greatest noise is produced between x = B♭, x = A.

## The Tenoid

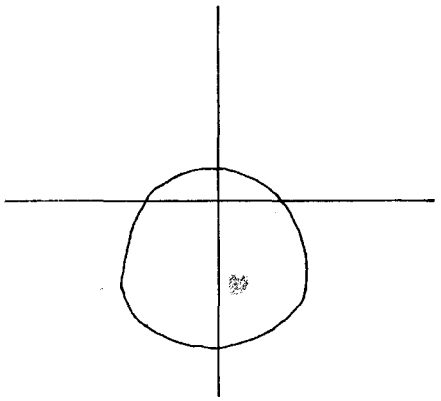
The most concerted of the choral species its motto is 'quality not quantity'—hence the precise symmetry of the curve about the axis. The similarity between it and the altoid is explained by the closeness of their territories. It feels itself far superior to all the other species, but does not advertise the fact, considering advertisement too undignified; this results in a noticeably modest size (intentional).



x = A y = D it is claimed that this is a most beautiful range however at critical values the audience tends to disagree.

## The Common Bassoid (var. Keynsoid)

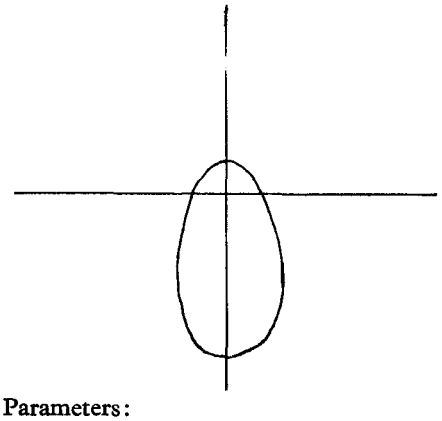
Loud mouthed and vulgar it considers itself the only voice worth listening to and sets out immediately to shout down the other voices, hence the large area and unrefined shape. Definitely the least musical, it was originally created for bath-night only but has now infiltrated all choirs and should be treated with disdain, if not totally ignored. It enjoys a good sing and never watches the directrix.



x = F y = D where x and y are functions very little. At extreme values din = foul, values in this range are subject to the uncertainty principle i.e. both noise and pitch cannot be totally defined.

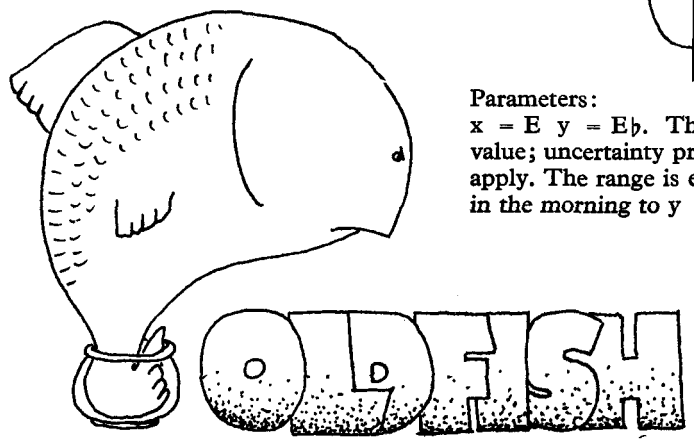
## The Rarer Bassoid

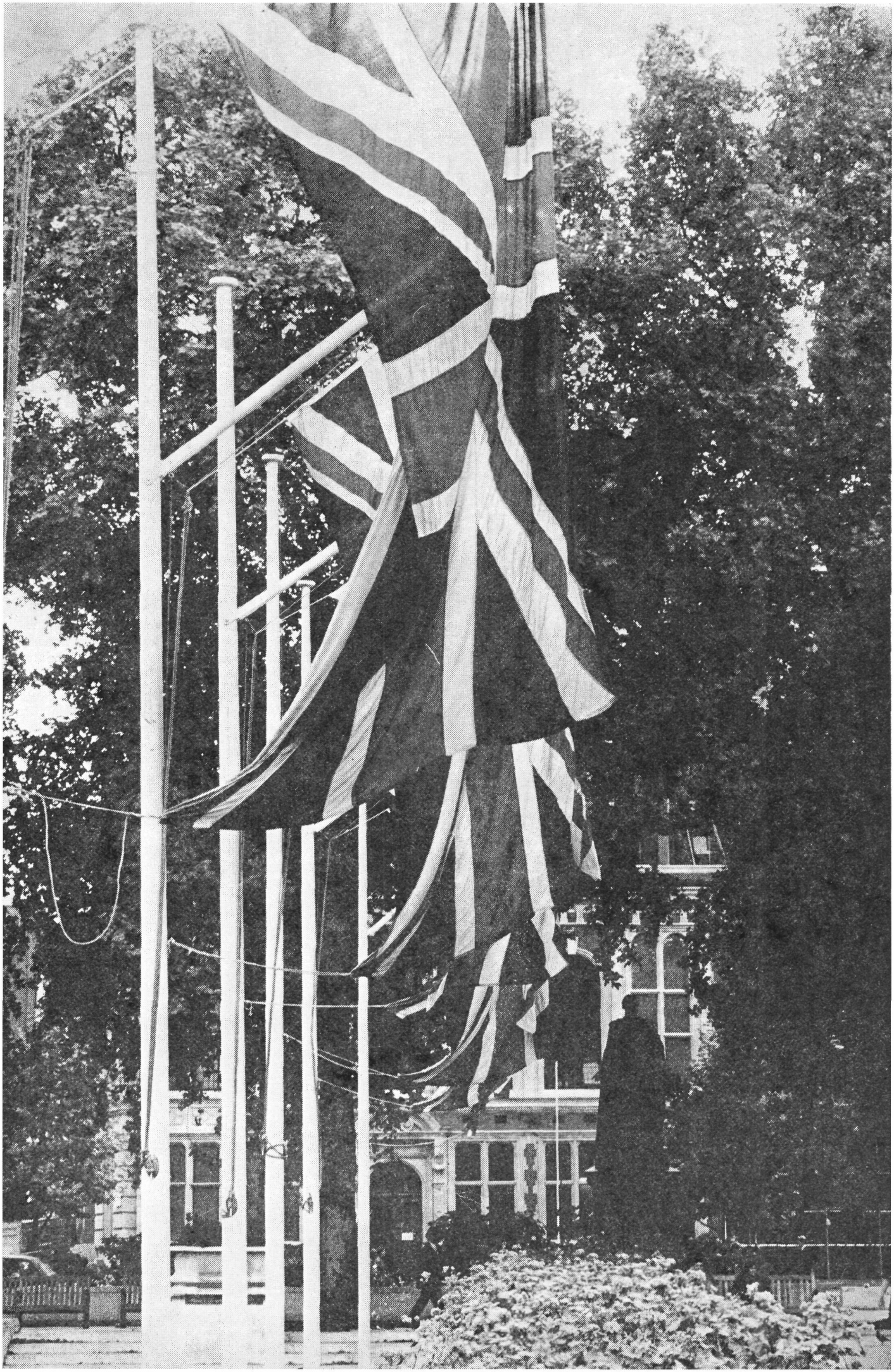
Undoubtedly the most beautiful of the choral species, it is refined and modest, and can make music out of most badly-written lines (a useful property). It knows the responsibility of being at the bottom of the harmony and tries to support the directrix, although greatly outnumbered by the Keynsoid variety. With a lot of hard work, and with very little reward, it usually succeeds in averting disaster on the day of the performance.



Parameters:
x = E y = E♭. There is no din = foul value; uncertainty principle does not apply. The range is extended first thing in the morning to y = D♭.

Penny Wright





# What Price Freedom?

The National Association for Freedom's recent attempt to prevent illegal industrial action stopping mail to South Africa brought to a head a number of fundamental problems concerning today's society. It was a specific incident dealing with the question every political institution must try to answer: what is Freedom? Where should one draw the line between the rights and freedom of the individual and the more general rights and benefit of groups of people and of society as a whole? The issue, unfortunately, tends to be blurred by any attempt at clear definition of what should and should not be allowed. At one end of the possible scale it is arguable that there should be no restrictions whatsoever on the individual; at the other, the more totalitarian groups will tend to see people's freedom only in terms of the society as a whole.

The word 'subversion' conjures up different images in different people's minds. To some it means no more than the publication of an article stirring up the more anarchic members of a society. To others, perhaps more conscious of the problems facing the individual today, subversion means the movement of a group of individuals towards an end which will benefit their minority. In both cases the element of restrictive secrecy springs to mind immediately. Free speech, as a social ideal, represents the entire scale of subversion, as well as the freedom which one associates with all the concepts opposed to subversion. It is a small step from saying what one thinks in public to convincing gullible people about one's point of view to the detriment of others. The former is freedom; the latter, in effect, subversion. Fortunately perhaps, the vast number of different and opposing types of subversion which the individualistic basis of the concept produces tend to be self-destructive through lack of universal support. Although there might be subversion evident in any society, the majority of it is ineffective because the opposing minority viewpoints, however violently expressed, usually cancel each other out. However, there are some radical elements in every society which, for reasons best known to their supporters, are able to raise support to fever pitch. In these cases some quirk of human nature enables them to expand under the very noses of the people whom they are threatening. The obvious example of this is the way in which the German people were unable to see the threat posed to individual liberty by the regime of Adolf Hitler.

By its very nature, the most common cause of subversion is dissatisfaction; whether slight or intense depending upon the individual. The degree will be reflected in how far that individual is prepared to act against the interests of society. The dissatisfaction upon which his action is founded may be completely irrational in origin, or it may be connected with a strong conviction, political or otherwise. In any 'free' society, a solution should be found to this individual dissatisfaction, but only if this is desirable in social terms. If it is going to be to the detriment of society as a whole and a restriction on other people's individual freedom, then a solution to this subversion must be very carefully handled. Before one approaches that solution, it is necessary to examine exactly what rights an individual has in a democratic society.

The primary duty of a democratic country is to provide for and be aware of the needs of the majority of individual people in that country. This will entail the formation of guidelines along which the society must operate, since without such guidelines democracy is unable to support itself. In ancient Greece, this strict definition of a democracy was a state controlled by its inhabitants, where everyone had an equal opportunity to make his views known to his neighbours. This of course meant that some kind of curb was needed to protect the city against the dominance of a minority group. These restrictions, which would would now seem ridiculous, were based on mutual trust and an awareness that their actions could directly affect their neighbours' welfare. In the twentieth century it would seem that people have been indoctrinated into a belief that someone else is responsible for their interests. Thus even in a modern day democracy there is one individual or group of individuals that dictates the lives of the other people in his society. This would shock any ancient Greek 'democrat', and one can easily imagine their telling us that any restriction on our personal freedom is entirely our own fault. We give power to a group of individuals, and that group is bound to make laws that reduce absolute freedom. Whether or not this should be so is another matter altogether.

The duty of a democratic country is to protect and run itself according to the wishes of the majority of its individual inhabitants. As anyone can see, this involves a restriction in that it must attempt to prevent subversion. By definition any attempt to prevent it must sacrifice individual freedom. The question at issue is one of whether or not sacrificing this aspect of individual freedom is preferable to the sacrifice of democracy within the state. In as much as it involves a limitation on the freedom of others, subversion is not a manifestation of freedom itself. It therefore must be controlled, but in a democratic country it must be controlled in such a way as least to upset overall liberty, freedom of speech, or whatever.

Given that restrictions on individual liberty are thus inevitably going to occur in a properly-run democracy, the least damaging restrictions must be found. Many would disagree, but the fact is that limitations on the freedom of the press are in some cases absolutely necessary. The press has often committed itself to writing about topics which have been highly damaging not only to the political system but often to individuals as well. A good example of this occurred recently in the re-inflation of the affairs concerning Jeremy Thorpe. In this case it was assumed by almost everybody that after his resignation from the leadership of the Liberal Party Mr. Thorpe would be left alone, but this was not to be. Instead, a few diehard journalists chose to sniff out the truth of this tasteless affair (please excuse the mixed metaphor), and as a result have brought Mr. Thorpe yet again to his knees. Of course they thought they were enlightening the general public—all journalists must do—but they did not see the wisdom of leaving it alone after once assaulting his character. The story here is clear. In the strictest possible sense what the journalists did could be construed as acting against the public interest; instead they are praised for acting in the public interest. This is the reverse of the paradox under discussion. The dividing line between enlightenment and libel is so narrow that many will declare themselves to be pursuing the former but are in fact courting the latter. In the same way individual freedom, as has been shown, swiftly becomes individual restriction.

However, it is not nearly enough merely to curb publicity. Everyone accepts that such restrictions as weapon-checks at airports and the investigation of unattended parcels are necessary to protect members of society. Surely they should see the psychological attacks indirectly threatened by the media in the same light. The problem is that it is very difficult to impose restrictions on such an undeniably necessary, as well as accepted, facet of society. To generalise, the restrictions that must be imposed on individuals are those necessary in order to keep a free country free.

Since it is acknowledged that there is a discrepancy between people's attitudes to the media and to other 'expressions of individual liberty', a society which takes pride in its progressive nature should take steps to eliminate the paradox. Without attempting to brainwash people, they should be in some way educated to pick out the difference between geniune expressions of concern which do not attempt to undermine any radical and socially dangerous views put forward by minority groups with nothing to lose. Admittedly, this is psychologically somewhat far-fetched, since it involves the erosion of every hint of gullibility in human nature; something which even the educational scientists of today cannot do! Nevertheless this would be the only complete solution to this kind of problem.

Unfortunately, the N.A.F.'s attempts accomplished nothing in the long term apart from making people think about what individual freedom means, and what role it can play in modern society. There is a basic problem which prevents

anything absolute being done or said: a democratic country must prevent subversion and protect its citizens against it, and this must involve some kind of restriction. It is not possible to reconcile the concept of a totally free society with that of a protective democracy. If there is to be any form of government, freedom must be sacrificed, in whatever form. The nearest we can ever get to a perfect free society is one in which those freedoms which damage or threaten other people's liberty are controlled. Whether Britain falls into this category is a matter for some debate. Westminster most certainly does not.

Piers Higson Smith
Guy Weston

'. . . and now, gentlemen, if we might turn our attention to part four, section seven, sub-section twenty-two, clause eleven.'

The English soul believes in bureaucracy. It does not necessarily believe in its effectiveness. It believes in it as a faith, an immutable divine providence.

If not from earlier, since the war we have seen it take a grip on the running of the country to the extent that, to the Civil Service, bureaucracy is itself at least as important as the matter in hand and moreover supposed to simplify.

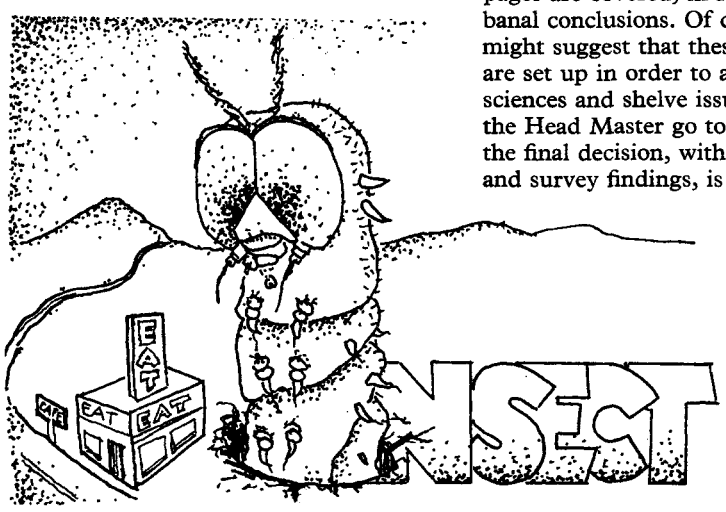
Now this obsession is beginning to get a grip on Westminster and is manifesting itself with the usual symptoms: the formation of committees, the use of surveys, the subsequent appraisal of statistics, the publication of reports and findings. Finally, the total success of all these devices is to cloud over, if not annihilate, the original issues. For example, last year an 'all-party' School Uniform Committee was set up in order, basically, to see if a uniform was necessary: the report they published did not answer this question but merely stated that the School Store (no doubt getting wind of a surcease of contract and hence income) had too many suits in stock and that they had to be used up before a change could take place. This could have been, nay was, apparent to any and all and yet the Committee spent many a meeting working it out. It did however effect the appeasement of the various pressure-groups (such as parents, boys, etc.) in favour of change and, far more important, the indefinite shelving of the issue. Of course, those who are bureaucrats at heart will reply that we are soon to have a second-hand clothing exchange; in turn, I shall reply that this only solves (if it does that) a small part of the original problem which initiated that committee.

Then there is the Station Committee which seems to have no purpose but to re-affirm the opinions of Station Captains and Masters i/c that they are important people. I find it hard to see what this was set up to solve, let alone what it thinks it is solving. I have a shrewd idea that should they try to compile their findings or an annual general report they will find that they have nothing to say; or that their only possible conclusion or motion will be to disband themselves.

Also looming on the horizon right now is a survey on College Hall food. God forbid! That could not hope to supply any practical ideas—for those who would be asked would, for the most part, be ignorant of the practicalities; and anything else that might be deduced from the fickle statistics could, I am sure, be refuted by the use of those very same statistics: for misuse of such random figures is a two-edged weapon. Anyway there already is a College Hall Committee which meets at Miss Roberts' calling over sherry and above the Hall and hence has, I have on good authority, achieved absolutely nothing. So all the survey could do would be to feed this Committee with more information to ignore. For it seems to be self-evident that nothing will change in College Hall without either a substantial investment or some pretty drastic physical change, both of which will probably be precipitated in due course by a change of staff.

The irony of all these machinations is that the solutions (such as I have suggested above) could be reached over a cup of coffee during break in the Common Room. As it is hours are spent, pages are covered, in reaching the most banal conclusions. Of course, others might suggest that these bureaucracies are set up in order to appease consciences and shelve issues. But why need the Head Master go to such lengths when the final decision, with or without reports and survey findings, is his and his alone?

Jonathan Myerson




# Debating Society

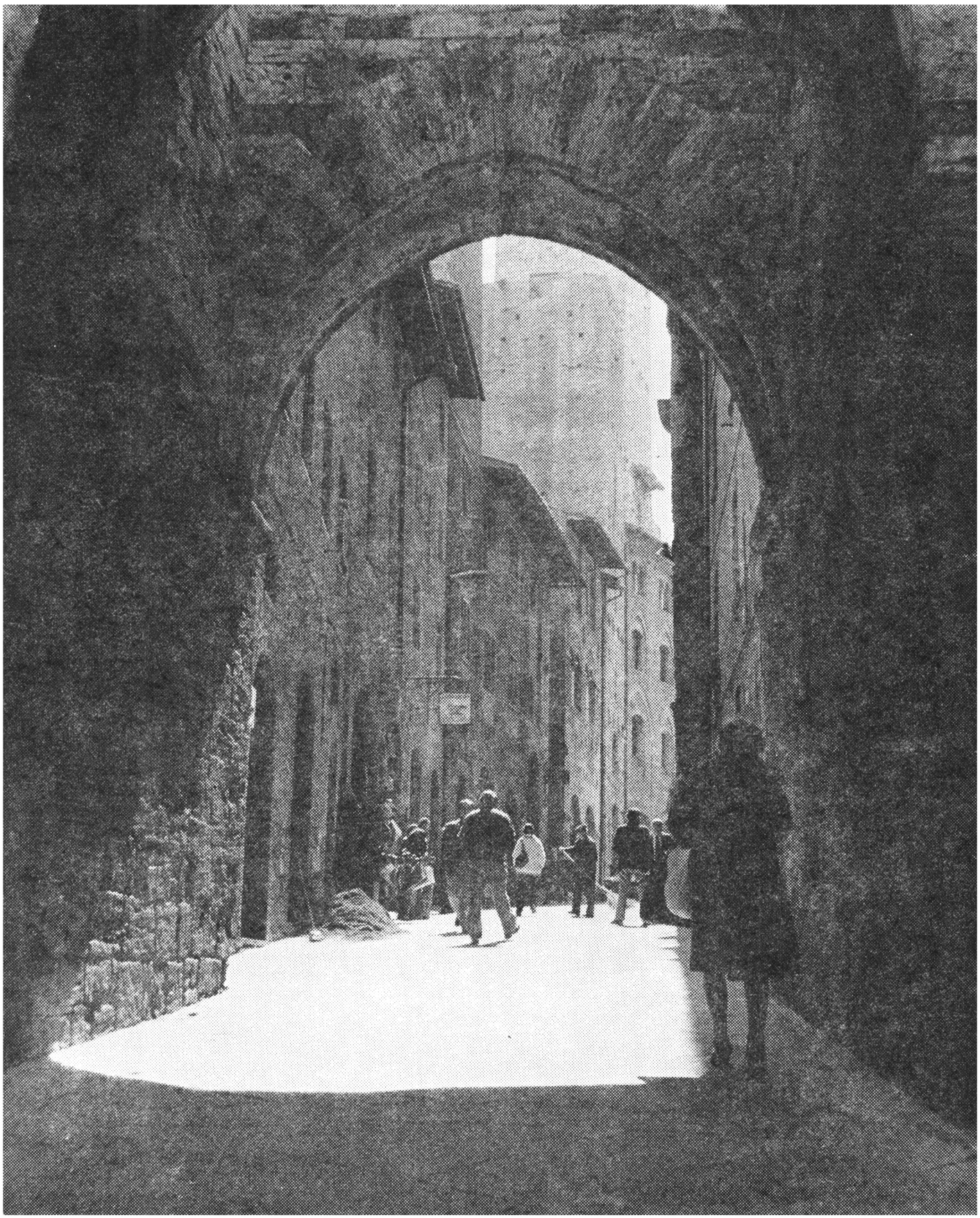
'Opera reigns supreme over all the arts'

This rather impossible debate was waged between Mr. Stokes, proposing the motion, and Mr. Jacobs. Mr. Stokes began with an unsuccessful attempt to pre-empt the inevitable absurdities of expense and social status. The combination of words and music at best merged these forms with the aim of some kind of dramatic truth. Great composers like Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner turned to opera-writing as the ultimate artistic medium.

Witty sarcasm formed the beginning of Mr. Jacob's reply. Who wants to see *Othello* when Verdi's version shows Iago tempting Othello with music? Good art, after all, is basically fun: people like Becket should be locked up for disturbing us. Responsible art should be unflinching and undistracted, and he provocatively implied that opera is rather more comfortable and pleasant than other art forms. (Vivian Woodell's later comments on the boredom, heat and discomfort that he had suffered at the opera effectively shot this down). Mr. Jacobs continued: supreme art should be greater than life 'because it has no truck with life'. It strives therefore towards meaninglessness. Opera is less than the sum of the parts. Why does opera reign supreme? Because audiences are afraid of making the supreme sacrifice involved in pure art. Great composers like Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner turned away from opera at the end of their lives because it was inadequate.

These opening speeches provided the bulk of the interest in the debate. The results of the vote, influenced, one hopes, by what went on. was a slightly predictable 18:12 against the motion. It was unfortunate that no one responded to any of the provocative comments raised by the members of the audience, and that in fact no proper debating took place at all. This was no reflection on the masters involved, who provided much amusement and some grounds for constructive thought. It was a very difficult and extremely subjective topic, and any attempt at generalisations of the nature implied by the title of the motion are more or less doomed to failure.

Guy Weston



*A.C.T. MacKeith*

# *Westminster 1870 and 1977*

There came into my hands recently copies of Dr Charles Scott's Reports to the Governing Body, including those for the year 1870. I want to use these Reports not strictly as historical evidence of life in late 19th century Westminster but as a way of emphasising the continuity of the problems that face the school.

I have chosen the year 1870 because that year seems to mesmerise contemporary historians who are investigating the causes of Britain's decline and fall as a major power. The year is seen as a critical moment when Britain's principal industrial rivals—Germany and the United States—made significant leaps forward that enabled them to benefit from the second phase of the industrial revolution while Britain remained complacently unaware of the need to reform and modernise her industry and her education. As Dr. Scott's Reports circulated to the Governing Body, Von Moltke's armies were mobilizing for the campaign that would destroy France and unite Germany, while across the Atlantic the United States was emerging from a Civil War that had worked a revolution in American society stimulated the development of large scale manufacturing. After 1870, Mr Correlli Barnett tells us, 'Britain was back where she had been before Waterloo—struggling against powerful rivals, struggling economically, strategically, diplomatically.'

To the schoolmasters and dons of the period none of this was apparent. Change was unnecessary and undesirable. In the 1860s there had been tentative suggestions at Cambridge that modern subjects such as French and German could be instruments of humane learning as much as Greek and Latin, but the Cambridge classical dons had denounced the proposed changes in the curriculum as 'technical, illiberal, utilitarian and soft options.' Any subject that might be useful to commerce or industry was not worthy of academic study.

It is in this context that Dr. Scott's Reports were written. In the Election Term 1870, he told the Governors: 'Dr. Noad's engagements rendered him unable to give any course of lectures in physical science last Autumn and this subject has therefore been omitted in the past year.' The absence of science teaching is unlikely to have worried the Governors or, for that matter, the boys and parents. The study of the Classics was still the core of the curriculum and the 'Chief School Prizes' listed by Scott are almost exclusively for Latin and Greek. Mathematics and French had a secure place on the timetable, though neither was yet a subject in its own right. 'All the Classical Masters,' Dr. Scott reported, 'give some assistance in teaching the Mathematical and French classes. There is also a special French master, M. Massé, who comes in on four afternoons in the week. . . .'

There was nothing extraordinary about Westminster's curriculum in 1870; it followed the pattern of other public schools and reflected the priorities at the ancient universities. When Dr. Scott wrote his report there were no classes in Physics at Oxford and there was no Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. Dr. Arnold had been dead for thirty years but his attitude to science teaching still pervaded the schools. 'Rather than have science the principal thing in my son's mind,' Dr. Arnold wrote, 'I would gladly have him think the sun went round the earth, and that the stars were so many spangles set in the night blue firmament. Surely the one thing needed for a Christian and an Englishman to study is Christian and moral philosophy.'

Since Arnold's day 'modern' subjects such as French had been introduced but they tended to be the refuge of the intellectually second rate. Classics was the discipline for a first rate mind, the subject's very lack of utilitarian value being its greatest asset. This view remained virtually unchanged throughout the nineteenth century. In 1809, the Provost of Oriel wrote: 'The object of a Classical education is not to fit a man for any specific employment, or to increase his fortune. . . . Without directly qualifying a man for any of the employments of life, it enriches and ennobles all.' And these sentiments were repeated in almost exactly the same form to the young Harold Macmillan when he went up to Balliol a hundred years later.

There is something rather splendid about this approach to education and if I speak of its limitations, it is with the knowledge that a classical education *at its best* developed qualities of mind—clarity of thought, accuracy of expression, balance of judgement—that are if anything more needed to-day than in 1870. But there were serious limitations nevertheless. Should Dr. Scott and his fellow headmasters have recognised them at the time? They would have needed to be peculiarly far-sighted to recognise the significance for Britain of Von Moltke's mobilization and of what was happening in the United States where a nation that had been overwhelmingly rural in 1860 was in the throes of the most dramatic industrial advance the world had seen. But if they had recognised the significance of these events as clearly as we, with the hindsight of history, can do, they would surely have reformed their curriculum to ensure that subjects such as Science could no longer be casually omitted from the timetable for a whole year.

This part of Dr. Scott's Report, seen in the context of history, should prompt us to ask whether we are any more far-sighted than our predecessors of 1870. We certainly have less excuse if we fail to read the signs of the times. In 1870 very few Englishmen believed that their country was beginning to fall behind its principal competitors; in 1977 no one has any doubt about the reality of the country's position in the world. You would expect, therefore, those in responsible positions in government and education to be asking whether there is a direct connection between what is taught in schools and universities and the country's chances of survival. You would expect it, but you would be wrong. The 'Great Debate' on education initiated by the Prime Minister last year has steered carefully away from this difficult issue. The ghost of Dr. Scott should warn us that in failing to ask some searching questions about the British school curriculum, we may be making a more serious mistake than he and his colleagues in the Headmasters' Conference made in 1870.

Dr. Scott's Reports illustrate another related issue that has been a cause of increasing criticism of public schools since his day. The criticism was expressed in a recent research paper: 'Careers in industrial management have generally failed, in Britain, to attract the best educated products of the most favoured social groups; they may also have attracted few of those with high general ability.'

It was always thus. Dr. Scott provides an analysis of the destination of school leavers in 1869-1870. With the aid of this and the Record of Old Westminsters, it is possible to see just how accurate the criticism was. Of the 43 school leavers in that year, the overwhelming majority are destined for the civil service and the professions. There is one boy whose destination is described as 'Business in Manchester' and another 'Brewery in Yorkshire' but their commercial (though hardly industrial) careers are clearly the exception. On the evidence we have, the pattern of Westminster careers has changed little in a hundred years.

Does this matter? If so, is the school—and its curriculum—largely to blame?

It matters presumably because a country whose survival now depends on its ability to produce and sell successfully needs able men and women to fill the key posts in these areas of the economy. This argument is difficult to ignore though it can lead to much less convincing arguments such as that only those engaged in manufacturing industry are creating the nation's wealth. A dentist is helping to create the nation's wealth because an industrialist with toothache will not function efficiently.

Is it the school's fault that so few boys are attracted to a career in industrial management? However much we may blame industry—its unattractive image, its failure to encourage talent—the evidence of 1870 and 1977 suggests that schools such as Westminster at least re-enforce the bias against industry that is implicit in the background from which the boys come. Dr. Scott provided for his Governors what he called 'Analysis of the School according to Parentage, March 1870'. 80% of the parents are in the civil service or the professions, the remaining 20% being described as 'mercantile'. By 1976, the 'mercantile'

element (if we include banking, stock-broking and so on) has risen to 35% but the professional bias is still very strong.

It is not surprising that boys from professional backgrounds should themselves choose professional careers, indeed I would think that the parental occupation and the occupational models that a boy meets in his parents' circle of friends, is by far the most important influence on his choice of career. But the school does little to counter this influence. Is that the School's job? Should the school take into account the country's need for able management and positively discriminate in its favour when advising boys?

One of the difficulties of answering this question is that we do not know that such advice is effective, nor do we know what the connection is between curriculum, career choice and national prosperity. But let us suppose that Dr. Scott and his fellow headmasters *had* done this in 1870, that they had reformed their curriculum and encouraged their most able boys to shun classics and the professions in favour of science and industrial management. Consider a particular case, Ernest Horatio May, one of Dr. Scott's ablest pupils, who was a Queen's Scholar and elected Head to Trinity in 1870. This man spent his whole life as an obscure country parson, principally at Parwich with Alsop-en-le-Dale in Derbyshire where he stayed for 23 years. No one would suggest that his ability was wasted but if he (and hundreds of able boys like him) had sought his fortune in the industry of this world instead of in the many mansions of the next, would Britain have adapted more quickly to the second phase of the industrial revolution instead of falling farther and farther behind its competitors? Fortunately we are not called upon to give a definite answer to this hypothetical question but the question should at least prompt us to consider in 1977 whether schools such as Westminster should still pour so much talent and ability into the professions.

The third and final aspect of Dr. Scott's Reports that should interest us is his discussion of Westminster's unique position in London and his thoughts on how this would affect the school's future.

Just like any modern headmaster, Dr. Scott is worried about fees and competitors: 'Altogether I believe that Westminster is decidedly more expensive to a parent than any other important London school.' That statement is interesting from two points of view. First, it is a useful corrective to those who think that it is only in recent years that Westminster has become an expensive school and who entertain a myth of the simple, inexpensive school of the past catering for parents of modest means. Secondly, it emphasises the continuity of the factors that tend to make the school expensive. Scott's explanation of why Westminster was expensive is worth quoting in full:

> 'Westminster must be regarded in a twofold light: first, as a royal foundation ranking with Eton, Winchester and the Charterhouse, and competing with them so far as the College is concerned, though with a far smaller revenue; secondly as a London day school with peculiar features, yet still competing with London day schools for pupils. It has a position and work of its own to do, and when the removal of the Charterhouse takes place, will be the only boarding school left in London . . . and as it appears to me, it is for the advantage of London parents themselves that there should be some variety in the character of the Schools within reach of their sons.'

But while Dr. Scott believes that Westminster's special quality as a boarding and day school in the centre of London explains the high fees, he fears that further fee increases may drive away precisely those middle class professional parents on whom the school depends. 'The parents of our boys are, as the Analysis in the Head Master's Report shews, almost entirely members of the professional classes and cannot be taxed indefinitely.'

The method of calculating fees has, of course, changed since Scott's day. In 1870, a separate boarding fee of 65 guineas a year was paid direct to the

*Dr. Scott is seated in the centre of the photograph*

housemaster from which he took a profit which represented the remuneration 'for the care, responsibility and risk involved in the religious, moral and physical charge of his pupils.' But the aim of keeping the fees within the reach of the 'professional classes' remains and it is this that accounts for such decisions as that to stop using Grove Park for station. It is not a decision that pleases everyone but Dr. Scott would have understood, just as he would have understood other aspects of the school's present policy: the greater flexibility on age of entry allowing, for example, entry of boys and girls into the Sixth Form in significant numbers and the increasing emphasis on the need to regard the Great School and Under School as one educational unit. Flexibility on age of entry was nothing new to Dr Scott: in 1869/70 of 55 new boys only 16 entered at what would now be regarded as the normal age of 13. So we are in a sense reverting to former practice when we consider having four points of entry to Westminster: at 7, 11, 13 and 16.

Dr. Scott clearly saw the future of Westminster depending on keeping fees within reach of professional and middle class incomes, ensuring the supply of able pupils and offering to parents a distinctive education in the centre of London. Nothing has changed. The dramatic decline in the country's fortunes, the two world wars, the advance of totalitarianism and the pursuit of equality—none of these has altered the essential requirements for the survival of an independent school. Dr. Scott's policy still holds good. In his realistic appraisal of Westminster's position in 1870, he was perhaps more farsighted than he knew.

John Rae

## Miles Gloriosus

Four Westminsters were among a group of about a hundred boys and a token dozen girls who visited the Royal School of Military Engineering one fine Thursday in Election Term. The School is at Chatham, where it was established in 1812 to raise and train engineers for service in the Napoleonic Wars. The Royal Engineers have their headquarters and depot, as well as the School, at Chatham. As might be imagined, the scope of military engineering has expanded enormously since the days when the 'Sappers' dealt only with the construction and destruction of fortifications.

Before lunch we heard a series of short talks on the work of the corps at home and abroad. The activities mentioned included building computers, mending watches, blowing off peoples' feet and speed-boating in the Carribean at the taxpayers' expense. As we walked to lunch, our escorting lieutenant told us that the officers' mess, which had been burned down recently, had been restored exactly as it had been before the disaster. The walls were plastered with the same type of plaster and the tables made from the same type of wood. (I believe they had tried to get wool for the carpets from the same sheep as before, but finding they were long dead, had had to settle for direct descendents). After the best lunch I have eaten for a long while (no hard feelings, Miss Roberts) we were driven out to the Lodge Hill training area for a training display. The 'goodies' on the right were disengaging the enemy (Newspeak for retreating, for the benefit of civilian readers) on the left. No political significance need be read into this arrangement. A Chieftain bridge-layer placed a bridge across a ditch in about sixty seconds, drove across it, and took it up again. A useful gadget to take on a country walk if you don't enjoy getting your feet wet. The Mine Warfare Squadron then rushed across another bridge rapidly built from lightweight girders by about fifteen men, Armoured Personnel carriers then laid mines, using a bar mine layer, which ploughs a furrow, 'sows' mines, and covers them up. The modern counterpart of the mythological sower of dragons' teeth, perhaps. Surely, we asked, the enemy might suspect that a freshly dug and roughly covered furrow might conceal mines. Yes, say the sappers, but we don't put mines in the first four furrows. so the tank commanders get bored with checking them and drive over the fifth. Of course, if they were on our side they could use the Giant Viper, which is a long explosive-filled flexible pipe, fired across a minefield to detonate enough mines to clear a path. This device also deals with the small anti-personnel mines whose explosive charge is just big enough to blow off a man's foot. This is not, as you may think for purely humanitarian or economic reasons, but because a soldier who has been wounded is more of a burden than a dead one, needing as he does medical care, transport and food.

We also saw a static display, in which a sapper submerged in a tank of water beat Henry Winter at draughts, using a two-way radio. (They are reported to be training underwater chess players to take on the R*ss**ns). Some of us tried to build a brick wall, under the instruction of a corporal from the R.E. construction branch. Even the Tate Gallery would not have bought it.

All four of us were very grateful to the Royal Engineers for their hospitality, and to Dr. Evans, who accompanied us, seemed to enjoy the visit just as much as we did.

Paul Youlten

## *Une Crise*

I lay my head against the glass,
And watch the yellow pavements pass.
Dangerous questions lurk below
My plastic face, and this I know;
I am a thinking, learning thing,
I bear an uninserted sting,
In readiness to make the kill
That thinking things are making still,
My life, this bus, my ringing name,
Are nothing but a cruel game.
Somewhere beyond my power of thought
Lie facts that I have once been taught.
But lost, with birth. This body here,
This frame that empty men revere,
Is merely flesh and tangled bone;
The soul lies trapped within, alone.
But break your silence, boy, and cry
'I have no need of murderous youth.'
And bathe in bitter, loving truth.
But not that way! The mood will pass.
We'll look no further than the glass.

S. M. McDadd

# *Westminster and Clifton in Baffin Island 1977*

*At Base One, Danny Fabian studied the pollination of the arctic poppy*

The heavily laden canoe prised its way through the shallow, thick coffee-coloured waters of the estuary of the Usualuk River. We tried to ignore the fact that just below the surface lay hidden boulders that, with carelessness, would rip through the plywood shell of the canoe. That sort of accident could have seen the end of many of our supplies, and of our own chances of reaching the bank of the river, for the current and the glacial temperature of the water would have dealt with us. The two Inuit (Eskimo) drivers were under no illusions and inched their way upstream, leaping out on to the mudflats when the boat grounded, pushing and paddling our way up any promising channel. We hoped that they would be able to pass this awful sunken boulder field and motor up towards the Falls some seven miles upstream, for Base Camp was due to be set up another eight miles beyond that. But it was not to be. They dumped us all too near the river mouth and we rather dejectedly set about sheltering our main food store there. Case upon case of Pilot biscuits, porridge oats and dried apricots were stacked and covered with thick polythene against the storm that looked like brewing. We pitched our first camp and steeled ourselves to the task of setting up Base some 15 miles up-valley.

It was a splendid enough place; this was a vast river, very swollen by the summer melting of many huge glaciers tumbling off the Penny Ice-Cap sixty miles away, pushing their way between the peaks we hoped to climb. We were 60 miles also from Pangnirtung where we had set out early that morning. There were plenty of geese and the surprising tracks of caribou along the shore. The evenings here could be long and delightful, the sun sinking so slowly behind the island which protected the estuary from the Cumberland Sound. There were none of the ice-floes here which we had passed in the Sound on the way. But it was far from here, not only to Base Camp, but to the mountains beyond.

We discovered a lot the next day: at least the going was good up the Usualuk River, and in Baffin terms we covered the 15 miles reasonably quickly along the sandy river shore or across lichen heaths. Somehow we got to our proposed Base Camp site, but then there was no alternative but to return to the Boat Camp, for we had inadequate food with us on this first carry. The heavy loads of tents and scientific gear had been only a foretaste of worse to come, and the mosquitoes on the return during the 'night' were diabolical. We were exhausted, but it was so terrible to stop and be eaten alive, that we preferred to stagger on. We reached our dump by the river at 4.15 am.

We also learned that we had no radio communication with our other group heaving food and gear up the Kolik River. This rugged valley came down to the fiord opposite the Inuit village of Pangnirtung. We had hired radio sets at vast expense in Montreal, which proved totally useless over the ranges involved. We were very depressed by this turn of misfortune, but our one reliable link with the village did enable us to arrange to borrow from there a second workable set and from then on much of our planning was carried out by radio, with considerable success and saving of time.

Meanwhile the other 14 men were moving slowly towards Base Camp up the Kolik River, where the going was much harder, steep and bouldery and equally beset with mosquitoes. The 22 of us were truly broken in by this first period of ten days. Loads averaged 60 lb or more, daily distances a dozen miles. But in this period, a huge area of ground was covered—25 miles of the Usualuk River were recce'd, and 35 miles of the Kolik explored, together with the watersheds between the two. In addition the scientific projects had got under way at Base Camp at Badlands Junction, and at an Ice Camp beneath our nearest Ice Cap some geographical investigations were proceeding well. Food and supplies were largely in place for the following few weeks' exploration and work.

Clifton College had been to Baffin in 1974, whilst Westminster followed hard on their heels in 1975 with an expedition to the accessible Pangnirtung Fiord area. The combined experiences of the two expeditions was therefore considerable and invaluable. In particular we knew what walking and climatic conditions to expect, and also what areas of exploration —both from the scientific and the mountaineering points of view—were worthwhile. We knew on the whole what food and equipment to take and where to obtain it. Friends in Montreal and Pangnirtung were on hand to help us. All too easy, one might say. . . .

But, fortunately, it is of the essence of an expedition that problems will always crop up. There were many. We had to raise £12,000 in order to be able to go at all. We had to establish and supply a Base Camp a long way from our landing places. Would the rivers be fordable? How would a group of 22, selected a year previously, get on, both with each other and with the peculiar situation in which they were placed for six weeks? (Whereas the land itself is remote, vast, overpowering sometimes, expedition life can become remarkably tense and claustrophic.) Would we find the particular botany and geography that was needed to carry out our planned work? Would radio communications work? Would the weather co-operate? Would our fitness be up to the physical efforts required?

Most of these problems were solved. In particular we received such generous financial support from so many quarters, that we set out knowing that we had the funds to meet almost any contingency. This was a big relief, and our warmest thanks must go to all those who helped us. They ranged from a number of industrial concerns in North America who made large donations, to the hundreds of persons connected more intimately with the two schools who bought raffle tickets, suitably emblazoned T-shirts, tickets to Doug Scott's fine lecture on Everest, or who sponsored us in our dashing overnight runs from London to Bristol and vice-versa. Throughout we valued especially the support of our respective Headmasters,

*From a vantage point 3000' above South-West River, looking to a fine range of unclimbed peaks*

and externally that of the Young Explorers' Trust and of the Royal Geographical Society.

No expedition of this kind had visited any of our chosen country before. We expected Badlands Junction to be richer botanically, and hence zoologically, than areas previously visited, which were nearer the mountains. Hence we made all the efforts needed to establish our Base there. Our expectations were justified and the scientific programme was a major success. We carried out some 23 projects and observations, and nearly all the members were responsible for one or more of them. They varied from the classification of a number of glaciers according to type for the Canadian Inland Waters Directorate (Nick Barrett), to the construction of a questionnaire to attempt to find out what psychological effects the expedition had on its members (Jan Falkowski). Danny Fabian carried out a neat experiment on the arctic poppy and on Wintergreen near Base Camp, by which he established that the latter at least depended on the presence of insects for pollination. Alastair McColl also worked with arctic poppies in a deep sandy gully by the big river and found out a good deal about their age structure. It seemed that it was 4-7 years before a poppy plant flowers and really mature plants may be as much as 30 years old. Whereas we were astonished by the wide variety of terrain we encountered, and aware that our particular area was relatively rich in birds and plants, we could also be amazed, on reflection, by the time-scale over which the Arctic operates: small poppies were 30 years old; dwarf birches and willows, also the subjects of much study, could be twice as old and more; the Arctic char or salmon, which we ate ravenously and found so delicious on our return to Pangnirtung, may have been 16-18 years old and yet weighed only 4 or 5 pounds.

We were much concerned with the growth and development of arctic plants. This was largely because of the membership of the expedition of Dr. Glyn Jones, a Senior Lecturer in Botany at Royal Holloway College. He has great experience of field-work in arctic areas and patiently but surely guided much of the botanical work along fruitful lines without detracting from each member's own responsibility for his project. To our consternation Glyn could be seen tearing leaves off birch 'trees', pulling up whole willow plants by the roots which had burrowed far under a cover of lichen tundra, weighing bits of vegetation on accurate spring balances, and dictating profuse notes into his miniscule tape-recorder. From all this he obtained results concerned with the rate of growth of several species. As he said, it is only by obtaining such accurate information, albeit destructively, that sensible precautions can be taken towards the management of these arctic wildernesses.

The authorities controlling the huge Auyuittuq ('Land that Never Melts') National Park should be interested in his results. Their area, into which we briefly strolled, includes the whole of the Penny Ice-Cap, the principal mountains of the Penny Highlands (which Doug Scott has made very much his own), and much particularly fragile ecology. Now tourists are coming in their hundreds to the borders of the Park, if not penetrating as far as we did, and sections of marked tracks have been destroyed for ever. The summer visitor is trampling the land at its most vulnerable time of the year when, in a few weeks, coinciding of course with our own visit, the whole reproductive cycle of most plants and animals has to be fulfilled. The Inuit, travelling mainly when the land is snow-covered, never had this influence.

However, they are causing different problems. Their newly-acquired high-velocity rifles are putting at risk the animal life of the areas they have hunted for centuries by traditional methods.

At last we saw a caribou or two near Base Camp. On our return to Pangnirtung, the Inuit were avid for information on their whereabouts. It seemed that we had camped on one of their happiest hunting grounds. Last year the particular Inuit we were talking to had bagged 13 caribou in that area. He had cached them under boulders, and returned in the winter with skidoo and sledge to bring the now deep-frozen animals out. At least the Inuit uses the meat, which is delicious, tasting like venison, and the skin for warmth or sale. (Caribou is of

*Crossing a treacherous area of barely-covered crevasses on the way to the Pangnirtung Pass*

course reindeer, with huge antlers and great padded feet to lollop across the snow.) But the poor seal is shot indiscriminately now: the skins are sold but the carcasses rot on the beaches for there are no longer any huskies, in this motorised age, to which to feed the seal. The Inuit himself obtains his needs in emergency from the Hudson's Bay supermarket in the village where he now lives permanently. It supplied us also.

Peter Bright, who is Head of Biology at Clifton College, was the guiding influence behind the zoological projects. Charlie Bristow produced bird lists and sketched the territories of Water Pipits and Lapland Buntings. Simon Richards and Roger Jakeman dredged a pool near Base Camp for plankton and found that their incidence depended on light intensity. Charlie was most disappointed not to see Snowy Owls at Base! He had planned a project involving the examination of their pellets to establish what they fed on. But their principal food, the lemming, was also conspicuously absent, which upset David Giles and Konnie von Schweinitz, who had come with a number of traps ready to take specimens back to the British Museum. Instead they had to be content with looking for evidence of their previous occupation of the site, and found plenty, in holes and winter nests. There had been very little snow during the previous winter, so perhaps the lemmings had perished through having too little insulation in their nest under the snow (they do not hibernate and of course cannot dig into the frozen soil).

Peter's own work centred on butterflies. He had been surprised by seeing them in 1974 on the Clifton expedition, and now could devote much time to collecting, marking and releasing specimens. No marked butterflies were recaptured. This indicated a considerable moving population.

Peter depended on fine weather to bring out the butterflies. For nearly the whole first fortnight skies were cloudless —day and night!—and temperatures rose to 25°. After a short period of uncertainty, the second half of the expedition was almost as fine. Our Arctic clothing was almost redundant, although we appreciated our own expensive down sleeping bags as the nights were a little chillier. We would have been seriously hampered by bad weather at any stage. During the load-carrying days, rain would have been a misery added to those of the heavy packs and of long distances and of the tedium of tracing familiar ground. The scientific projects would have been less satisfactory had it poured on the butterflies or on Glyn's willows and birches. It was unfortunate, nevertheless, that we had to sit out a short spell of mists and showers just as we were poised to do some mountaineering.

All but two of us moved 25 miles to a new Mountain Camp at the head of the South-West River valley, where a flood issued from the great glacier squeezing its way 25 miles from the Penny Ice-Cap. This seemed a sheltered secluded valley, almost surrounded by unclimbed peaks, and we made a fine camp in a grassy gully, not far from an abundant supply of bilberries and mushrooms. But it was deceptively large. The whole of the Snowdon massif, and perhaps the Carnedds as well, could have been comfortably hidden within its confines. The river looked fordable enough from the camp, but an attempt to cross it to reach a splendid range of peaks we had seen miles back on the trek up failed, and a long detour had to be made, crossing the glacier six miles away. Nevertheless, all at this camp made the ascent of at least one unclimbed peak. Terrific views were to be had all round. We were very near the highest peaks on Baffin. To the North lay the vast Ice-Cap, to the East the great summits stretching towards Asgard, violent and twin-summitted, aptly named after the Norse Home of the Gods. Below these peaks a tangle of glaciers, moraine and torrents overwhelmed the scene. However, routes up to the summits were easily found along boulder slopes or snowfields and it was a considerable satisfaction that relatively inexperienced mountaineers, such as most of us were, should have achieved such ascents. Most had walked at least 200 miles to achieve this and we were 50 miles from our nearest supply point. It was inevitable that some of us felt frustrated that we were unable to climb more, but this

*Camp 4 miles from the snout of the South-West Glacier*

would not have been possible given the problems of approach, supply and time which our chosen area posed, and the leaders' wish to give as many as possible of the 22 a chance of climbing and of participating fully in the scientific programme also.

The last ten days of the expedition saw the group split again. (In fact we were all together for only two nights during the whole expedition.) Some had scientific work to complete at Base Camp and returned there, and thence back to the Boat Camp and out by canoe on a sunlit sea. Others evacuated the Kolik River, and on the way explored more of its headwaters. David Allchin from Clifton is now the world's Kolik expert! Finally a group of eight led by myself undertook a spectacular journey back to Pangnirtung on foot. We left the Mountain Camp very heavily laden, spent a night in the creaking dampness on a glacier and then headed East towards Asgard itself. Travel was easy at first over the glacier free of snow—a real highway through the mountains towering on either side. Later, as we gained height towards a 4,500′ pass, snow cover became treacherous, being soft and affording a totally misleading protection over hidden crevasses. We had to climb a steep 250′ snow slope, sinking far under our loads into the very soft snow, to the pass, and then staggered wearily into the worst crevasse area encountered in the entire expedition. One or two disappearances were made into hidden gaping voids, but eventually the safety of a bare glacier below was reached. Eleven long hours after setting out, after hardly a rest on the way, we pitched tents at the first possible spot beyond the glacier's raging snout, on the moraine overlooking the Pangnirtung Pass, above Summit Lake. This was a fine spot. The great peaks of Baffin rose all around—Thor, Oulu, Odin—and glowed orange under a cloudless sky early the next morning.

From Summit Lake we made good progress to Pangnirtung. We felt fitter than ever before, exhilarated by our achievements so far. Spirits were high and loads seemed less irksome than before. The narrow confines of the astonishing Pass gave way to the brilliance and peace of the Pangnirtung fiord and we reached the settlement at the end of a long day, six days from leaving the others and after 65 miles of a varied and exciting wilderness.

Meanwhile we could follow on the radio the progress of the remaining 14 members of the expedition. They did a fine job in successfully completing their programmes, in bringing out the equipment and unused food supplies and returning to Pangnirtung in good shape.

We took off from Pangnirtung into a sky as blue and as translucent as only an arctic sky can be, having scrambled aboard our own chartered Dakota after a hectic round of farewells and paying of bills. An hour later we bumped our way down over the depressingly flat and barren tundra into Frobisher Bay. Here, during our wait for the flight to Montreal the immediate tensions and excitements of packing up and departure lifted and an overwhelming sleepiness overtook most of us. Whatever excitements, satisfactions and disappointments there had been, we had experienced something memorable together. We now could let ourselves down into our normal—humdrum? undramatic?—existences, exhaustedly dreaming of our expedition on the barren floor of the airport shack in Frobisher Bay.

Cedric Harbe

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## Song

And you live to pore over your principles,
And judge by length and time.
You push and you crush and have heart attacks
And think of rhythm and rhyme.
Is the doctor really invincible?
Have you paid your income tax.

But above the noise of your battling cars,
Are the mighty moon and the proud, proud stars.
The rushing water, the cold, black hill,
They stand immense as you grovel to kill.
So just stop for one moment, gasp and pray,
And see all your details mellow away.

S. M. McDadd

# A Midsummer Night's Dream

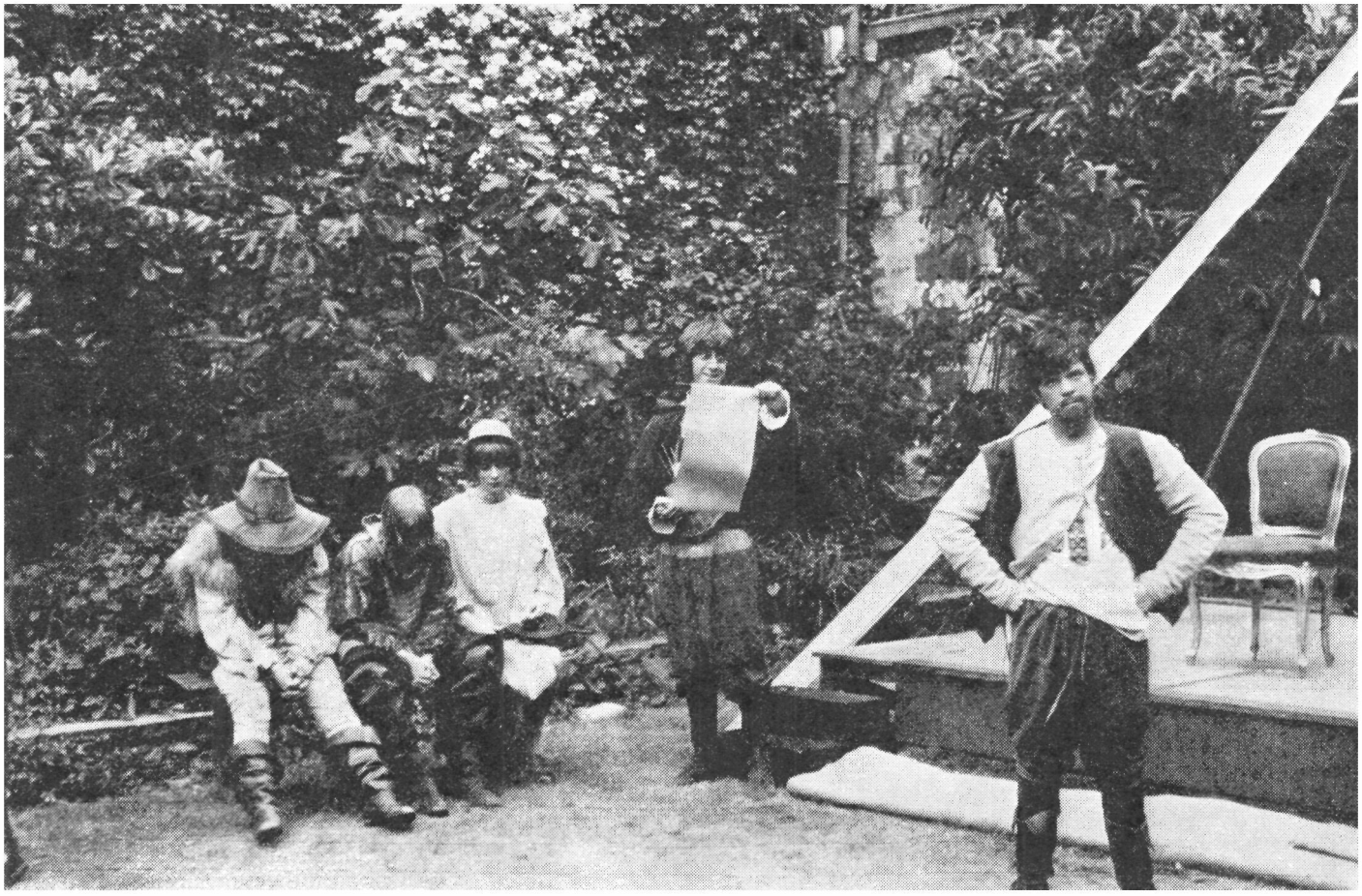
A fine warm evening as near Midsummer as could reasonably be expected; Ashburnham Garden, as perfect a Shakespearean space as has ever been devised by accident; an east wind (no low flying aeroplanes); a set, gaudily hung, of ramps, slides, staircases and platforms; a full house, disposed to enjoy itself, precariously elevated in the auditorium; and boys on cushions on the stage itself; a play which almost guarantees pleasure to all sorts and conditions. Around 8.30 pm, expectation and excitement ran high. Was John Field's production fitted for such ideal conditions?

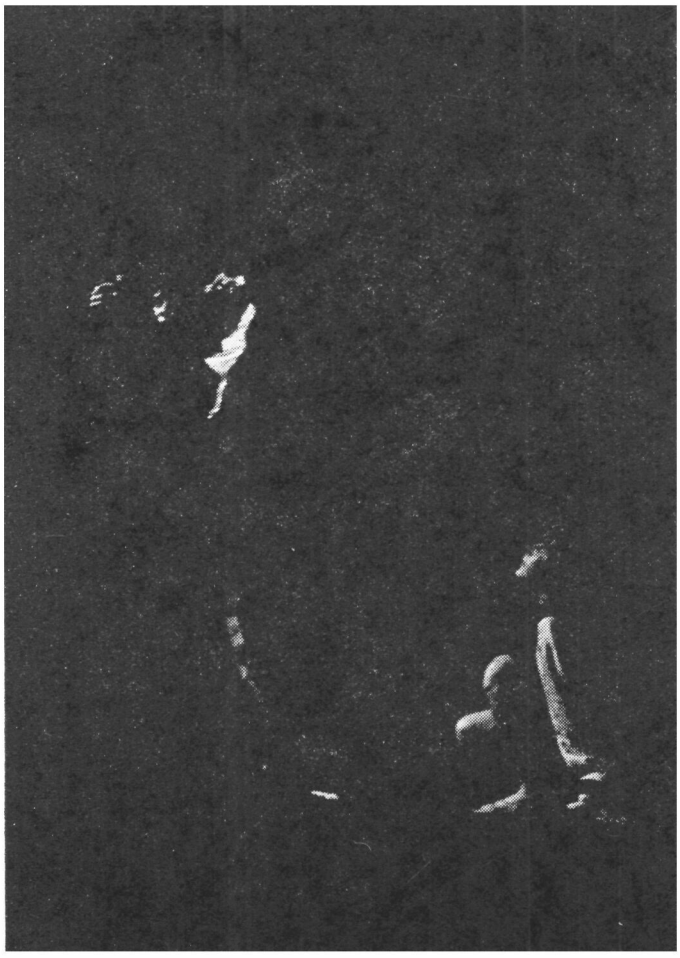
It certainly had many distinctive features. Producer and cast gave us a refreshingly but not aggressively original view of some pretty familiar language and situations. There was coherence: the play was a whole, not a series of disconnected turns. It was unified by dramatic imagery (parallel entries, stage positions and exits between human and superhuman worlds), by a splendid pace (so rarely achieved in school productions), by fully developed relationships, both within and between groups of characters (the self-importance and anxiety of the Mechanicals in their contribution to the festivities of the nobility), and by the doubling of attendants upon the four royal figures, suggesting continuity between city and forest, day and night, reality and dream. Above all, perhaps, the cumulative atmosphere of magic and the intensifying spectacle as the artificial lighting grew to dictate the dramatic focus. There was vitality, some intelligent verse speaking and music both rich and economical in its establishing and transforming of mood.

There were too some memorable individual performances. Liz Comstock Smith's Titania possessed lyrical grace and fierce malevolence, both stylish and both precisely stylised; Sebastian Secker-Walker, as Puck, had a dynamic energy even when immobile, metamorphosing himself into a hundred shapes with a delight behind which lurked malice and menace. Bottom enabled Robert Maslen to add deadly serious but incompetent theatricality to his already wide range of clowning skills. His short stocky figure and expressionless face ridiculed the heroic rôle he so incongruously craved, and, set against a Thisbe (Mark Bostridge) whose length of leg and willowy shape appeared to give him several feet advantage in height, all his pretensions collapsed—but never for himself. The four lovers, Felicity Plaat, Sara Foster, Francis Fitzgibbon and Joe Todhunter, exhibited the shallow self-interest of immature love with intense seriousness, and as their confusion multiplied, so too did their hectic desperation lead them to the depths of hysterical outrage. Their achievement, individual and collective, in the play's most difficult rôles, was, for me, the best thing in the whole production.

Ironically, the high quality of individual performances tended to draw more than usual attention to inadequacies, without which no school production would be complete. The producer's ambition sometimes outran the capacities of his cast: group movements were ragged and the sense of ritual formality often dispelled by a stray attendant. Small boys are unlikely embodiments of either courtly dignity or supernatural delicacy. The maturity and balance which should have been presented as an ideal at the outset by Theseus and Hippolyta lacked authority. I could go on carping, but I feel that I should quickly forfeit the sympathy of the large audiences which evidently found much to enjoy. And what delighted them also delighted me: an inventive, vigorous and finely controlled production filled with vivid incident, rich in memories: Quince's legs waving helplessly from a wicker basket; Puck spotlit on the roof while the mothers dared not look; Flute both in and out of his pink tights; Pyramus and Thisbe as a producer's nightmare, crammed full of all that has ever gone wrong on a first night; the haunting transition from sleepy court to the whispered rituals of the now benign fairy world.

So, to a large and obviously happy team, our thanks. The pleasures you gave us were gratefully received—and without our having to make most of the usual allowances for the inevitable inadequacies of school drama. Now that pupil-productions are the norm, it is more then ever important that the highest standards continue to be set by productions such as this.





# Reviews

## *Election Term Concert*

Despite the designation 'informal' that the Election term concert now receives, the standard of this one was as high as that of 'formal' school concerts in other terms. The fact that the performers do not know until the day of the concert that they are actually performing does not seem to mar the quality of the playing, but rather gives it an atmosphere of freshness and life that one occasionally finds lacking in the less relaxed ambience of the Play and Lent term concerts; the 'informal' atmosphere also caused me to find the occasional faults in the performance less jarring than those which have occurred in their 'formal' brethren.

The concert began with Schumann's *Introduction and Allegro Appassionato in G* (Op. 92). The piano and orchestra were well balanced, and both gave a pleasing performance. In particular, Steven Edis, the soloist, played extremely expressivcly, and seemed in total command of the very difficult piano part: so much so, in fact, that virtually none of the audience and, apparently, few members of the orchestra, noticed that Steven—who was playing from memory—forgot his part for several seconds, and substituted some ad-lib composition, until he remembered what Schumann really wrote! His confidence was regrettably not echoed by the horns, who struggled desperately, if at times not altogether successfully, with their very demanding part.

There then followed a number of short pieces from the winners of the music competitions, beginning with the 1st movement of Poulenc's *Flute Sonata*, technically complex, but professionally executed by Simon Batten with careful expression if occasionally slightly erratic timing. Considering the soloist's past record, I suppose we should have been thankful that he remembered to turn up on time! Next was the aria *Mighty Lord* by Bach: Toby Keynes has a very pleasing voice but it was at times drowned by the piano, particularly towards the bottom of the register; however he maintained a delightful tone quality throughout.

Katherine Campbell followed with a short *Capriccio in D minor* (Op. 116 No. 7) by Brahms, an extremely demanding piece, which nevertheless she played with full control, though at times I thought she might have put a little more colour into it. After this, Sally Barber, playing *The Canary* (Tchaikovsky), gave a thoroughly accomplished performance on the oboe, with beautiful expression, and very skilfully accompanied by Martin Ball.

The last item before the interval was a pair of trios, the first by Jonathan Wright the other by Steven Edis. Both were written for piano, trombone and clarinet, and performed by the two composers (piano and trombone respectively) with Guy Weston on the clarinet. Steven's piece struck me as more co-ordinated (though shorter) than Jonathan's and provided a good contrast in mood and style.

After the interval we were treated to another piece of original composition, this time by George Benjamin: a sonata for violin and piano, played by Charles Peebles and George himself. This was a veritable *tour de force* on George's part. Praising these two musicians abilities has become almost cliché'd by now, and has been done more aptly and succinctly elsewhere: suffice it to say that this piece was executed with Charles's usual excellence in skill and interpretation, whilst George seemed both to be making the most out of every note he played and also making skilful use of the effects of silence. Incidentally, those who were puzzled by the curious pizzicato-like sound in the second movement will be interested to learn that this was in fact created by George making new use of the strings of the piano!

Finally—and probably a good choice to contrast with the previous 40 minutes of modern music—we heard a very creditable performance of Schubert's *Rosamunde Overture*. Although the first few tutti chords were a little imprecise, on the whole the timing was well kept, and the orchestra well co-ordinated, thanks to Charles Brett's conducting. The orchestra played accurately, and the horns redeemed themselves from their slightly disappointing performance in the Schumann.

The whole concert provided a most enjoyable evening's music, played to a high standard, and laid out to give the greatest variety and contrast: credit is due to Charles Brett for his careful selection of the programme and for the impressive performance of the sadly-depleted orchestra—we have lost a number of first-class musicians recently. Our thanks are due to him and to all the performers who were prepared to spend their time practising in order to give us such a splendid concert.

Gregory Wilsdon

## *Ashburnham House Concert*

The first Ashburnham House Concert for one and a half years, and the first Cambridge choral award to Ashburnham for nobody knows quite how long. . . As is the way with House (and occasionally School) Concerts, the evening was dominated by a very small core of individuals, in this case James Cross and Mark Williams. The former could boast (but would not) of ability at the organ, piano, bassoon and baton; the latter, a fine tenor voice, oboe and piano.

There was hardly another item which did not give Williams a chance to turn pages, but his more active performances were enjoyed. His oboe pieces, folk songs by Bartok, showed an understanding of the folk idiom, which, alas, eludes many professional conductors. The vocal items, *Sebben crudele* and *Mondnacht*, by Caldara and Schumann, presented a surprisingly British vocal quality: very pure throughout the register, perfectly correct intonation, words clear (but not over-enunciated) and a steady low volume which was intimate and clearly audible. This combination has won him a choral scholarship at Corpus Christi. He always has a sense of humour—always important on this kind of occasion—as his finale with Cross, Arthur Benjamin's *Jamaican Rumba*, illustrated.

James Cross opened the concert with a Brahms Piano Rhapsody, and, between accompanying other pieces, produced an organ toccata by Mushel; this is a lively piece, occasionally reminding one of rousing cinema organs at their best, and provided a good fruity contrast with quiet performances which surrounded it. I am glad to have heard this piece at last without the din of boys entering Latin Prayers.

The madrigal group, conducted by Cross, produced difficulties of ensemble, both in pitch and tempo. The sound was woolly in general but this was inevitable in a group without much singing experience—if they were to join the Abbey Choir. . . ?

It is a pity that we should be given so many small instrumental groups which sometimes sounded thin by themselves but could have combined into one with great effect: two treble recorders, two descants, a side-drum, singer and bassoons can pass themselves off as an interesting, if not quite authentic *schola musicum antiqua*(?), with a good balance and sonority. But it was not to be.

It is well worth mentioning Francesca Denman's *Piece for a House Concert*, not only because Francesca is brave in performing, solo, her own composition: she was the only artist of the evening to look and sound as if she were really involved in her performance. The piece was tonally austere, and melancholy throughout, but she sustained this mood well, with a steady concentration on melody rather than chordal movement, and this allowed for an effective pedal-echo in unison or octival passages. However, the chords, when they did appear, were not always appropriate to the general mood: they seemed occasionally almost random, or far more modernistic than the rest, although the last few minutes were more fluid and impressive.

I am not convinced that School acoustics are very good for this form of intimate music-making. Ashburnham drawing-room responds far more richly, which is vital for some of the smaller groups. I wonder if the House would consider making use of this valuable asset next year.

Toby Keynes

# *Westminster Notes*

In case you didn't know . . .

'Westminster Abbey heart and soul of the history and culture of the English speaking world desperately needs your help. . . . If wonderful Westminster Abbey is meaningful to you, won't you add your support to this endeavour by sending your tax exempt contribution to . . .'

From *The New Yorker*, October 1977.

* * *

And the other side of the problem . . .

'Dear Sir,

I desire, through the medium of your columns, to lodge a very vehement protest against the constant unseemly interruptions of the School Abbey Service by the sound of hammering and the calls of workmen from the triforium. . . .'

From *The Elizabethan*, November 1906.

* * *

The Governing Body has agreed to the Law Commission's repeal of the Roman Catholic Relief Acts of 1791 and 1829. These Acts prevented a Roman Catholic becoming Head Master of Eton, Westminster or Winchester. Queen Elizabeth I is not available for comment.

* * *

*Plus ça change . . . ?*

The following dialogue is from Thomas Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* (1676) between Snare and Mrs. Figgup:

*Snare:* Thou has incencst me strangely, thou hast fired my bloud, I can bear it no longer, in faith I cannot. Where are the Instruments of our pleasure? Nay, prethee do not frown, by the Mass thou shalt do't now.

*Figgup:* I wonder that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?

*Snare:* I was so us'd to it at Westminster School, I cou'd never leave it off since.

*Figgup:* Well look under the carpet then if I must.

*Snare:* Very well, my dear Rogue. But dost thou hear thou art too gentle. Do not spare thy pains. I love castigation mightily—so, here's good provision.

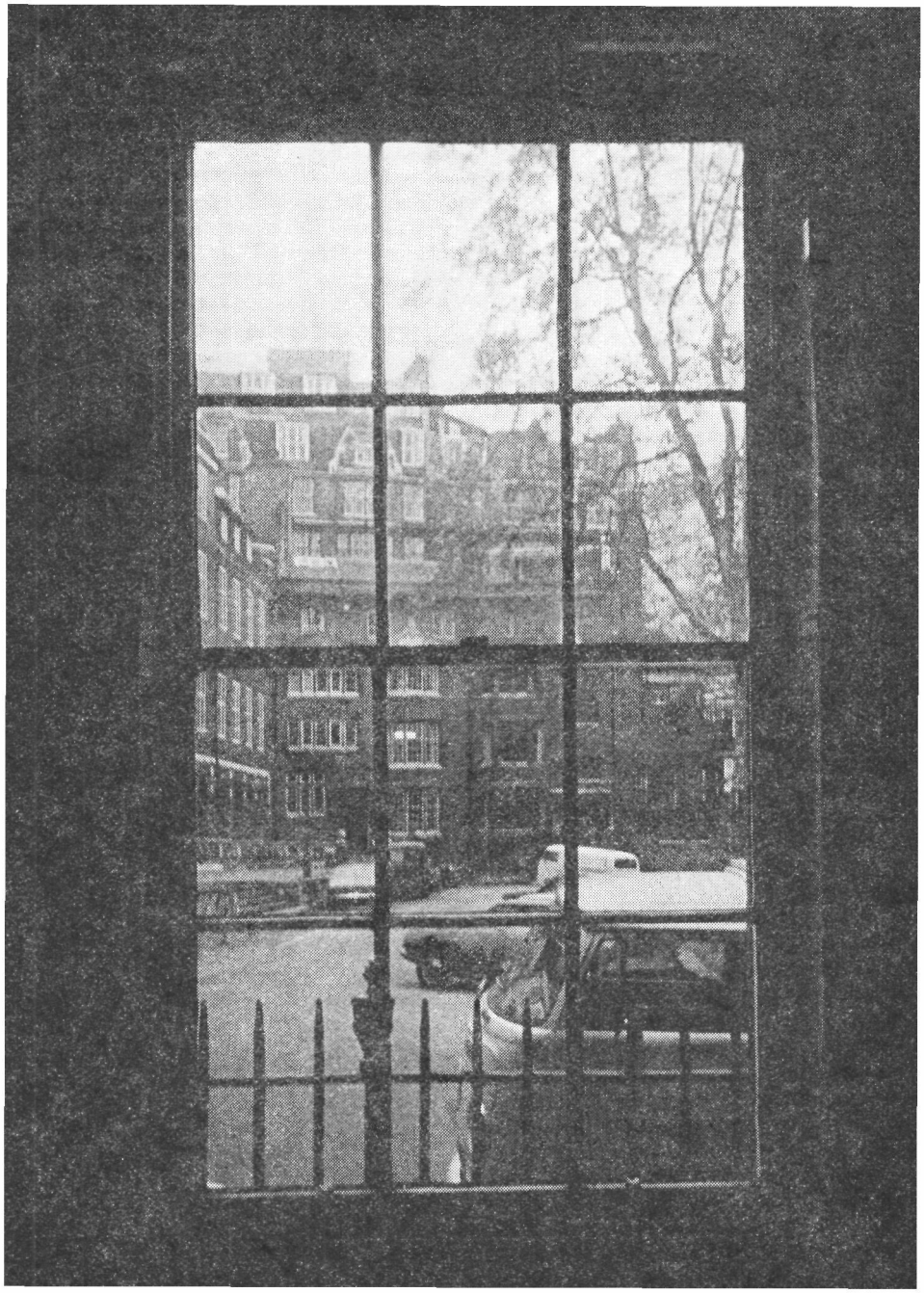
(Pulls the carpet, three or four great Rods fall down)

. . .Shadwell went to Bury St. Edmund's.

* * *

From the *Times Educational Supplement:* 'Co-ed. Sixth Form at Westminster; but is it legal?'

No comment.



'The exorbitant deare rates for boarding at Westminster Schoole and other schools about London is a great grievance, viz., thirty pounds per annum, twenty-five pounds per annum at the least, and yet the children have not their bellies full.'

John Aubrey writing in the 17th Century.

* * *

A warning . . .

From the August Issue of *Town and Country (USA):* 'With the extremely favourable exchange rate of the British pound, there is no doubt that Americans will soon be besieging the British secondary level for their famous 'public' school education.' The schools recommended include Winchester, Westminster. . . .

## Oxford and Cambridge University Results

The following have obtained Firsts in examinations: H. Birley, Caius Camb. in Medical Sciences Part IA; J. Derrick, Ch.Ch. Oxf. in P.P.E.; D. Ekserdjian, Trin. Camb. in Modern Languages Part II and awarded a Senior Scholarship; P. Frew, Queens Camb. in Natural Sciences Part IB; T. Gardam, Caius Camb. in English Part II; R. Lupton, Trin. Camb. in Natural Sciences Part IA and awarded a Senior Scholarship; S. May, Ch.Ch. Oxf. in Physiology; A. Morrison, Magd. Oxf. in Mathematics and Philosophy Mods. and awarded an exhibition; S. A. Richards, Pemb. Oxf. in Botany; A. Yuille, Trin. Camb. Distinction in Mathematics Part III.

# Sports Reports

## *Water*

The Boat Club acquired a new coxed IV at the beginning of the Play Term, *Alert*. The new IV was entered with two VIII's for the Boston Marathon on the first Sunday of the term. The 1st VIII managed to win the Junior 16 division covering the thirty-one miles in four hours, sixteen minutes, and fourteen seconds. The Senior Squad was then organized into various IV's, pairs and sculls for the bulk of the Play Term. A IV won the Junior 16 division at the Head of the Cam Autumn IV's (this was the first win for *Alert*). A few sculling trophies were also won at the Weybridge Long Distance Sculls. Three crews were entered for the Vesta Winter VIII. The 1st VIII winning the Senior 'C' division, the 2nd VIII winning the Senior 'C' lightweight division and the Junior 15 crew winning their division. We won three of the possible five events at Vesta.

The Boat Club entered crews in only three Heads this term. The 2nd VIII won the Junior division at the Head of the Trent. Both the 2nd VIII and Junior Colts 'A' VIII put in remarkable performances at the Schools' Head of the River Race, the forming coming 17th overall and the latter winning their division. The first time a Westminster Junior Colts crew has won this division. Unfortunately the 1st VIII was plagued with illness and last minute crew changes, it finished 11th overall. The 1st VIII had the honour of having an invaluable and most enjoyable outing with the Oxford Blue Boat two weeks before the Boat Race. The 2nd VIII put in a good performance at the Kingston Head of the River finishing second in their division.

The first event of the Election Term was the Head of the Cam in which the 1st VIII and 3rd VIII (Junior Colts) won the Junior 18 and Junior 15 divisions respectively. It was the last event that the 1st VIII entered in its boat, *Ellison*. The Boat Club had bought a new VIII, *Challenge*. The 1st VIII used *Challenge*, the 2nd VIII continued to use *Queen Bess* and the 3rd VIII took *Ellison*. The bulk of the Regatta season was devoted to adjusting to the boat changes which occurred four weeks into the Election Term. Invaluable experience was gained at Chiswick, Twickenham and National Schools Regattas. The 1st VIII won both the Senior 'C' and Senior 'B' events at Horseferry Regatta, which made it a Senior 'B' crew. The 1st VIII best row of the season was against Cygnet in the Senior 'B' finals of the Regatta. The 1st VIII had a most enjoyable afternoon at the Houses of Parliament when they rowed to Black Rod Steps. The Henley crew was now decided but its training schedule was severely hit by exams. For this reason we entered the Special Race for Schools event. At Henley we reached the semi-finals by beating Latymer Upper, but were beaten by St. Edward's, the eventual winners. Wrens won the School Regatta for the first time by winning six of the nine events.

With quite a few members of this year's 1st VIII staying on for another season and with strong 2nd and 3rd VIII crews coming up I feel sure that they will do well during the 1977-78 season.

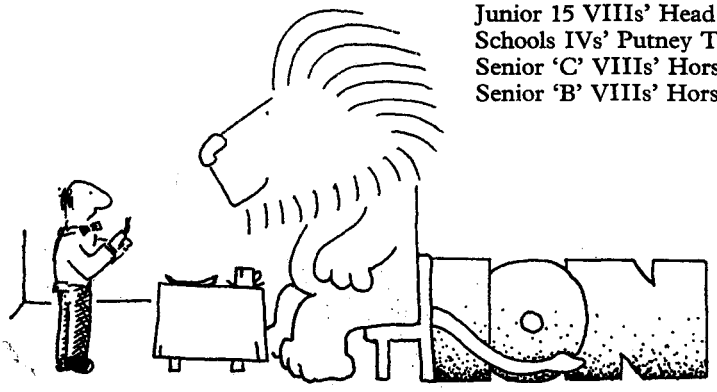
(The members of the 1st VIII were as follows, regulars: Justin Jenk, John Hamilton, Simon Richards, Michael Phelan, Tad Ross, Guy Rackham, William Cortazzi. The following also rowed in the 1st VIII on various occasions: Nigel Edwards, Simon Brocklebank-Fowler, Konstantine von Schweinitz, Victor Lowenstein, Tim Zilka and David Giles.)

Justin Jenk

* * *

Successes Season 1976-77

Junior 16 VIIIs' Boston Marathon
Junior 16 IVs' Head of the Cam
Autumn IVs
Senior 'C' VIIIs' Vesta Winter VIIIs
Senior 'C' lightweight VIII Vesta Winter
VIIIs
Junior 15 VIIIs' Vesta Winter VIIIs
Junior VIIIs' Head of the Trent
Junior 15 VIIIs' Schools' Head of the
River
Junior 18 VIIIs' Head of the Cam
Junior 15 VIIIs' Head of the Cam
Schools IVs' Putney Town Regatta
Senior 'C' VIIIs' Horseferry Regatta
Senior 'B' VIIIs' Horseferry Regatta



## *Cricket*

After initial doubts about the forthcoming season, due to the state of the ground at Vincent Square, and concern about the form of some of the members of the team, we were pleasantly surprised with the result when we played Bradfield, a hard game with which to start the season. Westminster gained a good draw due largely to a partnership of 112 between Simon Hamilton (61*) and Tim Bailey (49*). Good bowling nearly won the game but Bradfield held on.

This was an excellent start but the rest of the season was not of the same calibre. The season concluded with the results: Played 14, Won 2, Drew 6, Lost 6. These are disheartening statistics but there were many fine points about the season. Examples of these are; Mike Warburg's hat-trick against U.C.S.; the numerous half centuries scored by Simon Hamilton and Tim Bailey at crucial stages: Robert Lemkin's match-winning half-century against Canada College, and Simon's 8 for 55 in the same game.

So on the whole this was another disappointing season for the cricket team. On paper there was no reason for disgrace. Tim Bailey was well supported in the opening spells by the aggressive Chris Lake. Mike Warburg was unfortunately injured for the main part of the season, so his bowling was limited. Johnny Severn bowled at times accurately and well and his left arm medium provided variety in the attack. The spinners, Simon (24 wickets) and Cameron Horne managed to turn the ball considerably and took wickets but they suffered as most spinners do by a certain lack of accuracy which was quickly punished by batsmen. The younger players, Peter Harris, John Hall, Robert Lemkin and Simon Beadle, playing occasionally for the 1st XI in only his first season at Westminster, all had their moments with the bat. In fact the only reason that we did not have a very successful season was that the fielding was no better than poor, and the batting had a strong tendency to fail even to get away to a good start despite strong hitters such as Hodgson, Williams and Horne, all of whom opened the innings at one time or another. Not to be forgotten was Justin Byam-Shaw who bowled his leg-spinners as well as being a useful middle order batsman.

So, if it was not very successful, the season was enjoyed by all and special thanks must go to John Baxter for his encouragement and invaluable advice, to Robert Ball, the scorer, and to Bruce Grant for keeping wicket on numerous occasions.

The team comprised the following: Bailey, Byam-Shaw, Warburg, Hamilton, Horne, Leisner, Lake, Harris, Hodgson, Hall, Severn. The following were occasional members: Beadle, Phelps-Penry, Williams, Grant, Smith, Thomson, Myerson, Weston.

T. Bailey

# *Fencing*

The correlation between keenness in station and results in matches seems to have been inverted over the past year. While for a large number the intensity of activity during station has declined to a point where it has become a social event, at the same time an active group have provided improving results in fixtures. Presumably there is a cause and effect relationship but which is which is not clear.

The year's results are impressive: of 10 matches against schools, 6 were won, 4 lost: the 1st Sabre team won 12 of its 14 matches, mostly by a large margin. The Foil has improved over the season early on Emma Lewis fought particularly well until she was attracted away from fencing to squash. Latterly Chris Clement-Davies and Annabelle Dudley have been the mainstay of the Foil team, Annabelle has done well in many national competitions—reaching the semi-final of the Perigal Cup. Again it is sad to report that the Epée has been very weak, but we have hope of better times. The Sabre team managed to beat Guy's Hospital and Cambridge Cutthroats. They lost only once when at full strength and that to Brentwood, the British Schools Champions. David Heyman, Jan Falkowski and Tom Prowse fenced consistently well. Jan Falkowski reached the last 36, Tom Prowse the last 24 of the Under 20 Competition. Good competition from the second team, especially Mark Instance and Guido Pericone, pushed the first team to higher standards.

The arrival of Richard Jacobs as master assisting has certainly increased the enjoyment of station by many fencers. That was further increased not a little by our four young ladies, whose vast assortment of coloured socks continue to mesmerise their opponents.

The credit for the teams' success is due in full to our professors, Bill Harmer-Brown and Bèla Imregi, both of whom know exactly the right level at which to pitch their excellent tuition. At the end of Election Term, Bill completed 25 years of teaching fencing at Westminster. Fencers over those years have owed an enormous amount to him for his interest in their welfare, his skilled tuition and his understanding of Westminster. At the last station of term a print of the Angelo's was presented to him and on behalf of the station I should like to thank those many Westminsters and Old Westminsters who contributed to this present and whom it has been impossible to thank individually.

T. Prowse

# *Tennis*

If it can be said that statistics do reflect a situation realistically and not fictionally, then it may be said that Westminster tennis has progressed. In 1975 our only 'result' was a draw whereas in '77, the 1st six won five, lost three, and drew one. The improvement has not been limited to team performances: a new court has been built and nowadays, when serving, it is not abnormal to feel a new ball with hair—vastly different from the previously predominantly bald specimens. Indeed, it is not the product of a course of Grecian 2000, but rather the not inconsiderable efforts of Mr. Harris who has given much of his own time to the betterment of tennis station as a whole. Mr. Stokes has also helped, particularly in the coaching of youngsters, as has Dr. Evans in an administrative capacity.

Clive Beck and Anthony Davis in their third year in the 1st six as a pair, drew on their experience and proved to be the mainstay of the team, conceding only five sets throughout the season. Rupert Green and Chan MacVeagh, usually the 2nd pair, worked well as a team. Nick Barratt, the captain, partnered at first by Tim Brow and then by Tony Graff, provided a solid third pair. Mike Warburg and Nick Humphris also played. The 2nd six had an indifferent season but Graham-Dixon, like the captain's, dedication to duty despite 'A levels', stands out. When playing together for the Colt's, MacVeagh and Humphris performed very well, but suffered from inadequate support. Lance Levan and Ben Freedman although capable, demonstrated that indolence does not win matches. Marston and Williams, the third pair, emerged as promising youngsters who will with experience, no doubt improve. Finally, the teams when playing at home were well supported by several masters and pupils. Our thanks to them.

C. Beck
A. Davis

# *Swimming*

The results for the Westminster School swimming team make poor reading. While we did not lose every match this summer, those we can normally expect to win are becoming tougher and tougher prospects, and some of our traditional opponents find us such easy meat that they would rather not compete against us. Competitive swimming has reached a much higher standard recently—except, unfortunately, at Westminster.

When Alleyn's acquired their own swimming pool about three years ago they were similar in standard to us. Now they would rather not compete against us because they are in a different class. Without wishing to sound too pessimistic, we are now experiencing some difficulty in obtaining suitable opponents.

Despite consistently mediocre results the team spirit of the club has not declined in recent years. Everyone participates to the best of his or her ability but there are many ways in which we are severely handicapped. No amount of goodwill and effort can compensate for the fact that we have no pool of our own and are thereby restricted to two one-hour training sessions each week (one or both of which often being taken up by a match). We are also continually hampered by the fact that we have no really talented swimmers—one such can guarantee a match if entered in every event. Other difficult factors include near Arctic conditions at many other schools with open-air pools, such as Harrow's *Ducteur* and the freezing pools of King's Canterbury and Sutton Valence and are far from the sickly, cosy, chlorinated warmth of our own Dolphin Square.

Annual light relief is provided by the horrific visit to Queenswood girls' school, where they have ways of making sure they win—a crippling handicap for the boys, psychological in the form of massed echelons of girls. On the whole, though, each swimmer tries his best in the races and is directly interested in bettering his own personal time. The events are over quickly, at most in 90 seconds, and so less depends on real stamina than on accumulated training which Westminster, regrettably, lacks.

T. Reid

# The Elizabethan Club

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

## Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday, October 5th, with the President, Sir Anthony Grover, in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the Year ended March 31st, 1977, were adopted.

Mr. Frank Hooper was re-elected Chairman of the Club for the ensuing year; Mr. Michael Baughan, Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively. The appointment of the Hon. Auditor was left in the hands of the General Committee, Mr. H. K. S. Clark having intimated that he wished to resign. Tribute was paid to Mr. Clark for his considerable services to the Club as its Hon. Auditor for so many years. Mr. R. J. Grant, Mr. R. L. Paniguian, Mr. F. M. B. Rugman and Mr. A. J. T. Willoughby were elected new members of the General Committee.

On the proposal of Colonel Stuart Horner, it was agreed unanimously to invite the Rt. Rev. Gerald Ellison (1924-29, H) to become a Vice-President of the Club.

## Special General Meeting

A Special General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on October 5th, 1977, immediately following the Annual General Meeting, with the President, Sir Anthony Grover, in the chair. The amendments to the Club Rules to provide for the admission of girls, who have been educated at the School, to Life Membership were approved, together with certain minor alterations to other Rules as tabled by the General Committee.

## Annual Dinner

A successful and enjoyable Annual Dinner was held on October 5th, 1977, in College Hall by kind permission of the Head Master. Sir Anthony Grover was in the chair and the Club's guests included the Dean of Westminster, the Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Havers, QC, MP, who proposed the toast of 'Floreat', and the Head Master, who responded. The President's health was proposed by Colonel Stuart Horner.

The numbers of those attending was clear evidence of the popularity of the venue for the Dinner and members will be glad to know that the Head Master has consented to our holding the Dinner again in College Hall next year.

## The Rigaud's Society

The Biennial Dinner of the Rigaud's Society will be held up House on June 28th, 1978. All Old Rigaudites will be welcome. Members of the Society will be notified individually nearer the date. Non-members please apply for further information to the Hon. Sec., Rigaud's Society, 29, Great College Street, London SW1P 3RT. (Tel. 01-222 7217)

## 52nd Westminster Scout Troop

Nineteen members of Westminster's pre-war Scout Troop assembled at Dunchideock House, Exeter for the week-end of September 23rd-25th, 1977, at the invitation of Mr. A. N. Winckworth. A very happy and rewarding week-end was spent. Even torrential rain and dense fog failed to deter the more intrepid from searching out Dartmoor in one of its angriest moods.

Our grateful thanks are extended to Mr. Winckworth. He has renewed the invitation for September 1979, when it is hoped that even more former members will feel able to attend and therefore not deprive themselves of the opportunity of spending a delightful week-end in glorious scenery and a friendly atmosphere.

The following Old Westminsters attended: His Honour Judge Argyle, E. T. Argyle, R. L. Batten, T. W. Brown, C. H. Christie, D. F. Cunliffe, G. D. Denlow, D. L. B. Farley, P. M. Gimson, B. V. I. Greenish, R. W. Hogg, M. Knowles, J. Ormiston, R. D. Rich, The Reverend J. S. Ridley, W. H. Steven, The Reverend E. J. Townroe, A. N. Winckworth, R. W. Young.

T.W.B.

# Old Westminster Notes

I. S. (Vane) Ivanović (A, 1926-30), Consul General of Monaco to Great Britain, has had his autobiography 'LX, Memoirs of a Jugoslav' published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

* * *

Randall Monier-Williams (1904-10, H) has published *Ebb and Flow*, Volume Four of *The Tallow Chandlers of London* (Kaye and Ward).

* * *

Professor John King Farlow (R, 1947-51) has been elected President of the Canadian Philosophical Association.

* * *

C. C. P. Williams (KS, 1946-50) has been appointed Chairman of the Price Commission.

In the Jubilee and Birthday Honours Sir John Geilgud (G, 1917-21) was appointed Companion of Honour, Sir Michael Havers, Q.C., M.P. (R, 1936-40) was appointed Privy Counsellor and Richard Barlas, O.B.E. (KS, 1929-34) was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

* * *

George Coulouris (A, 1951-56) has received a grant of £19,900 from the Research Council for research on interactive command language in the Computer Department of Queen Mary College, London University.

# Election of Members

The following were elected to Life Membership under rule 7(B) at the General Committee Meeting held on 26 October, 1977.

## College

Steven Frank **Edis,** 33 Bell Lane, Broxbourne, Herts.
Rupert John Henry **Green,** Dale Park House, Madehurst, Arundel, Sussex.
Robert Daniel **St. Johnston,** 30 Fitzroy Road, London, N.W.1.
Gregory Michael Robert **Wilsdon,** 40 Priory Avenue, Bedford Park, London, W.4.

## Grant's

Sinclair Thomas **Banks,** 20 Minera Mews, London, S.W.1.
John Patrick **Blaksley,** The White House, Gosmore, Hitchin, Herts.
Timothy David **Brow,** Milford House, 7 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.
James Robert **Mayor,** Barhatch, Barhatch Lane, Cranleigh, Surrey.
John Kenneth **Severn,** 12 Cronk's Hill, Redhill, Surrey.
Rupert Angus **Stubbs,** Sailing Barge 'Resourceful', Chiswick Mall, London, W.4.
Diarmid Alexander Beaver **Tanner,** Oak Tree House, Parish Lane, Hedgerley, Bucks.

## Rigaud's

George William John **Benjamin,** 51 South Street, London, W.1.
John Paul Anthony **Colaclides,** 15 Donne Place, London, S.W.3
Stephen Mark **Cornwell,** Coxley House, Wells, Somerset.
Bruce Holden **Grant,** Pendle, 17 Stone Bromley, Kent.
Timothy Henry **Hall,** 5 Middle Field, London, N.W.8.
David Charles **Morland,** Furstweg 17, 8650 Kulmbach, West Germany. Also, 282 Cromwell Tower, Barbican, London, E.C.2.
Anthony James **Newman,** 10 Woodhall Drive, College Road, London, S.E.21.
Robert Jan **Schneider,** 41 Wolsey Road, Moor Park, Middlesex.
The Hon. Charles Francis **Wigoder,** 29 Henstridge Place, London, N.W.8.

## Busby's

David Avrom **Bell,** 65 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.
Mark Alexander **Bolton,** Hallborough, Penshurst, Kent.
Nigel Ronald **Edwards,** 6 Rosefields, Kippington Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Nigel Simeon Roger **Edwards,** 24 Ascott Avenue, London, W.5.
Stanley Andrew **Kawczak,** 4822 West Broadway Avenue, Montreal, P.Q. H4V 1Z9, Canada.
Anthony Patrick **Somervell,** Force Knott, Hill Top, Kendal, Cumbria.

## Liddell's

Dimitrios John **Fafalios** 84, Viceroy Court, Prince Albert, Road, London, N.W.8.
Robert Steven **Lund,** 3 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1.
Alistair John Kerr **Williams,** 7 The Spinneys, Bickley, Bromley, Kent.

## Ashburnham

Duncan Grant **Allison,** 8 Hillside Road, London, S.W.2.
James Adrian Dawson **Bagshawe,** 115 George Street, London, W.1.
Nicholas George **Boyagis,** 72 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11.
John Joycelyn Stirling **Brothwood,** 13 Great Spilmans, London, S.E.22.
Thomas Peter **Hickmore,** 14 Beadon Road, Bromley, Kent.
Nicholas Robert **Robinson,** 16 Cheyne Row, London, S.W.3.

## Wren's

Christopher Philip **Dean,** 4 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1.
William, N.W.1.
William Garth Broke **Evans,** 15 York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.

## Dryden's

John Charles **Burns,** Longridge, Claremont Road, Claygate, Surrey.
David Michael **Strage,** 67 Addison Road, London, W.14.

# Obituary

**Adrian**—On August 4th, 1977, Edgar Douglas, 1st Baron Adrian, O.M., F.R.C.P. (1903-08, G) aged 87.
**Arnold-Jenkins**—On June 8th, 1977, Cdr. James Gedwion (1915-16, G) aged 77.
**Barclay-Smith**—On July 29th, 1977, Lieut. Col. Edward Alan (1911-15, C) aged 79.
**Bourke**—On August 27th, 1977, Brian Henry (1926-29, R) aged 64.
**Brandon-Thomas**—On September 14th, 1977, Jevan Roderick (1912-17, G) aged 79.
**Gilbey**—On July 31st, 1977, Alfred Ronald Dashwood, C.B.E. (1925-27, A) aged 66.
**Guymer**—On September 15th, 1977, Ronald Frank, T.D., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S. (1915-19, A) aged 76.
**Howe**—On August 30th, 1977, Sir Ronald Martin, C.V.O., M.C. (1911-15, H) aged 80.
**Lord**—On September 15th, 1977, Wilfred Turner (1915-20, A) aged 75.
**Mellor**—On May 24th, 1977, Aubrey Rollo Ibbetson, C.B.E., M.C. (1904-11, H) aged 85.
**Potter**—On May 14th, 1977, John Spencer (1951-54, B) aged 48.
**Pulman**—On August 14th, 1977, Frederick George (1933-37, A) aged 57.
**Russell**—On May 1st, 1977, Andrew Charles Finch (1965-69, R) aged 25.
**Spearman**—On May 27th, 1977, Sir Alexander Bowyer, Bt. (1930-33, H) aged 60.
**Walter**—On May 6th, 1977, Dr. William Grey (1923-28, A) aged 67.

## Lord Adrian

Lord Adrian, O.M., M.D., F.R.S., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge 1968-75, Vice-Chancellor 1957-59, and for many years Professor of Physiology in the University, died on Thursday night at the age of 87. From 1951 to 1965 he was Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

He was one of the most outstanding physiologists of his time, distinguished alike for the fine quality of his experimental work, for the critical interpretation of its results and the charm and clarity of his exposition. The original direction of Adrian's interest to neurophysiology was due to his contact with Keith Lucas in the Physiological Laboratory at Cambridge between 1911 and 1914. Keith Lucas was killed flying in 1918 and to Adrian fell the pious duty of carrying on and completing his work. Keith Lucas's chief interest lay in the simpler (but not simple) problems of nerve excitation and conduction: Adrian extended Keith Lucas's precise methods of experiment and logical analysis first to the more complex phenomena of sensation and later to the far more difficult problems provided by the central nervous system and the brain. In this his work proved to be the natural complement of that of Sherrington, many of whose deductions, obtained before the days of modern electrical recording and display, Adrian was able to make directly evident by sight and sound: most appropriately, Adrian and Sherrington shared the Nobel Prize in 1932.

Adrian always maintained that he was a true Cockney, three generations at least having been born within sound of Bow Bells. His great-grandfather, William Obadiah Adrian, was Clerk to the House of Commons. His grandfather, Emperor Adrian, was in the Civil Service. His father, Alfred Douglas Adrian, C.B., K.C., was in the Local Government Board and became its legal adviser. His mother, Flora Barton, had gone to Australia as a child and had met his father while visiting relatives in England. Alfred Adrian traced his family back to Richard Adrian, a Huguenot, who fled to England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Adrian's one brother, a King's Scholar at Westminster and a Westminster Classical Scholar at Christ Church, died while an undergraduate at Oxford.

Edgar Douglas Adrian was born on November 30th, 1889, and was educated at Westminster where he became a King's Scholar at the end of his first term. Like Keith Lucas at Rugby he was on the classical side, until his last year or so when he went over to science. He obtained a Westminster Scholarship and also an Entrance Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1913. On the outbreak of war in 1914 he went to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and having already fitted in some of his clinical studies at Addenbrook's Hospital at Cambridge got qualified in record time. Then, after a resident appointment at Queen Square, he became Medical Officer of the Connaught Military Hospital at Aldershot, where he remained till practically the end of the war, in spite of repeated efforts to get to France. At Farnborough he lived at 'Chudleigh' with the famous group of people working at the Royal Aircraft Factory (G. P. Thomson, G. I. Taylor, Farren, Aston, Lindemann, Glauert, B. M. Jones, etc.). After the war he returned to Cambridge, to Trinity and the Physiological Laboratory. In 1929 he became Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society, and in 1937 he succeeded Barcroft as Professor of Phsiyology.

Fencing, climbing and skiing were among his recreations. In fencing he was runner-up in the public schools' championship and at Cambridge obtained his half-blue. After his marriage in 1923 to Hester, daughter of Hume Pinsent, of Birmingham, whom he met first at The Orchard, the hospitable home of Horace Darwin, his climbing and skiing were generally in the company of his wife. A severe accident to her would have been a lasting handicap to one of less spirit: she did not allow it to interfere at all with her many public and private activities. They had three children, a son and two daughters. The happiness of his home provided a perfect background to Adrian's scientific life. On his retirement in 1965 from the Mastership of Trinity he moved into a new house beyond the College garden; but on the untimely death of his wife a few months later he moved back into Trinity, where he was most hospitable to undergraduates.

Adrian's modest and diffident charm was only enhanced by the honours that came to him; F.R.S., 1923; Nobel Prize, 1932; O.M., 1942; the Royal and the Copley Medals of the Royal Society; the honorary doctorates of many universities, the honorary membership of many foreign societies, and various others. He was a member of the Committee of Award of the Commonwealth Fund Fellowships, of the Medical Research Council, of the University Grants Committee, and of many other public and private bodies; an editor of *The Journal of Physiology;* and Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society. In 1968 he was elected, to his great pleasure, Chancellor of Cambridge University, the first to reside since Stephen Gardiner in the sixteenth century. To many international gatherings he was a graceful and welcome visitor, and had particularly warm friendships in the United States.

He was President of the Royal Society from 1950 to 1955 and President of the British Association in 1954. In 1975 he was chosen to be the first Chancellor of Leicester University.

On G. M. Trevelyan's retirement from the Mastership of Trinity in 1951

Adrian was his obvious successor. The Fellows welcomed his appointment and in 1960, when he reached the normal age of retirement, showed their appreciation of his services by unanimously prolonging his term for the maximum period. He and his wife made the most generous use of the opportunities of the Lodge for hospitality, and his new post revealed in the Master an unsuspected quality as a speaker of high distinction on public occasions—witty and humorous but never lacking in dignity. From 1957 to 1959 he bore cheerfully the burden of the Vice-Chancellorship which he had shown considerable public spirit in undertaking in an emergency.

In 1955 he was raised to the peerage. His occasional speeches in the House of Lords on scientific or academic subjects were always informative and interesting.

Adrian's work was devoted throughout to the central problems of neurophysiology. In his earlier days he worked on isolated nerve, but soon became involved with the problems discussed in his monograph 'The Basis of Sensation' published in 1928. His results showed beyond dispute that the intensity of a sensory frequency is determined by the frequency of the nerve impulses reaching the central nervous system from the appropriate end organs. This work required new and beautiful techniques, which he provided largely himself: their characteristics were always simplicity and economy, for to him they were only a means to an end. From his work on the physiology of sensation he proceeded to the spinal cord and then to the brain itself. In his later work, he used a natural stimulus, touch, muscle stretch, smell, light, sound, etc., and by critical analysis of the results was able to build up a concept of the underlying mechanisms. His work on brain potentials ('electro-encephalography'), often demonstrated characteristically on himself, has formed the basis of, and provided the stimulus for, much of the work on this subject throughout the world. His Croonian and Ferrier Lectures to the Royal Society, his monographs, *The Mechanism of Nervous Action*, 1932, and *The Physical Basis of Perception*, 1947, together with his original papers in the *Journal of Physiology*, *Brain*, etc., present in most attractive and readable form a consecutive story of one of the great scientific achievements of his day.

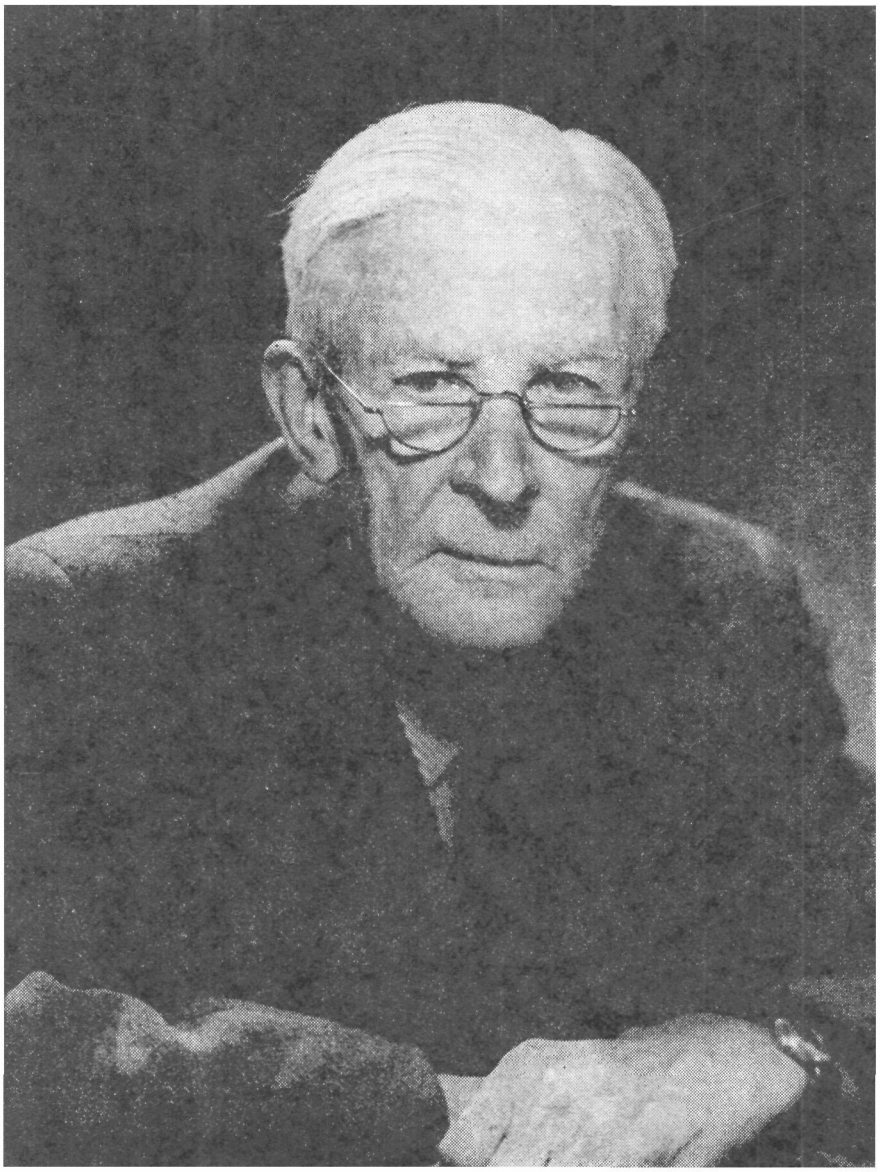
In the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*, when the announcement was made of his appointment to the Chair of Physiology at Cambridge, a colleague wrote of him as follows:

'Adrian would be an admirable conjuror but for the fact that his genuine magic is as good as any fake. Cambridge classes may hope to have some of the treats he has given to the Physiological Society: the rhythmic waves of his own brain, shown on a screen or written in ink on a strip of paper, disturbed or abolished by mental arithmetic: the electric potentials of a single fibre-group in a colleague's biceps, demonstrated with a needle and loud speaker to show how the strength of muscular contraction is graded: the ear of a dead cat used as a microphone. . . .'

Spoken or written, his words, like his demonstrations, showed how the most fundamental scientific discoveries can be communicated and discussed without unnecessary jargon or solemnity. This gaiety of approach blended with the critical restraint of his conclusions to make a perfect intellectual tool to match the mastery of his technical skill.

The heir to the barony is the Hon. Richard Adrian.

Adapted from *The Times*



No account in *The Elizabethan* of Lord Adrian's career would be adequate which did not emphasize his great devotion to the school, of which in his later years he was incomparably the most distinguished living member. For him, above all men, a memorial service in Abbey was appropriate, and the presence of Queen's Scholars in the procession was something which would have given him quite particular pleasure.

Some details of his career at the school are given above, and there can be few people now with memories long enough to supplement them. What is not mentioned there, however, is his long service on the Governing Body, to which he was first appointed in March 1926 and on which he continued to sit until January 1970. In an exceptionally busy life there were few engagements to which he gave higher priority than the meetings of the Governing Body and of the Busby Trustees, and he took particular delight in his visits at Election as Master of Trinity. These were all the more welcome because of his modesty and total lack of self-importance; it was easy in his presence to forget that he was a great man, but impossible not to be warmed by his kindliness and his readiness to be interested and amused even by small matters. For all his love of tradition and his pleasure in his memories of an earlier Westminster there was never a trace of the *laudator temporis acti* about him; he had a perennially youthful mind and could enter into the concerns of people many years his junior without giving the faintest impression of superiority or condescension. There never was, and there never will be, anybody like him.

Walter Hamilton

# Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas

Mr. Jevan Brandon-Thomas, the actor, dramatist and director, died on September 14th, aged 79.

The second son of Brandon Thomas, author of *Charley's Aunt*, he was born in London in July, 1898. He entered Westminster (G) in 1912 and left (with Triplett) in April 1917. He was prominent in Westminster life becoming Head of School as a Town Boy in 1916. At a time when the O.T.C. played an integral part in School life he became progressively C.Q.M.S. and C.S.M. His facility for expression was seen to advantage as President of the Debating Society; as a winner of Orations and as Secretary of the Glee Society with its responsibility for the School Concert in which his own offering of humorous patter songs was always outstanding.

He served in the Army (1917-18) before making a stage debut at Croydon in 1919 as Jack Chesney in *Charley's Aunt*, the 'immoral frolic' that naturally dominated his family life.

He later appeared in three West End revivals of *Charley's Aunt* (1920, 1926, and 1929) and directed the farce himself on four occasions, 1947 to 1950. Between 1933 and 1938 he was renowned for his repertory management at, simultaneously, the Lyceum, Edinburgh, and the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

He was an overseas announcer with the B.B.C. before serving for five years in the Royal Artillery. He had already written four plays, of which a neat light comedy, *Passing Bottom Road* (1928), the story of a social climber, ran for about six months at the Criterion with Marie Tempest; he acted in this himself. He directed at the Comedy Theatre (1948) his *Sit Down a Minute, Adrian*, a farce—though away from the paternal manner—and he also wrote several one act plays and an affectionate family memoir, *Charley's Aunt's Father* (1955). In 1956 he directed the Westminster Theatre revival of *Ten Minute Alibi*.

Adapted from *The Times*

# Mr. Ronald Gilbey

Mr. Ronald Gilbey, C.B.E., chairman of W. & A. Gilbey, the wine and spirits firm, from 1958 to 1969, died on July 31st. Alfred Ronald Dashwood Gilbey was educated at Westminster (1925-27, A) and saw wartime service in the R.A.F. He made a significant contribution to the three interests he had, outside his family: politics, business and sport. He was a member of Westminster City Council. From 1952 he was a Conservative L.C.C. member for Holborn and St. Pancras South, where he served until 1958. He also served as a member of the St. Pancras Borough Council 1959-62. He was a G.L.C. member for Haringey from 1967 to 1973.

In 1962, he was made a C.B.E., for political and public services in London.

Ronald Gilbey resigned from the L.C.C. in 1958 to lead what was then the largest wine and spirits firm in the country. As chairman of W. & A. Gilbey for 11 years he played a key role in his firm's merger into International Distillers and Vintners, where he became vice-chairman. He retired from I.D.V. in 1969. He was also chairman of the Licenses & General Insurance Company, President of the St. Pancras Chamber of Commerce for nine years, and was a past president of the London Central Board.

A keen sportsman he won the Amateur Figure Skating Championship twice at Alexandra Palace in 1930 and 1931 and in 1930 won the International Ice Figure Skating Championship for the Hoare Bowl at St. Moritz. He won the Amateur Roller Figure Skating Championship on four occasions and in 1933 won the International Ice Dancing Competition. Active in bobsleigh racing he was a member of the British team in the World Championships at St. Moritz in 1937.

One of the main architects of the Winter Olympic movement in this country he was a chairman of the National Skating Association of Great Britain and a member of the British Olympic Council.

In 1947 he married Anne, daughter of Captain Gilbert Lesley-Smith. They had two children.

# Dr. R. F. Guymer

Dr. Ronald Frank Guymer, who died on September 15th, quietly but effectively played a leading role in the development of industrial health in the post-1945 years. For many years chief medical officer to Lloyds Bank, he was well-known and appreciated in the City and banking circles, and was a Fellow of and much appreciated lecturer in the Institute of Bankers.

Educated at Westminster (1915-19, A) and Cambridge he took his clinical training at St. Thomas's Hospital, he in due course became lecturer in industrial diseases at his old hospital and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, as well as the Royal Army Medical College, Millbank. This last appointment he particularly appreciated, having been a keen territorial all his life, ending up as a colonel and being awarded the T.D.

At different times he served on the World Health Organization international committee on joint medical services, the University of London public health engineering advisory committee, and the International Commission on Occupational Health.

He is survived by his wife, Dr. Lesley Bidstrup, whom he married in 1952 and who is equally well known in the field of industrial medicine.

Adapted from *The Times*

# Sir Ronald Howe

Sir Ronald Howe, C.V.O., M.C., Deputy Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis 1953-57 and earlier Chief Constable C.I.D., died on August 30th. He was 80. He was president of Group 4 total security of which he had been chairman from 1957 to 1976.

Ronald Martin Howe, the son of F. G. Howe, a journalist, was born on September 5th, 1896.

He was 36 when, in 1932 he became a chief constable in the Criminal Investigation Department. His qualifications for that office were exceptional. He had attained distinction at Westminster where he was admitted (H.B.) a few days after his twelfth birthday in 1908, he became a Non Resident King's Scholar in 1911 and was elected head to Christ Church in July 1915. He was Vice-President of the Debating Society where, at that time, he gained a reputation for his expression of a strong Tory viewpoint. He achieved prominence in the O.T.C. with the rank of Sergeant.

In the 1914-18 war he served with the Royal Sussex Regiment from 1915 to 1919, was awarded the M.C. in 1916, wounded in the following year, and left the Army with the rank of captain.

On returning to civil life he read for the Bar, and was called by the Inner Temple in 1924. He then became legal officer in the Department of the Director of Public Prosecutions, where he remained until his appointment by Lord Trenchard, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, as Chief Constable of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard. Trenchard was in the midst of his attempt to introduce new and more efficient methods. Later Howe was promoted to Deputy Assistant Commissioner, an office he occupied until 1945, when he succeeded Sir Norman Kendal as head of the detective department.

Although he never lost his zeal for the legal side of his work. Howe yielded to the fascination of the battle of wits which was constantly being waged between the detectives and the criminal community. He was fortunate in coming into daily contact with some of the most able crime investigators Scotland Yard has ever employed, and it was during his period of service that new machinery for meeting the growing threat of organized gangsterism, especially in London, was being devised.

The aid of the public was sought, the magic telephone number popularized, and energetic officers patrolled London in patrol cars, night and day, directed by wireless. He was quick to realize the value of co-operation between press and police, and did not hesitate to take trusted newspaper representatives into his confidence—a policy which brought rich rewards. He was keenly interested in police methods in other countries, and made a point of visiting them periodically.

Thus he obtained an extensive knowledge of police practice in the United States, Canada, and European countries. But while he admired some of the organizations overseas, he found that their problems were different from those the police had to face in this country.

He was made C.V.O. in 1950, Knighted in 1955 and also received many foreign decorations. He was the author of *The Pursuit of Crime* and *The Story of Scotland Yard.*

He married in 1974 Mrs. Patrick Reg Perrott.

Adapted from *The Times*

## A. R. I. Mellor

Mr. Aubrey Rollo Ibbetson Mellor, C.B.E., M.C. died on May 24th aged 85. Born in 1892 he was educated at Westminster (H, 1904-11) and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was an exhibitioner. After service in the Army in the First World War, when he won the M.C. and Bar and was mentioned in despatches, 'Rollo' Mellor joined the Egyptian Civil Service, where he was for a short time Financial Advisor to the Government.

In 1941 he was appointed to the board of the United Africa Company, combining duties as director and secretary. For some years from 1940 he was chairman of the West African Section of the Chamber of Commerce and from 1945 founder chairman of the West Africa Committee. In 1945 he also played the leading rôle in the creation of the Colonial Employers' Federation which came to be recognised internationally as the official voice of the employers of labour throughout the British Empire.

Rollo Mellor was a keen cricketer and often played for the Free Foresters, he also captained an Egyptian team which came to Britain during his service there.

Created C.B.E. in 1951, he retired from the U.A.C. in 1957. He is survived by his wife, one son and one daughter.

Abridged from *The Times*

## Andrew Russell

Andrew Russell was killed in an avalanche in the Himalayas on May 1st 1977, while attempting the first ascent of Sisne Himal with a small expedition. He was with one of his closest friends and climbing companions. More than anything else in his life, the mountains were his environment and the major climbs the result of his enthusiasm.

Before he was at school he was already showing interest in the mountains. He urged the family to go up Snowdon with him at the age of 4½ and at 8 he had started rock-climbing with several of his parents' friends. Andrew attended the Dragon school where another interest, photography, started to blossom. During this time his world expanded with holidays in Ireland, Scotland and visits to the Alps and Pyrenees.

Up Rigaud's from 1965 to 1969, he worked in the school film society as projectionist and also rowed at Putney, where he coxed the 1st VIII and gained his pinks in 1967. Interested in many extra-curricular activities he was an active member of the Arduous Training Camps in Scotland and joined the Westminster expedition to Morocco in 1968.

He went up to Balliol in 1970 to read engineering but very quickly changed to P.P.E. Meanwhile his mountaineering achievements were increasing. He was elected to the Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland at 16 (the youngest age possible), and in his first full season in the Alps did several of the classic routes, including the Zmutt ridge on the Matterhorn leading a partner several years older than himself. Andrew completed four Alpine seasons, culminating in the Lauper route on the Eiger's North Face. But his climbing was not restricted to Europe. In 1971 he joined (as the only Oxford member) a Cambridge expedition to the Hindu Kush in which several new peaks were conquered, including some climbed by Andrew, solo.

The Himalayas were around the next corner, for in 1973 he led an Oxford expedition to Hiunachuli Patan in Nepal. This was unsuccessful only because dangerous snow conditions forced him to turn back, a difficult decision for one who was so keen to go on. He made two further expeditions to the Himalayas of which this year's was his most ambitious.

In the last three years he had been concentrating more on the building-up of a theatrical lighting company. Here he used his engineering skills which he preferred to learn in life rather than in the lecture hall. The success of his work in the Windsor festival in 1976 had encouraged him to spend more time on the business, inevitably he cut down his climbing to a month or so a year.

Andrew remembered fondly the climbing career of his grandfather, George Finch, who was on Everest in the 20's. Though influenced by these memories his ambition and achievement were not derivative and speak for themselves. He strove always to achieve more, his next ambition was to complete the Peuterey ridge route on Mt. Blanc, one of the most exacting climbs in the Alps. Andrew always kept his friends in discrete groups, which he seldom brought together, though each of us knew he was close to us as he was to his mountains.

Peter MacKeith

## Dr. W. G. Walter

Dr. William Grey Walter who was noted for his pioneer work in electroencephalography died on May 6th at the age of 67.

Grey Walter was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1910. The family returned to London in 1917 where Grey attended Westminster (A, 1923-28). His main subjects were Latin and Greek and he won distinction in Divinity. However he was deeply interested in science. Breaking with tradition he chose a scientific course at King's College, Cambridge. He obtained First Class Honours in Natural Sciences in 1931.

He obtained a Rockefeller fellowship in 1935 and began the investigation of brain activity which occupied him for the rest of his working life. After working at the Maudsley in 1936 where the low frequency activity associated with cerebral tumours was discovered, he moved in 1939 to the Nurden Neurological Institute in Bristol. His attempts to quantify the electroencephalogram led to the construction of an automatic analyser, which was in clinical use for many years. With this instrument and a later invention, the toposcope, the fine structure of cerebral rhythms were investigated. The stroboscopic lamp he invented to excite brain activity, especially in certain types of epilepsy, is still a valuable tool in electrophysiological investigations.

In 1947 he received the degree of Sc.D. from Cambridge University and was appointed Professor and Doctor Honoris Causa, University of Aix-Marseilles, in 1949. His theories of scanning and of learning and the various models of brain mechanisms are described in his popular book *The Living Brain* (1953), a science fiction story expressing his Utopian vision of a future society.

Returning in the late 50's to the study of electrical activity of the brain he adapted himself, against his inclinations, to use a computer to aid analysis, discovering the Carlingent Negative Variation or Expectancy Waves in 1964.

Although he had a fine flair for discovery, much of his work was successful because of a tenacity of purpose coupled with a technical ability and ingenuity which few of his contemporaries could match.

He was three times married and had three sons.

Abridged from *The Times*

# Sports Reports

## *Football*

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club will be held on May 9th, 1978, at 6.15 pm. in the John Sargeaunt Room at the School.

Agenda:

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Hon. Secretary's Report for Season 1977-78.
5. Hon Treasurer's Report for Season 1977-78.
6. Election of Officers for Season 1978-79.
7. Any other business.

M. J. Samuel
Hon. Secretary

# *Cricket*

Looking back on the Old Westminsters' Cricket Season with only the score book and the average sheets to jog the memory, we appear to have had a disappointing year. Apparently we won only one more game than we lost and that would appear to indicate our season was rather an unsatisfactory one.

It has always been a pet theory of mine that statistics and figures have a horrible tendency to lie, and now, as I sit down to write this report, I am convinced that that theory is sound, because, although we did only win one more game than we lost and we did go out of the Cricketer Cup in the first round, this was by no means a disappointing season for the Club; in fact many would say it was the most successful and enjoyable one for many a year. We were saddened to hear at the start of the season of the death of a very old and dear friend of the Club, Les Barnes. Les had umpired in many of our games and when, due to ill health he had to give up standing, his presence in the scorebox was invaluable. He is greatly missed.

The first game on the fixture list—a list longer incidentally than last season's—quickly fell prey to the weather, so the Cricketer Cup was soon upon us with the selected XI playing together for the first time in the season. We had drawn Sherborne in the first round and lost a game which—to use a well known phrase—we shouldn't have done.

The Old Westminster team fielded first and as usual the bowlers did an admirable job in limiting Sherborne to 175, a total which should have been well within our reach. Sadly it was not. The Old Westminsters were dismissed for just 108. Before leaving this game a word about Stuart Surridge's wicket-keeping in the match; it was by general agreement one of the finest displays ever seen on any cricket ground and included one absolutely breathtaking leg-side stumping. Sadly Stuart then broke a hand and was unable to play for us again.

The game against the School proved interesting struggle with Simon Taube scoring 72 for the Club, while seven bowlers were used in a vain attempt to prise out a school batting side which certainly showed a lot more application than some recent ones have done.

Our match against Lancing Rovers was a new fixture and one that proved to be thoroughly absorbing, with the balance of power shifting from one hand to the other before Lancing won by 5 wickets. Nick Brown, who is rapidly becoming the Boycott run-machine of the club, held the Old Westminster batting together with a typically dogged 75; and Crispin Simon made a buccaneering 47 before being run out as we struggled to 188; a fair recovery, however, from 75-5. Lancing themselves collapsed to 94-5, before a sixth wicket partnership saw them home. 'The Fortnight' started down at Charterhouse, where once again we just missed out. Requiring to limit the Carthusians to 179, we lost in the penultimate over, as Charterhouse scored the runs for the loss of seven wickets. Happily the losing trend did not continue; the Club notched up six wins during 'the Fortnight', and lost only three further games, one of which was against Rugby Meteors, when we found ourselves batting in a light more akin to a wet November evening than a mid-summer one; such are the fortunes of war. Of the six wins two in particular require special mention.

On the first Friday we played Incogniti and batting second scored 216 to win with two wickets in hand, thanks mainly to Nick Brown who chose the moment to score his maiden century. The next day the opponents were the Marlborough Blues, who brought down a very strong side and were bowled out for 179, chiefly due to the efforts of Rick Wright who took 7-48. The Blues were then stunned into submission by Messrs. Willoughby (44 n.o.) and Carey (17 n.o.) who came together at 131-8 and added a match winning 49—a great and glorious victory—in the final over.

And so to the end of the season, when Beckenham proved little trouble to an Old Westminster side which showed what strength and depth of playing talent there now is within the Club.

During the season more than 35 players were involved (a great tribute to the organising capacity of Jonathan Carey, the Club's hard working Secretary), many of whom did not play as often as they would have liked.

Apart from good cricket, one of the other main attractions was the delicious food provided for us by Jo Willoughly and Margie Bailey; once again our warmest thanks to them. We also wish to thank the Head Master and the School for all the co-operation and help we received from them.

Looking ahead to next year, which incidentally marks the 150th anniversary of the Club, great things are planned including a special dinner to be held in College Hall. Full details of this and other activities will be announced at the beginning of next year.

Charles Colvile

All Old Westminster cricket details from: J. H. D. Carey (Hon. Sec.), 16, Iverna Court, London, W.8. (01-937 0807).

Summary of 1977 Season: Played 21; Won 7; Lost 6; Drawn 3; Abandoned 5

Cricketer Cup first round.
Lost by 67 runs.
Sherborne Pilgrims 175-9
O.WW. 108-10

O.WW. v The School. Drawn
O.WW. 209-9
The School 148-7
(S. Taube 72)

O.WW. v Lancing Rovers.
Lost by 5 wickets
O.WW. 188-10
Lancing Rovers 192-5
(N. Brown 75, C. Simon 47)

O.WW. v Charterhouse Friars.
Lost by 3 wickets
O.WW. 179-10
Charterhouse Friars 183-7
(P. Wilson 58, P. Yellowle 55, C. Colvile 4-47)

O.WW. v J. S. Baxter's XI.
Won by 57 runs
O.WW. 179-10
J. S. Baxter's XI 122-10
(R. Welch 50 n.o., C. Colvile 5-30)

O.WW. v Adastrians.
Won by 23 runs
O.WW. 179-10
Adastrians 156-9 (1 absent)
(C. Colvile 54, A. Yuille 57; C. Colvile 6-44)

O.WW. v Rugby Meteors.
Lost by 85 runs
Rugby M. 167-10
O.WW. 82-10
(R. Pain 6-79)

O.WW. v Incogniti.
Won by 2 wickets
Incogniti 214-4
O.WW. 216-8
(N. Brown 102)

O.WW. v Marlborough Blues.
Won by 2 wickets
Marlborough Blues 179-10
O.WW. 180-8
(R Wright 7-48; N. Hamblen 50, A. Willoughby 44 n.o.)

O.WW. v Hit & Miss.
Won by 50 runs
O.WW. 139-8
Hit & Miss 89-10
C. Colvile 40, P. Wilson 57 n.o.; C. Colvile 3-4, P. Wilson 3-25)

O.WW. v Aldershot, Drawn
Aldershot 165-10
O.WW. 113-9
(A. Yuille 5-37)

O.WW. v Eton Ramblers.
Won by 8 wickets
Eton Ramblers 135-10
O.WW. 139-2
(J. Sanderson 4-51; N. Brown 55 n.o.)

O.WW. v Stragglers of Asia.
Lost by 26 runs
Stragglers 195-8
O.WW. 169-10
(P. Wilson 4-46; A. Willoughby 59, C. Colvile 38)

O.WW. v Dragonflies. Drawn
Dragonflies 179-9
O.WW. 156-9
(C. Colvile 5-51; A Yuille 43)

O.WW. v Beckenham.
Won by 60 runs
O.WW. 203-8
Beckenham 143-10
(J. Baxter 51, T. Rider 69 n.o.)

O.WW. v T. N. McDonnell's XI.
Lost by 7 wickets
O.WW. 104-10
T. N. McDonnell's XI 108-3
(R. Morrison 3-21)

Matches v Pink Elephants, Trinity College Oxford, Merton College and Keble College abandoned without a ball bowled.

Match v Old Wykehamists abandoned (Old Wykehamists 26-1).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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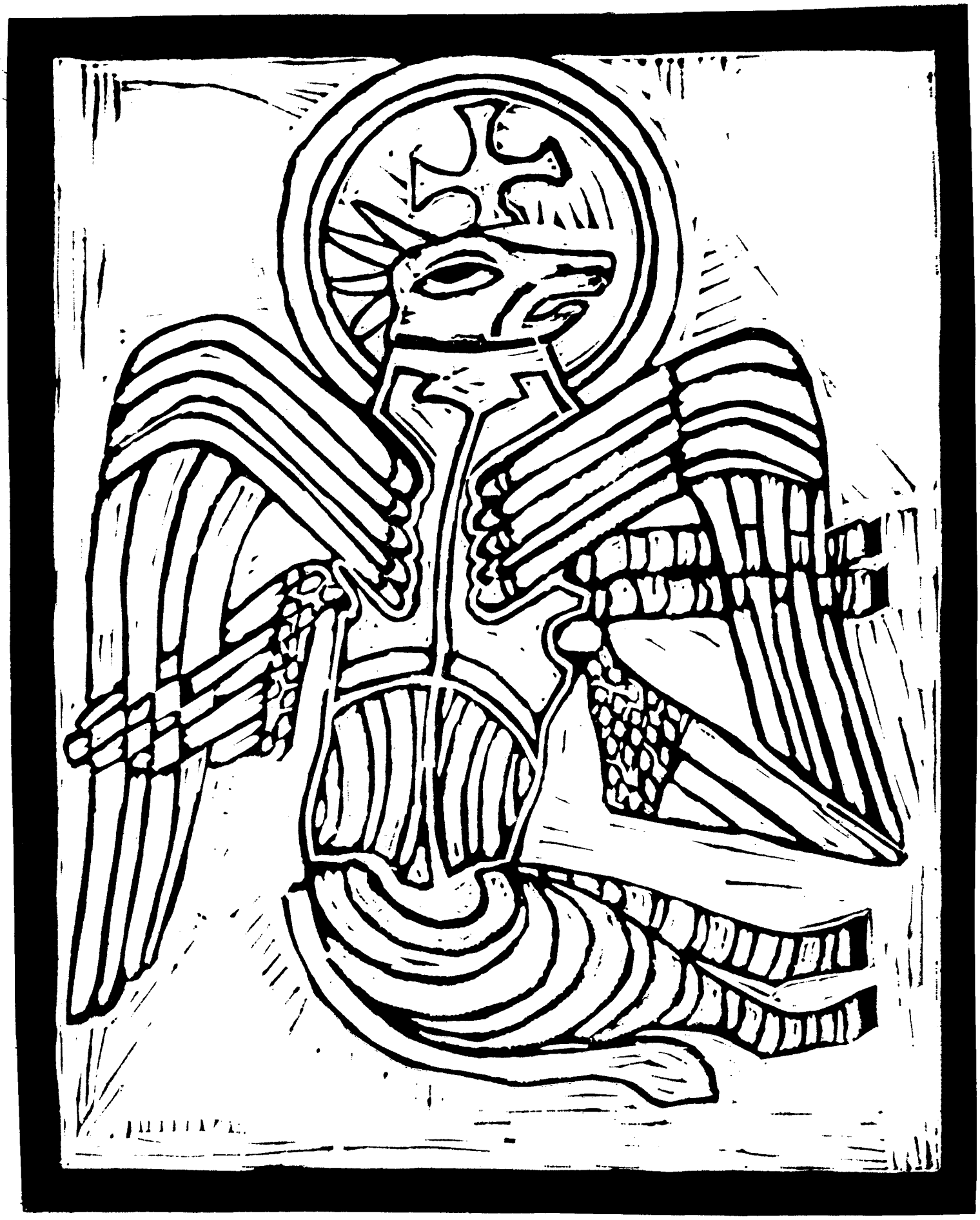

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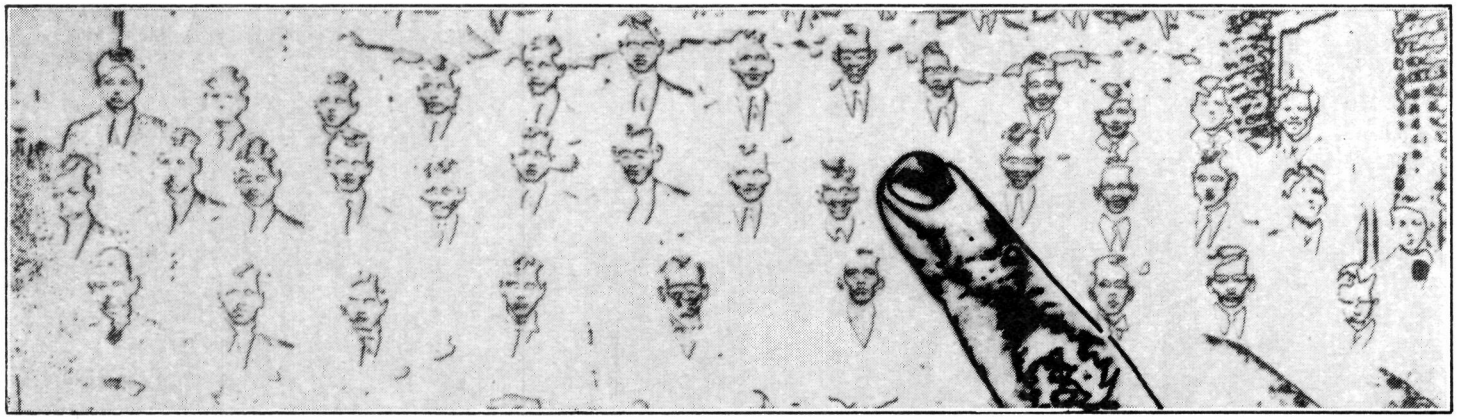

# 'Of course I remember . . . .'

*'. . . . and next to him is Nicky Trelawney.'*

'I wonder what became of him?'

*'After university he got a string of qualifications in Architecture and Town Planning, then wasted it all by becoming Cornish Nationalist M.P. for Penbritin . . . . it says here.'*

'It says where?'

*'In my Supplement to the Record of O.WW., just arrived hot off the press.'*

'I must have a look through that . . . . may I borrow your copy?'

*'No; buy your own!'*

**The Supplement to Volume III of the Record of Old Westminsters will be available in March. ¶ Volume III, published in 1963, contained biographical entries for those who entered the school between 1883 and 1960, together with illustrations and appendices listing Governors, Masters, Teams and others. ¶ This Supplement contains in Part I additional information on entries in Volume III, and in Part II entries for those, including girls, who entered the school between Lent 1961 and Play 1974. The appendices are also brought up-to-date and there are portraits of about 30 distinguished O.WW. whose entries appear in Volume III or the Supplement. ¶ The complete Supplement is bound in blue cloth boards with gold lettering to match Volume III. (There is a limited number of copies of Volume III still available; see below.)**

*It is obtainable (a) By PERSONAL CALLERS ONLY, from the School Store: Supplement only, £5.00; Volume III and Supplement, £8.00; or (b) By posting the order form below, prices including package and posting: Supplement only, £5.75; Volume III and Supplement, £9.50.*

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*Thanet Press, Margate*

THE
OLD WESTMINSTERS

# CRICKET CLUB 150th ANNIVERSARY DINNER

will be held in

## COLLEGE HALL

in the first two weeks of May 1978

Further details from *Hon. Secretary:*

J. H. D. CAREY, 16 IVERNA COURT, LONDON W8.

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THE

# WESTMINSTER BALL

will again be held at

## THE HURLINGHAM CLUB
## LONDON S.W.6

on

## FRIDAY JUNE 16th 1978

9 p.m. — 2 a.m.

✦

SUPPER
THREE DANCE FLOORS
FULL ORCHESTRA
DISCOTHEQUE

✦

Full information, ticket application forms etc. will be sent to ALL INTERESTED ELIZABETHAN CLUB MEMBERS in April. Those wishing to receive this information are requested to complete and return the tear-off slip below to F. A. G. Rider, Hon. Secretary, Flat 4, 71 Charlwood Street, London SW1V 4PG, as soon as possible. It is regretted that for reasons of expense it is no longer possible to circularise all members.

---

To F. A. G. Rider,
Flat 4,
71 Charlwood Street,
London, SW1V 4PG

Date.. .....

I should like to receive detailed information on the Westminster Ball to be held at Hurlingham on June 16th, 1978.

Signed.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....