The Elizabethan

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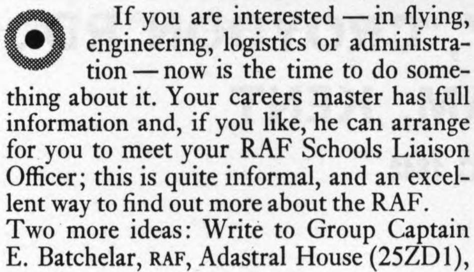
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The Elizabethan

Editors John Marenbon and William Taunton

assisted by Graham Balfour-Lynn, Marcus Campbell, Roger Cohen, David Robinson and Julian Target

EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE

Must even the best teacher compromise himself academically in order to teach well? Certainly he must forsake the pure *study* of a subject; but need he leave behind that clarity and precision, so eagerly cultivated by the pure academic?

In the *study* of a subject, there is no insuperable obstacle to prevent one from giving one's loyalty wholly to the subject-matter. Then, perhaps, there may be a happy union between fact, feeling, and intellect, whereby some fine, unsullied pearl of wisdom is produced. Nor is the academic's ivory tower, shored up against the ruins, so fragile a structure as it first may seem.

The *teacher* has to try to estimate all those imponderables, such as the receptivity of a pupil, his power of comprehension, his depth of feeling. Then he must marry the requirements of the subject-matter to the abilities of his pupils, by which union cultural tradition is passed from generation to generation. Though the teacher utters Shakespeare's line,

Those are pearls that were his eyes,

not to an appropriate silence, but to noisy, half-interested children, he has the consolation of an occasional lively look from a suddenly enthusiastic pupil, who will have absorbed into his very life-blood some of what the teacher has been saying. The teacher is rarely very far from being an interpreter of creation, whereas many an academic often does no more than conduct a *post mortem* upon it. Nor is the teacher so heartless or thick-skinned as many pupils would seem to think.

John Marenbon

Saepe noctu appellavi

MANY times in the night I have called for a teacher; attend unto me whom I may hear.

2 Dance before mine eyes, O my teacher: that I may clap my hands with thee.

3 Much is the wisdom that is lost unto the world; nor can I dance the steps of the wise.

4 Save me with thy great light; for I may not reach the stars.

5 For the teacher will impart much understanding unto mine ears; he is the worm that gloweth in the darkness.

6 I have grown up that am in the wilderness: for I will do as I am commanded.

7 I am as the ripe fruit; that obeyeth the mighty wind.

8 O teacher I have fallen; yet thou hast taught me how I may play.

9 Thy worth is no less than the wise men: who have perished and are forgotten before thee.

10 Thy skill has filled me with great understanding; and I am returned as unto a child.

WILLIAM TAUNTON

Early Head Masters

Though very little is known about the origins and early life of Westminster, it is assumed that the early school was attached to the Abbey under the administration of the Abbot and his monks. As early as Edward III's reign, a reference in the Abbey account rolls mentions the payment of a gown and 26s 8d yearly to a "Magister Scholarum", who had under his charge 18 to 24 boys from the immediate area of Westminster.

The first independent Head Master is considered to be John Adams, who came into office in 1540, just after the school broke away from the Abbey, which had just been dissolved by Henry VIII. When John Adams died three years later, he was succeeded by Alexander Nowell, who in his 12 years as Head Master managed to write the catechisms, establish the Latin Play, and invent bottled beer.

Nowell was succeeded by Nicholas Udal, an equally colourful character, who had gained a certain notoriety when Head Master of Eton for having great esteem for the merits and power of the birch. He was described affectionately by one of his old pupils as being "the greatest beater of his time". But what makes Udal even more of an interesting character is that he has the great distinction of having written the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister". In the diary of Henry Machyn, a citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, it is written that one of Udal's scholars had to seek refuge at Westminster for having "killed a big boy, who sold papers and printed books, by hurling a stone and hitting him under the ear at Westminster Hall."

One of the most effective Head Masters of Westminster before Busby was undoubtedly Edward Grant, who had himself been a pupil at Westminster. Under his influence the school's prosperity increased so rapidly that he made strong but unsuccessful endeavours to obtain a larger school room.

Though there were several important Head Masters between Grant, who died in 1593, and Busby, who came into office in 1638, the most interesting is Busby's direct predecessor Lambert Osbaldeston.

When allegations were made against Dean Williams of Westminster Abbey by the famous Archbishop Laud, two letters written by Osbaldeston to the Dean were produced as evidence. In one of the letters Osbaldeston avidly describes certain two gentlemen as "Leviathan, vermin, little urchins and meddling hocus-pocus." Laud thinking that one of the above was none other than himself brought Osbaldeston before the Star Chamber. He was sentenced to lose his spiritualities, to pay a heavy fine, and to be nailed by his ear to a pillory in Dean's Yard, where the school could see his disgrace. But Osbaldeston had mysteriously disappeared, leaving a message that he had gone somewhere "beyond Canterbury".

Graham Balfour-Lynn

John Smith
An eighteenth-century Usher

It is always our eminent Head Masters who seem to dominate any dissertation upon Westminster's past. Quite often their habitually august façades tend to leave the casual reader of any of the works left by our many and diverse chroniclers with a false impression of the contemporary "pervading spirit" of the school. It is interesting then to look at Westminster life from another point of view—that of an usher at the end of the eighteenth century. John Smith was Captain of the school in 1784, spent four years at Trinity, Cambridge, was usher of Severne's from 1788-91, and from then on usher of Clapham's (now Rigaud's). It is his well-informed, intelligently amusing diary that he has left for the modern reader.

An usher was, effectively, a castrated housemaster, hired to control the boys, but strictly under the auspices of the formidable females—known as dames—who owned and ran the majority of the boarding houses at that time. Smith's diary is an absorbing mirror of the attitudes of pre-Victorian Westminster. There are the dissenters (trendies?): in 1792, the author of issue no. 5 of a boy-controlled journal named *The Flagellant* was hurriedly expelled, this venture marking incidentally, the literary debut of Robert Southey. Smith himself, though apparently liberal in temperament—he led a full and varied social life, and speaks articulately of contemporary stage productions—seems also to have become indignant at the indiscipline of his fun-seeking flock. As a comparatively junior recruit, he was not a little worried by the occasional open rebellion he encountered at Clapham's, a large and unruly house. On May 6th, 1792, he writes—"Haunted with this damn'd house, in which I think there must inevitably be a riot before the Holydays." He speaks also of boys concussing each other, widespread drunkenness and of a satirical "Masquerade" performed by the boys which he decided to report to Dr. Vincent, who was then Head Master.

Yet the inability of John Smith to control his house, though amusing and telling in comparison with the present Westminster mood, reflected the unrest not only of the school but of England as a whole. The French Revolution was at its height across the Channel, and the strain was having considerable effect upon the temperaments of the London upper classes. Westminster, being well situated at the centre of the metropolis, has always tended, at least to some degree, to reflect the moods and attitudes of certain sections of the world outside, despite its apparently insular nature. Perhaps this is one of its virtues.

David Robinson

Edmund Goodenough

Head Master 1819—1828

In 1819, the year of Goodenough's accession to the headmastership, the fortunes of the school were clearly on the decline. The reasons for this were multiple: the school had been pre-eminently Whig for the previous 50 years, and as such had suffered a loss of Court favour; as late as 1800 Westminster had stood on the edge of the countryside, but by 1819, with the opening of Vauxhall Bridge in 1816, it had been completely enclosed by buildings and stood in the midst of an area notoriously insalubrious both morally and physically; the Dean and Chapter had ceased to take any interest in the school's welfare; and finally, with decreasing numbers, the school no longer had the finance that rising standards of comfort and sanitation demanded. Goodenough did not alter any of this, quite the reverse in fact; but he came in the midst of it, and is thus representative of the Head Masters of this troubled period in the school's history.

Edmund Goodenough, who was a Westminster, had had no previous experience of schoolmastering. His father, Samuel Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, had preached a sermon before the House of Lords, which gave rise to the Westminster epigram:

> 'Tis well enough that Goodenough
> Before the Lords should preach;
> For, sure enough, full bad enough
> Are those he has to teach.

Goodenough (who was endowed with "a good humoured expression of face and affable manners")

was, like his famous father, a good scholar and an amiable man; but conservative by nature, he did not have the peculiar strength of character which alone could have guided the school through the difficult times that had fallen on it. Goodenough was faced "by a most unruly set of boys", and the reception his first attempt to assert authority received was typical of the whole regime. An usher in one of the boarding houses directed that in future no fag should be made to clean candlesticks or black the boots of his fag master. Goodenough openly approved of the regulation, and at once the cry was raised that the privileges of the Sixth Form were being invaded—"it was decided (so the Town Boys' Ledger relates) that in order to bring him (Goodenough) to a sense of his misconduct, and to cause him to redress the injury done to the Honour of the Sixth Form, he should be hissed on his entering into the School on the ensuing day". He was duly received with "some very warm hissing" which was "vigorously repeated" on his ordering them to desist. Finally he sent for the Heads of the boarding houses and told them "that as the school was so much on the decline . . . and that the reason always assigned by persons for not sending their sons to Westminster was the objection they had to their sons cleaning shoes and candlesticks . . . he was obliged to take notice of their objections". Thereupon the boys grudgingly gave their consent to the abolition of the practice, although soon after similar treatment was afforded to the Head Master upon his "flogging a Sixth Fellow who had been shown up for being intoxicated".

Rebellion was certainly in the air during Goodenough's time, and one of the most influential rebels was Lord Arthur Paget ("I do not know why there is all this fuss about education," wrote Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria. "None of the Paget family can read or write, and they do very well."). This illiterate young man was at the head of many uprisings caused by Goodenough's ineptitude ("Goodenough was strong when he should have been conciliatory, and weak where he should have been strong"), not the least of which came when Goodenough banned the customary celebration of November 5th. It was the boys who ruled Westminster, not the masters.

Reform had to come—"parents going to see their sons found the boarding houses perfect pigstyes and no longer thought nothing of it"—but Goodenough was too weak-minded to grapple seriously with the problem. As Mr. Sargeaunt writes, "the difficulties were great in Goodenough's time; they were not insuperable. They required great qualities in the ruler of the school, and some of the more ordinary qualities in the Chapter". Unfortunately neither were to be found, and Edmund Goodenough, overwhelmed, resigned in 1828. He had had a difficult period of office, and better times were not to come until the 1850's and the reforms of Liddell.

Roger Cohen

Photograph by Andrew Stott

Lessons in Anarchy

This is a synthesis of a series of extracts from The Revolutionaries, *a long novel by C. M. S. Catherwood. It takes place in the city of St. Denisville, the capital of the fictitious state of Colivia, at the end of the nineteenth century. The hero, Dmitri Uvarov, a young student from the neighbouring state of Arelia, has been sent on a mission by the leader of the Arelian Anarchists to kill King Auguste of Colivia. He has joined up with an Anarchist cell in St. Denisville, which meets regularly in the cellar of the house of their secretary, Pierre Vimont. The other members are Gaston Simonneau, a notorious anarchist from north Colivia, and Father Jean Bernier, a former Jesuit who organizes the city's workers. Finally, there is Philippe Duplay, a peasant and Vimont's main assistant. A large demonstration is being planned to stir up the people into the mood of revolt which it is hoped will culminate in revolution when the King dies.*

The candle flickered: Philippe got up and put a new one in its place. It would not do for the meeting to be abruptly ended by a candle extinguishing itself. There was no time to waste—already rumours were spreading that the King was prepared to meet the demands of the workers. "Your pamphlet on the need to rise from apathy went down very well in the factories," Bernier announced to Dmitri; "I think it will have great success."

Suddenly Pierre banged his fist down on the table. "So what!" he shouted. "But what good can a mere pamphlet do? We want to make a revolution—we want to build a new society! What good are empty words, however persuasive they may be?" "What else do you suggest?" asked Simonneau. "Surely pamphlets are as effective a means as any? They provide a focal point for discussion and much else besides."

"Gaston," said Pierre very slowly, trying to conceal his anger, "I am surprised at you. I thought you were the great man of action, the man whose deeds for the Idea had won countless supporters for the cause. Yet here you are saying things like that."

Dmitri sighed. It was obvious Pierre was in one of his histrionic moods again, more concerned with posterity than with day-to-day events. Nevertheless, he might say something of value.

"It seems," said Pierre, looking pensive and sitting back on the small chair, "that we are going to have to discuss basics, basics of our anarchist faith that we should have known and taken for granted by now. For what after all is the purpose of a pamphlet? Surely it is no more than to crystallize in people's minds the results of the propaganda caused by a deed. That may sound a complicated, theoretical sentence. So it is. This is the very heart of the matter we are discussing here. It's all so easy to be theoretical, to write wonderful sounding pamphlets like the one Dmitri has just written. But theory will never get us anywhere. One cannot cause a revolution by theory. Theory must be *applied*, if there is to be any hope of its working. I will give you a specific example, one with which you, Dmitri, will doubtless be familiar. Not long ago in Arelburg [the capital of Arelia] the coach containing the Dowager Countess Toropolkin was blown up, and in the explosion the old woman was killed. Now, as you all know, the Toropolkin family are notorious for the appalling way they treat their tenants. The man who threw the bomb was one of them—the act was a perfect example of a spontaneous deed, demonstrating the utter desperation of the man in his futile situation. No amount of reason could ever persuade the Toropolkins to alleviate the sufferings of their tenants, so the only way out was to kill the Dowager Countess.

"But the Arelian Anarchists did not leave it there. They published a pamphlet, telling how the man's son was dying because of his inability to pay for medical treatment, because the Toropolkin family had doubled the rent. Thus the deed was made more effective by the issuing of a pamphlet. Our Arelian comrades have learned the lesson of anarchist doctrine well. What a pity Henri Leverrier [a famous Colivian anarchist] isn't with us. The way to win converts to the cause is by positive action. As long as the factory workers only see the theoretical side of anarchism as expressed in the pamphlets, all but a few will remain apathetic. Without their support a revolution is totally impossible. So then—what is an anarchist? Surely we are people who believe in the overthrow of the evil society in which we live, and in substituting a society based on Freedom and Justice for all, regardless of social class? As time and time again events prove that the present society will never change, we believe that it can only be overthrown by violent means. This is what makes us different from Socialists, who believe in using democratic means and gradual change. But if we just sit and write pamphlets full of lovely thoughts and stirring words, how are the workers to tell us apart from the Socialists? If we really believe in the overthrow of the oppressors, we must take positive action. We must carry out great deeds. We must begin the task of destruction and thereby show people we mean what we say. We must blow up buildings and get rid of the Toropolkins of society. Being an anarchist involves throwing a bomb or shooting with a gun those who

would keep the people in subjection. If necessary an anarchist must be prepared to sacrifice his life on the altar of the Idea. That is harsh, but the enemies we fight against are harsh too."

Dmitri listened intently. Of course Pierre was putting it all in the grand manner; but the high sounding phrases and great rhetorical flourishes were slightly stereotyped, if not to the point of cliché. But if one took away all the outward trappings, there was a kernel of truth in it all. An anarchist who was not in constant danger of his life was not a true anarchist. Elaborately though it had been put, Pierre was right in talking of the harshness involved in being an anarchist. Often a deed might have to be committed in broad daylight to get the desired effect in front of a large audience. This meant that one was very likely to get arrested and, as every one knew, anarchist deeds carried an automatic death penalty even if no one was killed. A valuable lesson could be drawn if one compared the effect upon people of anarchist deeds with that of anarchist pamphlets. It sounded ridiculous that a group of anarchists had to learn what being an anarchist was. Only time, only the success or failure of the revolution they were planning, would test if they had learned their lesson well.

Christopher Catherwood

Poem

I

Let it roll like a cumulus from those
Respected bowels (medals of middle age)
And lull into silence the over eager.

Then take a smile, deposit it darkly,
And boom until the cough starts
To detract from the fright; and then
Grunt. Recite a complex-sounding rule
And point. Vindicate. Whip those soft minds
Into the fudge of Boredom . . .
Now you may relax.
So Taxing is Teaching!

II

Those stately older examples of mind
Have lost their impact on mine. I
No longer bend my freehold mind to
Enquire, and seek reward for my enquiring,
In the way of reverent fawning.

Those who were points of reference in a
Territory to be attained are now
Signals. To be avoided, allowed for,
And forgotten.
The gaps are filled too well to need plugging.

Jonathan Peattie

The Anarchists

Discours de la Méthode

(NOTE: In obedience to contemporary trends, the term "boy" is used throughout this article to mean "boy or girl".)

At a certain point in his development the young male ceases to be Tom, Dick or Harry and becomes, if that is his Karma, "Sir". This translation entitles him to share a confined space for some hours every day with a score or more of younger males of varying shapes, brilliance and mobility, but all carnivorous and all (at any rate in our case) paying handsomely for the privilege of his company. In return he is expected (a) to teach them to do some of the tricks he can do himself, and (b) to keep them quiet enough for his neighbour to be able to do likewise. The weaponry he employs to do this is called (b) Discipline and (a) Teaching Method.

What Discipline is I shall reveal when I find out; from Sir's point of view it is a quality as simple and as elusive as Faith (with which, no doubt, it has a good deal in common). By comparison, Teaching Method is both more attainable and more complex—the first because it is a technical skill and as such can be learnt, the second because in the learning of it at least three separate elements play their part (or, possibly, refuse to do so). These are: who you are; who your pupils are; what tricks you are trying to teach them.

Who am I then? Or, to put it another way, what qualities have I that can be pressed into the service of my vocation? ("I have a vocation; thou hast a profession; he hath a job.") This is the first question to be answered—I have a rudimentary character some time before I have either any pupils or anything to teach them. Furthermore, I am largely stuck with my character, whereas both pupils and subject matter change if you give them time; Teaching Method is thus first of all the art of making a virtue of necessity, of polishing up weaknesses until they shine like strengths. Naturally, the process works better if you keep quiet about it, but when you have passed the age of discretion, as I have, you get reckless.

What qualities have I then? ("I have a quality; thou hast a weakness; he hath a tic.") Firstly, a tendency to extremes, to doing things Now or Never, Efficiently or Chaotically, a preference for both top *and* bottom sets over middle ones, for both Fino *and* Oloroso over Amontillado—how can I press this into service? I can perhaps attempt to operate with the extreme most suited to the problem in hand; although there are certainly some things which are better done Never, corrections should be done Now—they lose their aroma of freshness even quicker than ready-ground coffee. Or I can attempt to combine both extremes in one and the same operation—those who have been initiated into Group Oral Work will recognize here the attempt to blend Efficiency with Chaos, a delicate operation best attempted in the older parts of the buildings, where the walls are thicker.

Secondly, my mind tends to give birth to thoughts in litters, like piglets, rather than singly and at regular intervals, like plastic gnomes. This is an inconvenient arrangement for those pupils for whose mental dugs the new-born thoughts scramble to compete. I have long since become accustomed to the look of courteously concealed bewilderment, sometimes almost panic, which appears behind the eyeballs of senior boys in whose presence I have just "elucidated" a point. Lower down the school, down in the Sixth Form, I attempt to deal with this problem by suppressing all the litter except one, putting the others into deep-freeze and resuscitating them at discreet intervals; this naturally takes some of the kick out of them, though no one seems to notice—I suppose they are thankful. But the Seventh must fend for themselves—let it not be said that we spoon-feed them.

Thirdly (and second-to-lastly), I have a strong disinclination to believe in certainties. In mathematical terms, I believe that the probability of a statement's being true can be calculated from the formula:

$$P = \sqrt{[1 + \sqrt{(1+P)(1-P)}] \,.\, [1 - \sqrt{(1-P)(1+P)}]}$$

In practical terms, this expresses itself in a tendency to accept both of two contradictory statements partially, to give as the best version of a translation the same rendering that I have just crossed out in someone's prep, and to regard my last year's notes with distaste. Whether this uncertainty is a paedogogic strength, I am, naturally, uncertain.

Lastly, I have a tendency to exaggerate my tendencies.

So much for who I am; I trust that I have not succeeded in giving any clear answer to this question. In any case, it is not usual for a teacher to teach alone—there are boys there as well. There are two major near-truths about boys which Teaching Method ought to take into account: firstly, not all boys are the same boy; and secondly, nothing whatsoever can be taught—it can only be learnt. Unfortunately, even

quite competent class instruction of the traditional sort must largely proceed on precisely the opposite assumptions; its undoubted success in our sort of school rests on the remarkable capacity of developing minds to learn in adverse conditions, and on the fact that, within a given sub-set of a given form, boys' ability to take in a given sub-section of a given subject does not vary greatly. It would no doubt be better discipline and more stimulating for both teacher and pupil if there were a lot less taught and a lot more learnt, but we are still a long way from knowing *what* should then be learnt, and *how*. All the same, many Primary School teachers are already a good deal nearer to knowing, and so are a number of Comprehensive schools, and I expect all schools to move steadily towards a system of mixed team instruction, group learning and voluntary attendance. But I expect also to be dead before it happens.

There is much more to be said about boys, but I am not going to say it, partly out of tact, but mainly because I am not meant to be writing about Learning Methods, but about Teaching Methods (*my* Teaching Method), and this is mainly a matter of the teacher and what he teaches—in *my* case, Languages. The basic question in any subject must be: "what (on earth) are we doing it for?" The answer you propose will determine your view of how (or indeed whether) it should be learnt and taught. Few subjects can have been so fought over in this century as the teaching of languages, from the early debate as to whether to use the English or Continental manner of pronouncing French, to the more recent one of the advisability of spending £500 per pupil to have a video-tape-recorder in every booth in your language laboratory. This does not seem to me to be a good place to continue the debate, and I will content myself with returning to my starting-point (I do not recommend my readers to do the same). When it comes down to it, I teach languages because I do not know any other trick that people will pay money to learn, and I employ methods which are a combination of my own characteristics and those of my subject. A language is a system of communication in which (in the primitive stages at least) visual and other sense impressions produce oral reactions: I am large, easily visible, still in good voice and capable of producing, in boys, quite varied oral reactions to my presence. The same thing goes in even greater measure for The Department as a body; as our courses continue, we judiciously stir in stimuli derived from many other sources—puppets and pictures, tapes and stories, other pupils and even other masters—in our endeavour, in the words of a recent speaker, "to provide each pupil with his own foreign idiolect." If, in this process, some participants are tempted to recall ruefully that, after all, the first linguists learnt their trade at the Tower of Babel, let them reflect that:

"Our Methods are original,
Your Methods are peculiar,
Their Methods are chaotic."

C. C. B. W.

Why are we here?

When I first came here I was let loose into the Classical VIIth, and I felt as I used to feel when walking through a field of cows. These boys are so big, and there are so many of them. Why do they not attack me? Surely they know their own strength? Surely they are not going to sit there tamely and submit to *me?* I was grateful to them for ever for not justifying my fears. True the Praefectus occasionally engaged in important discussions with his cronies during my periods, but he was a great all-rounder, a hero, and could not be taken as an example by anyone else. In fact, he helped my lessons along by entering in now and then with a kindly aside, and I certainly felt that I was getting somewhere, when he addressed me privately after a lesson.

I was told when I came here by a master who had been here slightly longer, that one did not tell Westminster boys anything; one reminded them. It was a long time before I could bring myself to use the word "boy". It seemed so disrespectful. I never used to like asking boys to do things which were not part of the lessons, like shutting the window. However, this was hardly ever called for, as the necessary thing nearly always got done in some mysterious way, without my intervention.

I greatly enjoyed giving back the boys their work individually, and felt a strange gratitude to them for being prepared to learn from me. I soon discovered that even the Praefectus was prepared to acknowledge an occasional fault, and took correction with good grace. Boys stayed at school longer in those days, and there was no great hurry to get out into the big world. Yet they were certainly not immature. Perhaps they acquired from their extra time here an extra degree of that very special Westminster manner, confident, open-minded and outgoing, which is still with us—but for how long?

This article is not meant as a wistful eulogy of the

past. The school has never been more rewarding or my teaching more enjoyable; I am not one to decry "modern youth". But I am afraid that certain factors may eventually contribute to loss of stature in Westminster boys. Our recent emphasis on all-round A level achievement may rob them of that special strength which—particularly at school age—can be acquired from deep involvement in one main subject. I refer to that unpopular concept "specialization". Nothing, to my mind, can replace involvement in depth at this time of one's life. A broad general knowledge is no doubt valuable for everyone, and no doubt one should try to widen education wherever possible, but not at the expense of deepening it. A good time for a more general education would be, in my opinion, in the Seventh Forms after University entrance. But at Westminster, I should have hoped that enough boys can be encouraged to involve themselves in all kinds of extra-curricular interests, so that fear of narrowness need not be very real. I have never found Westminster boys particularly narrow or closed-minded.

It may be argued that we ought not to aim at any special sort of education different from that provided by most National Schools. Such education is said to produce arrogance and separatism. Certainly it does, when it is based on class and money. But is it not supremely arrogant to have a place like this with all its privileges and aura of distinction, and then to expect no special light, no vision from it, nothing particular to justify its existence, nothing great to distinguish it from anywhere else? If we continue blithely without such aim, are we not implicitly assuming that our privileges are our natural due and impose on us no special obligations? I maintain, then, that it is far less arrogant to aim at being special than to decry this aim. Our old aim—to produce, through specialization, a state of mind peculiarly sensitive to truth and suspicious of error and superficiality, combined with a deep love of a subject which can only be fostered by a deep knowledge of it—this old aim has always seemed to me a very fruitful one. If it is true, as we are told, that it must now yield to the spirit of the times, and if boys will continue to leave young, regarding their school career as little more than a means to a qualification—then, I submit that we are in danger of decreasing in stature and increasing in in arrogance. Let us hope, however, that in our usual way, we shall devise some as yet unforeseen cure for this situation.

T.L.Z.

Why do I teach? I am not quite sure, really. I recall thinking at my Prep School (during the war and shortly after, when there weren't many experienced masters still around) how indifferently those who tried to instruct me sometimes performed; but in retrospect I realize that in my case they had an impossible job and, in fact, didn't do it too badly. Nevertheless, it was probably this that fired me off; and later on, but still at school, there were lots of kind masters who gave me encouragement. "You will be very good with the sort of boy who finds difficulty in passing O levels; you will understand their problems." It was during the next holidays, of course, I realized why!

And how do I teach?—this was the other question your editor put, and again I don't really know. I seem to spend a long time drafting some of my lessons, and then they turn out quite differently. But this seldom matters; if circumstance suggests a different course of action from the one I had in mind I usually follow it, and if it proves to be no good I make a mental note (which by the following year I have invariably forgotten) next time to stick to what I had intended.

Do I enjoy the hours spent in the class-room? Funnily enough, immensely!

D.M.C.H-S.

One could easily wax pretentious about teaching Eng. Lit. Since Matthew Arnold's day it has been intellectually respectable to regard Eng. Lit. as one of the major ways to Truth; the literary experience refines moral sensibility and, hopefully, in a secular society, compensates for the decline in religious faith. Such grandiose claims have always attracted criticism, but it is only very recently that literary critics—only too aware that the degree of literacy is no index of moral worth—have themselves begun to criticize their own position. Increased realism colours present attitudes.

Even so, any successful teacher knows that the subject is the distinctive component in the curriculum; other subjects concentrate on communicating data, developing particular expertise, presenting cognitive structures according to which life can be organized. Eng. Lit. considers none of these objectives as central. What it does do is enable students to respond to other people's insights into life, presented either directly or through fiction, at the same time developing their own skills for presenting their own insights. Self expression is important, but so is the ability to feel on the pulses what major writers have recorded.

If this definition is accepted, it will be obvious that teaching methods will be vastly different from subjects with other emphases. Priorities will differ with the individual, but I regard a relaxed and sympathetic atmosphere where people talk readily as of paramount importance. Teachers are traditionally "authorities", but this image seems to be a positive hindrance to English teaching. It is all right to appear an authority on the minutiae of the subject—linguistic points, biographical and technical details, etcetera—but it is wrong to be authoritarian about all, or indeed any, of the multiple areas of experience which literature covers. The teenager or student may know more about, or be more responsive to, the self-searching of Hamlet, the guilty ambition of Macbeth, the repressed emotionalism of the Petrarchan poets, than the happily married middle-aged teacher.

Well-informed neutrality should characterize the teacher's role—but not to the point of faceless anonymity. He must somehow do more than chair the committee: he must convince his pupils that he has enjoyed the insights and appreciated literature's finer moments and that he too can express himself with distinction. It is thus important for a teacher to talk well and if possible wittily. Humour, we all know, is a great solvent, and the best humour combines both insight and precision of statement. It is a method of approach sadly underworked by many in the profession.

But of course the subject does have drawbacks. My attitude to exams is ambivalent. Undoubtedly I get my greatest satisfaction when the boys I teach do well; I am reassured by other people's verdicts. But I admit to their dangers as freely as anyone. I would dearly love to teach creative writing but recognize that, so long as exams involve a vicarious response to experience, a premature critical awareness and formality of expression, I am my own enemy.

J.A.C.

The Principles of Teaching

I should be able to write about this subject, having taught for a long time, but the guide books on teaching do not appeal to me much, and it is difficult for the shy man that I am to say, "This is the way I teach." Abstractions like enthusiasm, the need to prepare, concern for one's pupils, and the other eight qualities listed in the guide books, tend to become confused when I am faced with a class. There is an actuality and life about a class that upsets preparation; there are times when enthusiasm needs to be repelled strongly, when acting is more important than truth, when truth is more important than sympathy for one's pupils, when authority must be backed with force, (and is more important than free speech), times when it is essential to be gentle, even sincere. One finds one's own way with each separate class, and sometimes with each separate boy. It is a confusion of acting, sincerity, toughness, gentleness, the fist hammered on the table as we drive on to O levels, A levels, University entrance and the great outside world, which is so much a mirror of ours. Humour comes in at some stage—the moment when it becomes clear one is pushing a boy in one clearly defined direction and at the same time one knows that his real needs lie along a different path. This moment of recognition seems essential to me for any real work to be done between master and boy. But I am talking about myself. Teachers work in isolation, and probably want it this way. I am not sure of the value of listening to others; it seems to be important to be yourself as a teacher and not try to imitate others, and I would be very cagey about letting others listen to me, for obvious reasons.

I remember my teachers, not for what they taught, but as persons, and this does seem to be general. One very well known teacher told me how boys coming back to see him would invariably remember him not as a teacher of literature, but as someone who took them swimming. He could not swim, but he is an authority on literature. Parents tell me they never learnt anything at school—eight years of French, forgotten every word, but they always seem to remember old Beaky. Ustinov would seem to be like that, in the humorous way he talks about his time here.

There does seem to be as much confusion about aims

and objectives in teaching and education as there is in life. Brezhnev tells a congress of the Komsomol that student upheavals in the West are an important symptom of the deepening crisis of capitalism. One wonders why he needs to tell the youth élite this. He then goes on to say that they must follow Lenin's advice: "Firstly to study, secondly to study, and thirdly to study." Obviously he meant they should maintain firm discipline, but study is often the path to free thought. Education has great revolutionary potential. Politicians disrupt education and teaching to press their political and social theories. The way to compensate for social and economic inequality is to provide compulsory schooling for all, on the assumption that more can be learned in school than elsewhere. It is then discovered that certain children always outdo other children because of their family and social background. We are busy sending more and more children to university, at a time when we need more technicians than we do scientists and technologists, at a time when more children rebel against the idea of exams, at a time when formal education seems to be devouring funds needed for other purposes and may well be failing to achieve the results expected of it, if in fact we were at all clear about the results expected. These, of course, are not my remarks but those of the experts, like Huberman. There does seem to be truth in what Pascal said "La philosophie est au-dessus de la vie."

So you can see that I have very little to offer you about principles, aims and objectives, methods of teaching, but do not find this unsatisfactory or that I am teaching in a vacuum. If I had a model at all, it would be Montaigne, walking along the middle path, or Molière with this gentle rather distant smile of his.

G. A. S.

Teaching in England and the U.S.A.

There are very few people who would not agree that the function of a school is to educate. The main problem comes when one tries to agree on a definition of the word "education". This is evident in a country which has everything from the most radical and controversial type of school like Summerhill to the most classical and socially acceptable like Eton. Because of sheer ignorance, this writer is not going to try to pass judgement on any school; for it would be little short of outlandish for a foreigner to tell a native how to run his business. Rather, an attempt will be made to explain the American education system, and then the views of an American towards an English Public School after only three weeks in attendance.

In the United States, the average High School—the last four years before entering university—will teach its students a lot less specifically about a much wider group of subjects than in England. The rationale behind this is that the average 14-year-old student is by no means fully developed, and therefore the moment of decision is postponed for several years. This entire situation is made possible by the fact that there is in America no such thing as an A level exam or any equivalent thereof. The certificate of education is called, suitably, a high school diploma. The way one receives such a diploma is by completing, and passing with an average of 65 per cent or better, four years of English, three years of mathematics, three years of a foreign language, two years of sciences, and one year of American history. A student usually takes five courses a year; so, after some quick calculating, one realizes that he takes one course a year, on the average, that is not essential to graduation from High School.

The principle of this educational system is great, but there are a few realities that both bolster and muddy its image. In New York City, for example, there is a High School that has 9,000 students, 3,000 a shift in three shifts a day. Obviously, if a student has a teacher for the last class of the third shift, he will not get much if the teacher has already been on his feet for up to 11 hours. Also, because there is nothing like an A level exam prodding the student, he will not feel very compelled to work on his own. However, because there is no A level exam, the student will tend to be much more easy going, and take himself much less seriously, in the sense that he is much more willing to look up from his books and see what is going on in the world around him. On the other hand, since there is no obligatory standardized test, it is very hard to say what a high school diploma means, in that it is just a piece of paper, and theoretically means no more from a New England boarding school than from a New York state school. The arguments pro and con are endless.

Because of the relative flexibility of the American curriculum, there are many subjects relevant to society that are part of required courses. Sex education, for instance, takes that most important subject out of the locker room and into the science classroom, where it is part of a mandatory general science course. Happily, sex education has been moving out of the tadpole stage, and most students now receive information about contraception, abortion, and the like. In most urban areas, drug addiction is also explained, both physiologically and psychologically.

Over the past few years, Prep Schools—the rough equivalent of Public Schools in England—have felt an increasing responsibility to share their wealth and educate ghetto students. These educations are usually paid for out of the pockets of the school which, to be totally frank, means out of the more affluent parents' pockets. Not only is this very charitable, but, more than that, it brings the middle-upper class youth into contact with his ghetto counterpart, and vice versa; and that, to be sure, is an education in itself. Racism and misunderstanding on both sides diminish greatly, and this, for many people, makes those pernicious philosophies of élitism and racism laughable. Universities also practice this policy of giving scholarships to the underprivileged, only to a much greater extent than Prep Schools. They also make allowances for poorer students from weak ghetto schools in the standardized test one must take in order to go to a university.

With this picture in mind, one must now put oneself behind the eyes of an American who had never known any other system until three weeks ago. As far as the superficial aspects are concerned, there is much less freedom at Westminster than at the rather conservative by American standards Prep School that this writer attended. In an attempt to avoid sounding like a nostalgic complainer, it will merely be said that in this boy's former school, as all over the U.S.A., there is no such thing as a uniform or Saturday morning classes or a daily church service period. Students older than 15 years may smoke with parental permission, and do not have to be at any given place during private studies. The average Westminster student is, however, extremely intelligent, and certainly works harder than his American counterpart, although some might say it is just to do well on the A levels. Basically, the differences are twofold: first, the philosophies are entirely different, and, second, there is a difference in the definition of the word "education".

Eric H. Schless

Being Taught

Classics

Few school subjects are nowadays held in such low esteem as the Classics. They are regarded as an irrelevant subject taught in an antiquated manner; and the boys who are unfortunate enough to study them are held to be either misguided and stupid or, at best, narrow-minded bores. And, yet the Classics department has shown no decrease in numbers over the past twenty years, and appears to enjoy above average academic success. There can be few surer passports to an Oxbridge award or place.

The Classics masters teach their boys the vocabulary and grammar of the languages and the analysis of classical sentences. They issue the right books for the acquisition of background knowledge and ensure that they are read. They reveal the concise art of A level essay writing, but also fill the gaps in their pupils' knowledge by discourses and by introducing them to more out of the way classical studies. So with the prospect of good examination results produced by the relative smallness of the sets and the excellence of the teaching, what could fail to attract the modern Westminster to Classics? The grim tradition of ancient Classics masters? Hardly. One glance at jovial smiling faces will allay the worst fears. Could it be an aversion to the subject? Possibly. But few would deny that there is great interest in Classical literature and thought.

In practice, boys seem to come up with two major objections to reading Classics. First they feel that it should not be a full time affair. Many would like to study Ancient History without Latin or Greek; some would like to study Greek on its own without Latin or Ancient History, neither of which is at present possible. Others object to the method of teaching Classics. Someone said to me, "I would like to have done Classics, but the sight of so many classicists spending all their time learning their next test put me off." It is also widely held that learning Classics is a mind-cramping experience. Examples given are too much cramming into the boys of grammar, syntax, and literary criticism.

So it would appear that a possible answer to the Classics problem is to open up Classics into three subjects. This is very attractive, as it would obviously draw the non-professional classicist—there are already Latinists—and remove the idea that the Classics masters' aim is to produce Classical dons. But it is difficult to achieve this division into three separate subjects without damage to the effectiveness of the teaching. The masters need to switch periods from Ancient History to Latin or Greek, because boys enter the Classical Sixth with less knowledge of the two languages than their predecessors of even five years ago, let alone twenty. This does not mean the teaching they have received is any worse than before, merely that they got less of it. And this, I think, is the key to the "dullness" of modern Classics as well. If you spent your entire childhood learning Classical grammar and syntax, there would be no need to do the same again later on. But with the present ignorance of new arrivals the teaching in the Sixth and Remove has become much more concerned with the basic linguistic rudiments. None of the masters pretends that this might not prove dull to some of their pupils, although one likes to tell of how mystical states have been attained after a study of Greek particles.

With the increasing inexperience of young classicists, the masters' aim of a proper two-way education becomes ever more remote. What might have been a discussion of Latin Comedy must turn into a lecture on Latin Comedy, because none of the boys knows enough about Comedy to be able to discuss it. The year in the Seventh form becomes ever more necessary, so that classicists may move on to the higher plane that they cannot reach earlier, if Classics are not going to be slowly starved out through lack of time. Of course, chunks of the syllabus could be thrown out—composition for example; but this would probably diminish the value of the subject rather than increase it.

The basic thinking behind Classics teaching must change. The aims of the Classics course must be redefined. The teaching must be so organized that, although Classics has been squeezed into a smaller slice of the Prep. School timetable, boys can enter a specialist classical form with a knowledge of their subject good enough to serve as a base for more advanced studies. And Classics must be open to non-specialists in the form of Options—at present there is only a Seventh form Greek Culture group. Then an interesting and vital part of education will once again be open to many boys.

George Lemos

Science

The reaction against the old methods of teaching Science has been as strong at Westminster as in almost any other school. The teaching, following largely the pattern of the Nuffield scheme of Science education, is now directed far more towards pupils finding out facts for themselves by experiment as opposed to learning the results of the experiment, as performed by somebody else, from a book.

However, the fact remains that in all the sciences there is a very large amount of factual knowledge which must be assimilated in order to progress beyond the most rudimentary levels of understanding. Certainly the multiplicity of experiments, the "think it out for yourself" outlook adopted by most teachers at the school, has done much to disguise the drab "learning the textbook" side of Science. Even more important, this new attitude forces pupils to use their minds creatively, to invent ideas of their own, ultimately the most satisfying aspect of any subject, and the most difficult thing to introduce into elementary Science.

But it must not be forgotten that these aspects have been added to, and do not replace, the learning of essential facts. Far from being easier, both pupils and, I think, masters find this new method far more difficult to carry out properly, due precisely to these added aspects which must be pursued.

The benefits of the new system are, however, outweighing the difficulties involved, and making the new scheme in great part successful.

Benjamin Chain

History

History, that delicate art whereby the maximum of light is made to shine upon the ragged pages of evidence, beguiles the student with its promise of intellectual gold; but, as any history master would probably agree, History is among the hardest of subjects to teach. Two distinct approaches which masters may employ in attempting to surmount these difficulties can readily be distinguished. On the one hand, History may be taught as an end in itself, in a way that leads on smoothly to its study at university; or it may be taught as part of general education, in a way that encourages students towards clarity of thought and a healthy scepticism towards many aspects of life. Unfortunately, the pressure of examinations renders it impossible for any teacher to follow either of these approaches completely; for teachers of this subject, and many another, do not forget that, if they are to fulfil their obligations to the pupil and his parents, they must make the requirements of A level their immediate goal, even if they keep their eyes on further and more promising objectives.

If, after a little study, certain pupils find that History is not so promising a subject as they had expected, the fault is probably the students' and the subject's, rather than that of the masters. For the student who in his non-specialist days enjoyed embellishing unfounded facts with personal opinions may find the atmosphere of sixth form study stifling; while he who is ready to submit to the discipline of the subject may find the discipline imposed by the requirements of examinations to be too strenuous and too limiting. Our history masters cannot eliminate this endemic disease, but they are most successful in containing it.

To consider history teaching at Westminster as anything other than excellent would be to look facts in the face and deny them. Not a few Westminsters become professional historians, a sure proof of successful teaching here; and, at the opposite end of the process, History remains a very popular choice as a specialist subject. False gold would not glisten long.

John Marenbon

Modern Languages

The Modern Languages department has, so far as it can, a modern outlook: not only do we have an exchange with a Munich Gymnasium, and visits to the language course at Leon in Spain, but increasing use is made of the two language laboratories which were installed in 1969. But this modern outlook is to some extent vitiated by the restrictions of the A level syllabus.

Proses are still an integral part of this syllabus; but surely, by now they should be considered obsolete as a means of teaching languages. A level commentaries, and, in German, translations from the set text, demand an intimate knowledge of the book. So much time has to be spent on these aspects of the syllabus that, although books can be read quickly in form in the Sixth and out of form in the A level year, it is still impossible to study enough literature in reasonable depth. This means that two years is not an adequate time for the post O level study of languages. Another failure on the part of the Joint Board is their setting the same texts time and again. Why not Genet, Vian, and Hesse instead of Racine, Goethe, and Schiller?

The only thing in fact that makes the whole thing tolerable is the excellence and variety of the teaching; for example, one teacher will let abstract discussions run, another will return to the text. The Oxford and Cambridge Board try to kill Modern Languages, but the Westminster staff bring them back to life.

David Ekserdjian.

English

It is a strange thing but true, that while English itself allows many different interpretations of how to teach this most "free" of all subjects, the masters most wholly involved with it here at Westminster should have styles which are far from dissimilar. But this, so far from being a reflection upon their skill, is quite the reverse, for the similarity lies here. Though each definitely has his own "line" on any subject, they avoid allowing only their own views to be aired, or relying too much on what others have said before them, and the even more fateful danger (though perhaps currently the most fashionable) of allowing their pupils too much free expression. They seem to have achieved the happy medium of allowing so much "pupil participation" coupled with their own promptings and, at times, very different and definite views on certain subjects. It is all a question of confidence, which they seem to have in abundance; so there is no rushing to books to see what others have said on Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* or Joyce's *Ulysses*. They have overcome the very real danger of allowing English to become too free though, as one admitted, a touch of the Classics in providing a few restrictions would not be a wholly bad thing!

Another strange feature is that three are approximately all of the same age; and yet perhaps it is not so strange and even purposely chosen that way. They are at an age when they are only doing Lear for the fourth time, when Yeats still holds one or two enigmas, and when dealing with poetry has not yet got to the stage of churning out meaningless phrases. For they are still genuinely interested in the subject; so much so that they are not totally disillusioned when faced by a Shell set on a hot, sweaty Friday afternoon: indeed they find it interesting, almost a challenge, and that is an achievement to be admired.

Their own personal identity is not wholly lost though, whether it be a flick of the hair, a full-length pose on the desk, or leaning back with feet precariously perched on the edge of the waste-paper bin. But we are being frivolous . . . yet not so, because those gestures show a refusal, even if it is a subconscious refusal, to become just another schoolmaster. They have a repugnance to using the blackboard—sorry, "visual aid"—and contempt for their own master's desk. It is this refusal to become bogged down that maintains their interest in the subject; and to maintain that essential freshness, some have travelled, even if only temporarily, across vast tracts of water. It is this interest and confidence—one said "he had too much of it"—mixed with their talent for seeking out the best from their pupils that has made English at Westminster what it is.

Julian Jebb

SONNET III

To Jean RACINE, whom I would account my best teacher

Perpetual is the essence of that pain,
Which love and all its sweetness bring;
The tender sorrow of a weeping king
Nor death can soothe, nor night can dim its flame.

Vibrant is your tragic chant and plain.
Its depth is endless; endless will it ring
Its music pure through azure sky and sing
Its liquid lamentation with disdain.

When still the cloudy light of common day
Beguiled me with its undemanding play,
Your torch was hidden from my deadened sight;

But now, by grace, its lantern rules my way,
A comfort on my pilgrimage through night,
Quintessence of all music, of all light.

John Marenbon

The Parable of The Wise Bush and the Foolish Bush

There were once and still are and always will be two bushes growing in the same soil. It matters not whether the soil is sandy or rich, moist or dry, nor does it matter what surrounds these bushes—tall buildings or wide plains, high mountains or pleasant rivers—it makes no difference, for it is only the bushes themselves that matter; it is they that choose the path they follow.

Both these bushes, growing without cares in the Spring of Youth, gradually put forth little buds and spread their roots, broadening their contact with the soil around them and gathering sunlight on their fresh little leaves through the haze of uncertainty.

As they grew and as the Spring of Youth began to draw to an end, the foolish bush became daily more convinced of his increasing beauty and perfection. "Soon I shall be perfect!" he cried. "I shall have no need to grow for I shall know all! Growing is a waste of time." But the wise bush heeded him not and continued to spread forth his branches and broaden his leaves and lengthen his roots.

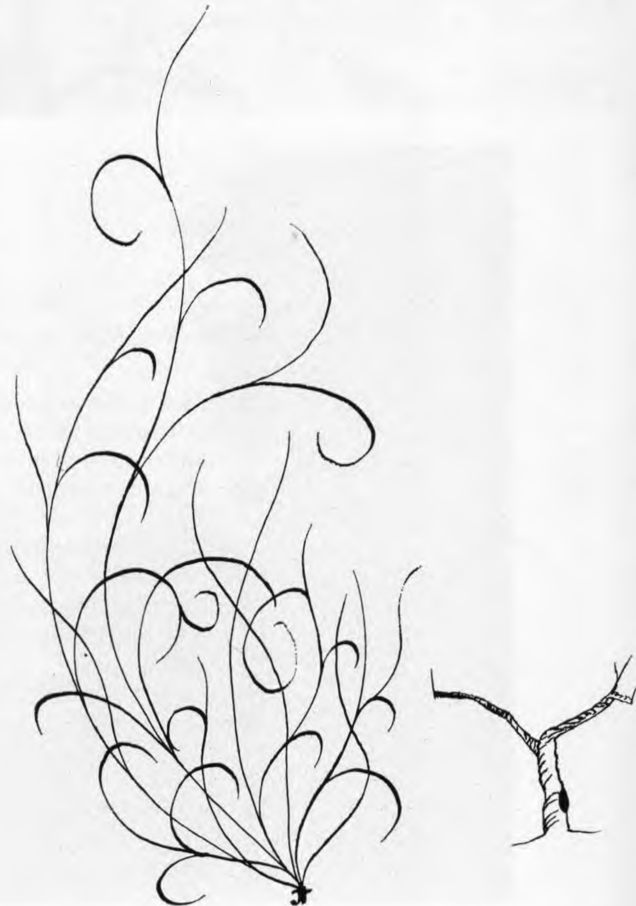
There came a day as the Summer of Life was approaching its middle when the foolish bush finally convinced himself that he was perfect. He considered that he was the most beautiful, the most complete, and the wisest bush that had ever grown upon this world; and so he stopped growing, believing it to be a waste of time, since he had achieved "perfection".

Up to this time the two bushes had been equal in stature, the foolish bush lacking only the true wisdom of the wise one; but now the Sun began to wane above the foolish bush and to wax daily greater over the wise one. And the wise bush grew greater in stature and in wisdom, while the foolish bush gloried in his "perfection".

Then the Winds of Decay blew stronger as the Winter of Time approached and it grew colder and clouds passed over the face of the Sun. But the wise bush doubted not nor did he fear, but grew daily sturdier, stronger and wiser. Meanwhile the foolish bush froze and could have grown no further even had he sought to do so. As the Winter of Time drew onwards the unopened buds on the branches of the foolish bush dropped off one by one; and as the Winter of Time grew more fierce and cruel the twigs on the branches of the foolish bush died and fell off. And all through the terrible Winter that shall always follow the Spring and Summer of Life until Time itself ends the wise bush grew and expanded while the foolish bush withered and shrank.

When the second, endless Spring at length arrived the foolish bush was scarcely more than a stump; yet still he cried, "I am perfect! Nothing is more beautiful than I." And to the wise bush he said: "You are ugly and stupid, merely a confused tangle. It is I who am wise." Yet while the foolish bush was proclaiming its "perfection" to the world, the wise bush which had sought, and succeeded, to grow steadily throughout the Winter, burst into colour. Its buds opened and brought forth beautiful flowers, its branches bore sweet-tasting fruit and, as justification and reward to the wise bush's faith, the Sun broke out from behind the last cloud and surrounded the bush with golden light.

Adam Thomson



A Dream
The Death of Sleep

Black manna was his God's food,
And he walked in no heaven but hell.
Where are the songs in praise of him?
Where are the mourners at his knell?

Here lies she who usurped the sun
Bereft of all her shallow glory,
Only pale winter's light glints
Through a mask seamed with piteous pain.

These two are judged by sleep's dark sceptre,
Await the mind's harsh command.
Twisted memories, grained as surely as a tombstone's
Name, taunt their makers.

Forgotten dreams flood back, at a whim,
To watch me through my days,
Yet do not depart so easily.
The questions of the heart are strong,

But the mind is proof to all these fears.
All is clear, hard as ice.
Faint images swirl fainter, are lost.
Even a God can die.

Nicholas Rothwell

Reincarnation

Your body fades, your soul ebbs,
The pulsating vision of surgical heroes
Raves within your brain.
Disinfected smells waft towards your senses
Which are numbed by sterilized needles.
The wax drips, the flame flickers,
Around the black, charred wick,
The skin begins to form.
Out of the blackness, far, far away,
Approach blank, black-cloaked faces,
Drifting past you motionless,
Staring through with fathomless eyes,
Expressionless, but terrifying still.
The last of these diminish and cease
Only the eyes you remember . . .
You are dragged down into them,
You are sucked through aeons of time,
Your soul spins, faster, faster,
The mental chaos sets in.
All that you knew, remembered, thought,
Is ruthlessly milked from your brain.
You sink into oblivion . . .
Now you are safe inside her,
You are all she ever wanted,
You are innocent, pink and pathetic,
And for convenience, officially dead.

John Bevan

An Extract from "Two Dimensional Bird"

Two dark bags hung like poison under his eyes. Poison of depression in the long street. On Saturday nights parties throb in deep suburban housing estates. Happy husbands are too old to stretch before the fire without wincing at the television, as a pain emitted from their aging office spines makes the sofa's bent irregular springs crumple and groan. Glasses drain. Darts thump on boards, hung of old on walls that face a demolition site. Rats in the darkness. Lone rangers under street lights.

A weary housewife stares at the hot 16-year-old with the scribbled folder and a book helplessly jumping out of his hand. Handsome boy like her own son. The drowsy eyelids meet and lock, too tired to kiss, open and flutter like the pigeon on the warehouse windowsill. The woman marvels at his beauty under his sweaty tangling hair, red twists.

He was swift in mechanical directions up the hill, empty twittering wraith like the Homeric dead. Winces at the squeak of brakes. He stopped and shook. When a servant finds the body of his mistress in the morning squeezed and sucked by a vampire and the body grins naked on the bed, shrieks; pierces. And nervous shock ran in his sweat and froze in the chilly night. Then slumber sank into the pale face and the letters of a peeling signpost sagged on the white rusty post. Footpath to Moss Lane. Swung strides down the empty alley, slid in the mud as he shrank void through the vanishing point.

Here was countryside of black and orange and the moon. The wind overhead dragged stone clouds over the bright ballbearing of the sky that glowed white and virginround with cold. When a lizard at the bottom of a clear stream stands solid on a lifting stone as the mountain current washes silt around his rippling tail, its right eye glows to the sky and the water rolls over the ball; the left eye stares into depths of running water, still, and looks into darkness of the time solid brook; a rich orange cloud swells and furls downstream like the freezing clouds that stiffly undergo weird transformations turns to orange over the streetlights northwards, London and homewards. Clears to blackness and the pure momentum of the tugging wind to the East to the golfcourse and strange hills.

Simon stood there. In these old sensations the crumbly rampart of physics and work and early hours flapped and banged with his trousers in the puffing wind. It was more than the biting teeth of sharp and cruel oaths that shrieked inside his school and trouble nibbled brain. More to be dissolved by the enzymes on a reptile's tongue as he flashed in a millisecond into the animal's mouth. Its scales slid and rippled as it shut its muscly gums. Its face did not change. No emotion or expression burned or froze in the cold blue blood that ran slowly through its nose. The country was hideous and still. Simon was numbly dissolved in its ancient look of pain and ugliness. It spread before him as solid and immutable as the reptile's skull. The footpath rose over its temples into forest and slopes and streams. A dog barked from the back door of a cottage to his left. The little house sweated under the stare of the moon. The dog panted and scratched the red tiles of the kitchen floor.

"Geddown," said the young father. Fingers on the coffee pot. In the house, friends, married couple mothers bathing the babies upstairs. The duck swam upside down and sank. Babies bawling. Young hands, almost girl hands, gentle hold in the pink enamel water. Tap hits the baby's head. Snatches screaming. Loving.

Friend smiles on the sofa downstairs relaxed among the newspapers. Saturday, coffee. "Having a lot of fun upstairs", where's Caroline? They sink together into respective rocking chairs and talk in the warmth of the long bookshelved room. The sun set long ago over the hills and plantations, and the little house, only five years old, expands into the night, alone on the top of the windy hill. Inside, orange shapes and rugs on sanded wood sleep through the bathroom laughter and a little girl, only five years old stares through the window of reflected flowery wall paper and pictures closely coloured by her little hand. In her nightie through the curtains. Isn't it bright outside. There's a person on the footpath. Lost. Will you come in? The view is black. Makes a face. Aren't the clouds going fast. Quiet in the room. Baby bathing. Secrets for that boy only. What a lot of wind coming through the crack in the window. Come here, boy. Come and say hello to daddy. She went over to her blackboard and chose a blue chalk. Began to draw his round face and his oblong body and shoelaces. What else? Rush to the window. Red hair brown and flying, black face glint in the moon light. Stands on a mole hill on the wayside by a thistle. Sways roughly. Vertebrate on rugged pastures. Dark rings like disected treetrunks sing of age and anger above the little freckles of his nose. Whereon a drip wept and slid down onto his bristling lip. The sight of the secret face in child's hands, warm and rosy in lighted window, squeezed between the curtains, awoke in him old memories of fatherly tender happy moments, of a feeling which was there once, now returned as a new and fresh emotion bleating. Overwhelms. Life in a frustrated spirit. Drifts invisible under a thickly curly cloud. Viscous roll. The shadow shrinks and fades. On, descending, Simon smiles. To the forest with song and toes, the roar transported to a whisper. Over the stile

and plunges into pines, corridors of murky moving. Grope down the rut of muddy needles soft. The plantation is split into parties and the two sides roar in combat by the boundary. Oppose. Above, a strip of lighter rivers over where the wind rides high, unbroken by the forest cobwebs which heave in the howl and an owl sounds leewards; hollow note flies in the night and the bird stares.

William Taunton

Some News

ALTHOUGH this is a feature edition, various difficulties, occasioned by the change-over to biannual issue, make it necessary for us to include some news and reviews.

STEPHEN SPENDER read some unpublished poetry of his and answered any questions that the considerable audience cared to fire at him. If some found him more down to earth than they prefer their poets to be, others thought him lucid and cogent.

AN APPEAL by a charity called *Outset* which is concerned with single, homeless people, has had much success. Boys were principally asked to give their time and labour: to work for eight hours, preferably all at once, on something of benefit to the community, and to ask of sponsors some donation to the charity for every hour they worked.

ATHLETICS has now become a flourishing sport at Westminster, under the direction of Mr. Michael Brown. In the last edition of *The Elizabethan* we were most remiss: no report on athletics was inserted. Full reportage of the whole year's athletics, however, is promised in this magazine's next "record" issue.

A Letter

Dear Sir,

I welcome the announcement in the May edition of *The Elizabethan* that you will in future publish two annual editions, one a journal of school activities, the other a collection of creative writing. It occurs to me that the last edition highlighted both the difficulties of combining these two objectives and the need to rethink the reporting of school life. Some wider discussion would seem to be needed within the school at this juncture to determine what sort of magazine is wanted. If this letter serves to stimulate such discussion, it will have served its purpose.

I must make clear first that much of the writing in the May edition I found dignified, often intriguing, occasionally baffling. The editors avoided the obvious pitfalls of priggish self-congratulation and of cliché ridden porno-revolution, reminiscent respectively of *Boys' Own* and *Oz* on the school mag. scene.

My criticism concerns that part of the edition purporting to be a school report. Clearly a blow-by-blow account of events at Westminster, including remorselessly dreary news items such as Jones winning the Junior Gym prize, would be anathema to editor and reader alike. Adaptation and selection of news is essential. This, coupled with the editor's legitimate wish to stamp his edition with his own distinctive imprint, should produce lively reporting, as it did with Taunton's highly entertaining "Collages".

But however lively the approach, the coverage of events will fail if the events are not covered. In May one was aware of an imbalance in the edition where two activities had the lion's share of available space. Where five pages were devoted to plays and films and three and a half to solid Sport, all other aspects of the school got a paltry seven pages between them. If the Eliza reflects school life one might deduce from this that for every five action-packed hours on stage and three and a half gruelling hours of solid Sport, we have to scratch around to find seven hours in which to complete every other transaction carried out here. Here are some omissions and suggested remedies.

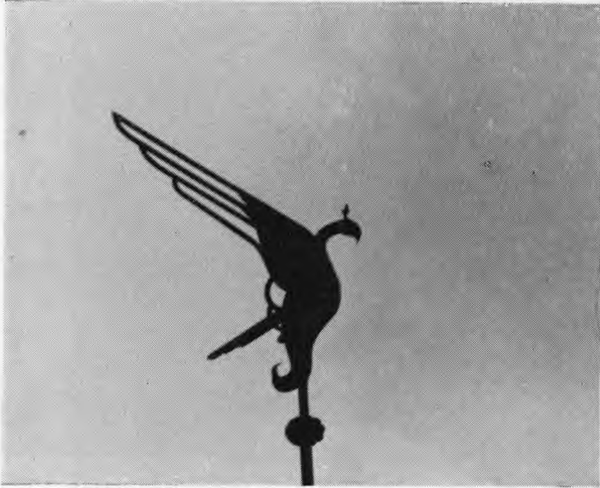
The Music Competition didn't merit even a modest paragraph, though it involved a larger number of boys than does the average concert with its professional assistance. Task Force, Mental Health, Release, Outset, and Oxfam—none fared any better, though again many people give these organizations long hours of their time. The assorted variety of schemes operating under the misleading title of "Guilds" could be given a long hard look and their success or failure assessed. Finally, the Science Exhibition. Evelyn Waugh in *Scoop* warns of the dangers of requiring a specialist in one field to report on events in an entirely different field. As a biennial event involving over 60 boys in absorbing work which is often self initiated, surely this exhibition is worth more than your correspondent's spine-chillingly patronizing paragraph?

It comes down to this. Is it not possible, while avoiding the parochial and the trite, to reflect more broadly the full range of ways in which Westminsters choose to spend their time? Would a more widely based editorial board or a more specialized team of reporters assist in this process?

The Eliza is more readable and better presented now than for many years. My only regret is that it does not seem as yet to belong to the school as a whole but rather to selected sections of it.

Yours faithfully,

Christopher Martin



School Concerts

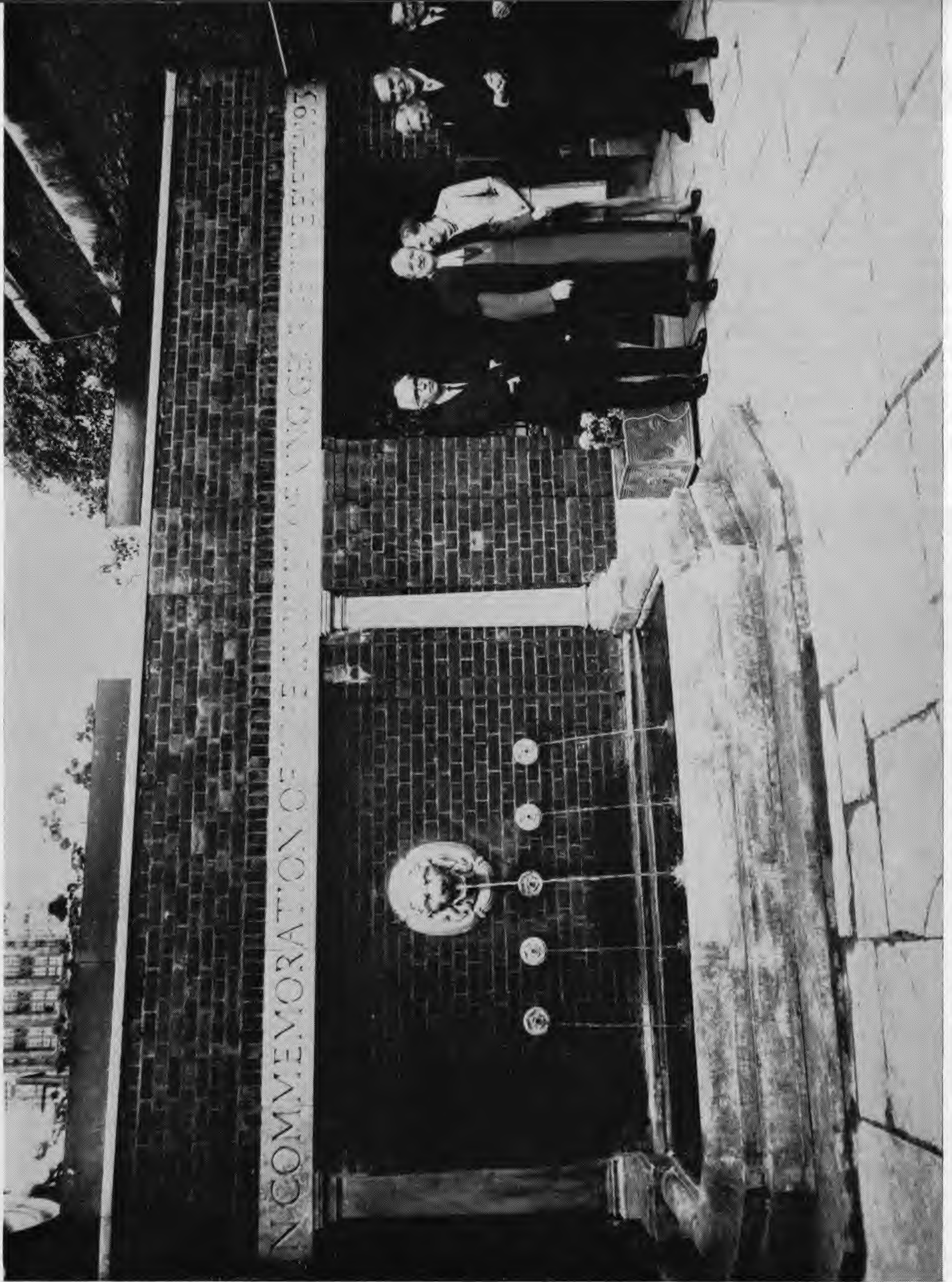
How does one define a "Westminster School Concert"? The most natural answer would probably be "a concert performed solely by Westminster boys and teachers". Last term's concert did not fall within this category, for both orchestra and choir had outside support. Is this a justifiable course to adopt? It raises at once the problem that confronts any Director of Music. The concert included a fine performance by Adam Mars-Jones of the second Movement of Khachaturian's Piano Concerto. Could an orchestra consisting solely of Westminster boys and teachers have accompanied him? In Holst's 'Hymn of Jesus' and Fauré's Requiem, the Choral Society was heavily outnumbered by outsiders. Could they have performed these works without assistance? With the present lack of support for Choral Society, certainly not. Two types of concert therefore seem to be required. One where the performers are all Westminster boys and teachers, performing works within their capacity; this is what parents really come to hear. The other where outside assistance is brought in, so that boys can take part, as players or singers, in performances of great works that would otherwise be beyond the school's capacity. May we hope for a greater proportion of the former in future, including some where boys whose talent does not lie in concerted performances may also be heard?

Graeme Kirk

A School Concert has many aims, and it would be pedantry to insist on the pre-eminence of one's own ideas to the exclusion of others. All agree that boys must take part as variously and plentifully as possible; and the School Orchestra is now manned largely by boys, while Choral Society strives to increase its numbers. But, if it is ruled that no outside professional help be used, then those boys, of whom there are many, who are capable of taking part in masterworks such as the Eroica and Unfinished Symphonies, would be denied the opportunity; for we have not yet got enough string players to man a complete orchestra. In last term's concert the Khachaturian Piano Concerto, the Eroica Symphony, and Holst's Hymn of Jesus were all performed by an orchestra of which three quarters were boys. Neither the woodwind, nor the brass, nor the percussion section contained an outsider. The boys performed very well, some of them with distinction; and the playing of Mars-Jones (piano), Wilson (clarinet), Somerville (flute), and Pappworth (horn), all showed considerable maturity.

A modern work which choirs and orchestra can tackle with relative impunity is difficult to find. The Hymn of Jesus seemed to fill the bill excellently. But the Fauré Requiem and Handel Organ Concerto both require expert orchestral playing to realize their beauty. For this reason a small picked group was used for each. The Fauré was anyhow included primarily for the benefit of singers and audience, and the Handel for that of the soloist. It is a difficult task to choose a programme which satisfies the needs of choral society, orchestra, soloist, chamber musicians, and audience.

J.B.



The Carleton Fountain

Photograph by Andrew Stott

Richard II

All the remorselessness of historical process was present in David Harding's production of *Richard II*, which moved always with dignity and authority, and sometimes with power, in the surprisingly versatile Ashburnham Garden setting. Seldom has a production profited so much from the devoted skills of a back-room team: banners and drapes in sumptuous colours which in an instant restored chivalric splendour; a stage which looked as though it had sprung up from the lawn specially for the occasion; make-up which compelled a major suspension of disbelief. The same concern for detail was reflected in the production as a whole: costumes of whose aristocracy one was in no doubt happily matching the heraldic emblems which preceded them. For the eye, then, the play was a delight; in long and unwieldy scenes the handling of characters so as to emphasize rather than confuse the action was highly professional. The ear too had its share in the evening's feast, in that the speaking of the verse, the play's most treasured possession, was of a uniformly high standard; only to the continual moan of progress overhead were syllables sacrificed.

The focus of the play, the contrasting characters and fortunes of Richard of Bordeaux and Henry Bolingbroke, I found rather blurred. As Richard, Willie Taunton, the only known actor in the school with the verbal magic to carry an audience with him, aided by his haunting dead eyes that shunned human encounters being fixed on some far-off shrine of majesty in which his inner self reposed, had some fine scenes, notably "Graves and Worms and Epitaphs", and the whole of the deposition scene in Act IV, so fine that odd hesitancies were readily forgivable in a part of over 700 lines. His soaring eloquence contrasted well with Bolingbroke's hoarded words, but his self-control was throughout no less than Bolingbroke's own, and as a result the production was deficient in a dramatic tension that should have been generated by the clash of two utterly opposed intelligences, one visionary, poetic, sensitive and general, the other prosaic, pragmatic and particular. Each seemed at least partly to admire and desire the character of the other. Marcus Campbell's Bolingbroke, dignified and statuesque, speaking with rare feeling and intelligence, was as much a victim of history as Richard, his eyes so fixed on the immediate objective that the fair landscape through which he was passing changed, without his noticing, to a prison. Exton's arrival with Richard's body is the closing of the door behind him, and then he is a figure of startled pathos: "They love not poison that do poison need": a great moment in which the play's pattern is completed, the new order tainted at its very inception. The idealist and the opportunist are equally the playthings of a Fate which tempts and tantalizes with power.

There were many individual performances to relish. The most notable was Richard Wormald's York, the best display of acting at Westminster for some years, defined by the mannerisms of fussy age and yet also a figure of strength, whose decision to endorse the new reign was not obscured, as it usually is, by the smoke-screen of absurdity-boots and petitions en famille in the last act. As he stumped off to see to yet another pack of rebels, we felt enormous sympathy for a good man whose services seemed to be taken for granted. The other dominant stage presence was Jeremy Burnett-Rae's Northumberland, haughty and head-strong operator in *Realpolitik*, with an eye principally for personal advantage, who would have been equally at home in between-the-wars Chicago. Roger Cohen, combining the roles of Mowbray and Exton, brought smouldering dignity to the first and mean ambition to the second, and for a trio of supporting performances which remain vivid after the circle of stage-fire has faded, Neil Margerison's John of Gaunt, Stephen Ruttle's Aumerle, and Patrick Wintour's Greene, all seem scarcely capable of improvement in a school production. And Katherine Spary as Queen Isabel, whether in blue velvet trimmed with white ermine for the magnificent procession after the opening scene, or stumbling out in a gold robe, hand to eyes to hide

Photograph by Andrew Stott

from her sight her departing and doomed husband, produced a performance that would have won acclaim anywhere, and would have graced a serious historical epic on the wide screen. The producer was fortunate in his minor characters, and the contribution of boot-faced figures in chain mail and disciplined page boys and banner bearers should not pass without appreciation. They also serve who only stand and wait.

My reservations are few, and minor. I think the production needed more internal variety of pace and texture, though I recognize that the formal quality of the verse and public nature of most of the scenes made this difficult; I would have liked more live and less canned music, though without being able to suggest how specialists in medieval sounds could be found. Despite the raised stage, visibility from the rows where the common man and his wife sat were seriously impaired, a problem to which little thought has been given. But, on a warm summer evening, I found myself enjoying the fruits of gigantic labour by producer and cast, and surrendering to the pageantry of the scene and the sonority of the verse. I was predictably yet powerfully moved by the appropriateness of it all to the place (there *is* Westminster Hall, which Richard built as if for his own deposition; "Come home with me to supper" invites the Abbot of Westminster, as if to his successor on the front row, and away they go to the recently completed College Hall), as if such a re-enactment were able to release imprisoned souls from the surrounding walls to be witnesses of their own actions and passions. There can be few experiences which so delight and enrich the whole man in the civilized world.

John Field

Photograph by Andrew Stott

The Elizabethan Club

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

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

February 3rd, 1971

House	Date of entry	Name and address
A	1966[1]	**Banszky, Nicholas** Tower House, Park Village West, London, N.W.1.
R	1966[3]	**Berrill, Simon Philip** 17, Wilberforce Road, Cambridge.
W	1967[1]	**Bibby, Andrew Gervase Austin** Rydal House, 41, York Road, Cheam, Surrey.
B	1966[3]	**Bolton, Jonathan Mark Howard** Hallborough, Penshurst, Kent.
R	1966[3]	**Bowman, Philip** 9, Clement Road, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19.
C	1966[3]	**Campbell, Julian James Noel** 31, Edith Grove, London S.W.10.
W	1965[2]	**Colocotronis, John** 74, Fountain House, Park Lane, London, W.1.
R	1966[3]	**Commander, Simon John** 35, Sudeley Street, London, N.1.
W	1967[1]	**Crawford, Hugh Randolph** 17, Montpelier Place, London, S.W.7.
G	1966[3]	**de Mowbray, Simon Giles** The Thatched House, West Farleigh, nr. Maidstone, Kent.
B	1965[3]	**Drew, David Charles** 17, Rodway Road, Roehampton, London, S.W.15.
C	1966[3]	**Earle, Joel Vincent** 35, St. Peter's Square, London, W.6.
B	1966[3]	**Foster, Peter Nigel** 27, Village Way, London, S.E.21.
R	1966[3]	**Gibbens, Andrew John** Pickwick Cottage, 31, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21.
L	1966[1]	**Giles, Henry Frank Sebastian** 42, Bloomfield Road, London, W.9.
B	1966[1]	**Halstead, Jeremy Edward** 51, British Grove, London, W.4.

House	Date of entry	Name and Address
B	1966[2]	**Harries-Jones, Richard** 77, Euston Street, Gower, Street, London, N.W.1.
R	1966[2]	**Howe Browne, Stephen James** Forest Green, Upper Hartfield, Sussex.
W	1966[1]	**Jacobs, Michael Charles** 9, Erskine Hill, London, N.W.11.
B	1969[1]	**James, Robert Clive** Brabant, Blundel Lane, Cobham, Surrey.
L	1966[1]	**Kessler, Charles David James** Bridge Farm, Stoke Hammond, Bletchley, Bucks.
G	1966[3]	**Kinross, Vyvyan James Stuart** 16B, Great Cumberland Mews, London, W.1.
B	1966[1]	**Langdon-Davies, Thomas Giles** 5, King's Bench Walk, London, E.C.4.
A	1965[3]	**Lawrence, Gavin John Loudon** 42, Upper Cheyne Row, London, S.W.3.
A	1966[3]	**Mackenzie, Ian James** 28, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.
A	1966[2]	**Maclure, Michael Stuart** 109, College Road, London, S.E.21.
L	1966[3]	**Marley, Nicholas John Edward** 34, Champion Hill, London, S.E.5.
R	1965[3]	**Matcham, Paul Warton** 40, Lingfield Road, London, S.W.19.
G	1966[3]	**McNeile, Ashley Thomas** St. John's House, Chiswick Mall, London, W.4.
A	1967[1]	**Miller, Anthony Charles** 2, Park Lodge, Bishop's Down Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
G	1966[1]	**Mumford, John Alexander** 11, The Orchard, Blackheath, S.E.3.
B	1966[3]	**Neale, Ian Andrew** 5, Ede's Street, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

House	Date of entry	Name and Address
W	1967[1]	**Neuberger, Michael Samuel** 22, West Heath Avenue, London, N.W.11
G	1965[3]	**Niven, George Henry Murray** 35, Park Avenue South, Northampton.
B	1966[1]	**Ollivant, Simon David** 9, Eaton Mansions, Cliveden Place, London, S.W.1.
G	1965[3]	**Orgill, Richard William** 18, Hillview, Cottenham Park Road, London, S.W.20.
R	1967[1]	**Peattie, Antony Michael John** 62, Northway, London, N.W.11.
L	1966[3]	**Pinkerton, Duncan John MacLean** 54, Westville Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.
G	1966[1]	**Rentoul, James Alexander** 60, Bassett Road, London, W.10.
A	1966[3]	**Robinson, Bruce Anthony** 55, Chiltern Court, Baker Street, London, N.W.1.
C	1966[3]	**Rundell, Peter William Kenneth** 29, Pelham Place, London, S.W.7.
B	1965[3]	**Surridge, Stuart** 28, Earlsfield Road, London, S.W.18.
R	1966[3]	**Thomas, Huw Basil Maynard Mitchell** 145, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.
L	1966[3]	**Thomson, James Stewart** 4, Ham Farm Road, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey
G	1966[2]	**Tiratsoo, Nicholas Eric Hanson** White Walls, Cambridge Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
A	1965[3]	**Trend, Michael St. John** 18, St. German's Place, Blackheath, S.E.3.
R	1966[3]	**Ward, The Hon. Edward Nicholas** 105, Devonshire Mews South, London, W.1.
B	1966[1]	**Wilson, Michael Terence** 34, Sheridan Road, London, S.W.19.
R	1967[1]	**Wingate, Oliver Charles Fenton** 15, Eldon Road, London, W.8.
G	1966[3]	**Wollheim, Bruno Richard** 26, Pelham Crescent, London, S.W.7.
R	1967[1]	**Worthington, Timothy Robin** 3, Mountbarrow Hse., 12, Elizabeth Street, London, S.W.1.

May 26th, 1971

House	Date of entry	Name and Address
G	1967[2]	**Ashford, Antony David George** Meadow House, Kingston Hill, Surrey.
L	1967[3]	**Blackford, Richard Clive** 8, Devonshire Avenue, Sutton, Surrey.
L	1968[1]	**Cousins, Simon William Somerset** 14, Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3.
A	1966[3]	**Crowdy, Martin Hugh** 6, Blackheath Park, London, S.E.3.
W	1967[3]	**Greene, Christopher Louis** 25, Addison Avenue, London, W.11.
A	1969[3]	**Hiatt, Frederick S.** 9, Montpelier Walk, London, S.W.7.
G	1966[3]	**Macwhinnie, Ian Charles** Flat 902, Tavistock, 10, Tregunter Path, May Road, Hong Kong.
L	1968[3]	**Stanbury, Rupert Vivian** 22, Westminster Gardens, Marsham Street, London, S.W.1.
A	1967[2]	**Temple-Smith, Nicholas John** 10, St. John's Wood, Road, London, N.W.8.
A	1966[3]	**Tyler, Peter Christopher** Rosebriar, Winterdown Road, Esher, Surrey.
C	1966[3]	**Walton, Neville Russell** 24, Shirley Avenue, Cheam, Surrey.

Obituary

Correction. We regret that in our last issue we announced in error the death of R. C. Cleary (1935-38 A). It was in fact his father, who was not an O.W., who died. We are happy to say that Mr. R. C. Cleary is alive and well.

Ball—On June 30th, 1971, Andrew Edward Campbell Ball (1955-58, G.), aged 30.

Beach—On July, 17th, 1971, Arthur Gordon Beach, (1900-01, H.), aged 76.

Carter-Locke—On July 11th, 1971, Harry Binstead Cockcroft Carter-Locke (1923-28, A.), aged 62.

Colquhoun—On March 6th, 1971, Frank Lloyd Colquhoun (1916-19, (R.), aged 69.

Cooper—On July 14th, 1971, Kenneth Herbert Lionel Cooper (1924-29, C.), aged 60.

Dunscombe—On July 8th, 1971, Nicholas Dunscombe Dunscombe (1911-15, H.), aged 72.

Eady—On August 11th, 1971, George John Eady (1891-94, H.), aged 93.

Finzi—On May 2nd, 1971, Eric John Finzi (1912-15, A.), aged 73.

Fraser—On January 11th, 1971, Kenneth Gordon Fraser (1911-12, H.), aged 73.

Haynes—On June, 11th, 1971, Hugh Wilfrid Lankester Haynes (1924-27, A)., aged 60.

Hodgson—On July, 1st, 1971, Sir Gerald Hassall Hodgson (1904-8, H.), aged 80.

Hogg—On May 8th, 1971, Christopher Hogg (1950-55, A.), aged 33.

Horne—On June 2nd, 1971, Joseph Christopher William Horne (1913-18, C.), aged 71.

Johnston—On June 20th, 1971, George Douglas Johnston (1897-1903, H.), aged 85.

Lorimer-Thomas—On August 4th, 1971, David Rice Lorimer-Thomas (1918-21, R.), aged 66.

Lutyens—On June 26th, 1971, William Frederick Lutyens (1905-10, C.), aged 80.

Mabey—On April 21st, 1971, Charles Henry Cecil Mabey (1908-11, A.), aged 77.

Malcolm—On August 26th, 1971, Alec Rathray Malcolm (1900-03, A.), aged 84.

Maxwell—On March 19th, 1971, Eric Frederick Mackenzie Maxwell (1899-1904, C.), aged 85.

Moore—On March 6th, 1971, Major Eric Moore (1903-06, G.), aged 83.

Mortimer—On June 20th, 1971, David Anthony Mortimer (Sept. 1932-Dec. 1932, G.), aged 52.

Palmer—On July 16th, 1971, Cecil William Palmer (1902-05, H.), aged 82.

Rambaut—On March 10th, 1971, Gerrard Marlande Rambaut (1901-6, C.), aged 83.

Rock—On June 14th, 1971, Stuart James Parthenay Rock (1924-25, A.), aged 62.

Rowland—On June 30th, 1971, Cyril Arthur Rowland, (1920-23, A.), aged 66.

Sayer—On March 25th, 1971, The Revd. Arthur Gerald Sayer (1902-07, G.), aged 82.

Scaramanga—On July 23rd, 1971, George John Scaramanga (1911, R.), aged 74.

Schlotel—On January 27th, 1971, Major Lyle Cooper Schlotel (1911-15, A.), aged 73.

Vecqueray—On July 16th, 1971, Charles Augustus Cokayne Vecqueray (1903-05, G.), aged 83.

Viscount Davidson

When Lord Davidson died last December he had been seriously ill for several years and out of active politics for nearly 30, but his obituary notice in *The Times*, which filled nearly three columns, was an indication of the large part he had played in national affairs, during the 1920's and 1930's. His name was never widely known to the public, for he preferred to remain in the background and his highest ministerial post was the comparatively minor one of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. But as the confidential adviser to two prime ministers and as Chairman of the Conservative Party he was in a position more powerful than that of many who held higher posts.

John Colin Campbell Davidson (he was Colin to his school contemporaries and John to his family and to most of his later friends) was at Westminster from 1903 to 1907. Throughout his life he remained devoted to the school. With simple loyalty he combined unlimited optimism, and even in the darkest days of the war his faith in Westminster's future never wavered. Whatever the school's overdraft, whatever the year's deficit, he radiated confidence, and little by little he had the satisfaction of seeing his confidence justified. He was a member of the Governing Body for nearly 40 years and Chairman of the Finance Committee from 1948 to 1961. He was Chairman of the Busby Trustees. He was President of the Elizabethan Club 1946-49. "My love for the school," he wrote in a private letter when he retired from the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, "is one of the facts of my life." He never ceased to give practical expression to that affection, and in return he earned the gratitude and affectionate regard of his innumerable Westminster friends.

Mr. G. L. Troutbeck

George Lancelot Troutbeck, who died last February, was the son of a well-known Westminster solicitor and the grandson of a Precentor of Westminster Abbey. He came to Westminster in 1903 and got into College the following year. When 21 years later he arrived at the school as a master he arrived not as Mr. Troutbeck (the title would have been unthinkable to any Westminster of the 1920's) but as Major Troutbeck, and his task was to take command of the Officers' Training Corps. The job was no sinecure. His predecessor, a beribboned colonel, had been unpractised in the art of handling boys, and discipline had suffered. But the new C.O. was perfectly prepared to use his powerful voice to instil obedience, and before long he had raised the contingent to a high state of efficiency.

Boys in his form would quail before his stentorian outbursts, and when he was confronted with a direct object in the nominative, even sightseers in Yard would look up apprehensively at his form-room window and wonder what the noise was about. But all who came into contact with him quickly discovered that his alarming manner concealed a patient interest in their problems, and those who were under him up Homeboarders (of which he was Housemaster from 1934 until the war) knew also how great was the interest which he and his wife took in the House.

He retired in 1951, but he continued to live near the school and was an occasional visitor up Fields and at school functions.

Mr. W. F. Lutyens

W. F. Lutyens came of a Westminster family, his father and three uncles having been at the school, though the fourth uncle, the famous architect, was not a Westminster. He was a successful games player and athlete at school, and gained his Half-Blue at Oxford for the Mile. On coming down, he joined Brunner Mond and remained with them until the foundation of I.C.I., of which he became a Director in 1941. He was a member of the Quatercentenary Appeal Committee, and it was largely due to his influence and standing that the Appeal received such large contributions from Industry. As the owner of the land on which the famous Piltdown skull was discovered he presented the area to the nation, and it appealed to his lively sense of humour that, when the skull was exposed as a forgery, the Department rather solemnly returned the land to him. A man of wit, charm, and natural friendliness, he was always excellent company, and his friends well remember how he retained his youthful vitality and sparkle to the end of his long and active life.

Mr. J. C. W. Horne

J. C. W. Horne, after a short period of teaching at Giggleswick and Manchester Grammar School, in 1924 entered the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum, where he was to spend the rest of his working life. He was a considerable linguist, and not merely in the field of Eastern European languages which he required for his work. Before going on holiday he regularly learnt the language of the country to which he was going, including Gaelic before a visit to the Highlands and Hebrides. He was studying Arabic, Hebrew and Welsh to within a few months of his death. He was a member of the Court of the Clothworker's Company and only the ill health that overtook him shortly after his retirement prevented him from becoming Master. He was by nature modest and retiring, but his generous disposition warmly reciprocated friendship.

Sir Gerald Hodgson

Sir Gerald Hodgson, after a distinguished career in India, where he was Managing Director of Parry & Co., a member of the Madras Legislative Council, and a donor of the Madras Cup, returned to this country after the war. During the time his son was at the school, he and his wife were familiar figures at the Boathouse, and he always took a continuing interest in Westminster affairs.

Mr. G. J. Eady

G. J. Eady, who died on August 11th at the age of 93, was perhaps the oldest living O.W.

Games Committee

Old Westminster's Cricket Club Season 1971

Played 10; Won 2; Lost 5; Drawn 3

This season's results, although unimpressive, nevertheless belie the Club's overall success. In the past we have relied largely on a nucleus of five or six players. This year 40 members have played, and most of them have appeared on at least two or three occasions. The most encouraging aspect of the season has been the number of younger members who have turned out. They have performed creditably and by all accounts seem to have enjoyed themselves.

The season started on a pretty gloomy note—the first round of the Cricketer Cup. We began well—Richard Pain and Desmond Perrett having Bradfield's early batsmen in all kinds of trouble—but as at Oundle last year, the O.WW. batsmen were unable to force the pace against a tight bowling side and Bradfield ran out easy winners.

Our next game was against the School when we were put in on what turned out to be a superb batting track. John Mortimer and Drew Smith excelled themselves in an admirable display of aggressive batting—they came in at lunch with the score standing at 189 for 1. We declared shortly after lunch at 235 for 3 and the scene was set for an exciting game. The School appeared wholly unconcerned at our total (which would have defeated previous years' sides before they had even started) and they went on to win by four wickets with four overs to spare.

Then followed the Cricket Week at Vincent Square. This was a huge success. The cricket was good, we were fortunate with the weather and the bar prospered. We won the two Saturday games and but for a rain-storm on the Tuesday evening would surely have beaten the Eton Ramblers. The game against the Free Foresters provided a fitting climax. The Free Foresters with a strong batting side went in first and left us to score 245 at a rate of well over 80 an hour. John Mortimer and Ian MacKinnon gave us an excellent start with an opening stand of 57. Geoff Lewis and Chris de Boer kept us in the chase and despite a last minute panic, when four wickets fell in the space of 15 minutes, we passed their total with three wickets in hand and about 15 minutes to spare.

Our thanks must go to the Head Master for allowing us the use of Vincent Square and of course to Derek Saunders for all his work on the wickets and behind the bar.

The season ended with the game against the Beckenham Wizards which was little short of a disaster and the less said about it the better.

Any Old Westminster who did not play for us this season and who would like to do so next year should contact the Hon. Secretary.

Noteworthy Performances

Batting

J. Mortimer	124 (*v.* the School)
,,	108 (*v.* Free Foresters)
G. A. Lewis	72 (*v.* Old Citizens)
,,	66 (*v.* Dragonflies)
,,	52 (*v.* Free Foresters)
F. Drew-Smith	70 (*v.* the School)
M. Hyam	61 (*v.* C. J. Broadhurst's XI)
P. Cashell	61 (*v.* Incogniti)

Bowling

D. Perrett	5 for 38 (*v.* C. J. Broadhurst's XI)
R. Pain	5 for 49 (*v.* Eton Ramblers)
,,	5 for 75 (*v.* Old Citizens)

Old Westminster's Football Club

The Annual General Meeting for Season 1971-72 will be held in the Busby Library at Westminster School on Tuesday, April 25th, 1972 at 6.15 p.m.

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Report by Hon. Secretary on Season 1971-72.
5. Accounts for Season 1971-72.
6. Officers for Season 1972-73.
7. Any other Business.

D. A. Roy, Hon. Secretary,
49, Petworth Road,
Harrow.

Football and Tennis

Future Fixtures

Football.	Nov. 6th Surrey A.F.A. Senior Cup. Catford Wanderers	at Catford.
Football.	Nov. 13th Old Ardinians	at Grove Park.
Football.	Nov. 27th Old Chigwellians	at Buckhurst Hill.
Football.	Dec. 4th The School.	at Vincent Square.
Football.	Dec. 11th Arthur Dunn Cup 1st Round. Old Wellingburians	at Wellingborough
Football.	Dec. 18th Old Brentwoods	at Brentwood.
Football.	Jan. 1st Old Salopians	at Grove Park.
Football.	Jan. 8th Old Aldenhamians	at Grove Park.
Football.	Jan. 15th Old Wykehamists	at Winchester.
Football.	Jan. 22nd R.M.A. Sandhurst.	at Camberley.
Football.	Jan. 29th Old Foresters.	at Grove Park.
Football.	Feb. 5th Old Cholmelians.	at Totteridge.
Tennis.	Feb. 6th Canford School	at Canford.
Football.	Feb. 12th Lancing O.B.	at Grove Park.
Football.	Feb. 19th Old Bradfieldians	at Whitley.
Football.	Mar. 4th Ipswich Spartans	at Ipswich.
Football.	Mar. 11th Old Etonians	at Eton.
Football.	Mar. 18th H.A.C.	at Armoury House
Football.	Easter Tour March 31st-April 3rd.	
Tennis.	Apr. 16th Hampton Court.	at Hampton Court
Football.	Annual General Meeting April 25th.	
Tennis.	May. 28th Seacourt, Hayling Island.	at Hayling Island.

The Football Club have arranged a full list of fixtures for the "A" XI.

It is hoped that Old Westminsters will support the Club at the fixtures.

The Hon. Secretary of the Games Committee, P. G. Whipp, can be contacted at 22, Boileau Road, Ealing, W.5, if any member of the Club wishes information on the individual Games Sections.

Scout Reunion

A second reunion of former members of the 52nd Westminster Scout Troop was held at Dunchideock House, near Exeter from September 24th-26th. Those who attended were housed, fed and cheered by A. N. Winckworth's boundless hospitality. As one man they expressed (a) surprise that there were less than 20 people there; (b) concern that those absent could not be aware of what they were missing; (c) determination that they would meet again in three years time.

Ashburnham Society

The Ashburnham Society held its annual Cricket match on July 4th. The Old Boys were soundly beaten by the House, but the weather was excellent and the occasion was enjoyed by all.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner will take place during the first week of January. Anybody who has not been receiving circulars lately should contact the Secretary, H. R. Samuel, 2 Cardinal Place, London, S.W.15 1NX, to get details of this and other Society events.

a date for your diary . . . . .

THE

WESTMINSTER BALL

will be again held at

HURLINGHAM

LONDON S.W.6

on

FRIDAY JULY 21st 1972

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

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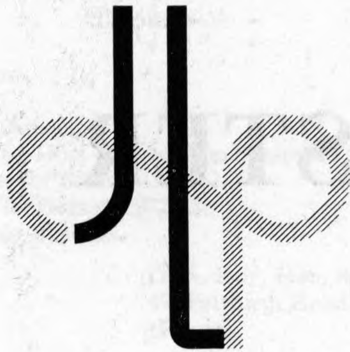
FULL ORCHESTRA
DISCOTHEQUE

Full information, ticket application forms etc. will be sent out to all O.WW. early next year. In the meantime please **NOTE THE DATE!**

Hon. Ball Secretary:

FRANK B. HOOPER, 12-18 PAUL STREET, LONDON EC2 *Tel.:* **01-247 8233**



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The Director of Personnel,
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We posted him next to Head Office where he stayed for five years. Jobs during this period included a spell involving him in large scale lending work, and Personal Assistant to the General Manager in charge of the Administration Department.

He won a Bank Scholarship and spent a year at the Regent Street Polytechnic where he studied Business Management. On returning he went to a Branch for 5 months to refresh his knowledge, and then joined our Inspection Department.

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