

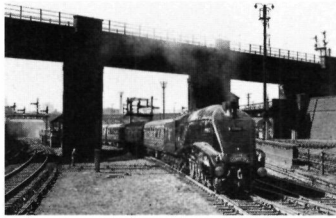
No. 712



THE ELIZABETHAN

No.712

Editor: Richard Pyatt Illustrations: From 'Annals of Westminster School'
Photographs: James Isaac (LL)



Gresley LNER streamlined Class 'A4' No. 60031 Golden Plover climbing past Belle Isle with the down 'Elizabethan' on 29th June 1961.

Photo: D.M.C. Hepburne-Scott
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COMMON ROOM NOTICE BOARD

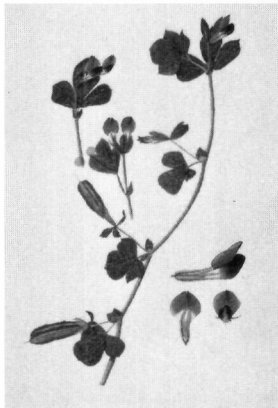
TWO COMMON ROOM SCIENTISTS

When he is not teaching, Andrew Brown spends much of his time illustrating plants in watercolour paintings. He has been honoured in three ways this year.

Firstly, his paintings of plants from northern Alaska (carried out during the Westminster expedition to the Gates of the Arctic National Park in 1985) were acquired by the Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh. The Hunt collection contains examples of illustrations from medieval times through to the present and aims to hold a representative collection of the work of contemporary artists.

He has also been invited by the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew to exhibit at the Kew Gallery in 1994/5.

Lastly, he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Horticultural Society in November for a set of illustrations of commonly cultivated monocotyledonous plants including spring-flowering bulbs and irises from the Balkans and the Lebanon. He has twice previously been awarded the RHS silver-gilt Grenfell Medal for illustrations of the Alaskan plants mentioned previously and for illustrations of plants from Crete.



Andrew Brown, 'Tetragonobolus purpureus' (Asparagus Pea)
Crete 1990

SCIENCE & RELIGION

AN ABBEY TALK

Michael Sergeant, *Princeps Oppidanorum*, read the following passage from Stephen Hawking's 'Brief History of Time'.

"However, if we do discover a complete theory, it should in time be understandable in broad principle by everyone, not just a few scientists. Then we shall all, philosophers, scientists, and just ordinary people, be able to take part in the discussion on why it is that we and the universe exist. If we find the answer to that, it would be the ultimate triumph of human reason – for then we would know the mind of God."

No doubt many of you recognise the passage you have just heard. It is remarkable that any book should sell so well, let alone a book about science which is, to say the least, heavy going. It is even more remarkable that a couple of months back there were in fact two books about science in the top ten list. The other was Brian Appleyard's *Understanding the Present*.

The two books couldn't be more different. Stephen Hawking is optimistic: he believes that science can answer all the important questions about the universe, including how it was created and how we evolved from the original Big Bang. Brian Appleyard, by contrast, is pessimistic and considers that science can solve only relatively unimportant practical questions. He asserts that its very practical success, detracts from those features of our life which make us human; that is our ability to love and hate, to have a sense of awe, to communicate through words, to appreciate art and music, and to ask fundamental questions about why we are here at all. If we translate this into religious terms, Brian Appleyard is saying that science eliminates the world of the spirit.

Of course this apparent conflict between science and religion is nothing new. Galileo, Laplace, Darwin, Freud, for example, all were attacked by the religious establishment of their day for their progressive views.

Why then has the conflict flared up yet again? It seems to me that it is heightened whenever the lines between the world of the scientist and the world of the theologian start being redrawn. It is fine for scientists to describe, and even manipulate, the world round about us; the difficulty starts when they begin to ask the sort of questions that traditionally have not been their preserve, but rather the preserve of the theologian or philosopher. The confidence of the writing of Stephen Hawking may appear to some as merely arrogant; to others it is positively blasphemous.

A good example of this division occurred, about ten years ago, at a meeting of cosmologists held at the Vatican. The Pope said he was delighted that scientists were discussing the Big Bang, but, as host, he refused to allow any discussion on the origin of the Big Bang itself.

The battle lines have also been sharpened by the pronouncements of some professional scientists. I am thinking in particular of Peter Atkins who dismisses any idea of a Creator as unnecessary, and who describes the origin of the universe in terms of a probability function in a wave equation. I am thinking of Richard Dawkins who invokes blind chance as the sole explanation for consciousness and creativity. This view makes the world seem like a giant roulette wheel. I wonder what Einstein would make of it were he still alive today. I doubt if he would still be able to assert 'I do not believe that God plays dice with the universe'.

I find the description of the universe described by modern science exciting and satisfying. But I am not convinced that it is the only description that has meaning.

The recent great successes of science have been achieved by reductionism, that is by looking for a satisfactory explanation at the lowest level. It is a bottoms-up approach. And it is quite understandable why it has been so successful. If you want to build a better car, you take one to pieces and redesign each part of it. But I don't think that anyone presented with a pile of cogs, sparking plugs and bits of metal would possibly be able to say that this was a car, unless one had already seen the assembled vehicle. The bottoms-up approach works, but a holistic, top-down approach is needed as well.

Science has been successful – it works – just compare life today with that of even fifty years ago. In contrast religion doesn't seem to work in the same way, at least in so far as it claims to say something about how we should live our lives. I am not a historian but it seems to me that religion has exacerbated rather than ameliorated man's aggressive and warlike instincts. Whatever religion we follow, we should be ashamed at current conflicts which have been inflamed by religion. I am thinking of Catholic v. Protestant in Northern Ireland, Christian and Muslim in Bosnia, Jew v. Arab in the West Bank, Sunni and Shi'ite in Iraq, and Moslem v. Hindu in the Indian sub-continent.

Why then would I call myself a religious person? It is because I find a description of the universe based solely on scientific terms, unbelievable. I cannot believe that the original hot Big Bang contained all the necessary information to determine why I am now here talking to you. When I hear a moving piece of music, I cannot believe that my emotions can completely be described in terms of impulses sent to my brain from the hair cells on my basilar membrane. I cannot believe that the pleasure one gets when successful and the pain one gets when one is not, are solely explained by the release of endorphins in my hypothalamus. I cannot believe that I know I am Peter Hughes purely because of some programming of a complex neural network associated with my hippocampus.

That is why I need science and religion: not science or religion. I need two things to believe in; firstly something that I can believe in because it is seen to work, and secondly something I can believe in because it fits in with my experience.

I can believe in science because it works. I can believe in religion because it speaks to me about my deepest emotional, and aesthetic experiences as a person.

I have these two sorts of belief whenever I gaze into the heavens on a clear, cold, winter's night. I marvel at the complex fusion reactions that I know are taking place in each star I can see in the Milky Way. I know that these reactions may one day provide us with virtually limitless energy supplies.

I also marvel at the beauty of the scene, which, for me, is best described by the 17th century metaphysical poet, Henry Vaughan.

*I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;*

I have been struggling to find the balance between these two types of belief as long as I can remember. The balance I had at sixteen was very different to that I now have at sixty.

To deny the importance of either science or religion, I find too limiting.

I suspect most of you feel the same.

*Peter Hughes
Westminster Abbey 1992*

THE COMMON ROOM WELCOMES:

Miss J. Coe Art/Design
S.F. Adams Physics
Miss R. Allen Economics
Dr. J.R.G. Beavon Chemistry
W.A. Cotton Classics
S. Craft (O.W) Spanish
M. Lynn French !!!!!
Dr. F.M.R. Ramsey History
K. J. Spencer Geography
C. Barclay Physics

A LETTER TO:-
'CONFERENCE & COMMON ROOM'

Dear Sir,

I would have expected *Conference and Common Room* to offer its readers, not all of whom are headmasters, a serious account of George Steiner's address to the last HMC Conference. He is, after all, a quite exceptional person and exceptionally well qualified to speak on this subject. Instead, Michael St John Parker seized the opportunity to parade his own literary talents and ensure that no reader of his review who hadn't been at the Conference had the slightest notion of what Steiner actually said.

From the start St John Parker refused to take the event seriously. He settled for a grotesque mock-heroic presentation in which Steiner, 'the wizard' teased with his 'spells and glittering eyes' the assembled Heads who were 'uncommonly like Saxon Harold's housecarls at Hastings'. Granting himself this licence meant that any serious discussion of ideas was unnecessary and he could instead indulge himself in a polished mockery of speaker and audience. Preoccupation with externals took over: in a tone of donnish condescension he drew our attention to Steiner's stylistic mannerisms, the spell-binding qualities of his irony, his ridicule, his colloquialism, his paradox, his allusiveness. His judgement that 'a great deal lay in the delivery' is scant comfort to someone who didn't actually see or hear him.

After a paragraph composed entirely of rhetorical questions, I found myself asking: What did Steiner actually say? And why is the reviewer so anxious to divert our attention elsewhere? I had to wait until almost the end of his piece when he finally admits 'the heart of the matter, as Steiner made plain, is the question "What sort of society do we want to live in and how is education to contribute?"'

All suddenly became clear: the reason for St John Parker's brilliant verbal flamboyance is that he, for whatever reason, does not want to confront these awkward questions. He is much more at home satirising mannerisms and raking up sophisticated quotations.

But his reaction is more complicated than that, and more disturbing. Steiner has asked that same question before and in a context where its implications were not limited to the relationship between independent schools and society or the curriculum and society. Nearly three decades ago Steiner dared to ask what trust we could put in a European and Christian education system which had collapsed so readily into barbarism in Germany. Steiner went on to ask whether language, given the degree of its debasement, could ever recover its role as a serious medium for moral and political discourse. It is ironic that with these awful questions still resounding in his mind, St John Parker could use language to camouflage his own cowardly retreat.

Not only was the review unfair to its subject, but also to those headmasters who invited Steiner to speak in the first place and who were stimulated and disturbed by his address. Had his address served as a catalyst to serious discussion, as was presumably intended, then an important initial step could have been taken.

Other straws in the wind – apart from Steiner's address – suggest that the time has come when both parties must meet together to discuss ways in which independent schools can make a fuller contribution to the community as a whole. Claims that we are not implicated in national problems – whether it is in the low numeracy level of school-leavers or the caste attitudes which dog management – ring increasingly hollow.

If our frame of mind were less defensive we would want to set up a body with agreed long-term educational objectives – which in a spirit of neutral apolitical enquiry could seek ways forward. As a group of disproportionately influential schools, are we capable of admitting and openly confronting these vital issues? Or does St John Parker's evasiveness speak for us all?

Yours faithfully,
James Cogan

PTO →

Michael Parker replies:

I am sorry if Jim Cogan thought that I was showing off and avoiding the issues in my review of George Steiner's address to HMC. I was trying to make the point that Steiner himself was showing off and avoiding the issues in what he said to us.

Mr Cogan apparently is appalled by the implications of Steiner's realisation that education does not confer immunity against barbarism, and that language can be employed for deceitful and wicked ends. It seems to me that Mr Cogan is rather easily shocked. George Steiner's book did, indeed, refer to serious questions about the role of schools today – HMC schools, all schools. It is a pity that he only pretended to discuss them. He it was who patronised his audience, not his reviewer.

From: Conference & Common Room Vol. 29 No 2 Summer 1992



Sir Francis Burdett presiding in Ashburnham Garden

BUSBY SOCIETY

Last year, the enterprising Busby Society introduced a scholarship to enable one cast member of the Busby Play to attend the month long Midsummer in Oxford Drama Programme. Having revealed my keen interest in drama and more in Joe Orton's *What The Butler Saw*, I was lucky enough to receive the award.

The course was held in the idyllic setting of Balliol College. The 140 students were of all ages, from sixteen to fifty, all nationalities, from American to Lithuanian and all standards from those whose biggest role had been third shepherd in the infants nativity play to the semi-professional. Yet despite such variety there were no cliques, everyone seemed to be friends, which I found one of the nicest aspects of the course.

That is not to say that the excellent teaching did not impress me – far from it. We got to play roles that most professional actors would kill for in our Shakespeare and Modern classes; we mastered the art of appearing Ramboesquely violent whilst in fact barely touching our victims in our movement classes and in our voice classes, we learnt how to breathe (properly). These lessons were supplemented by masterclasses from renowned British actors such as Derek Jacobi, Juliet Stevenson, Prunella Scales and Nigel Hawthorne.

There is so much to say about the course that I could go on forever, as my family and friends will no doubt verify. However, the main thing is that I am extremely grateful to the Busby Society for making it possible for me to have such an unforgettable experience. I am glad to belong to a house which provides such opportunities – I hope that Busbites old and new will feel the same and support their society so that others as well as I can benefit.

Lisette Aguilar

ORATIONS ETC

A surviving relic of the ancient Election Term oral examinations is to be found in the form of the Lower School Orations run by the English Department. These occasions have the same air of expectancy as the Greaze, except that poems, plays and sketches are flung at the audience rather than pancakes. Venues have included School, the Drama Studio and on one memorable occasion the gymnasium. Last year's winner of the Fifth Form Orations was Peter Pomeranzev (WW) with a haunting delivery of 'The Burial of the Dead' from Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Learning extracts by heart is now back in fashion in English lessons: not only is this a gift for life – phrases can



Yard after an examination

come to one's aid in the most unlikely situations – but it also allows students to 'appropriate' the language of literature and eliminate the barrier between themselves and the text. Peter Holmes' regular Shakespearean readings, John Arthur's patronage of the English Speaking Union, Valerie St Johnstone's debates and the Ben Jonson Society also contribute to the oral culture of the school. A lively debate between John Field and Michael Mulligan ('What is Literary Criticism?') in front of a large school audience in February has raised questions about the existence of literature, but while it still hovers before us it seems more than recreational to commit some of it to memory.

R.J.P.

SPANISH SONG

Congratulations to Richard Stokes and Jacqueline Cockbourn and the publication of *The Spanish Song Companion* published by Gollancz at £25. An introduction and notes are provided by Graham Johnson. The first of its kind to be published in English, this book introduces the reader to the rich heritage of Spanish song.



THE J.I. STIRLING PRIZE FOR COMPUTER GRAPHICS

The Elizabethan Club has launched an annual competition to promote the development of computer graphics in the school.

The competition has been established in memory of James Irvine Stirling (R) who was at Westminster from 1883 to 1887. He was the first town boy to be Captain of the School. He went on to Cambridge, was called to the bar in 1895, then pursued a career as an equity draftsman and conveyancer. He died in 1956.



Charlie King (L), Alex Moorehead (R), James Nicola (D)

The prize will be drawn from the bequest he made to the Club. The competition this year has focussed on the design of a plan or guide to Westminster School. It is hoped that the winning submission will be reproduced and used extensively by newcomers and visitors to the school. The Computer Department, Art Department, Geography Department and Library have all been involved.

MRS BECKY COLE

Becky retired at the end of the Election Term after 38 years at Westminster. In the days when Housemasters of Wren's lived in Barton Street she helped look after the boarders in Nos 4 and 5, first for Ian Ross who now runs the South East Division of ISIS and then for Chris Martin, now Headmaster of Millfield. She came to know their young families as well as she knew the boys in their charge and has kept in touch with them over the years. Subsequently No 4 became first an outpost of Busby's and then in 1981 the Dryden's girls' boarding house. Throughout that time Becky would start her day in Barton Street before going on to serve lunch in Ashburnham House when the ground floor was a dining room for Ashburnham and Busby's. On its conversion into class rooms she moved to College Hall. There for many years she was the mainstay in serving supper to boarders (especially with Zillah Hislop until her retirement two years ago) as well as helping at countless dinners and social events. It was Becky who more often than not would come in at weekends. Before the notion of 'unsocial hours' became current Becky was working a large number without complaint. For many years too she helped Willie Booth on PHAB and Bill Drummond with looking after our visitors from Baylor University in the summer holidays.



Busby's looming over the Common Room

Many generations of Westminster, especially boarders, have personal memories of Becky's kindness and devotion and a large number of them contributed generously to a presentation fund. When they came back to the school and enquired about teachers they remember they would ask after Becky and expect to hear that she was the same as ever. When they come again they will hardly be able to believe she really has retired and that an era has passed. With her customary and self-effacing modesty she resisted our efforts to make a public occasion of the presentation but she was a guest at the Common Room Summer Party and the Election Dinner where she heard the epigram declaimed in her honour. We wish her every happiness in her retirement.

To Becky Cole

Knives and forks and plates and dishes,
Miracles with loaves and fishes,
Forty years of serving food
To Westminster's noisy brood;
We're all wondering – look about you! –
How we're going to cope without you.
A worthy place upon our roll
Of honour for our Becky Cole.

Election Dinner 1992



Ill. Nicholas Gee, 'A Westminster Scholar'

ANDREW HOPE

Andrew came to help teach History from November to July 1991–92. His great gifts to Westminster pupils were an unshakeable calm and the meticulous mind-maps, which gave clarity and understanding to topics at both GCSE and Sixth Form level. Many pupils still draw their own charts based on his instructions, though none are as neat as his. He and Gerry Ashton ran against each other at university, we are told, but only Andrew was running last year, and very fast he was. He contributed to the victory of the Common Room team in the Bringsty Relay, and coached the Athletics sprinting in the summer. We are grateful for all he did but know that he is back where he is happiest, in Oxford, with his family and his research into sixteenth century translations of the Bible.

V.St.J.

ROSEMARY PRIOR

Rosemary Prior, or as she was better known to her pupils, Madame Prior, arrived at Westminster in September 1989, and stayed with us for three short years. In her first year she worked as a full time French teacher with some Spanish, but then during her last two years she went down to part time, teaching Spanish only.

Her mild manners and soft voice belied her enormous moral and spiritual strength. She was rarely at a loss for dealing with the most difficult questions: 'Madame Prior,' she was once asked, 'Why did you not become a nun?' As the wife of a London clergyman and the mother of four grown-up children, she may well have asked herself the same question. She leaves us to take up the post of Head of Spanish at Putney High School. We are left with fond memories of a very gracious lady.

G.J.B.

SKI PARASKOS

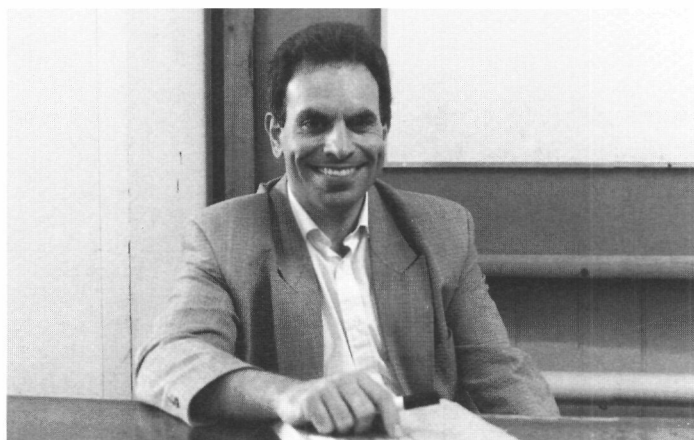
Ski arrived at Westminster in 1986 via Oriel College, Oxford where he had read PPE, followed by Dulwich College where his pugnacious energy had already left its mark on several generations of 'A' level economics pupils. Rapidly promoted to Head of Department, he presided over a dramatic improvement on results, numbers taking the subject grew and, by the time he came to leave, Economics at Westminster had had its status considerably enhanced.

Whilst here Ski produced a long list of publications, extraordinary in their variety, ranging from a thriller *Wedlock in Cyprus* (featuring himself as the main protagonist) to the perhaps more appropriately explicit *Introducing Economics*. He also found time to run the 2nd XI football and served as a tutor in Ashburnham.

Perhaps Ski's most lasting contribution was to establish Japanese Studies at Westminster by arranging major sponsorship from Nikei Securities. The course he organised proved extremely popular, as has the annual exchange with Japanese pupils.

Now he has been promoted to the Head of Sixth Form at Whitgift, the energy, stability and imagination he brought to the department will be greatly missed.

R.D.S.



Ski Paraskos

Photo: James Isaac

To Ski Paraskos, Rosemary Prior, Andrew Hope

Ski Paraskos: staunch and true, you
Were our Economics guru.
Making do without you, Ski,
Is a false economy.

Another colleague due to vanish
Rosemary, doyenne of Spanish.
Her parting leaves us all forlorn,
Our Rosemary without a thorn.

To chart the lives of king or Pope
There's none so shrewd as Andrew Hope.
Brightly but all too briefly, he
Illuminated History.

NEIL MACKAY

Neil Mackay's retirement in June 1992 marked the end of the first vital stage of creating a Development Office at Westminster, and of his unusually long and close association with the School, first at the Under School then up Grant's (1945-50), and latterly, after a successful career as Director of Dorland's Advertising, as the first Director of Development at Westminster School.

Neil rejoined the school in 1984 at the start of the vital appeal for the Robert Hooke Science Centre requiring a daunting 3.5 million; by reaching out to OWW parents and Corporate neighbours with his unique combination of professional skills and close personal friendships

throughout the School community, Neil brought this major project to a successful conclusion with the opening of the Centre, by HM The Queen on 8th June, 1988.

Successive appeals, large and small, including the Vincent Square Pavilion all engaged Neil's unfailing enthusiasm and good will for the benefit of the School. Many Westminster families are well aware of Neil's untiring efforts to assist pupils when financial hardship threatened.

Perhaps the project Neil would most like to be remembered for was the partnership he created between UK and Japanese companies to fund our pioneering Japanese Studies programme, and the exchange between Westminster and the Keio High Schools of Japan, now in its third successful year.

Neil created the Development Office at Westminster, rationalising records of OWW, fostering goodwill with the Elizabethan Club, Common Room and many generous friends and donors, and initiating Reunions and Dinners that continue to bring Parents, School, and OWW together in the interest of Westminster and its future.

To Neil Mackay

An alchemist who turned the dullest rock
Into pure gold, to fund the science block;
Westminster's Midas with a golden touch –
We'll miss Neil's dedication very much.
(But to be fitting, everyone agrees,
This epigram should be in Japanese.)

JUNE GARLICK

For the entire community at Westminster for nearly 10 years June's name has been synonymous with the Development Office. Every House Master who has wanted to write to old boys, every dinner, service in Abbey and leaving 'do' has depended for its success on June working late and tirelessly, supplementing name and address lists with her enormous personal knowledge of OWW, former masters, parents and pupils.

June combined the weighty responsibility of managing the financial records of the Development Office, the light touch of masterminding innumerable events with a warm welcome and fresh-brewed coffee for the not surprisingly large number of visitors to the office.

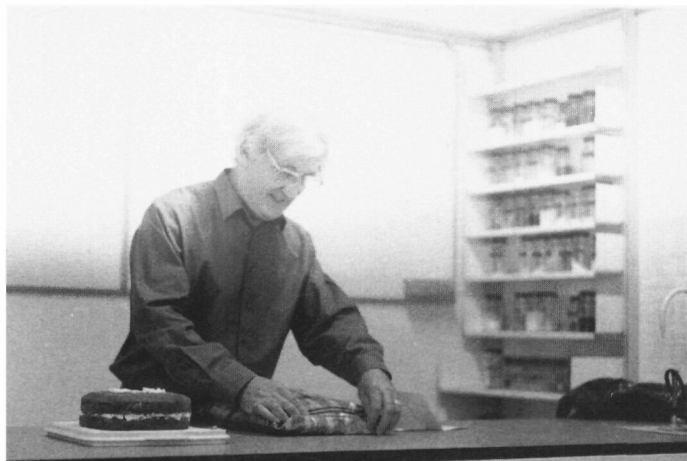
At the end of Play Term, June left the Development Office for a richly deserved holiday. Many areas of the school community will miss her warm and efficient contribution. She was, as Neil Mackay once described her, a "real professional".



David Ellis (head of Liddell's) planting a medlar on 15th March 1993 to replace a London Plane tree damaged in the storm of 25th January 1990

DAVID MUFFETT

David Muffett came to Westminster in 1961 after several years experience at Alleyn's and a period of study and research at London University. He took the place of "Crump" who, in his time, had been Head of Chemistry and Head of Science, posts that David has held over the last 20 years. It was of the former Head of Science that Charles Keeley had once asked "Crump, are you infallible?" and had received the reply "No. Once I thought I was wrong but then found I was right." David made no claim to omniscience; his approach, which contributed to him being such a valuable colleague and effective teacher, can be summed up in the five words of advice he once gave: "Don't take yourself too seriously." Only David could have allowed himself to say to a class, in mock exasperation, knowing he would be reported by the ever watchful College Street Clarion: "I've taught you all that I know, and what do you know? Nothing!"



'David sampling a farewell cake' Photo: James Isaacs

From his early days at Westminster, David became involved with running the Duke of Edinburgh Award Group which provided an alternative to the corps. Many of this writer's strongest memories are of these times with David – hiking across the moors by the light of the Aurora Borealis; negotiating a railway line in the early hours of the morning, taking cover from the goods trains that showered us with cinders and sparks as we tried to recover a parking meter, of which more later; pitching tents in a snow storm on Leith Hill after the tower had been "demolished" with explosives manufactured in the chemistry labs; singing Latin Prayers by the side of Loch Bhac as horizontal rain drove into the tent; and taking numerous tea breaks as we tracked our charges across the hills and lanes of England, Scotland and Wales – breaks in which David would attempt to roll one of his unique cigarettes with one strand of tobacco stretched the length of the paper. These cigarettes were no health hazard as there was insufficient time to take a drag before the whole cigarette had flared up.

The boys in the "Dukes" showed great resilience in the face of the difficult tasks they were set. On one occasion, the divided group was camping in two places on the top of the South Downs, separated by about ten miles. Each group was given details of where the other half was located and told to leave tents behind and find the other site. David's boys disappeared into the night. Hours passed and we were beginning to feel that the exercise had failed when one dark figure appeared, silhouetted against the lights of Eastbourne, followed by an increasing number of further outlines. With considerable relief, we returned to our tent only to find it occupied by two boys who were already in our sleeping bags; one was smoking the writer's pipe and the other, who was soon to have a record at Number 1 in the charts, had rolled himself a cigarette far superior to any that Muff could manufacture.

Another example of the Award Group's ability to overcome all problems occurred when David acquired one of the parking meters that suddenly became a feature of Westminster streets. The boys were blindfolded in Yard,

driven to the Surrey Hills and left in the middle of a wood in darkness, with instructions to locate the parking meter, helped by the sound of an hourly maroon. Twenty four hours later, two of the four groups involved had been successful; the first group was caught in the act but the second managed to spirit the object away undetected. Everyone had seemed to perform so well on the exercise that it was a surprise to discover that two of those involved had left their group early on, visited a cinema in Dorking and then returned home. A fitting punishment was devised for K.A., the boy who owned up. At that time, David was in charge of the activities at Grove Park, which he ran very efficiently for several years, occupying a large proportion of the School's pupils on station afternoons. Because of his position, David had a vast supply of return railway tickets to Grove Park; these could easily be made into single tickets by removing the return half. K.A. reported to David after lunch, was given a single ticket to Grove Park and, without money or map, was required to deliver a letter to the groundsman and return on foot to school. A very weary boy was seen walking into Yard at 6.30. What happened to the second boy? A single ticket to Grove Park is still waiting for you, T.J.P!

David must have been one of the fittest members of the Common Room, regularly cycling into school from Bromley, using the school gym and being a keen cross country runner. He started a lower school cycling guild and organised cycling expeditions as well as taking groups walking in Wales. He helped with fencing and with water for many years and was for 25 years involved with timing the Schools' Head of River Race, for most of that time being in charge of the stop-watch method of obtaining the results. The electronic method might have been quicker on occasions but it was to David that the organisers came for confirmation that the results were correct.

In the role of Chief Timekeeper, David's calm, rational nature showed clearly, as it did in his work as school representative for the AMMA (ATL). The help he gave to so many colleagues was of all the more value because it was given without fuss or publicity. So let one of David's former sixth formers say the final words that hint at the hold David's teaching had on his pupils' thoughts. This pupil had no idea he would be overheard or quoted when he said to his companion as they reached the top of Schiehallion and gazed on the scenery spread below them, "What did you get in the chemistry exam?"

D.M.S

STEWART MURRAY

When Stewart retired in June last year, it was the end of an era at Westminster. One of the seemingly indestructible institutions of the School had made his last 7am drive from Sunbury, eaten his last breakfast in Barclays Bros by Westminster Tube Station and taught his last ever geography period. All of the School: teachers and pupils, past and present, probably wondered if the place would ever be quite the same again. The answer would seem to be an emphatic no. Take for instance Shrove Tuesday, the day of the Greaze, was it really the usual spectacle? Could it ever be the same without Stewart, besuited and begowned, stalking the heaving mass of competitors, whistle in mouth, ever on the look out for foul play? A quick blast on the whistle, in he dived, separating humanity from brutality and produced a winner or two, triumphantly conducting them to the scales with their hard won pieces of pancake. Well done, Stewart, over for another year and another play gratefully accepted by all.

Stewart first came to Westminster in 1957, those long far off days when Harold Macmillan became Prime Minister, girls were just a figment of everybody's imagination at Westminster and England defeated the West Indies 3-0 in the summer Test series, on each occasion by an innings. Yes, it really happened! In the following quarter of a century Stewart made an immense contribution to life at the School, reflecting his many and varied talents. Some of these I can only report by hearsay:



Stewart in yard

Photo: James Isaac

his trumpet playing, the notorious Arduous Training Camps he led during his years as a captain in the Westminster CCF and ten years of producing and directing Busby House plays under Geoffrey Shepherd. One old boy who returned to teach at the School thought them the best he ever saw and always admired Stewart's skill as a make-up artist. Other old boys are only too keen to tell you of the impression Stewart made when he roared into Dean's Yard early in the morning in his open-top MGB sports car, more than ready for the fray despite a long exhausting night playing his trumpet in the Fulham Road folk clubs.

Talking of Arduous Training Camps brings us on to Stewart Murray, Head of P.E. Virtually every Gaudy I have been to at Westminster has produced another story of Stewart and P.E. Did he really utter the immortal lines of "I might be small, but I'm tough!" or "I've got muscles in places where you haven't got places!" Maybe, maybe not, but what was apparent to everybody was the enthusiasm and passion for sport that Stewart brought to P.E. and football at Westminster. For twenty-one years he ran football at Westminster, a commitment that in all probability will never be equalled. I played with him on more than a few occasions and can vouch for his rugged, if skilful, defending. Thou shall not pass was his motto. I was always rather relieved I never faced him at Rugby League which, being a lad from Hull, was another of his passions. Thou shall not rise was probably his motto there.

Yet, as Stewart was himself willing to admit, Westminster could surprise him. When he first arrived at the School, with a pedigree of northern grammar school, Birmingham University and the Paratroops, he found the inmates of Dean's Yard something of a shock: soft 'nambi-pambi' southerners, even worse Londoners, full of bluster and excuses but little else'. Or so he thought. He tried them out at boxing, in particular urging the bigger boys to show some aggression. He pressed one rather large

boy to 'Hit me! Hit me!' This went on for a few minutes, when suddenly the boy delivered a blow worthy of Mike Tyson, flush on Stewart's jaw and down went the Head of P.E., just like any British heavyweight!

One of Stewart's greatest strengths was that he had an excellent sense of humour and he freely admitted that Westminster and its eccentricities won him round. Stewart was always a man of high standards and his football sides fully reflected the values that he deemed essential for success: skill, commitment and team spirit. His own level of commitment was extraordinary, his powers of organisation remarkable. He brought both to his various roles at the School, whether P.E., football or his many years as Head of Geography. No-one would talk with more pride about the academic and sporting successes of his boys and girls. Nor was there anybody who more enjoyed talking about football. He was always the Common Room expert on Dutch football, one of the side effects of his happy marriage to Irene. They are now enjoying his retirement and, to be honest, few Westminster teachers have so richly deserved it.

DRC

To Stewart Murray, David Muffett, Peter Davies

We'll remember Stewart Murray
(Won't forget him in a hurry).

Geographer and man of iron:
Someone we could all rely on.

Our Hall of Fame you're now enrolled in –
Busby's answer to Sam Goldwyn.

Mage of matters scientific,
Also cyclist monolithic;
Guardian so very able
Of the Periodic Table:

How shall we extol thee? Stuff it,
Three loud cheers for David Muffett!

We'll keep a welcome in the classroom,
A welcome here that never fails;
We will remember Peter Davies
When he's back home again in Wales.
A physicist of boundless merit;
Of all his work for us entails
The benefits we'll still inherit
When he's home once again in Wales.

Election Dinner 1992

PETER DAVIES

Peter Davies joined the Westminster physics department in 1971, having recently completed his doctorate at the University of Wales in Bangor. Neil Kinnock and Peter had been at the same school in what was then Montgomeryshire: it is an intriguing thought that somehow their routes to Westminster might somehow have crossed over – Davies *v* Thatcher and Kinnock in the laboratory?! At Westminster (School, that is) Peter was to be associated in the popular imagination with another Welsh scientific doctor, Evans the chemist. Claude and Peter are as different temperamentally as chalk and cheese, but both have always been magnificent hosts. Indeed, Peter's mastery of the culinary arts amazed me when I arrived as a very young master a few years later. Goose or Welsh lamb would be produced to perfection, followed perhaps by Peter's legendary tippy cake, unforgettable if one's faculties remained sufficiently intact to sustain the memory. The less skilled amongst us might be permitted to wash the salad, but only under close supervision. Meanwhile, Peter might be waxing lyrical about his native Wales and its hostelries with his intimate knowledge of their remarkably elastic opening hours.

One thinks of Peter's primary contribution to Westminster as a physicist, but there were many other things. In his early days, he was an enthusiastic hill-walker and camper, lifting these events gastronomically out of the austere "army rations" era. He

was a conscientious House Tutor up Rigaud's, even acting Housemaster for a term, and later in Hakluyt's. He ran a successful Judo Station before it metamorphosed into Martial Arts. He organized the Oxford entrance examinations at a time when the physics department could, if it had become uncharacteristically militant, have withdrawn its labour and brought practically all exams to a shuddering halt. He was Common Room Secretary, presiding over its refurbishment and organizing social functions with consummate skill. These were Peter's great strengths, planning and organizing, attending meticulously to detail.

He is an excellent physicist with a very deep love for and understanding of the subject. Any threat to physics, and Peter would be the first in the trenches. He set up the Thursday afternoon engineering course at South Thames College, which has been so much appreciated by budding engineers and others. He organized the department with supreme efficiency, ensuring that everyone knew what was going on and that the equipment was good, plentiful and up-to-date. In things which really mattered, like A-level practical exams, nothing would be left to chance: everything would be checked and double-checked.

Where Peter really came into his own, though, was in the planning of new laboratories. In Sutcliff's where now there are Art Studios, there used to be a Science Library and a flat (where Peter once lived and, incredibly, once assembled his magnificent 14-seater dining table). These became, in Peter's mind and then in tangible reality, Westminster's fledgling electronics department. Not surprisingly, there are many memorials to Peter's thoughtful planning in the Robert Hooke Science Centre – the whole layout of the first and second floors, the Starship Enterprise-like Advanced Physics Lab 1, the innovative space-saving storage system for physics apparatus and more besides. Perhaps the greatest tribute to his foresight is that I can't really remember any occasion when we have said of the building, "Why didn't we . . . ?" He put in many hours with the planning team under Peter Hughes, and they were all thoroughly worthwhile, as the magnificence of the building itself testifies.

Now married so felicitously to Mari, and after 22 years at Westminster, Peter has become the second of the two Welsh wizards to respond to the call of his Celtic homeland, taking up an appointment as Head of Science at the Haberdashers' Monmouth School for Girls. I can reveal that he is now cunningly disguised, as he has marked the change to teaching only girls by shaving off his beard. We all have cause to be grateful to Peter for his many achievements at Westminster and we wish him the very best in the Principality.

Robert Court



UNDER SCHOOL FAREWELL

To Dicky Dawe

As one door opens up, another closes.
For fifteen years he's given us his best.
Dickie is now retiring, he discloses –
He's now exchanging Ministers, Ax for West.

The Under School will miss your guiding hand
But you have earned your leisure and repose.

We wish you all the best in Carpet-land:
And come back soon – our door will never close.

Election Dinner 1992

VERSE

Go, for they call you, Stewart, from the Green;
Go, Stewart, and unite the warring Shells!
No longer leave thy wistful team untrained,
Nor let thy whistle drown in Abbey bells,
Nor lose the sporting trophy once it's gained.
But when the Yard is still,
And the tired duty master's gone to seed,
And only Becky Cole is sometimes seen
Pass and repass the Hall where students feed,
Come, Stewart, and again begin to read:

In Westminster did Neil MacKha(y)n
A stately Science Dome decree,
Where Muff, the sacred teacher, ran
Through tables measureless to man
Periodically!

Now as Davies grew bold but easy in the Common Room,
About the liting labs and happy as the Fifts were green,
The preps before their deadlines barely,
Time let him mark and teach
Golden in the begged plays of his days
And honoured by colleagues, he was prince of the Physics
Dept!

That Heads of Houses may not sink
Their great Prattle lost,
Quiet up School, send Stations jogging
To a distant post;
Our master Eric is in the room
Where the minutes are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
His thoughts by the Med.
Like a long legged fly upon the Green
His mind desires their silence!

No more shall Gerry give his tours
To embryonic Westminsters;
Selecting as a Registrar
Libraries, lawns and objets d'art;
Anything but noisy lessons,
Teachers giving bad impressions:
Conducted tours we all shall miss
Now privatised by Tim Francis.

GERRY ASHTON

A cordial but regretful note appeared on the Head Master's board in the Common Room one spring afternoon in 1991 announcing Gerry Ashton's appointment as the new Master of the Under School. Gerry, with his customary chuckle half way up his sleeve, played down the congratulation he received, but enjoyed it all the more, I suspect, knowing how well the secret of his application had been kept.

The ability to surprise has been one of the few predictable constants in his remarkably variegated career. Recalling however that he was a pupil at Thornlea College, Bolton until the age of fourteen, with Maurice Lynn somewhere on the same asphalt playground at the time, one is left speculating whether the capacity to do the unexpected was an integral part of their curriculum. Gerry spent seven years at Upholland, the Roman Catholic seminary in the Archdiocese of Liverpool, before embarking on a degree in French and Spanish at Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge. He had already met Rosemary by the time he began his PhD on Boethius and, like many academic young couples before and since, they faced the problem of both finding congenial work nearer than three hundred miles apart. After a year as a lecturer at the University of Strathclyde, he came down to London in 1975 with Rosemary, then at the start of her august career at UCL as an English Lecturer, where she now holds a Chair.

Gerry suited Westminster from the beginning. David Brown had begun the then fledgling Spanish Department but when David went to Liddell's, Gerry took it over and unobtrusively built it up. Boys and girls found his understated intellectualism and his deceptive casualness attractive and the brightest of them took from him an academic rigour which gave their work a new purpose.

Given to scorning his own achievements, he nonetheless managed to occupy more posts at Westminster in the space of a few years than most of the Common Room have collectively been offered in a lifetime. His tenure of Ashburnham was, we are told, glorious, but so short that finding people who remember it is a bit like speaking to survivors of the first day of the Battle of the Somme. When he went to Liddell's in 1985, he inherited the complex legacy of an immensely strong group of boys and girls, a popular predecessor and a few very necessary changes. Gerry's style was to identify and amend, as necessary, but he did not really need to talk much about it, least of all to advertise his own rôle. For those of us who came into the school at about this time, Liddell's seemed pre-eminent among the Houses, full of the attractive and beastly precocity of Westminster youth, but definitely a beast under control. When it did something well, a play or a concert or some sporting achievement, Gerry always managed to look like an onlooker and a guest, politely giving the impression that all this was nothing whatever to do with him. It was a con, really. His interest in his pupils (and, if necessary, his capacity for decisive intervention) and the time he gave them, was prodigious. When he left the House in 1989, even the most graceless of the children in Liddell's acknowledged readily they would miss him.

He missed them, too. But he had a young family,

including a very new baby, and (in exactly the same puzzled and low-key way) he and Rosemary always tried to give them their very best time. When Gerry became Registrar, nobody could doubt the energy and excellence of his contribution, and our relationship with our feeder preparatory schools was strengthened greatly by his quiet urbanity and an ability to grasp complex problems.

There are whole areas that haven't been mentioned: his running of Athletics and Cross-Country; a long spell at Putney; endless trips to Cordoba cycling idylls in Holland with Tim Francis; treks on the Cornwall coastal path with Eric Pratt; school and family skiing in Hochsölden with Eddie, Jim, Tim, Valerie, myself and others on various occasions; guilty forays to hear Tridentine or Gregorian chant at St John's, Smith Square with any other lapsed Catholics who were lurking. All of this from an early riser who was usually in Common Room by 7.30am, even when he was driving in from Herne Hill. A few minutes of *The Guardian*, a bit of yarning with anyone who happened to be around, and off to work. Good company, and easy to be with, Gerry.

I recall at the end of my first week at Westminster leaving the Common Room at Saturday lunchtime for home, feeling pretty tired and pretty new. Gerry was the one who asked me how it had all gone. It was a commonplace kindness, perhaps, and once you got to know him a bit, he had a wicked and sceptical humour that placed him safely out of the ranks of most good Samaritans. But it was also typical of the man, and he, by any standards, was exceptional. Like many of my colleagues, I miss him.

David Hargreaves



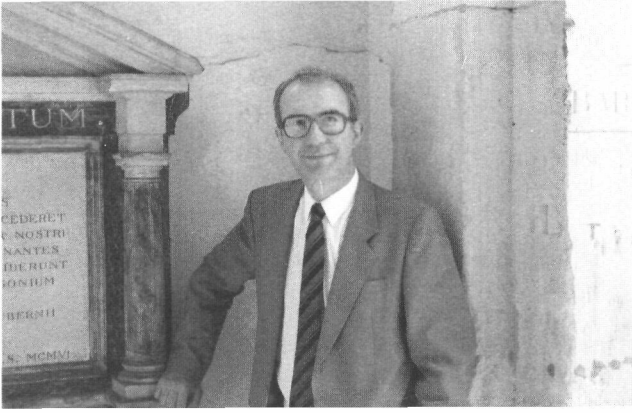
Eric Pratt

Photo: James Isaac

ERIC PRATT

Eric Pratt joined the staff in 1977 as an Assistant Master and member of the Classics Department. He had a distinguished academic pedigree as a pupil at Manchester Grammar School, from where he proceeded to Downing College, Cambridge, where John Chadwick was his early Director of Studies. He achieved first class honours in both parts of the Classical Tripos and went on to do a PhD on Aristotle's Politics under the guidance of Malcolm Schofield. At Cambridge he is still held in high esteem academically and considerable affection personally. His unassuming nature won him respect and no enemies, as did his intellect, amongst those who had the wit to perceive it.

At Westminster it has been a similar story. Eric was the most caring and concerned of tutors. No amount of extra time and tuition was too much and many Classics students will remember him as the voice of understanding and encouragement. Tutees in Grant's and in Busby's reaped the benefits of this approach and Eric's quiet and calm approach to life was an example to all. He was also soon discovered as a useful administrator and the jobs that bring no obvious glory fell his way thick and fast. Everything was worked out to the last detail, whether it was the Challenge, Internal Exams and his other chores as Assistant Director of Studies, or Sixth Form Entry. Most importantly, administrative excellence was combined with humanity – many reading this will recall the moment when



Eric Pratt

Photo: James Isaac

as a nervous candidate it was Eric who had time to listen and time to help them. This was something valued by his colleagues, amongst whom he had no detractors – an amazing achievement in the Westminster Common Room! His close friends in Common Room were/are many and varied and in Eric they found an understanding and urbane companion, someone who always seemed to have time to be thinking about them. They were the lucky ones who discovered his sense of humour and inexhaustible supply of jokes. At the Common Room party in Yard last Summer, when Eric compered a Barber's Shop Quartet of departing colleagues, his capacity for imitation and verbal repartee delighted all and surprised those who had not known him so well.

Loyalty and a sense of duty have characterised Eric's attitude to life, private and professional. At Westminster both Theo Zinn and I had ample occasion to be grateful for his devotion to the study of Classics. And it was only fitting that probably the best results in the last decade should have occurred in 1991–92, when he was Head of Department. He was and remains a dedicated son and a dedicated Northerner and it is probably a combination of these two objects of 'pietas' which takes him back up North. Appointed last year to a Classics teaching post at Bolton School for Girls, he is already Head of Department there and taking the Common Room – predominantly female – by storm. He is sadly missed here – by Matrons, by those in Singletons, College Hall, School Store and in the School works Department – he knew them all, was unfailingly courteous and much loved by them, by colleagues and by pupils. All will, I'm sure, want to join in wishing him all the very best in the future and thanking him for helping to make us all that little bit more civilised.

A.H.

It is reported in the Common Room (4.13pm 17th June 1992) that one of Vincent Square's scoring boxes bears the legend: "Doc. Pratt is God". (Ed.)

TRIBUTE TO JOHN WILSON

When I came to Westminster as a young teacher John Wilson struck me – as he must have struck so many others, teachers and pupils alike – as someone above the common run of his profession. Familiarity never dimmed that first impression. I always felt he was an exceptional man who possessed qualities which were rare then and are rarer now.

His qualities, though it sounds pompous, were essentially moral: they involved an absolute consistency of conduct, loyalty and integrity, professional and personal, and a complete rejection of cant and equivocation. I think he was puzzled by the world of power, influence and money.

From these rare virtues Westminster benefitted in so many ways. For fourteen years he presided over Grant's at the heart of the boarding community – a unique tenure legendary as much for John's strictness as his popularity.

His period as Registrar was equally successful. He put prospective parents and children at their ease and when they had gone wrote epigrammatic summaries for housemasters which combined the Horatian qualities of charm and utility.

Throughout those years he taught Classics and ran the Fives station with the same professional commitment. Without him Fives would never have regained its place in the station hierarchy.

He loved his games and the conversation over the beer afterwards. He was perhaps happiest playing village cricket for the Pink Elephants Common Room which he organised and captained for years. I can see him now, in a Kent village he particularly loved, striking with a short arm hook a six which hit the church tower and bounced back to the middle of the square. The power of the shot and the solidity of the tower merge in some emblematic way.



Mary and John Wilson

It is tempting to trace back John's characteristics to formative influences in his life, his strict upbringing, his Christian faith, his Classical training, his wartime naval experience. I prefer to think that he was simply himself – a person who by his very goodness radiated those qualities which made him such a remarkable teacher, a loyal friend and loving husband and father.

Jim Cogan

Wilson, John Morton (Wolverhampton G.S., Magd. Coll. Oxford): Lent 1946–Election 1975 (Classics); Housemaster Grant's 1948–63; Registrar 1964–75; died 3 August 1991.

Supplied by The Record of Old Westminsters Vol IV



Flambeau Snuffers, Dean's Yard

DAVID HEPBURNE-SCOTT

A Commemoration of the Life and Work of David Hepburne-Scott was held in Westminster Abbey last September. Two of the speeches made on that occasion are printed below. Also heard on that evening were readings from David's favourite author, P.G. Wodehouse and the music of Mozart and Gilbert and Sullivan. The order of service displayed an imprint taken from the railway display panel acquired by David for the Robert Hooke Centre. A fitting tribute to his great enthusiasm and his love for the school it reads "Westminster: Schools Class".

Westminster Abbey's nave was filled with friends, former colleagues and pupils, many of whom went on to toast the memory of David up School at a large reception.

The evening was the culmination of a long period of mourning by a shocked community for a cherished colleague, teacher and friend: it was also an affirmation of the love and gratitude that such a remarkable man had generated.

1948-1953 Eton College
1954-1956 National Service in the RAF
1956-1959 King's College, Cambridge
1959-1960 New College, Oxford
1960 Appointed assistant master to teach Physics at Westminster School
1968-1969 Master i/c Water
1969-1979 Housemaster of Grant's
1977-1987 Master i/c O Level Examinations
1989-1992 House tutor in Ashburnham

THE COLLEAGUE AND FRIEND

John Field's tribute to David Hepburne-Scott. This was first read during the commemoration of David's life and work in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, 15th September 1992.

David was a very good man. Our affection for that goodness brings us here together. That, and something more: our search for the healing of the raw wound inflicted on us by the news of his death, a wound which pains most of us as sharply today as when we first received it three months ago. David was a very good man. With outrage and disbelief I still protest at the word 'was'. Every railway bridge passed renews the shock of the brute fact, the anecdote that will never be shared over a pint, or two, at The Cardinal. It is an incomprehensible vacancy in a loved familiar landscape, as if we had woken one day to find Big Ben demolished. I expect to meet that jaunty presence and affably combative manner, to hear the demotic 'Whatcha mate', spoken in that impeccably patrician tone, greet me every day around every corner. He seemed indestructible, as if he had walked straight out of the pages of the P.G. Wodehouse he so loved. 'Much better than Shakespeare,' he maintained. It was as if David Hepburne-Scott and Gussie Fink-Nottle were shaped by the same imagination, and shared that imagination's immortality.

But David is dead. 'I'm here for the duration', he used to say when we talked about the future. His death forces us to recognise that life is not like art. It is ragged, and unjust. It is as if a character from Wodehouse had strayed into a story by Conrad, and met an ugly end at the hands of an agent he did not comprehend, and who did not comprehend him. Our distress is increased by our matching incomprehension of the circumstances of his death, and ignorance which we may have to accept will never be fully resolved. It is increased by our certainty that this most gentle of gentlemen died a violent death. It is increased by the knowledge that this man of the utmost propriety would have hated the speculation and rumour that followed his death, and that a man who set such store by control should have died as he did and when he did. Though he used to say, with that habit of mind and language perfectly poised between humour and seriousness, that one of the perks of the job was a service in the Abbey when you died, he would have guffawed in



D.M.C. Hepburne-Scott on the SVR 1983

hearty incredulity at the notion of a commemoration here in 1992.

Our distress is increased, finally, by the discovery that we may not really have known a man who seemed to be so entire and predictable. We have become aware, too late to be of help, of the unhappiness which probably shadowed the secure person he presented, and of the intolerable loneliness which follows when the inner chambers of the heart remain barred, even to closest friends. So I believe I speak for many in conceding that it has been hard to grieve adequately for David. His going, sudden, improbable, violent, and mysterious, offers us few intelligibilities and no continuities. It is as if he has stepped outside for a moment in mid-conversation, and vanished for ever.

What can we grasp, that both honours him and consoles us, except his goodness? He was a generous man, often to the point of utter unworldliness. He possessed a high and secure sense of justice, which also bestowed on him an unswerving loyalty to his friends. He had an exemplary zest for living, whole-hearted both in his capacity to draw others into that enjoyment, and in the pursuit of all causes, including lost ones. Nothing bored him; everything aroused his eager interest. Agree with him or not – and we very often didn't – we never left him without finding our spirits lifted, or without saluting his unique integrities, just as we also recognised their comic underside, his pedantic absolutism and his failures of judgement and perspective, the limitations of a Wodehousian innocent, almost a holy fool. He was one of those rare beings whose weaknesses endeared them all the more to their friends. In the words of a recent pupil: "He was the only teacher I had ever heard of who had, after telling his class that 'The lesson will begin at 3.25 precisely', and found them not there at that time started teaching – to an empty classroom. He was the only teacher I knew who would perform educational mimes in the middle of an

explanation of gravity and not lose any of his dignity. And what other teacher would think of explaining atomic fusion as a rowdy party in Peckham, while sticking absolutely to the logic of the analogy? Mr Hepburne-Scott's love of the absurd, of physics, and of life always shone through."

Above all, he generated stories. There are stories we all love, and the strict question of their truth or falsehood seems irrelevant when they so perfectly capture David's spirit. Not holding a passport himself, not being much of a believer in Abroad, did he really sweep through customs at Dover at the head of the whole of Grant's on a house day trip to Calais saying: 'It's all right; they're with me', or was it: 'It's quite all right, I'm British', and then, after a day of good and plentiful wine, did he really drive the train all the way back to Victoria when the driver failed to appear? It is all possible; it fits David's style. We need to commemorate him by sharing our stories, beginning, I hope, in a few minutes time Up School. Though we await the formal justice of the law, that will neither comfort us nor honour him, there is a higher justice to David for which we who knew him are everyone of us responsible. I believe that stories will go on being told about him as long as any of us who knew him are ourselves alive.

An angular figure in red braces and brandishing fruit pastilles will be found, part-striding and part-wading his purposeful, inimitable way through our memories and imaginations whenever we consult them. He loved playing to the gallery, in a way that seemed entirely instinctive and innocent. He was his own Wodehouse, and created his own myth, which has given us all such reserves of joy for the future. In the recalling and sharing of that joy our continuing affections for a good man are affirmed, and the horror of that death eased into a necessary celebration of a life that has brought such elation to ours. This is the only way left for us to take him now to our hearts.

THE TEACHER

A talk given by Alasdair Breach (OW) at the Commemoration Service

Hearing of David Hepburne-Scott's brutal death, in circumstances seemingly unrelated to the teacher and man I knew, I could not help but feel anger at the idea that it could be by his last event that he'd be remembered.

I hope not.

Physics is, perhaps, not the most accessible of subjects. It is therefore a measure of his teaching skill that he could hold our attention and interest for so many hours in the science blocks. Though, as he freely admitted, he was no modern physicist – is it possible to be one without believing in Molecules, a word he would swallow after using it? – he helped secure fine results measured against the yardstick of exams. But this is not a measure of success he would have been happy to have heard used here tonight. For he taught us not to take exams too seriously – even to look down upon them – a welcome relief at Westminster.

He instilled early the need to organise one's answers well on paper – a somewhat messy answer receiving in his large red handwriting the comment: "How Horrible".

He explained ideas clearly and simply. But most of all he made us remember and understand these concepts in such a memorable manner. Two instances come to mind:

To illustrate Brownian motion – gas molecules bouncing about – he ran around the classroom at a tremendous rate, colliding against the walls.

And to show us a leaf spring, he took us out into Great College Street, stopped a milk float in the middle of the street, and proceeded to make us all peer under it, at its suspension.

He would however be sad if physics were all that he had taught us. He saw the job of education in a broad sense, and from day one he practised this, teaching us how to fold our jackets, wear our ties, (one fellow receiving detention in his first lesson for having his top button undone), and how, if in a rush at dinner, to place the opened bottle of red wine behind the fridge to warm it.



Ill. Ben Hooper

These, however, are only details. He wanted us to enjoy our every activity, as he did. Holidays were for play, so he set no work. Lessons were to be enjoyed – and he enjoyed them as much as anyone – but never at the expense of discipline with which he never seemed to have a problem.

Our 'A' level syllabus he divided into 18 separate topics. Topic 8 was Perfect Gases. Topic 15 Perfect Solids. On our last day at school, he completed the trilogy with the extra-curricular Topic 19 – Perfect Liquids. As you may guess this meant the pleasures of fine beer and wine. He combined this with another great love of his – steam trains, and thus we all spent a memorable time in Hampshire and London completing our physics course.

On my leaving for Munich on the school's German exchange he said: "I went there once, it was quite nice – but not a patch on the UK".



The School from the South Hawksmoor Tower

WESTMINSTER

SCHOOLS CLASS

DAVID HEPBURNE-SCOTT AND TRAIN PHOTOGRAPHY

The following article appeared in the August 1992 edition of *Steam World* for which the editor of *The Elizabethan* is most grateful. The article also carried a tribute by Dr John Coiley to David's photographic career.

With the death of David Hepburne-Scott early in June, one more of the great railway photographers has gone. David, who at 57 years of age was one of the 'younger' photographers, has left behind two collections of photographs which will be a fitting memorial and of interest to railway enthusiasts and social historians for very many years to come.

David had two very separate parts to his life – his professional career in which for over 30 years he was a master at Westminster School, and his private life in which he was a railway enthusiast. He enjoyed not only travelling the country photographing the modern scene but also supporting the preservation movement. Although many people were invited to cross from one area into the other, very few saw both sides of David. For 10 years of his time at Westminster, he was housemaster of Grant's and in his study the evidence of his enthusiasm for railways was unmistakable. On the mantelpiece was a *Brocklesby* nameplate and above it hung the picture of *Mallard*. On another wall was the nameboard from Addlestep signal box. New pupils, as I discovered myself in my time at the school, were quick to learn of David's enthusiasm for railways and he was never slow to take the chance to introduce them into his physics lessons if appropriate. It was not uncommon for him to head for Paddington with a group of pupils, to introduce them to the pleasures of the GWR main line to Reading while explaining velocity time graphs. He was ever ready to impart information about how straight the line was and how it was thanks to the GWR there were mile posts which enabled schoolboys to perform their physics practicals!

In the school holidays, David used to travel far and wide around the UK visiting preserved steam lines and photographing the present day scene. For many years, his

main form of transport was an Austin Seven in which he thought nothing of travelling from London to Scotland.

In his own words, he had ceased being a serious photographer some time ago as he felt there were many better photographers around. Perhaps, in a way, he was right but it is fortunate that he, along with a few other talented individuals, started taking photographs of main line steam prior to the days when it was realised that it was soon to disappear. The interest stemmed from David's schooldays and continued during his time doing national service. He used to pass his free days travelling the countryside on a motorcycle, taking photographs of the railways in the surrounding areas. Those were the days when photographs were not so cheap and he used to think twice before pressing the shutter and he would be happy to return to a particular location to take the photograph he wanted. It is from these periods that the collection of black and white glass plates which now reside with Brian Stephenson date.

David moved on from glass plates to colour transparencies and wherever he went his camera went too. Some of these photographs now reside with Ron White at Colour-Rail. Surprisingly, both monochrome and colour collections are quite small – but they contain a number of outstanding photographs from a period which will never be recaptured.

David was very concerned that his photographs should remain in circulation after his death and, with the organisation that was a hallmark of his life, he made arrangements that this would happen. The collections will not disappear but will remain in the capable hands of Brian Stephenson and Ron White and access will be available to them on the same basis as in the past few years. Throughout David's life, royalties from the reproduction of his colour photographs have been donated to the restoration of steam locomotives. This will continue and, with No 60532 *Blue Peter* (the recipient of his royalties in the last few years) returning to service, the proceeds will be donated henceforth to a fund to return No 34023 *Blackmore Vale* to working condition.

Richard Ray



44785 with a Kyle of Lochalsh - Inverness train near Garve 8/4/61
Photo: D.M.C. Hepburne-Scott - Copyright: Rail Archive Stephenson

MANDELBROT AND STAR TREK II INTRODUCING "HOOKE" MAGAZINE

Emil Bernal discusses the theory behind fractal patterns

*Clouds are not spheres,
mountains are not cones,
coastlines are not circles,
and bark is not smooth,
nor does lightning travel
in straight lines.*

B. Mandelbrot

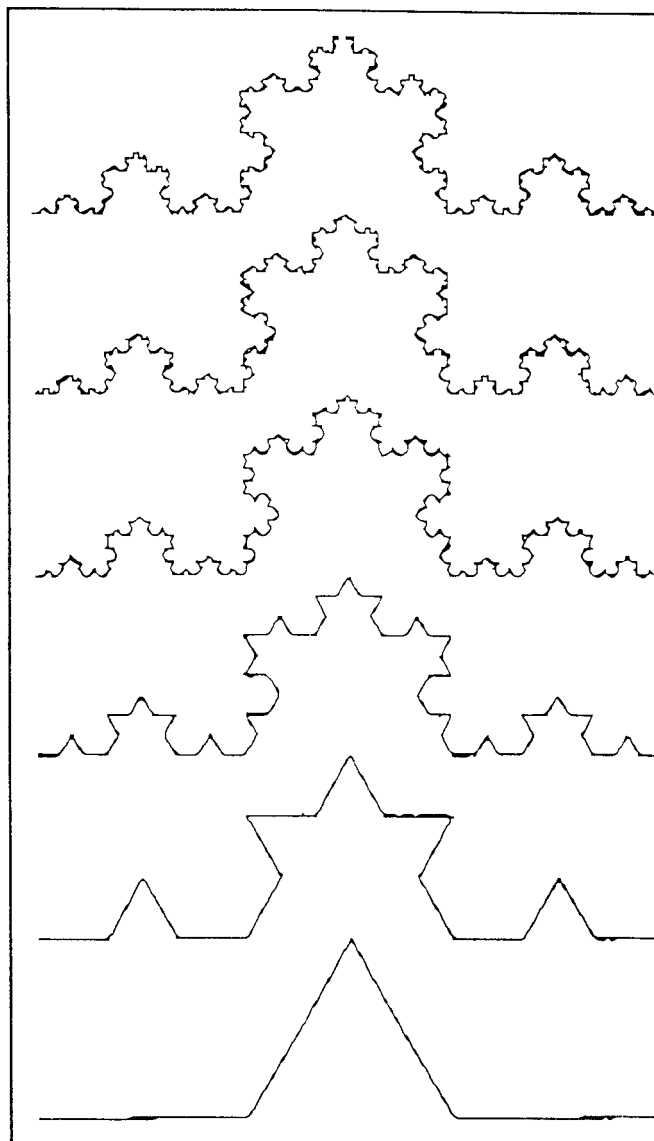
Benoit B. Mandelbrot (a man who has chosen to face the world looking as though he has just put his hand in a plug socket) has been largely responsible for the progress made in Chaos Theory and the 'invention' of Fractal Geometry. However, it must be remembered that none of the recent advances made in these branches of mathematics would have been possible were it not for a new scientific tool, the computer, and a lucky mixture of being at the right place (IBM Research Centre), at the right time (1975), with the right people (Mandelbrot was surrounded by open-minded scientists) and the right scientific culture (mathematicians and physicists were realising the imperfections in their models).

Joining IBM in 1958, Mandelbrot was tasked with examining a series of supposedly unrelated problems: word-frequencies in linguistics, turbulence, fluctuations in the stock market, the level of the River Nile . . . But by 1960 Mandelbrot was beginning to see an underlying geometric structure of these irregular phenomena and, ignoring his uncle's advice ('avoid geometry'), Mandelbrot published a highly geometric book filled with vivid pictures and computer graphics in 1977, *The Fractal Geometry of Nature*. 'Fractal' was the word Mandelbrot used to encapsulate his ideas, and comes from the Latin *fractus*, part of the verb *frangere* meaning 'to break' or 'to shatter'; and Fractal geometry refers to the geometry of objects with self-repeating patterns and fractional dimensions.

The Koch snowflake (first proposed in 1904) shows both a fractional dimension and a self-repeating pattern, and so is an ideal example of a fractal. The snowflake is constructed by dividing a line into thirds, and replacing the middle segment by an equilateral triangle. At the next stage each of the four segments is replaced by four new segments, each a third as long as their parent segment. This procedure, repeated over and over again, gives rise to the Koch snowflake. The process also demonstrates that a simple iterative procedure can give rise to an extremely complicated shape – indeed the closer you look, the more detail there is in the snowflake. More importantly, the snowflake possesses an exact self-similarity – each small portion, when magnified, can reproduce exactly a larger portion: the curve is said to be 'invariant under change of scale' – the first feature of a fractal.

The second important feature of a fractal is its dimension: while a line is one-dimensional, a plane two-dimensional and a solid three-dimensional . . . the Koch snowflake has a dimension of 1.26. The snowflake is better at filling a two dimensions than the line, but not as good as a plane at filling two dimensions. So a dimension of between 1 and 2 makes sense. As the dimension of a curve increases from 1 to 2, the ability of the curve to 'fill the plane' increases, and the fractal dimension gives a quantitative measure of the straightness of a curve. Prior to Mandelbrot's resurrection of Hausdorff and Besicovitch's theories on fractional dimensions (which essentially defined the 'd-dimensional volume' of a shape, for non-integer d) applied mathematicians had largely neglected them. After all, the Hausdorff-Besicovitch dimension and the Koch snowflake were invented to show the limitations of mathematics and its inventors would have laughed if it had been suggested that their creation had anything to do with the real world.

However, the idea of a fractional dimension has led to some of the most 'artistic' mathematical patterns ever: realistic clouds, mountains, coastlines and plants, and it



Six iterative steps of a Koch Snowflake

wasn't long before Hollywood realised the potential of fractal landscapes.

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan had several scenes with computer-generated fractal landscapes (devised by L. Carpenter), the best known being the Genesis planet transformation sequence. Due to the fast moving action in the film the resolution of the fractal scenes did not have to be very high, so little triangles were used, and these can still be seen in the original. Another film to use fractals on a massive scale was *The Last Starfighter*, and at the time one of Mandelbrot's friends commented, after seeing the film, that he was very disappointed that they had decided to cut all the fractal landscape scenes (but he added in consolation that they always cut the best bits!). This convinced Mandelbrot that fractals had a future in the film industry, and could easily be used to reduce the cost of sets.

However, it should be remembered that Mandelbrot cannot claim sole responsibility for the discovery of fractals – Fatou and Julia (c.1918) were working on fractals-to-be, but as they didn't have access to a computer there were no illustrations, and as early as 1890 Poincaré did draw some sketches of a fractal nature. One has to remember that it has only been with the advent of powerful computers with sophisticated graphics abilities that mathematicians have been able to explore the world of fractals, and that the mathematicians who made so much progress before these machines were invented were ultimately limited by the fact that they could not see the outcome of their calculations and did well to get as far as they did.

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THE DREAM

"Chewing gum?" I took the proffered stick of Freedent and looked up.

"Thanks."

Greetings were superfluous. We knew each other too well, and had grown up less than ten minutes walk apart. Minty sweetness filled my mouth as we fell into step and left the station. The sights and sounds of Ealing greeted me. Comforting familiarity. Jo asked,

"Do you remember that weird guy we called 'Oi Matey'?" His amusement was guarded. I half-laughed,

"Yes." I recalled a mental patient from the Hostel in Mount Park Road. He used to hang around Ealing Broadway and shout "Oi Matey!" to no-one in particular, much to our cruel youthful amusement. We would laugh at him directly and imitate. Maliciously. We thought only of our self-indulgent entertainment, and a frightening element of brutality still remained. I tried to ignore it. I said,

"God that was horrible – how could we have done that?" Jo shrugged. I turned a coin over and over in my jeans pocket. I counted the sides. Twenty pence.

"Is that sweet shop still here, the one where we bought sugared cola-bottles?"

"You mean Harrisons?"

"That was it."

"It changed hands ages ago. Some Indians run it." I saw a Rothman's awning, quickened my step and went in. The counters and shelves had moved and changed. I looked around for the half-penny refreshers, cola-bottles, bootlaces of liquorice. A price-labelled Mars Bar met my eyes. Twenty-six pence. I felt suddenly like my grandfather, talking of sixpences and shillings. I was sixteen. Bridging eight years I dawdled for hours over choosing sweets, filling white paper bags and counting coppers into a patient hand. Genuine thank yous, kind smiles.

"Can I help you?" An expressionless face demanded, hurrying me but addressing no-one.

"No." I turned and left the shop. We went right, towards the roundabout and Mount Park Road. Cutting up a narrow street we passed Jo's house and continued into Hill Croft Alley.

"How are your applications going?" I asked with dutiful interest.

"Oh, OK. Newcastle have given me an offer. I was up there on Saturday."

He was still talking, but I let his answer flow round me unabsorbed. I noticed with a half-smile the house whose doorbell we rung every Boxing Day, and still did, though it had become routine tradition and lost its original mischievous spontaneity. Jo interpreted my expression as approval of a story about a Geordie in a pub of which I was vaguely aware, and continued with renewed gusto. Last year the owner had emerged wearing a blue dressing gown and furious expression to chase us away.

I haven't walked this way for ages. We normally drive. As I spoke I realised that I had interrupted and exposed my inattention. Jo broke off, looked momentarily peeved, then puzzled, then smiled knowingly.

"I was listening," I protested, "about the Geordie going on at you for an hour and you couldn't understand him and you thought he was telling you to come up from London to buy his groceries from his stall near the station."

"Do you want to see what they've done to your old house?" Jo broke in. Amused enthusiasm.

"Alright."

As we entered Park Hill, I recognised number four, set back from the road. Its front garden lay behind a wall over which we used to raise our heads by standing on bikes leant against it. From this precarious position we had spent ages trying to throw horse-chestnuts through a small window under which a balding man sat typing. On other occasions we had crept through the dark front garden, coming home from school on fading autumn evenings, terrified of discovery and sure that larger conkers could be found amid the ground-ivy in the dangerous shade.

As we passed I gazed over the chest-high wall to see a lawn in place of ivy and the little window closed, backed by white net curtains.

In a few minutes we came to twenty-six. Hostile shrubs and a towering conifer behind the low front-garden wall obscured the house from the street. The quick-grown surprise annoyed me and my consternation grew as I saw white rectangles in place of the welcoming openness of windows.

"I have to see what they've done to my room," I growled, resolved.

"You what?" Jo was incredulous. "What, are you going to ring the doorbell, say you used to live here and invite yourself in or something? They'll really believe that!"

"Yeah, I suppose you're right. Let's go through the back garden – you know, climb over from that alley by the poplar, the way the burglar must have done it." I was bursting with eagerness as the plan formed, and I felt a reckless mischief, which I thought had left me, revived. I strode on up my road, beneath a row of hazels whose fruits our fingers used to prise from shiny shells. Then past another chestnut tree behind a barely scalable wall, waist high. I laughed exuberantly. Jo turned, questioning.

"What?" he asked.

"I'll never forget the time you threw a stick into that tree to try and knock down conkers," I explained.



'Mural' - (detail)

"Oh God, yeah! I remember that!" Jo broke in, his voice at once concerned and self-satisfied. "And we thought it was stuck, but just as that guy drove under it landed on his roof. God, he didn't half go apeshit! He braked so hard I thought the car would leave its wheels behind. And I'll never forget what he was wearing – a yellow jumper and green cords. Tasteless or what? Lucky we had our bikes or he would have eaten us alive!"

We both laughed. In our excitement we had reached the short-cut to the alley. It was a narrow squeeze between some garages and a fence, and when we emerged into the wider passage I jumped onto the wall beside the enormous poplar.

"I'll wait here," Jo said. "I'll give you fifteen minutes, then go. You're bonkers!" Nervous agitation coloured his voice, so I did not question his refusal to accompany me. I dropped down beside the massive tree-trunk, hoping no-one would be at home on a weekday, and crossed the garden to the house. In the fast-fading light of the winter day I saw that the pear trees which I had watered with a hose on summer afternoons were gone: the garden was all paving and lawns. I reached my old bedroom window by the roof of what we had called the garden room, and had somehow known it would be open. All the windows facing the garden were already curtained. Peering into my old room I could see that it was empty. I climbed carefully in and with a mixture of anger at the ugly fitted furniture and floods of happy memories, approached the door. As I crossed the room I noticed that two walls were covered by wallpaper patterned with writing. Approaching intrigued I realised it was a sonnet, repeated again and again in tiny letters, and had been hand-written in alternate blue and black. I read:

Dry silence rests on dust. There a bare stage
 Stands expectantly; here soft sunbeams find
 Tomes of memory in an archive mind.
 But at a gaze words fade into the page
 Which in my hand disintegrates from age.
 Each memory I clutch at is as rotten,
 Decays to dust, fragmented and forgotten.
 I smash the shelves which held my life in rage.
 Now on the stage the shifting sunlight shows
 Flickering figures moving silently:
 Three children spray each other with a hose
 And as they play I see that one is me.
 But the sun sets, the heavy curtains close,
 And dark forgetfulness hounds memory.

I re-read the poem, puzzled and astonished, baffled at its relevance. I left my old bedroom and began to descend the stairs, where I heard voices rising from the living room below. Apprehension and vague recognition flowed through me as I saw the three talkers seated round a table. Strangers in my house. One man, wearing a blue dressing gown, was explaining a card game to another, who wore a yellow jumper and cords which were darkened by the table. A third man sat apart, at a typewriter, and was gazing through the window. I was torn between going before I was seen and trying to do something against this invasion of my memory. As I engaged in this inner debate, all three pairs of eyes rose and stared at me with a terrifying malevolence. Frozen momentarily, some unconscious rational mechanism made me run, through the front door and towards the station and escape. I slammed coins into the machine, grabbed my ticket and careered down steep steps into a train.

As I sat panting several stops later, I heard a couple arguing about school fees, how someone should earn his own living instead of costing thousands and achieving nothing.

The carriage vanished and was replaced by my room. My eyes felt heavy and I closed them in blackness. I lay stationary for several seconds and realised as angered voices drifted to my ears that "someone" was me. I longed to sink into oblivion, but felt a strange conviction that however awful the present was, and however comparably secure the past, to relive it was not the answer, and could solve nothing.

Richard Short

Richard Short (AHH) shared first place with Martha Hillier (DD) in this year's Gumbleton Prize for creative writing in the Sixth Form.



DEBATING SOCIETY

The school's debating society flourished this year, continuing to meet in its base in the Camden Room. It was good to see a lot of newcomers as well as the old hands speaking to and from the floor. The society kicked off with the motion "This House maintains that the term 'Great Britain' is no longer meaningful." The proposition's exposition of our country's heinous licensing laws fell on deaf ears though and Matt Guy and Sam White stood defeated by the prancing William Higham and Annie Mills – admittedly with the support of her patriotic family.

The political theme was continued with the motion "This House believes that great powers should not act as international policemen." Both proposition and opposition soon realised that what they felt to be their watertight arguments could not escape the scrutiny of the most feared Lower Shells – Jasper Goldman and Umar Ebrahimsa. Clearly all potential debaters should make themselves familiar with the political problems of Quebec!

Other motions put before the floor included "This House believes that having the same government in power for too long is unhealthy for a state" and "This House believes that science is more comforting than religion." The real competitive edge came with a debate against City of London Boys – "This House believes abortion is murder", a chestnut of a motion with fine speeches from Tommy Karshsan and Jacob Shapiro that led to possibly the most dull floor debate of the season.

Outside the school Matt Guy and Jasper Goldman entered the 'Observer School's Debating Competition' opposing the motion "This House would legalise euthanasia." Although commended by the judges at Latymer we had to settle for third place and miss out on the next round. The 'Cambridge Union' competition was more successful with William Higham and Jacob Shapiro passing through the ambiguous motion "This House prefers recklessness to righteousness" but being knocked out shortly by Aylesbury with the motion "This House believes winning is everything." We may not have had great success in the competitions but no one can deny it was all jolly good clean fun.

Matthew Guy (R)



Lucy Jeal

THE LUCY JEAL GALA RECITAL IN AID OF SIXTH FORM BURSARIES MONDAY 22nd MARCH 1993

The talented winner of the London Philharmonic Orchestra's 'International Young Soloist of the Year' 1992 – better known as Lucy Jeal (LL) Remove, contributed her performance at a Gala Recital up School. Lucy, playing a Joseph Guarneri Filius Andreae violin loaned to her by the Cremona Trust, played Beethoven's Spring Sonata, and works by Mozart, Brahms, Debussy, Szymanowski and Saint-Saens. Although as a fund-raising concert, tickets were expensive, there was an enthusiastic sell-out audience, and over 100 parents, OWs and friends generously contributed as Patrons. The Recital produced a substantial sum for Sixth Form Bursaries.

Lucy is the daughter of Tim Jeal (GG, 58–62). She makes her debut as a soloist at the Royal Festival Hall on 19th May, 1993.

HOUSE PLAYS 1992/93

The House Play can be a form more beloved of Housemasters than of Directors of Drama. Of course, they are a breeding ground for unsuspected talent, but they have an image, at least, of being an expense of house spirit in a waste of theatrical shame. Add to this the problems of accommodating the stage designs of aspiring Crowleys or O'Briens to our modest resources and you begin to see why I have been pursuing a policy of quality rather than quantity. The five plays reviewed here encompass three theatrical styles, and provided enjoyable and varied dramatic experiences for their casts and audiences.

CHALK CIRCLE

Wren's used the largest canvas for their production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. This was theatre as Brecht wanted it, spectacular, entertaining, but far enough removed from realism to be thought-provoking too. I gather that the cast were not too pleased with their rudimentary costumes and the slightly stylized gestures required by their director. But they should have trusted Mrs Cockburn's knowledge of theatre history. The result was just the right blend of ensemble playing which tied together the opposing elements of this masterpiece.

Music is vital to this play, and Mr Dearsley's score and Lucy Barker's singing were splendid, weaving through the story like the patterns of an oriental carpet. Grusha was played as a canny peasant girl by Liz Brown, with Leo Benedictus only just comfortable with the very thankless role of Simon; his delivery of Simon's proverbs did, though, give them the edge they need. Young Tom Welsford made an impressive debut as the Prince Kazbeki, all hollow bravado and egocentricity. Peter Pomeranzev as the rascally Yussup was another promising first in a large part, while at the other end of the spectrum, it was good to see Laura Williams and Vicki Hayes, fresh from the tour of *As You Like It*, doing company work in smaller parts. Henry Paker and Matthew George could have had the Doctor/Lawyer roles written for them, and were able to give us an amusing double act. Ultimately, though, the play depends on Azdak for the right mixture of wisdom and revulsion, and this came in the safe hands of Michael Sergeant, who was able to give the part the big performance it needs. Corinna Nelli obviously enjoyed the challenge of set and props and ensured the colour of the spectacle.

HIDDEN MEANINGS

Two houses went for the well-made play, although one, Dryden's, chose rather a parody on it, Michael Snelgrove's *Hidden Meanings*. The problem with the parody is knowing enough about the form parodied, perhaps even loving it enough to see the funny side of it. This cast can be excused for not having sat through endless performances of *The Mousetrap*, but this omission did mean that their handling of the real-life-and-fantasy plot was sometimes uneven, the desperate logic of the plot not quite remorseless enough. However, Richard Morrison was a very acceptable dead ringer for Sherlock Holmes, and Adam Potter a crazily devoted Watson until the awful truth about the private life of the members of the Holmes fan club emerged. Dharshan Wignarajah nearly *did* die in the cupboard, and help was given and scandal almost avoided by the women caught up in Rodney Carson's peculiarly English obsession with treating fictional characters as if they were alive: Janet Thompson as his wife, Charlotte Pendred as the Other Woman, and Olivia Lowrey as the long-suffering housekeeper who has to play Mrs Hudson in her spare time.



WOYZECK

Büchner was a forerunner of Brecht, and so it was useful to have already seen Liddell's production of *Woyzeck* in the Studio, laid out unconventionally like a catwalk, lit melodramatically, with the white mask of Woyzeck himself highlighting his agonised progress from abused clown to



Tom Wynn in *Woyzeck*

manic murderer. In a remarkable first performance, Harry de Quetteville gave us the most vulnerable Woyzeck I have seen, a giant, broken puppet of a man, pathetically in love with Julie Kleeman's feckless Marie, and miserably at the mercy of his grotesque oppressors: Sam Gordon's rampantly sexual Drum-Major and Sam Hopkins' lunatically obsessed Doctor. David Ellis was a sympathetic yet helpless Andres, and Harry Lester played a bizarre trio of equine and human roles. Richard Pyatt directed this adventurous and richly rewarding production.

STORIES

The audience who stayed behind for this play by Alex Fitch (LL) witnessed one of the most adventurous co-operations between text and workshop improvisation that the Drama Studio has ever witnessed. Attempts to subvert Alex's play merely brought out its wry and sensitive portrait of human comedy all the more. We have greatness in our midst!

[Editors Inclusion]

BALMORAL

In Michael Frayn's rewritten and never quite successful *Balmoral*, fantasy and real life are also mixed. The form is the house-party-in-the-castle, the twist being that the 'guests' are well-known writers forced to be there by the Marxist government supposed to have seized power in Britain in 1916, and who are visited by a privileged observer from free democratic Russia. The favourite writer having just died, the farce turns on the hiding-the-body-and-get-the-butler-to-pretend-to-be-him joke. One problem is the writers involved; few now know about Godfrey Winn, let alone Hugh Walpole and Warwick Deeping, and what we know about Enid Blyton did not help much. Giles Newell featured as the party man, Skinner, and directed, and whipped the cast into a farce of good pace and well-timed jokes. Robert Goodfellow stole the show as the butler with a sense of poetic justice; his Scottish accent and passably Caledonian knees held the improbable plot together. Russell Teimourian, Alistair Tucker and Liz Ling were the writers, Lorrin Braddick and Elizabeth East the Russians.

TRUE WEST

In a very different style, Rigaud's gave us Sam Shepard's *True West*, directed by Dr Needham. This four-hander was perfectly suited to the Studio, in which a mid-West kitchen had been created. In it, two estranged brothers meet, a power struggle ensues between them, briefly involving their mother (Susanna Kane) and a film producer (Nick Roycroft) who transfers his loyalty from one brother to the other, thus shifting the balance of power between them. Simon Kane was Austin, the city writer challenged by Lee, (Ben Loring). This pair, by their clothes, body language and the inflections of their accurate accents, gave us authentic 'True West', and grippingly plotted the decline of Austin and rise of Lee. Kane's routine with the stolen toasters (how many studies were raided for that sequence, I wonder?) was a comic gem: good to see this versatile actor in an entirely new character.

So now plan for next year: be adventurous over genre, flexible over set, and let's discover new plays and new talent.

JECA



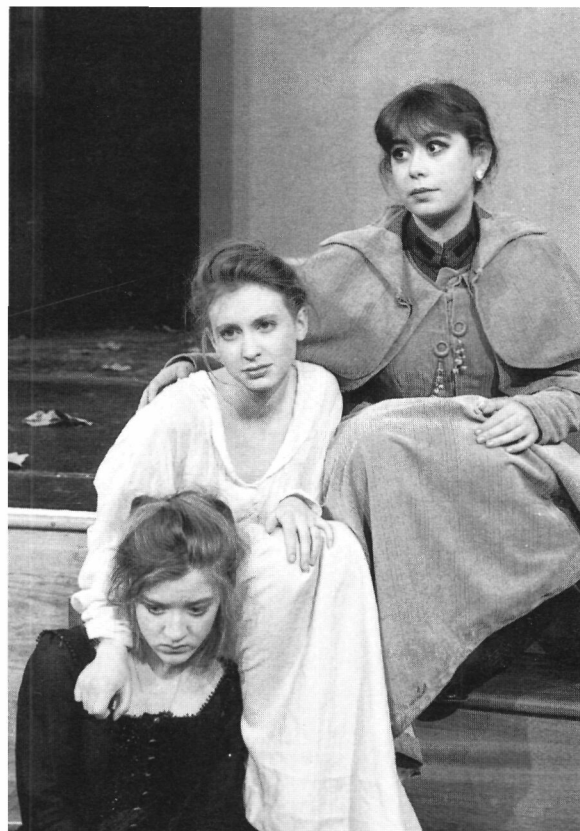
Simon Kane and Ben Loring in 'True West'

THREE SISTERS

The opening tableaux presented us with a Mad Hatter tea party table around which were gathered some of the uniformed male philosophers of the play. Below, isolated and motionless were Zillah Eagles' Olga, Natalie Baron's Irena and Liz Brown's Masha. Olga, the least vulnerable of the three, used finishing school-like skills to play out her elongated phrasing. Irena used a smile of pleading intensity that sometimes collapsed into a squint. Her restlessness brought out the troubled idealism of Chekhov's lines. Natalie Baron allowed her lines a freer rein that could prove terrifying when those eyes widened and that voice screamed. Masha, teasing and sulking, helped to break down her weak and splenetic husband. Liz Brown was deftly daft and along with Masha succeeded appropriately in putting many of the more idiosyncratically introverted characters off their guard. Witness her expert trapping of Vershinin against the arm of a sofa. Lovely blocking.

Will Higham's Toozenbach was the best example of the idiosyncratic school. Awkward, elbows never leaving his sides, his hope-drained smile at its widest before death. Tom Brodie's Vershinin was melancholy, formal but alert to the hopes and tragedies off stage in that wide air between here and distant Moscow.

Alex Patterson's Chebutykin relished the in-jokes of old age and injected plenty of pish and tush into his part. Harry de Quetteville's Koolyghin was the intellectual scarecrow whose outrageous posturings helped demonstrate his inability to address Masha's indifference. Paul Copeland's Soliony however was a humbug without humanity; though played for laughs it was a cruder version of the humorous pathos inherent in Chekhov's lines.



Zillah Eagles, Liz Brown and Natalie Baron in "Three Sisters"

Sam Gordon's compromised and hulking Andrey moved amongst the isolated monologues of the alienated and arrogant in awkward counterpoint with Katy Bailly's Natasha. He paced behind his genteel bars with futile gesturing as horizons rapidly diminished. Natasha's spite found a suitably crumpled and enfeebled target in the form of Olivia Lowrey's Anfisa (a character study assisted by a genuinely sprained ankle!).

School expanded to meet the steppes: light streaming in from the snowy outdoors, or falling with relentless chill upon a final autumn scene. Props were properly researched – heavy, moribund and Russian: keeping characters confined but allowing them enough space to extinguish their hopes: word by word, leaf by leaf!

This was another remarkable study from the John Field school of drama, which met the full challenge of a notoriously difficult play, whose subtleties are usually beyond school students. These actors gave the impression that they had lived well beyond their real ages. We are back in the West End with this kind of production.

Adapted from Simon Kane's review

GALA CHARITY PERFORMANCE

At a Gala Charity Performance of *Salad Days* in Ashburnham Garden in June, organised by a group of Sixth Formers led by Alex d'Agapeyeff, three cheques for £1,300 each were handed to the Dean of Westminster by Jane Asher, on behalf of the organisers and contributing parents and friends.

The cheques were sent to the London Lighthouse, The Busoga Trust, and Westminster Phab.

The special performance of the popular musical by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds was preceded by a buffet supper in the Garden.

Salad Days was produced by John Arthur and Simon Dearsley, and featured Zillah Eagles, Tom Brodie, Liz Brown, and Nan Atichatpong as the lovers, Simon Kane as PC Boot, with Janet Thomson, Julie Kleeman, Will Higham, Dave Ellis, Ronnie Potel, Harry de Quetteville, Laura Viscovich, Karim El Laboudi and Matthew Guy and a chorus of Sixth Formers.

The organisers would like to thank all those who took part and who contributed so generously.

AS YOU LIKE IT

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE CAST

In order of appearance

Orlando.....	Mike Sergeant
Adam.....	Edward Likierman
Oliver.....	Matthew Guy
Dennis.....	Xabier Humphrey
Charles.....	Charles Gibbons
Rosalind.....	Laura Williams
Celia.....	Laetitia Maklouf
Touchstone.....	Iannis Karras
Le Beau.....	Tom Brodie
Duke Frederick.....	Sam Gordon
First Lord.....	Asad Abedin
Second Lord.....	Jonté Baron
Third Lord.....	Sang Chough
Fourth Lord.....	Grant Steadman
Fifth Lord.....	Filippo Venini
Duke Senior.....	James Reynolds
Amiens.....	Rupert Morris
First Forest Lord.....	Oliver Pendred
Second Forest Lord.....	Charlie Valentine
Third Forest Lord.....	Xabier Humphrey
Fourth Forest Lord.....	Iain Barnes
Fifth Forest Lord.....	Sam Jones
Sixth Forest Lord.....	Jamie Morris
Seventh Forest Lord.....	Charles Sanders
Corin.....	Tom Brodie
Silvius.....	Dan Hahn
Jaques.....	Simon Kane
Audrey.....	Victoria Hayes
Sir Oliver Martext.....	Asad Abedin
Phebe.....	Joanna Thaw
William.....	Charles Gibbons
First Page.....	Hugh Davies
Second Page.....	Xabier Humphrey
Jaques de Boys.....	Edward Likierman

Presented Up School on Tuesday 4, Wednesday 5, Thursday 6 and Friday 7 February, and in the Amphitheatre of the Lycée Stanislas, Paris, on Friday 14 and Saturday 15 February, 1992.

Vendredi 14 et samedi 15 février 1992, il nous a été donné d'assister à une remarquable représentation d'une pièce de William Shakespeare, 'As You Like It', par les élèves de Westminster School. Nous avons été stupéfaits par la qualité de ce spectacle réalisé par des amateurs très jeunes (les plus âgés n'avaient que dix-sept ans), mais déjà fort compétents. Le terme 'compétent' semble à vrai dire bien insuffisant: le plupart des acteurs ont fait preuve d'un réel talent. Leur assurance, leur parfaite connaissance de la pièce dans toutes ses nuances, leur présence, leur maîtrise de jeu scénique, la qualité de leur élocution n'ont pas manqué de susciter l'admiration de leur camarades français, qui en dépit de la langue shakespearienne ont apprécié à sa juste valeur la belle réussite des élèves de Westminster School.


Laura Williams dans l'un des rôles principaux (celui de Rosalind) a su faire complètement oublier son statut d'amateur. Elle s'est imposée comme une actrice de grand talent, et malgré des difficultés imprévues (une panne de courant) a su poursuivre imperturbablement, provoquant des applaudissements mérités. Mike Sergeant (Orlando) s'est montré son digne partenaire et les élèves français ont apprécié la clarté de son élocution. Signalons aussi la belle performance de Laetitia Maklouf, Sam Gordon, Simon Kane, James Reynolds et bien d'autres... Les élèves plus jeunes qui avaient un rôle plus modeste ont su tirer le meilleur parti. Iannis Karras et la jeune Victoria Hayes (Touchstone et Audrey) ont fait preuve de dons comiques appréciés. Même les plus jeunes ne sont pas laissés intimidés par l'amphitheatre assez impressionnant et ont fait preuve d'une belle assurance...

With acknowledgements to the editors of the school magazine of the Lycée Stanislas.



AS YOU LIKE IT

PRODUCTION TEAM



Assistant Director.....Katie Bailey
Sound Controller.....Simon Begg
Assistant Stage Manager....Jonathan Brough
Front of House Assistant...Alex Duncan
Front of House Assistant...David Ellis
Composer and Musician.....Ilan Feder
Wardrobe Manager.....Sara Goulden
Front of House Assistant...Anthony Gutman
Director.....Peter Holmes
Assistant Stage Manager....Dale Langley
Wardrobe Assistance.....Julia Lovell
Front of House Manager....Leon Menezes
Stage Manager.....Robert Pagan
Set Designer.....Nicky Poole
Chief Electrician.....Ronnie Potel
Composer and Musician.....Paul Ryan
Makeup Assistance.....Emily Schmitt
Production Manager.....Will Sergeant
Sound Controller.....Ollie Summerfield
Assistant Director.....Zoe van den Bosch
Fight Arranger.....Ben Turner
Property Manager.....Ben Wellman
Makeup Assistance.....Alice Wilkinson

EDUCATING RITA: A STUDENT'S REVIEW

In any categorisation of plays, two-handers such as *Educating Rita* must be considered 'hard'; it is a testimony to the three involved in this production that they carried it off at all, let alone with the evident success. The cast seemed to me to be a strange choice: both had just left the stage with applause for *What the Butler Saw* still ringing in their ears when they were signed to play parts as different from an innocent secretary and a sex-obsessed psychiatrist as is possible.

Lisette Aguilar, playing Rita, played a Liverpoolian hairdresser as though she had got on the wrong train at Lime Street and come to London, instead of going to her apprenticeship at a Merseyside salon. In particular, her accent was virtually faultless, with an obviously natural ear for the pronunciation, rhythm and glottlestop of Liverpool. My one quibble was the occasional 'u': the f-word tended to sound more like a hairdresser with a Liverpool-meets-Hamburg (and comes off worse) accent. However, her whole body seemed to adopt the character demanded by her voice, for her initial entry was accompanied with chest out and bottom back, and she stood with a slightly sloping, leg-cocked, finger-pointing, aggressive stance. Rita's determination was apparent before she spoke. It was particularly noticeable that Lisette (presumably working on the suggestion of the first-time director, Robert Wilne) managed to change her whole attitude and appearance as the play and the character developed, so that high heels became low shoes; arched shoulders relaxed; the drawn-back ponytail of hair was released to reveal a softer bob; the short skirt and off-the-shoulder top (sometimes nearly off-the-shoulder and on-the-floor) were first covered by a softer cardigan, and then exchanged for a purple T-shirt and a beautiful, long Indian print skirt. The overall progression of the play delivered these changes in discrete steps, but the cumulative effect was a powerful contrast between the angular, coarse Rita that announced her arrival by commenting on the "tits" of a faded Botticelli and the softer, wiser Rita who closed the play by fulfilling her initial promise to cut Frank's hair.

Giles Newell as Frank probably had the harder task, for it is easier to play a 22 year old perming nightmare than a 49 year old world-weary English professor. The testament to his success is that he hardly ever looked like the sixteen year old semi-thug that he is. Without having to deliver a Liverpoolian accent, he did not have the same opportunity as Lisette to expose his innate talent, but he was more than equal to the task of matching her standards. In particular, his drunk scene was outstanding, with a meticulously careful blend of inebriated, carefree physical

behaviour and yet pointed, even, paradoxically, drunkenly clear enunciation of both the jokes and the points. Moreover, he kept it throughout the whole of the long scene, slowly sobering up and achieving the all-too-familiar exchange of drunken euphoria for sobering sadness. He similarly demonstrated this skill, though presumably unintentionally, when, on declaring that his pretentious poems were "easier to rip", he failed to be able to do so: in the ensuing gale of Upper Shell laughter, his stony face was exemplary. In the play it is Rita who has all the long speeches bar one, and Giles' one major fault was occasionally to lose interest in what Lisette was saying, and instead doodle on the essays in front of him or type the name of a certain Remove girl, with the result that his short replies to her long speeches tended to be slightly quiet, and even muffled by the hand on which he was still propped.

Praise should also be reserved for the technical side, for not only did the lighting make skilful use of blue and gold filters to suggest subliminally the passage of time, but also the set was a physical symbol of the effort put into the play: it was apparent that Robert Wilne had put much thought into a design that would make most use of the limited Drama Studio space and create the desired atmosphere of a Liverpoolian don's study with only the bare essentials of chairs, two tables, a bookshelf and 277 books, while his attention to detail of props was exemplary, to the extent of tracking down a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle* by Rita Mae Brown for a five second appearance in act one. I had never heard of it either. A particularly elegant touch was a copy of the famous RSC poster for *Macbeth* with a paralytic porter spilling a tankard of some deep red liquid, for not only did it reflect an incident in the play but also it provided a consistent image of the Frank that Rita saves.

It is hard to judge a play from a review without having seen it, but two disparate comments may help to give the production the judgement it deserves: John Field, a veteran of plays, thanked the director; the Upper Shell stayed for act two. It was obvious that the triumvirate, to use the Headmaster's slightly odd phrase, had learnt much from their work with John Arthur on *What the Butler Saw*, so that the result was a production that overrode mistakes like unrippable poems and a suitcase accidentally left on stage for all of act two, and instead drew on unforeseen reserves to produce a performance that was as fresh and vital as Rita lifted her scissors as at the opening soliloquy: the cast, and the director, well deserved the three encores they received on the final night for what, I feel, was a testimony to possibilities of student theatre.

A. d'Agapeyeff

MUSIC AT WESTMINSTER 1992

January 29th Liddell's Concert
February 8th Concert at Mary Fielding House
February 12th SCHOOL CONCERT
February 21st Opera Workshop
February 28th Busby's and Ashburnham's Concert
March 9th CHARITY ROCK CONCERT
March 10th Grant's Concert
March 13th Chamber Orchestra Concert at St Margaret's
March 18th St Matthew Passion music for end of Lent Term
April 25th-26th Orchestral Weekend
April 27th CONCERTO CONCERT
May 1st HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL
May 8th Dryden's/Wren's Concert
May 13th CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY CONCERT
May 16th Wind Band on North Green; Celebrating Westminster
May 22nd-26th CONCERT TOUR TO PARIS – College Stanislas
June 5th College Concert
June 12th Rigaud's Concert
June 18th-23rd Lower School Music Expedition to Cornwall
June 23rd-25th SALAD DAYS in Ashburnham Garden
June 25th Leavers' Concert
June 26th Election Service and Election Dinner
September 15th Memorial Service for David Hepburne-Scott
September 23rd-30th – 4 performances of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* (23rd; 25th; 28th; 30th)
November 9th Hakluyt's Concert
November 27th SCHOOL CONCERT in St Martin-in-the-Fields
November 30th School Concert Up School
December 15th Carol Service



Jeal, Bar-Kar et al

The first weekend of the Election Term has been an orchestral weekend for four years now and the custom of giving students the opportunity to play concertos continues to generate an early summer event that is fulfilling both musically and socially. This year's concerto concert, on April 27th consisted of movements from Mozart's Horn Concerto in E flat (Andrew Johnson, horn) and his Piano Concerto in C minor (Ilan Feder, piano); Poulenc's Flute Concerto (Daniel Alexander, flute) and Prokofiev's 2nd Piano Concerto (Edmund Neill, piano).

The Singing Festival, recalled by popular request, is a miraculous happening having the purpose of bringing large numbers together to make music, to sing and, we cannot deny it, to dance, dress up and show off a bit but above all to create and produce a singing group. Ashburnham's "Dancing Queen" and Hakluyt's "Wriggle, wriggle whatever" both had great vitality and fun meriting applause for guts and enterprise. College's "Istanbul" was delightful and one suspects no S.A.S. training was required to make that performance possible. The Singing Festival epitomises the ideal that every member of a musical school should encounter the experience of music



Andrew Johnson

making and, for those whose lifestyles have not included the years of hours of serious instrumental study that our impressive musicians have known, the opportunity to sing and find the voice is a good one.

For more serious amateur singing, the Abbey Choir is in great form and steadily expanding. Never has there been such a worthy bunch of singers with a high standard in all parts. To a great extent the Music Department, and particularly the choir, of any school must see itself as a 'service industry', which means it works very hard to supply a wide variety of music that the rest of the school wants. Musicians are frequently convened for charity work and organisations such as the London Lighthouse and Save the Children funds have benefited from concerts put on in the school by our players this year. Visits to outside concerns such as the Mary Feilding home are equally part of the department's curriculum. Fifteen years of Latin Prayers with piano accompaniment ended in November with the arrival of our Copeman-Hart electronic organ purchased from St Peter's, Eaton Square with a donation from OW Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber and grants from the Elizabethan Club and the Westminster School Society. Both the new organ and our recently acquired Yamaha grand piano featured in the Autumn Concert Up School in a programme that included Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* with Adam Park (G) as soloist. The concert was the second of two, the first having been performed the previous Friday at St Martin-in-the-Fields to a full capacity audience. School was not, of course, designed to contain such numbers as St Martin-in-the-Fields and the acoustics are very generous so the second November concert proved to have a special vitality. With the big Abbey Choir, (expanded with parents, friends, OWs and the Medici Choir) and the orchestra almost mingling with the audience, the result was something of a virtual reality for all concerned!

One of the most outstandingly exciting events of this decade of musical enterprise, however, was the *Figaro* project of September 1992. A couple of opera workshop evenings, at which our very promising singing students performed selected operatic excerpts, suggested that the time was right for a fully staged production of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. The cast was there about to take its A Levels – but what better way to fill in the tense waiting months of the Summer than with the preparation of such a work? These young musicians, performing to full houses in late September, surprised audiences by their standard of professionalism while delighting them with the presentation of youthful charm that is often only present in the imagination.

FIGARO'S WEDDING

Yes, Mozart's *le Nozze di Figaro*, complete, and in Jeremy Sams's lively new translation not long before premiered at the Coliseum, using pupils entirely from the School or who had only just left. This was the improbably scenario which nevertheless tempted and rewarded audiences in the last days of September, hours before some of the singers took up their places at university. The undertaking was a testimony to the talent of our musical students and the hours of work they are prepared to put in, saying nothing of their courage for venturing, some for the first time as actors, let alone singers, on to the stage. At no point was there surprise that, like Johnson's performing dogs, they should be doing this at all; given that we were hearing young voices, we were nevertheless hearing operatic voices, sensitive singing, and intelligent characterization.

To attempt *Figaro's* four acts on a small stage, you need a miracle of stage design. This was provided by Andrew Bateman and Justine Coe. They used cheating perspective walls washed with pink and green, so that under the superb lighting of Philip Needham, the changes were made from bedroom to boudoir, ballroom to garden with only the addition of minimal furniture, also designed for the set. The sumptuous costumes in soft tones allowed the action against this unified background, to appear singularly uncluttered, emphasising the loneliness of the Countess perhaps at the expense of the conventional jollity of the opera, a tendency emphasised by John Arthur's typically statuesque direction. This at least allowed the emotions to be played strongly; if you like your da Ponte Mozart bittersweet, with real danger stalking projected happiness, this was for you.

The countess was beautifully sung by Laetitia Maklouf, who captured something very rare in Mozart *Figaros*, that is the youth of the Countess. In the original play by Beaumarchais, she has not long been snatched by the amorous Count from her guardian Bartholo and is still overwhelmed by love for the man who has all too soon let his attentions wander. This Countess, then, gave us *Porgi amor* whilst fingering dolefully a miniature of her husband, but then her eyes lit up with girlish glee as she and Susanna begin plotting against the Count. This mixture of youth and emotion blended into a satisfying performance, beautifully sung. Her letter duet with Susanna was a musical highlight, as befits so lovely a piece, demonstrating both her love for the Count and her sense of fun at what she was undertaking.

Figaro himself was the veteran Leigh Melrose, the only member of the cast to have left the school as long as a year before, and now singing at St John's Cambridge. He was also the only one with any operatic experience, having performed at the School in *Treble Chance* and *Amahl*, as well as in *The Tempest* as a singularly musical and gymnastic Ariel. His Figaro could, then, be passionate or playful, angry or scheming by turn; the energy of his stage presence and the quality of his singing and musicianship were a feature of an evening not short of highlights. Figaro's fiery aria of rage against the presumed treachery of Susanna seemed to spring from genuinely wounded love, and showed the range and power of Melrose's voice at its best.

It is Susanna, though, who must hold any *Figaro* together, for she is seldom off stage, and must have one of the most demanding roles in opera. Alice Wilkinson was well up to these demands and sang magnificently; *Deh vieni* was a touchingly disguised love song for the hidden Figaro, and her soaring lines in the great ensembles were a treat. She was more sunny and relaxed with Cherubino and the Countess than in her early scenes with Figaro, which was slightly odd, but she handled the lengthy recitative with disarming skill. Incidentally, all these young singers got over Sams's splendid text with commendable clarity. This, and the crisp direction and clear lighting, made even the complicated final Act intelligible.

The central quintet was ably supported by Adam Park and Emily Schmitt as Bartholo and Marcellina, minus their arias, but elegantly seedy and not too ridiculous to be a real

threat; Marcellina in particular earned Susanna's taunt of 'mangy old parakeet', and the reunion sextet was a nice balance of the comic and the touching. Nan Atichatpong gave a suitably meddling Basilio and officious Curzio, his Act One trio providing his best vocal and acting moments, his high but true tenor well serving the prissy indignation of his character. Liz Brown was a scene-stealing Barbarina, not only with the beautiful singing of her cavatina in Act Four, but with her saucy exposure of the Count in the previous Act. Paul Ryan provided fun and games with hydrangeas (in this translation) as Antonio. Emily Saunders and Laura Viscovich, as the bridesmaids, led a small but efficient chorus.

The orchestra, led by Lucy Jeal and conducted by Simon Dearsley played with great verve and sensitivity as required, with the strings and woodwind providing as true a Mozartian sound as you would wish. Alex Evans, just in the Lower Shell, played the 'cello continuo as if he had done little else for years.

Much of the credit for the realization of this ambitious vision must go to Shauna Beesley, the singing coach, who had been working with the singers on this project for almost five months, expecting and getting absolute professionalism in all respects. As the matchless Act Two finale unravelled its complexity of musical lines and intertwined plot, one was sure, not that there had been much doubt before, that these young singers had mastered their material from the points of view of musicianship and characterization, and that one was witnessing a production of rare achievement.

Rafaello

Sir,

re: Jazz Up School

I read with interest of the Charity Jazz Concert held Up School on 16th October. I wish I could have been there.

I have an especial reason which I hope may be able to be placed on record in your Journal. It is to note to you that I have the honour, together with a friend, Mr D Grewcock, (now, I believe, no longer alive) of being the first ever to play Jazz Up School.

In either 1938 or 1939, I was a KS with moderate musical accomplishments. I had a talent for playing Jazz 'by ear', mainly in the Fats Waller style and had a habit of playing such music in the Music School during lunch hours. I found a like talent in Derek Grewcock, who also played at lunch times and we played such works on two pianos – finding that we could synchronize well together. The only slight problem was that he usually played in C sharp and I played in D but we both compromised by playing alternately in each others keys.

In those days, the Music Teaching body frowned on, or even actively disapproved of Jazz but we didn't let that dissuade us. It seemed that we were overheard by some of the Junior Masters who had similar tastes and, much to our surprise, we were 'commissioned' to give a short concert Up School. A surprisingly large number of chaps came to it – a bit daunting. It lasted, as I remember, about 20 minutes and included 'Can't help loving that man of mine' from *Show Boat*, which was our signature tune, 'The man I love' and 'Tiger Rag', which was very well received. This was the first time that Jazz was officially recognized as being a respectable field of music at Westminster.

I hope that a suitably edited account of this significant event may find its way into your pages.

Yours sincerely,

W.J. Sharrard MD, FRCS (K.S. 1935–39)

P.S. I should perhaps add that I did have some moderate capability in the 'classical' field as well. Donald Swann and I won the Music Competition two-piano section in the same year.

STATION



'Marbles in Cloisters'

THE GAMES OF THE XXV OLYMPIAD BARCELONA

In recent years Westminster has come to be regarded as one of the top rowing schools. At Henley we now expect to do well, having reached the final twice and the semi-final once in the last four years, our J14 crews are consistently among the best in the country and there is a good spirit within the club.

Perhaps it is significant that no fewer than 8 of the coaches and athletes in the GB rowing team in Barcelona have had a close involvement with the school boat club since 1986. How many other school boat clubs have Olympians coaching at all levels?

THE WESTMINSTER OLYMPIC SQUAD 1992

Jonny Searle:-

Westminster: girls coach 1990/1
Olympics: Coach Womens coxless Pair (5th)

David Lister:-

Westminster: J15/2nd VIII coach 1991/2
Olympics: Coach Mens VIII (6th)

Fiona Freckleton:-

Westminster: J14 coach since 1986
Olympics: Womens VIII (7th)

David Riches:-

Westminster: Master in charge since 1986
Olympics: Coach Womens coxless four (8th)

Nick Burfitt:-

Westminster: J14 coach 1987 and 1992/3
Olympics: mens coxed four (9th)

Terry Dillon:-

Westminster: J15 coach 1987/8
Olympics: Mens coxed four (9th)

Bob Michaels:-

Westminster: First VIII coach,
Boathouse Manager 1987-1992
Olympics: chief coach Women

THE WATER 1992

For the second time in the Boat Club's existence since 1813, the VIII reached the final of the Princess Elizabeth Cup at Henley Royal Regatta, but as in 1990, just failed by a few feet to take the trophy. The Henley week started well, comfortably cruising to victory over National Schools winners and top seeded Hampton, in the first round.

King's School Canterbury were dispatched in the second round and Kingston Grammar School in the third.

Shiplake's weight advantage of two stone a man failed to help in the semi-final and Westminster emerged to face a final against Pangbourne College. The papers questioned whether weight was an advantage at all when they realised that the Shiplake crew contained the heaviest 'man' in the regatta, on semi-finals day with Casper Ouvaroff at 16st 9lb and Westminster had the lightest with Mike Lea at 9st 11lb.

In a very close-fought final Westminster actually succumbed by a few feet to the stone-a-man heavier Pangbourne crew into a cruel headwind. In the stroke seat of both boats were current world champions from the same British four of 1991. The final was a terrific race between two great crews and the best on the day won. A swathe of pink jackets cheered loudest when Pangbourne went up to receive their medals.

Earlier in the year, at the National Schools regatta the VIII had been ecstatic with their bronze medal behind Hampton and King's Chester. At the same regatta Graham Smith and Wayne Baker had torn the field apart in the championship pairs to win easily, 7 seconds inside a record I myself had set back in 1979! The two 'equal' J14 quads both had to settle for silver medals in their respective events, so too did the J16 pair of Claudio Siniscalco and Ed Sainty. In preparation for Henley, the VIII raced and won well its traditional fixture against the Eton College VIII. The J14s and Girls also combined to race a winning dragon boat at Eton.

The J14s had produced the most pewter of the year with an unbeaten run in head races between ever changing crews. The crew of Gothard, Sorelli, Waring, Thomas and Phillips won the Schools' Head setting a new record time. The girls four produced the Boat Club's first ever women's event win at Barnes and Mortlake.



Olympic 'Westminster' coaches past and present

In the summer months Wayne Baker went on to win a silver medal at the European Junior Championships, Fiona Freckleson rowed in the Olympic VIII and Graham Smith collected his second gold medal in fours at the World Junior Championships, to become the youngest ever double world champion.

For 1993 the stern four of the VIII returns with Graham Smith as Head of Water and Alex D'Agapeyeff as Secretary.

A last word must be said of the departing Head of Water Nick Linton. Nick now has the unique distinction of appearing on five consecutive VIII's boards in the boathouse. He coxed the VIII in his first year in the School, competing at Henley in 1988, 1989 and 1990. In the sixth form he put on a 'little weight' and moved one place forward into the stroke seat and led the crew, through to the quarter final at Henley with a brilliant display of oarsmanship. In 1992 injury forced him out of contention for a seat in the crew but he still led and supported the crew all the way.

1992 VIII

Bow M.R.E. Ellender 10st 11lb

2 M.R. Lea 9st 11lb

3 J.N. Harrison 13st 12lb

4 A.M.M. Flett 12st 3lb

5 C.S. Siniscalco 11st 2lb

6 E.F. Sainty 12st 1lb

7 W.H. Baker 11st 6lb

Str. G.D.C.R. Smith 12st

Cox D.T. Wignarajah 6st 8lb

Also rowed: N. W. F Linton

J. A. Fulton

C.D.R.



J 14 VIII winning at Burway

FORMER WATERMEN

G. A. Ellison (see obituaries) rowed in the Westminster VIII in 1927, 1928 and 1929 when he was Head of Water. He went on to become captain of the New College Oxford boat Club and rowed in the 1932 and 1933 Boat Races. Although he became President of the OU Boat Club in 1934, he did not select himself for the crew! Much later in 1951, as Bishop of Willesden, he umpired the Boat Race in which Oxford sank after two minutes – the Bishop, contrary to the rules, ordered a re-run and Cambridge were triumphant the following Monday.

G.A. Byam-Shaw (see Obituaries) rowed in the Westminster VIII in 1922 and 1923 weighing in at a mere 9st 12lbs in '22 but putting on an extra pound for 1923.

C.O.R.

SWIMMING

For some three years team swimming at Westminster has had a much lower profile than previously. The school has withdrawn from most of its long-established fixtures because it was no longer possible to make up sufficiently large teams with the necessary balance of expertise and power to begin to meet opposition on equal terms.

This sad demise is partly a product of a shortage of manpower given the station choice system at Westminster, partly a product of not having our own pool and partly the product of our competitors' vastly improved facilities exemplified by Harrow's six lane 25 metre pool with electronic timing.

In its much contracted state, however, the station continues and aims to give skilled training to its members using a professional coach, thus giving competent swimmers a chance to reach their potential. Occasional matches are swum and the annual house competition usually features excellent performances from team members pitted against some of their peers from other stations.

How long Westminster can pretend to give swimming the consideration it deserves, given that we do not have our own facilities, remains to be seen. Even as this note is written it appears that the London Central YMCA pool (which we have used for eight or nine years) will be closed for good next spring.

RESULTS

v. Mill Hill 3/12/91

Mill Hill 33 : Westminster 25
wins by Atkinson (sen. 4x1 IM), Boys-Smith (sen. 50m Breast), Wellman (int. 50m Free)

v. City of London and American School 5/12/91
City of London 152 : ASL 140 : Westminster 73
win by Wellman (jun. 100m Back)

v. Chigwell 5/5/92

Chigwell 80 : Westminster 53
wins by Wellman (sen. 60 yds Back),
Brocard (jun. 40 yds Fly)

House Competition

1. Grant's 46
2. Ashburnham 39
3. Liddell's & Dryden's 36
5. College 32
6. Hakluyt's 27
7. Busby's 23
8. Wren's 22
9. Rigaud's 9

Individual wins by Southward (DD) (25m Fly), Boys-Smith (QSS) (50m Fly), Wellman (GG) (50m Back), Atkinson (AHH) (50m Breast), Southward (DD) (4 x 25m IM).



The Fives Courts Entrance

RUGBY TOUR OF INDIA 1992

It is 11.00 a.m. Sunday, Howrah Station, Calcutta, 'Come on Baby, Light my Fire' (Indian Muzak version) dribbles from the train's speakers. The tension amongst the boys as the hideously deformed beggars approach, appealing, eases.

I am here with 17 pupils from Westminster School to play rugby and to spend a few days working with the ex-street kids now cared for by Tim Grandage, founder of Future Hope.

Stepping off the train, it is hot, humid, and the thick "shog", as they call it, hangs like a shroud. Nervously we make our way through the throng. Howrah bridge looms and ant-like activity surrounds us as we are borne like fat larvae to the oasis of the Tollygunge Club.

On our first night, we are guests of KLM at a promotional party. Anyone who is anyone in Calcutta is here. The beautiful women draped in finest silk, the lavish hospitality and the scores of armed guards provide the first of many views into the wild contrasts of life here.



We have arrived at the start of the Festival of Light, Kali Puga. Kali, the goddess from whom Calcutta takes its name, is being venerated: all over the city are shrines depicting the victory of light over dark.

The Puga climaxes after four days of mayhem; tens of millions of rupees explode; fireworks echo like gunfire; huge bands of drummers and trucks laden with the demonic images and drug-crazed dancing howling men, process to the Hooghly where the effigies are immersed. On the third night we are invited by a boatman onto his home. He paddles us out into the middle of the huge river, skilfully manoeuvring amid the debris. A half charred body floats by, surrounded by saffron garlands, the air is thick with smoke from the burning ghats and incense. All of a sudden the drums stop beating and for a few sublime seconds there are no explosions, only the sound of the river. The macabre dance on the shore shouts out its powerful, enduring faith, the intensity of which is awesome to a group of boys more used to worshipping in Westminster Abbey.

The next few days provide plenty of reasons why this victory of light over dark is so fervently celebrated. The following night a small group of our pupils re-visit Howrah Station, still as yet unprepared for the appalling introduction to life after dark.



How does a 15 year-old school boy come to terms with the sight of a thousand or more dark shapes curled in the dirt in attitudes of complete exhaustion and despair? Or relate to a boy his own age but half his size who sleeps with a razor blade under his tongue out of fear he will be raped again?

In the morning these encounters are despatched to a future nightmare by the unbridled cries of utter desolation which carry over the walls of the boys' prison from where some of Tim's boys have escaped. Standing outside in the pouring rain watching small hands reaching through the bars of the windows of this monstrous place I feel it is all too much to bear for the Westminster boy beside me who is only 14.

All week I have been firing away not knowing what to photograph next – the crumbling facades of magnificent buildings, the rickshaw drivers, the markets. Then I am face to face with a beautiful woman who stops in the street and immediately strikes a provocative pose I cannot resist – I make like Helmut Newton. The crowd surrounding my model howl with laughter and she kisses me on the cheek. I have stumbled across a wedding party and into a transvestite. This, I'm told, is good luck. So we smile and off he dances, dispensing luck to anyone with a camera.

The games we are here to play provide a further antidote. Our whole team is sick but cheered on by the children Tim is caring for. We win three out of four games. Our boys revel in the headlines they are making and laugh at the peculiar language of the Indian Press covering their exploits.

Following our match against the Oxford Mission School we are treated to an evening of music and dance. Here our boys are brought face to face with light overcoming dark. These children, whose lives have been lived in an underworld, victims and survivors of the law of the streets, perform Bartok, Mozart and Purcell with consummate skill, and dance native dances choreographed to illuminate their energy and pure joy in a way which is at once humbling and uplifting. Given a new lease of life these street kids are curious and eager to learn. They put their privileged counterparts to shame.

However our pupils have peered into the heart of an immense darkness and perhaps done only a little to cradle the lights which flicker and sometimes dance. In the darkness we have had our eyes and hearts opened.

Danny Gill



KARATE

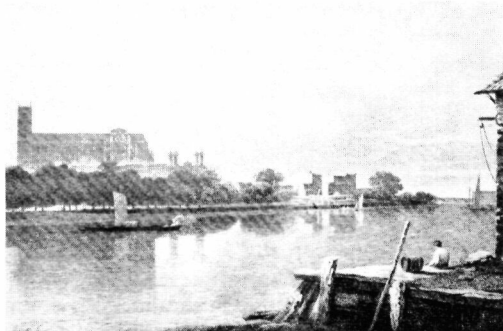
The station continues to go from strength to strength and the number of participants has risen to the mid-thirties. We have been fortunate in being able to train regularly at the Lucas Tooth Gym where not only Kata skills can be improved but kumite too in a safe and secure environment. It has been a further excellent season for all teams and for the second year in succession Westminster tied with Charterhouse to share the ISKA cup, and it is the third year running that the cup has been ours (in whole or in part!). The School now has four black belts and there are good prospects for further dan gradings in the near future. Richard Thomas, our coach, has done a sterling job in

generating a real enthusiasm for the sport whilst imparting the basic skills, and I should like to record a particular debt of gratitude to him. Perhaps the culmination of this enthusiasm was the idea of a sponsored training session on Green one lunchtime for the Comic Relief Appeal. The event attracted great interest from members of the School and a substantial amount of money was pledged. Congratulations to all concerned. The captain, Richard Tennant-Eyles, and the secretary, Human Ashrafian, have served their station with keen interest and commitment and shown exemplary leadership. Well done!

G.K.J.

PUNTING STATION

The end of the Election Term saw the departure of the three longest-serving members of the Station – indeed, they had helped to found it – Iannis Karras, the Captain, Leon Menezes, the Secretary, and Daniel Hahn, the Treasurer. They saw its development from a group of Fifth Formers, poling a pair of loaned canoes on the tideway at Putney, to its present status of a proper club, affiliated to the Thames Punting Club, with its own racing punts and representatives from every year group who are the best for their age of any on the river. As for the achievements of that Homeric trio, 'twould be tedious to tell the tenth part thereof': they won dozens of trophies at regattas, and threaten to do so for decades to come.



'Water' - engraving after R. Freebairn C. 1800

The interaction of three such diverse personalities could not make for anything other than a lively Station. Drama, for some reason, was never far from the surface. Commuters bound for the leafy quiet of Surbiton at one time would be stimulated by the performance of a tragedy, in the original Ancient Greek, in the passenger aisle: at another, they would be kept in touch with culture with Act One of *The Real Inspector Hound*. Two seasons ago, the Lady Captain expressed a wish to play Lady Macbeth. The result was a rendition of the play, on foot over the fields of Runnymede to Wraysbury Regatta, during the course of the events, and on the train home. Bank holiday crowds at Egham Regatta last June were treated to the whole of *Henry IV, Part One*. When an actor was involved in a heat, his part was taken over by another: there were five Hotspurs and seven Falstaffs that day. Dinner knives from the picnic were used for the fights.

Chris Uff, who succeeded Iannis Karras as Captain, showed his acting talent in *Salad Days*, and his skill with the pole by becoming the first schoolboy to win a Best-and-best Handicap. He combined with Bob Goodfellow, the Secretary, to be the first schoolboys to win a Doubles Handicap. No allowance is made for youth in punt racing, and our fifteen year-olds must take on men twice their age and much stronger than they, and beat them, as they sometimes do, by skill alone.

The forthcoming season, as well as the usual attendance at regattas throughout the summer holidays, will see the first punting match against the Old Westminsterers. The occasion will be marked by the launching of a new best-and-best punt, the gift of the Westminster School Society. Thirty-five feet long and fifteen inches wide, these are the fastest racing punts, and

this addition to the Station's capacity will help present pupils and OWs to match the senior clubs against whom they race.

FOOTBALL 1992

Our traditional fixture list provides us with strong opposition and the 1st XI has had an uphill struggle for much of the season against some good school sides. After two disappointing results against Forest and KES Witley in the early part of September the team played well enough to beat both Eton and Kimbolton, but lapses in concentration in the last 10 minutes of both games and failure to convert a crucial penalty against Eton caused us to lose both matches 2-0 and 2-1 respectively. The highlight of the season so far was getting through to the 2nd round of the new ISFA cup, an excellent and much awaited addition to the Independent Schools football programme. We played some attractive football to beat Alleyns 4-3 (Godfrey 2) in an exciting game, although we managed to make it difficult for ourselves in the last 5 minutes. A win against local rivals Westminster City 2-1 and heavy defeats by Charterhouse 1-5 in the 2nd round of the cup, where we never really competed, and by a strong Lancing side 1-6 took us up to exeat. Since exeat we have been defeated by Repton 2-5 and Highgate 1-5 where we dominated for long spells in the game. The most recent performances have proved that the players are capable of competing with the best. An excellent 2-0 win over Bradfield (Jagger 2) was followed by a scrappy but pleasing 0-0 draw with Chigwell. Brentwood was the next venue and on a miserably wet afternoon with the Essex boys baying on the touchline we went down 3-5 in an excellent game. A 2-2 draw with Aldenham and a respectable if frustrating defeat by old rivals Charterhouse 2-3 (excellent goals by Lythell and Mahoney) completed a hard but enjoyable season. In general we have suffered from basic naivety in attacking situations, poor distribution from midfield, and defensive errors have cost us dearly. On a more positive note, there have been times when we have looked comfortable in possession and created good goal scoring opportunities. Many of the players have worked hard at their game and despite the constant tirades from their frequently apoplectic master in charge, the attitude, discipline and commitment have been excellent. A couple of players deserve special mention. Karim Kamali has been an excellent captain and developed into a tigerish midfielder player with tremendous ball winning ability, Antony Jagger-Aziz has improved greatly over the course of this season and with his strong running and ability in the air, he is causing defenses some problems. He was rewarded with a public schools trial and represented the Public Schools C team.

There is plenty of room for improvement, but also some encouraging signs for the future, not least the achievements of the U16 and U15 teams who have won a great many of their games this season, some very convincingly. We have arguably the strongest lower school sides for some years and I hope to report in the not too distant future that the lads really have "done good".

Thanks must go to all those members of the Common Room who give much of their time to running teams: DRC, ML, SC, AEM, SA, RS, MR and of course Ray Gilson for his astute judgement in knowing when to keep us off the pitches.

Players who have represented the 1st XI this season:

R Morgan	K Kamali (capt)
G Bryden	H Braddick
C Beverley	M Cornes
L Florentin-Lee	A Jagger-Aziz
G Newell	R Short
N Moshir-Fatemi	A Ross
D Mahoney	N Stockley
P Lythell	R Godfrey

J.J.K.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Selling Cross-Country isn't so easy. Twice now, I've stood alongside my colleagues extolling the glammers of fencing, fives, football et al to the new Fifth Form, who remain largely immune to the delights of two afternoons a week running, usually, between three and four miles – come rain, gale, snow and sun.

But the compensations, for those who like that sort of thing, are real enough. We have virtually eliminated road-running now, and spend our afternoons in Richmond or Wimbledon Parks or on Hampstead Heath. Even the seriously metropolitan can get a kick from these brief forays into open spaces. And, as one's fitness increases, running through gorse, through woodland, along bridal ways or up sometimes cruelly steep mud banks, can generate a powerful euphoria.

We've had some good success in the past fifteen months. Aided by the participation of boys in other Stations, we actually won the London Schools Championship last Spring. We beat UCS very soundly at around the same time, and performed – let us say *nobly* – in some of the multi-school fixtures, notably against Highgate and Sevenoaks and the Ranelagh Harriers.



Gavin Griffiths takes a breather somewhere in Wales

The annual Vincent Square Relay, under the generous guidance of Jim Forrest and John Goodbody, saw the school victorious in 1992 – for the first time in many years. There undoubtedly will be a desire for the OW to revenge themselves at the annual towpath in March 1993. Within the School, we continue to hold the annual towpath race each October, which provides much entertainment, a useful fitness and talent index and a great deal of adolescent histrionics for the 120 or so participants. The course seems to me – for a Long Distance Race – too short and flat. I have some idea of seeking a move to Richmond Park, but the forces of tradition and the Park Conservators may weigh against it.

Perhaps the height of the season, for most of us, is the annual Bringsty Relay on Wimbledon Common. In 1992, we added to the nine existing houses a Common Room team which – in a remarkable display of stamina and talent warding off the virtuosity of youth – won. But there were fine school performances, with Liddell's winning the baton, and Sam Parkes, the retiring Cross-Country captain achieving the remarkable time of 4.57 seconds for the whole circuit. Though following a less orthodox training programme than I might always have wished, his success was a pleasing tribute to a fine runner who had been generous in his time and advice to our younger boys.

We seem to find two broad categories who do well at the Station. The first, and inevitably occasional, is the already committed developed cross-country runner. The second, much more numerous, is the boy, not highly coordinated or confident in contact sports, who – with a little encouragement – discovers that, each time, he can run a little further and a little faster than he knew. Some of these become school champions, and outstanding club runners; others perform more modestly, but make up good ballast in school teams, and keep on coming back, term after term.

The Station presently has about a dozen regulars, and is – very slowly – attracting others. We have also another fifteen or twenty who have, at various times, joined us for matches. Some real success, and much enjoyment, have

attended our efforts over the last year or so. My thanks to each of them, and especially to Mark Tocknell, for making it so.

David Hargreaves

FENCING

Numbers have stabilised at around eighty now that all the available space is being fully used. This has been a year of specialization, with the arrival of Mike Matthews, the National Sabre Coach, and Laurent Harper to coach épée. Meanwhile the foilists have gone from strength to strength: winning the British U/20 Team Foil Championships for the second year running.

In March an Upper Shell team of H. Morton, D. Davidge and R. Doherty did exceptionally well to win the Bristol Schools Team foil championships. Davidge went on to win the 1992 Leon Paul U/17 series and Morton produced such good results throughout the season that he was selected to fence for the Great Britain Cadet team at the 1993 World Championships in Denver, Colorado.

The team have travelled to competitions all over Europe and it has been good to see some of the juniors beginning to make their mark: T. Montagu-Smith, G. Coxhead and A. Jones look particularly promising. Travel abroad has been helped greatly this year by the generous donations of OWs to the Fencing Fund run by the School Society.

The team has also been extremely successful in School Matches with easy victories over Eton 38-7, Harrow 33-12, St Paul's 51-34 and City of London 27-8, King's Rochester 61-43, Brentwood 39-33.

Many thanks to our coaches Ziemek, Tomek and Pierre for bringing about this success.

James Simmons (Capt) (QSS)

TENNIS

The Summer 1992 season was, I hope, the low point for the OW Tennis Club on both the social and the competitive levels. On the social side, numbers have been disappointing. Every Wednesday evening the Vincent Square courts are available for OWs. It was no doubt fashionable in the 1980s to be working too hard to be able to play tennis from 6.30 on a weekday evening. Now it is time for people to rediscover the good things in life – like tennis at 6.30pm on Wednesday evening, with or without a drink in the pub afterwards. The courts are also available for our use on Sunday mornings.

There was a match. We got even closer to beating the Old Wykehamists than usual. We even managed to field a team without the use of "honorary" OWs. Tim Brocklebank-Fowler and Dickie Bannenberg lost 1:6 3:6 to their 1st pair and won 6:4 6:4 against their 2nd pair. Edwin Richards, extensively hampered by me, managed to lose 6:8 4:6 to their 1st pair. Our promising score of 6:1 in the first set against their second pair, sadly collapsed to 5:6 (bad light stops play) in the 2nd set.

Summer 1993 will, I hope, be different. Success in our annual match against the Old Wykehamists is within our grasp – after all these years we have lulled them into a false sense of security. Able players who would like to deliver the *coup de grace*, please apply to me. There ought also to be matches against the Boys and the Masters (dates to be arranged). Anyone who would be interested in principle in playing in these matches, please let me know. If there were sufficient demand, matches would happily be arranged against other clubs also. Wednesday April 28th/May 5th are likely to be the beginning of the season for the Wednesday evenings. OWs are welcome to arrange their own fours amongst themselves; alternatively, if you ring me in advance I should be able to let you know what the prospects of a game are.

Duncan Matthews
(W) 583-9294
(H) 373-6056

FIVES

The season was the most successful for many years with Westminster winning the vast majority of their matches – only losing to Eton, Harrow, Highgate – all of which have at least 15 times as many courts and the whole school to choose the team from. Westminster has a mere 25 dedicated players.

The first pair was Philip Robinson (Captain) and Alex Medhurst, who when both were on song together (not always so), were an extremely difficult pair to beat. The second pair, Harry de Quetteville and Richard Kendal, showed themselves to be an excellent prospect for the 92/93 season. Michael Parry and Jacob Shapiro were towers of strength in the Monday evening club matches. The U14 pair, Robert McHugh and Anis Abou Rabme were the best Westminster U14 team in living memory winning all their matches, apart from against pairs who had been playing several years.

The highlights of the season were:

- 1) The First pair winning the London Schools' Fives Championships held at Westminster on a Sunday against nine other schools. The final was an epic battle against the Aldenham team where the Westminster pair held their nerve in the 5th game. The Head Master presented the medals which had been given by Ian Hutchinson, our coach.
- 2) The U14 pair being narrowly beaten in the final at the Public Schools U14 Tournament as twilight fell on Harrow's courts; the day had started at 10.00 a.m.

At Easter Westminster embarked on their first ever International Fives Tour. This was to Switzerland (and Germany originally). The journey, in jam-packed couchettes from Ostend to Zurich, left the team fatigued. Then there was the problem of finding the mud-bespattered court set in a field on the outskirts of Zurich. This done we were faced with the might of the Swiss national team. The game started at 4.00 p.m. and finished under floodlights at 8.00 p.m. only for the First pair to lose 15-14 in the 5th game despite the constant coaching from the manager. The Swiss team were extremely hospitable and having repaired to the local hostelery plans for a rematch at Westminster were made.



Philip Robinson and Harry de Quetteville (left) in Switzerland (honestly)

The next tour will be, one hopes, to Nigeria where after Football, Fives is the national game. However our teams will firstly have to get accustomed to playing with tennis balls, as Fives balls are not so easy to come by in Lagos.

We look forward to the 92/93 season as Westminster is fast becoming a formidable school for anyone to face. If all goes well the next report should record yet more successes.

Philip Robinson (RR)

NETBALL 1992/92

1st Team :-

GK	Christina Linger
GD	Natasha Ready (Capt)
WD	Katy Bailey
C	Georgia Webber
WA	Charlotte Pendred
GA	Lucy Barker
GS	Zoe Montague-Smith

The first team has proved almost invincible yet again this year. The Common Room team have posed the biggest threat so far and we are greatly looking forward to a

rematch. The 1st team has been playing well together and as a result has had some good scores.

The Inter House tournament took place in December and was a very popular event. It was good to see so many people from outside the station taking part, even if the style of play was a little unusual to us experienced Netballers! The final was a very exciting game. The defending champions, Liddell's, fought well against the challengers, Hakluyt's, but the latter's "Rugbyesque" tactics proved too much for them. Hakluyt's won the day by a clear margin.

Another event in the calendar of the Netball station is the annual Netball dinner. After the success of this last year, we hope that this year's dinner will be even better!

Mrs Cockburn and the new light of the station, Mrs Harris, have also made an excellent team, making netball great fun, as always – could it be anything else?

Full Pinks have been awarded to Natasha Ready, Katy Bailey, Georgia Webber and Charlotte Pendred, Lucy Barker, Christina Linger and Zoe Montague-Smith.

Third Pinks have been awarded to Amy Gelber, Julie Kleeman, Lavinia Brown, Camilla Church, Marika Lemos, Elizabeth Glyn, Helena Phyrillas and Hetty Mackinnon.

Results:-

St. Paul's	8 – 9 (Lost)
Putney High	13 – 10 (Won)
Queen's College	13 – 5 (Won)
South Hampstead	10 – 6 (Won)
Common Room	8 – 7 (Won)

SHOOTING TEAM 1991/1992

Tze Vun Liew (Captain), Alex Duncan (Vice Captain), Zillah Eagles (Secretary), Alex Bartfeld, Andrew Evans, Tony Dobson, Thor Metrevelli, David Cox.

Play term 1991 opened with the satisfying news of a win for Tze Vun and Alex Bartfeld, shooting for London in the Inter-Counties Junior league. This was followed by some really rather good shooting by Alex Duncan at Bedford, where he managed a 1 at 50m. The rest described the occasion as an "experience".

Tze Vun, Alex Duncan and Alex Bartfeld were selected to shoot for London in the Inter-Counties postal competition.

At the annual Tankard shoot, held this year in the Lent term, Alex Bartfeld shot well to win the Tankard by one point, with Tze Vun second, Zillah Eagles third and Tony Dobson fourth. In the team event, the School was once again beaten by a slightly less amateurish Elizabethan team and the hardened professionals of the Centre Rifle Club. As is traditional now, the school swore to exact its revenge next year and to halt the run of 25 defeats in a row at the hands of the Centre Rifle Club.

In February, Tze Vun Liew, Alex Duncan, Zillah Eagles and Tony Dobson were invited to shoot for London in an Inter-Counties head to head competition at Surbiton.

During the Election term, the team shot in the Civil Service postal competition, where Tze Vun and Alex Bartfeld won in their Divisions and the team came third overall. On top of this, Tze Vun, Alex Bartfeld, Alex Duncan, shooting for London were pipped for second place on the last round, by Essex after having led from the beginning.

Earlier this term, a team consisting of Tze Vun, Zillah, Tony and David shot in the Civil Service shoot at Hendon Rifle Club, at 25 yards, 50m and 100 yards. Considering that for most this was their first experience at long ranges, they shot well.

The opening of this season finds us with some very promising girls, shooting well despite their lack of experience. We know they will carry on improving.

Finally, we would like to thank the Civil Service for putting on an enjoyable Christmas shoot last year.

Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

PLEASE CONTINUE!

We have been much encouraged by the increased number of Old Westminsters supplying news and contributions to *The Elizabethan*, and greatly hope to see this trend continue. May we invite all OWs to send details of their achievements, publications, etc., and those of their contemporaries? We shall also be glad to hear of any OW who attracts media coverage; photocopies of newspaper reports, interviews, etc., are welcome. Articles of reminiscence about Westminster in days gone by will be no less appreciated.

OLD WESTMINSTER LAWYERS

The Annual Shrove Tuesday dinner of the Old Westminster Lawyers was held on March 3rd 1992 at the Garrick Club. The Head Master was the guest of honour and Anthony Marreco (1929-32, H/RR) was in the chair.

THIS YEAR:-

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers, which was started over 60 years ago, was held on 23rd February 1993 at Buck's Club (by courtesy of John Furber OW). Sir William van Straubenzee MBE, OW was in the chair and the dinner was attended by 32 OW lawyers.

The dinner is open to OW barristers, solicitors, bar students and articled clerks. Anyone wishing to attend in future who is not on the mailing list is requested to contact either Anthony Bostock (tel. 031 441 6457) or Richard Hodgson (071 353 1769).

The 1994 Dinner will be held on 15th February at The Garrick Club. It is hoped to offer a discount not only to bar students and articled clerks but also those practicing within 4 years of being called or admitted.

ELIZABETHAN CLUB CITY DINNER

25th February 1993

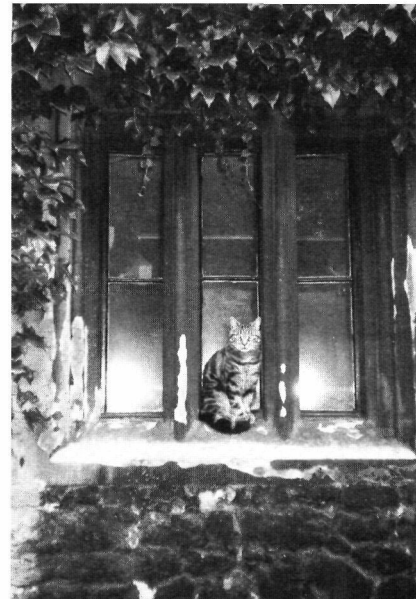
The second city dinner was held in the Old Council Chamber, at the Chartered Accountants Hall, on the 25th February. Anthony Hawser kindly agreed to speak and entertained us with some interesting observations about Westminster, the City and the importance of education. We were pleased to welcome the Headmaster as our guest and delighted to hear of the School's news. Anthony Hawser described the importance of "branding" in relation to his business, the Reject Shop, and illustrated his point through a presentation to the Headmaster of a pink rowing vest inscribed "Westminster refreshes the parts Eton can't reach".

The dinner was attended by 43 old boys and girls and it was pleasing that the younger and older age groups were equally well represented. Many of those present have made enthusiastic remarks about the evening and so it seems that this may become a regular event.

Tim Brocklebank-Fowler

ARCTIC REUNION DINNER

I am grateful to Ronald French for sending me a hurried note from Gatwick Airport while awaiting his plane for Delhi informing me of a very special dinner held in Scotland last June. It commemorated the 30th Anniversary Reunion of the 1962 Westminster School Arctic Norway Expedition described as the first 'serious' expedition from the school. David Benson (1957-62, RR), Andrew Botterill (1957-62, WW) and John Reid (1957-62, WW) attended as well as Ron French. Other members of the expedition included Cedric Harben (Housemaster of Rigaud's), Michael Davies (1957-62, AHH) now in the USA and Richard Spry (1944-1973) up Grant's between 1957 and 1962.



*The Abbey cat, now residing in the country after biting one too many visitors
Eliotesque contributions to the Editor*

MARRIAGES

Mr W.H. Salomon (1970-74, WW) and Miss E.G. Callander

The marriage took place on Saturday July 4, 1992, at St Mary's Church, Nantwich, Cheshire to Mr William Henry Salomon, son of the late Sir Walter Salomon and of Lady Salomon, of Castlemain House, St James Place, London SW1, and Miss Emma Georgina (Gigi) Callander, youngest daughter of Major Ronald Callander, MC, and Penelope The Countess of Lindsay, of Combermere Abbey, Whitchurch, Shropshire. Canon Richard Price and Canon Robert Spencer officiated.

Mr J.N. Neubert (1977-81, BB) and Miss S.A.E.G. Amamoo

The marriage took place on Saturday 4 July 1992 at St Margaret's Church, Westminster Abbey, of Mr Jolyon Neubert, only son of Sir Michael Neubert, MP and Lady Neubert, to Miss Suzy Amamoo, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Joseph Amamoo, of London, and Accra, Ghana. Canon Donald Gray officiated.

Lieutenant General Sir David Scott-Barrett (1937-40, A) and Mrs J. Waring

The marriage took place quietly on Saturday October 31 at Wotton Church, near Dorking, Surrey, between David, widower of Elise and Judith, widow of Major John Waring.

The bride was given in marriage by Group Captain Frank Whitworth, QC, and the service was conducted by the Rev A. Hughes.

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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL**

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OWW LODGE

The Lodge is now in its 104th year and continues to attract Old Westminsters of all ages, including some who left School in the last ten years. In April 1992, Graham Illingworth (GG, 1949–54) was installed as Worshipful Master in place of David Wilson (LL, 1959–63). Baron Henry von Blumenthal (GG, 1974–79) and Jeremy Burnett-Rae (LL/CC, 1967–71) were appointed Senior and Junior Wardens. As usual Members of the Lodge, their personal guests and members of other Public School Lodges took pre-prandial drinks in Jerusalem Chamber before dining in College Hall.

Howard Taylor was re-elected Treasurer and Peter Whipp was re-appointed Secretary.

Fathers, who are Masons, of boys and girls in the School and who would like to attend the Lodge should contact the Secretary. The Lodge meets in February, April, June and October. Membership of the Lodge is open to all Old Westminsters and members of the teaching staff at the School.

Enquiries are always welcomed and should be addressed to the Secretary, Peter Whipp, at 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Incident which ought to be known to, and not forgotten by OWWs: Stand Down parade of Bromyard battalion of HG: Prompt and Courageous Action by Mr Murray-Rust (House-master, Grant's).

I hope that other OWWs, who were members of Bromyard Battalion of Home Guard may also recall this matter in more detail and with greater accuracy than I. Mr Murray-Rust (perhaps you, Sir, can fill in his dates as house-master of Grant's) had been talked into becoming battalion weapons officer to above named battalion of HG – apparently on the grounds that he could readily call on the advice and help of RSM Stewart (warmly mentioned by at least two previous writers in "The Elizabethan"). Buckenhill, the large, rambling and decrepit country house about 2 miles out of Bromyard to which Busby's and other parts of school were evacuated during the war, stands on the edge of a bowl of little hillocks (not big enough to justify being called hills) which form a large natural amphitheatre with two streams flowing through it and joining in one of two small coves in this bowl in the hillocks: one stream had cut a small shallow valley running down into this bowl. With most of the HG battalion sitting on the rim of the bowl, Mr Murray-Rust and RSM Stewart laid on a live ammunition demonstration for the battalion's stand-down parade.

The first item was a demonstration platoon attack on an enemy-held position. The HG platoon, led by a cadet NCO of the JTC, came out of the larger of the two coves and was fired upon by rifles, remotely controlled and using blank ammunition. From the smaller cove the platoon leader threw a Mills bomb into the enemy's position: this should have been followed by a bayonet charge, however the Mills failed to explode so everything was delayed until it had been dealt with. Mr Murray-Rust, as weapons officer, spoke to the boy (cadet NCO) who had thrown it and who assured Mr Murray-Rust that he had forgotten to pull out the safety pin. Mr Murray-Rust then went straight up to the Mills, put it in his pocket (you doubtless remember the long pocket on top of the right thigh on battledress trousers) and walked off with it. The demonstration attack then proceeded and was completed.

The second item was to be a demonstration of discharger-cup firing. The discharger-cup was clamped to the muzzle of a rifle, which was then loaded with a ballastite blank cartridge: the Mills, with a 10 sec. fuse to allow for time of flight and a gas check was placed in the discharger-cup (which retained the lever and the safety pin

removed). Unfortunately, the ballastite blank cartridge proved to be a 'dud', the Mills only went about 12ft and the lever flew off, thus seriously endangering the boy holding the rifle and RSM Stewart and Mr Murray-Rust who made a huge leap, right arm outflung, at the grenade: picked it up and threw it in the stream. It exploded the moment it hit the surface of the water, showing that Mr Murray-Rust acted just in the nick of time.

When the parade dismissed all Westminsters who had witnessed all this agreed instantly, and without discussion, that henceforward he was to be known as Mr Murray-Rust and that we would no longer call him "the little man" nor allow anyone else to do so.

So far as my very shaky memory goes, he was the senior history master and, from what others told me, very interesting though I never had the good fortune to be in his class.

I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

M.S. Johnson (B.B. 1940–44)

Thomas Murray-Rust taught Maths at Westminster between 1926 and 1948. From 1935 to 1948 he was housemaster of Grant's and afterwards an Inspector of Schools. He can be seen commanding the Cadet Corps with eagle eye in the penultimate photograph of the Record of Old Westminsters Volume III.

(Editor's Note)

ANOTHER WESTMINSTER OF THE THIRTIES

Sir,

The only possible explanation for the twaddle you publish about the school in the thirties by Francis Hanrott is that he had the misfortune to be a dayboy. His sententious rubbish can only have been written by the kind of creature described in those times as a 'wreck'.

No boys were birched in that decade or probably in this century. There was a table Up School behind which the Headmaster stationed himself at Latin prayers and the termly roll call. In the drawer were two antique birches, said to have a link with the great flogger Doctor Busby. On official occasions the birches rested half-way out of the drawer at each end. They were entirely symbolical: baubles, like the mace in the House of Commons. There was an apocryphal story that if a boy was to be publicly expelled (no one ever was), the HM would pass a birch across his hand without touching it.

There was tanning (hardly any in College), but so there was in virtually every other public, grammar or elementary school in the UK. We took it as a matter of course; there were harsher ordeals in life to come.

Conformity was not drummed into us. We had complete intellectual freedom; John Edward Bowle (1) would not have stayed a week if we hadn't. What does Hanrott mean about Westminster being a monastic society? I was in College with thirty-nine other KSS, many of them sons of penniless clergymen or schoolmasters. We jolly well knew what we were there for and most of us worked very hard. But I got to know the West End backwards. During my last term some of us were lent the Westminster Theatre by its owner Anmer Hall (OW) (2). Produced by W.G. Fay, it was the first and last time I opened on a London stage. Robert Meyer's Children's Concerts in the Central Hall, punts on the river in Henley week, the terrace of the House of Lords, tea parties in gorgeous houses in Little Cloister, tickets for the Empire, Carlton or Odeon for 1/6d, jazz on Chris Hildyard's grand piano, Guy Pentreath's yacht at Rochester – some monastery!

I recall no violence or bullying. My brother Jock (3) had abolished a number of nasty traditional customs as Captain of the School before I arrived. Westminster, shorn of the creature comforts sadly essential in marketing

OLD WESTMINSTER NEWS

schools to mothers today, was probably very much the same as it is now. Great schools do not change in essence. Many of the staff were intellectual giants. It was a liberal, kindly, open society with academic integrity.

Of course homosexuality existed, but there were no drugs or booze. However, the son of Bombardier Billy Wells (4), the heavyweight boxer with the glass jaw, was expelled for setting fire to his house while smoking. Our distinctive uniform was accepted by Londoners, who did not turn their heads. And London was a safe place, day or night. Unemployed men, in those days of stark poverty, lined the railings up fields and supported our football team. Once when we lost, our goalkeeper Julien Myers (to die in an RAF bombing raid) was smuggled out of the ground in a taxi, but they would only have booed him. I used to stand on the terraces of Stamford Bridge in uniform to watch Chelsea; no hooliganism.

In my last year I was allowed to keep a car, an ancient open Morris Cowley which cost a pound. I took friends – who paid the petrol at 1/2d a gallon – to matches and myself home at weekends. Parked throughout the week in a mews near Little Dean's Yard it was never touched – or clamped! But Frank Byers, to become chief Liberal peer in the House of Lords, commuted daily from Potters Bar in his own Aston Martin, bought out of selling eggs on contract to Sainsbury's in his spare time.

The best influence was the wholly decent Headmaster, Cyril Costley-White, who caned one boy (for cheating in School Cert.) in the years I was at school. A ripe classical scholar, a cleric who looked his part every inch – a Doctor Grantley without the arrogance – he corresponded with boys in elegiac couplets during the holidays; an unworldly man (one actually could be in those days), for we were hard put to it in divinity to keep straight faces when he urged us to “get up your Kants”. But when my father had a breakdown and the money ran out he immediately increased my scholarship, even though I had forsaken classics for modern languages under those two gentle martinets Claridge and Bonhote. It is wretched to hear this excellent, kind man traduced by Peter Ustinov, who can ‘reminisce’ ad lib without regard to facts.

In my time all OWW were boring, but just look at the explosion of great and famous men produced by Westminster in the thirties. How can the whingeing Arnott (sic) reconcile them with the charges he makes? He indicates that he put little into his schooldays. This is perhaps why he got so little out.

My fees did not exceed £60 a year. Floreat!

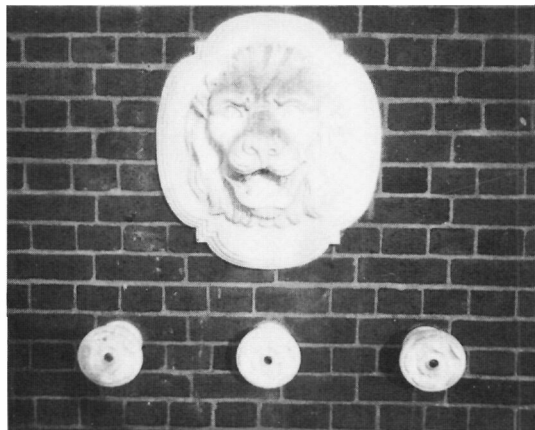
David Engleheart
KS 1930–34

(1) John Edward Bowle (Eton & Balliol College, Oxford); Lent 1930–Lent 1940 (History); afterwards Lecturer at Wadham College, Oxford.

(2) No record available in Record of Old Westminsters Vol IV.

(3) John Rudolf Cecil Engleheart (KS 1926–1930), Captain of the School 1930.

(4) William Thomas Wells (R Jan 1929–October 1930).



The Yard Lion awaiting festivities

Richard MacCormac (1952–57, BB) is President of the Royal Academy.

Anthony Sampson (1939–44, RR) is President of the Society of Authors.

Sir John Gielgud (1917–21, G/KS) received the first annual Shakespeare Globe Trust Award for his services to the works of Shakespeare.

Louis Sherwood (1954–59, QSS) is Chairman of the HTV Group. He was Captain of the School 1958–59.

Nicholas Bevan (1955–51, GG) has been appointed Special (Visiting) Professor of Law at Nottingham University and Speaker's secretary at the House of Commons.

Michael Oppenheimer (1960–65, BB) has been made a Circuit Judge.

Professor M.L.G. Redhead (1945–46, GG) has been made a Fellow of the British Academy.

Ian Bostridge (1978–82 QS) has been elected to a Junior Research Fellowship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

Jim Woodhouse (Staff 1957–67; Master of the Queen's Scholars 1963–67) retires this year as Headmaster of Lancing.

James Robbins (1967–72, GG) is the BBC Television Europe correspondent.

Roland Keating (1974–79, RR) after two years as producer of *The Late Show*, is now making films for the BBC as a freelance.

Oliver Woolley (1983–87, QS) has been awarded First Class Honours in the BSc degree in Social Anthropology at the London School of Economics.

Michael Joseph Fitz Taylor () has been elected to an Old Students' Scholarship at St Hugh's College, Oxford and awarded the 1992 Susan Mary Rouse Memorial Prize.

Sir Paul Wright (1928–32, GG) has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship of the School.

John Boyd (1949–54). The following announcement was made at the FCO News Conference held at 12.30pm on Thursday 23rd April:

“The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr J.D.I. Boyd CMG to be HM Ambassador to Japan in succession to Sir John Whitehead GCMG, CVO who will be retiring from the Diplomatic Service.”

VIZ

John Brown (1966–71, GG) is the boss of an eponymous publishing company which brings out *Gardens Illustrated* (not to mention *Fortean Times*, the journal of strange phenomena) but is best known for giving the world the scabrous, million-selling comic *Viz*. The Media page of *The Independent* on 10th March 1993 had a big piece (fnaar!) about Brown and his doings (fnaar! fnaar!). He was scathing about the imitators of *Viz*. ‘They come and they go and they're all pitiful. They think if you get somebody with tits, somebody shooting a puppy and a dog farting, that's it. They've got the ingredients but they haven't got the chef.’ Only once has he tried to influence the magazine's content. ‘After the second issue I was involved in, I told Chris (the Editor) there was too much about bottoms in it. He said “Oh, right.” In the next issue, new characters were introduced called the Bottom Inspectors. We've never mentioned it and I've never made another editorial comment.’ Puerile stuff, possibly, fit only for the dregs of society? Not quite: ‘A vast number of *Viz* readers are 38-year old lawyers.’

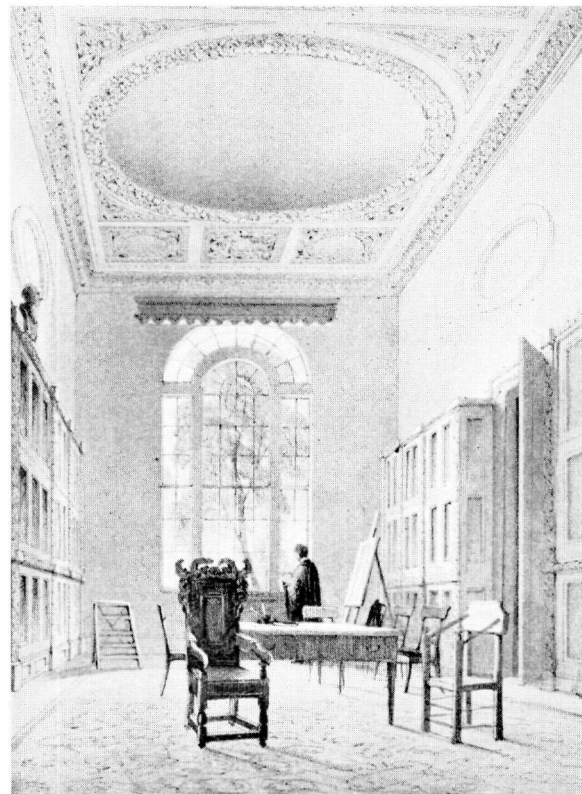
EX LIBRIS

Edward St Aubyn (1973–77, WW) received the sort of plaudits for which every author yearns when his first novel *Never Mind* (Heinemann hbk £12.99, Minerva pbk £5.99) was assessed by *The Literary Review* (February 1992). This tale of dark deeds at a horrendous Provençal houseparty was compared to Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*. 'Without ever lapsing into self-indulgence or sentimentality, St Aubyn wonderfully captures the tics left by a disturbed childhood and hints at future madness. *Never Mind* is – thank heavens – the first volume of a projected trilogy . . . I can't wait.' *The Independent* sang along, calling it 'a short but striking novel of real merit.' *Exit Berlin* (Bantam hbk £14.99, pbk £7.99), a further spy novel by **Tim Sebastian** (1965–69, LL), 'is a first-person narration by a player in a game where the rules have changed, a British double-agent caught behind an Iron Curtain gone rusty' (*The Times*, 16th May 1992). That other stalwart of this column **Tom Holt** (1974–78, RR) has written another comic novel, *Ye Gods!* (Orbit £13.99). **Adam Mars-Jones** (1967–72, QSS) is the author of *Monopolies of Loss* (Faber £5.99), a book of short stories provoked by the AIDS epidemic. *Vogue* (September 1992) remarked on its 'buoyancy and high intelligence': 'Mars-Jones's writing – with its brave and strangely jaunty ironies – shares the courage he writes about'. One of the stories, 'Bears in Mourning', can also be found in *Granta 38: We're So Happy!* (Penguin £6.99) and *Best Short Stories 1992* (Heinemann £14.99).

Effort is being made to revive the reputations of two earlier OW novelists. The case of **Patrick Hamilton** (1918–19, GG) is discussed elsewhere. In April 1992 Penguin began to re-issue the complete fiction of **Angus Wilson** (1927–32, HB), a venture which *The Times* thought had 'a good chance of success'. Sure enough, a TV version of Wilson's *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* propelled the book back into the best-seller lists, where it rubbed shoulders with *A Good Enough Dad: the true confessions of an infant father* by **Nigel Planer** (1966–70, WW). 'Daddies is an underwritten subject,' Planer told the *Sunday Express Magazine* (3rd May 1992). 'I called my book *A Good Enough Dad* because the truth is that you muddle through.'

Professor Freddie Beeston (1923–29, A/KS), Oxford sage and one-time Laudian Professor of Arabic, is the target of a *festschrift*: *Arabicus Felix: Luminosus Britannicus: essays in honour of A.F.L. Beeston on his eightieth birthday* edited by Alan Jones (Ithaca Press for the Oxford Faculty of Oriental Studies, £22). This opens with a splendid personal tribute to the 'almost Falstaffian' Beeston, a 'large and capacious man' whose 'devastating' hospitality, especially in matters alcoholic, is matched only by his scholarly devotion. 'Freddie sat down with the text of a pre-Islamic poem with all the relish of a wine connoisseur before a great claret.' He is now at work on a monograph of his Oxford days (*Daily Telegraph* 31st October 1992) which we look forward to reading. The name **Anthony Gishford** (1922–25, HB) is dotted around throughout Humphrey Carpenter's *Benjamin Britten: a biography* (Faber £20). Gishford was the composer's contact at music publishers Boosey & Hawkes, edited a book of fiftieth birthday tributes to him and was to have been his executor – but, sadly, predeceased him. **Tom Pocock** (1938–39, GG) himself a correspondent in a number of wars, has written the life of the most famous war correspondent of all, *Alan Moorehead* (Bodley Head hbk price unknown, Pimlico pbk £8). **Anthony Howard** (1946–52, BB) called it 'a model biography'.

Another Pocock product is *Essential Venice* (Automobile Association, £3.95). **Francis Pagan** (1926–31, KS) has revised and expanded Robert Speaight's *Companion Guide to Burgundy* for Collins (£14.75) as well as writing a stout volume on *Provence* (Harrap Travelscapes £12.75). *Within Tuscany* (Viking £16.99) by **Matthew Spender** (1958–62, LL) is comparable in scale but has less claim to authority: 'two of the places visited have been camouflaged . . . some of the characters are imaginary.' This 'most peculiar travel book' focuses on the country around Siena where Spender has lived for 24 years. Further afield, **James**



The Busby Library - from a sketch by C.W. Radclyffe, 1843

and **Oliver Tickell** (1970–74 and 1971–75 respectively, QSS) have written, somewhat eponymously, *Tikal, City of the Maya* (Tauris Parke Books, price unknown). Tikal (in Guatemala) 'is one of the great ruins of the world', 'the pinnacle of Mayan civilisation and cultural achievement'; its heyday coincided with the Dark Ages in Europe. In *On the Brink in Bengal* (John Murray £16.95) **Francis Rolt** (1969–72, AHH) tells of an intrepid journey he undertook in Bangla Desh, impelled by his interest in the tribal people of the hills.

Turner Prints: the Engraved Work of J.M.W. Turner (Phaidon £55) is a sumptuously illustrated volume by **Luke Herrmann** (1945–50, BB), Emeritus Professor of the History of Art at Leicester. The first book devoted entirely to the subject since 1913, it is 'a survey of Turner's prints as a whole, presenting them as an essential element of the artist's life and work.' **Nicolas Barker** (1946–51, KSS) has edited *Early Italian Writing-Books: Renaissance to Baroque* by Stanley Morison for Edizioni Valdonega, Verona, and the British Library (price not known). **Austin Woolrych** (1931–35, HB) has seen his first book *Battles of the English Civil War*, republished with a new Preface (Pimlico £8) and **David Hargreaves** (Staff 1986–) has compiled *Bismarck and German Unification* (£5.50) for the Macmillan 'Documents and Debates' series. *Women of Prayer: Ann Griffiths and Elizabeth of the Trinity* (SLG Press £1.25) is the text of a lecture by **A.M. Allchin** (1943–48, KSS), director of Oxford's St Theosvia Centre for Christian Spirituality. His brother **F.R. Allchin** (1936–39, AHH) is joint author with P.H.B. Baker of *Shahr-i Zohak and the History of the Bamiyan Valley* (British Archaeological Reports/Tempus Reparatum, price unknown), a book derived in large measure from his researches there in 1951. In the acknowledgements, his fellow archaeologist **Ralph Pinder-Wilson** (1932–37, AHH) is thanked for 'many helpful suggestions'.

A disreputable OW of bygone years is brought back to life in Ian Hamilton's *Keepers of the Flame: literary estates and the rise of biography* (Hutchinson £18.99). Chapter One is devoted to **John Donne the Younger** (Westminster c.1620), son of the licentious metaphysical poet who ended up Dean of St Paul's. Donne junior lost his own chance of success in the church when put on trial for unlawfully killing a boy he had whipped round the head. He appointed himself custodian of his father's literary estate (thus earning himself a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) and it is to him we owe the preservation of

Donne's prose. The job belonged by rights to another OW, **Henry King** (Westminster 1600s), whom Donne senior chose as his executor – Donne junior is said by some to have 'filched' the relevant papers from King. If so, this may have been just as well: King was Bishop of Chichester and his library was cruelly ransacked by Parliamentary soldiers.

Roots in the Air (Anvil Press Poetry £7.95) is the first collection of new poems by **Michael Hamburger** (1937–41, BB) for a decade. In 1990 he was awarded the EC's first European Translation Prize for *Poems of Paul Celan* (Anvil Press Poetry £15.95), an honour we failed to record at the time. He is also the editor of *Beethoven: Letters, Journals and Correspondence* (Thames & Hudson £7.95), commended by *The Sunday Telegraph* as 'a valuable book, admirably translated and introduced.' From Beethoven to the Grateful Dead is quite a leap but it is one we must make because **Alan Trist** (1955–60, BB) turns up in *Grateful Dead: Built to Last: 25th anniversary album 1965–1990* by Jamie Jensen (Fantail £7.99). It should perhaps be explained that the Grateful Dead are a long-running, unorthodox rock group with a devout worldwide following. In 1978 they played at the Pyramids. Trist, as the band's business manager, helped to pull off this coup, assuring the relevant Egyptian minister that these 'musicians devoted to live performance' could 'think of no more inspiring a place to play than the Great Pyramid.' 'A smile bloomed on the minister's face . . .'

Re-making Poetry: Ted Hughes and a New Critical Psychology (Harvester Wheatsheaf £35) is the work of **Nick Bishop** (1979–83, AHH). Dr Keith Sagar has written that Bishop 'is the first critic to find a critical method and language adequate to Hughes's greatest poems' and declared his book 'the most stimulating critical study I have read in decades.' **Jonathan Wordsworth** (1946–51, GG) has given the world *Ancestral Voices* (Woodstock Books £30), a collection of essays which add up to 'a chronological survey of the Romantic period through a discussion of fifty outstanding books.' At least three of the authors examined were Old Westminsters: **Robert Southey**, '**Monk**' **Lewis** and **George Colman the Younger**. *The Mahabharata* was an epic theatre work created by **Peter Brook** (1937–38, HB) and immortalised on film; it is now dissected in *Peter Brook and the Mahabharata: critical perspectives* edited by David Williams (Routledge hbk £35, pbk £14.99). There's another anthology of **Simon Gray** (1949–52, WW): *The Definitive Simon Gray II* (Faber £9.99) consists of seven plays including *Otherwise Engaged* and is presumably a sequel to *Plays: One* (Methuen 1986). The latest drama by **Stephen Poliakoff** (1966–69, WW), *Sienna Red*, has been published by Methuen at £5.99 to coincide with its West End opening. And the actress **Imogen Stubbs** (1977–79, C) writes ruefully of the problems of sex scenes in *The Bedside Guardian 1992* edited by John Course (Fourth Estate £13.99).

From **Christopher Huhne** (1967–71, AHH) business and economics editor of *The Independent on Sunday* (of which he is also assistant editor) comes *Real World Economics: essays on imperfect markets and fallible governments* (Macmillan hbk, price unknown, Penguin pbk £6.99). *The Financial Times* hailed it as 'first-rate'. Not one to rest on his laurels, Huhne has ganged up with Michael Emerson to write *The ECU report: the single European currency – and what it means to you* (Pan £6.99); Jacques Delors is joint author of its Foreword. **Sir Brian Urquhart** (1932–37, KSS) and **Donald Swann** (1936–41, KSS) have written, respectively, *A World in Need of Leadership and Beyond War: can the arts mediate?* Publication details are unknown but we should be glad to receive them. **Nicholas Katzenbach** (1934, AHH) makes a cameo appearance in *Kissinger: a biography* by Walter Isaacson (Faber £25), backing Kissinger's 1967 request for a pause in the bombing of Vietnam to enable talks to go ahead. President Johnson, with whom the pair were pleading, wasn't keen. **Anthony Sampson** (1939–44, RR) has revised and updated his earlier bestseller *The Arms Bazaar* to take account of the Gulf War, the Irangate scandal, etc. *The Arms Bazaar in the Nineties: From Krupp to Saddam* is published by Coronet at £5.99. Sampson's *The*

Essential Anatomy of Britain: Democracy in Crisis costs £9.99 from Hodder & Stoughton. Billed as 'more focused and harder-hitting' than his previous *Anatomies of Britain*, it weighs up the nation's power-structure 'as it faces a crisis in its relationship with Europe.'

The newly ennobled **Nigel Lawson** (1942–50, WW) tells it like it was in *The View from Number 11: Memoirs of a Tory Radical* (Bantam £20). This chunky tome aims to be not merely the record of one man's career but 'a primer for all future Chancellors and would-be Chancellors, their helpers and their critics.' School-days get short shrift – beyond saying that his father was at Westminster before him (tea merchant **Ralph Lawson** was a Homeboarder 1918–21) Lord Lawson says only, 'Unlike many public schools, Westminster is a worldly place.' **Tony Benn** (1938–42, BB) has two new titles to his credit: *The End of an Era: Diaries 1980–1990* edited by Ruth Winstone (Hutchinson £25) and *A Future for Socialism* (Fount £2.99). In the latter he 'calls for "privatisation" of the monarchy, two new houses of parliament, a president and a bill of rights.'

A History of the Mind (Chatto & Windus £16.99) by **Nicholas Humphrey** (1956–60, LL) seeks to explain 'how the mind-body link has been forged by evolution' and 'argues for a new theory of how feelings enter consciousness'. Humphrey, a distinguished theoretical psychologist who has taught in Oxford, Cambridge, Germany and the US as well as making TV documentaries, has not of late been given due praise in these pages. 'His interests are wide-ranging: he studied mountain gorillas with Dian Fossey in Rwanda, has made important discoveries about the brain mechanisms underlying vision, proposed the now celebrated theory of the social function of the human intellect, and is the only scientist ever to edit the literary journal *Granta*.' In 1988 he received the Martin Luther King Memorial Prize. **Nicholas Low** (1954–59, BB) got benign reviews for *Planning, Politics and the State: political foundations of planning thought* (Unwin Hyman hbk £28, pbk £9.95). The journal *Environment and Planning A* (February 1992) lauded its 'wonderfully insightful tour through political theories' and said 'the book has great utility for students of planning.' **Richard Macrory** (1963–68, LL) gives the dons a guide to the rules in *Universities and the Environment: Environmental Regulation – opportunities and obligations* (Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, £5). **Peter S. Meadows** (1949–54, RR) is joint editor of *The Environmental Impact of Burrowing Animals and Animal Burrows* (Clarendon Press £45).

What's so unique about *The Fifties: a unique chronicle of the decade*, edited by **David Holloway** (1937–39, HB) for Simon & Schuster (£20)? Simply that everything in it is culled from *The Daily Telegraph* and printed in newspaper format as if each year's biggest news had all occurred on the same day. Glancing through it at random one finds an obituary of **Sir Henry Tizard** (1899–1904, R/QS), a report on the parliamentary bill by which Tony Benn sought to disclaim his peerage, and praise for the production by **Jack Hulbert** (Westminster 1906–08) of Ivor Novello's *Gay's the Word*, a show described as 'aptly named'. Holloway has now done a similar book on the Sixties which we have not had a chance to inspect. Hulbert pops up again in *Missing Believed Lost: the Great British Film Search* edited by Allen Eyles and David Meeker (British Film Institute £14.95) – the 1931 movie *The Ghost Train*, which made him a star of screen as well as stage, is one of a hundred vanished British films the Institute would like to trace. Joining it on the list are three pictures starring **Esmond Knight** (1921–25, HB): *Father and Son* and *The Blue Squadron* (both 1934) and Michael Powell's *Someday* (1935). **Dominic Lawson** (1971–74, BB) has edited *The Spectator Annual* (Harper Collins £17.50), is joint editor with Michael Heath of *The Spectator Cartoon Book* (Hamish Hamilton £7.99) and provides the Foreword to *Nigel Short: World Chess Challenger* by Raymond Keene (Batsford £10.99). *The Laughter Omnibus* (Headline £4.99) is introduced by **Sir Peter Ustinov** (1934–37, AHH) and among its contents are two chunks from his 1979 autobiography, *Dear Me*.

Malcolm Bowden (1967–71 RR), alias 'Denise Thatcher and Malcolm Scott' has produced *The I Hate the French Official Handbook* (Arrow £3.99) which he describes as an 'exercise in "the satire of propaganda."'

THEATRE, FILM, TV & RADIO DRAMA

'A genuine triumph.' This was the terse verdict of *Daily Telegraph* critic **Hugo Davenport** (1966–70, AHH) on the film version of E.M. Forster's *Howards End*, later nominated for the 'Best Film' Oscar. Not the least of its glories was **Helena Bonham Carter** (1984–86, LL) as Helen Schlegel, a performance which many thought her finest to date. 'Bonham Carter has never been better in a part that exploits her inquisitive beauty to the full,' purred the *Sunday Times*, while in the *Daily Telegraph* **David Holloway** (1937–39, HB) fell to musing, 'You could almost call Helena Bonham Carter a Merchant Ivory creation, so well does she fit the sort of picture they are creating. She has an uncanny knack of making even the most perfectly designed clothes look lived-in. And her walk, slightly galumphing, exactly matches the movements of a "flapper" in any Edwardian novel.' None of which has stopped her from playing a seaside stripper in the upcoming Granada TV comedy-drama *Dancing Queen*, pending which she appeared on the London stage with Sir Michael Hordern in *Trelawney of the Wells*. Holding her own in similar circumstances was **Imogen Stubbs** (1977–79, C) who found herself alongside Sir Paul Schofield and Vanessa Redgrave in Trevor Nunn's revival of Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. 'It says a lot for Imogen Stubbs, playing young and broken-hearted Ellie Dunn, that she is not overawed in such grand company,' *The Economist* considered. 1992 additionally saw her on BBC2 in Rattigan's long lost *After the Dance* and on Radio 3 in Lorca's *The Love of Don Perlimplin*. In January 1993 she became ITV's new detective *Anna Lee* and seemed set to take over where *Inspector Morse* left off.

Which as it happens, the good Inspector did on 20th January with a humdinger of a final episode in which **Sir John Gielgud** (1917–21, G/KS) guest-starred as the Chancellor of Oxford University. Sir John also added lustre to two movies which in the view of many critics were much in need of it, *Shining Through* and *The Power of One*. **Jason Morrell** (1976–81, GG) turned up on the big screen in Louis Malle's *Damage*, **Nigel Planer** (1966–70, WW) did his bit in *Carry on Columbus* and **Sir Peter Ustinov** (1934–37, AHH) made one of his now rare film appearances in *Lorenzo's Oil*. *Painted Faces*, a film by **Tom Hooper** (1988–90, HH) was premiered at the 1991 London Film Festival and shown on Channel 4 the following June.

Alan Franks (1961–65, WW) was the author of *The Mother Tongue*, a play staged last summer at the Greenwich Theatre in which Prunella Scales played a widowed expatriate returning to live with her daughter. At much the same time at the Lyric Studio, Hammersmith, **Piers Gibbon** (1980–84, LL) took the title role in Schiller's *Don Carlos* as performed by Start Here Productions, of which Gibbon is co-founder and joint artistic director. In 1993 they will be touring with *The Frantick Stockjobber*, 'a witty unknown late Restoration comedy by William Taverner', and a computer-fraud saga entitled *Scam*. In September 1992 **Corin Redgrave** (1952–57, GG) opened at the Young Vic playing the lead in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, while at the Barbican **Michael Attenborough** (1963–68, BB) directed Billy Roche's *Amphibians* which *The Guardian* thought 'the best new play in The Pit for years'. His production of the Jacobean classic *The Changeling* opened at The Swan, Stratford, two months later. **Peter Brook** (1937–38, HH) was responsible for *Impressions de Pelléas*, a minimalist reworking of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the only British performances of which took place at Glasgow's Tramway Theatre in February 1993. *The Guardian* commented: 'Brook has achieved devastatingly intimate performances . . . all the singing and casting are thrilling and beautiful.'

And then there's **Simon Gray** (1949–52, WW), whose largely autobiographical two-part drama *Unnatural Pursuits* was shown on BBC2 in December and bought golden opinions all round. A.N. Wilson in the *Sunday Telegraph*

said it was 'so superior to the normal rubbish dished up on telly that one can only cheer for it'; *Time Out* said it would be worth going to war to defend productions of such calibre. Before that, Gray's TV version of his earlier play *The Common Pursuit* was dubbed by *The Times* 'high class . . . crisp, funny, sensitive and . . . gripping' – and after that there was *Running Late* on BBC1 with Peter Bowles, and that other one about the exotic young woman in the English village with Simon Callow as the vicar – and then in October in New York there was *The Holy Terror*, directed by Gray himself – and really it's all getting out of control and no wonder he's had to give up Glenfiddich for medical reasons.

Nigel Planer was among the cast of *Unnatural Pursuits* and in January 1993 starred as a keen but hopeless French teacher in BBC1's newest sitcom *Bonjour La Classe*. 'Yes, Nigel Planer did go to a fee-paying London day school,' *Radio Times* was moved to tell us, 'but the school featured in his new comedy series . . . is not based on it.' Gorbliney. **Sebastian Secker Walker** (1975–79, QS) has been writing scripts for ITV's police drama *The Bill* and **Jonathan Myerson** (1973–77, LL) has been doing the same for BBC1's *EastEnders*. Myerson's play *You Choose* was Radio 4's *Saturday Night Theatre* on 13th February 1993. Exactly a month later the same slot was occupied by a piece of North East folk history starring **Corin Redgrave**.

But let us follow the example of St Paul and strain forward to what lies ahead: *Sunset Boulevard* is the latest musical by **Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber** (1960–65, KSS) and will open in London at the Adelphi Theatre on 29th June this year, with a US opening soon after.

ACADEME

Ructions in Cambridge, where **Nicholas Humphrey** (1956–60, LL) was chosen last year as the first Research Fellow in Parapsychology at Darwin. Fundings for the fellowship was bequeathed by two members of the Society for Psychical Research and the appointment of Dr Humphrey, 'an ardent sceptic' and 'an uncompromising rationalist', was thought by some to violate the spirit of the bequest. Dr Humphrey plans to study not paranormal phenomena but the reasons why anyone might choose to believe in them. *The Times* recorded the dispute on 13th May 1992 and it was set in context on 14th November by a feature in *The Independent Magazine*, complete with a craggily handsome photo of Dr Humphrey.

The vexed topic of Oxbridge admissions was aired in *The Times* on 27th January 1993. Among the students quoted was **Gideon Spanier** (1984–89, RR), editor of the Cambridge University magazine *Varsity*. 'He went to Westminster School, where about 60 out of his year of 120 got offers from Oxford and Cambridge. "Everyone who was able got in," he says. "People who are paying fees shouldn't worry. Cambridge is still dominated by the private schools."'

Other Cambridge voices. **Sir Andrew Huxley** (1930–35, AHH; now a Fellow of the School), the former Master of Trinity, explained 'Why Darwin should be on a banknote' in *The Independent* on 9th March 1993. The outgoing Master of Pembroke **Lord Adrian** (1944, BB) was in the same paper on 16th December 1991, calling on the Israeli government to reopen the Palestinian university of Birzeit. On 29th February 1992 **Professor P.P.G. Bateson** (1951–56, WB), the Provost of King's, officiated at the memorial service held there for **Sir Richard Stone** (1926–30, AHH).

Professor Freddie Beeston (1923–29, A/KS) has crossed swords with his fellow Oxford luminary Sir Isaiah Berlin. As *The Times* reported on 25th January 1992, he took issue with Sir Isaiah's claim that Oxford in the Twenties was 'plagued by bullying' and that aesthetes were driven from the university by 'bizarre attacks'. Beeston insists Sir Isaiah is exaggerating, and can recall only one such attack. In the *Daily Telegraph* (31st October, 1992) he was robust on proposals to curb student drinking by boosting prices in college bars. 'Well, when I was an undergraduate I got drunk. If somebody wants to get drunk, a few pence on a pint in college isn't going to stop 'em.'

Louis Theroux (1982–87, LL) took a first in history at Oxford in 1991 and felt free to express doubt in the system that had rewarded him. In a *Guardian* article on 24th September 1991 he asserted that an Oxford history degree ‘tells you more about the legibility of your handwriting than about your academic merit . . . Final exams measure a person’s ability to take finals exams, nothing else.’ **Stephen Haig** (1986–91, RR) erupted on to the letters page of Oxford’s student newspaper *Cherwell* on 7th February 1992, defending independent schools on the grounds that they do not simply perpetuate an existing elite but are the means whereby high-achievers educate their offspring, and are therefore ‘the most effective system by which a true meritocracy will be founded in this country.’ Take, for example, Westminster, ‘which has very few pupils who are titled and is predominantly populated by the children of successful businessmen and professionals.’ *Cherwell’s* gossip column on 1st May 1992 told of a deranged conwoman attempting to prey on Christ Church students. One such was **Owen Matthews** (1985–90, DD) who ‘managed to lose her after a cup of tea and a stroll around the Meadows.’

Under the title ‘Romantic with a design blue’, the *Sunday Times* on 12th July 1992 looked at the work which architect **Richard MacCormac** (1952–57, BB) has done for Oxbridge colleges. His new Bowra Building at Wadham was explored in detail, while a picture showed his Fitzwilliam chapel, ‘a little jewel of a building’. ‘MacCormac’s power . . . stems from his blend of the intellectual and the mystical. It goes down uncommonly well at High Table.’ The article looked forward to his Oxford projects at St John’s and Balliol and referred to his famous Sainsbury Building at Worcester, where the Wolfson Building was designed by another OW architect, **Peter Bosanquet** (1933–38, GG).

Over at Oriol, **Sir Crispin Tickell** (1944–49, KSS) gave an address on 25th November 1992 in his capacity as President of the Royal Geographical Society to mark the launch of the Sir Walter Raleigh Geographical Fellowship Appeal. His son **Oliver Tickell** (1971–75, QSS) contributed an article on the environmental charity Earthwatch to *Oxford Today* magazine for Hilary Term 1993, which also had a feature on Oxford’s links with the United Nations illustrated with a snap of **Sir Brian Urquhart** (1932–37, KSS) adjusting his binoculars. In a letter to the same magazine in Hilary 1992 **Richard Compton-Miller** (1958–63, GG) sought to augment his collection of ‘nineteenth-century papier-mâché objects painted with scenes of Oxford colleges, and other University landmarks.’ *The Independent’s* obituary (25th January 1992) of the legendary Warden of All Souls John Sparrow was written by **Nicholas Barker** (1946–51, KSS) who said that ‘Sparrow was, first and last, a great, even a very great, collector of books.’ Few are better placed to know: Barker has been editor of *The Book Collector* since 1965.

December 1992 was enlivened in *The Independent* by a three-cornered hoo-ha on the subject of Milton, the protagonists being **John Marenbon** (1969–72, WW), **Gavin Griffiths** (1967–72, WW; Staff Play 1980–; Head of English 1987–) and Gavin’s opposite number at St Paul’s, John Venning. Marenbon, a Cambridge don and leading light on the School Examinations and Assessment Council, raised his head (12th December) to decry ‘the new orthodoxy’ among English teaching theorists ‘which regards it as a conceptual error to speak of “correct” English and which rejects the idea of a literary heritage.’ He unwisely added that he would favour compulsory Milton. At once the mighty Gavin fell upon him (16th December) arguing that the study of Milton demands detailed period knowledge and would appeal to those who want English to be a nice, safe discipline imparting ‘useful facts’. By contrast, ‘to read Shakespeare well’ you need only ‘acute sensitivity to language, sharp moral awareness and a willingness to remain content with ambiguity.’ John Venning stuck his oar in on 18th December, denouncing Gavin’s views as ‘arguable at best, dangerous at worst’ and defending Milton who was after all an Old Pauline. ‘If that Old Westminster John Marenbon wishes to strengthen the

country’s English syllabuses with the products of a Pauline, Cantabrigian and European educated mind he has my support.’

Hubert Ward (1945–50, GG), until recently headmaster of the King’s School, Ely, has moved to Eastern Europe to be the first head of the English College in Prague. This new foundation of three hundred pupils will admit its first intake in September. It aims to continue the tradition of Prague’s pre-war English Grammar School, which educated several of the present-day rulers and survived underground during the Nazi occupation only to be suppressed by the Communists in 1948.

The beautiful tribute by **Sir Roger Young** (1937–42, KSS) to **Henry Christie** (1937–63, KSS; Master of the Queen’s Scholars 1957–63) is reproduced elsewhere. Perhaps we may be permitted to add an extract from the address given at Christie’s funeral by the ex-Chaplain of St Edward’s School, Oxford, where Christie was Warden throughout the Seventies. He spoke of Christie’s ‘most obvious and engaging gift – that love of and confidence in the eventual goodness of all things . . . Out of it sprang Henry’s generosity – not only of material things which he would gladly share, but generosity of mind which helped him to relate to many different kinds of people easily (possessed as he was of the so-called ‘common touch’), and also enabled him to see the best and to forgive where forgiveness might not always have been easy. Out of it grew Henry’s great enthusiasm and his zest for living. People of all sorts and conditions, boats and water, sums and songs – so many things sparked his interest, though when it came to any part that he had taken, everything was always briskly underplayed as he deflected all attention from himself. He was too absorbed in what went on outside to be either arrogant or unduly introspective. And it generated, perhaps most delightfully of all, his love of family. Always apparently so young-at-heart in his relationship with Naida and taking such enjoyment in his children, Henry felt himself I know to be deeply blessed.’

RAE WATCH

There’s no stopping **Dr John Rae** (Headmaster 1970–86). Seven years after saying farewell to Westminster he continues to bob up in every corner of national life.

The Times for 18th February 1992 had him paying tribute to Canon Peter Pilkington, the retiring High Master of St Paul’s. ‘I am sure I was not the only head of a rival school who pondered the secret of St Paul’s success.’ One clue lay in the school’s secular ethos. ‘It waived the baptismal requirement in Victorian times, whereas Westminster scholars still had to “profess the Christian faith” until the 1970s.’ When British soccer fans rioted in Sweden, Dr Rae reappeared in *The Times* scoffing at the idea that such fans are a minority who do not reflect the true values of our society. ‘I recall that as a headmaster I used the same argument. Pupils who vandalised the changing room at another school could not possibly be typical; they had to be described as an unrepresentative minority who had let the school down. Yet any headmaster knows, unless he is given to self-deception, that hooligan pupils are not a discrete group; their behaviour reflects something in the culture of the school.’

The Sunday Express on 19th July 1992 had him tackling the question, Can you create a genius? ‘When **Christopher Wren** was a pupil at Westminster School in the seventeenth century, his headmaster let him come and go as he pleased because he recognised that for most of the time the boy did not need to be taught. Public exams and the National Curriculum make that approach more difficult. But I hope that schools could be flexible enough to treat the potential genius with greater imagination than the customary headteacher’s cop-out: “We cannot make an exception for one child.”’

Come 4th September, Dr Rae was holding forth in *The Independent* about what is wrong with British education now. Dismissing as irrelevant the late-summer row over GCSE he seized instead on ‘our unwillingness to believe that most children are worth giving a good education to’. A



The way to the dungeons . . .

thriving economy in the next century will depend on a high level of education across the population, so we are ill served by the 'officers and other ranks' mentality which in his view underlies the split between A levels/university and GCSE. In March 1993 he was back on the news pages wearing his Portman Group hat, calling for children at primary school to be taught in more detail about the effects of alcohol.

Meanwhile he had grabbed the chance to review his own schooldays in *Old School Ties* (Sinclair Stevenson £17.99), a book compiled by Tim Devlin and Hywel Williams. Billed as the 'doyen of radical headmasters with an instinct for the eye-catching headline', he reminisced gamely about his years at Bishop's Stortford, the eccentric teachers who influenced him, the reasons why he should have been expelled and the nice but ineffective Head who failed to do the expelling. 'I simply learned from this that you cannot run a school and be too tolerant and too weak because in the end everybody suffers. So if people thought I was a bastard at Westminster, then Arthur Evans was partly responsible!'

All the foregoing paled to insignificance in Spring 1993 when Dr Rae brought out his autobiography. *Delusions of Grandeur: A Headmaster's Life 1966-86* (Harper Collins £16.99) was serialised in *The Times* and is a cat well equipped to reduce the pigeons to a frenzied blur. In the absence of a review (the book came out only days before our deadline) may we refer readers to the comments of **Anthony Howard** (1946-52, BB) in the *Sunday Times* on 14th March 1993? Commending the book's 'splendid, if perhaps unconscious, candour', Howard observed that Dr Rae 'consistently saw himself as the man riding the horse in the circus, determined to dazzle the crowd. For Rae running a school was essentially a performing art . . . It was still, though, a wonderful big top act while it lasted - even if, as this book artlessly demonstrates, it always owed more to the spirit of P.T. Barnum than to the shade of Thomas Arnold.'

TONY BENN

Tony Benn (1938-42, BB) has found his chronicler; and in the pages of *Tony Benn: a biography* by Jad Adams (Macmillan £20), a book *The Daily Telegraph* called 'fat but very readable', his Westminster years come in for their share of scrutiny. Whoever writes the history of Westminster in wartime, and it is to be hoped that someone will take on that task, will find choice morsels here.

Benn arrived at the school just in time to be swept up in its first evacuation (to Lancing College in Sussex, courtesy of its OW headmaster **Frank Doherty** (1906-11, H/KS); he took it badly, but the episode was brief. Back in London he fitted in well. Other boys might look 'idiotic' in top hat and high collar but 'Tony looked the part of a young aristocrat.' He enjoyed rowing and fencing. He joined the Scouts, who under the leadership of **Godfrey Barber** (Staff 1929-41) were an ostentatiously anti-militarist set-up. He made his mark in the Junior Debating Society and swiftly became its Secretary, hosting meetings in the family home, 'in the very room where Sidney and Beatrice Webb had once written.' His argumentative nature was tailor-made for the tolerant, highly-charged Westminster of that time, 'a very outspoken, literate school,' as **Donald Swann** (1936-41, KS) recalls. 'It was possible to have socialism and pacifism openly discussed. It resembled a university rather than a school.'

It is left to **John Field** (Staff 1964- , Archivist) to put all this into perspective. Benn at Westminster was, in Field's words, 'overshadowed by his elder brother.' **Michael Benn** (1934-40, HB) 'was a handsome, popular boy, both athletic and studious and with a deep moral sense'. He rowed for the school, he acted in school plays, he was 'the very specimen the public schools of England wished to produce.' As Tony Benn puts it, 'He'd probably be a retired bishop by now.' He certainly intended to become a priest and founded a small prayer circle at Westminster with which he kept in touch throughout his war service. **Neville Sandelson** (1936-39, GG) puts it simply: 'He was good. He emanated a quality of goodness which made an impression on me then and which I thought about in later years.'

For Michael Benn there were to be few later years. In 1944 he died from his injuries after his Mosquito overshoot the runway at Tangmere - the result of an error by technicians. Tony Benn 'never completely recovered'. 'It still moves me,' he told Adams. 'I was devoted to him.' Michael left a letter to be opened after his death, which Adams reprints in full; its nobility defies comment.

Old Westminsters of appropriate vintage may be able to shed light on a story which Adams has been unable to clarify. In 1971 Neville Sandelson was elected Labour MP for Hayes and Harlington and, responding to his maiden speech in the Commons, Benn recalled their schoolboy boxing days. 'I have known him for many years: in fact, I had a fight with him thirty-three years ago and I must warn Hon. members that his mild manner is very deceptive.' Neither man can recall the whole story but one version says that Benn, beaten in the ring, accused Sandelson of cheating and resumed the fight in Yard, losing again. 'It would certainly be a characteristic Benn predicament to find himself fighting a superior opponent for a second time because of some alleged injustice in the first bout.'

Yard was soon to be left behind. The outbreak of war saw Westminster back at Lancing, and June 1940 saw Lancing 'crowded with exhausted soldiers brought back from Dunkirk.' Suddenly the school was in the front line, its handsome chapel 'a perfect landmark for enemy aircraft'. Air raids were frequent. **Patrick MacMahon** (1938-42, BB) says succinctly, 'We spent a good deal of our time in the crypt of the chapel.' The school moved west to Exeter, where **Michael Flanders** (1936-40, GG) and Donald Swann staged their first revue, *Go To It*. 'Michael Benn was stage manager, with Tony as an assistant.' When the school moved back to London, acting on advice from **Lord Davidson** (1903-07, AHH) which in retrospect sounds painfully silly, the blitz broke out at once. *Go To It*, which had engineered itself a London run, became 'one of only two shows running in London (the other was the Windmill Theatre's nude variety).'

Thus all to Bromyard, Herefordshire, where Westminster became a new, informal, healthier school. 'The boys changed their top hats and tails for shorts and open-necked shirts and dug for victory every afternoon in the large allotment, becoming self-sufficient in vegetables.' Amid the Home Guard high jinks, Benn and MacMahon

considered their Oxford prospects and voted in favour of New College – not Christ Church, ‘because all the Westminster people went there’. MacMahon crops up twice in the subsequent story, first as the butt of a practical joke, then as the man who, as Secretary to the Governors of Westminster Hospital, allowed Benn to spend the night at the bedside of his dying father.

For a verdict on the book as a whole we can turn to **Anthony Howard** (1946–52, BB) who called it ‘an exceptionally good example of what is normally an awkward genre, the biography of a living public figure’ (*Sunday Times* 5th July 1992). Benn’s renunciation of his peerage was ‘one of the sturdiest blows ever struck against the forces of tradition and inertia. Nor was it the only time that Benn could claim to have changed the course of political history.’ The final comment of Adams on Benn – ‘He was always true to himself and no sacrifice made a stone of his heart’ – ‘may risk sounding trite. But the candour and warmth of his narrative also lends it the ring of truth.’

PATRICK HAMILTON

Famous in his day, the author **Patrick Hamilton** (1918–19, GG) has been largely in eclipse since his death in 1962 but the past few years have seen an attempt, by no means the first, to revive his reputation. Penguin and the Hogarth Press have republished his fiction, rival biographers have delved into his life and one of his later novels became the basis of a TV series, *The Charmer*, starring Nigel Havers, son of the late **Lord Havers** (1936–40, RR). Despite it all, and the long popularity of his plays *Gaslight* and *Rope*, Hamilton remains obstinately unfashionable. In the words of John Riley of Penguin, ‘There’s a hard core of readers who just manage to keep his works in print . . . He’s more reviewed than read’. An article about Hamilton by C.J. Donald in *The Independent* (23rd June 1992) had a title that said it all: ‘The Nearly Man’.

The world he knew best and wrote about most was the sleazy, flyblown middle-to-low-life of pre-war London – what J.B. Priestley called ‘a kind of No-Man’s-Land of shabby hotels, dingy boarding houses and saloon bars.’ No one could accuse him of failing to do his research. Alcoholism wrecked his talent and hastened his death. Novels like *Hangover Square* (1941) and *The Slaves of Solitude* (1947) are his best memorial. D.J. Taylor summed up the former as ‘genuine tragedy, desperation stalking the dingy Earl’s Court bedsits, hope cancelled out by a routine whose solace lies in gin in the afternoon or the chance of cadging a £10 note.’ To which Hamilton’s longtime defender Michael Holroyd would add, ‘He is great fun. His work is fertilized by an exhilarating humour . . . and he does keep you turning the pages.’

Much the same could be said of Nigel Jones’s life of Hamilton, *Through A Glass Darkly* (Scribners £18.95). The book is imperfect but bracingly written and never for a moment dull. For Westminster readers, it has an extra strength: Jones relies on the papers of Patrick’s elder brother **Bruce Hamilton** (1914–15, HB) and the result is almost a double portrait. Bruce, patient, diligent, abstemious, an author himself but convinced of Patrick’s greatness, comes across as one of nature’s lambs. On his deathbed Patrick said, ‘You know, Bruce and I had a wonderful relationship, we were more than brothers.’ Had it not been for Bruce’s devotion, Jones suggests, ‘Patrick might be just one more forgotten literary sot.’

Both Hamiltons were birds of passage at Westminster. Bruce’s time there was brought to an end by ‘a dangerous bout of lung congestion.’ Patrick lasted two terms before fears about the 1919 ‘flu epidemic impelled his mother to remove him. Those two terms, thanks to Jones’s diligent research, fill several pages and make an appealing snapshot of the school in the wake of the Great War. (1)

Patrick was fortunate in his housemaster. **Ralph Tanner** (Staff 1881–1919), father of the much loved **Lawrence Tanner** (Staff 1920–32, later keeper of the Abbey muniments), ‘was a tall, gloomy-looking figure whose ash-

coloured hair and downward-swooping moustaches gave him an air of misery’, but was in fact a pleasant person, ‘less than strict’ in enforcing the rules and, according to Jones, universally popular. He was known as ‘Buck’ or ‘Turkey Tanner’ on account of his ‘strangled, gobbling mode of speech’, and when he saw that Patrick had a mind of his own and would profit from literary guidance he gave it in typical style: ‘Don’t like *Tess*, don’t like *Tess* at all. Try *Under the Greenwood Tree*. *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Charming book. Charming book.’

No less supportive was Patrick’s form master **Basil King**. (2) A revealing vignette shows him in the classroom, taking in his stride Patrick’s dislike of the then-revered Kipling: ‘Please sir, I think he’s too boisterous, sir.’ (Pause) ‘I’m inclined to agree with you.’ Hamilton tended to get on with his teachers. **Wilhelm Nathanael Just** (Staff 1892–1903, 1918–21) he declared to be ‘Just by name and Just by nature.’ Only the art master **William Kneen** (Staff 1884–1921 – here misspelt Neame) incurred his dislike. ‘Patrick confessed that he could never fathom the rationale behind Neame’s seemingly casual award of mixed praise and punishment, and ascribed it to simple sadism.’ It certainly sounds like it. ‘Neame would make the rounds of the art room, delivering critical comments in a precious voice: “Yes. Much better, You are beginning to grasp the principles of perspective.” (Pause) “Up school!”, or: “Quite good. The tip of the nose in line with the forehead. Excellent.” (Pause) “Two drills.”’

Jones sets the scene well. Westminster had been devastated by the war. The number of OWs serving, and killed, had been quite disproportionate to the size of the school. As early as 1915 *The Elizabethan* was able to report that 930 old boys had been active in the forces, a very large number of whom were already dead. ‘It is a record of which we may be justly proud, for it should be remembered that Westminster . . . is the smallest of the great public schools, and that not more than about eighty Old Westminsters were in the Regular Army when war was declared.’ Jones quotes several poignant epitaphs and reminds us that the Roll of Honour ‘bears the names of six pairs of brothers killed, alongside three sons of the Bishop of Exeter.’ Hamilton at this time fancied himself as a poet and the Armistice elicited a sonnet from which (mercifully brief) extracts are supplied. In this matter too he was lucky in his surroundings. ‘Westminster, by the narrow hearty standards of most of the major public schools, enjoyed a liberal atmosphere and behaviour such as the writing and enjoyment of poetry, which in less enlightened institutions would have been the occasion for teasing at the very least, was regarded as no more than an amiably eccentric foible.’

Young Hamilton did well in his short career. Writing on *The Merchant of Venice* he ‘collected the school prize for the best paper on a text from English literature’. In applauding his gifts the school foreshadowed such judges as Graham Greene, Anthony Powell, John Betjeman, J.B. Priestley, Osbert Sitwell, Keith Waterhouse and Doris Lessing, not to mention that incomparable literary mentor **Eddie Marsh** (Westminster 1883–91). Perhaps we should add Penguin Books, who include *Hangover Square* and *The Gorse Trilogy* (1951–55) in their Twentieth Century Classics.

The prize for boundless optimism goes to Michael Holroyd who has been beating the drum for Hamilton for more than twenty years. ‘I believe Hamilton is fully capable of acquiring a wider following, particularly among younger readers.’ Sean French’s life of Hamilton, due this year from Faber, may fan the flames of revival. Meanwhile it would be fascinating to hear from OWs who knew him – perhaps even from a senior OW who recalls his short sojourn at the school.

(1) In this matter the book compares favourably with another recent biography, *Serious pleasures: the life of Stephen Tennant* by Philip Hoare (Hamish Hamilton hbk £20, Penguin pbk £10.99). **Stephen Tennant** (1921–22, AHH), ‘the last professional exquisite’, was another who spent two terms at Westminster, but these are dismissed by Hoare in one short, uninformative paragraph.

(2) No such master is listed in *The Record of Old Westminster*. Possibly his was a brief wartime appointment. More likely Hamilton, writing his memoirs as a sick and ageing man, misremembered his name.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

Younger OWs who saw *The Independent* on 4th November 1992 may well have recoiled in a fit of nostalgic horror. Page 15 was made up entirely of interviews by **Esther Oxford** with those who were at the top of College in 1985. Few punches were pulled as they reflected on their schooling, but the stream of brickbats was punctuated with bouquets.

Alec Charles (1981–85, QS), presently doing a PhD on James Joyce, slammed the school for sexism and other failings but conceded, 'To give them credit, they did allow students to speak out. I didn't get into trouble for calling the Headmaster a fascist . . .' Software and computer-graphics man **Bill Rood** (1981–85, QS) recalled Westminster as 'quite left wing: it did try to do its bit to make its students socially responsible.' He was encouraged to work with deprived children and found it fun. By contrast **Alex Williams** (1981–85, QS), who is converting to law after taking a History First at Oxford, found he was 'completely unprepared to meet people from different social backgrounds'. In his view Westminster was 'to some extent . . . an Oxbridge factory . . . Cleverness was the currency and there were certainly some very able teachers there . . . But aside from getting pupils into Oxbridge, Westminster was concerned, even obsessed, with the manufacturing of individuals.'

Guy Hanscomb (1981–85, QS) took up this point. 'I found the emphasis on character building and the pressure to be "different" and "interesting" too intense.' (After Cambridge, India and a spell of work as a bicycle courier, Hanscomb is doing a philosophy PhD in New Orleans.) Others agreed with the 'Oxbridge factory' charge.

Marianne Glynn (1983–85, C), who works for an engineering consultancy and chose to study at Edinburgh and Imperial College, London, said: 'If going to Oxbridge wasn't your sole aim in life you were seen as a little bit odd.' When **Penelope Davies** (1983–85, C) announced her wish to go to Kent University, 'the housemaster said "fair enough" and left me to it. It was as though he was saying mentally: "Well, that is one of our Oxbridge candidates off the list – let's concentrate on the rest."' Ms Davies has become a manageress (sic) with Pizza Hut, enjoys it and has little time for 'people who think that what I am doing is not good enough, and I think that would be the reaction at Westminster.'

Some interviewees had nothing but applause for the school. **Ursula Griffiths** (1983–85, C), who spent last year in Kiev setting up a British Council, encapsulated it as 'busy and dynamic, with a very interesting collection of people. The teaching standards were incredibly high, and students extremely competitive. I remember it as a very exciting time.' Trainee solicitors **Julian Gray** (1981–85, QS) and **Julian Brown** (1981–85, QS) called their education, respectively, 'fantastic' and 'good . . . with good results. It gave me great confidence in myself.' Merchant banker **Angus Saer** (1981–85, QS), based in Madrid, said he had been given 'an education that was both tremendous and wide ranging . . . The teachers recognise your skills and talents and teach you to develop them to their greatest potential.' The downside, as he saw it, was 'the claustrophobic atmosphere . . . an intellectual arrogance . . . an inward-looking approach.'

Fiercest of the critics was the Liberty Boy, **Owen Kellie-Smith** (1981–85, QS). 'The system at Westminster was like a one-way conveyor belt. As long as you stayed on it and did your A levels, took a year off, had a girl friend, went on to university, then to a good job, you were OK. Results were the most important issue.' When he left he felt rootless and unmotivated, and a painful run-in with the National Youth Theatre didn't help. After three years working for the Humanist Party and seven months teaching in Zimbabwe, 'he now helps look after his



Renovation up College

girlfriend's baby.' 'I am happy . . . I feel necessary. I feel like I am doing something useful.'

Fiona Cousins (1983–85, C), a designer of heating and ventilation systems, confirmed Alec Charles's remark about sexism. 'I got used to being told I was no good because I was a girl.' Hearteningly she can also echo Julian Brown: 'Going to Westminster was good for my confidence . . . By the time I got to university I was used to saying: "I am as good as you are."' **Simon Young** (1981–86, QS) put his doubts tersely. 'Relevant work experience is what employers look for. It is all very well being educated up to the eyeballs, but can you do the job?' Another Oxford First, he works as a researcher for a news agency and thinks OWs are seen as 'overly educated, overly snobbish, too high-powered.'

Former head boy **Caspar Woolley** (1981–85, QS), a supply analyst for Pepsico, was diplomatic both about the school ('Westminster concentrated on developing potential rather than giving you particular skills') and about his own role: 'As head of the school I was able to do things, talk to people and have an influence.' Bill Rood finished his own remarks on a note of simple pleasure, speaking for many if not for all. 'The best thing about the school was to have a room of your own in the middle of London. You could look out and see the Houses of Parliament.'

MISCELLANEOUS

Two junior OWs popped up in the press at much the same time last year. On 1st September *The Independent* asked **Catherine Whitaker** (1988–90, WW) about her experience of school uniform. At Westminster, where in theory 'the boys had a uniform and the girls had a dress code', she found in practice that the girls had 'an unwritten uniform – microminis and huge baggy jumpers so it was questionable whether you were actually wearing a skirt. It was a distraction – but that's what the boys wanted.' It sounds an improvement on the 'really horrible' uniform at the Catholic comprehensive she attended before Westminster: 'A-line skirts and lots of acrylic. I campaigned to have it re-designed, and now I see they have.' On 17th August the *Evening Standard's* 'Londoner's Diary' carried a serene-looking photo of **Natasha Manley** (1990–92). Natasha, whose father is the recently retired Prime Minister of Jamaica, had just completed her A-levels at Westminster and said she'd enjoyed 'the freedom the English system allows for pupils to be articulate. In Jamaica you are dictated to, here you can argue and have a rapport.' She was said to be showing 'some sensitivity towards the social nuances of her adopted country': 'After two years I think I could describe the meaning of a "Sloane" and a "Yuppie."'

Ben Hamilton (1980–84, QS) made headlines when he was arrested last September after a dawn raid on his home by Scotland Yard's International and Organised Crimes branch. Hamilton, a TV researcher, had helped to make a controversial Channel 4 documentary alleging 'high-level collusion between the security services, loyalist paramilitaries, and business people to murder suspected IRA members' (*The Independent*, 30th September). Channel 4 called the police action 'wholly unwarranted and oppressive' and Hamilton's employer, Sean McPhilemy of Box Productions, stated: 'We are immensely proud of Ben

Hamilton and have total confidence in him.' Hamilton was charged with perjury, but two months later the charge was dropped and on 29th November *The Observer* reported that he was 'planning High Court actions to force the return of papers and computer disks seized by the police, and to claim damages for wrongful arrest and malicious prosecution.' The Editor of BBC2's *Newsnight*, **Tim Gardam** (1969–73, GG), wrote to *The Times* (date unclear) refuting that paper's assertion that his programme's viewing figures had been overtaken by those of *Channel 4 News*. On 7th February 1992 **Anthony Sampson** (1939–44, RR) was one of those who signed a letter in the same paper calling on party leaders to make clear their views on the funding of the BBC.

'Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, minister urges' was a front-page headline in *The Independent* on 21st December 1991. The minister in question was **Alan Howarth** (Staff, 1968–74), at that time Under-Secretary of State for Education, whose reply to a short adjournment debate on modern versions of the Bible was an impassioned plea to teachers to return to the linguistic elegance of the King James Bible and the 1662 Prayer Book. Confessing that he still thrilled at Cranmer's collects, he went on: 'I believe that teachers should continue to require children to learn the great texts by heart. Then their pupils will be able to say in the words of Psalm 119: "Thy testimonies have I claimed as my heritage forever." And why? "They are the very joy of my heart."' *The Independent Diary* on 10th December 1992 claimed that Education Secretary Patten, stung by an attack on him in the *Times Educational Supplement*, had banned the offending rag throughout his Department. 'Isn't that going a bit far, Minister, remonstrated **John Caines** (1945–50, KS), Permanent Secretary at the DFE. Relenting – a bit – Patten has now permitted just 20 copies into the building each week.' The following month the *Times Diary* (13th January) reported Sir John's retirement as Permanent Secretary. 'Mindful of his stringent account keeping, his colleagues thought something recycled might be appropriate and presented him with the brass name plate from his office at the old Department of Education and Science building. Good to see public expenditure under such tight control.'

At the General Election, the one-time *Spectator* home affairs editor the Hon **Michael Trend** (1965–70, AHH) entered the Commons as Tory member for Windsor and Maidenhead (majority 13,000). According to **Dominic Lawson** (1971–74, BB), Trend had an extra reason to feel satisfied. 'By estimating that the Conservatives would win with an overall majority of 21 seats, he was unbeatable in the *Daily Telegraph* office sweepstakes' (*The Spectator*, 18th April 1992). John Major's claim that a Commons vote against the Maastricht Treaty would lead to a general election was interpreted and defended by **Sir Frederic Bennett** (1932–36, RR) in *The Independent* on 28th October 1992. *The Times* (date unknown) said **Peter Bottomley MP** (1957–62, GG) had slept overnight on the steps of Greenwich Town Hall to protest at the plight of the homeless; and on 25th November 1992 it had a colour picture of him posing in swimming costume with a Marilyn Monroe lookalike before the Lords versus Commons charity swim. As *The Independent Magazine* remarked on 18th July 1992, 'he is not dull. He is funny, a bit wacky. A notorious non-conformer, he proudly boasts that he has voted against the Government on more occasions than even he can recall.' Contacts between the Labour leadership and Soviet Russia in the Eighties were revealed in *The Sunday Times* on 2nd February by **Tim Sebastian** (1965–69, LL), 'the first Western journalist to see the hidden archives of the Soviet Communist party.' The *Sunday Telegraph Review* on 18th October 1992 had a big spread by Penny Symon on family life in the Palace of Westminster with her brother **Matthew Cocks** (1971–75, AHH) when their father Sir Barnett Cocks was Clerk of the Commons. When Matthew's scooter was stolen from Commons Court 'the matter was considered newsworthy enough to be reported in the *Daily Mail*.' The cutting was reproduced, plus a snap of the infant Matthew in a paper

hat at a bunfight hosted by the Speaker.

The retired United Nations bigwig **Sir Brian Urquhart** (1932–37, KS) appeared on *Channel 4 News* on 29th May 1992 to discuss UN handling of the crisis in what used to be Yugoslavia. On 2nd August in *The Observer* he shared his thoughts on the UN's own problems, commending Secretary-General Boutros-Ghali's 'Agenda for Peace' and calling for steps to defuse North-South tension, which he believes is 'almost as debilitating as the Cold War'. When Boutros-Ghali suggested in public that the British were hostile to him 'because I'm a wog' it was Sir Brian who best expressed the mood of horror: 'My, my . . . dear me' (*Daily Telegraph*, 4th August). Sir Brian's younger self was recalled by Sir Robert Rhodes James in a *Times* article (15th August 1992) urging the West to be cautious about intervening in Bosnia. 'Arnhem too seemed a good idea at the time to everyone but Brian Urquhart, whose intelligence flights and photographs revealed the presence of untouched Panzer divisions adjacent to the dropping zone. He was promptly relieved of his duties for gutless defeatism and lack of moral fibre, but of course he was absolutely right.' **Professor Austin Woolrych** (1931–35, HB) had a pithy letter in *The Independent* on 8th August 1992: 'If M. Gavrilovic of the Serbian Information Centre . . . thinks that "multi-ethnic Yugoslavia" is what his country still needs, who does he suppose is carrying out "ethnic cleansing", and why?'

The Independent Magazine for 19th September 1992 interviewed the actor and political activist **Corin Redgrave** (1952–57, GG). Son of Sir Michael, whose memoirs he ghosted, brother of Vanessa and Lynn, he spent the Sixties 'struggling in West End melodramas'; his classical career began to take shape in 1972 when he played Octavius in Trevor Nunn's acclaimed Roman cycle for the Royal Shakespeare Company. But one year earlier he had joined the Workers' Revolutionary Party and it was that which came to dominate his life. 'In the decade from 1974 to 1984 he acted hardly at all.' Loyal to the late Gerry Healey, who was expelled from the WRP for alleged sexual misconduct, Redgrave is now general secretary of the Marxist Party which Healey subsequently founded. His years at Westminster went unmentioned, though he did speak of his anguish when sent away to prep school – something his sister Lynn recalled when she talked to the *Daily Telegraph's* 'You and Your Family' supplement on 3rd June 1992. 'I remember when he first went away – it was awful. We were all crying . . . In fact, it was all so bad that he quite soon came home. Then he went to Westminster and was a weekly boarder there, because in those days it was considered quite unreachable from Chiswick.'

Sir William van Straubenzee (1937–42, GG) was chairman of a Church of England General Synod working party on the procedure for making senior appointments in the church. After its report he was keen to play down speculation (*Sunday Telegraph*, 18th October 1992) that professional head hunters would now play a major role in the process. The report was debated by Synod in February 1993 and badly mauled by the Archbishop of York. **The Rev David Mumford** (1963–67, GG) wrote to *The Independent Magazine* (21st December 1991) defending St Augustine against an attack by Rabbi Julia Neuberger. **The Rev Richard MacKenna** (1962–67, RR), author of that remarkable book *God for Nothing: is religion bad for you?*, has resigned as Vicar of All Saints with St John, Kingston, in the diocese of Southwark. The Bishop of Hereford, the **Rt Rev John Oliver** (1948–53, KS) was among public figures who signed a newspaper advertisement on 19th December urging people to switch off their lights for five minutes in support of miners threatened by pit closures. In the latest instalment of *Channel 4's In Search of Holy England*, Rabbi Lionel Blue and Bishop Richard Harris lauded the memory of **Bishop George Bell** (1896–1901, QS) who helped Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany, befriended the anti-Hitler theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer and condemned the Allied policy of obliteration bombing.

The Times Diary on 27th November 1992 reported the 'dismay' of **Dominick Harrod** (1953–58, BB) at losing his

post as BBC Radio economics editor after thirteen years and blamed the 'growing influence' of Peter Jay, his opposed number on television. His father **Sir Roy Harrod** (1913–18, A/KS) cropped up in *The Observer* on 3rd May 1992 when Roy Jenkins reviewed a new biography of the economist Keynes and glanced at its forebears. 'In 1951 Roy Harrod published an authorised and idolatrous biography, which was none the less intellectually respectable and even distinguished. It put skirts on the piano legs: there was no mention of Keynes's homosexuality. But what else could Harrod do in the climate of the time?'

15th April 1992 saw the *Times City Diary* focusing on **William Cortazzi** (1974–78, LL), 'the 30-year-old leading the £48.5 million buyout of ICI's salt business'. He was at pains to make clear that the backing he got from Foreign and Colonial Ventures had no link with his father's role as a non-executive director of Foreign & Colonial Pacific Trust. 'He's basically an academic and a foreign office man . . . I don't think the management buyout business is quite him.' Cortazzi was said to be 'enjoying life as risk-taking entrepreneur. Even ten years at ICI after starting as a graduate trainee have not held him back. "It's meant to be a 'job for life' and if you're not there for life, you've failed. That's not how I see it," he says. Clearly a man to watch . . .'
Oliver Gillie (1953–58, R/QS) was prompted by a visit to Budapest to write to the *Times Business* section (11th December 1991) deploring the damage done to the Hungarian economy by cut-price EC supplies of beef, butter and milk powder. On the same page on 23rd June 1992 he wrote of the troubles at Lloyds, calling himself 'a bruised but I hope not too badly battered name', and put forward a damage limitation plan, well summed up by his letter's title: 'Central fund should extend 12-month loans to hard-hit syndicates'. Another letter in the *Business* section (27th February 1992) was the work of **Thomas Hamilton-Jones** (1972–76, WW) who had met an unforeseen obstacle when trying to sell his British Telecom shares – the computer in his 'Share Shop' had been disconnected half an hour before closing time. **Nigel Planer** (1966–70, WW) and his younger brother, who was at Dartington, materialised on 3rd May 1992 in the *Sunday Times Magazine's* 'Relative Values' feature. 'Their elder brother is **Geoffrey** (1963–67, WW), a management consultant who is also Geep the cartoonist.'

In *The Independent* on 9th November 1991 the director general of the Imperial War Museum, **Dr Alan Borg** (1955–60, BB), addressed the question of whether national museums and galleries should be allowed to sell off items from their collections (yes, in his view). He was back on 16th April 1992, announcing the War Museum's plan for an 'out of town' branch in Hartlepool. Borg's book *War Memorials* was named by the V & A's Julian Litten as his ideal weekend reading in *The Times* on 25th January 1992. Four days later the same paper printed a letter from Borg noting that the birthdays of seven eminent museum curators, one of them himself, fall in January. 'This is no comfort to astrologers, since we span Capricorn and Aquarius; but I wonder if any other professions display similar natal bias.'

Richard MacCormac (1952–57, BB) filled a page of *The Independent* on 9th December 1992 with a fierce critique of the government's failings as an architectural patron. His epigraph came from **Sir Christopher Wren** (OW): 'Architecture has its Political Use: public Buildings being the Ornament of a Country; it establishes a Nation, draws people and Commerce; makes the People love their native Country, which Passion is the Original of all great Actions in a Common-wealth.' Work by MacCormac's practice and paintings by **Colin Hayes** (1933–38, HB) and the Hon **George Bruce** (1943–44, GG) were on show in the 1992 Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, where MacCormac is President. BBC Radio 3 on 11th December 1992 had the artist Bridget Riley in conversation with art critic **Andrew Graham-Dixon** (1974–77, RR). In *The Times* on 13th May 1992 **David Ekserdjian** (1969–73, B/QS) of the old masters department at Christie's voiced scepticism about a newly dug-up painting attributed to Raphael. And



Above Singleton's

the media spotlight fell once more on **Andrew Lloyd Webber** (1960–65, KSS) in April 1992 when he paid £10 million at Christie's for *The Old Horse Guards* by Canaletto to keep it in the country. 'He said he had an affinity with the picture as the view was near his old school, Westminster' (*The Independent*, 28th April). Appropriately, its main home will be nearby at the Tate.

The Why Child was a Radio 4 programme in which **Chris Barlas** (1961–65, BB) talked to the 94-year-old child psychologist Carol Jeffrey. **Anthony Howard** (1946–52, BB) wrote and presented *The Gang That Fell Apart*, a three-part series on Radio 3 which recounted the rise and fall of the Social Democratic Party and was named 'Radio Programme of the Year' by *The Independent on Sunday* on 29th December 1991. The equivalent title 'Musician of the Year' went to **Roger Norrington** (1947–52, BB). 'Of all the conductors active in period performance, no one has brought it to life with greater energy and passion.' Sadly, Norrington 'shook the concert world in August when he announced that he was seriously ill, unable to guarantee his future commitments and intending to disband his own London Classical Players' (though in fact the LCP survived). Another musician with a question-mark over his health was **Shane MacGowan** (1972–73, AHH), founder front-man and presiding genius of The Pogues, 'one of the few bands retaining anything of the original spirit of punk'. So said *Melody Maker*, which on 30th November 1991 spend two pages worrying about MacGowan's absence from the band's American tour. 'What has shaped the Pogues and made the Pogues is primarily . . . Shane's songwriting,' said a long-serving Pogue, Spider Stacy. **George Benjamin** (1973–77, RR) paid tribute in *The Observer* on 3rd May 1992 to the composer Oliver Messiaen, who had died that week. Benjamin first met him as a schoolboy and later became his pupil. Richard Alston's *Cat's Eye*, a ballet dedicated to the memory of **Adrian Ward-Jackson** (1964–68, LL) was given its première in June 1992 by the Rambert Dance Company, of which Ward-Jackson was formerly chairman.

Oliver Bernard (1939–41, HB) gave the address at the requiem mass for his fellow poet George Baker at the Brompton Oratory on 26th February 1992. Three months later there was fuss in the gossip columns over Bernard's then about-to-be-published autobiography *Getting Over It* (Peter Owen, £16.50). One of the rumours canvassed was that Bernard had been expelled from Westminster, but this was convincingly denied. In November he was heard on Radio 4, reading from the 'Low Life' writings of his legendary brother Jeffrey. It was hoped to include a separate review of *Getting Over It* in this issue of *The Elizabethan* but regrettably it seems likely to be postponed until next time.

Sir Peter Ustinov (1934–37, AHH) was one of only five people invited to join the Queen and her prime ministers past and present for a drink after July's Spencer House dinner which marked her fortieth year on the throne. Historians, including Kenneth Rose who wrote-up the

event in his *Sunday Telegraph* column on 2nd August, had devised 'a chronicle of encounters between successive sovereigns and their prime ministers which Ustinov declaimed in a variety of voices.' Woe betide anyone who declares in print that monarchy cannot be rationally defended, for **Henry von Blumenthal** (1974–79, GG) of the Monarchist League will undoubtedly write in to disagree. His letters in *The Times* (24th March 1992) and *The Independent* (15th September 1992) are recommended to those tempted to be glib on the subject. Also writing to the press has been **Piers Mostyn** (1972–74, WW) of the Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers. In *The Independent* on 9th May 1992 he cogently outlined the Society's doubts about three convictions which followed the killing of two soldiers at a West Belfast funeral.

Sir Richard Doll (1925–31, G/KS; now a Fellow of the School) is the leading epidemiologist who first alerted the world to the fact that smoking causes lung cancer. Advancing years have not made him abandon the fight. In December 1991 he gave the inaugural Keith Durrant Lecture at Oxford, calling for more rigorous application of existing knowledge: 'We are winning the war against cancer, but are doing so as yet only slowly.' In October 1992 he promoted the European Commission's 'Europe Against Cancer' week; on 13th October his was one of the names on a letter in *The Times* arguing for a ban on tobacco advertising. In February 1993 he was ubiquitous in the media as his long-term research bore further fruit. 'The life expectancy of the non-smokers has been improving steadily,' he was quoted as saying (*Independent*, 16th February). 'The ratio of the smoker to the non-smoker death rates has grown more and more extreme.' The plastic surgeon **Michael Brough** (1956–61, AHH) was asked by *The Independent* (10th December 1991) about a new craze among American men for silicone implants in pectorals, buttocks and calves. 'They sound as if they may be problematic. These implants are being placed in areas of the body where there are large and powerful muscles in constant motion over them.'

The same newspaper's 'A Day Like This' quotation on 17th February 1993 was drawn from the novelist **Stephen McKenna** (1900–06, R/KS). 'In all reading undertaken for other than historical, critical or purely fancy-feeding and joy-giving purposes, one should merely skim and put by. Some little will always hold, enough to breed thought, not enough to stifle it; what one takes in mingles, instead of crushing down in a hard lump; the reader will be an original, not an echo. The more temptingly a writer lures the more swiftly one should flee him . . . Every writer, who has other ends than to paint pictures and tell stories, is plotting against the freedom of every reader: the thing is to take from him not what he wants to force on you, but what you yourself need; if you don't cheat him he cheats you.' May this stand as an epigraph to this and every issue of *The Elizabethan*.

OW SPORT

FIVES

Why does playing Fives at Westminster have such a strong philoprogenitive effect? At least half a dozen OW players have become fathers within a few weeks. Happily, though, this flurry of rabbit-like behaviour has not extended to playing prowess; 1992/93 was another good season: Played 44, Won 25, Lost 15, Drew 4. Although League positions have not been finalised, it looks as if both our teams will finish in the top three of their Divisions.

OWI played 14, won 8, lost 6, and as most victories were 3–0 and defeats 1–2, the points tally is high. Neil Margerison and Mike King maintain their pre-eminence as first pair, though Mike was in considerable pain from a chronic injury. Solid performances too from the other pairs, usually drawn from Philip Wilson, Nick Hamblen, John Sanderson, Chris Cooper and the writer.

OWII, led by Torsten Behling, played 14, won 9, lost 4 and drew 1. Justin Byam Shaw, Jason Streets, Martin Samuel, Richard Grant and newcomer Giles Coren formed the nucleus. Sadly, defeats by default, against beatable opponents, scuppered the chances of promotion. Still, this was a good record, given the ante- and post-natal duties and the (unrelated) prolonged absence of James Love (France), Edward Levy (USA), Brian Ireland (Mexico), Piers Higson-Smith (Japan), Paul Hooper (Surrey) and Richard Boulton (everywhere). Next year, promotion.

Friendly matches, with the two squads combined, produced 8 wins, 5 defeats and 3 draws, and saw the return after 5 years of Paul Howe Browne (still very tall) who utterly demoralised the opposition in his first game. Welcome back!

Finally, thanks to Justin Byam Shaw and his company, Legion, and a rash promise after last year's dinner, the OWs are no longer sartorially challenged, but resplendent in pink polo shirts. Other clubs are following suit: watch out for the Harrovians, who have a Moss Bro in their ranks.

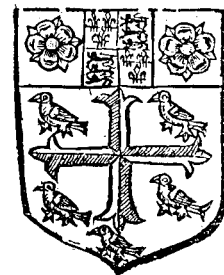
Andrew Aitken

THE ELIZABETHAN BOAT CLUB

1992 was, I suspect, the last year of competitive rowing for the nucleus of the club, which started the revival in 1986. We are now all too busy to devote the time we used to and I should stress, of course that our retirement is nothing to do with our age and fitness!

The Tideway Head was the first of only two competitive outings in the season and, despite our seven man's blade jumping free of its rigger above Hammersmith, the crew still managed to keep a place well in the top half of the finishing order. At the end of the summer we hosted a triangular match with Colet and Pilgrims as our guests. This was a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and our thanks to the School Boat Club for the use of boats, which made the event possible. A dinner was held in College hall after the rowing, which was well attended and enjoyed by the three crews and their wives or girlfriends.

I should also report a successful gathering at Henley, where we hosted a buffet lunch for 50 Old Westminster watermen, in the Lion Meadow Car Park. Again we were particularly pleased to see the school VIII in determined mood, on their way to a second appearance in the final of the Princess Elizabeth, in three years.



In view of the limited use our equipment has been getting, we have decided to sell our boat and blades, rather than watch their value depreciate as they gather dust. The boat club is therefore in the position to support any serious effort from the more recent and promising 1st VIIIs. Our philosophy has always been to concentrate on producing one crew that is capable of being competitive in the appropriate Henley event. We therefore pass the baton to the next generation of Old Westminster watermen and encourage them to organise an VIII or a IV to compete at Henley, as the Elizabethan Boat Club.

Tim Brocklebank-Fowler
69 Waterford Road
London SW6 2DT

OBITUARIES

Abrahams – On December 27th 1991, Ian John (1935–40, G) aged 70.
Ashbrooke – On January 11th 1993, Philip Biden Derwent (1939–40, G) aged 67.
Ball – On November 17th 1992, Edmund Hugo (1926–29, H) aged 80.
Barnett-Smith – On January 13th 1991, Louis Reginald (1919–22, R) aged 85.
Beattie – On January 5th 1993, William John Hunt Montgomery (1916–21, A) aged 90.
Black – On September 9th 1990, Archibald Adam Gordon (1921–26, KS) aged 82.
Boot – On February 13th 1992, William Henry Gilbert (1924–26, A) aged 80.
Brenan – On November 7th 1992, Cecil Fynes-Clinton (1921–24, R) aged 85.
Brind – On November 21st 1992, Norman Charles Heller (1918–22, H) aged 88.
Byam Shaw – On March 19th 1992, John James, CBE (1915–21 H/KS) aged 89.
Cherniavsky – On August 29th 1992, Michael Theodore (1933–38, B/KS) aged 72.
Chisholm – On November 22nd 1992, Archibald Hugh Tennent, CBE (Mil) (1916–21, A) aged 90.
Colclough – On December 11th 1992, John Richard (1918–21, R) aged 87.
Craies – On June 1st 1992, William Octavius (1926–31, G) aged 79.
Craig – On February 13th 1992, Henry Edward Robert (1911–12) aged 96.
Cunliffe – On March 25th 1992, David Foster (1932–37, G) aged 73.
de Bunsen – On February 27th 1992, Ronald Lothar (1923–27, H) aged 82.
Deighton – On August 23rd 1992, Natasha Penelope (1982–84, D) aged 26.
Denlow – On October 30th 1992, Dr George Doesschate (1930–34, H) aged 75.
Dewar – On February 20th 1993, David (1951–56, G) aged 55.
Douglas-Mann – On February 11th 1992, Keith John Sholto (1947–49, G) aged 60.
Dutton – On August 3rd 1992, Terence Walmsley (1931–34, G) aged 74.
Ellison – On October 18th 1992, The Rt Rev Gerald Alexander, PC, KCVO (1924–29, H) aged 82.
Emmott – On January 12th 1993, John Bingham (1927–32, R) aged 79.
Fearnley – In September 1992, Dr George Roche (1929–32, B) aged 77.
Freeman – On February 29th 1992, Edgar James Albert (1931–36, KS) aged 74.
Giordani – On April 27th 1992, Aldous (1928–32, B) aged 77.
Havers – On April 1st 1992, Robert Michael Oldfield, Baron Havers, PC, QC (1936–40, R) aged 69.
Hinduja – On May 19th 1992, Dharam (1984–88, B) aged 22.
Hollis – On January 8th 1992, Simon Ayrton (1969–74, L) aged 36.
Horry – On January 25th 1993, John Herbert (1919–22, H) aged 87.
Huxley – On September 6th 1992, David Bruce, QC (1929–34, A) aged 76.
Hyde – On February 22nd 1992, Dr Anthony Henry (1947–52, KS) aged 57.
Kennedy – On February 4th 1993, John Stodart (1925–29, G) aged 79.
Lamb – On May 13th 1992, Christopher John (1951–53, A) aged 54.
Lea – On December 25th 1992, John Geoffrey (1926–31, KS) aged 79.
Lindsay – On December 26th 1991, Hugh John Mainwaring (1921–25, R) aged 84.
Longford – On June 16th 1992, Ronald Terence (1938–41, A) aged 67.

Mansbridge – On October 12th 1992, Leslie Morton (1910–15, A) aged 95.
Matheson – In 1992, Iain William (1920–24, H) aged 86.
Mathews – On October 2nd 1992, Edmund Douglass Jefferiss, OBE (1921–26, R) aged 85.
Meyer – On November 24th 1991, Richard Phillips Grimston (1922–25, R) aged 83.
Morrison – On April 20th 1992, John Knox (1934–39, G) aged 70.
Mytton-Mills – On March 19th 1992, Richard, MBE (1929–34, G) aged 76.
Phillimore – On November 15th 1992, Denis Cottingham (1919–21, H) aged 87.
Proger – On February 28th 1992, Dr Lancelot Waldron (1914–18, R) aged 92.
Reed – On February 9th 1992, Brigadier William John (1939–44, G) aged 66.
Richmond-Watson – On January 17th 1992, George Frederick (1924–27, G) aged 81.
Simms – On January 2nd 1992, Nicholas Digby (1960–64, L) aged 45.
Skone James – On June 23rd 1992, Edmund Purcell (1941–45, H) aged 65.
Somerset – On March 2nd 1992, Dr Geoffrey Francis Albert (1925–30, KS) aged 79.
Stone – On December 6th 1991, Sir John Richard Nicholas, CBE (1926–30, A) aged 78.
Storrs – On November 21st 1992, Robert Cyril (1916–21, KS) aged 88.
Sutton – On December 7th 1991, Major Anthony Bertram de Somerie (1927–31, G) aged 77.
Sutton – On April 30th 1992, Dr Michael Guy (1928–34, R) aged 76.
ten Doesschate – On April 3rd 1992, Lodewyk Dirk Sylvester (1926–31, KS) aged 79.
Wainwright – On February 10th 1993, John Andrew Worthington (1931–34, A) aged 75.
Wingate – On February 10th 1993, Dr Peter Charles Fenton (1923–28, R) aged 82.
Winnifrith – On January 1st 1993, Sir Alfred John Digby, KCB (1921–26, KS) aged 84.
Wordsworth – On February 29th 1992, Giles Geoffrey Frere (1948–52, G) aged 57.

Former Master

Christie – On April 12th 1992, Charles Henry (1937–42, KS) Under Master and Master of the Queen's Scholars 1957–63, aged 67.

APOLOGY

The Editor wishes to express his deepest apologies to Dr Paul Gwinner, his family and friends for the error published in *The Elizabethan* No 710. In fact the entry should have recorded the death of Dudley Harry Gwinner, Dr Gwinner's father, (1917–21, A).

HILARY TREVENEN JAMES

(GG, 1928–32)

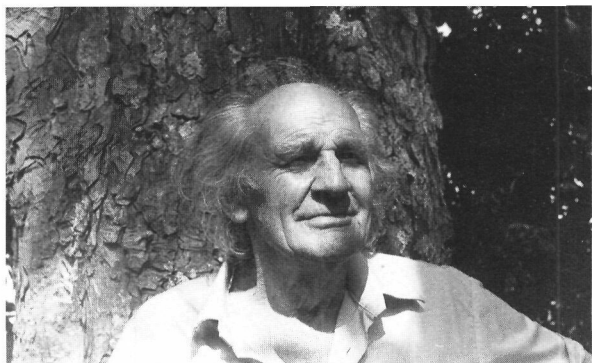
James - On March 27th, 1990, Hilary Trevenen (1928–32, G) aged 75.

Hilary James was the eldest of three brothers up Grant's during the thirties. He was the son of a former Captain of the School, Lionel James and nephew of another, H.R. James, both scholars in College.

Although he never aspired to scholarship, Hilary secured his Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate in July 1932, in Godfrey Barber's form, with credits in English, Latin and French. Later that year he was selected for inclusion in the first ever party of English schoolboys to be sent to spend a year in American schools under a new scheme, inaugurated by the English Speaking Union and launched personally by Gordon Selfridge.

His interest had already been stimulated by friendly contact with an American master, Mr A.H. Gleason, who came to teach English at Westminster on exchange from Kent School, USA.

He spent his last school year, therefore, at The Loomis School, in Connecticut, in Batchelder Hall at a crucial period in American politics just as Franklin Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency and was inaugurating the New Deal. The experience exerted a seminal influence on Hilary's intellectual and emotional development.



H.T. James

At Loomis he was involved in amateur dramatics, as a member of the Cross Country running team and made a deep impression on all with whom he associated.

Indeed, in a way, he continued to display these amiable characteristics throughout his life without ever fully developing his early promise. For a time he taught as a preparatory schoolmaster at Emsworth House in Hampshire. Then he became a solitary, wandering, free spirit, living a frugal, ascetic life, cultured, concerned, gentle, sympathetic, fastidious, always eager to help and comfort other frail human beings suffering from loneliness, despair, neuroses or deprivation of material or spiritual support.

Hilary was a devoted and dutiful son, much loved by his brothers and sisters, who admired his gentle nature, had benefitted over many years as his siblings by his affectionate leadership, guidance and instruction, yet who well knew and forgave him for his flaws and vulnerability.

After many vicissitudes as a peripatetic lodger, mainly in London but also elsewhere – a kind of 20th century 'peregrinus' – he finally migrated west to his beloved Cornwall, where with his sweet and caring young artist companion, Elisabeth, he spent several years of real happiness in Mousehole and Penzance until on Tuesday 27th March, while they were out walking together on The Parade in Penzance he suddenly fell dead in her arms, the broad expanse of Mounts Bay, with St Michael's Mount and the Lizard spread before him and, as he would have wished, without any fuss. His body was cremated at the Penmount Crematorium overlooking Truro on Tuesday 3rd April 1990; his fraternal spirit survives.

R.C.T.J.

The obituary above should have appeared in Edition 710 or 711. The Editor wishes to apologise to Robert James and his family for delay in publication. See also Page 203, Record OWs Vol. III.

L.D.S. TEN DOESSCHATE 1912–92

Lodewijk Dirk Silvester ten Doesschate was at Westminster School from 1926 to 1931 as a King's Scholar. He went on to Clare College Cambridge as an exhibitioner and eventually became the organist of the Dutch Reformed Church in 1951 where he played for over forty years. He died on April 3rd 1992 aged 79 after playing at a memorial service for a dear Dutch friend. He is sadly missed by his wife Yvonne with whom he spent many happy years as a teacher of music, and his brother Peter.

HENRY CHRISTIE: PUPIL & MASTER

Henry Christie was one of the best-loved schoolmasters of his generation, whose influence was greater than that of many of his supposedly better-known contemporaries. It stemmed from his capacity to get on friendly terms with almost everyone he came across. He listened as well as he taught; he respected other people's views, and, if he disagreed, explained why carefully and courteously. Thus he built up a network of friendships and loyalties which, though he himself has gone, will go on affecting our lives.

His father, a naval officer who served at Jutland, died when he was four. But he and his sister would have been unrecognisable as a one-parent family, such was the character of their indomitably loving and lovable mother, the daughter of Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal. At Westminster, where Henry's uncle, J.T. Christie, was headmaster, sometimes to his great embarrassment, he blossomed as a Queen's Scholar, taking both classics and maths, playing the clarinet, laying the foundations of future success as an oarsman, developing a passion for hill-walking and camping, and practising the art of friendship in which he so excelled.

He wanted to follow his father into the Navy, but poor sight prevented this until the war enabled him to join the RNVF, discover the strange delights of the US and Australia and form his first overseas friendships. But wartime service also showed him that his future lay not in the Navy, but elsewhere. His scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, took him to a mixed Maths and English degree, to acting with the Mummerys, to the Presidency of the First and Third Trinity Boat Club, sculling honours and a trial for the University boat, to a host of new friends, including his wife-to-be, Naida, and finally on to Eton, where he became one of Sir Robert Birley's "Rehoboamites" and a headmaster in the making.

The central paradox of Christie's work revolved round the competing claims of tradition and innovation, a paradox he resolved with skill, but not always to his advantage, as he discovered as Under Master and Master of the Queen's Scholars at Westminster: he loved the school and its traditions dearly and served its headmaster with unswerving loyalty; but he would equally dearly have loved to take it on to new things had he had the opportunity. Never one to look back with vain regret, he was still sad not to succeed John Carlton, as were those Westminster friends who knew what he could have done for the school. Instead he resolved the same creative tension of tradition and innovation at Brighton College, where he was headmaster from 1963 to 1971, and St Edward's, Oxford, where he was Warden from 1971 to 1978. To some he may have seemed a "soft touch" because he was so charmingly polite, so agreeably receptive. But in fact he was a man of principle: if he were convinced of the value of a tradition or an innovation he would fight for it; if he were not, he could not be swept along by enthusiasts for either. So his headships were strong and human, creating communities in which people knew exactly where both he and they stood. Pupils, staff, parents, governors and old boys could "put their shirts on" him and never be let down. Just as they could at Dartmouth and Annapolis Naval Academy, when he returned to his first love, the Navy, and again multiplied the numbers of his friends and admirers.

The same qualities and the same balancing of tradition and innovation informed his work as a Dyer, for whose company he had a notable year as Prime Warden before going on to look after their charitable and educational interests.

The heart of his life was in his family – Naida and the children and his sister. Paradoxically, so deep was his attachment to them that he gave himself even more wholeheartedly, and often at their expense to others. His delight in the world and all it had to offer, especially music, friendship and the opportunity to be positive and hopeful, enabled him to "get inside" people of all ages and backgrounds and to make them feel that they alone

mattered. Therein lay his extraordinary success as a schoolmaster. In Clarendon's words, "He was one of the very few good men who never had, nor ever could have, an enemy, but one who was an enemy to all goodness and virtue." He lived well, laughed often, loved much, and was in turn very much loved.

Roger Young
(1937–42, KS, Captain of School 1941–42)

Charles Henry Christie, schoolmaster, born 1 September 1924, Under Master and Master of the Queen's Scholars Westminster 1957–63, Headmaster Brighton College 1963–71, Warden St Edward's School Oxford 1971–78, Director of Studies Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth 1978–86, married 1950 Naida Bentley (one son, three daughters), died Oxford 12 April 1992

Adapted from *The Independent*, 30/4/92

UFFPUF

AND MICHAEL THEODORE CHERNIAVSKY

Michael Cherniavsky, who died on 29th August 1992, was born to a Canadian mother and to a distinguished cellist of Russian origin on 26th June 1920. He entered Busby's in September 1933, becoming a King's Scholar and transferring to College in January 1935. He left Westminster in 1938 having won the Brackenbury scholarship to Balliol (Oxford): in due course he took a first in Modern History at Oxford. During the war he served in the Pioneer Corps: after the war he taught history. He had a year at Newcastle High School in Staffordshire before moving in 1948 to Christ's Hospital, becoming Senior History Master there in 1956. Ten years later he went to Canada as an associate Professor of History at the University of Waterloo, Ontario. On his return in 1983, he went back to Christ's Hospital where he became a distinguished and respected supernumerary in the History Department. His seventieth birthday in 1990 was marked by unusual celebrations: many of his former pupils and other friends, remembering not only his teaching of medieval history and philosophy but also the 'Cherny Journeys' which he led by train through France in pursuit both of medieval architecture and of good food and wine, clubbed together to found the Michael Cherniavsky Award at Christ's Hospital. This is now given annually for research and travel in Europe in connection with 'A' level project work.

At Westminster Michael deserves to be remembered for another reason. His slightly older contemporary in College, Brian Urquhart, wrote in his autobiography *A Life in Peace and War* that in 1936–1937 an improbable organisation called the United Front of Progressive Forces (known as Uffpuff) was active in schools. He added "Many of us good-naturedly joined it, although it appeared to do little except circulate pamphlets written in turgid Marxist jargon." Michael Cherniavsky himself never published a book but he did have privately printed a number of occasional essays, mostly about Christ's Hospital and various philosophical subjects. One of these, however, was entitled "The Uffpuff Remembered". With typical modesty, this said "This retrospective report is presented by the former Secretary, who has been able to check his own recollections against the hard evidence of the minute-book." This diplomatic sentence in fact meant that Brian Urquhart had got his facts wrong – a fault which the famous John Bowle, who taught them both, would not have forgiven. Michael Cherniavsky was in fact not only the Secretary of Uffpuff but its founder and leading light, a considerable achievement for a sixteen year old school boy. He was at that time a convinced pacifist – a position which he later modified – and a convinced atheist, which never changed. He was a Liberal, not a Marxist.

As he wrote later: "The Uffpuff was a feature of the Westminster scene which forced itself on everyone's attention. The 1930s were a time of exceptional political consciousness among the young everywhere, but as a schoolboy organisation, the UFPF was, as far as I am aware, *sui generis*: at most British public schools at that

time, it simply would not have been allowed. Even at liberal Westminster, *The Elizabethan* maintained a discreet silence about its existence and its activities". In brief, the Uffpuff was not, as Urquhart puts it, "active in schools": it was entirely a Westminster phenomenon. It described itself as "an attempt to unite all members of the school who hate war and injustice, and are determined to strive for peace". Ninety-two boys (about a quarter of the school) signed the manifesto, labelling themselves anything from Progressive Conservative to Communist: nine sympathetic masters were described as the Advisory Committee.

The Uffpuff did not "circulate pamphlets in turgid Marxist jargon": it distributed a mimeographed weekly news sheet *Yours*, containing political comment and exhortation, as well as information about the Uffpuff's own activities. Its enemies were Fascism and what was called "reactionary Toryism". Michael Cherniavsky wrote that the Uffpuff was never formally dissolved but there was, first, a gulf between the pacifist minority and those who were prepared to resist Fascism by force and secondly, a smouldering mutual suspicion between some of the moderate majority and the few Marxist-inclined militants. The original enthusiasm could not last and after the end of 1936 no more meetings were held. Cherniavsky, writing in 1982, suggested that the spirit of the movement could best be recaptured by singing, to the tune of *God the all-Terrible*, the United Front song:

Lift up your voices, fighting the Fascists,
Fighting for Freedom and striving for Law:
Forward for action to rid us of evils:
Progress in Unity. No More War.

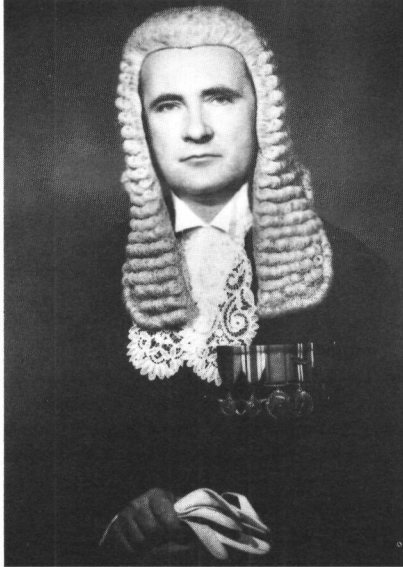
Poking gentle fun at his younger self, he commented that the inconsistency of the first and last sentiments in this verse did not altogether escape the Uffpuff, but it certainly seems more glaring now than it did then.



Susy Kane

DAVID HUXLEY

David Huxley, QC, barrister and former company director, died on September 6 aged 76. He was born on October 16, 1915.



David Bruce Huxley

David Huxley sometimes referred to himself as the least distinguished member of a brilliant family. In reality, his life was one of considerable achievements, accomplished without foregoing the enjoyments of convivial friends and a close family.

David Bruce Huxley was the son of Leonard Huxley and his second wife Rosalind, the daughter of W. Wallace Bruce. Sir Andrew Huxley, OM, is his younger brother. His elder siblings, Sir Julian, Trevenen, Aldous, and Margaret Huxley were the children of his father's first marriage to Julia, the grand-daughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby.

He was educated at Westminster School, where he studied history under the noted historian John Bowle, later of Oxford University, who always spoke of Huxley as one of his most brilliant students. After Westminster he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1934, where he might have become a historian of some eminence. Although his homes ever afterwards were filled with books, he chose instead to pursue a career in law. His time at Oxford was marked by the usual academic pursuits, and even more so by the *joie de vivre* which Huxley vibrantly displayed to the end of his life.

After receiving his degree he married, in June 1939, Anne Remsen Schenck by whom he had five children. Having been a territorial for a brief period in the Inns of Court Regiment, he became in November 1939 a 2nd lieutenant in the Royal Tank Regiment. He was later wounded in the Western Desert. From 1942 until 1946 he was a major and later brigade major in the Iraq Levies, and was mentioned in dispatches. Despite the difficult work that he had to do in Iraq, Huxley with his fellow officers hunted jackal with a pack of English foxhounds in the region around Baghdad.

He was called to the bar (Inner Temple) in 1946, and in 1948 became solicitor-general of Bermuda. He took silk in 1952, thereby becoming the youngest QC in the Empire at the age of 37. In the same year he became attorney-general of Bermuda. During this time he revised and compiled the *Private and Public Acts of the Legislature of Bermuda 1620–1953*, published in seven volumes. In 1955 he became acting chief justice of the Supreme Court of Bermuda. Throughout his period of office in Bermuda he was highly respected for his strong sense of justice tempered by an innate sense of fairness, which he showed with great impartiality towards black and white Bermudans alike.

From 1957 to 1976 Huxley was vice-president of and legal adviser to Arnold Bernhard and Company and the Value Line Fund, a New York City investment house. He

worked closely with the United States Securities and Exchange Commission and with the regulating authorities of the various states. At the same time he maintained an active and stimulating social life.

In 1964 he married Ouida Branch Wagner. They moved in 1976 to a family home in Wansford, Cambridgeshire, where he served on the parish council and as churchwarden. It is an irony that the grandson of T.H. Huxley, who coined the word "agnostic", was the very model of a practising Christian, saying the daily office in his parish church up until a short time before his death. David Huxley was a man who, despite the richly varied experiences of his life, possessed a rare humility.

A long-time member of the board of governors of Priorsfield School, near Godalming, Surrey, which had been founded by Huxley's father and his first wife, Julia Arnold, he handed over the chairmanship in 1991, remaining on the board.

David Huxley is survived by his wife and his children.

From *The Times*, 18/9/92

ARCHIBALD CHISHOLM

(AHH, 1916–21)

Archibald Chisholm was an oil-diplomat in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, later BP, who was the last surviving player in the negotiations for the oil concession in Kuwait which became the foundation of Kuwait's wealth and statehood.

He was a legendary figure in the oil world, combining shrewd business dealings with an elegant style and great width of interests. He had a firm academic background: he was the son of Hugh Chisholm who was City Editor of *The Times* and edited the great 1911 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; he was a scholar at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and retained a very quick mind and a fondness for Latin tags.

After a short spell with the *Wall Street Journal*, Chisholm joined Anglo-Persian in 1927, working in Iran and Kuwait. When the company refused to transfer him to London he resigned and became editor of the *Financial Times* until 1940, when he went into military intelligence, working in Iran, Egypt and India, for which he was appointed CBE.

After the war, Anglo-Persian asked him to work in London where he became manager of their public affairs, and later their consultant until he retired in 1972.

But his most remarkable role was at the beginning of his career when he helped to gain the concession in Kuwait, before oil was discovered; about which he later wrote a definitive account in his book *The First Kuwait Oil Concession Agreement: a record of the negotiations, 1911-1934*.

Chisholm was then a young man of 32: in the words of the British resident's wife, Violet Dickson, "tall and languid, with a monocle and exquisite good manners".

Chisholm had moved on to other careers but after the war he periodically revisited Kuwait and in 1970 the Kuwaiti government asked him to write his book about the negotiations, which was published in 1975.

Chisholm maintained his debonair style in retirement, living first in Ireland, then in London, with his wife Josephine, until she died. His son Colin, who works in the City, married the daughter of the first Lord Egremont. His daughter Anne, the biographer, married the journalist Michael Davie. His second daughter, Clare, died in 1975.

Anthony Sampson

Archibald Hugh Tennent Chisholm, journalist and oil executive, born 17 August 1902, editor *Financial Times* 1937–40, CBE (mil) 1946, married 1939 Josephine Goudge (died 1983; one son, one daughter and one daughter deceased), died 22 November 1992.

Adapted from *The Independent*, 25/11/92

BRIG JOHN REED (GG, 1939–44)

Brigadier John Reed, who has died aged 66, fought long but successfully to set up the Aldershot Military Museum which now occupies the last two surviving red-brick barrack blocks in the town.

After retiring from the Army in 1980 he formed the Aldershot Historical Trust in order to establish a museum to tell the story of Aldershot which is appropriately designated as "The Home of the British Army" and abounds with military artefacts.

Reed planned to extend the museum to include all the regimental museums in the area on one site, a project costing 12 million, which will open in 1995.

William John Reed was born in 1926 at Lichfield, Staffs, the son of a vicar though with a military ancestry. He was educated at Westminster and Manchester University and was commissioned into the Royal Engineers in 1946.

After a year in India he was posted to Singapore and in 1948 went to Germany, where he spent five years. Following a stint at the War Office, Reed returned to Germany in 1961 as commander of 2nd Field Squadron Royal Engineers, and took part in an exercise crossing the Rhine under German command.

He observed that this was the first occasion on which a British unit had been under German command since the Battle of Leipzig.

He married, in 1953, Patricia Coryton; they had three daughters.

Adapted from the Daily Telegraph 12/3/92.

SIR RICHARD STONE

Sir Richard Stone, the eminent economist who has died aged 78, won the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1984 and much earlier laid the foundations for the national income and financial accounts.

Lord Peston writes: Richard Stone was one of the most distinguished economists of his generation. He was not quite the last of the Keynesians, since, happily, James Meade is still with us.

But Stone's name, like Meade's, with whom he collaborated on important work, takes us back to an earlier era when economics seemed so much easier, and so much more likely to be helpful in improving the lot of ordinary people.

Stone contributed widely and significantly to many branches of the subject. It is one of the disadvantages of longevity that so much of what he did is now taken for granted, and is not attributed to him. Most basic textbooks, for example, no longer mention his name.

It would not be surprising, too, if many of the brilliant young practitioners of the subject have little or no idea who he was, or why it was so obviously right to award him the Nobel Prize.

The approach to the measurement of national income, which is now commonplace, was based on his work, as was the development of sectoral accounts.

He also contributed to input-output analysis, and other disaggregated approaches to the economy.

In all that he did he was meticulous in his emphasis on accuracy, and he laid down the most stringent criteria for the use of statistical material.

Stone's work had a rather English quality. It was in the tradition of Gregory King and William Petty. It was wholly professional, but never used esoteric techniques for their own sake.

Stone's writing was always lucid. He did not seek to blind one with science or arcane terminology.

He was a tall, rather elegant man: his shirts were always well laundered, and he favoured bow ties.

He had a kind of raffish appearance which, together with a somewhat upper-class mode of address, always impressed Americans, who held him in the highest esteem.

Adapted from the Daily Telegraph, 13/12/91

SIMON HOLLIS

Simon Hollis, who has died aged 36, was a popular figure in the worlds of property speculation and horse racing.

In rebellion against his Establishment background, Hollis left home at 15 and, although he kept up an academic career for a while, immersed himself in a Runyonesque milieu, a world of risky deals and improbable nicknames.

Occasionally his past and present would collide – as in a variously reported anecdote about his grandmother's funeral. Estranged from his immediate family, Hollis waited outside the church in a car driven by "Johnny the Greek" so that he could slip in at the last moment.

Another car pulled up ahead, and out stepped Hollis's uncle Robert Runcie, who was then the Archbishop of Canterbury and was taking the service. Johnny the Greek recognised the celebrity at once: "Look, it's Sir Alf Ramsay! The best football manager this country ever had!" It was with difficulty that Hollis prevented his chauffeur from congratulating the Archbishop on his 1966 triumph against West Germany.

As he lived in London rather than New York, Hollis's world was closer to *Minder* than *Guys and Dolls*, but it was inspired with the same ethos of "ducking and diving".

In his varied and often complicated schemes, as in his general approach to life, Hollis was never constrained by orthodoxy. Sometimes his deals did not work, and he would recruit friends to play walk-on parts in whatever corrective stratagem he had devised; nor did he always feel it necessary to appear *in propria persona*.

For all that, he had a strong sense of honour, and his word was his bond. He was also generous, and for someone who spent much of his time in pursuit of money remarkably indifferent to its possession. What counted for him was the "crack".

His great love was gambling, and he was a fearless punter, particularly on the horses. He enjoyed some spectacular successes at this, once winning £18,000 at 36-1, and eventually became the owner of a number of horses; it was a frustration that none of these achieved the status of "useful".

His contacts on the Turf provided Hollis with information which he would willingly pass on – although it did not always turn out to be "pukka gen". He once persuaded a friend to buy a horse at auction on the grounds that it had "won once". It later emerged that he had misheard: the horse had "run once".

A twin – "not identical," as he used to mutter, in automatic gallantry to his sister – Simon Hollis was born into a legal family on Dec 19 1955 and educated at Westminster. He went on to read classics at Exeter University, but found it too far from his business interests, so he switched for a time to King's College London.

By then well launched as a property dealer, he had made his name in the auction rooms for his sharp and humorous barracking and his willingness to take risks – he had a great coup, for instance, with a Harlesden cinema.

Over the succeeding years he established his activities over wide swathes of the capital – from Camden in the north to Balham in the south – and acquired interests as far afield as Pakistan.

Simon Hollis had his fair share of faults, but more than his share of virtues. He also had his share of demons, and it was these, perhaps, that finally got the better of him.

From the Daily Telegraph, 21/12/92

NICHOLAS SIMMS (LL, 1960–64)

Nicholas Simms was a publisher, writer, wine-dealer, lover of Norfolk and bon viveur.

In 1964, his final year at Westminster School, he won an exhibition to Christ Church, Oxford, which he felt unable to take up due to his father's ill-health. He resolved instead to enter book-publishing, and secured a job working for Peter Owen, then – and now – one of Britain's brightest independent publishers and a specialist in

translations of European novels. Simms worked not in an editorial capacity as one might have expected and he might well have wished, but on the sales side and he became Peter Owen's sales manager at the age of 20.

Following disagreements, he left Peter Owen, first to join the much larger publisher Paul Hamlyn and then Garnstone Press, still in a sales-managerial role. Hardly a typical "company man" (he was probably fired by all three publishers), he became disenchanted with London's book-publishing world. In 1973 he turned to drink or, more appropriately, wine.

After a brief introduction to the wine trade, he founded London Wine Brokers; it was excellent timing, as wine-sales in Britain were beginning to burgeon. Operating from a small office in Bloomsbury, he gained an extensive knowledge of wine and the trade and won a reputation for fine wines at a competitive price. While Simms failed to become rich at London Wine Brokers or his subsequent company, Mimir Wines, probably paying more attention to the wine than the money, he clearly enjoyed it and his companionship was much valued by friends and colleagues. He acquired the nickname "Two-Lunch-Simms" – I remember numerous lunches when I was obliged to phone the office with some excuse in order to continue talking, arguing and drinking with him through the afternoon.

While he sometimes appeared arrogant and truculent to strangers, to those who knew him well he was a generous, intelligent and amusing man, with a healthy dose of cynicism about the world.

In 1980 he moved with his second wife to Norfolk, where he opened a new wine business. His generally cheery outlook continued; financial success, however, still eluded him and in 1986 he returned to publishing. Rather daringly, he set up his own one-man company, Orlando Publishing, and produced books of special interest to Norfolk, his adopted county to which he had become deeply attached. He wrote *Orlando's Guide to North Norfolk* (1988), a typically idiosyncratic look at the region which takes swipes at weekenders, the Royal Family and people from Suffolk. He also published a series of attractive cards, mostly of Norfolk landscapes.

Though a "natural" Tory (his father, Ronald Simms, handled PR for Central Office during Lord Poole's Conservative Party chairmanship) Simms had viewed the past decade of Conservative government with some disdain. He often held surprising views; feeling, for example, that the recent collapse of Soviet Communism would merely result in the peoples of Eastern Europe becoming cheap labourers for the West.

David Brown

Nicholas Digby Simms, publisher, writer and wine dealer, born Oxford 3 October 1946, married 1967 Sarah Carroll (one daughter; marriage dissolved 1975), 1975 Leucothea Day (one son, one daughter), died South Creake Norfolk 2 January 1992.

JAMES BYAM SHAW

James Byam Shaw, CBE, art historian, died on March 18 aged 89. He was born in London on January 12, 1903.

James Byam Shaw grew up in a family steeped in the arts. He was the son of the Pre-Raphaelite-influenced painter J. Liston Byam Shaw. His brother, Glen Byam Shaw, spent his life in the theatre and opera house. After Westminster and Christ Church, James Byam Shaw spent time studying in the British Museum Printroom and in the principal Continental collections. In 1933 he joined the staff of the newly-founded Courtauld Institute, but resigned swiftly to join the dealers in fine art, P. & D. Colnaghi.

The move was made in accordance with a compact,

contracted soon after Byam Shaw came down from Oxford with Gustavus Mayer, one of the directors of Colnaghi. Mayer had shrewdly foreseen the need to recruit younger men with specialized academic knowledge and had offered to subsidise Byam Shaw's studies on the understanding that his services would be available when needed. Apart from the war years, when he served with distinction in India and Burma, Byam Shaw remained with Colnaghi's until he retired in 1968.

Byam Shaw was a shrewd businessman, and contributed substantially to the great reputation that his firm enjoyed, but art-dealing for him was an avocation. His true instincts led him towards scholarship: by temperament and training he was a museum man. His tranquil, book-lined, tobacco-scented sanctum on the second floor of 14 Old Bond Street could have been the office of any great printroom director.

With his first marriage he acquired as an uncle-in-law Campbell Dodgson, then Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and among his intimate friends were two of Dodgson's colleagues, A.E. Popham, himself also Keeper, and K.T. Parker, who in 1934 succeeded Kenneth Clark at the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. Both institutions, and perhaps especially the Ashmolean, were to benefit greatly from Byam Shaw's position at the centre of the art world. He was skilled in pushing a work of art unobtrusively in the right direction and his scholarly awareness often recognised that a work of only trifling monetary value could be of significant historical importance.

Between 1927 and 1939 he published numerous short notes dealing with individual drawings, as often Dutch or German as Italian. After the war he concentrated on what was by then his chosen field of specialization, the Venetian art of the eighteenth century. His books on the drawings of Francesco Guardi (1951) and of Domenico Tiepolo (1962) are classic essays in the exposition of the technique of connoisseurship.

Byam Shaw's later years were devoted to the compilation of catalogues, a task for which he was particularly well suited by his long experience as a "practical connoisseur" (his own term), accustomed to dealing with works of all periods.

His old college, Christ Church, found itself in the 1960s able to build a gallery to house the important collection of about 250 paintings and 1,900 drawings, chiefly Italian, bequeathed by an eighteenth-century benefactor. Byam Shaw accepted the invitation to undertake a full-scale catalogue, and in 1967 produced the first volume, on the paintings; the second, on the drawings, appeared in 1976. A lectureship was created for him and he was given rooms in college and made a member of the senior common room. This experience of academic life at its most dignified and spacious was for him a source of great pleasure; that the pleasure was mutual was shown by his election in 1976 to the rare distinction of an honorary Studentship of Christ Church and by the university's bestowal in the following year of the degree of Litt. D. *honoris causa*. No sooner was the Christ Church catalogue out of the way than he began work on the 450 Italian drawings in the Lugt Collection (Fondation Custodia) in Paris. This catalogue, a work of no less detailed and exemplary scholarship, was published to coincide with his 80th birthday. In 1972 he was appointed CBE.

To the last he retained the rosy complexion, spare figure and upright carriage of a much younger man. His dress was remarkable for its unobtrusive perfection. A universally respected and widely beloved personality in the art world, his gentle voice and exquisite manners did not always demand total adherence to old-fashioned loyalties and courtesy. His disapproval, when he did voice it, was all the more devastating.

He was three times married, his third wife being Christina Ogilvy, widow of his lifelong friend William Gibson.

The Times, 21/3/92

THE RIGHT REV GERALD ELLISON (H, 1924–1929)

Gerald Ellison, Bishop of London from 1973 to 1981, was the archetypal Church of England diocesan of his generation, born to the purple, devoted to the establishment, a staunch defender not only of the faith but the *status quo*. Like all well-bred bishops, he appeared to be all things to all men (except when he fussed when Anglo-Catholics called him “Father”), but beneath the smooth exterior, the modest mien and the rational outlook lay a deeply conservative nature, an inherent distrust of change and a firm conviction that any administrative reorganisation of the Church would somehow hamper the spread of its spiritual message.

Ellison’s legacy – if such it was – to the Church of England was the successful campaign he waged, when Bishop of Chester, against a package of reforms enshrined in a report commissioned from the distinguished sociologist Leslie Paul. In the old Church Assembly, forerunner of the General Synod, Ellison contested, clause by clause, Paul’s recommendations regarding the pay and deployment of the clergy, wide-ranging recommendations drawn up in the 1960’s and seen by many as the Church’s last chance to place resources and manpower where they would be needed in the second half of the 20th century. His own diocese at the time, with its 370 clergy spread over 299 parishes, was largely agricultural. He could not comprehend the needs of deprived and under-staffed inner-city areas, for to people like Gerald Ellison, brought up between the two world wars, the Church of England was still epitomized by the faithful country parson at daily prayer, and if in a redundant church, so what?

Ellison was born in 1910, the son of a chaplain in ordinary to the king. His earliest years were spent quite literally in the shadow of the throne, at St George’s School at Windsor Castle. He moved on to Westminster and then to New College, Oxford, who made him an honorary fellow in 1974, and he trained for the ministry at Westcott House, Cambridge. He served what must have been an unexacting curacy at Sherborne Abbey, and immediately afterwards gained experience of episcopal life as domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester.

For three years during the war Ellison was a chaplain with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and was mentioned in dispatches. Immediately on release he returned to the rarefied atmosphere of the episcopate, this time heading for Bishopsthorpe, as domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of York. He was inducted to his first parish, the fashionable St Mark’s, Portsea in 1946, and four years later, at the age of only 40, and with a mere half-dozen years experience of parochial work tucked under his cassock, he was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of Willesden.

Ellison had the kind of natural courtesy and reassuringly English good looks that endeared him to respectable London suburban parishes, and it was no surprise when only five years later he was sent to Chester. Some imagined he was destined at least for York. But in many respects, the bishopric of London requires even greater expertise in coaxing and calming wealthy patrons, livery companies and other City luminaries than either of the two archbishoprics, and in 1973, by now 63 and too old to hope for either York or Canterbury, Ellison returned to London as its diocesan.

Here, at the Cenotaph and wherever else the evenly modulated tones of a reliable adherent to tradition was in demand, Ellison conducted his episcopate in the sure and certain belief that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Things occasionally went wrong, however. He had rowed for his university, he was a steward of Henley Regatta, and one year he was invited to start the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Alas, one of the eights slowly and gracefully sank.

Ellison always displayed the courage of his convictions, and once, presumably alert to what he saw as his responsibilities to the shipbuilding industry at Birkenhead, he went ahead, despite fierce criticism, with a

service of blessing for a Polaris submarine; afterwards, he wrote four-page letters of explanation in his own hand to those who had cabled telegrams of protest.

In 1947 Ellison married Jane Gibbon, and they had a son and two daughters. On his translation to London he automatically became a member of the Privy Council, and he was appointed a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order in 1981. Following his retirement, he spent a brief spell in the extra-provincial diocese of Bermuda as Vicar General. His hobbies included tapestry.

Michael De-la-Noy

Gerald Alexander Ellison, priest, born 19 August 1910, ordained deacon 1935, priest 1936, Curate Sherborne Abbey 1935–37, Domestic Chaplain to Bishop of Winchester 1937–39, Chaplain RNVR 1940–43, Domestic Chaplain to Archbishop of York 1943–46, Vicar St Mark’s Portsea 1946–50, Examining Chaplain to Bishop of Portsmouth 1949–50, Bishop Suffragan of Willesden 1950–55, Bishop of Chester 1955–73, Bishop of London 1973–81, PC 1973, Dean of the Chapels Royal 1973–81, Prelate Order of the British Empire 1973–81, Prelate Imperial Society of Knights Bachelor 1973–85, Episcopal Canon of Jerusalem 1973–81, KCVO 1981, Vicar General Diocese of Bermuda 1983–84, married 1947 Jane Gibbon (one son, two daughters), died Cerne Abbas Dorset 18 October 1992.

LORD HAVERS

Michael Havers had the distinction of being both the longest serving Attorney General and, in modern times, the shortest serving Lord Chancellor. He held the first office from 1979 to 1987 and the second for a period of five months, from June to October 1987, when, in increasing ill-health and with the Government in some disarray in the House of Lords during the reading of the Criminal Justice Bill, he resigned.

No Attorney General can hope to live his career out without considerable criticism and Havers endured much hostility towards his decisions to prosecute under the Official Secrets Acts, saying, “Those who obey the law would be very fed up if they found that those who broke the law could do so without anything happening to them”. There were also complaints that he did not prosecute Shell and BP for sanctions busting, and the former diplomat Sir Peter Hayman for his involvement with the Paedophile Information Exchange. There were complaints too over the abandoned prosecution of the controversial play *Romans*. Towards the end of his career as Attorney General he was embroiled in the embarrassing Zircon affair, when details of conversations at his lunch with the journalist Duncan Campbell became public.

So far as the general public is concerned Havers’s most famous case as Attorney General was the prosecution of Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper. Havers, convinced by the unanimous view of both prosecution and defence witnesses that Sutcliffe was insane, was prepared to accept a plea to manslaughter. This would have spared the families of the victims hearing the full details of the terrible injuries some of the victims had suffered. The trial judge, Mr Justice Boreham would not accept the plea and Havers found himself in the embarrassing position of having to challenge his own medical witnesses.

Michael Havers was born in 1923, into an old East Anglian family, the grandson of a solicitor and the second son of Sir Cecil Havers QC. He was educated at Westminster School where he boarded and, he said, was bullied a lot. He survived the experience to become a senior monitor.

Havers’s career at the Bar was steady if unspectacular, combining commercial and criminal cases, many in East Anglia where in successive summers he prosecuted heavy frauds, including the Suffolk Lime Fraud trials which ended with the Court of Appeal laying down guidelines for the number of counts to be included in an indictment.

Perhaps his most famous client was Mick Jagger, of the Rolling Stones, whose sentence of three months' imprisonment for a minor drugs offence produced a public outcry.

Havers entered politics late, taking the safe Conservative seat of Wimbledon in 1970 with a majority of over 13,000 and holding it until his appointment as Lord Chancellor in 1987. He was appointed Solicitor General by Edward Heath in 1972, and was Shadow Attorney General and Legal Adviser to the Shadow Cabinet during the Tory dark years of 1974 to 1979. Mrs Thatcher appointed him Attorney General in her first Government.

As Attorney General Havers was involved in a number of spy and Official Secrets Act trials and cases including those of Sarah Tisdall, Clive Ponting, Geoffrey Prime and Michael Bettaney. In the case of Professor Hugh Hambleton he achieved that rare pinnacle in an advocate's life when the defendant confesses in the witness box. The Canadian economist accused of passing Nato secrets to the Russians eventually broke down and confessed after hours of patient net-weaving by Havers. When Anthony Blunt was proposing to bring a libel action over hints in the book *The Climate of Treason* that he was the Fourth Man, it was Havers's influence which did much to persuade Mrs Thatcher to make public details of Blunt's treachery.

On the more domestic front, in 1982 Havers instituted contempt of court proceedings against newspapers following the arrest of Michael Fagan in the Queen's bedroom at Buckingham Palace. The next year he organised the removal of the Moonies from the register of charities.

He dealt with the storm following the leaking of a confidential letter written by the then Solicitor General Sir Patrick Mayhew. Havers threatened the Cabinet Secretary, Sir Robert Armstrong, that he would call in the police unless an internal enquiry was put in hand at once. Later during the trial in 1988 to ban the publication of Peter Wright's *Spycatcher* memoirs, proceedings which he had advised against, Havers was obliged to telephone Armstrong in Australia to make him correct statements that he had made.

He organised the searching for assets of the NUM, providing the accountants Price Waterhouse with funds to carry out the task. He was adamant that the role of Attorney General should not be a member of the Cabinet, believing that by standing outside when he came to give a legal opinion the Cabinet ministers would accept it as independent and not one favouring a faction. He supported the end of the role of the jury in serious fraud cases. He opposed the concept of marital rape believing it would give the wife the opportunity for blackmail, but believed in longer sentences for attempted rape and the tightening of rules permitting the cross-examination of the victim's personal history in these cases. In all he was something of an old fashioned High Tory.

In 1981 when Attorney General for Northern Ireland, his Wimbledon flat was blown up by an IRA bomb. Neither he nor his wife were present at the time.

When Lord Hailsham retired as Lord Chancellor in 1987, Sir Leon Brittan was said to be notably keen to succeed him, but it was Havers who took the appointment, perhaps in part a reward for long service and in part a kick upstairs following the *Spycatcher* fiasco. "The first I heard about it was on the 5pm news," he told reporters. The few months he had as Lord Chancellor were far too short for him to make any impact, and there were sounds of sniper's fire from other Law Lords. In particular his relationship with his predecessor was uneasy. He resigned at the end of October 1987 having been taken ill again, this time from an allergy to shell fish.

His public life was peppered with little indiscretions which had intruded from his private persona. Always interested in literature, Havers co-authored with different writers three books on famous trials including those of Mrs Maybrick, the Liverpool poisoner, and Mrs Rattenbury, acquitted of the murder of her husband. His book on the Royal Baccarrat Scandal (1977) was turned into a successful

play for the West End and the film rights were optioned. Havers was a judge on the panel for the Whitbread Literary Award of 1987. Another of his interests was photography.

Of his position as Attorney General he said that it was "the most fun, the most exciting job I can think of . . ." In that position he was undoubtedly and rightly popular but his critics would argue he lacked gravitas. Havers may not have been either a great intellect or a great orator but few would doubt that he exhibited a decency and integrity rarely found in political life.

James Morton

Adapted from *The Independent* 2/4/92

THE ELIZABETHAN

The Elizabethan is 'drawn together' by Barrington Publications who at other times publish various art and antique journals among which are numbered *Galleries* (Fine Arts) and *the Collector* (Applied Arts). The publisher would be happy to forward a copy of either magazine free of charge to anyone quoting *The Elizabethan* for their further edification and possible interest.

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Telephone: 081-740 7020

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

1990 INCOME		Income & Expenditure 1991	
72	Add Subscriptions (80%)		8340
8131	Add Investment Income	7336	
(2033)	Less Tax deducted and due	(1834)	5502
3287	Less Gain on Investment Sale	-	-
(986)	Add CGT: over-provided 1990		164
	Less Interest allowed to Sports Fund	(62)	
	Less Atwood fund	(107)	(169)
8471			13837
EXPENDITURE			
<i>General</i>			
98	Administration	1535	
(500)	School computer (reversal of provision not needed)	-	
4000	The Elizabethan magazine	6044	
-	Reprinting Club brochure	467	8046
Social Events			
355	Committee Dinner	-	
124	Garden Party	896	
376	Annual Dinner (Profit)	(241)	
124	A.G.M. Buffet	50	
-	Dinner for P.G. Whipp (Profit)	(26)	679
Special Events			
250	Sponsorship: Guys & Dolls	250	
1236	Purchase of Oars for School	-	250
Sports Committee			
3530	Annual Grants	3355	
235	Football Pitch Hire	1485	
67	Bank Interest (net)	-	
160	Net Interest Allowed	-	4840
W. Atwood Fund			
100	Net Interest Allowed	-	-
(1685)	Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure		22
8471			13837

Note 1. The market Value of the Club's Investments at 31st December 1991 was £114,000 (1990: £111,858).

Note 2. The Club subscriptions previously collected in the Play Term are now collected in the Election Term. The subscription income in 1991 represents that from entrants to the School in Play term 1990.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB Balance sheet as at 31st December 1991

1990	Capital Fund		
70463	Balance at 1st January 1991	74888	
18	Add 20% Annual Subscriptions	2085	
3650	Add J.I. Stirling bequest	-	
1081	Add Capital Gain on Investment Sale	-	
(324)	Add CGT over-provided	54	
<u>74888</u>			77027
	Income Fund		
15343	Balance at 1st January 1990	13658	
(1685)	Add Excess of income over Expenditure	22	
<u>13658</u>			13680
	Sports Fund		
2463	Balance at 1st January 1991	2710	
247	Add Net Interest allowed	62	
<u>2710</u>			2772
	W. Atwood Fund		
1522	Balance at 1st January 1991	1822	
200	New Donations	-	
100	Add Net Interest Allowed	107	
<u>1822</u>			1929
<u>93078</u>			<u>95408</u>
	Represented by:-		
71640	Fixed Assets at cost at 1st January 1991	78423	
(13198)	Less Sales at cost in year	-	
19981	Add Purchases in year	-	
<u>78423</u>			78423
	Current Assets		
500	Balance held at Barclays Bank Current	500	
19996	Premium	20923	
48	Midland Current	-	
2003	Deposit	-	
726	Sundry Debtors	558	
<u>23273</u>			21981
	Current Liabilities		
(8618)		(4996)	
<u>93078</u>		<u>95408</u>	

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the Accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My audit has been carried in accordance with auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at 31st December 1991 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

J.A. LAUDER
HONORARY TREASURER

B.C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

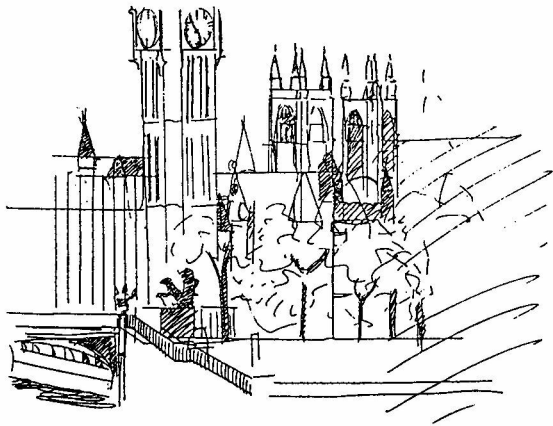


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