

THE
ELIZABETHAN
STARTS • ITS
SECOND • CENTURY

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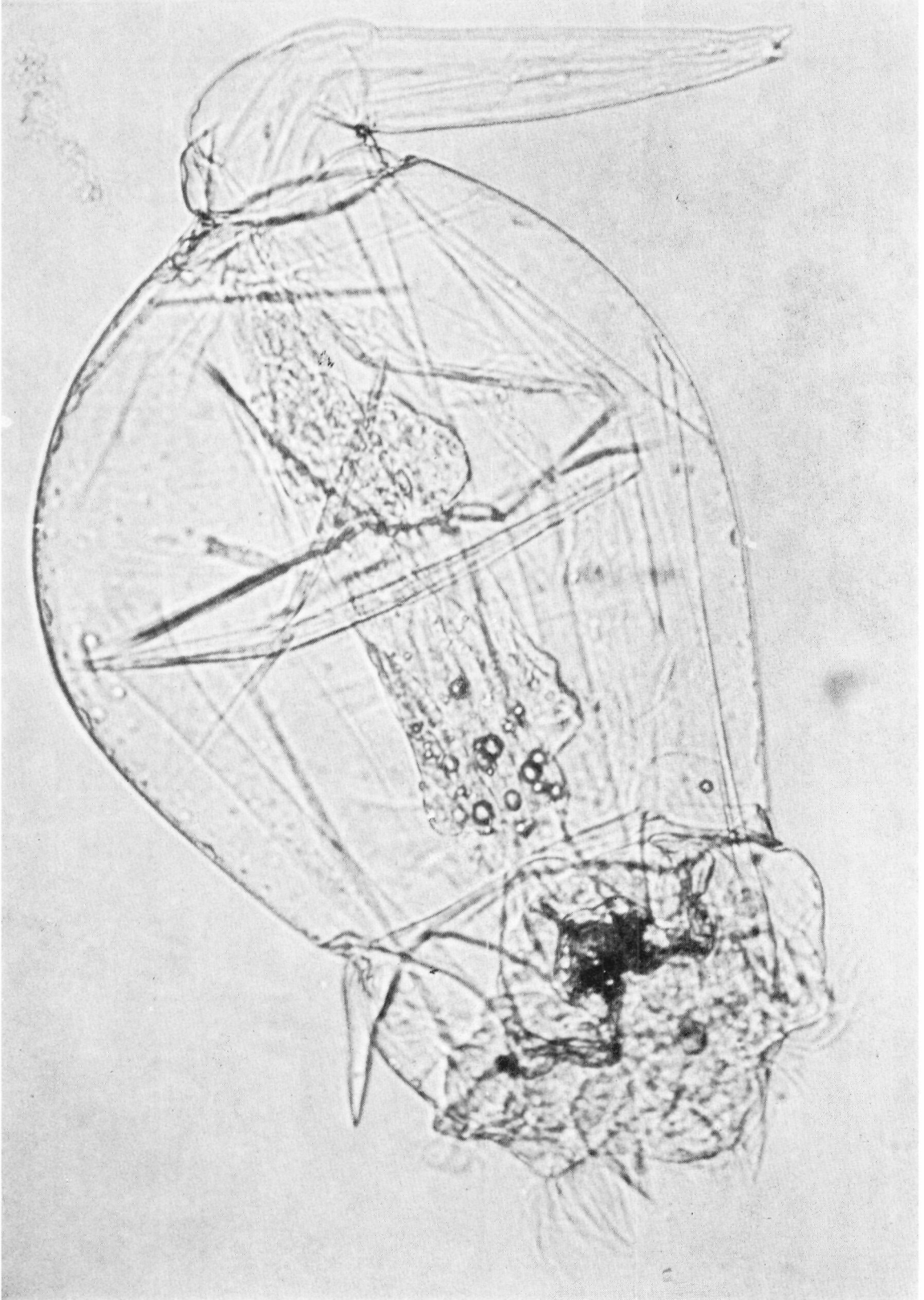


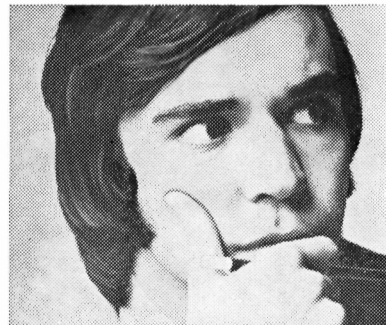
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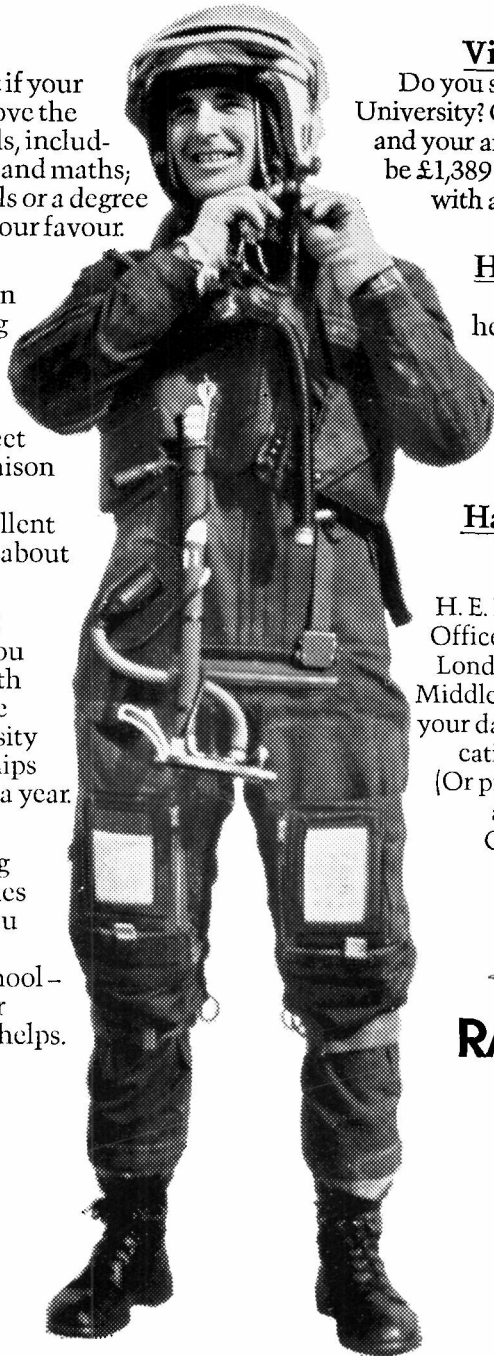
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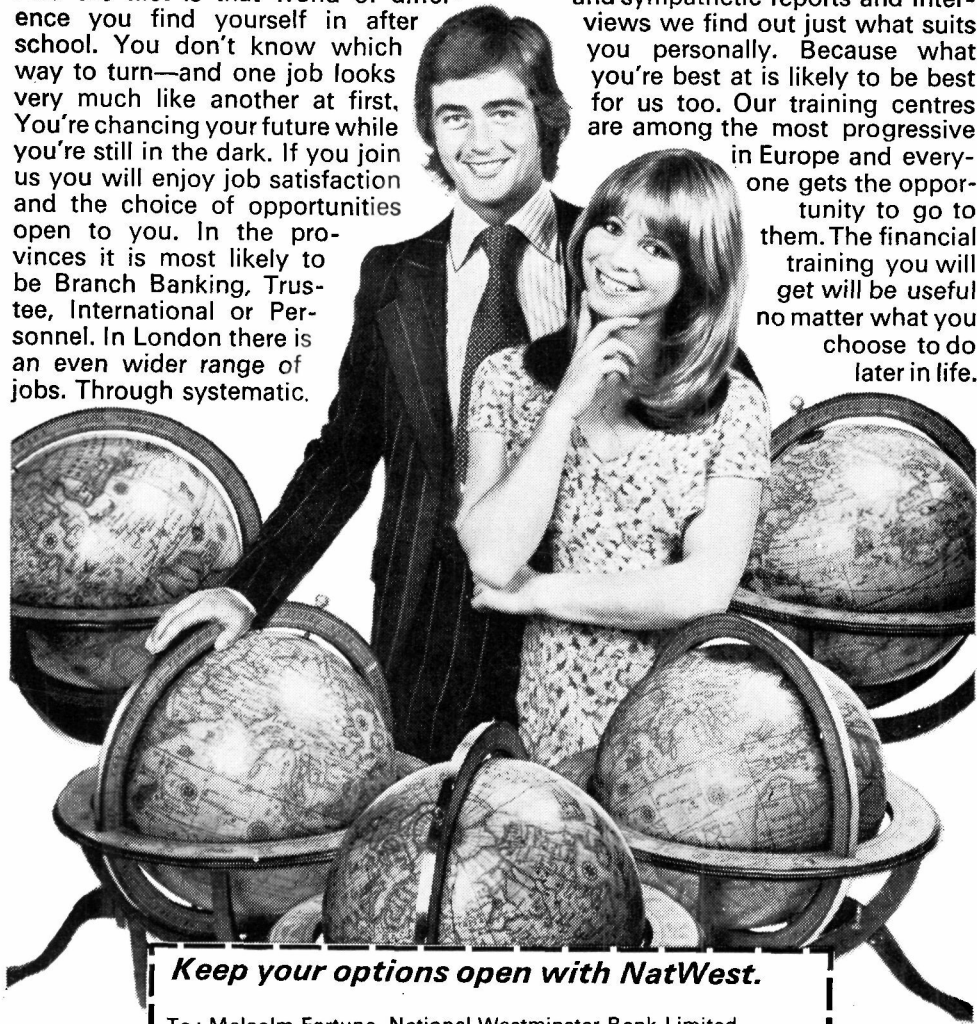


RAF officer

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It is with deep sorrow that we record the death on November 6th, 1974 of John Carleton. As this issue was already with the printers, the record of his life at Westminster will appear in the next issue.

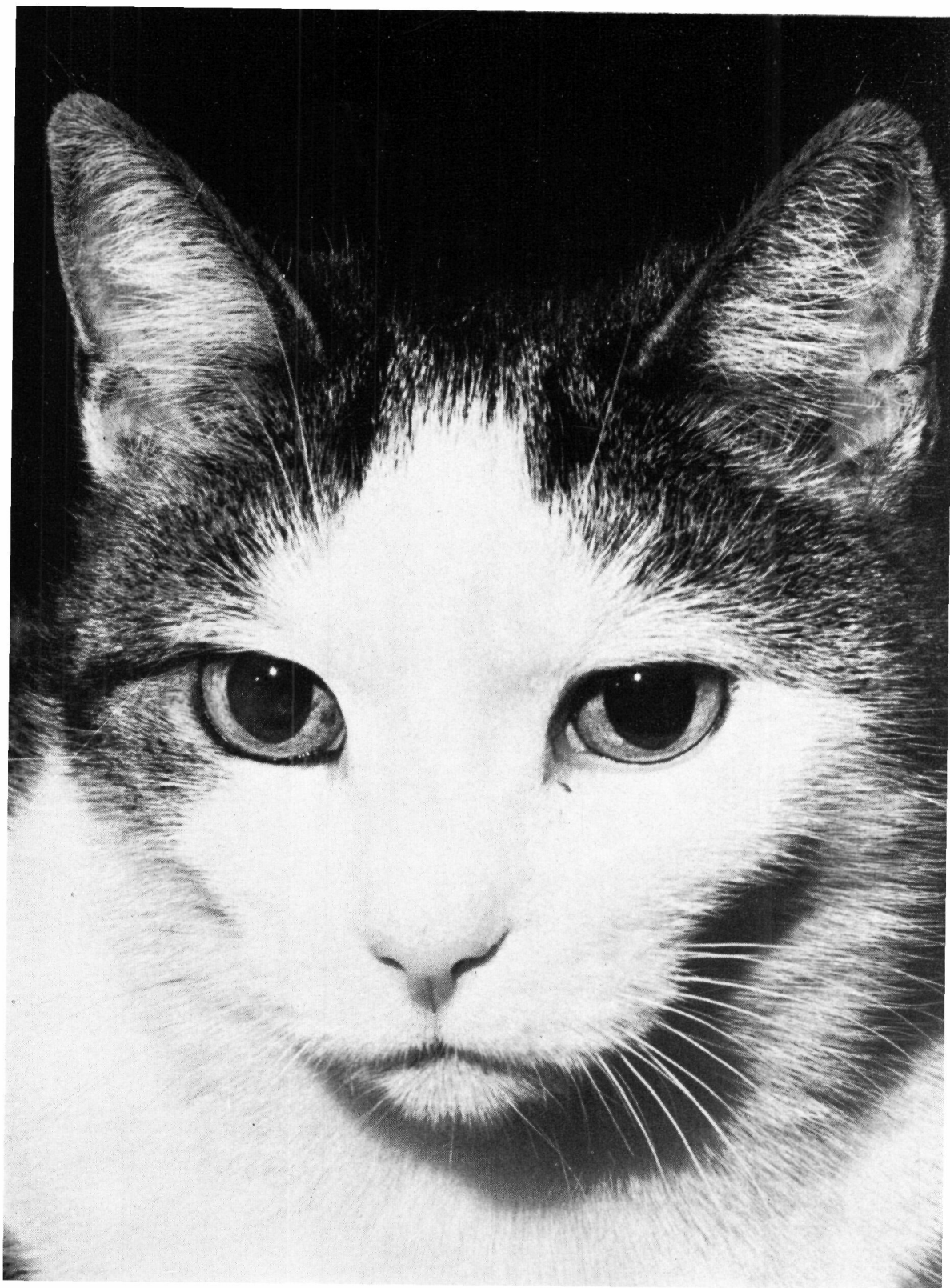


Photo: Richard Henderson

Editorial

This issue of *The Elizabethan* is the last which you will receive from the present editors. Whether this appals or delights you, it does afford us a chance to reflect on what *The Elizabethan* has or has not done and on what it should have been doing. Our initial aim was radically to change *The Elizabethan* itself; in that, of course, we were doomed to failure; *The Elizabethan*, as every Westminster realizes, does not change. Our second, even more arrogant, aim was, by changing *The Elizabethan*, to change Westminster; in this, of course, we have also failed. Yet it still seems desirable that a magazine should have such an aim, for, if it does not examine all the time the eccentricities, absurdities and sometimes even idiocies of the school which pays for its printing, it can have little claim to be doing much more than increasing the self-importance of its contributors and editors.

It is not difficult to see that nothing is ever done solely because *The Elizabethan* says it should be; the frescoes of No. 20 will rot until *The Elizabethan* is blue in its pompous face. Even in the school itself, no one ever does what *The Elizabethan* suggests; but still we go on writing about everything

from Westminster's finances to its rôle in British education. Why? Because we hope, of course, to influence opinion. In the face of the evidence to the contrary we, editors and contributors, still assume that what we say may change opinions. It is because of this that a departing editor craves your indulgence to make the very obvious comment that Westminster, like any other institution, is made up of people. The sooner everyone realizes this is so, that people are people and not just pupils to be processed, the better. People, to make another obvious comment, give of their best when they are regarded as people, when their separate characters are accepted and not submerged. People do not need to be converted into automatons by rules and regulations which continually tell them what to do, like a computer programme; they need to be regarded as people.

That is not a very helpful thing to say, of course, but its worth does not seem to be often enough accepted. Like all (or nearly all) writers in *The Elizabethan*, though, one hopes that it will help a little just to say it.

Centenary

The first issue of *The Elizabethan* appeared in July 1874, so that the last issue (July 1974) completed the first hundred years. To mark the start of our second century we are re-printing in facsimile in the centre of this number the whole of the first issue.

Fungi

To the average person, fungi are small brown things of marginal interest which grow in woods from time to time. A few people, inspired perhaps by recent articles in Sunday magazines, may have a gastronomic interest in them and can distinguish between the common basidiomycetes with a degree of certainty. Others may have developed a relationship with *Tinea pedis*, the athlete's foot mould, and a really keen home-brew fanatic might have a favourite yeast. But by and large a great ignorance pervades the human race *vis-à-vis* fungi, which is exemplified by the incompetent treatment of a recent honey-fungus outbreak in Kew Gardens. The officials cut down the trees but left the infected stumps in the ground, resulting in a full scale epidemic which is only now being curbed.

The most primitive group of fungi, the Myxomycetes, have only recently been discovered. Indeed by the time this is published they will probably have been classified into another group. They present a problem to the classifier wishing to place them in the animal or plant kingdom, since they resemble neither animal nor plant. The creatures begin life as single-celled animalcules resembling amoebae, i.e. a blob of jelly with a dark nucleus within. They crawl around on the forest floor ingesting detritus. When two such creatures meet, they fuse, forming a larger blob of jelly with two nuclei within and similar feeding habits. The process continues, and under ideal conditions a quivering mass of jelly eighteen inches in diameter can be seen crawling around on the forest floor ingesting foreign particles. When conditions turn nasty the plasmodium, as it is called, turns to sex. Upwellings are formed all over the surface of the organism and certain nuclei fuse. Spores are then produced which, when they germinate, will start the whole cycle again.

No one knows how this plasmodium with its millions of nuclei is co-ordinated or why certain nuclei do not decide to go off in one direction while others prefer another. It has been found by staining that the front nuclei stay at the front while the back ones stay at the back. Furthermore, if the front ones are placed at the back, they move through the jelly to the front again. You may begin to wonder about the significance of these experiments.

Well, the myxomycete represents tissue organization at its simplest level and, if enough was known about it, some of the answers to crucial problems, such as cancer, might follow. In general the myxomycetes are good subjects for experimentation. They are easy to keep alive, have uncomplicated food requirements, and breed rapidly. Whereas the relationships between the cells in the tissue of a mammal, for instance, are extremely complicated, those between the nuclei of a myxomycete are relatively simple. Hence it should be possible to find exactly how it recognizes another myxomycete as being one of its own species.

Lack of knowledge hinders the potential uses of fungi to man. This is a pity because they have several advantages that could be crucially useful. They have a tremendous biochemical capacity which can easily be harnessed to man's advantage; already they are vital in the production of antibiotics, of hormones used as the basis for birth control pills, and of vitamins.

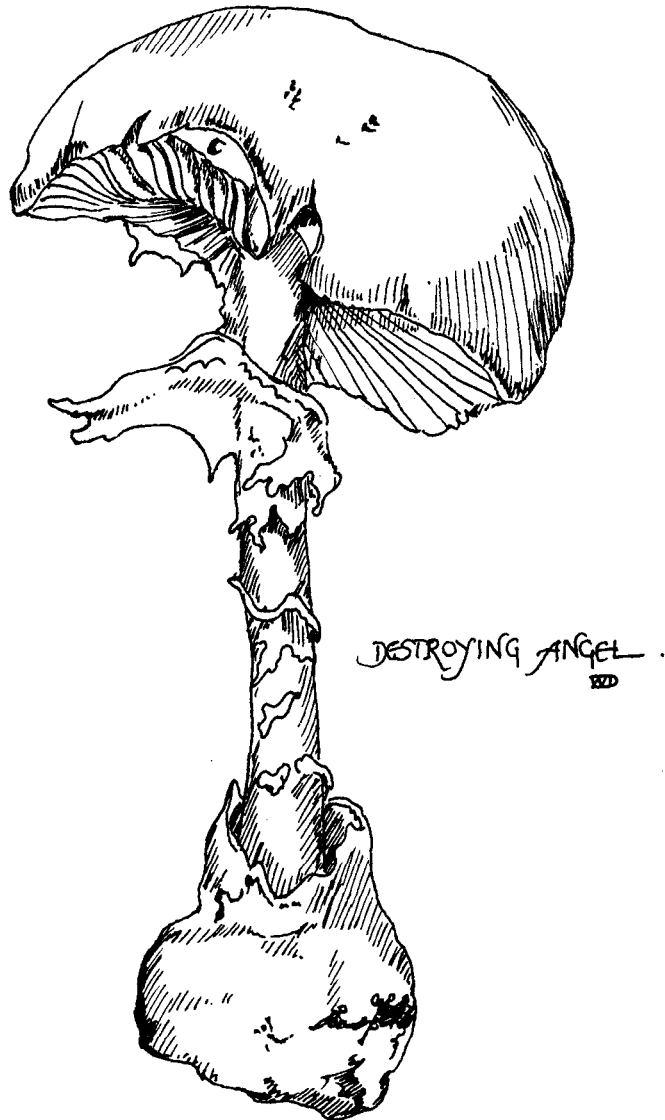
But so many questions about fungi remain unanswered. For instance, nobody knows why lichens (associations between algae and fungi) are able to survive thirty years in a desiccator. (Man dies if he loses 15 per cent of his body water.) Most protein is destroyed at a temperature of 50°C but lichens can survive on rocks which regularly reach this temperature. Plants have special tissues which are adapted to transport nutrients at a fast rate, but in fungi every single cell can transport them at this rate. Furthermore, fungi are far better than plants at obtaining nutrients from poor soil. Indeed many trees make use of this ability of fungi by forming a social contract with them. The tree gives the fungus about a third of its sugars, which it makes by photosynthesis, and, in return, the fungus supplies it with inorganic nutrients.

As I said above, fungi could be used to great advantage as a biochemical tool. But there is a simple use for them. If all the untreated sewage of Western Europe that is now used to pollute the sea were acidified with sulphur dioxide (a major air pollutant) to kill bacteria, fungi could be grown on the medium in sufficient quantities to alleviate the third world protein shortage. Basidiomycetes are certainly the most nutritious plants, containing 70

per cent first class protein and 5 per cent essential salts by dry weight. If more research were sponsored, the technological potential of fungi would be vast;

at the moment they keep many of their secrets to their slimy selves.

Humphrey Birley



Poems

Saint Joan

The prince turned to the young girl
Burning in the circle she contrived
And turned away again.
He could not hear her words
Burning in the fire, his back
Was turned against her eyes
Wet with smoke and hot with
What he could not see.
Out of the ashes, the charred
Bone, the heart glowed still
And pulsed spasmodic sparks
Of flame. Her voice will
Always utter what they cannot,
Will not, hear; the burning
Eyes, the destitute long look
Branding itself into empty skies
Concrete blue and cold except
For that scorching loneliness
Imposed upon the world,
The soft young faith twisted
Into violent love, the
Vital life burnt into vital
Death, the fire that purged
The pure and deadened the
Ashes of the dead, charcoal
Blacker, ash upon the
Foreheads of the crowds crammed
In the market place. The sword
That pointed skyward always
Skyward, forged in fire,
Beyond the thousand bobbing
Armoured heads that finally
Betrayed, the crown that
Weighed like lead upon the
Young king, not so young as
She, betrayed. Panic, flight,
The sword is down, the crown
Weighs down and shudders,
She is down, yet momentarily
Exalted in a blaze of flame,
Her shrine of living fire the
Living see the dying worshipped
In, and voices purge the voiceless
Of the voice that would betray,
Or is it just the cheapness of the

Crowd, or is it just the clinging
Of the sigh the air has plucked
From air, the sigh of princes,
Betrayal and betrayed?

Charmian Hughes

Franziskischlüssel und Hellbrunn, Salzburg

Light glimmering through the leaves
that hang down into the sky
while trees with red heartwood darkly sway;
the moon, delicately curved, drapes
herself with mists;
in the unclear night you are faint
but breathe quietly by me.

A feather from a bird,
with the edge of a knife,
falls to rainbow trout in a shallow fountain.
As you talk of parting,
melancholy hemlocks tap repeatedly on the pane
and the undersides of the leaves flicker
with the sun from the water that trees scattered with
fernseed.

Rock roses and ice flowers
bend down their heads to the reeds
and you are fainter
and the wind is stronger
through the green beech leaves.

Iain Ross Marrs

The Phase

In that stillness, ghastly-cold,
Where no lights cross
But a flame has tossed
And left no gut unscoured—
Lovers never meet.
When all else ends
With the phase
Of birth, copulation, or death,
The gasp of parted teeth—
This silence begins:
And you are left—
A voice without anger.

Oliver Slater



Photo: Nigel Purchon

Britain's Economic Future

In my opinion the outcome of the General Election earlier in 1974 was satisfactory. A small group of Liberals held the balance of power in the House of Commons. This meant that, while the Liberals were willing to support either of the main parties in all reasonable measures, they would vote against measures representing the more extreme opinions of either party. In these circumstances it was impossible for the Socialists to carry out the widespread extension of the nationalization of industry which they had proposed in their manifesto. And, if the Conservatives had assumed power, they would have been unable to move far along the road of a return to *laissez-faire*. The Liberals would have voted against such measures.

The result of the recent (October) Election was not quite so satisfactory, as the Socialists have a narrow overall majority. Some Socialist ministers are now proposing to go a long way along the road to nationalization. But in fact it is unlikely that the Government will do so. A number of the Socialist Members have moderate opinions in regard to a great extension of the nationalization of industry. It would take only a small number of Socialist Members of Parliament to abstain from voting to put the majority of the Socialist Government in peril. This in turn might lead to yet another General Election.

There should be two main objectives in the policy of the Government. One is to ensure that economic growth is maintained at its optimum level. The other is to check the course of inflation, which has recently reached a level that is unprecedented in peace time—anyhow since the days of King Henry VIII. There are two principal weapons for maintaining full employment and growth. Together they should ensure that the aggregate demand for goods and services grows fully in line with the productive power of the economy, which is itself growing, partly owing to an increase of the working population, but mainly owing to the progress of industrial and agricultural technology.

Again, the principal weapons for maintaining the growth of aggregate demand at the right level are two. If aggregate demand is tending to falter, then the policy makers should stimulate it by increasing public works or urban renewal and the development

of the countryside, and, to the extent that public and local authorities are responsible for such works, they should borrow the money needed for it. The insufficiency of aggregate demand is basically due to people saving more money than is ploughed back into capital development. Thus in that case consumption and capital development together do not provide sufficient demand to absorb the resources of the community.

If, on the other hand, there is over-full demand which would tend to cause inflation, then the authorities should ensure additional saving which should be used not for capital works but to pay off debt. The ideal level of aggregate demand to ensure a balanced growth can be secured by encouraging or discouraging overall saving, notably by government surpluses or deficits.

The means for preventing inflation or deflation are somewhat different. About this matter new thought is required. For many years the orthodox view was that only if aggregate demand was in excess of productive potential would there be price inflation. But we have seen this view strongly contradicted in recent years when rather strong price inflation has been accompanied by quite serious unemployment, not only in England but in other countries also. When aggregate demand is below the supply potential of the economy, but price inflation is proceeding none the less, it is a bad way to try to check the inflation by increasing still further the level of under-employment. And so another method must be sought out.

The new method has been fairly widely adopted from time to time, but the authorities and many orthodox economists hold that this is something exceptional and not something that will have to be maintained continually in being. The new method is what is called an "incomes policy." This means direct interference with wages and prices. It shocks some people to think that such interference ought to be maintained indefinitely. For two centuries the orthodox view has been that market forces should regulate the level of prices and wages. But for several centuries before that the course of prices and wages was regulated in this country by the Justices of the Peace. It would have been illegal to pay higher wages or charge higher prices than



Photo: Martin Parnwell

those prescribed by them.

Many hope that it may be possible to put an incomes policy into effect by voluntary methods, without legal interference. But this is rather an optimistic view. It is true that many Trade Union leaders, and indeed many of the rank and file, appreciate that, if wages are pushed up at too great a rate, this will only lead to inflation. But there is a gap between the existence of this recognition and the implementation of what it implies in actual practice. For one thing the workers will not be willing to exercise wage restraint unless they have a guarantee that the cost of living will not go up. Wage bargains often cover a period of two years. They will not acquiesce in such a bargain unless they are assured that the overall cost of living will not rise during that period. Thus a wages policy by itself is not enough. Some interference with prices will also be needed to assure the workers that they will not, so to speak, "be had for mugs" during the period of the wage agreement.

Interference with prices is a somewhat more difficult technical matter than interference with wages, because there are far more commodities that have various prices than there are grades of labour. This problem can probably be tackled by having fixed legal prices for a limited number of commodities. The prices of other commodities should be related to the prices set for a standard group of goods. There may have to be a certain amount of inspection. A company may claim that, although it is charging more for a certain type of article than is laid down in the official list of prices, this is due to its being of superior quality. There must be inspectors to have a look at this. They probably could not look at all the variants of different manufactured goods, but they could take samples. If a producer claimed that his higher price was due to his product being of superior quality to the closest product in the official list, the inspectorate would have to look into this. It is to be feared that there might have to be penalties. If it was found that the higher price of a particular product was not due to the superiority of the quality by comparison with the standard product, then the producer should be subject to a severe penalty. Some may think that this is all rather

complicated, but it must be remembered that the economic world and the variety of products are getting more complicated. Inflation is such a great evil that, if quite a lot of administrative effort is needed to eradicate it, this should be accepted.

There are further complications on the side of international economics. Some countries may effectuate an "incomes policy" while others do not. Even if all countries regulate aggregate demand so that it does not grow more than the supply potential, the growth rates of different countries may be different owing to the varying level of technological progress as vouchsafed by applied science being different for different commodities. It may happen that some of the countries specialize in goods for which technological progress as vouchsafed by applied science is different. Thus the optimum growth rate would be superior in the countries which happen to specialize in commodities in which technological progress was greater. In that case the overall wage increases permitted would be superior in some countries than in others.

This brings us round to the vexed question of proper rates at which various countries' currencies should exchange for one another in foreign exchange markets. If exchange rates are kept stable, then the currencies of countries of varying rates of growth of technology in the sphere of internationally tradable goods may be confronted with a lack of balance between their exports and their imports. Space does not allow me to embark on the even more complicated subject of the optimum rates of capital movements as between the various countries.

I finally come to a point in which my opinions differ somewhat from the opinions of the majority. Some may even feel shocked at what I am about to write. Many writers have held that, if a country is tending to surplus in its foreign trade, then its currency should be allowed to appreciate in the foreign exchange market and conversely. Or, if there are legally fixed rates, then the rate of the currency of the surplus country should be raised. This has been done by Germany on several occasions recently, but it has not seemed to work in the way expected.

There is much to be said against fluctuations in foreign exchange rates, whether in the form of

floating rates or more frequent adjustments of officially fixed rates. Uncertainty about what the rates are going to be may do much damage to the progress of international trade. More and more in the modern world traders need to be able to take rather a long view, if they are to regulate their own affairs so as to execute trade to the best advantage. A contract may be made providing for the provision of goods over a period of two years or over an even longer period. It is very destructive if someone wanting to enter into a contract does not know how much money this will bring in during the course of the execution of the contract. Of course the uncertainty may be thrown on to the buyer of the goods, but here again this is obstructive. If the exchange rate is to be altered, either the buyer or the seller of goods entering into trade must be subject to uncertainty. Whichever way it is, this will make matters difficult in the regulation of any business.

I hope that this article has shown that there are a great many unsolved problems in the sphere of economics. A young student of it should not suppose that economics consists of a body of doctrine which can be found in a decent textbook. He should be encouraged by the thought that, if he proposes to continue with the study of economics, there will be scope for him to make his own contributions to the total corpus of that science.

Roy Harrod

(A, non-resident K.S., 1913–18)



Photo: Nigel Purchon

Letters to the Editors

From Lord Beaumont of Whitley

Dear Sirs,

May I be allowed to correct you on a major point in your July editorial?

Comprehensive Schools are not schools that “remove the individual’s ability to identify himself as a distinct and separate entity”, nor do they deny children to be different or better. On the contrary, Comprehensive Schools are the only way of giving the pupil a maximum choice. The aim of Comprehensive Schools is to give children the ability to learn *Cooking and Latin, Economics and Shorthand*. Do you have that freedom?

May I also take up two minor points. A Comprehensive School need not be vast, although unfortunately a number of them are. Six hundred or eight hundred is now regarded as perfectly viable, considerably smaller than some Public Schools. Also could you please elucidate the statement “the desire for academic excellence has so withered away that the school-leaving age has to be put up once again, this time to sixteen”. You state no reasons or evidence for what appears to be a non sequitur and I was under the impression, no doubt mistaken, that academic excellence in this country had increased as the school-leaving age went up.

Yours faithfully,
Tim Beaumont

May I suggest that the statement “The aim of Comprehensive Schools is to give children the ability to learn *Cooking and Latin, Economics and Shorthand*” is very questionable. The general aim, as I understand it, is to give a greater equality of opportunity to the pupils concerned. This is in itself a laudable aim; one could however argue whether in practice an acceptable number of pupils is being given an opportunity for self-improvement. Many Comprehensive Schools have too many pupils and are often understaffed and short of space. In such circumstances pupils may well see themselves as merely one amongst many rather than as an individual who has something special to contribute. The results of this situation can be seen in the

disturbing decline in many aspects of basic education—in particular literacy. The Government’s answer to this was to raise the school-leaving age—a response to the withering away of many students’ desire for academic excellence. This has had a reverse effect. It has further increased overcrowding and made consistently successful education that much harder to effect despite the determined effort of many teachers.

On a secondary point I would have thought that the original aim of many who advocated the comprehensive system was to do away with “streaming”. This is certainly a denial of the pupil’s right to be better and to be different.

In conclusion, although several Public Schools have more than eight hundred pupils, their teacher/pupil ratio is much better, which distinguishes them sharply from Comprehensive Schools of a similar size. *Edd.*

From Mr. T. M. B. Eiloart, O.W.

Dear Sirs,

The arrogance and presumption of your last issue’s editorial left me gasping. How can you suppose that the raising of the school-leaving age is evidence of a smaller desire for academic excellence? To claim the opposite would be equally facile. In fact all sorts of professions are increasingly asking for examination passes which if anything show an increasing requirement for academic excellence. If you feel like sneering at exams, I have to say there are exams all the way up to Ph.D. level and that they have to be equated somewhere with academic excellence. This is only one of many of the goals of a good education, as indeed in the past the Public Schools may have been among the first to realize. (Humanity, perseverance, creativity, initiative, etc. do not have to be found in your most academically excellent person.)

If you, for example, would really prefer to have a job as a miner rather than as a solicitor at the same pay, I respect your opinion and I hope you enjoy it. If not, then better be careful of deriding the



Photo: Robin Brown

manual jobs and supposing them to be worth less money than the thoughtful ones. There is no evidence for your easy little sentence "Socialist thought discourages the individual's self-improvement". If anything the pursuit of excellence is far more keenly fostered in the average Communist country than in the average capitalist one. Not that this means I like Communism, but its problems lie elsewhere. Self-improvement is a fetish in China and a very strong part of the credo in Russia. In most Western countries it is indeed practised valiantly by the aspiring leaders, but at the expense of a huge number of people that you may not meet, who are very apathetic and feel defeated by the system. Most people who can afford to educate their children at a Public School owe it to hard work, cupidity, good luck, or inheritance. If hard work were the only reason, it is still doubtfully moral for them to thereby purchase privilege for their children. It would be a great deal more apposite if people who have this privilege were to think of ways to spread it much more widely, make it dependent on the needs and abilities of the children, remove the money element (one might pay for it in social effort on behalf of the community if one did not wish to pursue the largest possible cash income for example) and reduce the disparities anyway between the privileged sector and the State education system. It might also pay to stop referring to the state as though it were some sort of evil disease. We are all part of it, and you would be the first to complain if those elementary institutions like the G.P.O., energy supply, the police, and road building were to wither away. When I say it might pay, I mean you would give less fuel to those who find the Public Schools repugnant.

Yours sincerely,

Tim Eiloart
(W, 1950-54)

Firstly, I would maintain that the raising of the school-leaving age is a response to a smaller desire by the students for academic excellence. This raising of the school-leaving age was a government measure designed largely to halt declining standards

of education.

Secondly, I do not sneer at exams. My belief is that, although in many spheres exams are still very necessary, material reward in the form of money can be achieved by other means. The relative pay of bricklayers and teachers is surely indicative of this; trade unions can achieve material reward just as much as academic excellence can.

Thirdly, I wonder what is meant by the "huge number of people that you may not meet, who are very apathetic and feel defeated by the system"? If you imply that it is the Public Schools that are responsible for this sense of defeat, I would have to answer that it is the overcrowding and inefficiency of many Comprehensives that leads to apathy, because many students in these Comprehensives feel that they are merely one among many. This is what causes a sense of defeat.

Fourthly, although there is not enough space to defend Public Schools fully, I would have thought that your suggestion "to reduce the disparities between the privileged sector and the State education system" is in itself "doubtfully moral". Are you unaware that every British parent who sends his child to a Public School is already paying, through taxes and Local Authority rates, for State education even though that child never receives such education? You deny the right of a parent, and of a teacher, to take part in a private school; but surely it is "doubtfully moral" to forbid parents to spend money as they wish, and to forbid teachers to work where they like?

Fifthly, I see no reason why you should maintain that we "would be the first to complain if those elementary institutions like the G.P.O., energy supply, the police and road building were to wither away". This surely is prejudice. When I refer to the possibilities of the dangers of widespread State interference in the life of the individual I refer, by implication, to those countries where it exists—Russia for example. These countries, as I am sure you would admit, combine State control with a curtailment of the individual's freedom. Their labour camps are symbolic of this. I wonder whether it would "pay" to stop referring to these dangers? Surely we must at all times be aware of potential threats to our way of life? *Edd.*



Photo: Robin Brown
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Poems

L'Horizon

A travers les brumes limpides et opaques
Du Passé et du Présent,
A travers des souvenirs flous
Et des réalités crues,
A travers la musique qui joue dans la nuit noire de
ma chambre,
Apparaissent des visions qui brillent et qui dansent
aux rythmes de la musique,
Et qui m'invitent dans un monde où tout paraît
simple,
Et je suis Roi dans ce monde où la Joie est ma
Reine,
Et je souris car j'aperçois toutes les voies que la vie
m'offre,
Et je n'ai plus peur de faire fausse route car je crois
en moi,
Et je souris car je suis bien dans ma peau,
Et je souris car toutes mes ambitions les plus folles
se réalisent.
Et soudain tout ce monde romantique, joyeux et
mystérieux
Explose à travers la musique et le noir de ma
chambre

Traunsee und Sonnstein

Mists like fingers of bone
washed white by the sea
wisp through the trees—that crowd to the edges
of steep white mountains with sawlike ridges,
and drip with white snow, like the clouds
they have cut through—
that look longingly at their shadows
and contemplate drowning.

Early sunlight lances through boats slowly rowing
and sharp shadows
are dispersed on the shallow lake mist
and the spray from the dull wooden oars
is heard, never seen, a white hiss,
while two lovers, not lonely, kiss.

Iain Ross Marrs

Et je retrouve cette sensation unique qui me
rechauffe le corps entier,
Et je souris en scrutant l'horizon illuminé.

Les Avions

Je les vois de ma chambre, au devant des nuages,
Impassibles dans leur majesté et dans leur royaume
d'azur.
Ils m'invitent, et pour quelques instants je laisse
mon travail,
Et je retombe dans mes voyages à travers les boucles
blanches du ciel;
De ce ciel bleu, riche, infini, au goût exotique,
De ce bleu dépourvu de cachettes mais qui me cache
tout,
Tout un horizon de soleils miroitants dans des mers
écarlates,
De rose nébuleux à l'aspect langoureux,
De rires éclatants et de rivages éphémères
Aux cadences mêlées, des vagues et des palmiers.
Et je rêve de ma chambre, aux vues familières,
De ces lumières qui s'agitent en traversant le noir.

John Cinnamon

Poem

Why do we stop
like broken toys and cars at traffic lights,
Traffic lights stuck at red?
But the broken toys are thrown away.

Why do you stop
and think, when your life is decided for you
by Him who created you?
“What for?”, you may ask.
We'll never know, because He's not very talkative
to people like us.

Why do we stop
momentarily when the lollypop lady walks out?
They stop you everywhere.
When will we be let be?

Dan Peyton



Photo: Martin Parnwell

Westminster Reflections

Education

When I was seventeen, and a raw Northern Protestant, I went to Dublin University, and was exposed for the first time to metropolitan life, intellectual excitement, and the terrors of a Catholic city. I had one determined thought: no alien culture or religion should seduce me from the faith of my fathers, Orange, reformed, and absolute.

Six years later, my faith in absolutism, God and reformed religion having been tested, destroyed, and re-formed, time, tide, and a slow train took me back to Belfast to work on the Shankhill Road. A raw curate, I had one determined thought: that the clutter of back-street bigotry that was Belfast would destroy neither the accent nor the essential insight painfully achieved in Dublin. (I had learned a few polysyllabic words.)

Two and half years later, my education destroyed by encountering life, death, and most other states, I was drawn by instinct to work in Cranleigh School, public in name, private in effect. I went, not without qualms, the loss of many friends, and a profound fear that I was risking authentic life for a precious and unreal existence. But it seemed right, and ten years there validated the choice. My recent move to Westminster either justifies that original leap in the dark, or is a rationalization.

But to what point do these passing thoughts lead? Certainly not an apology for a trivial life. Perhaps to suggest that the patterns of life are less important than the people who comprise them; that for all the categories we love to use for people—rich, poor, believer, atheist, Catholic, Protestant, barbaric, enlightened—in essential terms (back to absolutism) men are equal, and differences more apparent than real. On the surface this seems to be a superficial sentimental view of man. I do not beg the question of inequality. I am aware of the many who are poor, maimed, and deformed; and that large numbers of men sleep each night hungry and under the stars. I suggest only that the obvious inequalities in society are not the real problems of life. It is how a man relates to his fellow-man, irrespective of that man's social position, that is the real point of truth. Perhaps, in a way, I am offering an "apologia" for working in a narrow, and, some would say, privileged, section of society. But, if I am permitted the belief that all men are equal, then the

categories of success and failure of individual men and institutions are to be assessed in terms of man's essential being, not in economics.

To particularize, I have always been uneasy with the view that better housing, better education, *et al.*, necessarily predicate happiness, or fulfilment. Bad housing and poor education pose particular problems. But life, to be fulfilled, requires more than the finest Welfare State can offer. The correlation between an advanced society and a high suicide rate poses a worrying dilemma. I am deeply concerned by the injustice of poverty, unequal opportunities in terms of schooling and employment, and beyond our shores the horrors of a world where to be affluent is to eat daily, and for the majority the reality is starvation. These are problems that ought to concern us all; but I am not convinced the solution lies in destroying the best achievements of advanced societies. In this context, I am hesitant to accept the view that to abolish fee-paying schools will raise the level of achievement throughout the rest of the educational system.

A just society is an enlightened society that does not condone inequalities or escape their challenge. Good education deepens man's awareness of himself and his world, and creates an atmosphere in which wisdom may develop. It teaches not just self-sufficiency, but also and equally a sense of responsibility to others. Great leaders are great servants. The only privilege that schools should create is the privilege of service; and it is to that end that the best endeavours of structure and syllabus should be addressed. If Public Schools achieve this (and that is a debatable point), their existence is justified, and it would seem valid that money spent thus was well spent. It is also being realised in State schools of every kind, and that is also money well spent. The politics of who foots the bills is another issue. Different systems suit different people. It is the end result that matters.

God loves all men equally. Man approaches the ultimate as he likewise learns to love all men equally. I have found examples of that love in all categories of men.

Willie Booth

The Conformist Revolution

Every telephone booth was occupied. So what do you do? You make a line behind the booths, and, when one near you is emptied, in you go, fast. But tonight there was an inexperienced, fragile old lady wandering up and down in between the waiting line and the telephones. Each time a phone booth was vacated near her, she faintly moved towards it—but each time someone from the line got in. Come on, come on, they all think. You've got to move, attack, assert yourself. Play by the rules. Conform, conform.

Conform. The word has a certain repulsion for some people; most Westminsters will already have

expressed their disgust. Those who “play by the rules” are bourgeois conformists and extremely boring; I imagine their words would be something along those lines. Anyone hearing this opinion, whether they agreed or not, would expect the speaker, naturally, to be totally self-willed; one who has no rules to play by except his own private ones; a person who has no tribe or tribal law; uninhibited; etcetera, etcetera.

Well, not quite. In the moment of revolution—the famous “youth revolution” of the sixties—new laws came into force. Unwritten, just as before, but just as binding. Codes of behaviour, breach of



Photo: Martin Parnwell

which earns the contempt of your generation. We all know what they are; and if I say much more about them I will be covering ground well trodden. Suffice it to say that at Westminster the vast majority of people conform, though they will not have it, to these new rules. What is worse, the rules here are positive about how one should behave—quietly ignoring these rules, or not actively obeying them, is just as bad as openly defying them, for at least that is an act of self-assertion, which at present is deemed highly desirable.

So we form up again in our tribes; new ones, but tribes all the same. The grouping phenomenon observed at Westminster is precisely this. Little tribes, with all their own rules, rejecting the rest of us. The very place where one would hope for some realization and rejection of this reversion to the old order of rules and standards has openly accepted it. “Education”, we were told at the start of our Sixth Form English course, “should make you question the standards of your own generation. That is one

of its purposes.” It has failed, it seems, in this one.

Perhaps we had no choice. The herd instinct is too strong. At the recent Windsor music festival, which grew out of the “youth revolution” and which is another place where non-conformity is supposed to rule, it turned out that everyone was doing the same things, and dared do nothing else. Apparently, too, whenever one of their number was arrested, the assembled crowd sat still by their tents, and merely greeted each police move with jeers and much drum beating. So the national press put it, more or less exactly. It was this drum beating etcetera which first made me think of the similarity to a primitive tribe in some dark continent. The revolution, as all other revolutions are said to have done, has gone full circle, as the word implies, and put us back where we were, almost. But at least the voices of the young are heard, even if they are saying the same things in a different way.

Paul Kitcatt

A Question about the System

Westminster has had yet another good crop of A level results this year, carrying on successfully with its fundamental aim, the pursuit of academic excellence. This is admirable and congratulations are certainly due to the teachers who make it all possible. It would seem that any reasonable pupil or parent could have nothing to complain about. By all accounts, the boys get a good education. What I wish to question, however, is the validity of that fundamental aim, and the proper nature of a good education.

In schools, particularly in Westminster, we are taught to admire and cultivate the intellect above all else. The successful boys are the clever ones, and this attitude prevails outside the school context. We admire people who show their intellectuality, people who have shelves covered with rows of high-powered books. What is more, this field of worship is narrower than mere intelligence, for we bestow our praise and approval primarily on literary erudition. Pure scientists we regard with a certain

aloofness, “Yes, he’s brilliant in his field,” we say, thinking all the time that his intellectual range is really far too narrow. For those who are well read the situation is entirely different. Such people are today’s heroes. We look at them and wish that we could emulate them.

I submit that this attitude is unreasonable. While we denigrate the mathematician for not knowing enough about Virginia Woolf or John Donne, we do not denigrate the literary critic for not being able to make a wooden stool, and this is totally unfair. Why should brains, which you either have or have not (like a disfigured face) be any more admirable than skill at carpentry? Why should we praise the boy with three A’s who can’t use a paintbrush to save his life any more than the boy with three E’s who produces good pictures? The trouble is that our value system for judging people is unjust. All human skills and talents (and everybody has one) are equally valuable and important. The intellectual, the musician, the sportsman, the potter,

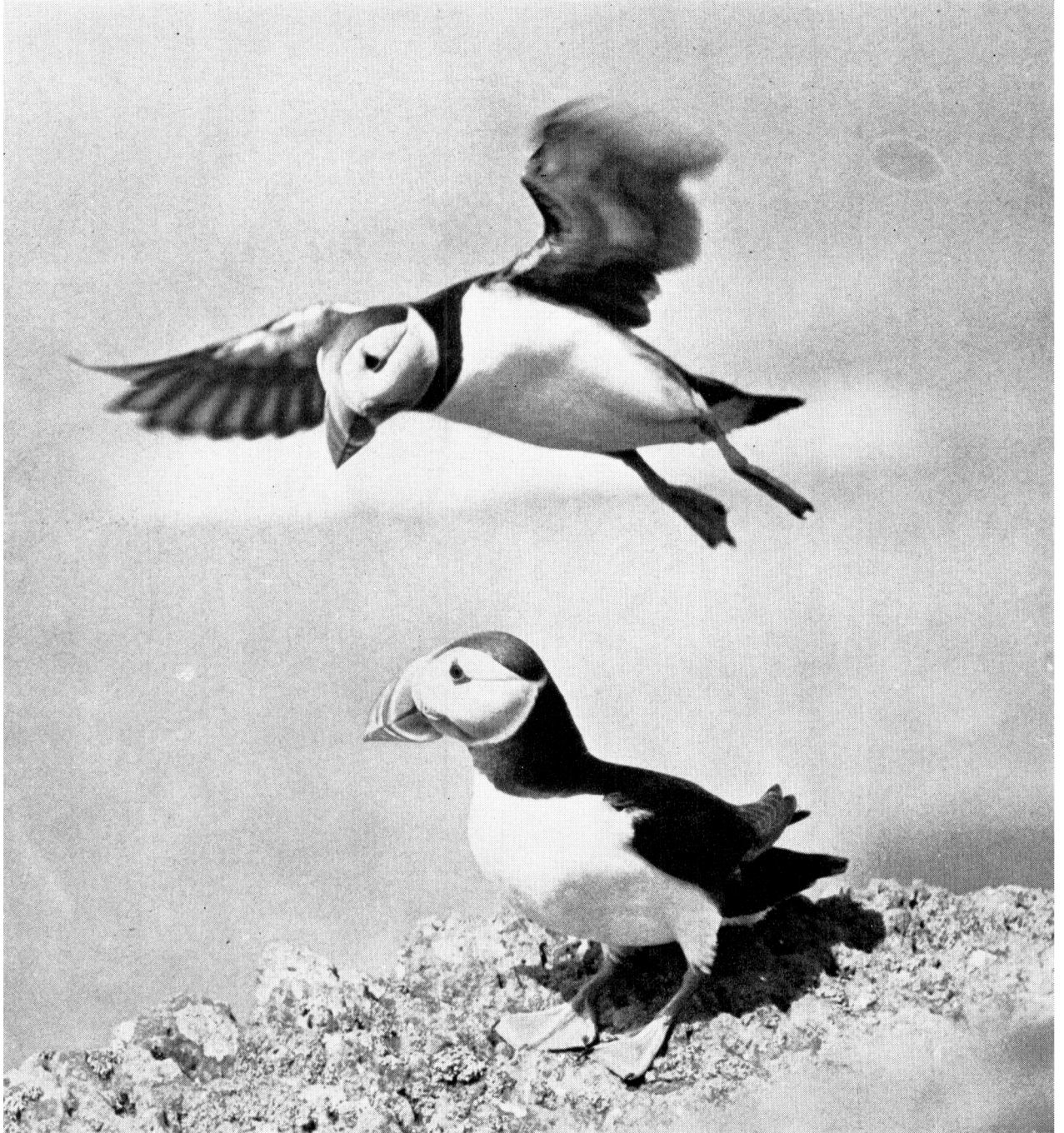


Photo: Nigel Purchon

the jewellery designer, the blacksmith; all these should be fully and equally appreciated. This is why I find it loathsome that for all our time at Westminster, and much of our time at prep. school, we have it rammed down our throats that ours is a better school than most, because it requires a higher academic standard than most. We are made to take a special entrance exam and are taught to feel cleverer, and therefore superior, to other boys.

No wonder people talk about Westminster arrogance! (And maybe it's not entirely the boys' fault.) This is also why I agree entirely with the Head Master when he talks of realizing boys' potential in whatever direction that may be, and why I feel at the same time that this is precisely what education should do, and is precisely what education (especially ours) is not doing.

Tim White

The School Fees

It is of interest to note that the present economic position of Westminster School is in one very important way analogous to the economic position of the Arab oil-producing states prior to the last Middle East War. The similarity is that Westminster is selling, just as the Arabs were, a considerably under-priced product. Demand for places at the school is a good deal in excess of supply, as is the case at most good Public Schools. The analogy, however, is not a perfect one, and on two important points it is invalid. The first of these is that whereas the Arabs were not aware of their situation, Westminster's Governors probably are, and yet do not wish to act; the school is, after all, a non-profit-making organization. Secondly, if the fees were raised to a realistic level, the Head Master would not hurry out to buy a Cadillac or two or order a new palace; the extra revenue would be put to very good use.

The school could first of all substantially raise the salaries of the members of the Common Room. Men (and women) of comparable capabilities and qualifications, burdened with similar responsibility, would expect salaries beyond comparison in any other sphere. Teaching, it is true, is an attractive job, but it is surely not right that teachers should have to pay so dearly for this attraction. Therefore, apart from providing the school with an even wider selection of potential staff than at present, a rise in salaries would do much to demonstrate the school's sense of rightness.

The extra revenue could be put to use in other ways as well. The facilities for study and learning

are beyond recrimination, but the living facilities are in some cases not. They are, it must be admitted, gradually improving; but extra cash would undoubtedly speed up the process, and would be gratefully received. The facilities for sport, on the other hand, fall short in many respects. It would not be extravagant of the school to finance the building of a swimming pool or a new gym or two or three squash courts, or to provide an alternative to Grove Park.

It is clear then that the school would be able to make use of any extra funds; would it not therefore be correct for the school to take advantage of its position and obtain them? Revenue could be obtained from two sources. Firstly, and principally, by raising the basic fees for both boarders and day boys by a substantial amount. Provision could also be made for those who could afford to pay at an even higher rate to contribute accordingly—in a similar system to that employed at Millfield School. Secondly the Queen's Scholars, unless they are in need of subsidies from the school, should be required to pay the full fees. If financial aid is to be given, it is certainly more logical that it should be given to those who need it than to those who quite irrelevantly happen to be scholastically successful.

The effects of such radical changes in the present fees system are impossible to predict with accuracy. But the circumstances suggest that they would not be shattering. Demand exceeds supply; supply is fixed; the school is therefore theoretically in a position to raise the fees without suffering. It is those who will have to pay the increased fees, the

parents, who will suffer; but they will do so with smiles on their faces. They are not being exploited for the school's profit; they are financing investment for their own benefit, and they know this. Very few pupils will drop out of the school (the school could perhaps subsidize those most in need) and the number of applicants will hardly decrease. Some might be deterred by the higher fees, others will be attracted by the higher standards. If this tendency is at all pronounced, it will of course make Westminster an institution for the élite rich to an even greater extent than it is at present. This is to be

regretted, but, without hypocrisy, it cannot be condemned.

These views will probably be considered by many as ruthless and insensitive, particularly in view of the present financial plight of the middle classes. Perhaps this is so. But nonetheless it is true that the fee-paying parents will readily ignore the increased fees, and thus demonstrate their awareness, as they have done so many times in the past, that an education at a good Public School is a sound and lucrative investment.

Peter Freedman

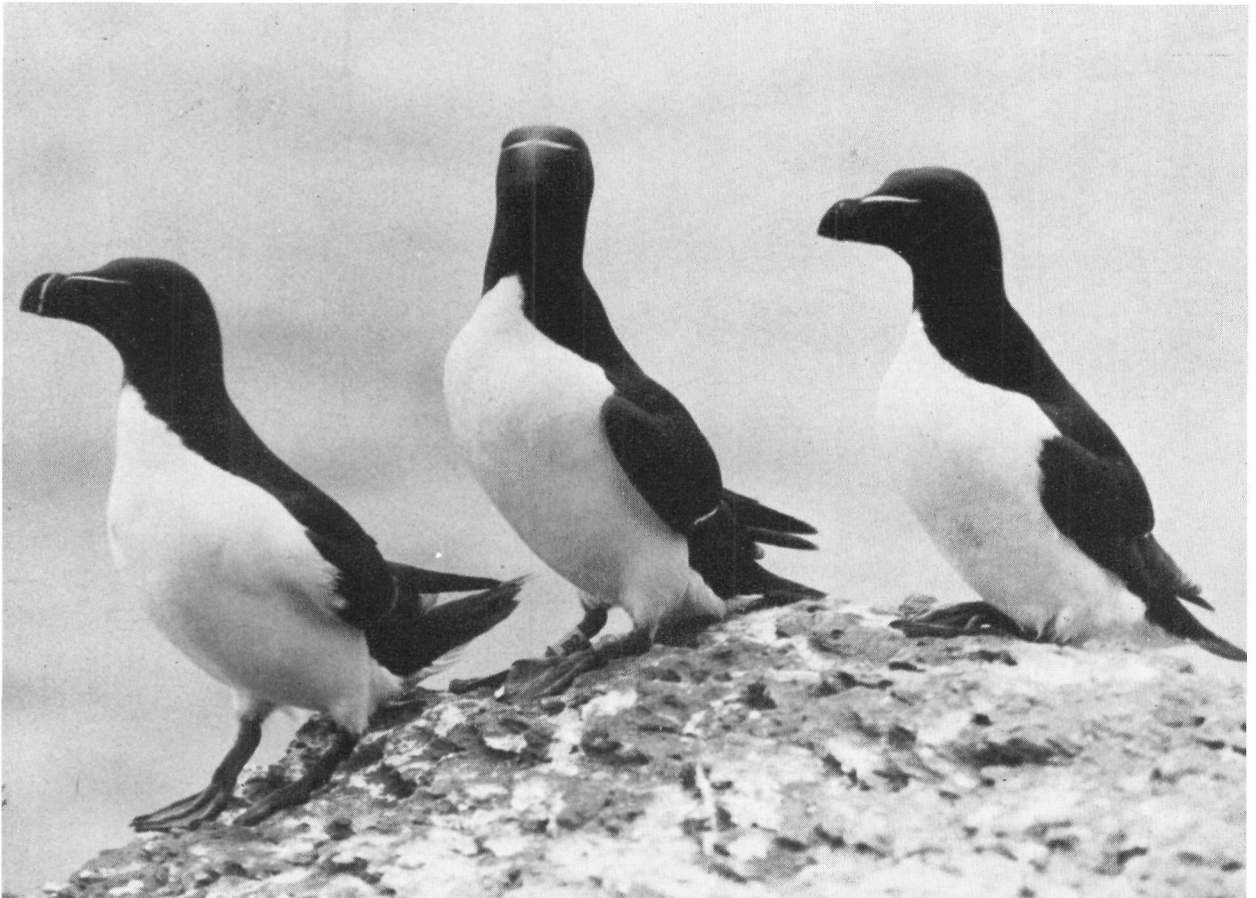


Photo: Martin Parnwell

John Osborne

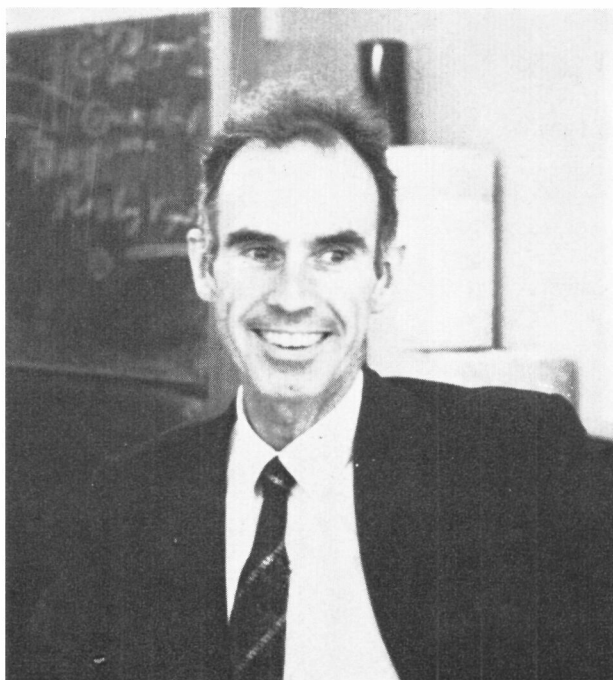


Photo: Robin Brown

John Osborne came to Westminster in 1958 as Senior Physics Master, succeeding Geoffrey Foxcroft who had been appointed Senior Science Master at Rugby. It was a time at which Westminster science was beginning to emerge from its dowdy second-class image. The brown-painted Edwardian laboratories, untouched since 1905, were being modernized, and the new laboratories were under construction. John arrived when the chaos of reconstruction was at its height, and it needed all his splendid sense of humour to see the Physics Department through his first term. It was extremely difficult to teach under these conditions. One day during a particularly noisy physics lesson a pneumatic drill actually shot through the wall a few feet from where he was standing. A lesser man would not have treated it as a joke.

In 1961 J. M. O. succeeded C. J. Crumpler as Senior Science Master and during the next few years he played a major part in making Westminster science well known throughout the country and

abroad. His particular genius was for developing remarkably effective experiments from extremely simple and cheap apparatus. He became widely known for his lecture demonstrations on such subjects as transistors, at that time a new area of physics teaching. His pioneering work on a radio telescope at Stowe was followed by similar work at Westminster and later by satellite tracking. A dedicated group of boys helped to make Westminster the first school to receive weather pictures from a satellite. Such was the quality of these pictures that he was able to tell a startled German boy on an exchange visit from Munich that it was at that moment raining in his home city.

J. M. O.'s gift for experimental physics was recognized by the Nuffield Foundation, which gave him a Research Fellowship from 1962-64 to develop experiments for the Nuffield O Level Physics Course. As a result of this and other work he was invited to lecture abroad by the British Council. On a busy tour of a Middle Eastern country he was trying to convince their Ministry of Education of the importance of experimental physics as an integral part of education. At the culminating ceremony after the final conference no lesser a man than the Minister of Education rose to thank him for his efforts. "Science teaching in our country will never be the same after Mr. Osborne's visit," he said; and raising in one hand a pair of cheap patented wire cutters, much favoured by John, "From now on," he proclaimed, "every school will have a pair of these."

At Westminster J. M. O.'s influence has been more profound. Since the setting up of the Sir Henry Tizard Memorial Fund in 1960 he has been responsible for choosing the Tizard Lecturer each year. A distinguished group of men including Sir George Thompson, Sir Peter Medawar, Lord Blackett, Sir Martin Ryle, Professor Sir George Porter, Sir Ernst Chain and Professor Hermann Bondi have all lectured on his proposal.

John Osborne will be remembered at Westminster for his distinguished services to experimental physics, for the distinctive aroma of cigars which pervaded the physics department, and for the way in which under his guidance Westminster science became well known throughout the world.

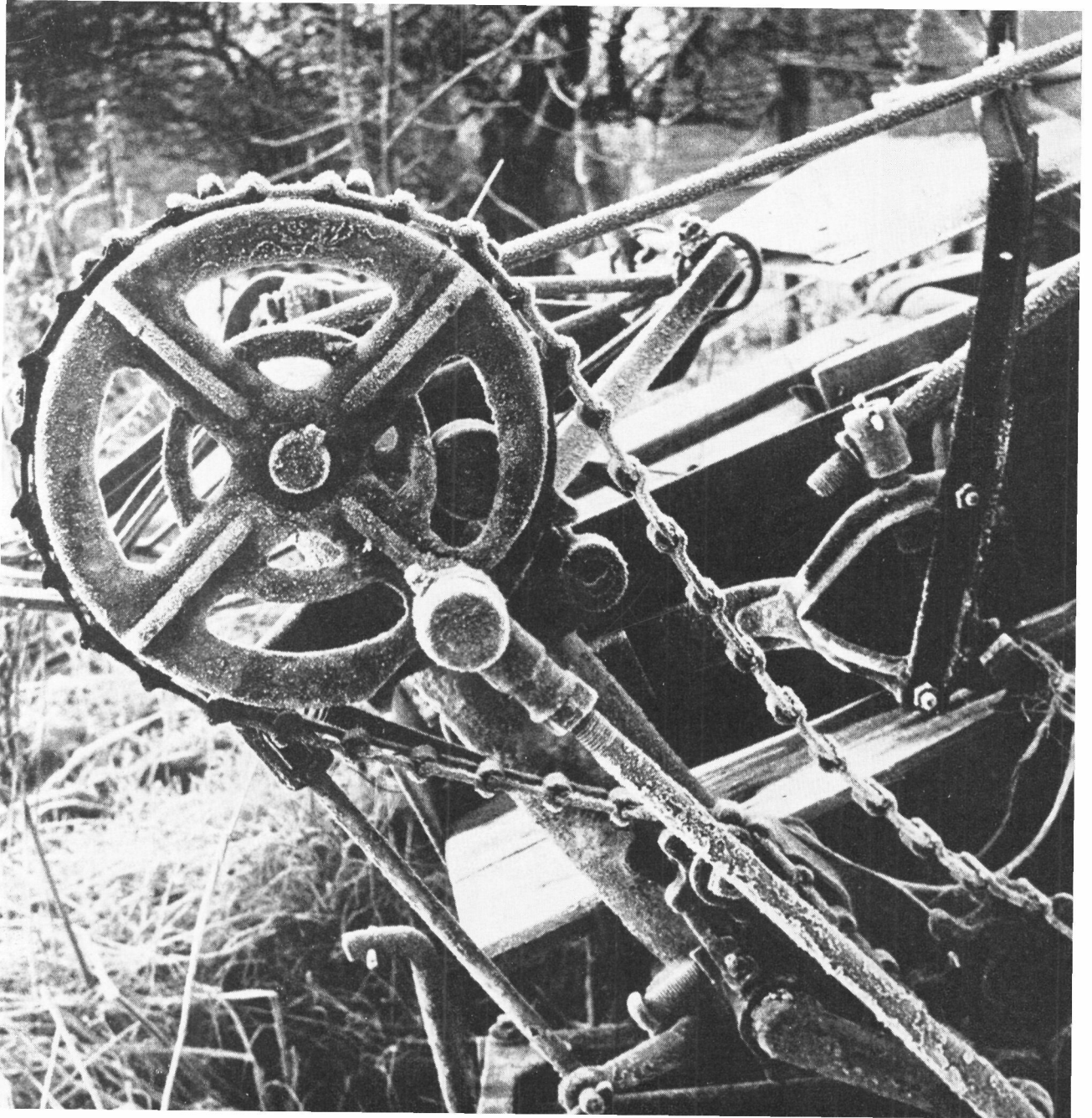


Photo: Charles Clover

Film Society

The moment has come for Film Society to answer its critics. "The school is fed up with the mud-slinging of élitists and philistines." In this unprecedented crisis the only way to save the sinking ship is for moderates of all shades to join together in unity and harmony.

The fiercest attacks have centred around the society's programme. The society's organizers decided to introduce a policy designed to attract more upper school members. Despite our attempts in the last year to provide programmes which might stimulate interest in film as an art form and in the history of the cinema, there has not been much of a response from the school. This is disappointing considering the outstanding quality of the films provided. This term there has been an attempt to present a more balanced programme with more popular productions. However, we are not impressed with the argument that Film Society should aim to do no more than provide light entertainment for the junior school on Friday afternoons.

The other major criticism which has been launched at the society is the standard of its equipment. The sound has certainly often been very bad, and the projector has shown a tendency to slow down drastically; this has had disastrous results, particularly during moments of atmospheric slow music. The projectionists do their best, but maintenance of the equipment requires much expert knowledge and time. More people are willing to criticize than to attempt to help. The projectors have been expensively serviced over the summer holidays, but it may take some time to adjust them to perfection. The sound system, for example, requires extremely delicate tuning to transform the message on a sound track into comprehensible human noises. If the equipment fails to achieve a suitably high standard of performance after all this work, then obviously we will have to consider buying new projectors and loud speakers.

Film Society is in a state of transformation, and we hope in particular that more members of the upper part of the school will come to appreciate what we are trying to do.

Simon Taube

Namibia

Namibia (formerly South-West Africa) is a country on the west coast of Africa between the Republic of South Africa and Angola with a population of about 750,000. In 1915 South Africa invaded German South-West Africa, as it then was, and ended German colonial rule. After the war South-West Africa was mandated to South Africa by the League of Nations. When the United Nations took over the functions of the League, South Africa recognized its mandatory obligations. However, the subsequent failure of South Africa to send reports, the gradual introduction of apartheid, and South African attempts to annex Namibia, caused Liberia and Ethiopia in 1960 to bring a case against South Africa in the World Court. The case was dismissed on procedural grounds. Finally, however, in 1966 the U.N. terminated the mandate and appointed a Commissioner for Namibia, Mr. Sean MacBride. (He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize last October.) In 1972 the World Court passed the historic judgement that the continued occupation of Namibia by South Africa was illegal.

Namibia has had carved out of it nine African "homelands", and the remainder (61 per cent of the area including the best farm land, fishing, and mines) is effectively a white "homeland". Much of the nine African homelands is desert and cannot possibly support the population, so that a large proportion are forced to be migrant workers in the white areas. Namibia is rich in minerals. To maintain high profits the mining interests need cheap labour. This is achieved by means of the contract system. Africans are recruited from the homelands and transported to the mines, where they work for six or nine months, with hardly a chance to see their homes and families. When at the mines, the Africans have even fewer rights than at home.

SWAPO, the South West Africa People's Organization, was founded in 1959 by Herman Ja Toivo as a non-violent group to further the interests of the Namibian people. In 1959 it was decided to move the African residents of a Windhoek suburb to the new black township of Katutura. Feeling among the Africans ran high, leading to a boycott of municipal services. Police entered the area on a December night and fired on a crowd, killing 11 and injuring 54. This and other

examples of the creeping introduction of apartheid, mounting police repression, and South African indifference to U.N. pressure, convinced SWAPO that Namibia must help itself. Reluctantly, they decided to begin an armed struggle on behalf of all Namibia. That struggle continues today.

Protests against the repression came in 1971 from several respected church leaders. Bishop Leonard Auala of the Finnish Mission Church, and Moderator Paulus Gowaseb of the Rhenish Mission Church, wrote an open letter to the Prime Minister of the Republic; they were supported by Colin Winter, Anglican Bishop of Damaraland (since expelled). They charged South Africa with denial of basic human rights of freedom of movement and accommodation, suppression of political freedom, maintaining low wages and unemployment, and preventing family life for the migrant workers. These three churches (to which the majority of Namibians belong) can fairly claim to speak with authority.

In December 1971 a strike began among contract workers at Windhoek, and spread; eventually over 13,000 joined it. Despite harsh reprisals it continued for six months, demonstrating the rejection by Namibians of South African domination. Since then oppression has increased, SWAPO members being rounded up and interned, and old men and women being publicly flogged in Ovamboland. This is done under the pretext of "tribal customs"; several distinguished Namibians familiar with tribal law have, however, testified that it was never a recognized tribal practice.

A few of us at Westminster heard about Namibia through the United Nations Youth and Student Association, and organized a group to stimulate interest and raise money. A large number of Namibians have managed to flee to Zambia, where SWAPO is building a centre with hospital, school, and workshops to look after the refugees, training

them in agricultural methods and giving a basic education to the children. The Anglican Church is also organizing a fund to provide legal aid for those who have been flogged and are trying to obtain redress in the courts. We therefore decided to raise money for these two projects. Several speakers came to talk at the school—Mrs. Jo Herbertson, a journalist who visited Namibia recently; Mr. Peter Katjavivi, a Namibian, now SWAPO representative in London; and Mr. H. V. Thom from South Africa House. We then organized a sponsored walk: about fifty boys and masters at Westminster took part and raised over £400. More people have promised to talk to us about new developments in Namibia and the broader subject of Southern Africa.

Many have objected to the use of violence to achieve Namibian independence. But there comes a time, after all peaceful methods have failed, when an oppressed people have the unenviable choice: suffer in silence or rise against oppression to regain freedom. When a people makes that choice, does it not deserve sympathy and support? The parallel that suggests itself is with resistance movements in Nazi-occupied Europe.

Namibian independence may well be hastened by the events of this year in Portugal and "Portuguese Africa". Namibia shares a long frontier with Angola, and South Africa itself is becoming increasingly isolated. Whether we shall soon see freedom and justice for Namibia, or a further strengthening of the prison-like laager, only time can tell. Meanwhile SWAPO, on behalf of all the people and tribes of Namibia alike, will fight on for liberty and "One Nation—One Namibia"—a living denial of apartheid, its myths and perverted morality. They deserve the sympathy of the whole world.

Jeremy Palmer
Westminster UNYSA

Patrick Backhouse

Patrick Backhouse's sudden death from leukaemia in the summer holidays came as a great shock to all who knew him. He was a very capable monitor of Ashburnham, liked and respected by all. His characteristic attitude to life cheered all close to him and added to the atmosphere of the House. Patrick's sense of humour and intelligent open-minded attitude attracted friends with differing interests and views, so that he was able to introduce those close to him to many and varied activities, groups of people, and ideas.

He excelled at his chosen "A" level subjects, obtaining three A's, though he was worried about his totally scientific syllabus. Because of this, he was eager to expand his literary and musical knowledge, and was able to hold intelligent conversations with scientists and artists alike. He was also a very talented oarsman, rowing at seven in the 1st VIII and stroking the 1st IV; indeed the first sign of his illness came when he was unable to compete at Henley.

A fine Westminster has been lost but in his short life he gave much.

Twelfth Tizard Lecture

Linear Motors for High-Speed Transport

Professor Eric Laithwaite

Professor Laithwaite, who is Professor of Heavy Electrical Engineering at Imperial College, is no newcomer to the art of demonstrating the technicalities of his work—whether to sponsors or to

students. He has found models very effective, and uses physics and films to illustrate the ins and outs of electrical interactions that he himself finds rather whimsical at times. With his usual enthusiasm he was able to give a very entertaining picture of his work on linear motors; but even he was at a loss to try and explain how waves of nothing do something, even though this something could so easily be demonstrated with the use of an electromagnet.

The lecture was not overcrowded, which allowed good visibility, and Professor Laithwaite proved he could do without a microphone. With the normal introductions and mentions of Tizard, the lecture began. Professor Laithwaite preferred to tell a story rather than to actually give a formal lecture. He explained how, in order to obtain money so that he could continue his experiments, he had to develop forms of the linear motor suitable for commercial use and high speed transport; no mean achievement in itself. The principles of the linear motor are used in such plebeian appliances as washing machines and electric meters.

He then turned to high speed transport and the inevitable problems of a new and unpredictable industry. The B.B.C. demanded to film the first run of the first linear motor vehicle. Luckily all went well, and the commentator arrived safely at the other end of the untested track, with the microphone wire still wound around his neck untaut.

Professor Laithwaite has had a continued fight to prove his machinery. The hills to be surmounted appeared to get higher and their summits more densely covered in clouds. Even now, when the British seem to lead the world in their development of high speed transport and with the end apparently in sight, funds do not seem to be forthcoming.

With many interesting demonstrations Professor Laithwaite succeeded in his very difficult task. Regrettably we were unable to see the short films, as time had run out. We were left with the possibilities of more exciting discoveries, which his research will bring rapidly closer, but only if funds are found.

Martin Parnwell



Photo: Nigel Purchon

Poems

Fichtauer am Traunsee und Laudachsee-Alm

A schooner, brown sail darkened
by the white lake spray,
curves, a turtle shell,
and then waves of the wake
turn out like a feather
in water of blue-green peacock eyes.

A sudden wind blows
the long white dresses
and drowns the almost silent voices.
Green streaks awake on the water
and engrave the thin lake
now deepening; the seventh wave, stirred,
faintly angered in the past, furrows
the reflections of the trees—
drops of ink dropped into water,
still spreading slightly—
that stand by darkening mustard fields
and meadows peppered with dark green marsh grass.

Martagon lilies in hayfields,
ruthlessly mown down
by the crouching figures of reapers,
sway, in the rain that failed to save them,
from hay stoops like old men.
A mist, faint as the shadow of smoke,
hazy over wood violets and blown dandelions,
softens the jetty that overhangs
the waves, restless in the sudden rain
that is soon to pass, to darken
the grey slate mountains
calmly jagged in the light that is soon to fade.

Iain Ross Marrs

Poem

Big girl, overweight, not much to look at,
Sitting on the end of a bench,
On the edge of the other people's world;
Watching a hamster someone brought to the party
Busy along her sleeve
—Her arm folded to her and her eyes down—
Watching its movements, and not the mood in the
room

Various people very alive round the ashtrays:
Faces beautiful, figures fashionable, eyes beautifully
Involved in a network of meaningful glances,
Laughing and talkative, excitingly attractive;
Trading—to the music from the floor below

And she is fatly quiet,
Unpretty face full
Of unselfconscious compassion;
More beautiful, I think,
Than much of all I've seen

Jo Kerr

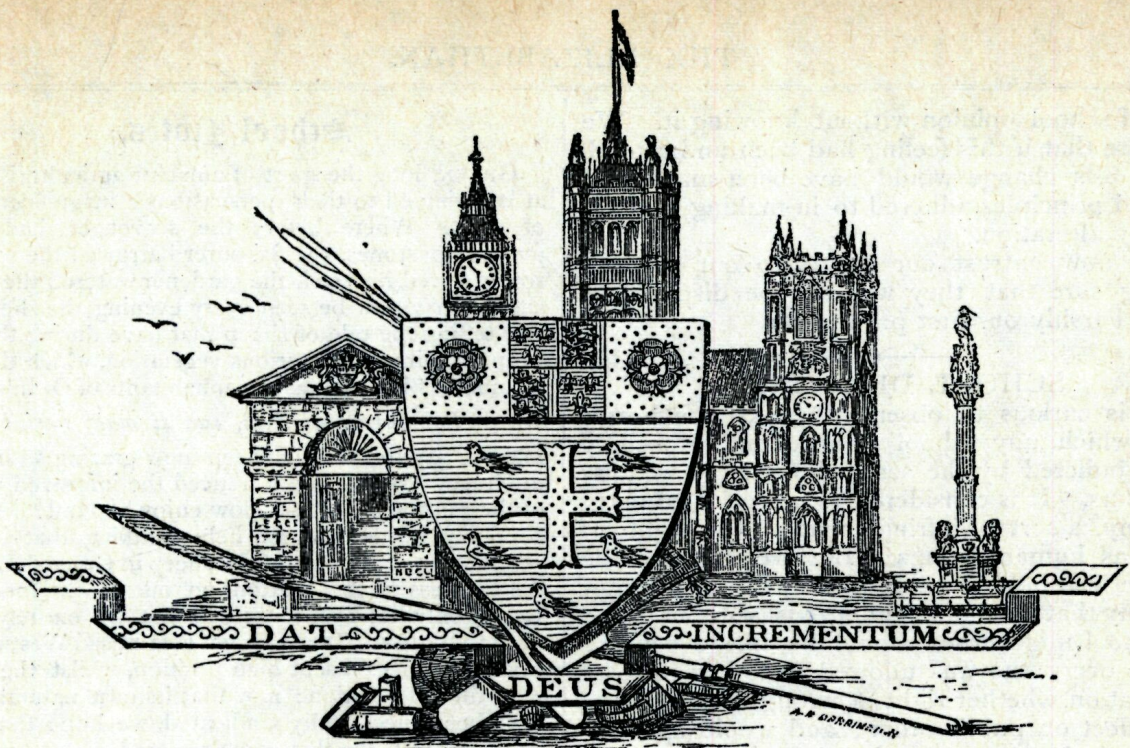
*(This was the winning entry for Gumbleton Verse
Prize 1974)*

Dream of the Son

The rain is falling in his ticking head,
Filling the barrel in which he sees his mother
Smiling, but shivering, sinking like lead
Beneath the dusty surface of the water,
But before the hospital is reached
She stands alone upon an empty beach.

Then he sees his father as a sweating man,
Down white webbed marble steps he runs a race,
While someone by a fountain with a fan
Is tossing orange blossom in his face
To blind him, so he trips off his own feet,
And falls headfirst into an empty street.

Harry Chapman



The Elizabethan.

No. 1.

WESTMINSTER, JULY, 1874.

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OUR SCHOOL PAPER.

IN presenting to the Westminster world the first number of THE ELIZABETHAN, we feel that some apology will be expected from us for thus pushing forward our literary efforts. But a bad defence would but prejudice our readers against us, and the only good one is to show by the results of our attempt that we have tried nothing beyond our powers. We must, however, remind a certain part of our subscribers, that to those who have urged upon us this task we need no excuse for carrying out their wishes, however defectively.

Briefly, then, our plan is to give in this paper every month a record of all school events, with such remarks as they may seem to call forth.

To real school news we shall accord the first place, i. e., to news of the school as a school, affecting its work, rules, or position. The extravagant importance which has lately been assigned to Cricket, Rowing, Football and such things, has perhaps sometimes seemed to imply a loss of interest in real school news; but we are sure that this is a mistaken view, and that all will agree in according it the first place, as often as events of importance or interest occur.

Our Cricket Reports will, of course, occupy a

large space this half, and we shall do our best to make them as accurate and complete as possible; whilst our doings on the water will claim no little attention. Next half this space will be occupied by the Athletic Sports or Football News.

At Oxford and Cambridge we intend to have our own correspondents, though, of course, we cannot expect anything from them in the vacations.

At the end of each number we shall notice any reports or publications, &c., concerning Westminster matters.

A special number at Christmas will be devoted to an account of the play, an arrangement which we feel sure will commend itself to all our readers.

We must now say one word as to the subjects which will each month occupy our first pages in the shape of leaders. For these we shall always endeavour to take subjects exciting interest within or without the school: and though we shall not avoid questions which have given rise to dispute, when it seems that our writing can do any good, we shall always try to do so without any party feeling. There are, however, many subjects on which school feeling has long ago been agreed; and this feeling has often been overlooked by our lawgivers lately, who have thus sometimes gone very much against the cur-

rent of school opinion without knowing it. We are sure that if this feeling had been understood, much less change would have been made, and our old principles adhered to in making any necessary alteration.

We now entrust our efforts to our readers, feeling sure that they will not be disposed to judge harshly our first production.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

IT is curious to observe the extreme horror with which any school punishment, especially when inflicted by the senior boys, is viewed by outsiders. It is considered as a species of petty tyranny, a sort of infringement of the rights of boys as human beings. But we suppose the people who hold these opinions will not attempt to deny that a school cannot exist without order. A school ungoverned would be like a country where every one was allowed to follow his own inclination, whether right or wrong, and whatever the effect on public order; and would speedily fall both in its own estimation and in that of every one else. Its numbers would decrease, and it would remain, a school indeed, but without scholars, ruined, and with its reputation gone.

Who, then, is to enforce this necessary discipline? Are the masters? It would be hard, indeed, if they were expected to have their eyes everywhere and at every time: it would be unjust to them, an annoyance to the boys, and an ineffectual mode of keeping order. It would be unjust to the masters, for their work in school is enough to require all their attention; it would be an annoyance to the boys, for masters are not on the same level as boys, and would throw a damp over all enjoyment; it would be ineffectual to keep order, for a master cannot be everywhere. Thus the duty falls on the senior boys, who themselves join in the sports, and so throw no damp over them, and who are always near their younger school-fellows, when they are in any numbers together. As to the power to be given to support this authority, every one who has been at a public school must acknowledge how much better, in every way, a short though sharp punishment is than a long imposition. To give the elder boys authority for corporal punishment, under proper restrictions, has and always will be found the simplest and most efficacious method of enforcing order among those who seem to think that school is a place specially instituted for riot and disorder. That this power has been abused can be no pretence for wishing it abolished when the abuse is gone, and we trust that the day is far distant when we shall see the end of a system which teaches boys at school two most important lessons, how to obey and how to govern.

School Notes.

GREEN, long the sport of amateur agriculturists, has at last yielded to their persuasions a magnificent crop of grass. Where before the scavenger had often picked up stones, the labourer harrowed the soil, the sower sowed his seed, the gardener watered the young shoots, may now be seen every evening the shepherd-boy telling the tale of sheep that have during the day been nibbling the luxurious vegetation, which delights as much as it surprises the inhabitants of Dean's Yard.

Infortunati nimium, sua si mala norint

may we say to the silly sheep now grazing so happily in Green. Who has not noticed the improved quality of the mutton which we now enjoy at Hall? It may be fancy, but we cannot help thinking that in proportion as the number of the sheep in Green decreases, the richness of the mutton on our tables increases. Let us only hope that use will not be entirely sacrificed to beauty. It was Green that raised Westminster Football to its present high position, whilst the place was still a desolation: now that its own natural rights have been successfully vindicated, we hope that next half will again see that game restored.

WHEN papers have been started at Westminster in former times, it has usually been found necessary to insert a caution against puns on the name of the paper in its columns. Thus, in the first number of *The World at Westminster* (Nov. 28, 1815), we find the following notice:—

“Being well acquainted with the propensity of the society, in which these my labours will be circulated, to puns, and more particularly to stale puns, I have taken the liberty of adopting the advertisement of Mr. Fitz Adams on a similar occasion, viz.: That all such witticisms as ‘this is a bad world;’ ‘this world is full of vanities;’ ‘I am weary of this world—sick of this world;’ ‘would that this world would come to an end;’ &c., &c.; shall be voted by all that hear them to be without any wit, humour or pleasantry whatever, and be treated accordingly.”

In the first number of *The Trifler*, the successor of this paper, an old Westminster expresses a fear that—

“Even if you adopt any of those (names) used by your predecessors, they may in this punning age be subjected to the remarks of jokers. *The Tatler* may be accused of telling tales out of school, *The Rambler* of being out of bounds, and *The Mirror* will be said to reflect little lustre on those who conduct it.”

Another series of publications, taking the more ambitious title of *Nugæ Westmonasterienses*, seems to have exercised no such precaution, and consequently in one of its first numbers appears a letter from *W. Nugæ*, complaining that his name had been used as the title of a paper. And although when we first chose a title ourselves, we hoped we had avoided even the necessity for a warning, yet time showed that one joke could be made on it. We therefore beg to announce that it has been made, and that it is exceedingly stale, and not thought at all funny by anybody.

ALTHOUGH the name of him who lately presented to gymnasium a large assortment of Indian clubs and dumb-bells has not yet been added to the list of *Benefactores Præcipui* which figures at the top of school, it may not be considered premature to announce the arrival of this collection in cloisters. Since the addition of boxing to the gymnasium programme, it will not be out of place to suggest a further study of the offensive in the shape of Indian club practice, as being a more beneficial and decisive means of arbitrating between daily disputes than the rude and unsophisticated fist. Neither are dumb-bells to be altogether despised in the settlement of minor difficulties, though no one can expect that they will long survive the superior attractions of Indian clubs; and we have every reason to look forward with confidence to the time when gymnasium will supplant the old cloister green, and a playful tap or two with an Indian club will supersede the former wearisome, tedious, and antiquated practice of an hour's pummeling with nature's weapons alone.

WHO that had ever been at Westminster did not know the strange-looking individual in long frock coat buttoned high up round the neck, who was for ever aimlessly strolling round and round Dean's Yard, now switching a light cane at stones or paper, or anything but the ragged urchins for whom it was intended, now holding forth to some passing friend, or making low obeisance to the Abbey magnates? Such was the industrious beadle of Dean's Yard, the well-known Fairy, so called (as tradition says) from his wand of office. His real name was shrouded in the deepest mystery, to which few had the key. Eccentric in many respects, he was in some absolutely unique; his hat was unique, so was his coat and his collar; while his language and opinions were certainly no one's but his own. The petty disturbances arising from time to time in the neighbourhood, during a period of some forty years, and consequently the frequent necessity for a precipitate retreat to some more quiet corner, may have helped to wear out his robust constitution. Older than he looked, he at last paid nature's debt, and no one who has known Dean's Yard can have heard of his death (which took place last April) without feeling that an essential feature of Westminster has disappeared. Excellent disciplinarian though his successor may be, though he rejoice in the awful name of Canes, he is not, and never can be, a Fairy; his is a more conventional type altogether. In the person of Minto (such was his real surname), a character quaint and original in the extreme has passed away from the world's stage.

THE annual confirmation for Westminster School was held in Henry VIIIth's Chapel, on Saturday, July 4th, by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. The number of candidates was unusually large; and the rest of the school more than filled the Chapel. A stirring address was delivered by the Bishop.

ON Thursday, July 2, Mr. Newton, from the British Museum, gave an interesting lecture on the discovery of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to record in our first number the deaths of two old Westminsters, who had both attained some distinction in the Church.

The Right Rev. John Harding, D.D., late Bishop of Bombay, died after a long illness at his residence, St. Helen's Lodge, near Hastings, on the morning of Thursday, June 18th. He was nearly seventy years of age, having been born in 1805. He was educated at Westminster School, though not on the foundation: and thence went to Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's Degree, with Classical Honours, in 1826. He was for several years Honorary Secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society; he held the united Rectory of St. Andrew's and St. Anne's, Blackfriars (to which he was presented by the Crown), from 1836 to 1851, when he was consecrated to the see of Bombay, then vacant by the resignation of Dr. Carr; he retired, however, and returned to England about ten years ago.

The Rev. Thomas Frazer Stooks, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, died suddenly a few days ago. He also was a Town Boy at Westminster, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1837. He was ordained in 1841, and held various charges, chiefly in London up to 1870, when he was appointed to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Brompton, which, however, he resigned in 1872. He was appointed to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's in 1842, and in 1869 the Bishop of London chose him as his Chaplain. He had also acted as Honorary Secretary to the London Diocesan Church Building Society.

THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE.

ON Thursday, June 25th, the voting for the Committee of the Athletic Sports took place in the Shell Room. This year, the day of voting was kept a secret till the last moment, so as to prevent the extremely reprehensible practice of canvassing. This was a great improvement, and one we hope to see continued for the future. At 12.30 p.m. all candidates were excluded from the room, and the voting commenced, and although at times rather disturbed by those exceedingly funny spirits whose great object is always to hinder anything which is being done, was concluded by 1.15 p.m., after a rather hard struggle, when the following list was read out:—

E. V. Arnold,	} <i>ex officio.</i>
M. Rodocanachi	
E. Waddington .	69 votes,
E. H. Alington .	60 "
C. F. Reeks . .	58 "
A. B. Cartwright .	56 "
J. A. Batley . .	55 "

which announcement was received with much cheering. The voters included the Sixth, Shell, and the whole of the Fifth, the under form being this year reinstated in their former privilege, of which they were deprived last year. Each voter was allowed five votes, but was not compelled to give them all. Of the five elected, two were Queen's Scholars, and each of the Houses contributed one.

The Fields.

CRICKET at Westminster has lately passed through a critical period of its existence, and has been in danger of losing some of the popularity which it has so long and so well deserved. There was probably no old Westminster, nor indeed any one connected with the School that was not glad to hear of the revival of the Water some three years ago, but this revival seemed likely to prove a great blow to Cricket: however, we are glad to be able to say that the supporters of the land pastime showed no ill-feeling against those who hastened to enlist themselves under the old flag of the Water. About a quarter of the School at once deserted fields for the river, and of this number the majority were boarders: naturally too all the strong and heavy fellows found themselves much more serviceable on the water than on land. But circumstances were also adverse to Cricket, as out of the Eleven of 1872, ten had left the School by June, 1873. Dury, who had obtained his pink rather late in the season of 1872, was the only one who remained for the next year, and thus had to fill up ten places in the Eleven. In spite however of all these misfortunes, we were successful in our contest with Charterhouse last year, beating them by an innings and 17 runs,—as decisive a victory as we could have wished for. This year, there are only five left of last year's Eleven, and the six whom we have lost include the four best bowlers. Our inferiority in bowling this year is only too apparent; for though there are several who can bowl a little, there is no one who can bowl well. A young old Westminster the other day expressed an opinion that the batting this year was quite up to the average: we hope it will prove so, and indeed, several good innings have been played by different men already, and the fielding in some cases has been very good.

No foreign match was played before Whitsuntide, and only one School match—Eleven *v.* Twenty-two—was begun, and even that was not finished till the next term. It ended in a victory for the Eleven by ten wickets.

The next match was the Eleven *v.* the next Nine, with Mantle and Holmes, which was begun on Wednesday, June 17; when stumps were drawn, each side had completed an innings. At first the Eleven had much the best of it, owing to the fine play of McKeand; the Eleven went in first, and it seemed, when four wickets were down for 11 runs, that the Nine would win easily. McKeand and Alington then got together, and runs began to come apace; Alington scored 31 in good style before he was caught at point; four 4's were amongst his hits. The rest of the Eleven, however, with the exception of Rawson, failed to do much. McKeand kept his wickets intact throughout, and never gave a single chance, though his hitting was very free. Out of the 160 runs made while he was at the wickets, he scored 103 off his own bat; his principal hits were a 6, and eleven 4's. It may be inferred from the fact that there was but one extra—a leg-bye,—that the long-stopping was good. Mantle took six, and Holmes four wickets. The Nine

failed signally to accomplish the task set them, four of them having 0 after their names. Davson made 15, and Tayloe 14; Mantle of course scored heavily, making 42 not out, and Holmes would, no doubt, have done the same, if he had not been so unlucky as to get his leg in the way. Titcomb took six and Fox three wickets. An attempt was made to continue the match on the following Wednesday, June 24. The Nine being 87 behind, had to follow on, and play was begun; but very few overs had been bowled, when it began to rain so heavily that the stumps were drawn at once. This match was concluded on the evening of Tuesday, June 29th. The Nine, having more than 80 runs to make to prevent a single inning's defeat, could only make 72 runs, of which Holmes made 26, and Denman 14; none of the others made any stand at all, and the Eleven consequently won in an innings, with 15 runs to spare. Score:—

THE ELEVEN *v.* THE NEXT NINE, WITH MANTLE AND HOLMES.

THE ELEVEN.

N. C. Bailey, c Watson b Holmes	2
C. Fox, b Holmes	6
W. C. Ryde, c Holmes b Mantle	0
E. Waddington, c Davson b Holmes	1
R. P. McKeand, not out	103
E. H. Alington, c Davson b Mantle	31
E. Horne, b Mantle	0
W. Titcomb, c Tayloe b Mantle	2
W. C. Aston, c and b Mantle	4
F. Whitehead, c Holmes b Mantle	4
F. Rawson, b Holmes	15
Leg Bye 1	1
		169

THE NINE WITH MANTLE AND HOLMES.

C. S. Davson, b Titcomb	. 15	b Horne	0
O. Borradaile, b Titcomb	. 1	b Horne	7
W. Tayloe, c and b Fox	. 14	b Fox	0
H. Rumball, run out	. 4	b Titcomb	1
Mantle, not out	. 42	c Aston b Horne	3
Holmes, l b w b Titcomb	. 1	c Waddington b Horne	26
J. Watson, b Fox	. 0	c Mead b Titcomb	3
H. P. Robinson, b Titcomb	. 0	(Dury) b Horne	0
F. L. Denman, c Horne, b Fox	. 0	not out	14
De'Ath, c and b Titcomb	. 0	b Horne	8
Gamble, b Titcomb	. 1	Byes 5, Leg Byes 2, Wides 1,		
Byes 2, No Balls 2	. 4	No Balls 1	10
	82			72

Our first foreign match took place on Saturday, June 20th, our opponents being the Marlborough Nomads, who brought down an eleven strong in batting and fielding, though rather weak in bowling. Unfortunately for us our captain, McKeand, who is, as the captain should be, one of the best with the bat and in the field, was ill and could not appear in our ranks. We lost the toss and had to take the field, Waddington and Titcomb being the bowlers; runs came pretty fast, and Waddington first changed ends, and then retired in favour of Fox, who, though he could not get a wicket, was not much hit. Titcomb by this time was bowling very well, and consequently proved fatal to several of the enemy. Fox, being unsuccessful, retired in favour of Ryde, who bowled 5 wides in as many

overs, and got 3 wickets. The wickets fell very rapidly towards the close, as Titcomb was bowling splendidly. Mr. Harrison's innings was brought to a close by a splendid catch. The total was 141, of which the first five men made 124, while the last six could only accumulate 7 between them. Alington and Ryde went first to the wickets for Westminster. Blaker bowled the first ball, which Alington carefully placed in the hand of short leg. Fox came in and began hitting freely, helping materially to raise the score to 32, when Ryde had to leave. Waddington came in, but almost immediately lost Fox, who had been playing very well indeed. At this point luncheon intervened, and after the interval Bailey was bowled by a twister from the slow bowler without having had time to score anything, as it was the first ball. Waddington hit hard, and Rawson played well, but one or two of the others seem to forget that there was a wicket-keeper behind them, and consequently their scores were small, the total only reaching 100, thus leaving the enemy a majority of 41. In the second innings we received severer treatment than we experienced in the first innings. Ryde's bowling at first resulted in nothing but wides and runs, so he was removed, and Fox went on. He was more fortunate than in the first innings, as three wickets fell to him. Titcomb began well, but afterwards got rather punished. Watson was tried without any satisfactory result; so Ryde came on again and bowled two wickets at a heavy cost. Milton and Booth batted splendidly for the Nomads, making 69 and 42 respectively. Howard also played well for his contribution of 21. When the stumps were drawn 7 wickets were down for 179 runs. The weather throughout the day was anything but pleasant, as there was little sun, and the wind was cold, and was accompanied in the morning by rain.

MARLBOROUGH NOMADS.

W. Howard, c. Rawson	b Titcomb 22	b Ryde 21
H. Vernon, b Titcomb 29	b Titcomb 11	b Titcomb 11
S. B. Booth, b Titcomb 25	b Fox 42	b Fox 42
H. E. B. Harrison, c Waddington b Ryde 22	b Ryde 69	b Ryde 69
W. H. Milton, b Titcomb 26	b Fox 0	b Fox 0
F. R. Round, b Titcomb 0	not out 6	not out 6
H. C. Blaker, b Titcomb 0	b Fox 1	b Fox 1
A. H. Rock, c Jackson	b Ryde 5	not out 1
b Ryde 5	b Titcomb 16	b Titcomb 16
C. R. Gunner, b Titcomb 1	Wides 10, Byes 1, Leg	Wides 10, Byes 1, Leg
E. Robinson, b Ryde 1	Byes 1 12	Byes 1 12
H. S. Illingworth, not out 0		
Wides 7, Byes 1, Leg Byes 2		
<hr/>		
141		179

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

E. H. Alington, c Robinson b Blaker 0
W. C. Ryde, c Blaker b Vernon 7
C. Fox, st Milton b Blaker 35
E. Waddington, b Gunner 26
N. C. Bailey, b Blaker 0
A. A. Jackson, 1 b w b Gunner 7
J. H. Watson, st Milton b Blaker 0
F. Rawson, b Gunner 13
W. Titcomb, c Milton b Blaker 2
C. S. Davson, not out 0
F. L. Denman, c Round b Gunner 0
Wides 4, Byes 5, Leg Byes 3 12
<hr/>
100

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. MR. CURTEIS' ELEVEN.

This match was played on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, and resulted disastrously for us, as the score will show:—

MR. CURTEIS' ELEVEN.

H. C. Roper, c Alington b Titcomb 35
T. W. Poley, b Horne 13
R. M. Curteis, b Mead 18
A. F. Manley, b Fox 21
A. De Winton, b Ryde 2
R. W. S. Vidal, st Rawson b Horne 48
A. W. Saunders, not out 20
H. Curteis, c Titcomb b Horne 0
E. Bray, st Rawson b Horne 5
A. E. Northcote } <i>absent.</i>
O. N. E. More } <i>absent.</i>
<hr/>
162

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

E. H. Alington, b H. Curteis 0
C. Fox, b R. Curteis 1
W. C. Ryde, c De Winton b R. Curteis 6
E. Waddington, c Manley b Bray 14
R. P. McKeand, b H. Curteis 0
F. Rawson, c Manley b Bray 14
E. Horne, c Saunders b Bray 0
W. Titcomb, b Bray 0
R. W. Mead, c Manley b H. Curteis 13
W. C. Aston, b H. Curteis 5
C. S. Davson, not out 2
B 4, w 3 7
<hr/>
62

The Water.

THERE are some who think that in every work, before attempting to use any term likely to appear ambiguous, the careful chronicler should start with a clear definition of what he means by any expression he may think fit to make use of; and although to most of our readers the "Water" (inverted commas are the fashion now-a-days, whenever you call anything by its name) is not likely to convey any false or ambiguous notions, it may not be entirely superfluous to disclaim, finally, any connexion with the Lambeth Waterworks Company, who have the honour of turning portions of the Thames periodically into Little Dean's Yard, or with the scandalous, inconsiderate, and outrageous exercise of despotic and tyrannical authority in consequence of which the Dean's Yard pump no longer remains an ornament, a luxury or a weapon to the distinguished society which has so long flourished under its benign tutelage.

"For now is razed that monument
 Whence water, pure as crystal ran,
 And lynch law's edict proudly went
 With the pump handle's iron clang;
 Oh! be his———" 1

but it would be impolite to continue the adaptation further.

Be that as it may. The Water, as Old Westminsters at least will remember, means "the Rowing," "the Boats," "the River," &c., &c. As yet we have not got into a very finished condition; there are three vacant places in the eight, but it is to be hoped they will soon be filled up. The only school race that has

1 "Marmion," Canto, v.

yet been rowed is the Scratch Fours, in which only six boats were entered, and drew their stations as follows:

FIRST HEAT.

Middlesex.	Centre.	Surrey.
1 Simson	1 Black	1 Macnamara, H.
2 Hyde Clarke	2 Smith	2 Cartwright
3 Brinton	3 Choep	3 Crowdy
Str. Williams	Str. Macnamara, C.	Str. Brickdale
Cox. Tindal	Cox. Hill	Cox. Randolph

SECOND HEAT.

Middlesex.	Centre.	Surrey.
1 Kelly	1 Ellis	1 Pole
2 Hill	2 Hemsley	2 Fischer
3 Arnold	3 Frere	3 Ellis
Str. Barber	Str. Batley	Str. Cowell
Cox. Newman	Cox. Cuppage	Cox. Hallett

The first two heats were closely rowed. In the first, rowed on Monday, the 15th, Williams started best, followed close by Brickdale, who made a dash for Macnamara's water, which he took; just by the Brewery, Macnamara spurted to foul Brickdale, but, unfortunately for him, number three stretcher flew out, thus practically disabling the boat for the rest of the race. Brickdale then devoted his attentions to trying to catch up Williams, whom he equalled as they passed Salter's boat-house, but he gradually lost again, and came in two lengths behind; Macnamara's four, who had continued rowing steadily all the way, came in third by not more than a length. This was from Putney to Wandsworth New Bridge. The second heat was rowed on Friday, the 19th of June, from Wandsworth New Bridge to Putney; Cowell and Batley started even, slightly headed by Barber, who led by a short distance up to Salter's, followed by Cowell and Batley, who kept almost perfectly even till within a few lengths of the end; Barber fell back soon after Salter's. Cowell spurted rather before Batley and gained a length; before the end, however, Batley had regained half of it; and came in a very good second; Barber third by some distance.

The final heat, in which the first two boats of each heat rowed, was on Wednesday, the 24th, from Wandsworth New Bridge to Putney, at low water, and, in fact, almost against tide. There is no necessity to repeat the full list of the fours. The stations were:—

MIDDLESEX.	SURREY.
William's four 1.	Cowell's 2. Brickdale's 3. Batley's 4.

Williams drew forward at the start, followed by Brickdale; Cowell and Batley then picked up, and these three were almost even for some way, all three rowing steady and easily. Brickdale, however, gradually drew on, and near the brewery passed Williams, who fell back quite suddenly. Cowell and Batley had an exciting race for second place; Brickdale, gradually drawing more and more ahead as the final spurring began, won by five lengths. Cowell came in next about two lengths before Batley, who beat Williams by nearly five.

The short course from Putney to Wandsworth Bridge that has been adopted for the last two years is, on the whole, a much better one for a scratch race

like the fours. For although it is certainly a very pleasant and beneficial race, as giving interest and excitement to all members of the water alike, there is at the same time no doubt that, if the course be too long, stroke has to do all the work, and gets himself into a state of bad form that is felt for some nights afterwards in the eight.

The eight has been having some coaching from old Westminsters, partly altogether and partly in tub fours and pairs, and we hope in a few days to have it filled up, but as this will most likely not be done till the present number has come out, we thought it might interest our readers to see what has already been done.

Bow. ———	ST. LBS.
2. W. H. A. Cowell, Q.S. . . .	9 3
3. ———	
4. ———	
5. C. C. Macnamara, Q.S. . . .	11 4
6. J. H. Barber	11 7
7. C. F. Brickdale, Q.S. . . .	11 6
Stroke—J. A. Batley	8 8
Cox—P. J. C. Randolph	4 6

As soon as the first two eights are made up, a four will be put on from each house, called a Junior Four, and perhaps one from College, whose members are not to be in the first two eights. Each four will be under the special care of a member of the eight, in the same house, who will occasionally coach them, see they come up regularly, and so on. In fact one or two of these fours have been made up in anticipation, and seem to be having a beneficial effect in giving an additional interest in the Water to those who cannot get into the eights. They will probably have some racing before the end of the half.

FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

COMMEMORATION is passed, and the "Lionesses," who help to make the summer term pleasant, have left. We have been more than usually gay this year, although the reported visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh turned out to be unfounded. No less than seven colleges have given concerts, viz.—Pembroke, Trinity, Queen's, Exeter, Magdalen, Wadham and Magdalen Hall. It is difficult to say which were the most successful, but perhaps the honours may be divided between Trinity and Magdalen. The Corn Exchange was, as usual, the scene of three grand balls, on as many consecutive nights—the Masonic, the Christchurch and the University balls—all of which passed off with the greatest éclat. In addition to these there were two extra balls—one given by University College in their hall in honour of their being at the head of the river—the other at New College.

The morning concert in the Sheldonian Theatre was a real musical treat, the principal vocalists being Mr. Cummings and Madame Lemmens Sherrington: when Handel's "L'Allegro and Il Pensiero" formed the first part of the programme, followed by a short miscellaneous selection. But the gem of the concert was the air "Sweet Bird," which was exquisitely rendered by Madame Sherrington and loudly

applauded. Owing to the lowering sky and keen wind the "procession of the boats" was a decidedly tame performance. There was very little cheering, and few of the lower boats put in an appearance, owing to the paucity of rowing men who were staying up for "Commem." It is to be hoped that this time-honoured custom will not be allowed to fall through from lack of interest, but rather that some new novelty may be introduced to give life and spirit to what might be one of the pleasantest of the outdoor fêtes of the week.

The Flower Show of the Horticultural Society was held in the gardens of St. John's, and the Masonic Fête in those of Worcester. The Band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance on both occasions.

The proceedings at the "Encœnia," or Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, were more noisy than has been the case for the last two or three years. The gods were in position an hour before the arrival of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors and Proctors, and employed the time in the usual yelling and shouting, with occasional cheers on the entrance of parties of ladies. At 12 o'clock, an hour later than usual, the "Vice-Chancellor" arrived to the tune of the National Anthem, in which the under graduates heartily joined. Honorary degrees were then conferred upon Sir George Mellish, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir Thomas Erskine May and Professor Victor Carns, of Leipsic, who were presented by the Regius Professor of Civil Law (Dr. Bryce) in a Latin speech. The most vociferous cheering was bestowed upon Sir Garnet, which was raised to its highest pitch, when from a corner of the gallery was seen to descend a large dial painted black and bearing "42nd" upon it in large white characters—a compliment to the gallant "Black Watch." The proceedings terminated with the recitation of prize essays and poems.

You will be glad to hear that G. Milner, of Christ Church, who obtained the first Denyer-Johnson Theological Scholarship in last Lent Term, has obtained a Tutorship at St. Augustine's, Canterbury.

At the Henley Regatta Brazenose College entered for the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Plate (both for eights) and the Visitors Challenge Cup (for coxswainless fours). In the eight-oared races they were beaten in the first heats, but in the fours they were more successful, being, however, defeated in the final heat by Trinity College, Dublin.

The Bicycle Race between Oxford and Cambridge, which has been first instituted this year, was won by the latter.

The Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lords was played on Monday and Tuesday, June 29 and 30, in which Oxford won by an innings and 92 runs.

The following Westminster men have obtained honours in Moderations:—

CLASSICS.

J. F. Reece, Ch. Ch., 2nd Class.
R. W. S. Vidal, Ch. Ch., 3rd Class.
F. B. Lott, Ch. Ch., 3rd Class.
W. L. Pemberton, Ch. Ch., 3rd Class.

MATHEMATICS.

H. E. B. Arnold, Ch. Ch., 2nd Class.

F. B. Lott, Ch. Ch., was elected in January last President of the Ch. Ch. Debating Society.

J. Ogle, Trinity, was coxswain of the Trinity College Torpid and Eight this year.

W. Brinton, who was head of the water at Westminster for part of last year, rowed 7th in Ch. Ch. 1st Torpid this spring.

PROPOSED REGULATIONS

OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSIONERS.

We have not room to give the proposals *in extenso*, but we wish to let our readers understand as much as possible their aim, and the means by which they propose to attain it.

The aim of the Commissioners is evident to all who have seen these rules; it is clearly to put mathematics and natural science on the same level as classics, and to introduce the study of natural science especially throughout the school. As it must be clear to all that this aim can never be effected without still further diminishing the knowledge of Greek and Latin, by no means too great at present, the advisability of the attempt might seem doubtful; but we will leave such considerations to our betters, and confine ourselves to a few remarks on the way in which they propose to get to work.

That in all examinations affecting the position of a boy in the school, the marks assigned to mathematics should be from one-eighth to one-fourth, those assigned to natural science from one-eighth to one-fourth, that natural science shall be taught throughout the school, and that there should be at least one master for every 200 boys: such are a few of their projects.

The numbers of the school are now slightly over 200. Thus according to the Commissioners we should now be having two masters, where at present we find employment for one for three hours a week. Whether the Commissioners will be more satisfied by our having two such masters, each for an hour-and-a-half in the week, we do not know, but to attempt to regulate the amount of teaching given in a particular subject by the number of masters appointed in that subject can scarcely be successful.

But a more important regulation is that which prescribes the proportion of marks to be given for mathematics and natural science in all examinations affecting the position of a boy in the school, which may amount in all to one-half. We cannot but think the omission of foreign languages is an oversight, and that they too will have their quarter assigned to them in due time. But what are the examinations which affect a boy's position in the school? The examinations for the elections to the Universities, to college, and to the school exhibitions, are, we believe, never regulated by any strict proportion of marks, but settled by the general conclusions of the examiners after seeing their papers; so that the regulations can scarcely apply to these cases. The Commissioners, therefore, probably have in their view the ordinary classical forms, and in these they propose that one-half, which we may expect soon to become three-quarters, of the

marks may be given for subjects totally unconnected with the studies pursued in the classes so formed. Imagine a cricket eleven to fill up the places in which proficiency in cricket, football, rowing, and athletic sports should be equally taken into account! In the forms as they stand the masters often complain of the difference between the boys whom they teach together. How much worse would the case be in classes formed by such arrangements as those now proposed!

The only refuge from this would be to have working forms for classics, and leave a set of dummy classes to represent boys' proficiency. Whether the "injustice done to boys" under the present system is so great as to justify such a formation of classes, and what their use would be, when so formed, since there are special examinations for all kinds of honours, we leave to the consideration of the Commissioners. The fact is, that the question is being looked at from a wrong side altogether. The classical forms as they at present stand serve fairly well to distinguish generally the different classes of boys: though no one would think of judging between boy and boy simply by these forms. But if a good classification is needed, many other things, such as age and conduct, should be taken into consideration. The Queen's scholars are at present scattered throughout the different forms, but their position in the school depends not on their form, but on their election (which depends upon age) and their place in that election (which depends on the vote of the electors). A similar arrangement carried out in the different houses, though not necessarily throughout the school as a whole, in which a boy's place was fixed, and not changed without good reason, might serve to do away with a great many petty jealousies which now exist, and would certainly make every boy more careful to maintain his place than such a system of perpetual change as the Commissioners would bring about.

THE HEAD MASTER'S REPORT.

THIS report opens with a statement that is very encouraging. The numbers of the school have risen enough to require the addition of two new forms and a new master. The principal increase being in home boarders, it is more than ever necessary to start new modes of connecting them more nearly with the school than before, as of course it is not to be expected that without any general or common enterprises they can feel equal interest in the school with those who spend the greater part of their lives here. Another feature of novelty is a large collection of coins, started by Sir David Dundas and Charles Wynn, Esq., M.P., and increased by gifts from the Master of Trinity and Mr. John Evans. A considerable number of duplicate coins have been brought from the British Museum, besides which the head-master has presented some very interesting Sicilian, Italian, and consular coins.

A very curious and interesting cast of a marble at

Athens, representing a trireme with the rowers in position, has been presented by Sir Patrick Colquhoun, and is placed in the library. This is very useful in giving a correct idea of the ancient war vessel, but it is to be hoped that none of our rising oarsmen will try and copy the "form" of the rowers, which is pronounced by the authorities on this subject to be *disgraceful*. They strongly recommend straighter backs and longer stretchers; at any rate, the eights of the future should be put upon their guard.

Mr. G. Gumbleton (Captain, 1862) has offered an annual prize of £5 for English Verse; we hope the school will be able to produce every year a poet worthy to receive it.

For the first time during the last five years the full number of candidates have been recommended for election to the School Exhibitions; it is also gratifying to learn that the Examiners noticed a superiority in the classical work of those who had been before in the school.

The Report continues with a list of school and University honours, of which by far the greater number have been gained at Oxford. We may here add that two of our Christ Church students were bracketed head of their year in the collections, thus showing that we are not unworthy, as some would have us believe, of the magnificent endowments which we possess at that college.

In an appendix are the reports of the various examiners, who say nearly the same thing in regard to all subjects, namely, that the general accuracy of answers given is remarkable, with an almost entire absence of guess-work. In mathematics, however, the examiner, while noticing the soundness and accuracy of what was actually known, observes that the proportion of those studying the higher branches is small compared with the size and character of the school; still, in most respects the report is favourable as regards both system and boys.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to *The Elizabethan* up to Christmas next, has been fixed at 3s. 6d., which should be paid at once.

Contributions for the August Number should be sent in by July 25th. Several letters, &c., have been excluded from want of space.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

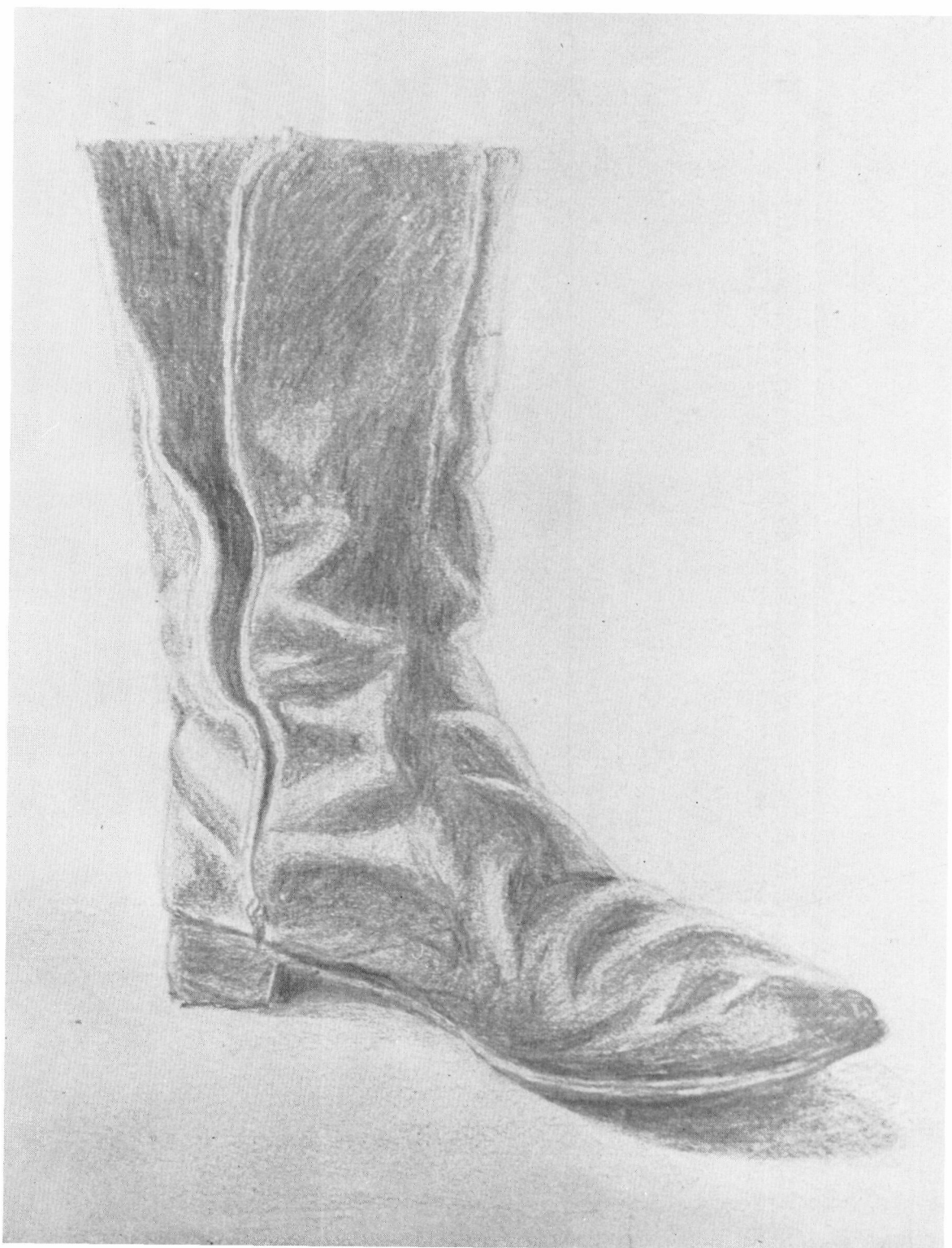
DEAR SIR,—Allow me to seize the opportunity, which the establishment of your paper affords me, of saying a few words on the subject of singing in the Abbey at the early services on Saints' Days. I have for some time past noticed a gradual falling off in the number of voices, and this, I feel sure, is not caused by any want of boys who can sing, but rather of boys who will sing. For surely out of more than two hundred boys a respectable choir could be formed; and, indeed, it is not long ago since ample proof of this was given at the annual concert in College Hall. And would it not be better if the singing boys, instead of being separated from the others, would sit in their usual places? For if this were the case, I feel convinced that many other boys, who do not join the singing classes, would follow their example and chime in. Hoping that you will find room for these hints, I hasten to subscribe myself,

HARMONICUS.

Floreat.



Photo: Charles Clover



Drawing: Anthony D'Angour

Photo: Russell Binns



Drawing: Anthony D'Angour

Photo: Russell Binns

The Myth of the Country Cottage

The family car groans with the weight of suitcases, bedclothes, air-guns, cat, rabbits, maps, and four people, all going to "the cottage" for the summer. Many middle-class families have second houses in the country, indeed some might regard it as a social necessity to be able to pack up everything and go to an isolated spot halfway up a mountain for their holiday. The problem is that they find themselves stranded, not only physically, but emotionally, somewhere in between being what they are, middle-class town families, and what they would like to be for the holidays, country people.

They try very hard to integrate themselves into country life. They convert their remote house, using the local builder and local stone, but even so they end up with traces of Habitat and Hygena '74. And on the slated roof, as on every unabashed bungalow, a message from the eager-to-welcome local nationalist movement, in matching white aerosol, "SPECULATOR GO HOME." So gratifying! They miss such urban luxuries as the "Bin Men" on Tuesday mornings, and have to trek to the local tip with bulging fertilizer bags. In the security of their London homes they look forward to the rustic ritual of having to wait a week before the newsagent can start supplying their "Guardian" and then having to say a week in advance when they want it stopped. But when, on a rainy day, with no telly because of the steepness of the hills, the books they brought not being as funny as they had expected, and the children fighting, then the "Sun" is just no joke.

Of course they must try and make friends with the locals, but, when the crisps at the pub are soft and the beer is warm, it is hard to produce enthusiasm or success. The children, Chelsea supporters, having cultivated their local accents, talk to the farm lads, only to find that they support hated Arsenal; perhaps London is not as far away as the map shows and Daddy hopes.

Does it work? Can they sit staring at football on the telly as it rains outside and the bad weather makes the picture snow? The gravestones in the passage are not maybe so quaint when the children refuse to walk over them to their bedrooms, and the parents' bed is a crowded haven at 3 a.m. when scratching noises are heard in the wood. And where

is all that country space? The farmer has a lot of land next door, but our garden is too short to shoot the air-gun in and the cottage windows are vulnerable. As for peace and quiet, the farmer's wife breeds Labradors and keeps bantams which wake, and tell the world they have woken, shortly after five each morning.

Why not stay at home? The Westminster day is a very full one; and with matches on Saturday afternoons and prep. on Sundays, there is little time to explore and enjoy that London which is such a magnet for tourists. Football on the Heath can provide the necessary fresh air! The biannual cottage migration is a strain on energy and patience, especially when the weather is bad; but later, looking back from London, it seems, strangely, that the nice things have a way of being recollected first: empty golf courses, catching a large trout, enjoying the fire after sawing the logs, and getting on the hills away from other people.

Daniel Clague

Le Dieu d'Or

The Boulevard St. Germain begins near the Assemblée Nationale in a quarter of fine old hôtels, each behind a high wall at the end of a large courtyard, each with its notice stating the government department it belongs to. As one passes, large black Citroëns swirl out past the policemen guarding the tall gates. On either side of the Boulevard there are wide pavements with huge plane trees and, as I walked down towards the Quartier Latin, I began to imagine an eighteenth-century Boulevard St. Germain, with a great carriage thundering over the cobblestones, pulled by four snorting horses encouraged by the shouts of their fat driver, who sat solidly on his box looking magnificent in his curled wig, holding the reins, and controlling the complex tangle of harnesses as his carriage raced round the corners at a horrifying pace.



Photo: Robin Brown

The chattering family hurrying towards me became a group of sedate Parisians strolling along to dine with some friends, or to listen to the band in the Jardin de Luxembourg. One of the small children bumped into me as the excited family hurtled past, and again I was aware of the fast tempo of modern Paris. Buses and taxis and pedestrians seemed to be daring one another to go as fast as possible, weaving through each other, a distracted, chaotic mass, steering their complicated courses with skill and enjoyment as if they were playing a game.

The district of hôtels ends, and the Boulevard becomes lined with older, narrow houses, whose tall sides are sometimes bent by age. There are many more people here and it is less chic. At each crossroads there is a café, with squashed rows of chairs and small tin tables on the pavement. Most of the cafés are crowded and noisy, frequented by students or artists enthusiastically arguing or joking, or just watching the crowds on the pavements who stroll past every evening, window-shopping or meeting friends at one of the cafés for an apéritif.

It is a warm September evening and the crowd, still wearing T shirts, look colourful and happy. Across the road, on the pavement in front of the church, a group of old men in worn black suits are having a skilful and leisurely game of boules; one can just hear the click of the balls when they knock together, above the more frantic sounds of the traffic.

I wondered what it must all have been like when Toulouse-Lautrec and his friends walked these streets and perhaps sat at these very cafés, watching the cabs and the tramps and the prostitutes, just as these students were watching the characters of today. Perhaps some Toulouse-Lautrec of the nineteen-seventies was sitting over there searching for his Goulue or theatre girl.

I ran and swerved across the road; a car hooted and braked, making a terrible shriek as it too swerved to avoid me. Untouched, but feeling a little shattered, I leapt on to the far pavement and entered the Dieu d'Or. They had not arrived yet, so I went out again and sat down at one of the few empty tables facing the church. It was getting

dark now, and in the café across the street they had turned on the lights; and I watched a waiter scurrying between the tables with a tray.

Marc Antoine and Clotilde dodged across the pavement towards my group of tables. Marc Antoine had just made a joke and Clotilde was laughing, her big red mouth wide open and her head thrown back. I whistled; Marc saw me, smiled, and steered Clotilde towards my table.

James Mayor



Photo: Charles Clover

Short Stories

Images

The wiring had been completed an hour previously. The two researchers sat quietly checking their instruments. Smoke from Simon's cigarette curled slowly up to the high stone ceiling and then drifted among the decorative chunks of stone that traced patterns from wall to wall. The instruments were concentrated at one end of the room, arrays of figures and flashing lights, scanning dots and static pips. The whole was joined together by ropes of many coloured wires. A pleasing hum issued from the recordings, taken of the old stone staircase reaching only half way up an even older stone wall. Paul checked the power, supplied by a cable that extended into the corridor and darkness.

The evening was drawing in, the brothers looked at each other rather nervously, then smiled. They had been working up to this for some time. Hours of fruitless research and readings in ancient houses and churches, and now a chance to prove their theory in this huge room deep in the castle; it seemed timeless.

Simon switched on a few more lights to illuminate the stairs better. There was nothing to do now but sit and wait. The sun had set. A change in the hum note switched on some recording machines. The brothers looked at each other. Was this it? Excitedly they watched the screens. The camera had been specially developed to view a wide range of wavelengths. They sat tensely, eyes flicking from screen to screen, comparing figures. Quickly things returned to normal. The brothers relaxed slightly, it was early and this could only be the beginning. Even so, they had accumulated more data than in most of their previous observations.

Nothing had happened for four hours. The room appeared to be resting, unwilling to show the brothers what they wanted. Paul decided to go and get some coffee from the kitchen, some way above the room. He had only been away for a minute, when the automatic machines came alive once more. Simon got to work. Things were better this time; Paul had better hurry up and come and see for himself. Simon looked at the screen; this time he could see distinct images. People in medieval

costume were walking up and down the stairs and he could hear them talking. The noise of a great party was near at hand.

The scene changed to one of giant cliffs overlooking sweeping landscapes, of an earth early man would have seen. Simon looked up, unconsciously drawn. He did not need the screen, he could see it all in front of him. He stood up and walked nearer to the stairs. He was trembling slightly. Compelled, he moved closer; his senses demanded closer contact. An unknown scent wafted past. Simon began to climb the stairs; if only he could get nearer and make some personal observations, which not even the best machines could do. The scene changed again. This time everywhere was red, molten vats flowing and bubbling, the air filled with great cascades of sound. Simon had one more step to go. As he made it, a searing heat burst upon him. Without making a sound, Simon's body slumped down the stairs.

Entering the room on his return, Paul called out to his brother to see if anything had happened while he was away. He smelt scorched hair as the silence absorbed his words. He moved forward quickly to the heap at the bottom of the stairs. As he passed some machines he saw that what they had been waiting for had happened. Nearing Simon, he realized that he could be of no help, his brother's last images would now be recorded for ever by the staircase and surrounding animate stone. He turned back to switch off the power.

Martin Parnwell

The Party Game

For a few short seconds an outburst of quiet laughter threw the port's noise into the background. Paul Jaubert laughed with his party. He watched as their bodies, pushed outward by a unanimous reaction to someone's joke, converged again over the café's wicker table. The colonel was leading the conversation this time, and the other three were watching him through lazy young-night eyes. Couched underneath great off-white brows, the pupils of the colonel's eyes switched nervously from

one person to another. His head moved at longer intervals, his chin rustling against his cravat when it did. Now and again he would turn suddenly to the left and pick up his iced pastis. He would hold it there, talk for a half a minute, and then raise it to his mustachioed upper lip and swallow hard. Paul disliked the colonel as he disliked Sophia, who was now shrieking hysterically beside the old soldier, her glass clasped tightly with both hands, her face contorted into a mesh of skin creases and sharp make-up streaks, her insane orange wig blossoming against the colonel's wispy receding hairline.

"Oh, mon colonel!" she screamed, "quelle histoire! c'est pas vrai!"; then she leaned back in her seat and gave a longer, deeper laugh, concluding: "Oh, non, c'est pas vrai!" With Sophia was her boyfriend, a creature called Jasper, his ears pierced with two ornate ear-rings which merged in colour with the wild shock of blond hair caressing his head and shoulders, lion-mane style. Jasper never laughed outright at anything; he just parted his gleaming teeth, wrinkled his face, gave a brief sexless giggle, and returned to his usual sombre expression. The fourth member of the group was Paul himself. He turned away from it and looked at the port. The black cream of the waters lapped the quay and swayed the yachts moored there, rocking gently the little groups of millionaires, who sat at mahogany tables sipping vintage wine from behind serene blue candles which glowed noiselessly over the table-cloths, while old tramps and young Algerians sat alone, kicking their feet just above the water, glaring at the pale shadow-games which it played on the white sides of the boats, watching the lattice-work change as the night wore on.

The night's sky, peppered with its twinkling crystals, hung like a majestic drape over the quayside at St. Tropez. Down below, hidden among the pulsating groups of holiday visitors, four people were getting tired and bored. The colonel had finished his story and had nestled his head as far back into the ruffles of his cravat as was possible. Sophia, her giggling over, was sucking quietly at a long cigarette and watching the crowds from under her dark plastic eyelashes. Jasper could only fiddle with a bangle on his thin wrist, and Paul felt that

it was time to leave the café. He paid the bill for the drinks and scraped back his chair. The colonel glanced up at him, slightly worried at the thought of having to leave his present comfortable position, and said with his usual English accent: "Qu'est-ce qu'on va faire alors?" Paul shrugged his shoulders and flapped his arm in the direction of the town. "On verra," he said. "Quelque chose dans la ville."

A few minutes later they strolled lazily round into a cobbled street, Jasper and Sophia leaning floppily against each other, the colonel tapping his walking stick lightly on the little curved stones with each step he took, and Paul straggling behind, long dry hair twisting above his shoulders, his body tired and hot, even in the midnight cool. So they travelled through the backstreet crowds which streamed and gushed endlessly up and down, past brightly lit gift shops where Cardin watches shone underneath Italian spotlights, past the brash glowing colours of modern art stores, past the warmth and old wood of tiny restaurants. The people staggered on, in sharp white suits or transparent purple smocks, their ears and wrists hung with shimmering steel, their faces broken with wrinkles and teeth as they grinned, the world's sick rich and sane rich, searching for some pleasure that was new and unknown, or retaking others which were both known and trusted.

Paul began to search for an entertainment with a little desperation, his eyes scanning the cafés harshly, his thumbs dug into the back pockets of his jeans. The colonel was plodding through the crowds, mumbling to himself, his jowls trembling with irritation at all the obstruction. Even further ahead of the colonel, the heads of Jasper and Sophia were just discernible from Paul's position. They were leaning against each other at a more precarious angle than a few minutes before, staring glassily at one another and squealing with a pleasure that was only half real for both. Paul's thoughts turned, as they always did when they became stagnant, to drink. He shouted abruptly to his companions ahead: "Hey! Hey! Sophie! Colonel!" They turned round to him, waiting for more. "Je cherche quelque chose à boire, hein?" he continued, in a sentence that was half-statement, half-question. The grins he got in return he took for half-



Photo: Charles Clover

affirmatives, and began to walk quickly into a café, breaking into a short, awkward run, his flattened espadrille slapping the heels of his feet hard, before he reached the bar.

He ordered three litres of good local red wine and a bottle of cognac, and searched his clothes for money. In the shirt pocket over his heart he found a dirty wad of fifty franc notes, and peeled off the approximate sum needed. The barman settled the bottles on the bar and made a chatty pleasantry about the strange selection. Paul grunted something back, his unshaven face hardly moving, clutched the bottles precariously by the necks (two in each hand), and cantered back to the waiting three.

Twenty minutes later, Sophia's head was feeling lighter. Her mouth lay parted so that her teeth were just revealed, a lingering neurotic smile. Even big tall Jasper was stumbling a bit in his wide glistening-yellow satin trousers, his left arm crawling round Sophia's waist more meaningfully than before. His mouth and cheeks were motionless, but his eyes sparkled with sharp pleasure. At that moment Sophia discovered a new game. As they staggered on, she looked down one of the deserted side-streets. It teetered and wandered into dark, infinite obscurity, its gloom broken only by occasional light creeping out from behind a shutter. Above, strung carelessly against the sky, ragged washing-lines hung in the shadows, like pathetic decorations for a forgotten occasion. But the end, where the four night-lifers were now standing arrested by Sophia's gasp, was penetrated by the light from street lamps and shops. There, where the traditional umbrae mingled with brash electric illumination, sat the person who had caught Sophia's attention. The man was crouched on the pavement, his knees apart, the joints of his bent arms resting on the caps, his left hand holding the wrist of the right. His legs were covered with a pair of grimy blue canvas trousers, his chest with an off-white vest. He was glaring at the trickles of dirty water which twisted along the gutter below him. Sophia jerked back her head suddenly, pushed a delighted peal of laughter into the night air, and ran impetuously towards him, her lavish clothes streaming into the darkness. The others watched in anticipation as Sophia hopped over the gutter's

glistening rivulets, and jabbered persuasively to her new discovery. After a minute the man nodded, smiled, and disappeared into a nearby house. Sophia called her friends into a tight little circle with a frantic waving of her hands, like a pre-pubescent school-girl. The English colonel's eyes gleamed with excitement and the few remaining hairs on his head bristled as he growled "What's the game, old gel?" in his native language. Sophia explained that her game was very simple. Here she had found a casual labourer who was unemployed and bored. They would take him out, give him a few drinks, play with him for a while, and when they tired of him they would leave him over a convenient gutter or something. Sophia paused. Her friends' minds had seized impulsively on the idea and heads were nodding slowly in appreciation. The girl continued. She had told her victim that they wanted to give him a free drink.

"What's 'is . . . what is his name?" asked the colonel in English, his command of the French language having been drowned in four mouthfuls of green Chartreuse. At this Sophia stopped and crouched down conspiratorially. Her eyes rolled slowly up to meet the colonel's. In a sudden stage-whisper she said: "Jean-Jacques!", smiled, and tittered through her teeth. Discouraged by her stupidity the others turned to look at the door Jean-Jacques had entered. Three men were talking inside. Eventually it stopped, the victim came out, and Paul threw him a bottle of red wine. Jean-Jacques eased the cork out and started to drink.

Two hours later. The moon was a luminous green, glowing sickly through tattered smears of cloud. Sophia oozed floppily forward, twirling occasionally in clumsy drugged circles. Jasper had entwined his arm round the colonel's waist and was surveying the Englishman admiringly with wide, soft eyes. The older man creased his moustache a little, but otherwise gave no indication that he disliked the situation. Paul walked as he had walked before the drinking, his legs swinging methodically forward, head sunk a little, thumbs in back-pockets. But the alcohol crept through his blood-stream unremittingly, pushing towards his head. It clung, a desperate squid, to his brain, bullying it till it became viscid and finally liquid, until his mind

melted helplessly into the alcohol like an Easter egg in a blast furnace.

They had all become bored with Jean-Jacques. He eyed them with deep mistrust, clutched a near-empty bottle by its neck, and followed Paul cautiously at a safe distance. Suddenly he started looking at his watch and then at the surrounding streets. Little by little he edged forward until he was ahead of the other four. Then, carefully, his eyes swivelling in their unshaven frame from his watch to the streets to his companions and back, he began to guide them.

At first, they didn't realize. The colonel was stumbling at every fourth step and his now scarlet cheeks wobbled bulbously around his face. Jasper fussed over him in a careless sort of way, twittering furiously and waving his hands about. Sophia still twirled. Paul still slunk. After twenty minutes they saw what was happening almost simultaneously. They stopped. The street was a pale shade of black. Jean-Jacques caught his breath and looked back at them. He heard a rustling and the soft chink of jewellery to his left. He could see a sneering face under a round fuzz of hair. The girl was talking about him. She was yapping to Paul: she thought this little man was a scream; he was taking them somewhere; wasn't that a big responsibility for such a little man? At the last semi-question all of them burst into confident laughter: Jasper squeaked, the colonel bellowed, Paul sneered and grimaced, Sophia screamed. The noise softened as quickly as it had exploded. The colonel and Sophia exchanged relaxed chuckles and stillness returned to the street. With a clumsy lurch Paul strode forward and slammed his hand wildly against Jean-Jacques' shoulder. The labourer staggered backwards for a metre, his feet trying furiously to balance him and collapsed with a vicious jolt on the damp stone. At that instant there was total silence; the clouds drifted in the sky and the sky drifted round the earth. Then Sophia started giggling, her fingers clutched against her lips, her head and shoulders pitching in a mock attempt at self-control. Very slowly, the colonel raised a quivering finger until it was directly in line with Jean-Jacques' head and contributed another deep bellow, while Jasper snuffled against him in uncontrollable laughter.

Paul stood with an unsure grin on his face, let his arms swing aimlessly, and studied his victim with two gleaming triumphant eyes.

Jean-Jacques was strangely calm. He waited patiently for the noise to settle and watched the rest of the street carefully. Then, as the other four were shaking their heads in quiet retrospect at the recent incident, a shadow gave a shout from one of the doorways. Jean-Jacques nodded, and turned. His would-be persecutors saw him take a small black object from his back pocket. Its blade didn't glint once: it was covered in rust. Two dark shapes slid up to his side.

Paul was bewildered and confused. As his mind tried to heave itself out of alcoholic mud, he caught small and hideously clear pictures which slowly began to form a pattern. Jean-Jacques' house three hours ago. Three men talking inside. Talking. Organizing. Jean-Jacques guiding the party. Looking at his watch. To a certain place at a certain time. All planned.

Paul jerked his head up and sweat materialized instantly over his skin. In fright he reached clumsily for his breast pocket, gripped the money there and threw it at the feet of his ex-victim. For a moment, the casual worker watched as the francs unfolded on the ground. A little later, he took a step forward and trod them into the dirt. Jasper whimpered. Jean-Jacques clutched his knife and started to walk towards Paul.

Matthew Tree

Book Review

Rupert Strong:

Selected Poems

(Runa Press, Dublin, 1974, £2.40)

Rupert Strong, after being at school at Westminster, graduated in Modern Literature, and then became engaged in the study of psychoanalysis. His poems make it clear to the reader that, though selecting topics of the widest possible range, he is concerned with the "downward pull" that today's society exerts. The fervour with which Mr. Strong sets about exploring "the contraries of existence" to show that the solution lies in casting off the unnatural effects of modern life, and in Faith, gives the selection a vitality which is always detectable and is most encouraging to the reader. The ultimate message may be one that is widely expounded, but these abstract ideas are forcefully brought home because they are implied by specific occurrences, rather than stated. There are poems in the selection which fail, but the immediacy remains—stronger perhaps for this failure which comes through over-stating his case. "I'll turn each crisis to solution" is Mr. Strong's process; but the enigma is that in his best poems he creates a *simple* image, which is the *crisis* (thereby showing a great insight into character) and solves it with his doctrine, which is hard to put into practice only because of human nature. He is "the man of God/stirring the embers". The simple, personal poems are the most effective, generally, for they concentrate on one emotion; and the only cause of failure is when, by trying too hard to create realism—for example through colloquial rhythms—he sacrifices some measure of emotion. Mr. Strong has a striking likeness to the Metaphysicals, particularly George Herbert. There are a few poems which, if looked at in isolation, would not perhaps give the impression of devotion to the ethics of love and to faith in God's forgiveness; the poems are, therefore, best considered as a whole, and they then appear as the setting down of the struggles of an individual to maintain his religious beliefs, and to convert others.

"Red lights/on the promenade/stretching to hell" is the life created by man's guilt and repression of love; life looks "for a foothold/amidst death". "Love was not sustained." The poem *Jigsaw in Red* portrays the change of the world succinctly: "red rose petals falling/fall of the knife". The paradoxical, rather frightening, unity through "fall" shows clearly the easy path of destruction open to this world of "suicide wrists", where everyone

"might be seen
standing by the sea-front railings
gazing out to sea".

Man's behaviour and ungratefulness to God is not set before the reader from on top of a moralistic horse: "Sin is a barrel organ/heard no more on the street." The secrecy and attraction could not be more brightly put, just as "All the powers of creation in us/are frittered away like a spendthrift's dole" captures the petty inevitable nature of men. The writer himself—like Herbert—is constantly doubting his own constancy—"By night I am the inquest/on all my best endeavours"—and fearing that in the future he may not hold out against temptation:

"Outside, this moment, the tempest rages
and all along the shore the waves
threaten to engulf the railway."

* * *

"Who shall present the Ordeal
our spirits needs must face?"

Jonathan Hanagan—Jonty—is seen as one of the leaders who could inspire men and women to write: "women come asking him/the meaning of love." Someone is needed to say "There is no leaving" and to speak for "the lonely cry in the night/where indifference is". The voice heard on the wind "is as the voice of one who loved and is as was and is as now and is as shall be, evermore, crying love, my love, my love".

The Biblical echoes, particularly of the Lord's Prayer, so forcefully reminding the reader of the presence of God, make the following extract all the more effective:

"Who died in the Spring?
Long ago someone died,
dear to me.
I forget who."

It is of central importance to the poems that love—love of God and of man and woman—must be all-possessing, not a half-hearted affair. "Should I fall in love/let it be/in toto." In *Narcissus Grows Old*, a rare classical allusion, Mr. Strong writes:

"O willow, slender willow,
bend over him low:
utterly alone, he must die.
Would that he had hearkened to Echo."

Taking the poems as a whole this is similar to the poem in which the only mourner at the burial of a gunman who committed suicide was the Son of Man: love will heal the new "wound in the side". "Tomorrow's warlike avenger" is what the unwanted, unloved, child of today becomes unless we

"try to live the way
that makes allowance for the trespasser".

The extensive love poetry in the collection brings it towards unity in three ways: through making all the senses synonymous—in one poem, sight, feeling, and taste are all combined to describe his lover's touch—through surpassing the rigidity of time—in *Today is the Holiest Day* the day of the Immaculate Conception occurs after Bethlehem—and through blurring the boundaries of science and myth in *Space-Time*:

"Archimedes is in his bath
and Charon rocks the boat."

The coldness of *Rodin's Eternal Idol* who loves no one, and the poem *Inmate* show the irony of being able to "weep for the sorrows of Deirdre" yet having no friends among women. "For hours she would gaze in the mirror/at life ebbing slowly away." Love must be real—a mixture of the beauty and humour which Mr. Strong uses in his poems. Lovers are "stepping over barriers/that held them asunder"; the beauty of the world is attainable to them: "the coarse grass lands/where the meadow sweet grows" as "the clouds rise cumulus", "mists wedded to mountains". But if their love cannot overcome guilt, there is an eternal image of "As one crying through a window/I tried to reach her". The power, through alliteration and assonance, of such an image as "A juggler with jealousy/you work in the dark" demonstrates the ability of Mr. Strong to create a mood through one image. The rhythm of *Existential*—the short lines building up the feeling of a fast-talking bookmaker—combines with its humour to perfection; and there is the irony of realistic humour in calling such a poem *Existential* when it has dialogue such as "fifty-fifty:/there's the odds/we leap the grave/or cease to be".

"They've taken everything from her . . .'
'Bless us and save us'
'A hitlerectomy—'
' . . . and much more besides' "

"Such mirth is merely release of strain." The communication of such mirth, the challenging poems, the dialogue poems, are affirmations of *Alone I am lost*. Without love or humour "we reckon and calculate/our life away". "an empty social formula".

Iain Ross Marrs

Drama

The Adelphi

Is the Westminster Latin Play a tradition which survives just because it is over four hundred years old, or is there more to it than that? It is still justified today, surely, if the boys who take part derive some profit and enjoyment from it—which they plainly do. The other essential point is that the comedies of Plautus and Terence are still alive and capable of entertaining a modern audience.

The mainstay of this long and still vigorous tradition over the last twenty years or so has been Theo Zinn, and every one of his delightful productions that I have seen has been marked by two special qualities. The first has been his sympathetic insight into Roman Comedy and ability to transform even the stock characters in this artificial genre into real creatures of flesh and blood. His use of modern dress to emphasize this reality has never struck me as a gimmick but rather as an almost necessary means of illuminating the personalities and their relationships in the play. Indeed the choice of slightly old-fashioned modern costume has an effective stylization of its own, akin perhaps to the use of the *pallium* or Greek cloak in the original productions of Plautus and Terence.

Mr. Zinn's other rare gift is his ear for Latin and for the rhythms of comic verse which he has communicated to successive casts with such loving care. I doubt if there can be any school in the world where one can hear ancient Latin spoken more accurately, intelligently, and naturally. The language really sounds a living one and the current pronunciation of vowels and consonants is probably as authentic as it is possible to be, though the sentence inflexions are (inevitably) those of modern English.

The speaking in this year's production of the *Adelphi* was well up to the usual standard and the whole cast is to be congratulated on this achievement, which must in itself have taken many hours of patient rehearsal. There were also some very lively characterizations, notably those of the two brothers themselves. Demea (Christopher Duggan) and Micio (Marcus Alexander) were

admirably contrasted and the play's key point about their differing attitudes to their respective sons' upbringing was splendidly brought out. The climax when the strict old Demea decides to adopt the permissive Micio's plausible complaisance and so to expose its hollowness was skilfully prepared for and came off beautifully, to the evident pleasure of the audience.

Among the other principals I very much enjoyed Peter Knox's agreeably irresponsible Aeschinus (his agitated soliloquy in Act IV was for me the highspot of the evening), George Gross's cheerfully two-faced Syrus, and John Livingston's shocked-genteel Sostrata. But all the actors showed the qualities of understanding and humour which characterized the whole performance, including the wittily composed Prologue and Epilogue.

One or two general points of acting technique might perhaps be borne in mind for future productions. The first is, quite simply, the need to stand still. This year there was a good deal of fidgety and superfluous movement which proved specially distracting when actors wandered about restlessly during the speeches of other characters. I should like to see the physical action controlled with the same firmness as the dialogue and used more precisely to point the meaning of the lines.

Secondly, some of the actors might get on more intimate terms with the audience by the simple trick of addressing their soliloquies to specific members in turn and looking them straight in the eye. Similarly a character who is (as so often in Roman Comedy) practising some trick on another can by a wink or a gesture take the audience into his confidence and so *involve* them in the joke. This kind of relationship is an essential part of the comic experience and I feel there is scope for development here. It would certainly help if the actors did not have to play along quite such an extensive front. Would it be feasible to redesign the audience's stand, or even just to bring the side seating round to form more of a semi-circle, as in the ancient theatres themselves?

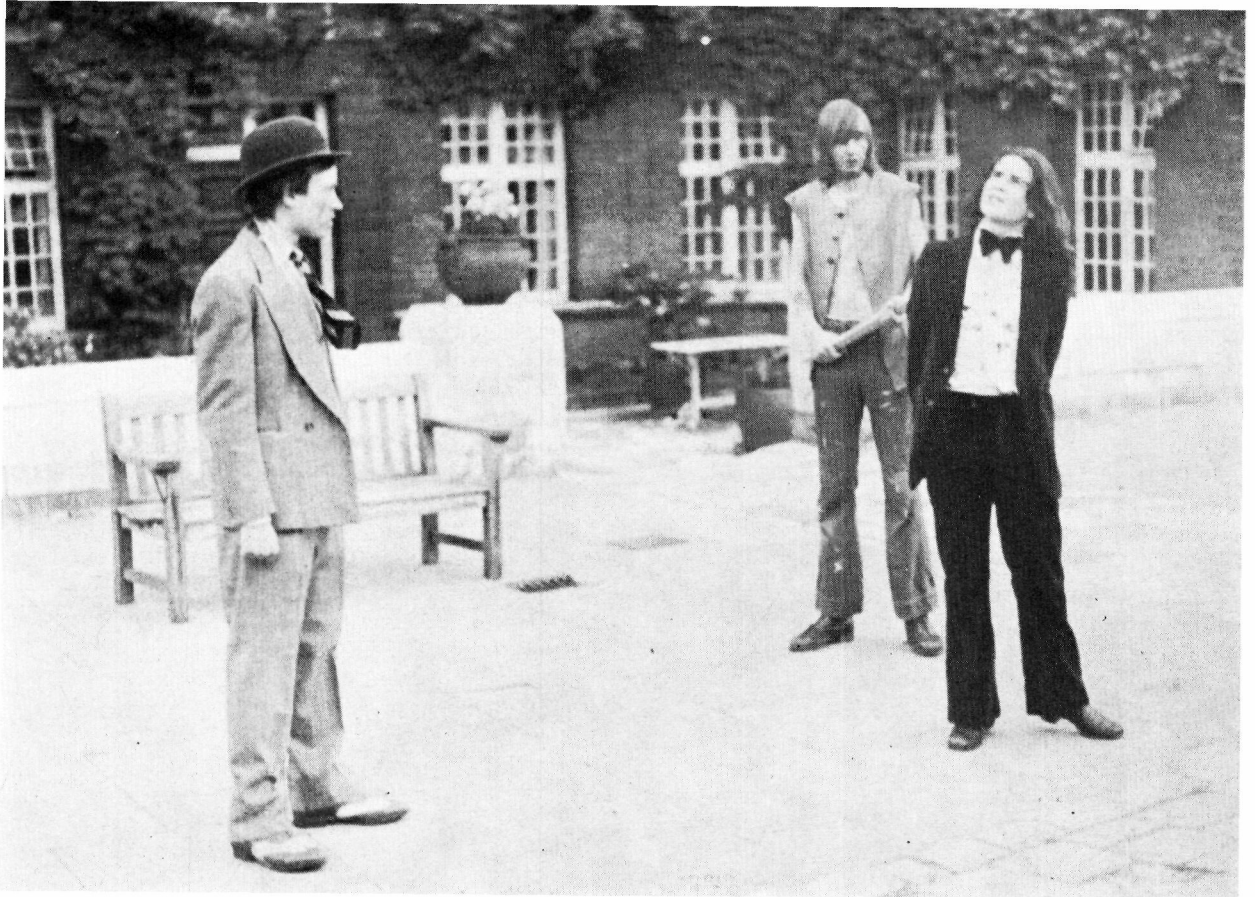


Photo: Martin Parnwell

Sannio, Dromo and Aeschinus

I mention these things because the merits of the *Latin Play* are so considerable and so unusual that one wants to see them displayed to the best possible advantage. As suggestions for the future they detract not a whit from the achievement of the boys who, under Theo Zinn's inspired direction, have once

again revived Terence's *Adelphi* with such verve, charm, and integrity. They all gave pleasure and more than amply justified the traditional call for applause at the end of the play.

David Raeburn

Oh, What a Lovely War!

This play was produced by Messrs. Field and Stuart, its large cast, musicians, and technicians being drawn almost entirely from the Lower School. The Lower School is perhaps under-represented in most productions, and so this play was most welcome, as it gave a large number of people an opportunity to participate in dramatic activity.

The play was staged on three successive nights, and on each night the main points came over well. On the first night there were some technical hitches, and a tendency for the gaps between scenes to become uncomfortable. It was also difficult to hear the actors, and the trench scenes, whether by accident or design, were largely invisible to most of the audience.

However, on the second night most of these snags had been overcome, and the large audience thoroughly appreciated a good performance. The third night was even better and the cast fully deserved their rousing ovation.

In general, any slight flaws were more than compensated for by the enthusiasm of the cast. The aggressive nationalism, the shortcomings of the officer caste, the futility of the war in the trenches, and the appalling loss of life were all brought out, and a balance was kept between the comic and tragic elements.

The play itself, created by Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop, centres on a band of pierrots who join the army at the outbreak of the Great

War, and their subsequent experiences at the front. There are several side-episodes: an imaginary international military parade, where the competing claims of the Great Powers are voiced, a tableau of Sarajevo on the day of the Archduke's assassination, an officers' ball, civilians receiving and discussing news from the front, and also several sequences of slides and items on the newspanel.

There was not as much scope for individual acting as in previous school productions, but instead there was a cohesive group performance—a thing which must be difficult to achieve with a large cast.

The music was well arranged as a suitable complement to the acting. The pianist and orchestra did a very good job, as did the solo singers, who were remarkably effective.

Both the layout of the stage and the technical side showed imagination and intelligent use of resources. The lighting scheme, although ambitious, was skilfully and successfully executed; the slides and newspanel, which might have caused difficulties, were operated without disruption.

The overall impression was of an imaginative production enhanced by the enthusiasm of those involved. Great credit is due to Messrs. Field and Stuart, the cast, musicians, and technical staff, for three nights' enjoyable entertainment.

Jeremy Palmer

Music

Election Term Concert

As usual, the Election Term Concert provided a fitting close to the day of the ever popular Music Competitions, which College won this year. The competitions were extremely successful, with more members of the school taking part than ever before. One visitor was heard to remark, whilst walking across Yard, that it was more like the R.A.M. than Westminster School, with the sound of music coming from every corner. Our thanks must go to all the judges for giving up so much of their valuable time, in order to come and criticize, not least to David Bruce-Payne, whom we wish every success as organist of Birmingham Cathedral, while welcoming Christopher Herrick as his successor.

As David Byrt was in hospital, it fell to John Baird to select for the evening's concert a lively programme of the cream of the day's performances. Unavoidably this meant that the concert was rather long, and that some people were involved in many of the pieces; although the programme was much more varied than in previous years, there were the inevitable piano pieces, violin duets, and chamber groups. The highlight of the evening was, for me, 13-year-old James Crosse playing Karg-Elert's 2nd variation on the chorale *Nun Danket alle Gott*, a piece feared by the most experienced organists for its rapid scale passages. The inadequacies of the instrument present many difficulties but he gave a remarkable performance. Another piece which I personally enjoyed very much was Nick Freeth's rendering of Stanford's arrangement of the sea shanty *The Old Superb*; he took it at a furious pace, singing it from memory, which made the song all the more effective, although at times one felt that he was running short of breath.

This year saw an increase in the number of original compositions. Tim and Jo Kerr played an interesting duet written by Jo for guitar and recorder, which, though tuneful in places, did not seem to get anywhere. George Benjamin played a short piece he had written for the piano, *Autumn Leaves*, which showed great expression and subtlety, and also made the most of his technique. I hope to hear many more compositions from his pen. Then Alistair Sorley played a Nocturne for the left hand

by Scriabin, which as usual showed his brilliant technique, but also his lack of expression. On comparing it with Anne Tyson's highly polished and sympathetic interpretation of Chopin's *Ballade in F*, one appreciates how much he must develop his interpretation.

The orchestra played two pieces: Schubert's *Rosamunde Overture*, and the Mozart *G major Violin Concerto*, with Charles Peebles as soloist. Unfortunately, the brass section was very inadequate in both pieces, and this marred what were otherwise very good performances, especially the concerto, in which Charles Peebles excelled himself; this made a welcome change from the diet of piano concertos we have had in the last few concerts. We were also treated to Alistair Sorley and Charles Peebles playing a violin duet by Mozart, which not surprisingly tended to monotony after the previous item. As a prelude to this, we were given their now traditional performance with the music stands. This section concluded with an enjoyable account by Tim English and Phil Shannon of the *Fantasia* from Franck's Violin Sonata.

An amusing diversion from some of the more serious instrumental items was Chris Graves playing an obscure piece for the Tuba by an even more obscure German composer. It could be said that his bottom E had the audience in fits! Anthony Everington played a composition for the trombone by Gabrieli, which managed to convey some of the magic of middle Venetian music. In contrast to these, a trio from College played a very beautiful set of recorder variations on the French carol, *Il est né le Divin Enfant*. After this Chris Graves reinforced in our minds his love of brass instruments by singing a very amusing song to the tune of the famous Mozart Horn Concerto Rondo, describing how he once felt an indescribable yearning for a horn, and then, when he was good enough to to play a concerto, he came downstairs one morning and found that it had been stolen!

I always feel that unless an adequate supply of treble voices can be found, it is unwise to attempt SATB items, a view unfortunately strengthened for me by College Choir's performance of Vaughan Williams' arrangement of the English Folk song, *The Turtle*. This was a very ambitious piece to

tackle; it proved rather beyond their resources, particularly those of the upper parts, becoming rather "bass heavy", as so often happens with choral items at Westminster. Perhaps the balance might have been better, if they had had only one singer for each of the lower parts. Wren's followed with a surprisingly well matched quintet consisting of Tim White, Chris Graves, James Freeman, Richard Henderson, and Simon Taube. Their first piece, the Negro Spritual *Steal Away to Jesus* arranged in close harmony, left one wondering at times if the melody really was meant to sound like an old woman blowing through a harmonica, but apparently it really was. However they redeemed themselves in their performance of Thomas

Weelkes's madrigal, *When Robin Hood*, which was brilliantly executed.

For many people, the highlight of the evening was the piece that won the chamber music section of the competition. This was, of all things, a group from Wren's playing Pink Floyd's *Brain Damage!*, with Tim White as vocalist. Although I felt at points that they were getting out of time with one another, I nevertheless enjoyed it immensely, which coming from me is praise indeed!

Our thanks must go to John Baird, who ensured that the competitions ran smoothly, and produced a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Alex Scott



Sports Reports

Cricket

Pl 13 W 2 D 4 L 7

The season, it must be said, was not a success, largely due to our being an inexperienced side with only three of last year's XI. Yet it was not without some pleasant features, particularly in its first half. After the middle of June, however, our standard of play, and thus our confidence, deteriorated rapidly. A levels took their toll, our concentration waned, and we suffered four crushing defeats in our last five matches.

Our weaknesses manifested themselves in all three spheres of the game. We lacked a match-winning bowler and took our wickets more by perseverance than by aggression. For this method to succeed, the team must accumulate a score of 150 or more, and on the four occasions that this was achieved the matches were close; we beat M.C.C. and Lords and Commons, drew with Lancing, and lost in the penultimate over to Tonbridge. More often, unfortunately, our total was around 120, no batsmen being able to build a large innings; and consequently we lost heavily to Bradfield, J.S.B.'s XI, Ardingly, O.W.W., and Butterflies. Of the last match of the season against Charterhouse, the less said the better.

Individually, all the batsmen had their moments, Fforde with 50 against Tonbridge; Simon with 50's against Lords and Commons and M.C.C.; Neville-Rolfe, Taube and Hamblen also made runs. The captain, A. T. B. Rider, with 330 runs, was the top scorer with 50's against Lancing and Bradfield. Of the bowlers, R. J. Morrison and J. M. Lander were the most effective with a good line and length, taking 29 and 14 wickets respectively. The opening bowlers, Gandy and Barkhan, never achieved the success hoped for, but, in fairness, were rarely given the chance to get into their stride; for, fielding second, we seldom had enough runs behind us. The fielding was generally respectable, however; but the catching was well below standard. S. Taube and J. M. Lander were exceptions and Rider, as wicket keeper, had 18 victims.

The summer's highlight was the game against M.C.C. when the team played well and victory was hard, but justly earned, by 13 runs. Batting first, we made 200 and followed this up with a good display in the field. Several fine catches were held and R. J. Morrison bowled accurately to take six wickets. For M.C.C., Jack Robertson, the former Middlesex and England player, batted elegantly for 62. His footwork and timing were superb. (What a pity Westminster did not accept his offer to coach at Vincent Square after the war.)

The most outstanding feat of the season was undoubtedly John Barkhan's bowling for the Colts against Merchant Taylor's, when he took all ten wickets for six runs in ten overs. Two other colts, P. C. Wilson and G. S. F. Taylor, also performed impressively and are promising batsmen. With these three, and the four left from this year's side, next season should bring more success. This would be a fair reward for Mr. Baxter who, in spite of everything, remains an enthusiast. I should like to thank him for all the time and encouragement he gave us.

The following represented the 1st XI during the season: Rider, Gandy, Simon, Barkhan, Fforde, Hamblen, Neville-Rolfe, Lander, R. J. Morrison, Taube, and Bate, T. P. J. Cooper, S. A. V. Cornwell, G. S. F. Taylor, Tiratsoo, P. C. Wilson.
Tom Rider

Athletics

The athletics season began in earnest with the School Sports, held at the end of the Lent Term. It was then that the trend for the coming season was to be set. As expected, the Under 14½ age group was again totally dominated by Zachariades, who won in the sprints and long jump, with an excellent new record being set in the 800m by Lindsay. The Under 16 section produced two new records, one in the high jump, the other in the long jump, from perhaps the station's most seasoned and temperamental all-rounder, Ray, who also romped home in the sprints. The open section was highlighted by Slater's controlled performances in the long jump and sprints, and by Fenton's

domination of the throws. Rigaud's won both the House Cup and the Relays Cup with Wren's runners-up in both competitions. A new attraction for the sports this year was the long-awaited arrival of an inflated high jump landing mat, very kindly donated by the Westminster School Society, to whom we offer our sincerest thanks.

The athletics season proper began in the summer term with two initial morale boosters. Firstly, the emergence of Thorne as our top Under 17 sprinter, and secondly, the victory in our first fixture of the season, which was an all relay match against City of London. We had the proud record of not being beaten in a single relay—a reflection of the very effective baton-changing session we had had two days previously, under Mr. Charles Elliott, who, together with Mr. Ron Murray, gave us the benefit of their professional coaching throughout the season. To both these gentlemen we offer our sincerest gratitude.

The Under 15 team, which was built around Zachariades, was badly deflated when he was injured early in the season, after having put in some consistently sound performances. However it picked itself up courageously, largely due to the tireless efforts of Patrick in the 400m, Summers as a middle distance runner and long and triple jumper, and Falkowski, who is to be congratulated on being the first ever London Champion to come from the school, a title which he won over the hurdles. There was good promise for the future here with White, C. A. Mason and Cooper, all putting in consistent performances. The Under 17 team was perhaps the most talented; Thorne and Macmillan, with some assistance from Ray, when free from competing in his main events, provided a very strong sprinting line-up; A. T. Mason produced consistent jumping and sprinting too. We were well endowed with middle distance strength provided by the inexhaustible legs of Dean, Porteous, Smith, and Buckley, and were privileged also to have the services of Mizen in the hurdles and Golding, who performed in the throwing events and was most useful as an all-round reserve. Perhaps the greatest asset of this team was its reserve strength which helped it to victory against Berkhamsted and Haileybury, and won it second

places against Highgate and Mill Hill.

The Open team became pretty well non-existent during the A level period, though there was time enough to spot the excellent abilities of Slater in the sprints and Vigne in the middle distance running, and the power of Fenton (who was this season's captain) in all the throws.

There are good prospects for next season with, one hopes, a return to top form for Zachariades, another excellent season by Thorne, who will surely now show some real all-round class, and some new school records in the throws from Fenton, who so nearly broke the Javelin record this season. A narrow victory, in the friendly match against the Old Westminsters, rounded off the season on a high note.

The athletics club wishes finally to congratulate Michael and Ruth Brown on the birth of their baby daughter and all our good wishes go with them to Australia in 1975, and we look forward to greeting them back again in 1976. Next season, Tristram Jones-Parry takes over the hot seat. We wish him the best of luck, and pledge our support for him for a successful season.

Alan Mason
John Fenton

Water

Mr. Woolley took over as master in charge at the beginning of the year and it was decided to run a senior squad, which consisted of both Colts and Seniors, from which an VIII would be chosen. The season started with sculling Heads, at which we had little success, but they gave a fair indication of people's ability. Two VIII's were eventually decided on and we made our first appearance at the Trent Head, where the 1st VIII retained the Senior "A" pennant and the 2nd VIII were narrowly beaten in their division. At Bedford the 1st VIII were again successful and won the Schools' Cup. In the Schools' Head we started in 3rd place, and finished 2nd after a very good row.

The Election Term started with a coxless IV and a lightweight VIII. The IV, which soon changed to

being coxed, won at Cambridge Regatta, and was narrowly beaten at Nottingham Regatta, but was not as fast as expected, so the VIII was reformed. After coming second at Walton Regatta and Putney Amateur Regatta we had our first victory in Senior "C" Eights at Reading Regatta, making us a senior "B" Crew. At Henly we reached the semi-finals by beating Winchester and Bedford, but were beaten by Radley, the eventual winners. On the last Saturday of term we went to Kingston Sprint Regatta and easily beat St. George's School. The next week the VIII, with three Pairs from it, went to the National Youth Championships at Nottingham. One of the Pairs reached the final but withdrew at the last moment as the VIII's race was an hour later. We won the Silver Medal in the

Junior VIII's and were selected to row for England in the Home Counties International in Wales the following week-end. We beat the Irish by a length and both Wales and Scotland easily to finish a very successful season.

I would like to thank Mr. Woolley and Mr. Barratt for their excellent coaching—and Mr. Barratt in particular for giving up two weeks of his holiday to take us to Nottingham and Wales.

(The members of the VIII were as follows: T. M. Williams, P. M. B. Rolt, P. W. R. Woodruff, W. M. R. Dawkins, C. G. R. Target, H. D. L. Birley, P. C. Backhouse, N. J. Bowman, P. La B. Smith, H. La M. Reid, P. M. B. Gumuchdjan.)

Tim Williams

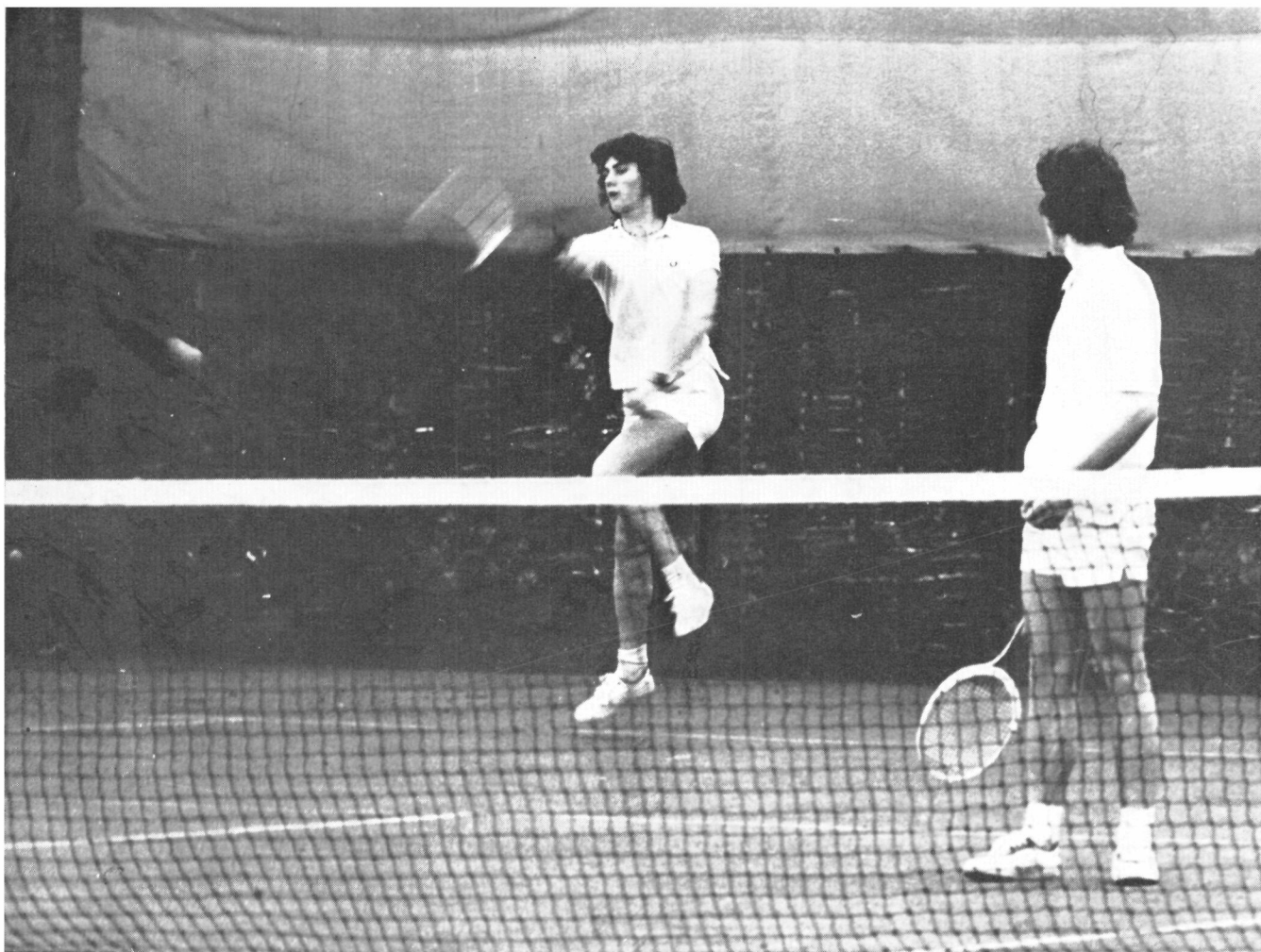


Westminster beating Bedford

Tennis

On the whole, the past season has been quite rewarding, though not always successful. The 1st VI was unfortunate to lose unexpectedly, before the start of the season, three of its best players, Josh Dick, Tim Cawston, and Mitch Reese. The team was represented during the term by the following players: Stephen Garrett, Lionel Stanbrook, Peter Freedman, Matthew Bennett, Peter Hirsch, Adam Zeman, and David Higgs.

Michael Rundell also played. Although only one match was won—a convincing victory over Rugby—the team played consistently well, but were unfortunate in their opponents, who were either marginally more talented or had better luck. There were in fact several close matches which Westminster should have won. Stephen Garrett and Lionel Stanbrook made a very formidable first pair, and when both were hitting well generally a victorious one. Peter Freedman and Matthew Bennett were a useful, if sometimes erratic, second pair, and by the end of the season were playing well together.



The third couple, however, was never fully co-ordinated, owing to frequent changes in the pairing; but Peter Hirsch, Adam Zeman, and David Higgs all played well.

The 2nd VI, though the usual hodge-podge of miscellaneous talent, contrived to produce rather better results, winning nearly half their matches; they were also the first of the tennis teams to include a girl among their number. Those who played for this changeable team were: Martin Parnwell, Adam Kinn, Michael Rundell, Martin Kelly, Philippa Reid, Graham Whittington, Christopher Duggan, David Flower, Tim Kerr, and Nick de Peyer.

The Colts also had a successful season, winning three-quarters of their matches, often against stiff opposition. David Higgs was their star player until, about halfway through the term, he became a regular member of the 1st VI. The team was: David Higgs, Nick Barrett, Anthony Davis, John Turner, Rupert Green, and Bruce Grant. Ian Balfour-Lynn and Tim Brow also played.

A good deal of enthusiasm was shown during the season, due mainly to our vigorous new coach who was able to put life into the most uneventful game.

Our thanks are also due to Colin Harris and Tim King whose encouragement and efficiency kept the tennis club running smoothly.

Matthew Bennett

Fencing

Westminster Fencing Club started the year with a sadly depleted force, having lost many members of the First Team. This led, during the first few months, to a string of defeats relieved by only an occasional success. But soon the captain, John Rockfelt, emerged as a dominant foilist, and our strength in sabre, with a large group of young and promising sabreurs, became apparent. The épée team was also gaining experience quickly, and James Tickell and Jonathan Flint stood out especially.

By the end of the Lent Term, the team was meeting with far more success, and visits to Fencing

Clubs such as the Regent Street Polytechnic's increased style and confidence rapidly, so that by the end of the Election Term we had won five out of the last seven matches.

Timothy Gardom, who was appointed Captain of Fencing this Play Term, Marcus Alexander, the new Secretary, and William Salomon provide a strong sabre team which has proved successful in almost all its matches. The foil team has not yet really filled the gap left by John Rockfelt, though all its members are clearly increasing in confidence.

Generally there seems to be a promising future for the club over the next few terms, and Edward Smith, the new master in charge, must be well pleased with his year's work, as the stricter attitude towards the club is clearly giving results.

Caroline Arup, who left Westminster last year, has recently been fencing in France, where she represented Great Britain in an international tournament.

Marcus Alexander

Golf

Golf, the celebrated station for the physically deprived, has over the past two or three terms swelled in numbers to a full complement of twelve. There has been a number of boys from the lower school joining, which ensures the security and continuity of the station. At the same time, though they may possess bundles of wit and charm, golf technique and ability appear to be at a premium in some cases. With coaching from the assistant professional this is being redressed.

The record of the golf team was on the whole good and they did well in the Aer Lingus National Schools Golf Championship. We were runners up to Dulwich in the London Schools Championship by one stroke. We were handicapped by the fact that we picked a team of four from six eligible members, while Dulwich picked a team from fifty.

In the other five matches, we won three and lost two, thanks to good performances against St. Paul's and City of London. We have also played against the Old Westminsters, Radley, and King's College School, Wimbledon. Tom Cooper, Bill Gandy, Stephen Bate, Stephen Gaastra, Chris Hunt, Paul

Kitcatt and myself have all played for the school with varying degrees of success, and have maintained a high standard.

We must thank David Munir for his efforts in establishing golf as a worthwhile station at Westminster, where afternoons are no longer considered by the sceptical to be spent in drinking pink gins in the club house. There are two or three competitions every term of varying kinds and there have been some keen contests.

There appear to be several golfers among the new boys, and, with a waiting list already in being, the future looks very hopeful.

Mark Batten

Squash

Squash at Westminster has reverted to the previous system of two afternoons a week. Under the guidance of Mr. Baxter, and during the summer term of Mr. Munir, a squash squad has been formed of eighteen players playing twice a week, and once a week squash, except for a few Grove Park juniors, is now a thing of the past. Anthony Everington, succeeding Nicholas Denniston as

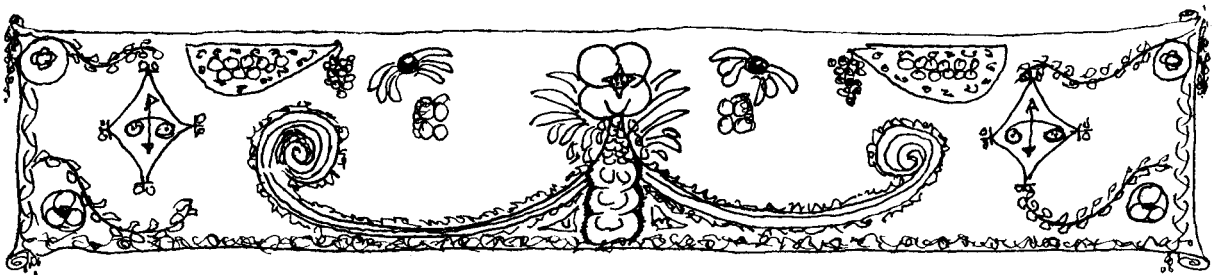
Captain, has acted with great energy, and credit should be given to him for winning over even the more apathetic of squash players to his side.

To begin with there was little reward for this enthusiasm. Though we defeated Highgate in a very close match, Eton, St. Paul's, and Charterhouse all proved to be too strong for us. Among the seniors Anthony Everington and Matthew Hall stood out, and Christopher Watson was a worthy first colt. A hope for the future is Richard Thomson, who has progressed very quickly; if he could master the psychological side of squash he could lead the team to new heights. Now, however, at the beginning of the Play Term the fruits of our labour seem to be ripening. In a very good contest our 1st VI defeated an Eton VI by four matches to two, and with six other matches this term the prospects look promising.

The individual squash competition last year was well won by Nicholas Denniston, with Richard Leggett and Matthew Hale as runners up.

Liddell's won the Raw Cup under the captaincy of Matthew Hale, and, with great potential among its lower ranks, will be difficult to beat in the next few years.

Matthew Hale



The Elizabethan Club

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

O.W. Notes and News

Sir Andrew Huxley (A 1930-35) attended Latin Prayers on October 8th and begged a play in honour of his knighthood in the Birthday Honours.

L. D. J. Henderson (Q.S. 1965-69) has been elected to a Prize Fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford.

All ten O.W. Members of Parliament (see last issue) were re-elected for the same constituencies in the General Election on October 10th.

The following gained First Class Honours in the degree examinations at Oxford and Cambridge in the summer:— M. J. Brindle, B. M. Chain, J. V. Earle, C. C. Hazelgrove, L. D. J. Henderson, C. B. Moncrieff, M. S. Neuberger, R. V. Nowell-Smith, M. J. A. Orbach, R. V. Stanbury, A. C. Stott, J. G. B. Vernon, A. L. Yuille, and A. J. Wilson.

The Rigaud's Society has decided to hold its Annual General Meeting in the summer of each year and to follow it with a dinner or a cocktail party in alternate years. In the summer of 1975 the Annual General Meeting will be held up Rigaud's on Wednesday, June 25th, at 6.30 p.m., and will be followed by a cocktail party.

O.R.R. interested in joining the Society are asked to write to the Hon. Secretary, Rigaud's Society, 29 Great College Street, London, S.W.1 for details.

Pre-war members of the 52nd Westminster Scout Group met at Dunchideock House near Exeter on the week-end of September 27th-29th. All are much indebted to A. N. Winckworth for his generous hospitality.

Election of Members

The following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B) at a meeting of the General Committee on October 30th, 1974:

House	Date of entry	Name and address
G	1970 ¹	Crawford, Robert Edward Ashford Chase, Petersfield, Hants.

L	1970 ³	Derrick, John Gregory Little Orchard, Sudbrook Lane, Petersham, Surrey.
G	1970 ³	Everington, Anthony Herbert 19, Granville Road, Limpsfield, Oxted, Surrey.
W	1970 ³	Flower, David Newman Tadworth Cottage, Tadworth Street, Tadworth, Surrey.
W	1970 ³	Freeman, James David Ferdinand 8, Denham Lodge, 2, Westbury Road, Ealing, London, W.5.
C	1969 ³	Frew, Patrick William 6, The Greenway, Wickford, Essex.
R	1970 ³	Gandy, William John Dearing Chetwynd House, No. 1, The Green, Hampton Court, East Molesey, Surrey.
A	1970 ¹	Halford-Thompson, John Maximilian 7, Kersley Street, London, S.W.11.
G	1970 ¹	Keynes, Gregory Robert Edward 16, Canonbury Park South, London, N.1.
R	1970 ¹	Kilgour, Alastair Hugh Lowell Poolside, Portesbery, London Road, Camberley, Surrey.
L	1970 ¹	Kinn, Adam Daniel Winston Flat 3, 43, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.
W	1970 ²	Leney, James Alfred 77, Limerston Street, London, S.W.10.
W	1969 ³	Mason, Malcolm David 76, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.
G	1970 ¹	Morrison, James Russell 27, McKay Road, London, S.W.20.
A then G	1969 ³	Oliver, Roger Stephen 50, Arthur Road, London, S.W.19.
A then G	1969 ³	Page, Simon Robin 26, Southwood Park, Highgate, London, N.6.

- R 1970¹ **Priest, John**
5, Cranleigh Court,
4/5, Leinster Gardens,
London, W.2.
- R 1970¹ **Rigney, Mark Howard**
35, Pymer's Mead,
London, S.E.21.
- W 1970³ **Robinson, Jeffrey Michael**
36, Lyall Mews,
London, S.W.1.
- L 1969² **Rockfelt, John Mark**
Flat 3, 23, Prince Albert Road,
Regent's Park,
London, N.W.1.
- L 1970² **Ryder, Mark Francis**
3, St. Peter's Road,
St. Margaret's,
Twickenham, Middlesex.
- W 1970¹ **Scott, Alexander Nairne**
West Cottage, South Lodge,
Ham Common,
Richmond, Surrey.
- G 1970¹ **Selby Johnston, David**
Red Oaks,
Woodbury Avenue,
Havant, Hants.

- Monier-Williams**—On September 15th, 1974, Clarence Faithfull, C.B., M.B.E. (1905-11, H), aged 81.
- Mundle**—In September 1974, Colin James Kennedy (1965-68, B), aged 23.
- Neville**—On May 8th, 1974, George John Ernest (1900-04, G), aged 87.
- Scott**—On May 29th, 1974, Ralph Henry Forster (1932-37, R), aged 55.
- Sillar**—On July 9th, 1974, Kenneth Graham, C.B.E., M.C. (1908-11, G), aged 79.
- Sprigge**—On August 2nd, 1974, Joshua William Squire (1925-30, K.S.), aged 62.
- Stanley**—On July 4th, 1974, Richard Harrison (1923-27, H), aged 63.
- Wright**—On July 20th, 1974, Terence Patrick (1923-26, H), aged 64.

Mr. W. M. Atwood, F.C.A.

Wilfrid Atwood's years at Westminster were 1913 to 1919 and he was prominent in many facets of school life. In athletics he won the 100 yards, quarter mile, and long jump all on one day, and in football with his speed merited high praise as an outside left when he captained the XI in Lent 1919. It was then written about his football "he was keen himself and kept the rest of the side up to the mark."

This comment epitomized his whole life, for his love of the School was linked to an enduring interest in the well-being of Old Westminsters and the organized playing of Old Boy games. For at least forty years there were few Old Westminster events to which he did not lend a helping hand. He served as a member of the Elizabethan Club Committee from 1936 until his death, becoming Chairman in 1963 and Vice President from 1966. His record on the Games Committee was no less remarkable, giving active service from 1935 to 1967, during which period his offices included Secretary and President of the Football Club and Assistant Secretary of the Games Committee itself. He was also a long serving member of the Arthur Dunn Committee.

A Chartered Accountant in professional life, he became the senior partner of his well-known City firm. To these bare facts must be added a great capacity for taking trouble, and there are many of all ages who benefited from his wise and mature advice, always to the point, but tempered with humanity and a kindly humour. His solid character permitted just a little pride that all his life had been lived in the family house at Kew where he was born. In his own field he will be remembered as a great Old Westminster.

Obituary

- Atwood**—On September 5th, 1974, Wilfrid Murray (1913-19, A), aged 73.
- Backhouse**—On August 13th, 1974, Patrick Carvell (1970-74, A), aged 17.
- Berryman**—On June 25th, 1974, His Honour Judge Montague Levander, Q.C. (1913-17, R), aged 74.
- Crow**—On September 8th, 1974, Colin Arthur (1909-14, K.S.), aged 78.
- Duff-Miller**—On May 27th, 1974, William John (1947-49, B), aged 41.
- Dulanty**—On July 10th, 1974, Brian Hutton (1924-28, H and B), aged 63.
- Gates**—On May 2nd, 1974, Major Lionel Chasemore, M.B.E., M.C. (1909-13, R), aged 78.
- Jellett**—On July 19th, 1974, Thomas Barrington (1945-49, G), aged 42.
- Kerpen**—On July 24th, 1974, Claude Valentine (1909-14, R), aged 77.
- Lunn**—On May 21st, 1974, Bryan Holdsworth (1907-12, A), aged 80.

His Honour M. L. Berryman, Q.C.

Whenever one thinks of Monty Berryman one remembers a smile—a smile wide enough to match his tall, broad frame and a sign of a warmth of personality which could brighten any room which he entered—indeed could even relieve the tensions normally inherent in a court room.

After his time at Westminster, Monty Berryman joined the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1917, but was soon attached to the Royal Air Force. Returning from the war he embarked on his distinguished career in the law; he was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1921 and steadily built a busy practice; specializing mainly in appearing for insurance companies, especially in motor accident, “running-down”, cases, he soon became one of the leading practitioners in that field, taking silk in 1945.

In that year he became the Recorder of Gravesend and was promoted to the Recordship of Dover two years later; during this period, while continuing his busy practice, he was also Deputy Chairman, and then Chairman, of Herts Quarter Sessions from 1950-63. Soon after his appointment as the Chairman of Kent Quarter Sessions it became, in 1963, a full-time office, and he had to relinquish those other positions; he was naturally proud of the fact that Dover gave him the unusual recognition of his fifteen years' service by admitting him as an Honorary Freeman of that Borough.

Unfortunately growing ill-health gradually prevented Monty from making many visits to London, and in 1966 he relinquished active membership of the Bench of the Middle Temple to which he had been elected a Bencher in 1953. Finally, in 1971, he retired from his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions, after having been given the status of “Judge”, and lived in Great Chesterford, where he had been born and bred—and which he loved. There he lived quietly, for his choice had been always for quiet pleasures; he had, for instance, an instinctive talent for acting, and his friends treasure the memory of many evenings when he delighted them with his brilliant impersonations, especially of characters from Dickens.

He will be sadly missed, not only by his widow, son, and two daughters, but by all his many friends in various walks of life.

Mr. J. W. S. Sprigge

J. W. S. Sprigge collapsed and died immediately while working in his garden last August. From College he went up to Trinity with Samwaies and Triplett in 1930 where he gained a First in Classics in Part I, changing to Law in Part II. After being admitted a solicitor in 1937, he was in the Legal Department of the Coal Commission (later the National Coal Board) until 1951, apart from the war, during the latter part of which he served in the Army Council Secretariat. In 1951 he moved to the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute and then in 1955 to the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors as Assistant Secretary and later Secretary until his retirement in 1971. While there he was much involved in the attempts to obtain the registration of Estate Agents. His wise and understanding advice on the pitfalls of professional practice was at all times highly valued.

He had a great zest for life, and for him retirement was merely a change to other activities: collecting books, music, travelling, gardening, and the Slough Branch of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, of which he became Hon. Secretary, devoting much time and energy to it. He maintained a strong interest in Westminster and came regularly to functions, including the Latin Play, which he immensely enjoyed. His two sons were up Rigaud's between 1961 and 1969.

Mr. B. H. Dulanty

Brian Dulanty, son of the Eire Ambassador in London, was admitted to Westminster up Homeboarders in 1924. On becoming a boarder in 1926, he migrated up Busby's as a senior member of that House which had only been formed in 1925, and became Head of House 1927-28. He was a competent oarsman and rowed in the School VIII in 1926 and 1927, thereby becoming Busby's first Pink.

On leaving school he studied for the Law and was admitted a Solicitor in 1934, practising in London with the firm of Bentley Stokes and Lowles until the war. On the outbreak of war, for diplomatic reasons, having regard to his father's appointment, he joined the Irish Army, but in 1943 he transferred to the R.A.F.V.R. (A. & S.D) with which he served until 1946. He then resumed his connection with Bentley Stokes and Lowles, of which he ultimately became senior partner until his retirement in 1968.

In his leisure he devoted his time to Show Jumping, which was his absorbing interest. He also maintained a very fine aviary, which was regarded as one of the best in the country. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Letter to The Editor

Mr. K. G. Sillar

K. G. Sillar, after serving in the Royal Engineers throughout the First World War, qualified as an Associate Member of the Institutions of both Civil and Electrical Engineers in 1920. After serving with the Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation, he returned to this country and became Deputy Regional Controller of the Board of Trade Office in Glasgow in 1945, and Northern Regional Controller in 1949. He was made C.B.E. in 1959.

Mr. C. F. Monier-Williams

C. F. Monier-Williams, younger brother of R. H., after serving in the First World War, joined the Foreign Office in 1919, but transferred to the Department of Overseas Trade later the same year. He rose to be Under-Secretary at the Board of Trade and was made C.B. and M.B.E.

Mr. R. H. Stanley

R. H. Stanley emigrated to South Africa in 1935 and became a prominent figure in Port Elizabeth. During the war he had a distinguished career in the South African Air Force.

From Mr. E. L. Franklin (K.S. 1922-27)

Dear Sir,

Photograph of the Maintenance and Domestic Staff in April 1939

The photograph on page 308 of the last issue shows one of the College Johns by his true name, Bill Funnell. In my day he was known not only to us boys but also to higher authority as "John Field". I had it from a subsequent Master of King's Scholars, the late D. C. Simpson, that on one occasion, "John Field" having gone into hospital, Simpson paid him a visit only to find that nobody named Field was on record as having been admitted. When he had recovered and returned to school, Simpson told him what had happened. He then explained that when he originally applied for the job the school Bursar, Tyson (generally known as Ty-ty), felt that the name "Funnell" might encourage ribaldry among the less refined boys and decided, quite arbitrarily, that "Field" would be a satisfactorily innocuous substitute. I find it interesting that in such recent times a school servant should have so readily accepted, presumably because it was that or lose the job, an imposed substitute name.

Ty-ty was very much a character. He wore his head slightly on one side, a short grey beard, tails of course—as did most of the pre-first war members of the teaching staff—and a college cap (mortar board)—to indicate that he was academically qualified—but not a gown. He regarded himself as fully capable of taking any class in the school, in emergency, if the appointed master was missing. He was always a stickler for propriety—except, I seem to remember hearing, for the way in which the school accounts were kept, which were usually incomprehensible. An aunt of mine, who had some skill in water-colours, decided in 1929 to do a sketch of the school gateway. In mid-morning she placed her easel somewhere in front of Rigaud's, with her back to the fives court which then embellished Yard, and set to work. Later, she described to me, with relish, how she had become aware, in the corner of her eye, as it is sometimes said of people who can almost see ghosts, of a figure vaguely fluttering about. Eventually it took firm shape and presented itself as the school Bursar. With the utmost delicacy he explained that the boys would soon be coming down through the gateway, remarked that the breeze was ruffling her skirt sufficiently to reveal something of her legs, and suggested that the coincidence of these two events would be most unfortunate. The shade of my aunt will forgive me if I

admit that she was never exactly a pin-up and had certainly not followed the fashion which, shortly after the first war, raised the hemlines of skirts for the first time to knee-level, and sometimes higher.

Such was the solicitude on behalf of our moral welfare shown by some at least of our elders in those days.

Although you have declared the relevant correspondence closed, I feel I must protest that the brief reference in your last issue to Fox, who was Housemaster of Rigaud's and retired in 1923, does him less than justice. I did not know him as Housemaster, but I was in his form throughout his last two terms. Nobody would describe him as a genial or inspiring teacher. But he had negative virtues. He was severe but not harsh, and he was invariably just. He did not indulge in sarcasm at the expense of those who could not answer back. And, now I come to think of it, I cannot remember him ever handing out punishments. But, then, I never saw or heard of anybody having the nerve to rag Fox.

It is only fair to remember that he came at the end of a long tradition—a tradition commended by worthies such as Dr. Johnson—of schoolmasters with whom their charges were permanently in a state of undeclared war. Even that great civilized man Smedley, when I was in his form, introduced himself to my parents after Commem. as “one of your son's old friends—perhaps I should say ‘enemies’ ”. Ernest Long Fox was on the staff at Westminster for more than forty years (as he was apt, in moments of exasperation, to remind us) and remembered the days when most forms were taught up School all at the same time, as shown in some of the old prints, with the Head Master presiding in the “Shell” recess. In those days any boy who perpetrated a serious false concord in his composition or false quantity in his verses was sent up to the Head Master to be handed there and then.

I have heard it said that it was deliberate policy, planned presumably by Gow as Head Master or

possibly by Rutherford before him, to put everybody through the mangle for two years, under first Fox and then the Revd. G. H. Nall and then Raynor (the last two characters were unknown to me except by formidable repute, having both retired a term or so before I came to Westminster), after which those who survived certainly knew their Greek and Latin grammar and accidence, and how to “base *οἶν* properly” as the saying went, even if they knew little else. Then they had their reward by moving into the sunny uplands of John Sargeant's VIth form. After Fox I sat under gentler masters and had an easier time—but I never succeeded in really learning my grammar.

There was at least one occasion when Fox unbent in class. It must have been on almost his last day. There was to be a royal wedding at the end of the impending holidays, and the Head Master, in an unusually “democratic” gesture for those days, invited every form in the school to vote whether to forgo one day of the holidays and play some minor part in the junketings or not. When everybody's hand in the Classical Upper Vth rose with alacrity for “not”, a change was seen to pass over Fox's face; new lines appeared and familiar lines disappeared; the dewlaps began to shake—he was actually laughing!

Two or three years later, when I was bolder as well as older, I found myself chatting to Fox one day up fields. In retirement he was most agreeable. One characteristic anecdote of his which I recall related to that mealy-mouthed decision taken in late Victorian times to re-name Terence's play *Eunuchus*, one of the canon of four plays they performed in annual rotation, as *Famulus*. One of Fox's colleagues in the common room objected strongly, on the grounds that one should call a spade a spade. “Call a *spado* a *spado*, you mean” was Fox's rejoinder. Once again the dewlaps wobbled . . .

Yours faithfully,
Edward Franklin

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the Army & Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1 on Monday, October 7th, 1974, with the President, Sir Henry Chisholm, C.B.E., in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1974, were adopted.

The President said he had very much pleasure in submitting the proposal that Mr. John Carleton succeed him in the office of President of the Club for the ensuing three years: this was carried with acclamation. It was also agreed unanimously that Mr. F. N. Hornsby be appointed a Vice-President of the Club.

Mr. Raymond Plummer, Mr. C. M. O'Brien and Mr. F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively, and Mr. H. K. S. Clark was re-appointed as the Hon. Auditor. Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. C. P. Danin and Mr. J. H. D. Carey were elected new members of the General Committee.

Mr. W. E. E. Gerrish paid tribute to the retiring President for his many services to the Club during his term of office and this was warmly endorsed by all those present.

Annual Dinner

The Club's Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club on October 7th with the retiring President, Sir Henry Chisholm, in the chair. The guests included the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Christ Church and the Head Master.

A delightful evening was enlivened by the entertaining and witty speeches of the Dean of Christ Church, who proposed "Floreat", and of the Head Master, who replied.

To conclude the evening, Mr. David Carey proposed the health of the retiring President and spoke with gratitude of Sir Henry's considerable services to the Club and to the School.

Special General Meeting

Change of Rules

The last edition of the Rules and Regulations was published in 1966 and they now need to be reprinted. The General Committee consider it sensible therefore to propose, in addition to certain minor revisions, alterations to the present rules applying to the status, powers and composition of the Games Committee. The effect of these proposals will be to make this committee into a Standing Sub-Committee of the Club, thus obviating the need to hold a separate Annual General Meeting for those interested in Games as heretofore. The Secretary of the sub-committee, to be re-named the "Sports" Committee, will become an officer of the Club to be elected at the Annual General Meeting; the Chairman and Treasurer will be elected, together with not more than six other members, by the General Committee at its first meeting following the Annual General Meeting. The control and management of detailed matters relating to sports will be vested in the Sports Committee as is the case with the present Games Committee.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at the School on Wednesday, February 26th, 1975, at 6.15 p.m. to consider and, if thought fit, adopt the following alterations to the Rules of the Club, namely:—

1. That Rule 4 (A) be amended to read:—
Notwithstanding the provision of Rule 3, the Head Master and the Master of the Under School, on appointment, shall each be invited to become an Honorary Life Member of the Club.
2. That the words "and Honorary Members" be deleted from Rule 4 (C).
3. That Rule 5 (A) be amended to read:—
Subject to the provisions of Rule 7, and except as provided by Rule 4, every member of the Club shall on his election pay an entrance fee of two pounds. The annual subscription to the Club shall be one pound, or such other sum as shall be approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting.
4. That the word "Games" in line 3 of Rule 6 be amended to "Sports."
5. That Rule 7 (A) be amended to read:—
The amount due as a composition for Life Membership from Old Westminsters who left the School without payment under the termly instalment system shall be £18 or such other sum as shall be

- approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting. Such compositions for life shall be payable on election, or, if the members' subscription is not in arrear, at any other time.
6. That Rule 7 (B) be amended to read:—
A candidate on whose behalf while he was at School the sum of fifteen pounds, or such other sum as shall be approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting, has been paid to the Club under the termly instalment scheme shall be eligible for election as a Life Member without any further payment.
 7. That Rule 7 (C) be amended to read:—
A candidate who is not domiciled in the United Kingdom at the date of his election who has not remained at the School more than three terms and on whose behalf while he was at School the sum of three pounds seventy five pence, or such other sum as shall be approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting, has been paid to the Club under the termly instalment scheme shall be eligible for election as a Life Member without any further payment.
 8. That line 5 of Rule 11 be amended to read:—
“a Secretary and a Secretary of the Sports Committee. The President . . .”
 9. That Rule 13 (C) be amended to read:—
The Chairman and Treasurer of the Sports Committee.
 10. That Rule 16 be amended to read:—
The General Committee may from time to time appoint members of the Club as Assistant Secretaries under the direction of the General Committee. Such Secretaries shall be ex-officio members of the General Committee and shall hold their said offices so long as the General Committee may in any case think fit.
 11. That the present Rule 17 be deleted and the following substituted therefor:—
The General Committee shall annually at its first meeting following the Annual General Meeting appoint the Chairman and Treasurer of the Sports Committee and not more than six others who, together with the Secretaries of the Sections, set out in Regulation 1 of the Regulations of the Sports Committee, shall form the Sports Committee for the year. The control and management of detailed matters relating to sports, including the name or names under which the teams taking part in such sports will compete, shall be vested in the Sports Section, subject to the general control of the Sports Committee. Details of the Sections are set out in the Regulations of the Sports Committee.
 12. That the present Rule 18 be deleted and the following substituted therefor:—
The General Committee shall make an annual grant to the Sports Committee for sports purposes, but of the amount so received no payments or allowances for players' travelling expenses shall be made to any person who is not a member of the Club.
 13. That the present Rules 17 to 21 be re-numbered Rules 19 to 23.
 14. That the present Rule 22 be deleted and replaced by new Rule 24 as follows:—
It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and pay all moneys on behalf of the Club, other than those received and paid by the Treasurer of the Sports Committee, and to prepare the annual accounts of the Club (including those of the Sports Committee), which shall form part of the annual report of the General Committee. The annual accounts shall be audited by a member of the Club who is not a member of the General Committee.
 15. That the present Rule 23 be deleted and replaced by new Rule 25 as follows:—
All money belonging to the Club shall be in the hands of the Treasurer or of the Treasurer of the Sports Committee, who shall keep accounts in the name of the Club at such Bank as the General Committee may from time to time determine. Investments shall be made at the discretion of the General Committee with all the powers in that behalf of absolute owners, and stand in the name of such nominee company as the General Committee may from time to time determine. All other property of the Club shall be vested in the President, Chairman of the General Committee, Treasurer and Secretary for the time being.
 16. That the present Rule 24 be re-numbered Rule 26.
 17. That the present Rule 25 be re-numbered Rule 27, with the following addition:—
Notices of proposals to be submitted to Annual General Meetings in connection with revision of subscriptions shall similarly be printed in *The Elizabethan*.
 18. That the present Rule 26 be re-numbered Rule 28 and the words in line 2 “(at the School if possible)” be deleted.
 19. That the present Rules 27, 28 and 29 be re-numbered Rules 29, 30 and 31, and that in line 4 of the present Rule 28 the word “indicating” be substituted for “specifying.”
 20. That the present Rule 30 be re-numbered Rule 32 and in line 3 thereof “14” be amended to “10.”

21. That the present Rule 31 be re-numbered Rule 33.
22. That the present Rules 32 and 33 be deleted.
23. That Rule 34 be amended to read:—
Unless the General Committee otherwise determine, an annual Club Dinner shall be arranged by that Committee on such date as it may fix. Other Club Dinners may be arranged by the General Committee.
24. That Rule 35 be amended to read:—

- At the annual Dinner of the Club any person connected with the School, who is not an Old Westminster, may be invited by any member to dine as his guest or may be invited by the General Committee to dine as a guest of the Club.
25. That Rule 36 be amended to read:—
The Club tie shall be black with a narrow pink stripe.
 26. Amend “28” at end of Rule 37 to “30”.

Games

Cricket

Although the Club recorded only one win during the season (against the school), it was generally felt that 1974 was both more successful and more encouraging than the results might suggest and these were, in many respects, an improvement on the previous season's. Of the five matches lost, three were by narrow margins; and from the drawn games (also numbering five) in only one were we fortunate not to lose. We were not defeated without a significant fight in any game, which distinguishes this season from many others in recent years.

In the Cricketer Cup we did not get beyond the first round, in which we were defeated by Haileybury Hermits. After a complete collapse in our middle order, which resulted in the score changing from 51 for 1 to 52 for 5, it took a brave partnership between Lander and Yuille to help bring our score to 105. Tight bowling ensured that Haileybury were not presented with an easy win, but eventually we lost by 6 wickets.

Against the school John Mortimore's century enabled us to reach our first and only win of the season.

The Cricket Week got off to an exciting start, when we lost the first game against the Incogniti by 18 runs on a day when just under 500 runs were scored. It was an extraordinary game which included a century and two hat tricks, one by Jeremy Broadhurst. For the Old Westminsters, Deighton and Willoughby batted especially well, and it was mainly due to them that victory nearly became a reality. The following day produced an equally close finish against the Enigmas. We declared at 242 for 2 with Surrudge making 155 not out; this must be the highest individual score by an O.W. in the

Cricket Week for many years. However, the game was by no means over, and eventually the Enigmas also reached 242 with the loss of 8 wickets. Aldershot gave us the third close finish on successive days, but they eventually won by 2 wickets.

Against Eton Ramblers we reached 200 for the third time in four days, through some strong middle order batting. Tom Rider, in particular, batted very competently and made a well deserved half century, the highest score of the day. The Ramblers were unable to threaten our total seriously and finally finished 50 runs behind with two wickets remaining.

We lost the following two games against the Adastrians and the Dragonflies. However, in the latter we had two noteworthy batting performances, from Peter Miéville and David Drew, who previously had played only two games between them in the season.

The final two days of the Week produced yet two more close and keenly contested matches. Against the Old Citizens, when chasing a total of 196, we sacrificed wickets in an attempt to win, but in the end had to be satisfied with a draw. That game marked the return to form of Ian Mackinnon, who made a fluent 65. In our final match of the Week, against the Free Foresters, we fielded a strong side. Set a target of 222, they finished 14 short with one wicket left. John Sanderson in particular bowled well and thoroughly deserved his four wickets.

A large number of O.W.W. of varying ages played during the course of the Week. Although all contributed to making it a success, special mention must be made of Tony Willoughby, whose powerful middle order batting

held the side together on several occasions. Of the bowlers, Jeremy Broadhurst was the most successful with 16 wickets; everybody bowled well generally, but did not always have the success they deserved, due to dropped catches and good batting wickets. The wicket-keeping was of a high standard, and Tom Rider, in particular, showed considerable promise.

Our thanks must go to the Head Master for allowing us to use Vincent Square, and to Derek Saunders, without whose hard work the Cricket Week would not be possible. Finally we would like to thank our umpire, Leslie Barnes, whose fairness and diplomacy on the field enabled the Week to pass without any unfortunate incident. His important contribution often goes unthanked, and we wish to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for all the hours he puts in.

Our last match of the season was against Beckenham. Chasing a total of 157, we never recovered from a disastrous 1 for 3 start. A fine partnership between Jeremy Broadhurst and David Drew gave Beckenham a fright, but in the end it needed some brave rearguard action from David Ray and Jonathan Carey to save us.

During the course of the season we were represented by 37 O.W.W. There is considerable promise and enthusiasm amongst the younger members, and as a result it is intended gradually to extend the fixture list. Any O.W. who is not at present a playing member and who would like to start playing for the Club next season should get in touch as soon as possible with the Hon. Secretary, J. H. D. Carey, at Flat E, 5 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

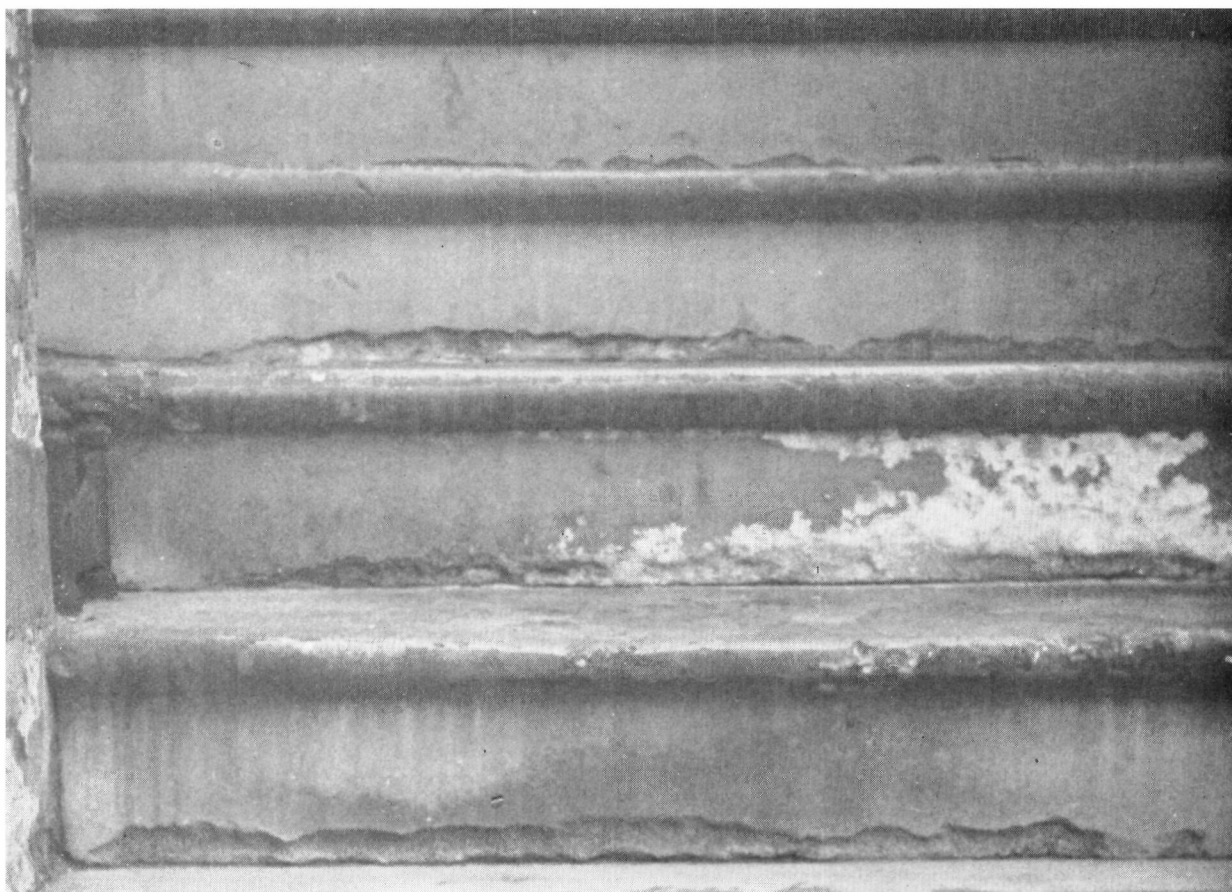
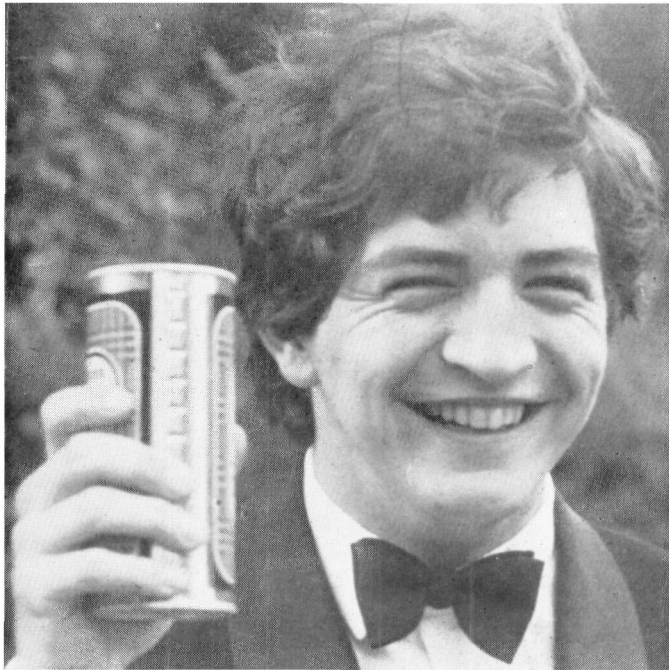


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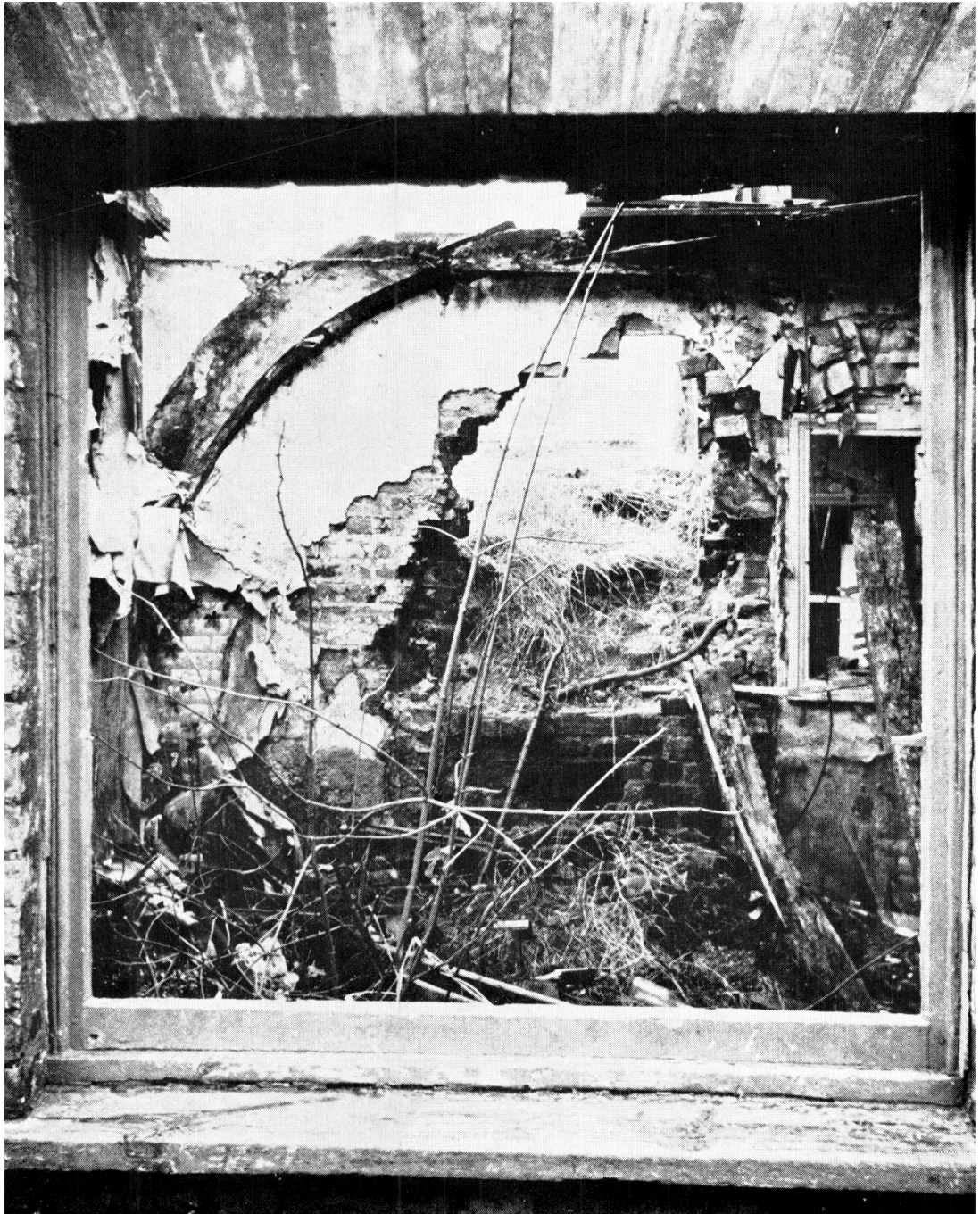


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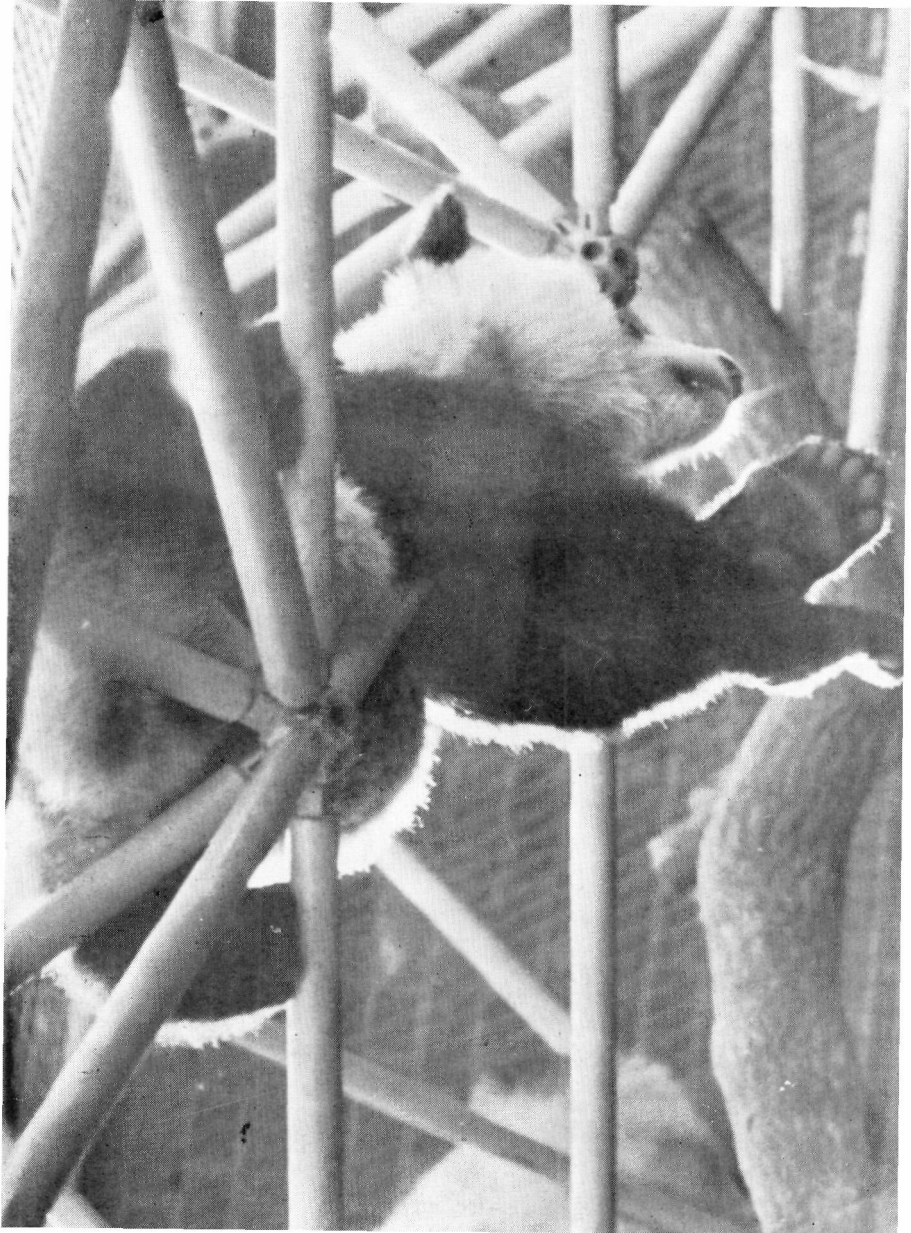


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