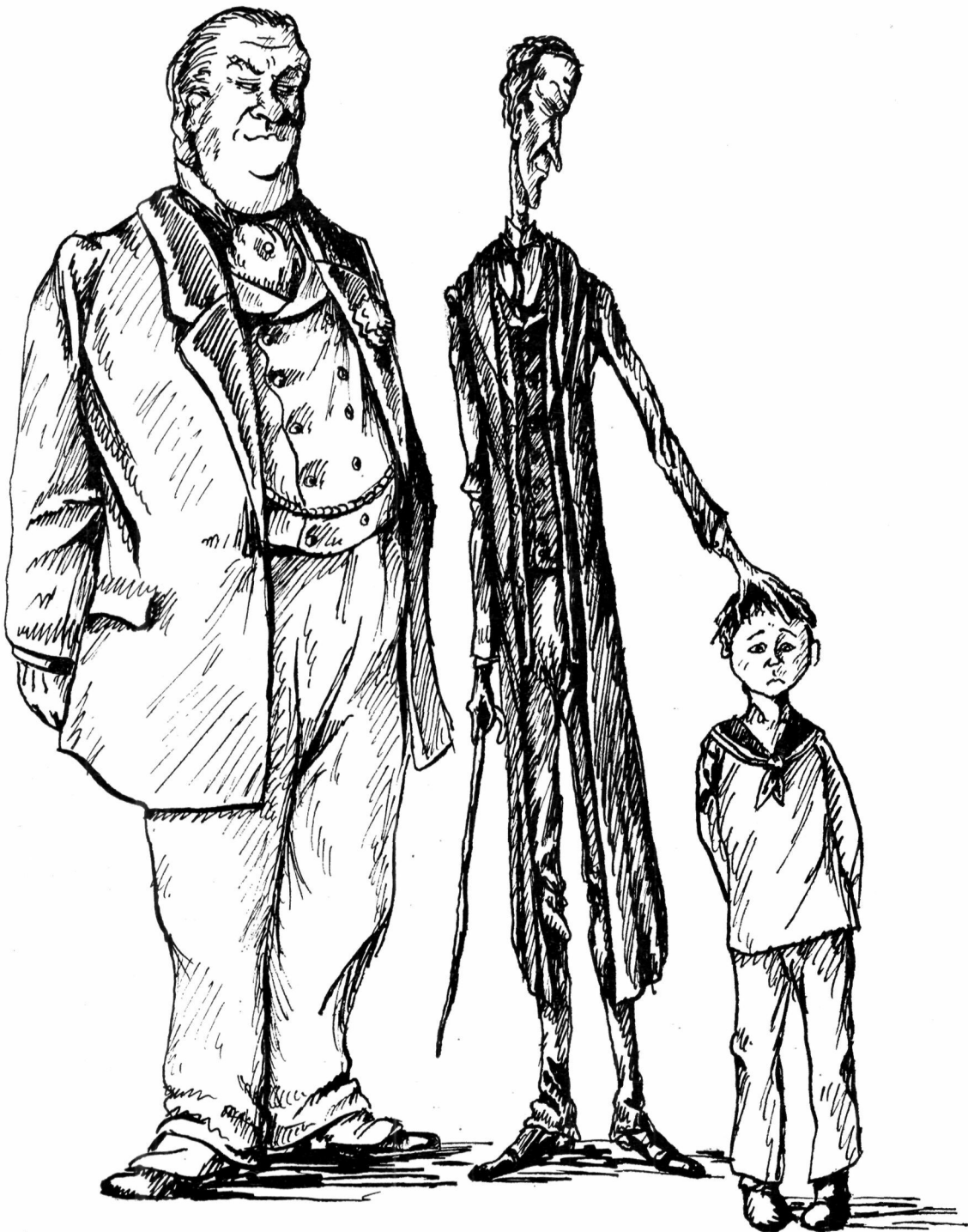


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# The Elizabethan

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# The Elizabethan *July 1975*

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## John Dudley Carleton *An Anthology*

John Carleton was the younger son of Brigadier-General Frederick Montgomerie Carleton, D.S.O., a member of His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Emma Lloyd. His father's family had Irish connections which can be followed up in Burke's Irish Landed Gentry. His mother was the sister of the 1st Baron Lloyd of Dolobran, Montgomeryshire, the head of a well-known Quaker family which, after leaving Wales, had started Lloyd's Bank in Birmingham.

John grew up in Warwickshire, where his father had gone to live on retiring from the Army; but, after his father's death in May 1922, his mother was granted a grace and favour residence at Hampton Court Palace, and it was here that he lived while a boy at Westminster. He had a fund of entertaining stories of life there.

Most of the later facts of his life are mentioned or recorded in the following memoirs. One that chances to escape mention is his facility for writing amusing light verse, which he showed annually for many years in his proemiums for Election Dinner.

When John retired in 1970 at the age of 62, he was still full of zest for life and all looked forward to a long and fruitful retirement, with perhaps some more books from his pen. Many will have recognized his hand in Elizabethan obituaries. But the first signs of his illness appeared as early as 1972, though to his friends, at any rate, he was always the cheerful optimistic John they had known, and even seemed to recover from the death in 1973 of his brother Guy, a loss he felt deeply.

The last piece of Westminster news he received, the election of an O.W. to a Fellowship at All Souls, the first for some years, gave him immense pleasure. He died peacefully at his home on the morning of November 6th. The funeral took place in St. Faith's Chapel the following Tuesday, and a Service of Thanksgiving for his life and work was held in the Abbey on December 6th. This service, which was attended by a very large congregation, was conducted by the Dean, the Very Reverend Dr. Edward Carpenter, a friend of many years standing, who gave the following address:

### 'For every man there is a season'

It is always difficult, some would say impossible, to distil into words the subtle fragrance of a rare person. Formal or conceptual categories, when applied to human kind, imprison and restrict rather than enlarge and give life. A more evocative language, sensitive to nuance and gesture, to the imaginative act of kindness, to the illuminating anecdote—these are more likely to reveal the man.

Of no one was this more true than of John Carleton. His *curriculum vitae*, the progression from Westminster School to Oxford and then return, could in themselves constitute a conventional, indeed establishment, pilgrimage. That they did not was due to their being the authentic expression of what John Carleton was in himself, the loyalties he cultivated and which in their turn sustained him. A man may travel many countries but he may learn little. Another may cultivate his own garden and discover there infinite riches. John Carleton always entertained a tremendous sense of locality. He geared

himself intimately to neighbourhood, clung to it, and helped to create it and give it distinction. He reached the universal through the particular—a wise priority. I can recall vividly his explaining to me, in whimsical fashion, that Westminster was really a village—a village where the *Westminster and Pimlico News* could properly report the passing of the late King George VI: “Death of well known local resident”. As Blake could see a world in a grain of sand, so John Carleton glimpsed the more distant scene, to which he was by no means indifferent, through what was closer to hand. Paradoxically by narrowing the field of vision he saw more clearly and grew to love more widely.

It may surprise many that his coming to Westminster as a boy was self chosen. His father had firm plans for Dartmouth and the Navy, and nothing but dogged persistence overcame this paternal will. Already however the allure of Gothic architecture had become a consuming passion, taking precedence even over Dreadnoughts. “I had begun to collect Cathedrals,” he later confessed, “as others collect mountain summits.” The Abbey was and remained No. 1 in this collection. “I roamed around it during term time. I often visited it in the holidays; I spent all my pocket money buying books about it.” In the cultivation of this affection he was encouraged by his mentor and life long friend Lawrence Tanner; by Lethaby the Abbey surveyor; and Armytage Robinson, perhaps the only Dean of Westminster to lay claims to being a technical medieval scholar.

His leaving Westminster for Merton College was no easy transition. The family fortunes were such that, like the illustrious Samuel Johnson, he feared lest he should disappear from the university scene before any examiner could test his calibre. Maybe it was this uncertainty of tenure which lured him to spend much of his time in the Bodleian searching for references about Westminster. Years later he reminisced: “There is a voluptuous pleasure in recalling those dreamlike mornings in that heavenly place. A deep calm reigned; particles of dust hung in the slanting sun beams; there was a faint smell of leather.”

So John Carleton left Oxford, a humane and civilized person, though with a degree which did not match up to his merits. He was offered a post in the Ancient Monuments Commission, but a chance meeting with Dr. Costley White led to his being asked to help the school out with a few days teaching until a wayward usher returned from a holiday in Greece. Within forty-eight hours John Carleton decided that there was nothing else he wanted to do—the words are his own—and the rest of his working life was devoted to the doing of it, in the form room, in charge of a House, as Head Master.

John Carleton’s approach to education was more subtle and significant than a casual acquaintance with his obiter dicta

might suggest. He never wore his heart on his sleeve. At the practical level, in his appointments to staff in general and of housemasters in particular, he proved a shrewd judge of character and ability. I was present when he gave a talk to St. Anne’s Society under one of those umbrella headings which can constitute a fatal snare to the naive and the unwary—“The Purpose of Education”. The thesis that John Carleton worked out was typical of the man in character, manner, and style. Education was not the mere imparting of information, nor was it a subtle form of indoctrination. Indeed the moment its conditioning pressures became constraining “shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy”. Education, at its best and most percipient, was a by-product, the expression of, as it was the overflow from, a liberal and cultured society. Its end was to elicit, to provoke, to civilize. In this ambience the quality of human relations, history and tradition mattered. John Carleton remained suspicious and chary of the over-professionalized schoolmaster, preoccupied with techniques, committed to categories, sold on systems. Thus his headmastership, in spite of a natural reserve, was uniquely personal, nor was it based upon any doctrinaire approach. As such it served to develop potential and to bring out the best. Many a parent found in him a family friend, and he would go to almost excessive lengths to keep a boy at the school when the easy way out was to get rid of him. In himself he came to embody much that was precious and gave distinction to Westminster, whose history he recorded with feeling and discrimination. Would that he had written more! His retirement, when it came, surprised many. To Janet he said simply: “When I looked round in the Abbey I realized that I knew only about two thirds of the boys.”

It is not however as a schoolmaster or aesthete, or as a man of wide cultural interests rooted maybe in the Augustan age, that many of us in the Abbey recall him today; rather as a dear friend whom we shall miss sorely “on the custom’d hill”. How frequent were his concealed acts of kindness: the flowers that greeted the return from holiday; the appreciative letter and unexpected ’phone call; the ongoing loyalty.

Of his mother John Carleton wrote: “To these advantages she added a quality which outweighed them all—not charm exactly, because charm implies some conscious effort, however slight, and it is rare that charming people are wholly unaware of their effect. It was rather a gift of genuine and intense sympathy for others and concern for their interest.” Were it not for his modesty he might have been talking about himself. For every man there is indeed a time and a season. For John his marriage with Janet was such a time of fulfilment, and it rejoiced the hearts of their many friends. They gave to each other love, companionship, and happiness. They knew a shared experience of manifold

delights and satisfactions—historical, literary, and intellectual. They bore bravely together the approach of the last enemy—the enemy which within the sure and certain hope of our Christian faith we may presume to regard as a friend.

“Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

## The Times Obituary

Mr. John Dudley Carleton, who was Head Master of Westminster School from 1957 to 1970, died yesterday at the age of 66. His headmastership was the culmination of a lifetime spent in the school, for he was one of those schoolmasters, familiar enough in previous centuries but rare in our own, who are promoted to the highest office from within the school.

John Carleton entered Westminster as a boy in 1922, and returned as a master 10 years later. For the next 38 years, with only a short break for wartime attachment to Special Forces, he devoted himself to Westminster. He became Under Master and Master of the King’s Scholars in 1949, and eight years later succeeded Dr. Walter Hamilton as Head Master.

It is impossible to measure John Carleton’s influence upon the school during this period, but few would dispute that he made a significant contribution to the school’s recovery in the twentieth century. Westminster, which had been the most famous of the old public schools in the eighteenth century, suffered a sad decline in the Victorian era.

The recovery was slow and difficult. John Carleton was the first to acknowledge that the school’s revival was the work of many people and to pay special tribute to his two immediate predecessors who guided the school through wartime evacuation and postwar rebuilding. But it was during his own head mastership that Westminster was firmly re-established as one of the leading schools.

His style of head mastering reflected his personality. The urbanity and tolerance, that were sometimes wrongly interpreted as social snobbery and permissiveness, gave the school a civilized and mature flavour that distinguished it from its contemporaries. In fostering this “difference”, John Carleton was being true to the tradition of a school which had always been somewhat eccentric to the main stream of public school development.

A head master’s achievements are too often expressed in terms of buildings erected or academic honours won. It is true that John Carleton’s reign saw the successful continuation of the postwar rebuilding of the school and the marked rise in the school’s reputation for intellectual excellence, but his real achievements were probably less obvious and more important.

He was uniquely well placed to preside

over a number of changes beneficial to the school yet not immediately welcome to the guardians of custom; his unrivalled knowledge of the school's history enabled him to point out with authority that what appeared to be hallowed tradition was a mere nineteenth century innovation that had neither merit nor antiquity to recommend it.

The same historical perspective helped him to steer the school through the youthful upheavals of the late 1960's. While other head masters were blown this way and that by rebellious boys, he could recall with calm detachment that at Westminster it had all happened before and on a much more unnerving scale.

Thus it was his particular contribution to enable the school to take in its stride the numerous pressures and changes to which all schools were subjected during his period as head master.

In the end, however, it is as a loyal son of Westminster rather than just as its Head Master, that he would want to be remembered. He did not much like administration and the public engagements that now form part of the head master's routine, and was happiest as Under Master when he had an opportunity to influence events without losing regular contact with the boys.

His own *History of Westminster School* concludes with a characteristic comment: "I watch boys come and go, and as the stream flows by I cannot help reflecting that it is strange that schools should pride themselves on their antiquity when they can pride themselves on their perpetual youth."

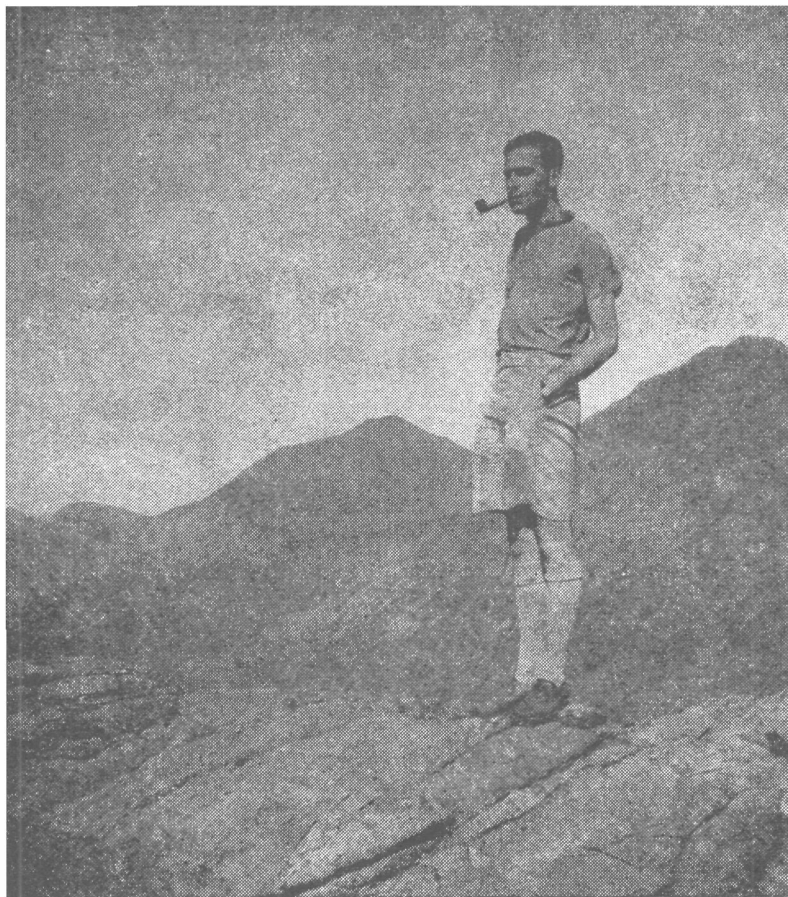
He married in 1965 Janet Adam Smith who survives him.

#### **To which Sir Rupert Hart-Davis added:**

Your obituary notice of John Carleton does ample justice to his lifelong devotion to Westminster School and all he achieved there, but the uninitiated might well be left with the idea of a cross between Dr. Arnold and Mr. Chips, cloistered in the groves of Academe. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I knew John for the best part of 20 years, and since I have no connection with Westminster School, it was as a man and an enchanting companion that I knew and loved him. You describe him as urbane, but I prefer elegant and civilized. He was totally lacking in the pomposity that often overtakes schoolmasters, and his wide range of interests—books, pictures, architecture, history, travel, and above all people—combined with his rich sense of humour to make him the best of company.

It was a joy to see him blossom in the happiness of his late marriage. Benedick the married man was fulfilled as never before, and his last nine years were certainly the happiest of his life. He was the most loyal of friends, the most devoted of stepfathers, and wherever he went a true life-enhancer.



#### **Other friends have written for this anthology:**

It is, I think, natural, when looking back over the life of a man you have known for an all too brief span of fifty years, to try to see in the boy and young man you knew some indications of the distinguished future that lay ahead of him. My earliest impression of John Carleton is of a spare, lanky figure seen regularly ascending and descending the front-door steps of No. 3 Little Dean's Yard. John had, in fact, become a lodger in the house of which he was himself later to become the *ex officio* tenant. Strictly speaking he was still a Dayboy, but in effect he was a Boarder living on the fringe of College, in it but not of it, and a somewhat ambiguous figure in the eyes of us King's Scholars, what the Athenians would have called *μέτοικος*, a resident alien. He must surely have been lonely, but, to our shame, I do not think we did much to alleviate his loneliness. Such was the exclusiveness of House loyalties in those days.

During those hours of loneliness John was often to be seen wandering thoughtfully and studiously round the Abbey, a practice which quickly brought him to the notice of Lawrence Tanner, then an Assistant Master in charge of the History Side. Out of this there grew a friendship and a partnership in Abbey lore which was to last a lifetime. For it soon became evident that John's visits to the Abbey

were not just a means of passing time, which may well have lain heavily upon his hands through a lack of companionship in out-of-school hours. His sense of history was stirred by the ancient and splendid associations and beauty of the building and its treasures. With the sympathetic encouragement of Lawrence Tanner, who was in a position to give him access to its muniments, his enthusiasm was kindled and he became an expert in Abbey lore second only to Lawrence himself.

I was fortunate enough to become one of a band of young men, selected for some common interest, scholarly or otherwise, whom L.E.T. gathered round him and entertained at his charming small house in Romney Street and, during vacations, at various chosen places of interest and beauty, the Close at Salisbury, in the depths of Hardy's Wessex under the shadow of Eggadon, in the Malvern Hills. Sometimes the principal objective was trout-fishing; at other times we went on far-ranging expeditions in the footsteps of Dean Cranage. It was as fellow members of these delightful small house parties that John and I came to know one another intimately and, though my close association with Westminster as boy and master came to an end in 1931, a year before John joined the Staff, we never lost touch.



John's discovery of the Abbey during his school days and his close friendship with such a pre-eminently faithful O.W. as Lawrence Tanner were, I believe, what made him a life-long devotee of the school. But were there in those days indications of the distinguished part he was destined to play in serving it? On the surface, no. With his wide smile, immense charm, and puckish sense of humour, John could easily have been mistaken for a lightweight who would sail through life, genial and unambitious, happily and successfully teaching, and surrounding himself with an ever growing multitude of friends. But there was a glint in his eye when he was speaking of things that mattered to him which betokened a more profound confidence in his own beliefs and judgement, and a determination to hold fast to them which was to stand him in good stead later on as Housemaster and Head Master.

There was, too, a rather unexpected streak of practicality in him. I first became aware of this when I learned, from John himself, that, after the school's ill-judged return to London from exile in Exeter in the summer of 1940, it was he who was despatched to scour the countryside and find a place—as indeed he did—in which the whole complex machinery of a Boarding School could be installed and be operating in a matter of weeks.

I was to see more of his practical adaptability when the war claimed him and he was recruited into the same secret organization as I had joined. Though we were in different branches of it, our paths crossed from time to time and I know sufficient of his work, which was in the field of Propaganda, Broadcasting, and the Press, to say that he was exceptionally quick to master the techniques of the journalist and gave good service to his country in an unfamiliar rôle.

John Carleton was a gentle, compassionate man, fundamentally shy and retiring, but with reserves of strength which, when he was called upon to assume positions of increasing responsibility, enabled him to answer the call with a modest assurance which won him a host of friends. Can a headmaster avoid making also some enemies? If there were any, I never met them; and my judgement of them would be that they must surely stand self-condemned. During his years of office John won for the school many new and influential friends and he would have wished for himself no more pleasing accolade than this, that under him the school he loved so much had flourished.

As for the young (of a generation not easily led) over whom he presided, I should attribute John's success in guiding them to his own ever-buoyant youthfulness. Impatience—the impatience which leads to hasty, autocratic judgements—was foreign to him: his power to influence flowed from a sympathetic and understanding persuasiveness. O si sic omnes . . .

Alec Binney



John was two years senior to me at Westminster, so from the earliest days of our friendship I had that admiration for him which arises in a new boy for those who are already well established.

By that time he was already a legend. Influenced largely by the tutelage of Lawrence Tanner he was, as a boy, a devotee of Westminster, the school and the Abbey, and possessed an extraordinary knowledge of its history and traditions. It was the most natural thing in the world that after Oxford he should come back to the place which he loved and understood so well, and no institution can ever have been served so devotedly as was Westminster under his direction.

His affection for Westminster did not, as it might so easily have done, make him into a blind and uncritical conservative. In his book *Westminster School* he shows a remarkable shrewdness in his judgement on the varying fortunes of the school and the reasons for them. These insights were to serve him well in the influential positions he held as Under Master and Head Master. He was able to see that the Second World War provided an opportunity for reconstruction of a positive kind. Instead of harking back to an age which had gone he had the vision of what Westminster could and should be at a time of new opportunity. Under his inspiration the school achieved a level of distinction which could compare favourably with any other period in that long history which he understood so well. So was his devotion rewarded.

As with all who possess charm and character, it is impossible to describe to

those who did not know him the endearing nature of his personality. The gestures, the facial expressions, the tone of voice, left an indelible impression on those who met him, and conveyed an unforgettable quality. We looked forward to his friendship for many more years in the retirement which was made so happy by his marriage. That is not to be. But we are left with the memories of a dear friend, and gratitude for the privilege of his companionship.

Gerald Londin:

In October 1927 John Carleton and I first met, as Merton Freshmen, in—of all things in those days—a queue (probably for the baths, which were only available in a corner of "Stubbins" quad). We talked about schools, and, although that remained a strong common interest, many others led to a close and lasting friendship. We were soon joined in this friendship by Geoffrey Rhodes, also a freshman that term. John's rooms which were in the opposite corner of "Stubbins" on the ground floor—a convenient assembly point before and after Hall—were lit by an orange table lamp (somewhat unusual at that time). All kinds of people would arrive and take part in surprisingly academic discussion. "Ecclesiastical History in relation to Westminster Abbey" was, I expect, a favourite topic. With John and Geoffrey (a brilliant mimic) present, the discussions were well seasoned with humour. In that setting I remember John's dark brown suede waistcoat and gold box containing two or three Swan Vesta matches. He looked well dressed in any clothes; conven-



tional, with touches of originality, but ready to adopt new fashions if informal or comfortable (his was one of the first open neck sports shirts I saw in the 1930's). We were all three much attracted by the English architectural scene; town and village, Cathedral and Country House, University and School, with a bias to Georgian elegance. In pursuit of this, for instance, we went on foot to Binsey, on bicycles to Abingdon, on skates to Godstow, and in a somewhat primitive car to Devonshire. The latter excursion, returning to Oxford the same day, left little time for detailed sight-seeing, but John was a superb driver. He seemed not only to have "cat's eyes" in the dark, but also to see round blind corners (of which there were many on the main roads of that time) in daylight. Geoffrey and I often assured him that he would always be able to earn a living as a taxi driver, for he had not only a perfect sense of direction but a detailed knowledge of the side roads and back streets of most parts of London. This sixth sense was even apparent in the way he was able to steer the conversation to please those present. Like his artistic

sense and his thoughtfulness for other people, it always seemed to me to be completely natural and derived from his distinguished ancestry.

In 1929 the orange light was transferred to a weather-boarded Georgian house in Pembroke Street, where conversation—and entrance—was often through the window, and "inter-collegiate". A portable gramophone played—sometimes Cathedral choral music but more often a quiet selection from *Bitter Sweet*. He enjoyed listening to most music, but having a good ear for melody preferred "dance tunes" of the times.

After we went down from Oxford I was lucky enough to see him frequently. Geoffrey, who lived in Scotland, came to stay at each New Year, when his informed and artistic taste (less tolerant than John's) was applied to anything new in Westminster architecture or decoration. Both Geoffrey and I (usually separately) went abroad with him. There could be no better holiday companion; he always seemed to know the pleasantest route and hotels—and often the pleasantest residents. Even on a nightmare dash back

from Yugoslavia (to Westminster of course) a few days before the war started in 1939, he managed to assemble a tall American and a short courier (who dealt firmly with an adamant Italian dining-car attendant who wouldn't take English money) and create an atmosphere of amused nonchalance. He liked slogans. "Choice of" (derived from menus) was applied to the ambiguous signs at traffic islands. He would have made a good journalist; in fact he once told me that he would like to be one, next to being a master at Westminster. His good relations with the Press, so valuable to Westminster, must have stemmed from this.

Throughout our travels he always leaned towards the sea. Staying with me in Lincolnshire, he insisted on following the sign "To the Sea" over a mudflat for three miles, where we did, surprisingly, find deep blue sea. He taught me to sail (or rather capsise) on a flooded and gale-swept Port Meadow in 1928. At Instow, accompanied by Westminsters of various ages, he organized irrigation works in the sand, using stones as spades, and we made many unsuccessful attempts to

make the short passage to Appledore in a hired sailing boat which nearly always lacked some piece of equipment, but which, like his rooms at Oxford, was the setting for an interesting exchange of views, sometimes with local residents who were courageous enough to take the non-passage. The last time I saw him we talked, on a river bank (academically, but optimistically), of a long projected cruise in a small sailing boat from Teddington to the Nore. Alas! like his book *The Thames below Richmond*, which was planned even further back, this can now never be made.

As a close friend I came to know Westminster well. I saw everything through his eyes, and perhaps I had the advantage of always finding everything new—a wonderful alternation of splendid festivity and quiet—even cosy—friendliness. Of the delightful milieu which he and Janet created in Lansdowne Road he said to me, “I really think that in many ways I like this better than Westminster”. It was the highest praise he could have given, and an assurance that this—sadly short—time of his life was a happy one.

Jack Tate

My memories of a happy friendship with him over a span of nearly 50 years go back to that time on either side of 1930 when we were growing together into a Westminster life which was fast developing out of the pattern of Victorian/Edwardian boy-master relationship. I was just enough older than him to have known him first as a pupil, but I don't think I looked older, and, when a few years later his time came to return to Westminster as a master, we were both members of a small band of masters young enough, in present-day terms, to “relate” to the boys. Athletically, some of us, John included, went to Putney, others went up Fields. But we came together for fives, helping the revival of the game in the school after the building of the new, indoor, courts, and, of an evening, enjoying it among ourselves; John was a player of very respectable ability. These were the days when certain nicknames were born—invented for each other, incidentally, by ourselves and only later adopted by the boys. Thus John's “address of endearment” as the Coot came about for no rational cause that I can remember; certainly not because he shared that bird's traditional attribute of baldness.

When I married in 1932 it made no difference to the closeness of our friendship, but just brought my wife more fully into it. As Bursar's Secretary she had already been in the happy position of dealing out part-time pay to him, before he was fully on the staff, to an extent that he described later as the most generous rate of pay he had enjoyed; the going-rate then was 7/6d an hour.

Throughout his life, both on the job and off it, he showed his capacity for seeing the fun in a situation, and for

putting fun into it by the originality of his actions and reactions. Allied to the underlying strength of his principles and his sense of purpose, this lightness of approach made not only possible but seemingly easy many of the very serious plans and decisions he was faced with making. In the 1938-40 period, some of these sprang from Westminster's prolonged dependence on his diplomatic journeys for getting a succession of new “homes”; first in 1938, when overnight the school (and all its labelled luggage) was diverted by the “highest authority” from going to Rossall, and Lancing was asked to take us in; then, in 1940, when the University College of Exeter was persuaded to house us for half a term after the highest authority drove us (and Lancing itself) away from Lancing; and later on when he scoured the country to find some evacuation refuge that by then was still available, with the search ending in Herefordshire. Truly he was Westminster's envoy extraordinary!

Until the end of the war, both in person before he left to immerse himself in his cloak-and-dagger war service and thereafter by “absent contact”, he associated himself fully with the problems and possibilities of our evacuated life. And, as always, he seized on to the little things that caught his fancy; as, for example, an entry in the Masters' Notice Book in which our good friends, the countryside folk, were referred to appreciatively, with etymological correctness, and without any intention of patronage or denigration, as “peasants”. It was during this time that he came to the conclusion that the only proper ways of getting about London were by taxi or on a bicycle—or, if needed, by both together when he got astonished drivers to take not only him but his bicycle too on board.

John had an immense store of contacts, including, it seemed, an endless supply of cousins, and he never hesitated to deploy these, as occasion arose, in the interests of the school. Moreover he considered that the school was not only in London but very much of London, and opportunities came on our return in 1945 for this principle to be put into practice. A Westminster boy dressed in an unobtrusive grey suit found it much less embarrassing to move about London, off the townboy commuting routes, than did his topper-and-tails predecessor. John, accordingly, was the inspirer-behind-the-scenes of giving effect to the Head Master's concession that Wednesday afternoon school should be devoted to what was nicknamed “culture”. Form masters were given a free hand to interpret what “culture” they wished to impose on their pupils, and on these occasions a great many boys were introduced to a wide range of the historic, artistic, and functional aspects of London. To mention just a few, these included the Tower, the various museums and art galleries, the fire service, the docks, and the Law Courts. Many would agree that the vital interest in London that John strove to impress on his

colleagues and pupils alike played no inconsiderable part in the shaping of post-war Westminster.

Among personal memories of John, two photographs and one little episode recall the combination of instant humour, originality, and initiative that was so typical of him. There was an O.W.W. race in our impromptu Sports at Lancing in 1940; in such races before the war the competitors borrowed top hats from the boys; none such being available on this occasion, John was photographed running (and, it may be, winning?) in a sou'wester, a contemporary and eminently functional successor to the top hat.

He shared some holidays in Scotland with my wife and myself. Little guessing that one day he would be married to a real climber, he once posed horizontal and spread-eagled on a rock for a photograph which, turned through a right angle, showed John the apparent climber of Everest!

As for the episode: he discovered one breakfast time, when we were on holiday in Skye, that it was my wife's birthday. He slipped out, went just next door to the Post Office, and got the Postmaster to accept a greetings telegram, which he finally did after expressing his Scottish horror at anyone wasting their money in such a reckless way. A minute or two later the telegram was delivered, by the Postmaster in person. That was the sort of thing that only John would have thought of!

Moray Murray-Rust

John Carleton achieved much at Westminster, and for Westminster, for which he will be remembered as he would have wished: not merely as a successor to those ancient traditions which he loved, but as one who was able to reshape them to a new purpose and direction. Other and better judges will no doubt describe that achievement, though John himself might have preferred his work to be considered from the perspective of a future generation. It is nevertheless right that some of his contemporaries should try to leave in *The Elizabethan* a certain impression of he man we knew.

One could start with the externals—the immaculate black pin-striped suit, the red soutane for Sundays. A country outfit for visits North of the Park, and blue striped shirts worn deprecatingly to the Water. Within them, a tall and elegant figure, often rubicund, always topped with sleekly ordered jet-black hair. A manner varying from solemnity through urbanity to expansiveness, gravity and good humour not vying for mastery, but aptly matched to the occasion. Courtesy and discretion always, nothing forced.

But in John's case the apparel did not proclaim the man, nor manners make him. Convention was important to him, certainly, but not for its own sake. If particular conventions were enjoyable as expressions of a particular civilization,





convention in general was essential, as a necessary condition of civilization itself. Convention was a mask: behind it and within it individual foibles and enthusiasms could flourish, and passions could be accommodated; through it the eyes and voice could communicate more tolerably. It was a skin, which could enclose and protect, but never define or identify, the individual. It was a language, but it was only a medium for the message.

John was a man full of warm affections. Above all places he loved Westminster, but there were many others, perhaps especially Venice and Oxford, in his heart. With places, as with people of all ages, he could sense and respond to the particular quality, and he had a gift for sharing his appreciation with his pupils and his many and various friends. Most of these friends and pupils were shared with each other in this way, John's loyalty not always forbidding a gently humorous enjoyment of their minor weaknesses.

Here then was a schoolmaster whose syllabus was humanity, and who taught informally by his example that excellence needs tolerance in which to ripen.

Michael Miller

John Carleton taught me History in my first year at Westminster, was my Housemaster in my second year and was Head Master thereafter. We never knew quite what to expect from his History lessons: it was very rarely History in the O-level sense; usually we learned about some aspect of civilization of far greater interest and value. But it was as a housemaster that he really excelled and this was, I suspect, the job that he enjoyed most. He was personally involved in all aspects of life in College and he had the rare gift of making every boy feel valued by his obvious and genuine interest in his activities and development. A typical gesture was the letter of thanks that he would write after the Election Dinner to every boy who had contributed, however remotely, to the success of the occasion.

As Head Master he was inevitably less close to the boys but he remained always accessible: particularly so for the Captain of the School, whom he guided without interference and whom he consulted on every subject on which the boys might be expected to have a view. His generosity was unsurpassed—and not confined to 17 Dean's Yard. It was his custom to take the leaving Captain and another boy

for a summer holiday abroad. Our trip to Switzerland remains vivid in my mind—the strenuous mountain-walks, the intellectual party-games, the splendid picnics in the French countryside on the drive out (when the remains were always “left for the peasants”).

For my generation John Carleton was a formative influence and there can be few of us who do not recall with affection his great kindness and tolerance and now feel a sense of personal loss. Above all he was an immensely civilized person in his approach to life, and this influence was his greatest gift to Westminster and the one that particularly marked her off from other schools. His contribution to the history of the school is beyond dispute; but his most lasting memorial, as with all great schoolmasters, lies in the boys who passed through his hands, in their characters and careers and their contribution to society.

Nicolas Bevan

Much has already been written about both the humanity and the feeling for history which John Carleton possessed. To me, one incident in particular will always sum up these two qualities, and this was his famous speech on long hair.

Latin Prayers had just finished one Monday some eight years ago when John Carleton announced that he would read out a letter he had just received from a member of the public. This good woman had watched the members of the School depart from Abbey one morning, and written to tell the Head Master in no uncertain terms what she thought of their long hair—“depraved and dirty” was her description. While we waited in dreadful anticipation, “Coot” solemnly removed his spectacles, and said he would read us his reply to the woman.

“Dear Madam,” he wrote, “I entirely agree that Westminster boys do wear their hair shorter than at any other time during the previous four hundred years, except for a short period in the middle of the seventeenth century, when to the great indignation of their elders and betters they wore it very short.”— Explaining in case she didn't understand —“This criticism was voiced by scandalized Royalists, who considered it short enough for Roundheads.” He went on that to say that long hair meant dirty hair was as illogical as saying that long legs meant dirty legs. Of course by this time the School was cheering and stamping their feet in uproarious support of “Coot”, and ironically hardly noticed his final statement—that nevertheless, because of the position of the School, Westminster boys were constantly in the public eye and this meant, perhaps unfortunately, that a reasonable standard had to be maintained. Certain boys would therefore be asked by their Housemasters to have their shoulder-length locks trimmed to a sensible length.

It was a brilliant and original speech, which I, for one, will remember for many years.

Richard Macrory

November 1963

A raw student tapped nervously at a great white door. "The Head Master will see you at 7", someone had said. It was a very confusing place. "Come in", rather drily. Before he was into the room, a broad angular man almost bounded across to the door, beaming, right hand raised as if hailing a taxi: "My dear chap, splendid to see you. Now I'm sure you'll be able to do a bit of maths as well—fractions, equations, all that sort of thing. Couldn't do it myself to save my life. Now, do come and have dinner at my club." Down below, he indicated his car, a large new grey and glitter model. A halt at the Parliament Square lights, and then off up Whitehall. Within fifty yards we were overhauled by a speed cop, and waved in to the kerb. The manner was immediately one of boyish innocence, wide-eyed and genuine: "I'm so sorry, officer, a terribly new car. Had no idea it had that sort of acceleration. Marvellous, really. But not in Whitehall, I do see. Much more careful in future." And as the placated, begrudging official moved from the window, John Carleton turned and gave me a huge conspiratorial wink, as if he had got us both out of some perilous schoolboy escapade.

May 1967

Social disturbances had swept a group of toughs into Little Dean's Yard. They stood around smouldering, fractious. Everyone else suddenly disappeared. An emptiness as when the hero rides into town. John, who had seen them from his roof, came sternly, not aggressive, through the arch, fixing them with his eye as he walked right up to them. "Look, this sort of behaviour really won't do here, you know." He was right, and only he could have given it such indisputable conviction. They turned and flowed meekly out.

May 1974

A group of boys and masters met in the West Cloister for a tour of the Abbey roof. A familiar figure, without whom such a visit would be incomplete, came down the Cloister to us, more angular now, and less sprightly, but there was no mistaking the spirit that dimmed all physical limitation as he greeted old friends and new faces, and led us, for two hours of a perfect summer evening, on an animated exploration of that much loved place. All the freshness of first discerning shone through those mellow hours, in which his presence embodied something rich and rare, passing on to the fortunate young that blend of experience, humour, and love, which constitutes a personal civilization.

November 1974

On a grim evening I called to support and share the grief of one of his oldest and dearest friends. We began talking with tearful oppression. Within

ten minutes we were recalling anecdotes, mannerisms, and events we associated with him, and, irresistibly, laughter and joy took over our conversation. That little jump of the eyebrows which you could so easily miss, followed by the sudden pause and a twinkle of the eyes or a broad wink, meaning that once again the sense of fun was triumphant over greyness; that unfailing ability to see issues and problems in terms of people, and the belief that goodwill would find a way through all difficulties: the human touch, nearly always judged with an exemplary moral taste, infusing his aristocratic style with the most democratic sympathies: that art of living which made him simply the most professional amateur we had known.

After an hour of reminiscence we parted cheerfully. Eleven years of friendship and fifty years seemed equally insufficient. How much more we wanted. And yet on this very day the gift of his friendship had brought us together; his spirit had prevailed; his own undying abundance of life showed those who knew him how to live; to young and old alike he gave a larger franchise, an invitation to celebrate and be joyful.

John Field

John Carleton was a born schoolmaster. Even more, he was a born Westminster. Several times he was approached, in his earlier days, with the suggestion that he should stand for other headmasterships, but they did not interest him.

Born schoolmasters are useful men, and often make many friends; but as they grow old they are in some danger of becoming dry and repetitious; and perhaps more formidable than they realize. This was not the way with J.D.C. He had a host of friends, who delighted in his love of history and his love of books, and in the lively letters which he wrote right to the end of his days, when he was in the doctors' hands. These letters I deeply enjoyed, and many I have kept. Even from his bed of sickness, he still loved writing of his friends and their doings.

During much of the war he was given high responsibility; but he was scrupulously silent about his duties, though when the war was "all over", it was obvious from some of his memories that he could smile over "the Good and the Great". Asked whether he would not prefer to work in uniform for his war time duties, he felt that he could claim no high rank. Supposing he had to deal with, say, a Colonel, he would much prefer to tackle such a man, when he himself was in plain clothes!

As a boy he was devoted to his school, loving it perhaps more than his Oxford College, where his Class was lower than it should have been, though his Class worried him little, if at all; and on his return to Westminster he took over a low form with humour and gusto.

An excellent oar, and an admirable fives player, he was always keen, but

humorous too—a man that any headmaster would delight in. Then came the war, only a few years after John had joined the school as a master. After many travels we at length settled down (where we were destined to stay until the end of the war) in Bromyard. John was full of gaiety and spirit, but the time soon came for his own move to London, where important work awaited him.

He never lost sight of us, but as soon as possible returned to a school much depleted by the war. Some were pessimistic over the prospects of our recovery, but under Walter Hamilton's skilful leadership the school's reputation was re-established. By the time he moved on to rule Rugby, the numbers at Westminster were steadily rising.

Who was to succeed him there? It is true that John might seem to be less of a scholar; but his devotion to Westminster, his close knowledge of the boys (which continued for years after they left) were greatly in his favour. More than that, his scholarly learning about Westminster, its history, its uniqueness, its charm, put him beyond competition. Shortly before the war he had written a lively history of Westminster and a second edition came out in 1965, adorned with new material and new pictures, which is notably worth buying.

Far more important than this, he married his old friend Janet Roberts. Born Janet Adam Smith, she had been most happily married to Michael Roberts who had too early died. And now Janet herself, full of learning and literature and gaiety, provided the ideal wife. She shared to the full his love for the boys, and John's own knowledge of them in school and after they had left. John's own words apply to both him and his wife: "I watch boys come and go; and as the stream flows by, I cannot help reflecting that it is strange that schools should pride themselves on their antiquity, when they *can* pride themselves on their perpetual youth." John's affectionate understanding of his boys never deserted him.

John Christie

When I became Head Master in January 1950, John Carleton had just taken over College and the Under Mastership, and for my first term, which had to be spent between Cambridge and Westminster, he was to a great degree also acting Head Master. It cannot have been altogether agreeable for him to suffer the incursion of an unknown and inexperienced stranger into a world which was peculiarly his own, but from the first he treated me with the greatest possible kindness and was endlessly patient in initiating me into the complexities of the Westminster scene. Physically and financially the School was in a precarious state after the disasters of the war years, and looking back I see that I should have been quite unable to cope with the problems which beset us without the support and encouragement and the atmosphere of optimism which



John—and, I must add, Humphrey Carruthers, the Bursar—were so generous in providing.

John was a most unusual schoolmaster, one of the least professional that I have ever known. Not for him conferences about teaching methods or curricula or examinations; it is utterly inconceivable, for example, that he would ever have submitted himself to a teachers' training course. He was a man of the world with a total devotion to a single institution; it would never have entered his head to teach anywhere but at Westminster. The standards which he aimed to transmit were those of the cultured upper-middle class in which he had been reared himself; his own interests were those of a local historian and antiquarian, and his teaching was highly idiosyncratic, none

the worse perhaps for being only slightly geared to O and A levels. He treated boys as if they were adults who shared his values, but though he held them on a light rein he could be very formidable if they fell short of what he expected of them. He was no respecter of persons, and he could be as outspoken to an ecclesiastical dignitary as to an erring Queen's Scholar.

It is unusual as well as sad to be writing about one's successor, and it is not for me to speak of his work as Head Master. But I am in a position to record the affection in which he was held by other headmasters, partly, I am sure, because he was so unlike them. He brought a breath of fresh air and gaiety into the stuffiest debates; he was the liveliest of companions and the wittiest

of raconteurs, keenly alive to the foibles and absurdities of human nature, and he had the supreme merit of not taking himself too seriously. He was at home in any company, and, though he prided himself on being exclusively a Londoner and was pleased to be told that he did not know a sweet pea from a daffodil, some of my happiest memories of him are on holiday in Scotland. It was there that I last saw him, and though he was clearly far from well he was as good company as ever. In an increasingly stereotyped world we cannot afford to lose someone who, whatever the pressure of circumstances, always remained so refreshingly and unmistakably himself.

Walter Hamilton



## Taking over from John Carleton

It is a commonplace for headmasters to complain—discreetly of course—about the behaviour of their predecessors. Grizzly stories abound: of the headmaster who when he retired bought a house at the school gates and continued to run the school from this vantage point despite his successor's attempts to take control; or of the new headmaster who on arriving at his first Old Boys' Dinner found his predecessor, unexpected and uninvited, sitting like Banquo's ghost in the place of honour.

The stories are symptomatic of a real problem. However remote headmasters may appear they conceive their relationship with their school in very personal terms. For this reason they do not find it easy to view their predecessor or successor in an objective light. And, in the whole business of handing over or taking over an institution such as a school, the possible areas of misunderstanding and friction are numerous.

I mention these difficulties so that, when I say that it was a pleasure to take over Westminster from John Carleton, my words will not be taken as merely perfunctory. It was a pleasure and for

that reason unusual. In one sense it was remarkable that someone who had not only been Head Master, but had spent almost his whole life at the school, should have been able to let go with such good grace and genuine kindness. And it was precisely the qualities that characterized John Carleton—his realistic love of Westminster and his innate good manners—that enabled him to do what other retiring headmasters have found so difficult. They are qualities for which I have good reason to be very grateful.

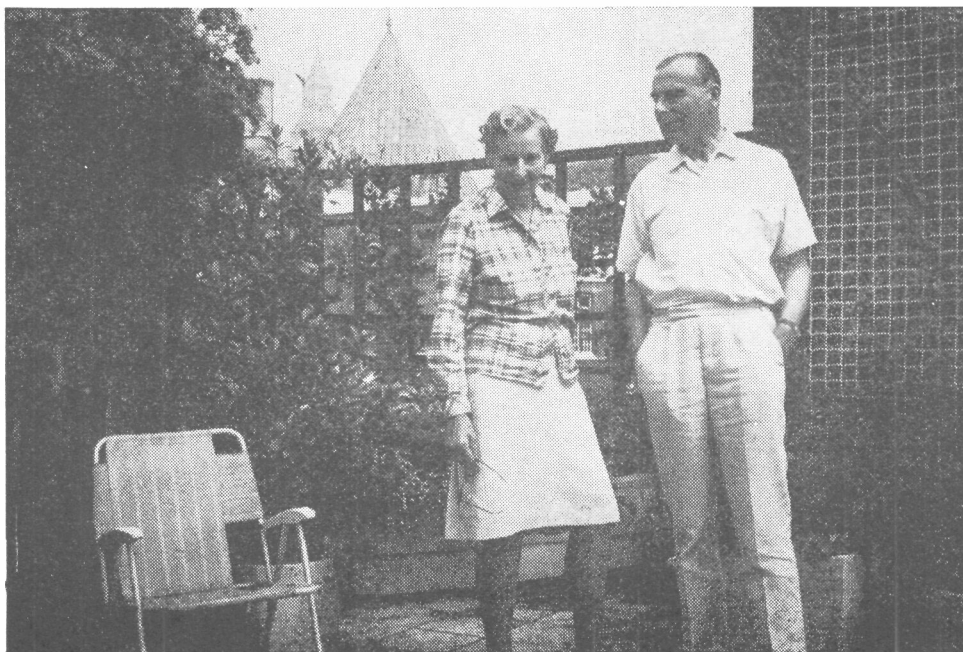
I first got to know John Carleton well in 1966. In September of that year we travelled back to London together from the Headmasters' Conference in St. Andrews. It was a long day-time journey and we lingered over lunch in the dining car. For some reason the train delayed for some time outside Durham so that we had a magnificent view of the castle and cathedral. John ordered a bottle of wine. We talked of mutual friends. He drew on a seemingly endless fund of stories about Westminster. We laughed a great deal. The journey that might have been tedious passed swiftly. It was the beginning of a friendship.

When the time came for me to take over Westminster, the friendship stood up well to the stresses. John was as thoughtful and generous as I would have hoped. If he doubted whether anyone could understand Westminster and its history as he did, he never showed it. He shed the load without fuss and with characteristic good humour. His briefings were never solemn. Information about the school routine was interrupted by a delicious account of the occasion when the Duke of Gloucester arrived at the wrong door of the Abbey.

After I had become Head Master, we kept in touch both privately and publicly. He came to Election Dinner and always wrote afterwards to say how much he had enjoyed this or that aspect of the evening. He refused a place at the top table, preferring to offer himself as a "Joker" in the complicated business of placing guests.

The Election Dinner of 1974 was the last time I saw him. He slipped away early saying good-bye at the top of the staircase in Ashburnham House. I miss him. We laughed a great deal together.

John Rae



## An Editorial

Our aim in editing *The Elizabethan* was to change the magazine and, by so doing, to change the school, the attitudes and values of its students, to solve the country's balance of payments problems, to find an answer to the world food problem, to achieve a lasting peace in the Middle-East, and thus to avert a possible nuclear confrontation between the super-powers.

These were our reasons for desiring change. Others, for different reasons, also clearly considered change desirable. Critics of *The Elizabethan* are many and very short distances between. Such critics do not hesitate to call *The Elizabethan* a boring, bland, pretentious, and humourless magazine; a subsidized publication unconcerned to please a captive audience. Interspersed between uninteresting reports of unsuccessful sports seasons—critics are wont to continue—are mammoth, blow-by-blow accounts of plays and concerts performed too long ago to be remembered by the small minority of readers who might originally have been interested. Then come what purport to be influential articles on controversial subjects, but which are, in fact, unintelligible pieces of writing, written in the most annoying,

overdone, pseudo-sophisticated language, in which every word less than three syllables must be excused as colloquial by inverted commas, on subjects too well-worn to be of any interest to anyone. Then, of course, there is the French poetry, included more for the merit of its foreign language for any other virtue. And this is followed by the obscure photographs of endless one-legged birds standing in the rain, and tramps lying on benches in the park.

Well, this is one point of view. But it would surely not go unopposed for long. Those willing to defend the magazine against such harsh criticism would be quick to rally. They might begin their defence with an attack on the critics as never-contented cynics. They would probably then go on to argue that the role of a school magazine is as a chronicle of school events, of which sporting and dramatic are two kinds, and not as a source of petty thrills for its more juvenile readers. If such a chronicle is not of interest to all the members of the school, it is probably of more interest to a large number of the Old Boys, anxious to keep in touch with the school. Critics should consider themselves lucky that the sports reports are as short as they are, that they (the critics) are not subjected to a full-length transcript of the Head Master's speech at Commemoration, or

to page-long reports from all the school's societies and committees, as the magazine might easily provide.

As a very substantial bonus to its able chronicling of events, *The Elizabethan* also contains interesting and considered articles of pertinent subject matter, which, although they might not solve the world's problems, do sometimes make a small contribution towards shaking prevailing complacency, dissolving arrogance or cynicism, or otherwise eradicating some other undesirable trait. As a further bonus, the magazine contains material of artistic, aesthetic, and literary value, surely appreciated by the mass of the readership.

Well, whatever your original view, the fact of the matter is that *The Elizabethan* has changed: not only are the pages taller, they are also broader and slightly thinner; some of them are not as shiny as they used to be, and there are now more words per page than ever before. The fact that these alterations have been more a result of economic forces—rising costs, falling advertising revenue, you know, the old "gravest economic crisis since the war" excuse—rather than of an inspired editorial drive for change, will not, we hope, lessen the chances of an altered *Elizabethan* achieving every one of those most praiseworthy aims hinted at earlier.

## Our Press

I would like to draw the reader's attention to certain items in the national press concerning Public Schools in general and Westminster in particular, and by so doing impress upon him that *The Elizabethan* is not the only organ concerned with school affairs.

In February *The Sunday Times* published a long article on Creighton Comprehensive School. Among the pupils interviewed was Piers Mostyn, who left Westminster last year. "He did well at Westminster," writes Hunter Davies, "a product they could be proud of, a high flyer who did all the right things, upright, straight, intelligent, and fluent. He is only fifteen, which makes him the youngest member of Creighton's Sixth Form. In the hothouse atmosphere of Westminster he was sitting O levels one year ahead of Creighton's brightest kids. 'I wasn't a rebel at Westminster,' says Piers, 'though in the last year people began to think of me as a Communist, purely because most people's views are so right wing. I became interested last year in the N.U.S.S. and I began to realize what an élitist society I was in. I had lots of arguments and became more annoyed by the school's attitudes and values, and I began to think, if I'm so totally against it, what am I doing here? It's hypocritical to stay. Relations and friends of my parents were very much against me leaving. They said it was "going against the tide". Westminster tried to dissuade

me, to save me from myself.'" But Piers settled down well at Creighton. "On the whole there is nothing I miss. I expect to do as well here academically as I would have done at Westminster. Compared with Westminster, Creighton probably seems to me better than it really is, but, all the same, I only wish I'd come here sooner."

For those whose feathers have been ruffled by the fact that a Comprehensive can compare favourably with Westminster, there is always consolation from the *Daily Express*. An article in the Business Section kicks off by saying, "Britain's top business men still believe Public Schools are the best training ground for tomorrow's executives," and goes on to quote Lord Kings Norton: "A Public School education is more useful than it was ten years ago. Discipline and manners have not, I believe, deteriorated in Public Schools. But they certainly appear to have done so in Grammar and Comprehensive Schools as a whole."

Now for the bad news. A few months ago *The Observer* ran a feature with the awesome headline "Is Boarding worth the Fees?". It is based on the researches of Dr. Royston Lambert into boarding education for his book *The Chance of a Lifetime?*. His study of the subject seemed to expose a number of paradoxes. "Most styles of boarding clearly fostered certain aspects of independence or self-reliance, but also promoted other kinds

of dependence, occasionally acute dependence. There was plenty of evidence that some residential schools undoubtedly enlarged their pupils' horizons, but in certain directions only, possibly blinkering them in others. It should be stressed, however, contrary to what has often been asserted, that there is no evidence that boarders in general were more herd-minded, conformist, or authoritarian than day boys of similar education and social standing." Again, "Among abler pupils, especially at the top end of the school, day pupils did better than boarders of comparable intelligence. Among less able pupils, boarders at all ages did considerably better than comparable day pupils. The structure and obligations of boarding school life impede the highest performance by able boarders compared with able day-boys from supportive homes, but are positively beneficial to those who are less able or who have difficult home circumstances." There are problems, though. "Parents, we found, seldom made such a rational choice," (referring to the criteria for deciding to board a child); "those who had the means to choose acted on convention; those without convention often had no choice." The article ends on a gloomy note. "Ironically in England boarding is overwhelmingly reserved for those who, in terms of background advantages, need it least."

Finally our own Head Master features

in an *Evening Standard* article on "Boy Labour." "At Westminster School Head Master Dr. John Rae said they were looking at the idea of using 'boy labour', along with other measures, to keep fees down—but he thought there were snags. 'In theory,' said Dr. Rae, 'you might have boys doing the washing up, but this might mean you would lose more in broken plates than you saved.'"

Matthew Cocks

## Why this article is worth reading

Looked at in the most cynical way, anyone who thinks that his thoughts are worth putting into words and printing for others to read must be incredibly arrogant. It is an apparent arrogance of which we are all guilty. But in fact the people who write in this and other similar magazines are really being of great service to the rest of us, were we ready to benefit, and exposing themselves dangerously to ridicule in the process.

The articles which so often appear in this magazine which put forward an opinion about current affairs, generally or within the school, are very obviously useful to us all. No one wants to see x's reason for voting conservative reprinted;

but when people come up with new ideas and opinions which throw new light on old subjects and make us look afresh at them, they are doing something for which we should all be grateful. It is all too easy to adopt conventional views, so we should be pleased when we are made to look anew. For example, a proposal for raising the fees which appeared in the last issue was unconventional and made one think more and in different ways about the issues raised. It is very hard to ignore a well constructed argument.

So this kind of article is something we should always welcome; these various new viewpoints can prevent our thinking from becoming narrowly confined to well trodden paths. But what about the stories, poems, and general philosophical articles? What use are they beyond entertainment value? Their usefulness stems from the fact that they come directly from the minds of their authors, undiluted and often confused. This may not seem very interesting. My interest in these articles is that they represent in writing the mental processes of a person; who it is does not matter. Stories and poems give an insight into their authors' minds; they enable us to feel emotions and have experiences which the author has felt and experienced before putting them into writing. You cannot write about pain without having experienced it. A

writer with insight can convincingly portray psychological states so that we feel we are observing the state ourselves; and finally a writer projects himself through his writing. Thus by the combination to be found in his writing of his imagined personalities and his own, an author or poet can show us aspects of human character and the mind which we might not otherwise see. The more one knows about the workings of people's minds and about their characters, the better one can live in a world made up of people. So these writers provide a necessary service, and one should never be so arrogant as to believe one cannot be taught more about human nature. Experience teaches; fiction is second-hand experience.

The philosophical articles which sometimes come up are useful in every way. They are the unadorned thoughts of a mind, and so give us yet more insight into the way a mind can work, and also stimulate thought. Once one has observed objectively the way the thoughts were formed, one subjectively reflects on the thought, and new ideas occur. The whole process seems to me very educational; we can learn almost as much about people from what they write as from speaking to them. This I feel justifies the presence of all the articles in this magazine.

Paul Kitcatt



## Two Poems

### Ode to the School Store

O School Store, thou vast obelisque of wealth, rich store of all things good,  
Of chocolate treats, bright-coloured ties,  
Rowntree's fruit gums, and drawing pins of shimmering gold,  
Hewn in thy vast and weary flank,  
rests the concave evidence of an age  
when young and eager youths would  
so diligently work their hard-earned  
coins, old pence and new, into thy  
majestic but unwilling side.  
A long and lanky line of long and lanky  
lads licking their lilac lollies trails at  
break outside thy mighty gate of oak.  
Dost thou realize, oh School Store, that  
thou art the source, oh yes, the most  
malignant source, of sweet papers, that  
on a midsummer's eve blow so  
dejectedly across the lonely, echoing  
stage of Yard, at the Latin Play?  
That thou art a fading expression of the  
most evil instinct of a race that nears  
its Armageddon, while thou liest  
dormant, sleeping a slothful sleep?  
Thou art a source of life itself, my  
friend, of hope,  
of everlasting death.

Anonymous



## Lone Bird

Gracefully he swings through gushing  
wind,  
Greyed silhouette against puckered grey  
sky.  
The thermals are his and time is kind.  
To the ends of the earth shall he fly.

Wings unfurled, dauntless he flows,  
Where the wind and the season and  
passion demands.  
To the brink of the horizon he onward  
goes.  
For he does as instinct commands.

An inverted w, a solitary bird,  
He spies and floats above the sea absurd.  
And for his fellows he takes on a bet,  
And gently he soars into the fiery sunset.  
Martin Parnwell

## An Élite within an Élite

To ask someone to defend the institution he runs is bound to provoke some straight talking. We give scholarships at Westminster to attract boys of high academic ability. We group them together in one house to make it clear to people both inside and outside the school that we value the gifts they possess. The historical factors (the Foundation grant, the statutory right to use College Hall, the Burlington building) support rather than undermine these basic assumptions. Furthermore, no-one has yet argued persuasively that College as a unit does not work. In the main the scholars do well at school and they are generally respected by other boys; should this situation change there would be no justification for retaining College.

Experience then suggests that the system works and although it has obvious drawbacks—the narrow basis of selection and the élitist image in particular—there seem inadequate reasons for altering it.

By contrast a theoretical justification for College is much more difficult to offer. In these egalitarian days anybody justifying an élite within an élite becomes a laughing stock. One might appeal to Plato, or the latest Black Paper bigot, or some obscure precedent in the U.S.S.R., but nobody would be fooled. In absolute terms one cannot justify College as one cannot justify private education. But this admission in itself does not invalidate either. Any organic institution from the monarchy downwards has its inconsistencies, its element of injustice, its theoretical loopholes, but provided it operates in good faith and is susceptible to change, it is to be preferred to an institution artificially created according to vogue or ideology, or to no institution at all.

Jim Cogan

## Questionnaire

### Part I

	Percentages		
	Yes	No	Don't Know
1. Should the policy of the school be decided by democratic vote or referendum of boys, parents and masters ?	40	44	16
2. Should a common room for smoking, on specified conditions, be introduced ?	48	43	9
3. Should the school place any restrictions on length of hair ?	29	65	6
4. Should the school aim at more than getting pupils through exams and to university ?	97	1	2
5. Do you think it in fact does aim to do more than this ?	91	3	6
6. Are guilds serving a useful purpose and should they be continued ?	68	17	15
7. Ditto non-specialist studies ?	30	53	17
8. Do you think too much money is spent on extra curricular activities ? Should the school abolish:	9	66	25
9. Compulsory Abbey ?	52	46	2
10. Compulsory Station ?	32	67	1
11. School uniform ?	50	44	6
12. Saturday School ? If yes to (12), would you prefer in its place: (a) a longer term, or (b) a more concentrated week ?	63	31	6
	(a)—	23%	
	(b)—	77%	
13. Should College, as an élitist institution, be abolished ?	42	50	8
14. Do you believe in school and house ties as a system of merit ?	39	54	7
15. Is the school too liberal in its general attitude towards discipline ?	14	82	4
16. Would you be prepared to undertake more student labour to cut the school's costs/fees ?	47	32	21
17. Should the school provide comprehensive sex education for all ?	38	50	12
18. Are you in favour of co-education as a general principle ?	92	8	0
19. Do you think the present boy-girl ratio at Westminster is satisfactory/desirable ? Do you think there is some/a lot of/no truth in the reputation of Westminster as:	11	86	3
	Some	A lot	None
20. Arrogant	45	35	20
21. Cynical	55	35	10
22. Apathetic	51	27	26
23. Would you like to suggest a further adjective that could be used to aptly describe Westminsters.	see below		
	Yes	No	Don't Know
24. Do you think you would be happier at a different school ?	15	42	43

### Part II

25. For which of the following alternatives would you vote, if there were an election tomorrow in which you could vote ? Labour—16%: Conservative—27%: Liberal—23%: Communist—3%: National Front—3%: Don't know/None—26%: Others—2%			
26. Are you in favour of Britain staying in the EEC ?	78	10	12
27. Are you in favour, in certain circumstances, of			
(a) Euthanasia ?	58	35	7
(b) Abortion ?	67	29	4
(c) Capital punishment ?	37	57	6
(d) Legalisation of cannabis ?	53	43	4

28. Is the continued existence of private education desirable?	66	18	16
29. Would you fight for Britain in a defensive war?	44	36	20
30. Are you of the opinion that "a woman's place is in the home"?	14	79	7
31. Is there a good chance that you will at some stage in your life emigrate from Britain permanently?	45	33	22
32. (In 10 words or less each) How would you improve the school?	see below		
33. What are your suggestions for and criticisms of <i>The Elizabethan</i> ?	see below		
34. Do you know anyone who might want to advertise in <i>The Elizabethan</i> ?	1	99	0
35. Miscellaneous comments, suggestions, opinions, profound thoughts.	see below		

9. Not as big a majority as might have been expected.

10. Suggestions made included one compulsory station a week instead of two for the Remove and Seventh, or one station instead of two in exam terms.

11. Voluntary uniform for the Sixth and above was proposed.

12.	%	Yes	No	Don't know
Dayboys:	68	27	5	
Boarders:	59	34	7	

13. The phrasing of the question was accused of being loaded. One person felt College was not élitist. The suggestion was made that scholars should be spread evenly through the school, rather than grouped in one house. A complaint was made that scholars had unfairly luxurious living standards.

15. The school monitors as a group felt that the school was too liberal.

16. More than one person said he would be willing to work only if this meant that no member of the present staff lost their job.

We didn't, because we couldn't, specify what kind of work would be involved, and this probably accounts, in part, for the large number of don't knows. The large number of yes's, in spite of the inadequacy of the question, indicates perhaps the extent of the concern among the school over the ever-increasing fees.

The statement was made on one sheet that to make any noticeable difference to the fees, the amount of work that would have to be undertaken would be enormous.

17. The results would indicate that the school ought to make some sort of provision for sex education, on a voluntary basis at least. Those eager for official and reliable guidance would probably have been still more numerous among the less wordly-wise junior school.

19. Probably the most important result of all. Certainly, it was the most commented-on question. Several people said that the boy-girl ratio ought to be equalised at 50:50, or that there ought to be no girls at all. The present situation was described as "absurd", "laughable", and "of no benefit to anyone". One person commented it was desirable for the school, which can make it appear to prospective parents that it is "liberal and progressive simply because it has girls, without changing Westminster's P.R. image as a top boys' Public School. It is certainly not desirable for the boys or girls themselves."

One answer-sheet deplored as "nauseating", the school's double standards with regard to the boys and girls, citing, as just one of many possible examples of this, the rules concerning uniforms.

(67% of those who answered yes were in the sixth form.)

21. One person felt that it was the cynicism of many of the masters that bred cynicism among the students.

22. "I can't be bothered to answer," was one reply.



## The Questionnaire itself

In the last week of April we distributed around the school 230 printed questionnaires, approximately one for each member of the Upper School. Our fairly vague aim was to try to obtain an indication of school opinion on a number of school issues and matters of wider interest, hoping that the results would be of interest to the school as a whole, and in particular perhaps to its decision-making bodies.

We beg the pardon of the junior half of the school for not giving them a chance to express their views. We felt that to cope with 500 sets of results would be beyond us, and that the older members of the school, simply because they were older, and hence supposedly more mature, would be able to provide somehow more valid opinions. The point of view is a patronizing and condescending one, to be sure, but we hope not an offensive one.

There was much criticism of the questionnaire, of its wording, and of the questions themselves. The wording was described as "unclear", "biased", and "bad English"\*, and the questions as "irrelevant", "pointless" and "impossible to answer".

Much of the criticism we accept and offer the excuse that the questions in some instances suffered from the need to be concise. However, a basic lack of literary ability on our part—which undoubtedly is further manifesting itself in this article—must also take some of the blame.

\*There was particularly vicious criticism of the split infinitive in question 23. This criticism we absolutely refuse to accept, and can only accuse those who pointed it out, and the correspondent who complained of a split infinitive in the last *Elizabethan*, of being inflexible and antediluvian pedants.

## Results and Answers

Of the 230 questionnaires distributed, we received back 141, of which we discarded four. This left 137. We have expressed the results as percentages to the nearest whole number.

We thought it might be worthwhile to comment on, and provide some tentative analysis (in which the word "perhaps" will feature prominently) of what we considered the more interesting results. We have also included interesting comments inserted by answerers on the questionnaire sheets.

1. This was a very fundamental question and the result is an interesting one. The question to an extent could have been rephrased: "Do you think only conclusive results of this questionnaire should be acted on?" However, perhaps it was the decision-making abilities of the masters and parents, mentioned in the question, rather than the ability of the answerers themselves to select suitable policies, in which confidence was lacking.

2. One answer was: "The school should have no legislation except in accordance with the law of the land. Let common-sense prevail."

5, 6, & 7. The result of 6 would seem to endorse that of 5, but the extent of the dissatisfaction with non-specialist studies is perhaps surprising. General Studies have been with us long enough now, so that teething troubles can really no longer be allowed to be an excuse for their continued shortcomings.

It was suggested by more than one person that subjects of a more practical nature should be taught. Cooking, driving, and home-electricity, were among those thought suitable.

8. Several people who answered "no" to this question said they nevertheless did think too much money was spent on the official school plays. These, they felt, were often the least worthwhile productions, suffering rather than benefiting from the extravagance lavished on them.

24. A virtually impossible question to answer, as the number of don't knows testifies. The most contented houses were Liddell's and Ashburnham, with only 6% and 10% respectively answering "yes".

29 & 31. Both surprising results, we thought. Patriotism, they seem to indicate, isn't what it used to be. Perhaps closeness of the survey to the April budget was a factor.

34. No luck, but thanks anyway.

23. Adjectives, or ideas behind adjectives which seemed to recur, were complacent, ("complacent in their own intellectual superiority" was one offering); intolerant, hypercritical, vicious; cliquish; adolescent, immature; perfectly normal, standard, standard cruds; boring.

Others which were offered included: cold, conceited, introverted, self-conscious, opportunist, selfish, superficial, depressed, unguided, oppressed, dilettante, heavy, stoned. And also: yukky, smelly, silly, silly-billies, wurr, zetetic.

There was just one favourable adjective, and that was "kind".

33. There was a strong opinion that *The Elizabethan* was unrepresentative of the school. This, people thought, was as a result of: heavy censorship, its lack of humour, control of the magazine by an élite and unrepresentative minority. The magazine was also described as "too official", "pompous", "boring" (all three adjectives were used more than once), "too academic", "written for an intellectual minority", and "written for the Old Boys".

Some felt it was pre-occupied with the school, while others wanted more on school problems. A low standard of writing was another criticism.

One person suggested a separate junior section with its own editors. Another wanted a "real centrefold". Another desired that the magazine should not be a compulsory purchase. One person felt that *The Elizabethan* was "very good as it is".

32 & 35. There was a recurring feeling of a lack of contact between boys and masters, and boys and the Head Master, and despite the answer to question 1 several schemes were proposed for bringing about greater and more representative pupil participation in school policy-making. There were schemes for elected monitors, and for elected representatives, either for each House, or for the school as a whole, which would meet regularly with the Head Master and Governors. It was also suggested that boys should have more say in their choice of Housemaster.

The rules on going to pubs, a topical issue, were criticized, as an example of the school's hypocrisy in citing laws of the land as a basis for school rules: "For the rules on drinking to be consistent, the School Monitors should have their right to enter pubs removed, or the whole school should be allowed into licensed premises. It is as much against the law for School Monitors under 18 to drink, as it is for other members of the school to do so."

Compulsory attendance at lunch came under attack because more than anything it was felt College Hall wasted con-

siderable amounts of money buying food for people who did not eat. One scheme suggested was that the following alternatives should be available:

- (a) eat school lunch,
- (b) bring a packed lunch,
- (c) buy lunch at a proposed school cafeteria,
- (d) go without.

School food as a whole was criticized.

It was thought that strenuous efforts ought to be made to lower the school fees, and the claim was made that, if a management consultant expert was employed, costs could be cut considerably.

On the other hand there were pleas for improved facilities: a better music block, more tennis courts, squash courts, and a new gym.

On the academic side there was a scheme for: "... sixth form education at Westminster based on a system closer to that used in Universities; that is, a central structure of lessons or tutorials, with more time for individual work. Many lessons at the moment are a waste of time, but unfortunately have to be attended."

Other miscellaneous suggestions included a suggestions box, a coffee-vending machine, an upper-school bar, more emphasis on school social life, the abolition of houses, the ending of useless traditions, including the calling of the school terms by such baffling names.

Finally, many people expressed the hope that the results of the questionnaire, despite its considerable deficiencies, would be noted and perhaps in some cases acted on by the "powers that be".

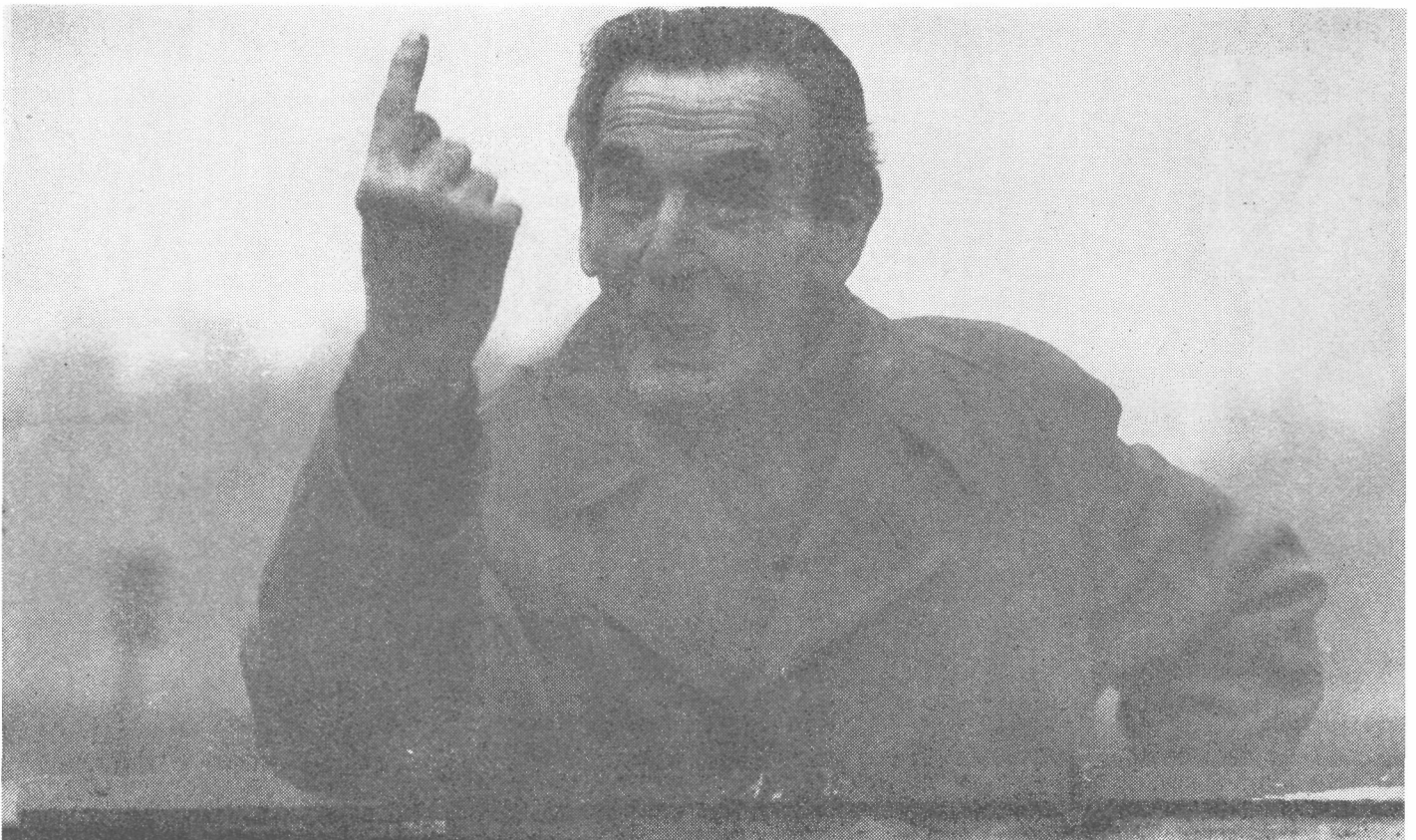


Photo: James Bagshawe



# Interview with the Head Master

## Girls at Westminster

*Q.* Is the boy/girl ratio in the school going to stay the same; and, if it is, do you think it's doing any good? The present situation seems to nullify all the arguments in favour of co-education.

*A.* The arguments for and against co-education seem to be largely emotional nonsense. I don't think there's any evidence at all that people are better adults, better children, better educated, because they're at a co-educational rather than a single-sex school. There are all sorts of factors produced to support the two points of view. My opinion is that some people in some schools appear to be happier in a co-educational situation than in a single-sex one; it's like boarding: some people seem to enjoy it and get fulfilment from it, others would be disasters as boarders.

*Q.* Was it planned that the boy/girl ratio should level out at about 10 per cent girls/90 per cent boys?

*A.* Yes, but only three years ago; we started taking girls solely to help out a particular girls' school with science teaching; but that wasn't satisfactory, because the girls couldn't be half at one

school and half at another. So we decided to take a limited number who would be full members of the school; that's been the case for about three years now. It's much too soon to say whether this is a good thing or a bad thing; certainly I wouldn't make any great claims either way. I don't think it's doing any harm, and I can see some good that it's doing: for example, Rigaud's has had more girls and for a longer period than any other house, and I think many people, including both the Housemaster and boys who have been in Rigaud's, would say that they feel the house has been better and happier with the girls there. The girls themselves, I feel, have gained quite a lot.

*Q.* Was Rigaud's deliberately chosen as a house suitable for girls?

*A.* No, it happened that the Housemaster was very keen to have more than a handful. There are two other important points: first, it would be wrong for me as Head Master to say to a Housemaster, "You must take girls", because, if he's not keen on it, it's plainly not in the girls' interests that they should be there; second, the scheme is experimental; the

school is conscious of this, watches the experiment and discusses it a good deal, whilst the girls who come to Westminster know that to a certain extent they are in an experimental situation.

*Q.* From what you have seen of the experiment so far, do you see this as a long-term situation?

*A.* I don't see us going back to being a single-sex school. But I don't see us becoming fully co-educational either, because the sheer practical problems are enormous. Boys don't leave after O level; therefore you can't create space for more girls. Unless we come to the conclusion that this particular ratio is bad for both the boys and the girls, we shall probably keep it at about that level.

*Q.* Would you consider going fully co-educational from 13 upwards?

*A.* At the moment, no. All our experience and expertise lies in running a boys' school; before we could run a co-educational school a lot of re-thinking would be required, and perhaps some of us wouldn't be suitable to teach at a co-educational Westminster at all. Full co-education is a very different matter from the present situation.



Photo: Alex Morrison

## Science Block and Sports Complex

*Q.* Have the new science block and the sports complex both been definitely cancelled?

*A.* The second depends on planning permission from the Local Authority, which, it seems to me, will never be forthcoming. We tried hard to get it and I think it's most unlikely the City Council will change its mind.

There's no problem about planning permission for the science block; we could have got that. It's entirely a matter of finance. What we faced was a decision whether, at a time of heightened inflation and increasing fees, to go ahead and borrow a lot of money. This would have put more on the fees; and we felt this was a risk we couldn't take. So we are now planning to modernize parts of the existing block without rebuilding.

## Grove Park

*Q.* Will the school ever sell Grove Park?

*A.* Grove Park is in a part of London where the land could be sold for building, but, as with the sports complex, building would depend on planning permission being given. As a playing field Grove Park isn't worth very much and clearly wouldn't be worth selling. So it would only be worth going ahead and trying to sell, if we felt fairly certain that we or somebody else could get permission to build.

*Q.* Is Grove Park worth keeping?

*A.* Your question really is whether it is worth having compulsory station, because the only point in keeping Grove Park is that we cannot provide compulsory station for everyone close to the school. If we could provide this, we could dispose of Grove Park very quickly, because it is a long way away, and it is expensive to run coaches there.

I don't think everybody dislikes it as intensely as some say, but clearly it's not very satisfactory; so, if we could find an alternative, we would; but different people have been trying for a long time; they have created new stations here, there, and everywhere, but it still leaves a residue of people who need to have Grove Park.

*Q.* Do we need compulsory station at all?

*A.* Yes, I think on the whole we do, because a very academic school in the middle of a city is probably one of the last schools where station should be voluntary. If you have a not very academic school in the country, you don't need an enforced contrast to your cerebral activities, and you don't need the exercise, because you are taking it the whole time. But I think Westminster probably do. If you saw them running round Green, you would agree with me.



*Photo: Nico Boyagis*

***This space was for your advertisement.***

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The present change in format of *The Elizabethan* has been the result of sharply increased production costs. To add to this, advertising revenue has fallen. Costs will almost certainly continue to rise. We are hopeful that the advertising situation will improve.

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***Why not use it next time?***



# Articles

## Introduction and Allegro

### The Introduction

The editors and I wish to make it quite clear at the outset that this article is a political satire. This means that it is witty, clever, very pretentious, and not at all funny. Why, then, do I force it upon your attentions, gentle reader? Am I deeply concerned about the plight of democracy in this country? Have I been begged by an editor of this worthy publication to fill up one of his shiny pages? Have I nothing better to do in the Easter holidays? The answer to these rhetorical questions is rhetorically no; allow me to explain the function of this article.

Perhaps you notice the apparent ease with which I assume the haughty, world-weary air of gentle condescension (condensation?) adopted by all successful contributors to *The Elizabethan*, and shudder as you do so. Notice the phrases expand into periods, gasp at the multiplicity of obscure technical terms and do not be unappreciative of the double negatives unrolling before your eyes. The sophisticated punctuation, the polysyllabic and over-abundant verbiage, the awkward, even painful sentences, and so on ad infinitum. The style is no doubt familiar to you, although to my knowledge it has never been adopted for its country's use. Hence the following article. Regard it if you will as a satire of a satire (I said it was pretentious) and then ask yourself how this introduction is intended to be taken.

### The Allegro

"Good evening. I'm going to talk to you tonight about a very serious problem. It affects all of you. But more important, it affects me a bit. 'What is it?', you ask. And a good question.

"Let me show you a picture. This is a photograph of . . . Oh, sorry, I wonder how she got there. Here we are. This is a picture of Great Britain. Now then, we live here, in this great, long, dignified bit on the right, and they live there, in this small, bumpy insignificant bit on the bottom left. So far so good. But we also happen to live in this bit up here, which we call Norden Oirelhand (a military term, you understand). Get the picture? Us, here and here (Points to here and here) And them there, or, as they would say, Eire.

"Now, we are quite happy with this arrangement. We don't want to cause any more trouble. There's plenty of room for us where we are, and they've got a bit to live in too. However,

these dirty filthy rabble who never wash and who strangle their grandmothers have been kicking up a bit of a fuss. You may have read about it in the locals. We don't quite understand the lingo, but the general idea seems to be that they would be pleased if we were to oblige them by gettin offa deir land afore dey blows us ohff. A reasonable request you say? Not so, listen on.

"If we were all to come out of there and into here, they would move into there, leaving us with just the bit on the right. Now what would this mean to all of you, and what would it mean to me? Well, it would precipitate a complete redistribution of population throughout the entire British Empire. We would, in short, become like refugees, herded about from country to country like cattle. And think of the effect on the economy if we were transformed into a nation of gypsies and vagabonds. The pound would slip; the economy crumble. We would be crammed into a tiny brave little island already burdened by serious over-population. You would be forced to share your tiny hovel, or tent, with seven other families, your children would go down the mines or starve, and England would sink twenty feet into the North Sea due to the extra weight. And all because a few mucky foreigners want a few extra feet of land in which to beat each other over the head with their shelailighs (a nautical term, you appreciate).

"Well then, what's the answer? We in the Cabinet have thought about this one quite a bit over the last couple of weeks, and even talked about it over the after-eights, and we have quite carefully worked out a plan. But we need your help—and, after all, isn't that what democracy and strong government are all about? So this is what we would like you to do. Just send your answer to the Northern Ireland question (on a postcard only, please) to me, the Prime Minister, at my usual address. And the best answer sent in will earn the winner the privilege of seeing his plan put into action before the end of the decade. And that's a promise. (Uncrosses fingers and slips hand nonchalantly out of raincoat pocket. Waves to camera.) Goodnight, and God help, er, bless you."

Ian Assersohn

### Poem in memory of Jean Cinnamon

Ah! . . . la vie . . .  
c'est comme . . .  
Ah! mais . . . oui, c'est . . .  
—non, c'est plus . . .  
mais . . .  
peut-être . . .  
Ah! . . .

Stephen Caplin

## Marrakech on my Mind

I spend most of the day at the Djemma el F'na, very hot, not as many hippies, lots of pink Germans. A great way to get back into Marrakech, the Djemma, "the place of the dead", meeting place of the whole anti-Atlas. Snake-charmers, dancers, fortune tellers, and every conceivable kind of salesman, hustler, and crook. I remember the time I was conned into buying a dollar bill for ten pounds—it's really very easy. All the old smells and sounds were flooding back. The Koutoubia, built in the twelfth century, is still a most magnificent sight; the 250 feet high gold-topped minaret has twin walls with an ascending ramp between the two to allow the ubiquitous donkeys to carry building materials to the top, visible from every point of the town. Indeed, it seems that every road in the Gueliz leads towards it. The Gueliz, the French quarter, built in the late twenties to accommodate the resident French population during occupation, has an interesting stellar layout. Each intersection has five roads leading to it, so there is never an obvious route, save back to the Koutoubia and the Djemma. I sit at the Café Glacier, where I used to be able to have a beer, but as part of the "moroccanization" policy, alcohol is no longer available in the Medina. A mint tea will do just as well. The new Club Méditerranée now lies on the West side of the *Place* with its steady flow of Parisian jet-setters in and out of the heavily guarded door. Seems like the thin end of the wedge. The story goes that there was a slight earth tremor which brought down a few old houses on that site and while the locals were all at mosque praying for their lives, a swift operator moved in and bought up the land.

I run into Scott Symmonds, Canadian novelist, who assures me that he's the greatest writer since Hemmingway. I hesitate. He produces a sheaf of newspaper cuttings confirming the qualities of "Place des Armes". He gave up a successful academic career in Canada, leaving wife, job, and home, to write, first in Canada and more recently in the interior of Morocco. "Look, son, when I was doing chat shows, I was getting \$1,000 a minute." I didn't ask him to talk to me—eventually the conversation becomes a little less subjective and we go off to the Bagatelle for dinner. Cervelles, fried lightly in butter, and rosé with soda—ideal after a blistering day. "This is all data—everything that passes in front of my eyes is data. Even you." Even he.

I spend the next day with George, a smooth film journalist from California, hunting down what is left of the Columbia people. John Huston has just finished making "He who would be King" and all the local gossip is about Michael Caine and Sean Connery. I suppose this will at least mean that the



local lads will stop aping Elton John, the most recent visitor celebrity. We find the locations man in his enormous white Plymouth with a diminutive quivering dog called Dora, but otherwise a fairly fruitless search, admittedly not conducted with great vigour. It being that time of day, we make our way to the Mirador for a beer. The roof bar offers surely the finest view in the whole of Morocco: the town pink and shimmering beneath you, the High Atlas hanging snow-capped in the sky, like an extravagant backdrop. Boulevard Mohammed V, orange trees in full fruit, seems busier than usual. It is the Muslim "fête de mouton". Each family slaughters a sheep and carries it to the mosque to be blessed; it's a good omen if the sheep is still alive when it arrives at the door. The twentieth century being what it is, the carrying is now fully automated, lorries, cars, even mopeds, zooming off to the mosque with their gruesome freight. Still it will mean good meat for a few days. We fall into conversation with a bearded youth, here on holiday from Paris to see the last few days of the turning of the film. He turns out to be Igor Ustinov, so George got his story after all. We part muttering "small world . . .", but the interesting thing is that nobody is really surprised.

I have to go to the Holiday Inn on business—such a bizarre place. All Morocco has been carefully reconstructed within its safe walls, authentic muzak, genuine indoor Berber tent, and even live camels. A couple of decidedly seedy beasts loiter on the other side of the road, and as I arrive a comic ritual is being enacted. Large American and Mother, all upswep glasses and chiffon—she's being hoisted on to the hump. Son, garlanded with cameras, is poised.

Up she goes, panic, screams, tearing material, "Derek, quick, take the goddam picture," and back, shaking, to the bar for more Bloody Marys. The two attendant Arabs exchange eyes imperceptibly.

The evening takes me to Chez Didier, quite my favourite eating place, set in an olive grove way out of town. We eat Poulet au Citron, out in the open, with our fingers. The wine flows, the talk is good. James, our host, is holding forth about his life in Mexico and Algiers with the scientologists, while we play with the E-meter, an electronic device, invented by Ron Hubbard, to measure emotional response. The first time I met this machine was at James's house in the Medina. A cab ride round the ramparts, thirteenth century pink mud fortifications, brings you to Bab Aylen, one of the great gates into the old quarter. A short walk down an undistinguished mud street, with all the usual paraphernalia of rubbish, dung, guts, ragged children and their covered mums, brings you to the door. Once inside, the transformation is as dramatic as a cinematic special effect. The marbled courtyard fans cool breezes through the fountains and palm trees. The salons leading off are fragrantly scented with cedarwood and the patterned arches are said to cast mystical shadows at full moon.

A day trip into the mountains to look at the film locations with Pim, a charming Dutchman, who is Sean Connery's stand-in. The scenery is quite stunning—mud villages, imposing mountains, goats jumping into the trees. It's all there, great film country. "The Sanglier qui fume is a nice place for a nice lernch," on the wall, a huge boar's head with an absurd pipe in its mouth. The patron, a Toulousain, has been here 30 years, and makes the cuisine himself. He passes a dish of grilled prawns and garlic, while he tells everyone the current *histoire*, another bureaucratic nonsense in town. Then the Tajine—a delicious stew of lamb and raisins with cummin, served in an earthenware conical dish, which rests on a small clay charcoal-burner. He introduces us to the tame stork, which capers about, clacks its beak, and generally behaves in an undignified manner. "What more do I need? I have the sun, my kitchen, and a good wife." I suppose he goes through this routine every day!

The local delight is raw amethyst, which seems to crop out of every rock, so after lunch we go hunting in the hills, but a death-defying electric storm cuts short our search. We feel particularly silly arriving back, empty-handed, dripping wet and mud-spattered, to find the sun still blazing.

A rare treat—lunch with Robert Carrier, sparkling, witty, full of fun. As we eat our Salade Nicoise, he talks about the new house which he is enjoying decorating. His great passion is the local baby green pepper, so sweet and delicate; that and the olive oil, so pure that he drinks a glassful every day. (It is part of an old liver cure—a glass of olive

oil and a rest, lying on the right side, cleans the system, so they say). We are on to the fish—grilled red mullet fresh from El Jadida—and he is on to his early days as an actor off-Broadway. Veal Escalope Milanese—too much, a siesta seems imminent. (I am most grateful that the ravages of the previous day have died away. Demonstrating the ineffectiveness of Enterovioform is a pretty miserable affair.)

As it is the last evening, James has arranged a soirée to which everyone (!) is invited. I take a cab, as it's the first time I've made the journey round the edge of town by night, and for no reason at all I start to get jumpy. Our route seems totally unfamiliar and my driver speaks no French. There is utter, pitch darkness. We take a left—but that's away from town. Stay calm, he can't hurt you, he only wants your money—mouth dry, heart pounding, etc. etc . . . (all that Agatha Christie stuff). The car stops and he speaks to a djellaba that has appeared from nowhere. They light up, a few words in Arabic, he gets in and we move off slowly. "In the name of the Father, the Son, . . .". I am rigid with fear. He turns to me, "You Engleesh, my brother live in Acton." And they both grin their gappy grins and we shake hands over and over again. The truth is, I could have fallen on his shoulder and wept with relief.

The soirée is a great success and James, in an ornate robe from Mecca, is a perfect host. A small group of Marrakchi musicians play and joss-sticks burn; even the large American is here, now wearing lurid kaftan as well as the statutory cameras and bags. It turns out to be full moon, so I go up to the cool of the roof, the air heavy with the howling of dogs. At midnight, the moon comes from behind a cloud and the perfect symmetry of the arches and courtyard below is revealed as the secret of life itself.

Mark Griffiths

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## It seems That I'm The Only One

Once I saw a land where all was quiet  
Save the silent songs of the birds.  
And all around the trees were bent  
As if in shame.  
Behind the trees were open fields  
Where crops once grew.  
But now only charred stubs remained  
Burnt by annual fire across the land.  
Now and then a weary pilgrim emerged  
Plodding on over the skyline;  
Like all the others who came,  
Leaving all else behind for what they  
could not see.  
Then he would disappear,  
But still more came  
And none would hear the screams.

Mark Hutchinson

## Readings in Westminster at Play\*

The early Westminster's long day consisted of stations for almost all available time: greatest of all stations was the spending of most of the day up School, where the whole community did Latin and Greek Composition and Literature at each other incessantly. Play was for rare moments when there was no station. At some stage play became a station, and station had ended by meaning a play obligation. Dean Andrewes took boys with him on his walks, not so much for recreation as to impress on them the duty of not wasting time, and would teach them Hebrew in the Deanery from eight till eleven though they were to get up at five. Thus perhaps what play there was could be regarded cerebrally: Robert Hooke invented thirty several ways of flying, and told Sir Robert Southwell he could fly but not how, and a contemporary of Locke later taught his Trinity pupils to apply the laws of mathematics to wrestling. In such a tradition a great recent mathematics teacher and rowing master warned a younger colleague that Dr. Bourne's mathematical passages on oarsmanship were bogus. Green and Yard were a clutter of buildings until Markham's clearance, so that there was informal football in the cloisters; the Chapter ended it in the early nineteenth century and in return railed in Green, vindicating to the boys the right to keep strangers off it, which they traditionally upheld by force. Matthew Prior's prologue to the *Cleomenes* of 1696 makes the young spokesman tell of giving up for rehearsal what play times there were, "Our tops neglected and our balls forgot." Early Westminsters often came to the school very young; their games included the hoop, the top, the marble, pitch farthing, and Lord John Russell's pea shooter.

Looking towards Hammersmith Bridge from the hard at Putney we may conjure the scene near Vauxhall Bridge something like a hundred and fifty years ago. Harrods' Depository might be the Panopticon, the Millbank Penitentiary: to the left are open fields, some with water in them. The houses round Castelnau, with a church, we call St. John's, Marsham Street and the other modest buildings lightly screening Westminster from the Tuttle Fields. Now, as then, a group of Westminsters are going to row: one of their friends is the boatman, a very experienced local oarsman. Other craft, sometimes in numbers, may applaud the races, or spoil them by steering into the course or making washes. Before the period we are imagining the Fields went all the way to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, a marshy,



Photo: Martin Parnwell

often desolate area with its few perhaps frightening inhabitants, thieves or poachers, little visited by Westminsters, even when a treasured play was given, until the eighteenth century, when we hear of duck hunting, cat hunting, rat killing, badger drawing, and bull baiting, and those two fellows who kept a carriage and pair up Fields, a cart made of old bits of wood and two donkeys. Perhaps the change is explained by the coming of more boys of good family with a gentry view of the countryside. Some were able to hire the help of local figures, the Volsci (Sci's) to Latin-minded young men, in these pursuits: one, perhaps exceptional, kept those beagles in No. 1 Vincent Square for use in Battersea. Sporting guns could be hired from Mother Hubbard. Ditch leaping could take them to Battersea to attempt Spanking Sam, Big Ben, and Black Joke: sometimes they did not return sober after visiting the Red House there. Theo's founding of squash is in the Tuttle Fields tradition, for Dolphin Square is up Fields. Two presumably well-found boys did a race in Hackney Coaches from the top of St. James's Street to the gateway of Dean's Yard, along Pall Mall, with the drivers made to ride inside: perhaps they were cursed, with a smile, by those who were thinking of founding a club. Byron called a Westminster boy, later an usher, the most elegant skater he had ever seen: perhaps he skated on the King's Scholars' Pond. He is less likely to have been interested in the King's Scholars' Passage, named, it would appear, from the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, seeking the Thames along Tach Brook; it carried the Tyburn, though named after the Pond, somewhere

between Vincent Square and Vauxhall Bridge. Counsel defending a man who dressed and undressed on the beach for swimming at Brighton in 1809 pointed out that Westminsters did this all the time at Millbank. Sci's, in that long tradition of neighbourly enmity and friendship, would sometimes take their clothes; Goodenough in 1825 put up canvas screens, and a waterman was employed. The School boatman of the day, Dick Roberts, who died in 1816, provided boats for sailing, though the first rowing boats are heard of at this time. Before that, possibly eighteenth century Westminsters had pestered their fathers to let them borrow the barge, hitting the water opposite the rowlock as often and as hard as they could in the old waterman's way. Challenges to rowing from Eton were forbidden strenuously by the head masters of both royal foundations. In the Westminster and Eton race of 1837 boys rather than watermen took on the steering for the first time.

Cricket had been encouraged both nationally and up Fields by the Sackville dynasty, one of whom has his portrait in the New Wing (the history room), holding his curved bat. Charles Sackville, second Duke of Dorset, admitted 1720, captained in 1735 a Kent eleven against an All England eleven captained by George III's father "Poor Fred", the Prince of Wales, for a thousand pounds a side, and won. Both King's Scholars and Town Boys were driven from their cricket "places" up Fields in 1744 by possibly a hundred locals, a quarrel with the "Westminster Club", presumably a cricket club. Only certain parts of this marshy area were suitable, and perhaps the progress of Rochester Row, with its trees and planked carriage way, across the waste illustrates that what became Vincent Square was, or at least contained, firmer stretches. Footballs were gaining in fashion, Lord John Russell noted, in 1803. Nineteenth century Westminster and Charterhouse football, while rejecting the Rugby custom of handling the ball almost though not quite entirely, declined also the Rugby rule of offside, fatal to combination, it seems, and their view prevailed with the Football Association in 1867. The movement to standardize the rules of football follows the development of railways and the consequent introduction of frequent matches between teams from distant places, rather as earlier people had decided it would be better to have standardized clocks and a standard way of describing what they said. In the scrap books we can see the Sci supporters crowding the railings: it was they and not members of the school who cried "Come on, the pinks," which possibly explains the useful ambiguity of the cry "Come on, the School" at Old Westminsters' matches.

Mr. Murray has kindly supplied me with the following explanations, which I hope I have understood. The Rugby rule of offside, preventing play in front of the ball, would have been fatal to a

\*These materials are not of course original. The archivist has to learn: please do not shoot him. Corrections of errors will be warmly received.



kicking game. The Rugby game, as a running game, developed where people had plenty of space, while the kicking game developed among those who had or had been used to having less space. Some preferred the Rugby game because Soccer developed into a plebeian pursuit: at Westminster the acceptance of "low pursuits" had been part of the development of play generally, and this feeling was not shared.

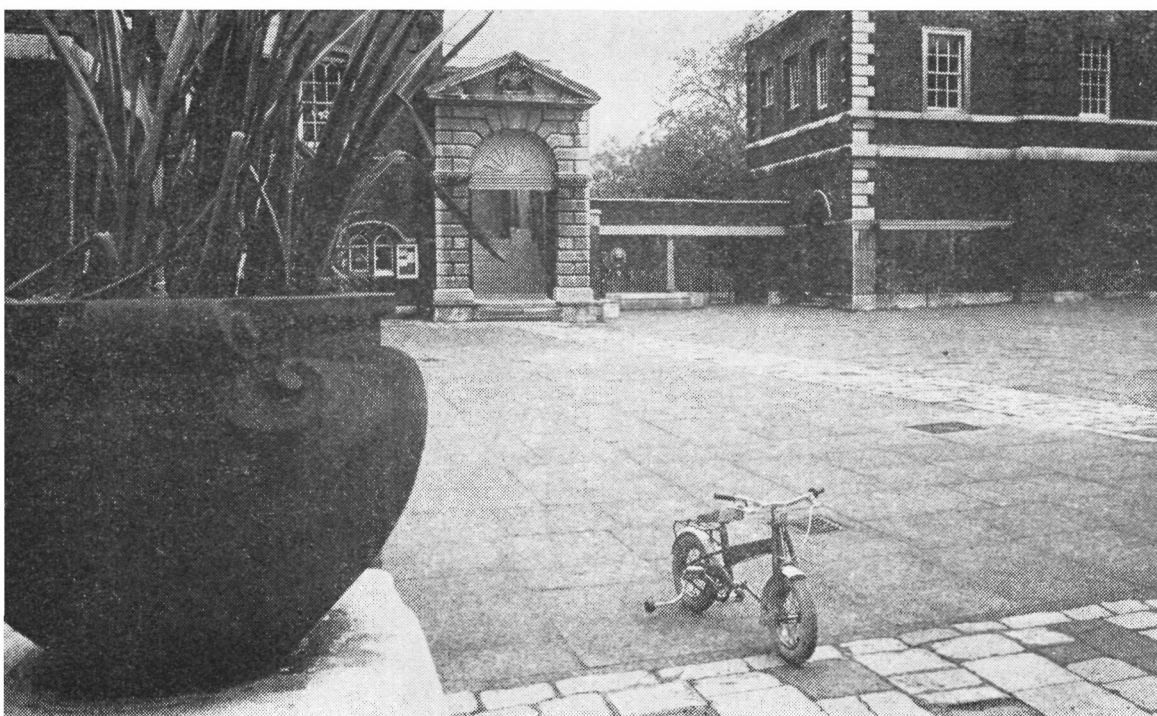
The two principal changes in the locality were the rather later ones in the river at Westminster and the leasing of the Tuttle Fields for building by the Chapter. The latter led to an outcry from the school and its friends, and was the occasion of Dean Vincent, a Westminster and former Head Master, enclosing with a furrow for three pounds the ten acres now Vincent Square in 1808. But for this action, and perhaps also the prudent later decision to transfer the freehold to the school, there would now be no Vincent Square, a point it is sometimes useful to make. It was lucky that even worse did not result from the plan which would have led the railway by Millbank to a terminus station, what became Victoria, leaving the school on one side of it and Fields on the other, as it was lucky that the District Railway was sent round by Southfields and not up the Beverley Brook by Wimbledon Common to Kingston. By the latter the Youll Cup was made easier no less than the Boat Club possibly saved again. Growing river traffic and pollution, sanitary rather than industrial at the time, and the embankment of the stream in the sixties, made the Westminster river unsafe and unwholesome. When Searles' boathouse, the successor of Roberts's shown in the Radcliffe Prints, was knocked down to build St. Thomas's Hospital in 1866 the abolition of rowing carried out by Rutherford in 1884 was

not far off. Two Westminster oarsmen and a steersman were in the first Oxford eight to row Cambridge in 1829: it just happened that the supply of Westminster oarsmen to Christ Church and Trinity played a part in originating the university boat clubs. Sir Patrick Colquhoun, a great Lady Margaret Boat Club figure, who did everything in the rowing world, was unexpectedly perhaps Aulic Counsellor to the King of Saxony and Plenipotentiary for the Hanse Towns in Turkey, Persia, and Greece. The revival in 1911 depended on the hospitality of the London Rowing Club and received its principal encouragement in 1921, when Westminsters who noticed the present boat house was for sale mentioned this to Lawrie Tanner, who took a spokesman to Dr. Costley-White. Thus a boat club with possibly the oldest continuous records of any was able to play a principal part in founding the Schools Head of the River Race. Its complex administration Westminster continues largely to supply, and not the direct interposition of Divine Providence, as accounts sometimes suggest. Putney was familiar ground. The whole school, and indeed at one time the whole College, had once gone to Chiswick every late summer, until the custom of boys going home for a summer holiday came in in the late seventeenth century, and there was that Latin Play at Fulham before Bishop Grindal, perhaps a kindly compliment to his involuntary guest Abbot Feckenham of Westminster, who for a short period had presided over the school when it briefly returned to its monastic setting. Westminsters thought in Latin at Water too, and Virgil's regatta is quoted on the Town Boys' Rudder; Dr. Bourne did not surprise them by recalling how Odysseus' words were those of a long experienced rowing club founder:

*εἰδήσεις καὶ αὐτὸς ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ὅσσοι  
ἄρισται / νῆες ἔμαί καὶ κούροι  
ἀναρρίπτειν ἄλα πηδῶ.*  
One gets three strokes to the line, taking the catch (if that expression is still allowed) on the first syllable and the finish on the second. The Westminster custom of pronouncing the stress accent (the vowels were sounded as in English) possibly gives an even more realistic impression if a less stylish one.

The dispersal and diversity of Westminster play, the directional attraction towards the tideway and the Tuttle Fields, as well as the use of local corners—fives takes place in the abbey refectory, and fencing practically in the cloister, the sense that time available for play is at a premium, the feeling that play is for fun and for friendship, the contest with adult clubs as well as school guests or hosts, all these are still present. The early Westminsters were discouraged from play, and competition in play between boys, and especially between Westminster boys and other boys, whether of the neighbourhood or of other schools, was thought unwisely exciting: yet their masters beat them for it, or did not beat them, or at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries fought them for it, in the expectation that they would repeat it and perhaps should. We do not hear of a master in charge of the Fields until 1903, with S. H. Day, who played for England in 1906 and only died in 1950, or of the Water until the resumption, with D. P. Shaw, who got a D.S.O. in the 1914 war and died of his wounds as Housemaster of Grant's in 1924. Yet, if the secret pages of ledgers sometimes suggest relations between masters and players have not been invariably easy; it may well be that those relations are better and more natural than they have ever been.

Charles Keeley



# Miscellany

## *The Compleat Pseud*

### Lesson I — Long words

The essence of being a pseud is to appear to possess more knowledge and insight than you in fact have. This usually involves the use of unusually long words to express rather pretentious ideas, thus blinding your audience with your own preposterous but apparently pedagogic erudition. No matter how malapropistic your professed verisimilitudes are proved to be, your periphrastic euphuism, perhaps typified by alliterative antithetic locutions, will never cease to astound impassioned and auscultatory friends. But it is upon their quasi-heuristic proclivities that the ratiocinative process of decipherment depends. Naturally the certain eudaemonistic evanescence of your meretricious morphological thaumaturgy auspicates schizmatized floccinaucinihilipilification, perhaps even heterodoxical pretertransubstantionalistically hierophantic apocalyptic and eschatological hepaticocholangiocholecyst-enterostomies.

Matthew Cocks

1967

I know a poem  
About the burying  
Of a young, dead sparrow.  
It is a fine, intricate poem,  
And it has never been written down.  
It is entitled  
My heart.  
God have mercy  
On us all  
Every one.

Tom Holt

### “London, thou art of townes a per se”

William Dunbar’s observation on the uniqueness of London can be further illustrated by reference to the capital’s street names. Not only is there a Moylan Road in W.6, but there’s also a Woollett Street in E.14 and a Keeley Street in W.C.2, not to mention Baxter Street, Wilson Road, Cogan Avenue, Stuart Way, Field Close, Martin Lane and Shepherd’s Walk.

## *Our Contemporaries*

The only contributions to the Edinburgh Academy Library last September were *The Longmoor Military Railway, The Central Middlesex Hospital: the First 60 Years, 1903-63* and *Rudiments of the Greek Language for the use of the Edinburgh Academy*. Not to be outdone, in November with Gianfranco Contini’s *Esercizi di lettura sopra autori contemporanei con un’appendice su testi non contemporanei: nuova edizione aumentata di “un anno di letteratura”*.

## *The Mongol*

To the outside world he is motionless, insignificantly crouched in the corner. His mind is a dark passage whose quiet monotony is occasionally broken by flickers of light; his brain cannot focus them, and they are too blurred for him to reach out and mentally grab. Small eruptions, little more than broken nerve cords. Then a lull, its silence whispering of things to come.

Now there emerges a stronger light, piercing and burning, so strong that the fragile haze is broken, and with a sudden movement he stands up.

Colours, like a psychedelic whirlpool spin, then drift past his eyes. He struggles to slow them down so that soon they form shapes. But nothing more, meaningless. He reaches out, fumbling for something to stop the shapes from their torturous meandering . . . and his groping hands fall upon a crayon.

For him, dawn has come.

Now he works incessantly, producing images of such a haunted quality that all who see them dare not let their watching inner selves dwell too long; and their timid praise showers upon his deaf ears. But still he continues, the urge ever stronger, yearning to complete his greatest work before the sun goes down: the one that will show them that he understands.

So in the twilight of his years his senility nourishes it to perfection, and the sun leaves a golden glow as it sets.

Then, at the age of thirteen, the Mongol is dead.

Joshua Golding

# Letter to the Editors

## Namibia

From Dr. D. G. C. Presbury (1956-61, B)

Dear Sirs,

I have just received my copy of *The Elizabethan*. I have no objection to the magazine becoming a political journal but I was a little surprised by the vehemence and bias of your article on Namibia. Although I now live in South Africa, I have no wish to attempt to justify the system here. However, I should point out that the South West Africa People’s Organization (S.W.A.P.O.) cannot be said to represent the people of that territory as a whole. Its members are drawn from the largest tribe, the Ovambo, and there has been great fear, expressed by the leaders of the smaller tribes, of domination by the Ovambos. Furthermore, in the recent Ovambo elections, S.W.A.P.O. specifically advised the people not to vote. Despite this, considerably more than half the electorate voted. This hardly makes S.W.A.P.O. truly representative.

Your author states that the time has possibly come to recommend violence as a means to achieve S.W.A.P.O.’s political aims. It is easy to justify this from another continent. Few people in the United Kingdom realize that it is the black people who will have to bear the greatest suffering should a terrorist war begin. In Rhodesia many more blacks than whites have been killed in the struggle.

The terrorists enter villages and publicly mutilate and kill villagers as an incentive to recruitment. Whilst giving support to such organizations, one may be precipitating these barbarous acts.

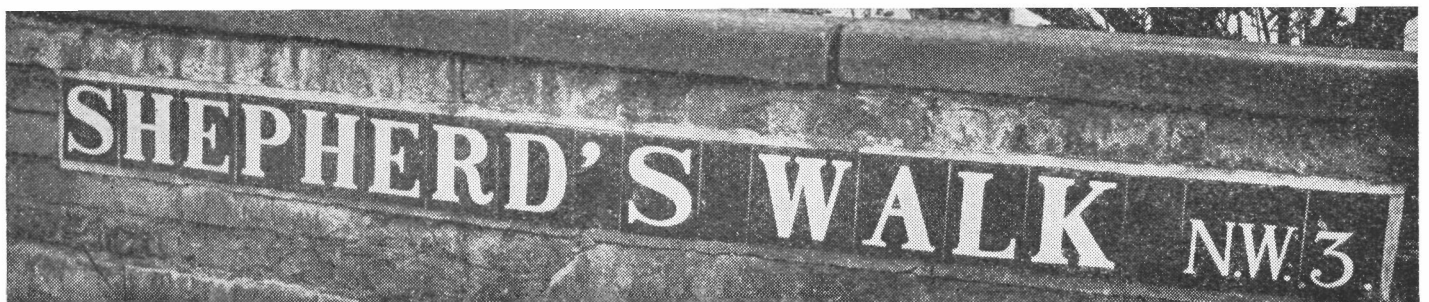
Everyone wishes to see a settlement of the problems in this part of the world. Terrorist wars and parties in exile may not be the best solution.

Yours faithfully,

David Presbury

The man stands on the windowsill.  
“Don’t jump!” they cry  
but he does.

Stephen Caplin



## Poem

At first tangent glances,  
—Crystals, bright and clear, floating  
in the pungent forest—  
Glimpses of brown deeps, full and young,  
Lively as the flickering autumn leaves.  
Then away across rolling moors,  
With the life of a raptor's wings,  
With the long graceful curves of natures  
new,  
A laughing toss of her head on mounted  
hill,  
The long fall to the sea,  
And the sand.

The sand, seasoned by the sun and  
water,  
Skids, as the wind surfs to the sea.

A crimson dusk,  
And a dampness in the ancient night.  
Then a bark of a buck from the beach,  
—The scent of his kind—  
Calls with arrogant pride,  
Full of himself and the night and his  
find.  
Delicate step through bloomed heather.  
The casual stroking of silken light on  
his hide.  
The soft muzzle testing the air.

Together they stand,  
Silhouettes against the mists.  
Then they turn and go.

Martin Parnwell

## Bus

The doubledecker bus  
floated around  
in the air.  
Somehow  
it didn't look  
as ridiculous  
as it might have done.  
As it glided through the trees  
I began to think  
that it was rather odd  
as the conductor  
was bright green  
and tickets  
were whirling  
out of his machine  
like hamsters.  
The people inside  
were trying to read  
the advertisements  
but they couldn't  
as they were on the outside.  
Gradually  
it came to rest  
and perched on top  
of a bus stop;  
the people got out  
and slid down  
the television mast.  
\* \* \*  
O to be a double decker bus  
O to fly so high  
O to be a double decker bus  
right up there in the sky.

Stephen Caplin



*Drawing: Matthew Bury*

## Shadow

Shadow is not pretence of the man  
Only a disciple:  
He is often better  
Than the one he follows  
No mind to register  
Love, hate or nothing,  
However bright the sun.

Tom Holt

## Birth or Death

Sand. Boundless sands shifting, colossal,  
sifting,  
Like "r" in "roll" or "o" in "fold";  
spaceless  
Sands musing, dry, perusing the azure  
sky.  
Sun, light splashing on big-dipper dunes,  
The transience of imaginary shade,  
The sand's surmise of the threshing,  
silent, meshing rain of sky.

Wind. Whisked the grains into motion.  
Flitted, skipping, skitted.  
August scurried, twining, lifting, hurried.  
Each raking the sand.  
Each scathing the land,  
And,  
The rock uncovered,  
Like a blade,  
Un sullied,  
Sharp and keen,  
Warm, pristine  
Penetrates the azure void,  
Drawn fresh from the anvil,  
Embryo rock unveiled,  
Till a next layer revealed,  
As a pure note of a viola,  
Soon violated, ravished  
Till more virgin rock unsinned,  
And,  
The scything, raping, chiding wind.

The Sword is the Rock.  
Birth the unsheathing,  
Corrosion the Death.

Scott Keyser

## Eyam, 1665

How sweet the air smells  
That hangs by the graveyard!  
Yet it is cold, so cold.  
No warmth in the pale faces,  
Moist on the tombstones.  
The trees still stand by the church,  
But no song is sung,  
And only the rector smiles, an empty  
smile,  
For he must wait.

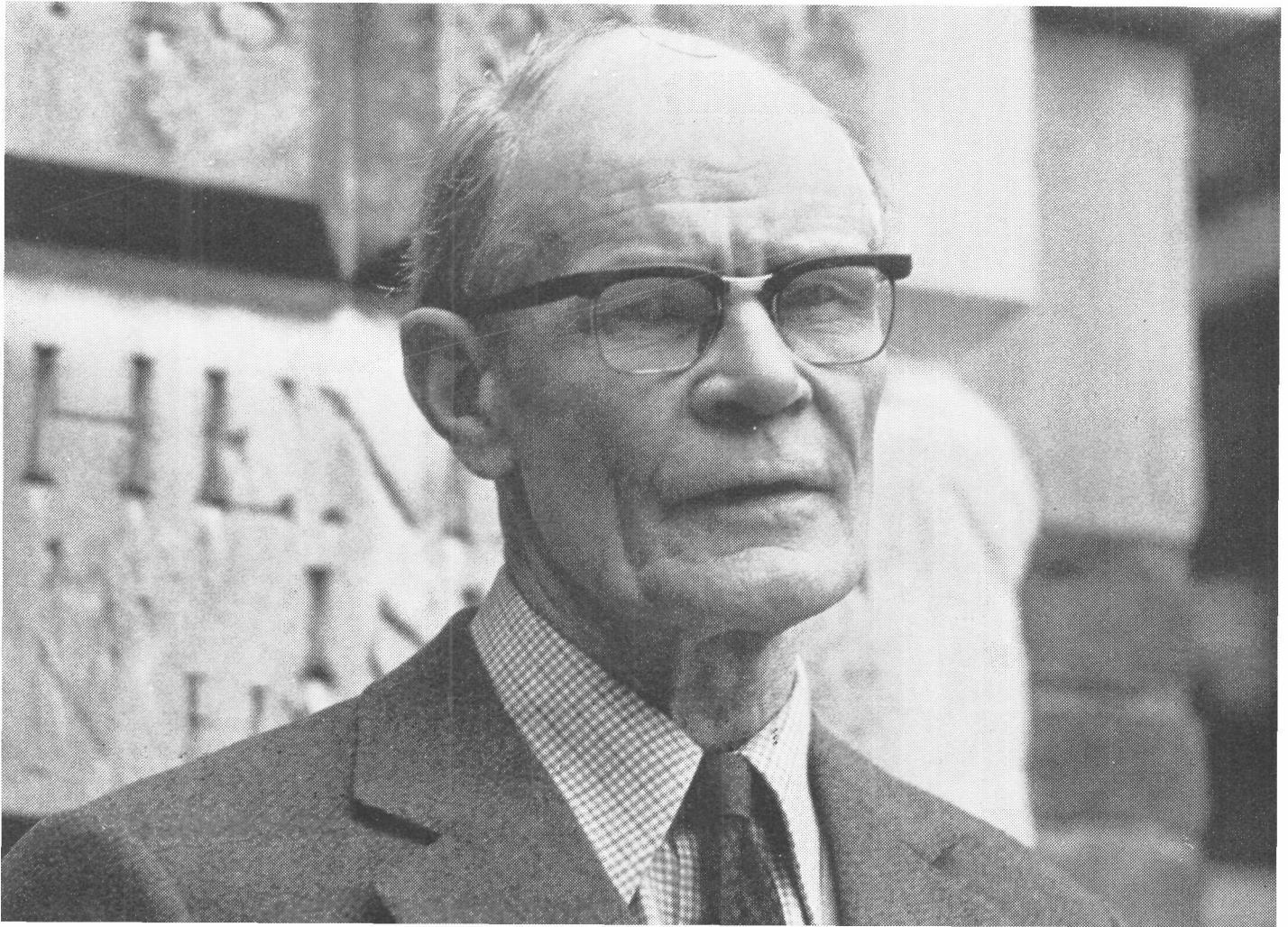
Mark Hutchinson

## If

I wonder  
if.

Stephen Caplin





## John Wilson

John Wilson retires from Westminster at the end of the Election Term after 29 years on the Staff. On coming down from Magdalen College, Oxford, he had a short spell of teaching before serving throughout the war in the Royal Navy. No great lover of the sea (he used to say he preferred looking at it to being on it) he none the less brought Westminster something of the sailor's taut efficiency when he joined the Staff in 1946.

Essentially a practical person as well as a classical scholar, his teaching was endowed with immense good sense and powers of encouragement. He demanded a meticulous and thorough standard of work from which even the most recalcitrant pupil found it hard to deviate.

Within two years of his arrival he was appointed to succeed Murray Rust as Housemaster of Grant's, and many will feel that it was in this particular sphere that he made his greatest contribution to the school. In his early days up Grant's the Housemaster's responsibilities included the feeding of the boys in the House—with all the attendant accounting work. Ably helped by his first wife, Madge, John Wilson took all this in his stride as well as teaching a full timetable and helping with football, cricket, and athletics. There was little that escaped his perceptive and discerning eye and at

least one Old Grantite recalls with some awe the uncanny way the Housemaster always seemed to know what was going on. The memory of standing outside the study door listening to that pipe being knocked out is coupled with that of the bets that used to be made on how many matches John Wilson would "smoke" at a Monitors' Meeting. Grant's was rebuilt at this time and the entire House moved over to the West side of Dean's Yard whilst this was going on. The plans were of course very much John Wilson's concern and he enjoyed converting what the Inspectors of Schools called the worst living conditions they had ever seen (the baths, for instance, were rectangular troughs of rough-cast concrete let into the floor) into the novel single study-bedroom arrangements that exist today.

Madge Wilson died at the end of May 1953, long before her son James was to enter Ashburnham or her daughter Juliet was to go off to teach in Canada. John married his second wife, Margaret, at the end of that year and together they remained up Grant's for 10 more years. Their daughter Mary spent a term in the school in 1973 prior to University Entrance.

Throughout his time John Wilson has helped with games; he took over the Fives from Stephen Lushington and has organized that station ever since. Old Westminster Fives players will ever be

grateful for the care and co-operation he brought to their use of the School's courts. He was a superb player, and it is fair to say that his position play (and strength of shot!) could hardly find an equal, while at cricket he was a joy to watch, for, whilst he was at the wicket, there was the ever imminent possibility of his knocking a ball straight into the pavilion.

On his retirement from Grant's in 1963 he became Registrar, thus taking over the entire entry system of the school. Apart from the administrative work, the post involved interviewing six or seven hundred parents and candidates for admission to the school every year. As well as the skill needed to forecast numbers for the years ahead, John Wilson has brought his immense experience to enlighten the parents of prospective boys on the ways of the school, and in the vital service of assisting them with the complications of the admissions procedure.

He has also contributed his services outside the school to such activities as advising on the selection of ordination candidates and the governing of Preparatory Schools. He is more modest and humble than most, and it is quite possible that he will not read this article ("good garden stuff" he would call it), but this in no way deters us from offering him, Margaret, and all his family, our sincere best wishes.



*Drawing: Matthew Bury*



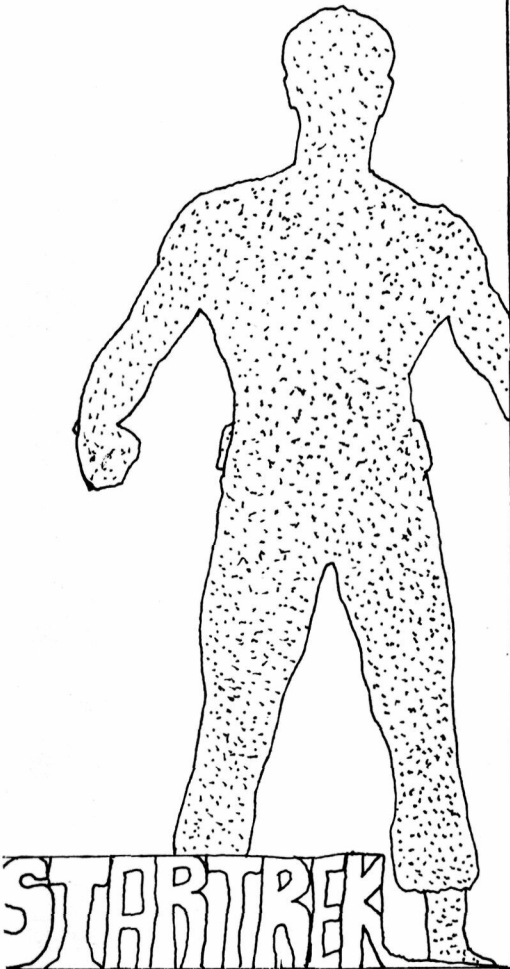


*Photo: James Bagshawe*

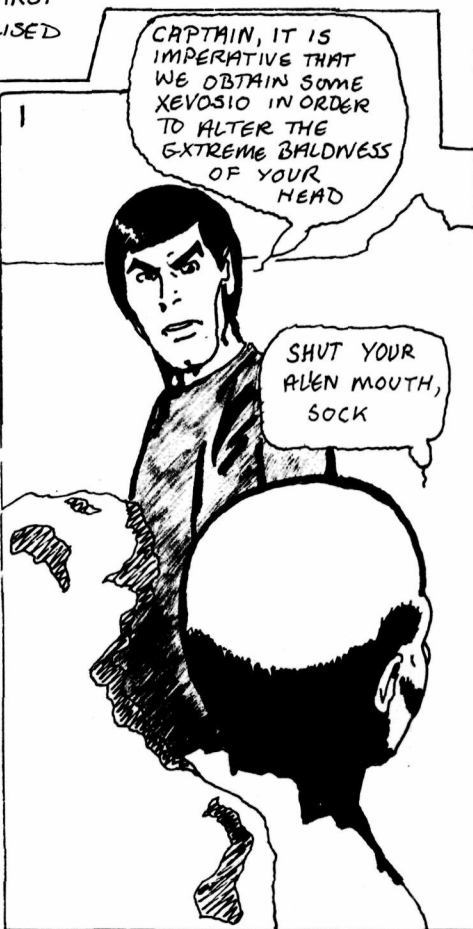


CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 049.21., FIRST OFFICER SOCK AND MYSELF MATERIALISED ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE....

TIME WAS RUNNING OUT. WITHOUT HAIR THE CAPTAIN'S SO-CALLED 'SEX-APPEAL WAS RUNNING OUT = THEN DR. MCCOY CAME UP WITH A SOLUTION....



STARBUCK

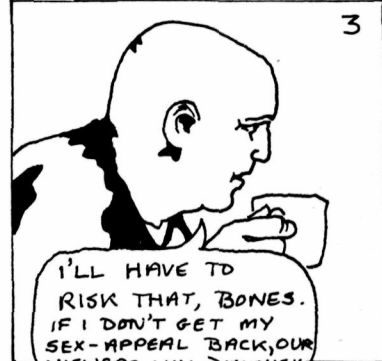


1  
CAPTAIN, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT WE OBTAIN SOME XEVOSIO IN ORDER TO ALTER THE EXTREME BALDNESS OF YOUR HEAD

SHUT YOUR ALLEN MOUTH, SOCK



2  
THIS JIM. BUT I'M AFRAID THERE MAY BE SIDE EFFECTS...

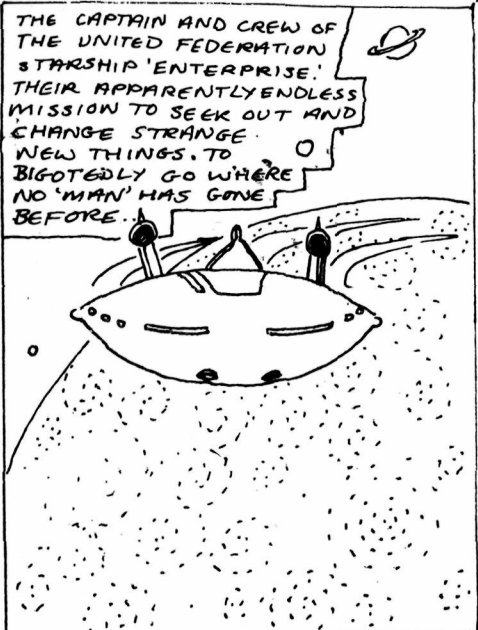


3  
I'LL HAVE TO RISK THAT, BONES. IF I DON'T GET MY SEX-APPEAL BACK, OUR VIEWERS WILL DIMINISH

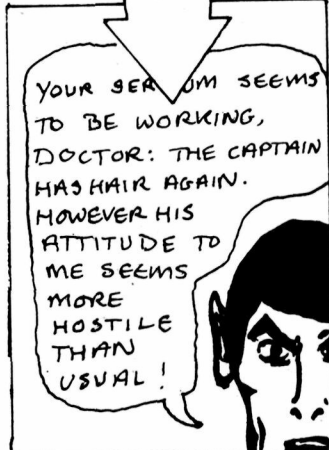
TENTATIVELY, JIM DRANK, THEN....



4  
I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, SOCK...



THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE UNITED FEDERATION STARSHIP 'ENTERPRISE' THEIR APPARENTLY ENDLESS MISSION TO SEEK OUT AND CHANGE STRANGE NEW THINGS. TO BIGOTEDLY GO WHERE NO 'MAN' HAS GONE BEFORE...



5  
YOUR SERUM SEEMS TO BE WORKING, DOCTOR: THE CAPTAIN HAS HAIR AGAIN. HOWEVER HIS ATTITUDE TO ME SEEMS MORE HOSTILE THAN USUAL!



6  
SAY YA PRAYERS, SOCK.

WHAM!

GRIMLY THEY FOUGHT ON, BUT ALWAYS JIM SEEMED TO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.....



I'LL WIPE THE FLOOR WITH YOU, SOCK, YOU PRICK-EARED LITTLE...

AS HIS HAIR GREW; SO DID HIS RAGE

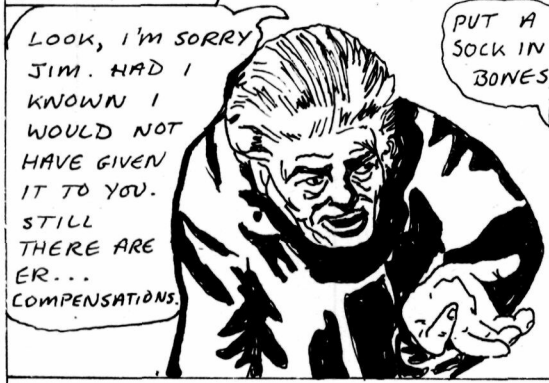
EASY, JIM...

ANYTHIN' I CAN DO,? KEPT IN!



WHY I'LL... OOPS! SORRY, SOCK...

TIME PASSED. THEN, MCCOY RETURNED WITH HIS FINDINGS ON THE SIDE EFFECTS, BUT JIM ALREADY KNEW WHAT THE SERUM DID.



LOOK, I'M SORRY JIM. HAD I KNOWN I WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU. STILL THERE ARE ER... COMPENSATIONS.

PUT A SOCK IN IT, BONES.



BAH, THESE LONG HAIRS, NOW IN MY DAY...



IF THERE IS A MORAL TO THIS TALE : IT IS THAT RESEARCH SCIENTISTS ARE IMPORTANT TO A CIVILISED COMMUNITY; THAT VIOLENCE MUST BE SEEN TO BE DONE; AND THAT MANKIND RARELY TOLERATES THE ALIEN.



I THINK THAT'S TASTELESS.

A NAUGHTY COMIX MORAL PROPAGANDA PRODUCT





# Drama

Reviewed by

Kate Arnold-Forster  
and William Dawkins

*Zigger—Zagger*  
Peter Terson

Wren's/Ashburnham  
House Play

*Zigger Zagger*, the football play, was a particularly hard play to produce: it is very popular, it had so many other recent productions to compete with, it is a play with no particular conclusion, and has only one real character in it, Harry Philton. To us the problems that confront Harry are unlikely reflections of our own lives, and therefore often hard to identify with. The other characters involved in the play are characterized extensions of the society Harry lives in rather than credible people.

The producer, Mark Griffiths, did his best to break down the barriers between the audience and the actors by grouping the audience around the stage in stands, similar to the arrangement in a football stadium. This led to a lively, noisy evening, which hardly ever got out of hand. When it did, however, the actors, who constituted a pretty large and tough group themselves, were able to control the audience. The crowd scenes were highly disciplined, and effective in creating a terrifying atmosphere of senseless hooliganism run out of control.

Although one felt by the sureness of their acting that many of the actors so naturally fitted their parts that they did not need to act—Edward Maggs as “Uncle” Brian, for instance, or Boris Romanos as a rather jolly little sergeant-major—many deserve mention for being able to slip into a personality completely alien to their own. Siobhan Rae as Harry’s mum was quite a surprise for those who knew the real Siobhan. *Zigger Zagger* was played perceptively by Justin Krish, who saw himself as a devil-like tempter, presumably representing all the negative aspects of Harry’s life. Robert Pickering gave a most diverting caricature, and of course Malcolm Allen-Brinkworth as Harry himself obviously had a good insight into his part and gave a most professional performance. This production provided an amusing and enjoyable evening as well as being stimulating in an unusual way.

Opposite  
Photos: Miles Evans  
Montage: John Severn

## *Esprit de Corpse*

The inspiration behind Timothy Gardom and Ian Assersohn’s *Esprit de Corpse* was more significant than the performance. The play was promoted by extensive advertising and created expectations of an extraordinary experience. The idea was to consider various attitudes to death, presented in a number of short scenes, songs, and speeches. In general the songs and sermons, performed by Humphrey

Birley, Elizabeth Wilson, and Ian Assersohn, particularly “The Masochism Tango”, lent themselves well to the theme of the evening. The small sketches which attempted to give the revue “historical perspective”, were less successful, partly because of the limitations of performing in the Lecture Room. However, despite the differing standards of performance and material, the wit, research, and enthusiasm of the producers and performers gave the performance unity and made it an enjoyable evening.



Photo: Martin Parnwell

## *The Physicists—* Friedrich Dürrenmatt Rigaud’s House Play

This provided a very full entertainment because it made one laugh and think at the same time, the slightly wry humour of it masking a comment on the immense responsibility scientific knowledge confers on mankind. The producer, Ewen Macmillan, managed some fine type casting with Peter Woodruff (another boy making an acting debut in a star

rôle) as a brilliant scientist pretending to be mad, Roly Keating as an eccentric Russian spy pretending to be Newton, and Barney Hoskyns, also a spy, pretending to be Einstein. Dan Peyton made a pious missionary, who seemed to have accumulated rather a lot of children. The acting was of a high standard throughout, and, in spite of the incredible plot, all the characters were natural and credible. Good use was made of the very small lecture room stage, and most imaginative lighting was one of the small touches that conferred on this production an air of professionalism.



Photo: Martin Parnwell

## *Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber—* Austin Rosser

### Liddell's House Play

Sweeney Todd, a Victorian melodrama based on a gory "penny dreadful" story, certainly gave an evening full of shock, shivering suspense, and thrills. It was a production which revelled in the traditions of melodrama and provided sheer entertainment of a merely sensational nature. Sweeney Todd was played by Ian Michael who made an excellent acting debut as the epitome of evil sliminess. Mrs. Lovett, his unwilling partner in crime, was gushingly portrayed by Elizabeth Wilson. Giles Taylor and Catherine Sandler made a virtuous couple, heroically opposing the monster Sweeney, and naturally winning in the end, being good and God-fearing. The leading actors gave a direct, exuberant performance, which was on the whole sufficient to overcome a certain faltering in the production and weaknesses in the smaller parts. In the Lecture Room most of the audience is very close to the stage, so it is easy to detect a lapse in concentration on the actor's part. However, in general, the style of acting was appropriate to the melodrama, so the producer, Edward Smith, can be pleased with his really shocking evening.

## *Three Hours after Marriage* Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot

### The School Play

*Three Hours After Marriage*, a satire on a Restoration comedy, was a difficult play for any audience to appreciate fully, since so many of the jokes either depended on a highly complicated type of multi-level wit, or were just too erudite for any but the most learned amongst the audience to appreciate. Since the play lacked suspense (its own fault rather than the producer's), it depended very much on split-second timing of entries and cues in order to keep it moving. Unfortunately the members of the cast did not quite attain the high standard of technical professionalism required to bring this off; but they made up for this in many other ways. Matthew Tree as Dr. Fossile, the bemused old cuckold, gave a very capable performance, contrasting successfully with the liveliness of some of the other figures on the stage. Pierre Hodgson and Harry Chapman were a memorably foppish pair of rival lovers, contesting for the hand of the entrancing but two-faced Catherine Sandler as Mistress Townley, who also understood her part well. Perhaps the most delightful performance was Erica Foggin as Phoebe Clinket, a mad poetess floating lunatically around the stage with a gay and lyrical abandon. In the same style was the Brooks and Birdsall pair as senile and idiotic scientists. Mark Farrant, too, gave a fine piece of farce acting as Sarsnet's homosexual chamberman.

## *A Close Shave—* Georges Feydeau

### The Busby Play

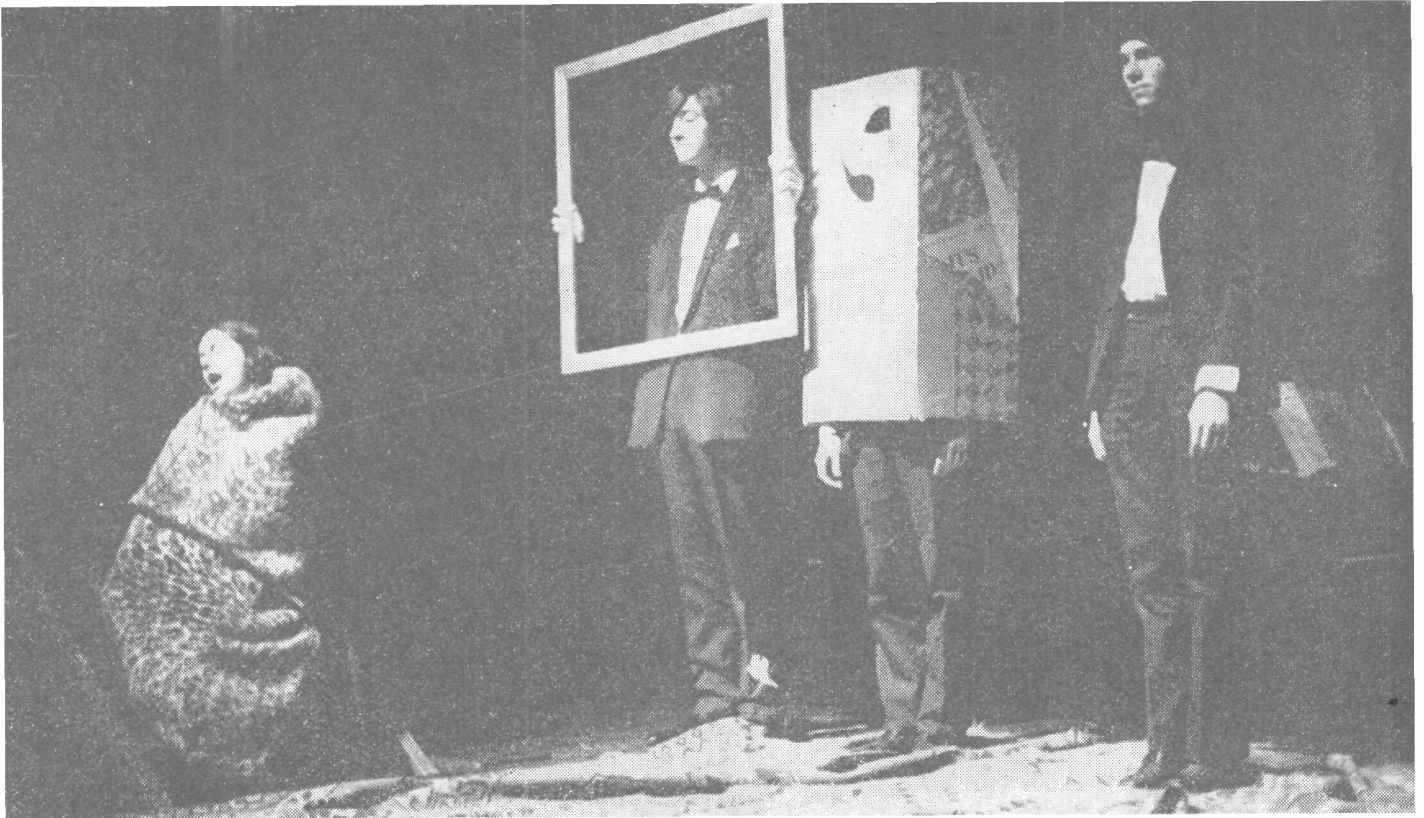
Considering the standard of the production of the two plays during the Lent Term, one might have expected the Busby Play, Georges Feydeau's *A Close Shave*, to be more successful from the dramatic point of view. *A Close Shave* was a difficult choice. In general, the cast produced a high standard of acting, but one felt that this late nineteenth century period piece was not really worthy of their performances. This was particularly true of Matthew Tree's considerable efforts to portray the thwarted but insensitive lover, and Neil Monro-Davies's imitation of a fragile but elephantine society lady. Perhaps the most appropriate interpretation of the farcical rôle demanded by this play was Wilkie Hashimi's performance as Romeo, and David Colborn as Captain Camaret. As always, the Busby Play under the direction of Mr. Murray and Mr. Shepherd provided a fine evening's entertainment, even if it was a little shambolic.

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*continued from centre column*

The action was constantly interrupted by two critics who helped explain the play and, through the device of self-satire, offered another level of humour. It was an intriguing, unusual play, and in many ways a difficult one. Rory Stuart's production of it did it about as much justice as could be done, and offered us an unusual if specialized evening's entertainment.





*The Jazz Age.* Photo: Martin Parnwell

## The Jazz Age

*The Jazz Age* was a revue portraying the music, art, and social attitudes of the era 1890-1939. This was done by a combination of contemporary songs, both live and recorded, poems, and sketches written by Harry Chapman; these were accompanied by slides portraying art and life at that time. It is obvious that to blend all these successfully could have been very difficult, but I think that to a large extent *The Jazz Age* succeeded and only seemed disjointed at times between the skits.

The music, which really held the revue together, was arranged by George Benjamin, who also played the piano. In general the standard of playing was high as was that of the singing. It is not often that anyone has the courage to sing in anything but a school concert, but the three main soloists Neil Munro-Davies, Elizabeth Wilson, and Harry Chapman, having overcome their initial hesitancy, were very clear and authentic.

Original stage creations at Westminster are few and far between, and when they appear often do not come off; originality was the *Jazz Age's* main asset. The script was sometimes a little forced and obscure and did not allow much room for acting, but the music, reading, and slides more than compensated for this. Despite the little time available for rehearsal (because of the School Play) and the very small financial backing, *The Jazz Age* was definitely a success.

Jonathan Turner

## Music

### Play Term Concert

To start a school concert, one wants either a stunning piece that will pin the audience to their chairs and leave them breathless with excitement for the rest of the evening, or a mediocre piece played competently and giving the latecomers time to settle down without too much guilt; this year the latter solution was adopted. Holst's *Marching Song* is the sort of sturdy piece that gets paraded as the highlight of an amateur evening, but it was played on this occasion with a good deal more conviction than it no doubt usually receives. This should have been followed by Chopin's First Piano Concerto, but sadly Alistair Sorley, who could have been relied on to do it justice, was taken ill before the concert; so we proceeded with Weber's First Clarinet Concerto. Peter Knox, the soloist, played very well and with great sensitivity, and the orchestra generally provided a highly professional sound, especially the strings.

After a break we were treated to the well-worn, but ever charismatic, *Carmina Burana* of Carl Orff. This piece, with its heavy emphasis on good tunes and rhythm, relies more than most on discipline in the choir and orchestra, and David Byrt, as a firm and inspiring conductor, kept that discipline. The soloists, Timothy White and Nicholas Freeth, dealt very competently with

some extremely difficult parts, and showed clearly why they have dominated Westminster's singing of late. A word of thanks must be given to the percussion players, who by the largesse of their gestures provided a visual spectacle even surpassing the audible fireworks.

The only sad point in connection with the concert was the difficulty David Byrt had in finding willing members of Choral Society; perhaps we shall see a renewed interest in singing in the near future.

Marcus Alexander

### Lent Term

After only three weeks of term, we were presented with a lengthy Informal School Concert, with solo, chamber, and orchestral items of the standard that we have come to expect over the last few years. It is a tribute to David Byrt, and indeed to music in general at Westminster, that such a programme could have been drawn up, rehearsed, and performed in so short a time, with few, if any, signs of strain.

The two orchestral items began and ended the concert. The first, the Overture to Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* had plenty of vigour and dramatic tension, which rather compensated for some imprecision in the entries. But at the end you were left wondering whether Mozart had intended the strings, particularly the 'cellos, to be so dominating. Only occasionally could the woodwind and even the brass be heard clearly. Unevenness was again a feature of the



second orchestral item, the first movement of Chopin's First Piano Concerto, with Alistair Sorley as soloist. (He was prevented from playing it last term through illness.) His brilliant playing, one felt, deserved slightly better support from the orchestra.

The rest of the evening was taken up with solo and chamber works, two of them own-compositions, George Benjamin's *Variations on a theme by Peter Gellhorn* and Alistair Sorley's *Quartet Movement*. Both of them displayed considerable originality and mastery of form, and it would be nice to hear more of their works in the future. Judy Chain's playing of the second movement of Bach's A Major Violin Sonata, if it did not exude a sense of confidence, was at least very brave. It was followed by Stephen Edis' performance on the trombone of the *Berceuse de Jocelyn*, Godard's best, and probably only, known piece, and like Giles Taylor's trumpet playing in the Finale from Handel's Concertino for Trumpet and Strings, it sounded secure and confident.

The first half ended with Haydn's Quartet in B flat, op 64 No. 3. After a very long warm up by three of the players, the second violinist finally arrived, and together Charles Peebles, Alistair Sorley, Nicholas Humphrey, and John Seddon gave a nicely balanced performance, secure in tone, with plenty of emphasis on the contrast and humour. Busser's *Les Écureuils* was played delightfully by Elizabeth Wilson on the flute, and was followed by John Seddon's assured and powerful rendering of the Air from Grieg's *Holberg Suite*.

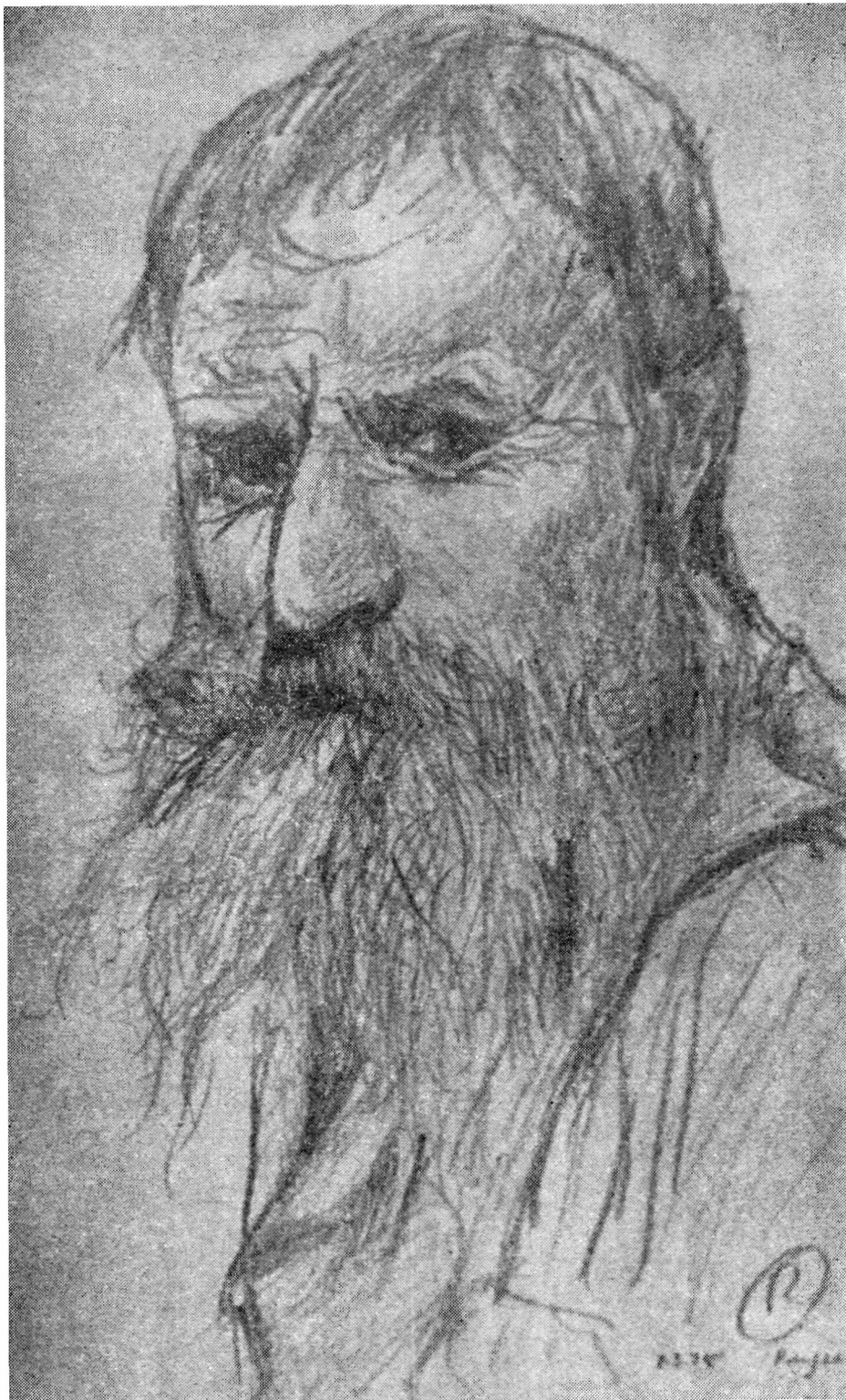
In all an enjoyable evening. Thanks are due not only to David Byrt for organizing the concert, and conducting, but also to Frances Mason, who returned to the school to lead the orchestra.

Christopher Duggan

## The Ben Jonson Singers

On Thursday, December 12th the Ben Jonson Singers gave a short but enjoyable concert in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. Three of them began the programme with Britten's setting of *The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, an impressive way to begin the evening since, apart from the piano, which gives the singers little assistance, there was only one voice to each part. There were a few uncomfortable moments, and the words did not always come over to the audience, but on the whole it was a well rehearsed and relaxed interpretation.

The Britten was followed by the *Toccata, Fugue, and Hymn "Ave Maria Stella"* by Flor Peeters, played by the Church Organist, Raymond Humble, who revealed the organ to be a fine one,



Drawing: Ruairidh Ross Marrs. Photo: Nigel Purchon

though I for one felt uncomfortably close during the full organ sections.

Then, after a short interval, came what I suspect was the *raison d'être* of the concert, a performance of the first part of T. L. Zinn's *Requiem*, given by the Ben Jonson Singers. This was its third public performance and certainly by far the best yet. In past years the composer gave the soprano and alto parts to boy singers, which created problems not only of balance but also of texture. This time he wisely chose two girls' voices for each of the upper parts and the effect of their well sustained lines greatly added to the enjoyment of the music. The singers

had clearly rehearsed thoroughly what is not an easy work and the result was a polished and moving performance that enabled the audience to appreciate its fine quality.

The *Requiem* was composed in about 1957, and is in fact in two parts. Whilst at times Mozartian (in his more solemn moments) and in at least one section displaying the baroque discipline and restraint, the work seemed to me as individual now as it did when I first heard it. Now it is high time that we are given a chance to hear Part Two. I've waited fifteen years!

Nicholas Anderson

## Orfeo

The production of an opera is never an easy undertaking, and Christoph Gluck's *Orfeo* is by no means an exception. When one considers the limitations of the stage up School and the restrictions of space for both orchestra and cast, difficulties appear at every turn. Despite these problems the production viewed as a whole was highly successful. Though the opera had been cut in several places, continuity was preserved. The soloists and chorus blended well, coming across as one unified force, rather than two separate enterprises of professionals and Westminster. Nuala Willis (*Orfeo*) and Clementine Patnek (*Eurydice*) gave attractive performances. Miss Willis' impeccable delivery of the famous lament, a challenge to any singer, was representative of her superb singing throughout, while Miss Patnek's clarity, even when suspended in the wings, was exemplary.

If any suggestion can be made, it would be that the ballet dancer could have been omitted, for the reasons that the whole opera was not being performed anyway, she had little relevance to the plot, and she had little or no space in which to display her talents. The chorus was for the most part well co-ordinated, though some entries lacked a desirable crispness. They also suffered from the acoustics of the stage and the restriction of movement. However the opening procession of mourners was well executed and very polished. The stage director, John Field, deserves a great deal of praise for the highly original and extremely skilful dramatic presentation, particularly in the long second scene, where it is difficult to maintain the audience's involvement.

The orchestra displayed great proficiency on all counts, though at times the strings dominated the remaining instruments. Those responsible for the lighting also deserve praise both for their technical accomplishment and for the smooth performance. A look at the list of those who contributed to the production shows that both quality and quantity of talent are needed for success. All involved should be congratulated, especially John Baird, who had the task of uniting the diverse elements. It was a memorable and enjoyable production, enthusiastically received by the audience.

Henry Wells

My hamster

was called Teabag.

(It looked a bit like a teabag  
until it got covered  
in warts and boils  
and bits of it  
started falling off)

Stephen Caplin

## 13th Tizard Lecture

“Galaxies, Granite, Atoms, Nuclei, Protons, Particles . . .”

Sir Denys Wilkinson

Cardinal Newman once said: “To discover and to teach are distinct functions; they are also distinct gifts, and not commonly found united in the same person.” Sir Denys Wilkinson, Professor of Experimental Physics and Head of the Department of Nuclear Physics at Oxford, a highly respected researcher who is also in great demand as a lecturer, seemed on this occasion to be no exception to the rule. It would appear that the complexity of his subject-matter taxed his powers of communication and few but the most knowledgeable physicists amongst the audience did not find themselves confused, or even slightly overwhelmed, at some stage.

Essentially, the lecture was a comparison between the macroscopic and the sub-microscopic, ranging in scope from the structure of the universe as a single entity to that of the tiny atomic nucleus.

The customary round of tributes and references to Sir Henry Tizard, in whose memory the lecture was being held, was included in a spirited introduction by Dr. Otto Frisch—a man who, without straining the imagination, could be pictured as a colleague of Einstein.

Professor Wilkinson launched into his comparative study of nuclear physics and cosmology with a brief mention of the general nature and structure of the universe, showing us several impressive slides of galaxies and other cosmic phenomena. Seeing the swirling arms of some vast, fantastically distant, galaxy, the size of which is completely beyond all human comprehension, I was reminded of the maxim: “The universe is not only stranger than we imagine; it is stranger than we can imagine.”

One felt that he could have spent more time developing this aspect of his subject, as, within minutes, he had moved on into the not fully understood worlds of quantum mechanics and sub-atomic particle physics. He gave us a mathematical picture of the atom, with the aid of a seemingly unending series of rather numbing graphs, before going on to discuss the atomic nucleus itself. Structures such as this are investigated by bombarding them with smaller particles accelerated to very high speeds by huge extremely expensive machines, known as cyclotrons. The smaller the body being investigated, the larger the speed of the bombarding particles, and the more expensive the accelerator, as Professor Wilkinson illustrated with the aid of an amusing formula.

He concluded with an interesting account of some of the most recent theories concerning the nature of possible elementary particles, such as the ubiquitous quark, which might well prove to be the fundamental building block of all matter.

A fascinating subject, a memorable occasion—but not for the uninitiated.

Miles Evans

## The Science Exhibition

Entering through the door of the Westminster School Science Block in Great College Street, S.W.1, we are confronted by six rooms containing fifty well-scrubbed bespectacled boys ready to quote from the standard A level course textbook and demonstrate practical no. 1.53 (teacher's favourite) which is by now a familiar, if not dreaded, sight. It is to the credit of Westminster Science that these expectations of a school science exhibition were as far from the truth as could be. In fact, this year's Science Exhibition, covering all three science departments (Chemistry, Physics, and Biology) provided a very balanced display of science and its applications as far as is possible at this level and within the limitations of a school such as ours; balanced because it demonstrated not only some of the more fundamental principles of the three sciences (for example the line spectra given by discharge lamps) but also examples of the application of science (such as the browning of apples on exposure to air and its chemical prevention) and finally some of the more entertaining and original aspects of science (such as a semi-successful demonstration of the literacy of worms, demonstrated by dipping worms in ink and placing them under light on paper; and an electrical rendition of Beethoven's Ode to Joy using a train set). The fact that each of these three elements was kept in proportion and none allowed to overshadow the others provided a most stimulating and enjoyable exhibition. One regret—the last Science Exhibition (1971) included several large scale demonstrations, for example John Osborne's satellite-tracking.

The exhibitors were pleasantly surprised by the number of informed and interested non-scientists who visited the Exhibition, rather than the traditional scientific illiterate who takes pride in his ignorance and lack of interest; this, by complementing the enthusiasm of the exhibitors, also contributed to the overall success.

James Sinclair & Jeremy Palmer

Bellum bellum bellum  
B'lli b'llo b'llo  
Bla bla bla  
B'llorum blis blis

Stephen Caplin

# Short Stories

## *The Trout*

The rays of the pale morning sun glinted through the oak trees on the river bank and reflected onto the roof of the arch in strange patterns. As the sun rose, the patterns changed, throwing light on different parts of the old wooden bridge.

The trout that lay under the bridge had seen this many times before, for he had lived in that pool for seven years. He was old and in his old age he had turned cannibal, his jaw having a large hook, known as a kype. He was what the locals called a "berry gatherer", an old infertile trout that ate the eggs of spawning salmon.

He had noticed a small trout in the corner of his eye, that lay behind a rock in midstream waiting for the small olive duns that floated down towards him. Slowly, the old trout dropped downstream of him and waited. A few seconds later, he saw his chance and rushed at the trout, open-mouthed, catching him across the back. He bit hard and within a few seconds the trout was dead. He devoured it in one gulp and then returned to his position under the bridge to digest it.

For two hours he lay there, motionless, merged with the brown pebbles of the river bed, but soon he became restless, so he moved to the top of the pool. Spotting two large salmon moving up the pool, he decided to follow them with the intention of catching a few stray eggs while they spawned. The salmon passed on up into the next pool where they rested for a while before the female started making her nests. The trout hid behind a rock on the other side of the pool and watched the female while she made her nests. She turned on her side and with a series of shudders of her tail, she dislodged the pebbles so as to form a depression. All the while the male fish was keeping guard just behind her, waiting to drive off any other male salmon that tried to take his place with her. A few minutes later the first nest was ready and the male fish moved up to take his place next to the female. At the same moment the trout moved in behind the salmon and waited, poised, ready to dart forward at a stray egg. The salmon started spawning and a stream of eggs floated down into the depression; a few eggs, caught by the current, floated down towards the waiting trout who sucked them into his mouth and then crushed them. It was then that the male salmon saw him. Angered, he turned on the trout and chased him to the tail of the pool. The trout turned and headed back to the top of the pool. The salmon moved in and trapped him in shallow water; he lunged and caught the trout across the back, tearing off a large chunk of flesh. He then returned to the female who was making her second nest. The old trout, badly injured, drifted

downstream and dropped into the next pool where he rested under a tree root by the bank.

An otter had seen him drop downstream and seeing that he was injured knew that he would be easy prey. Silently, he slid from the bank into the water, leaving a stream of silvery bubbles behind him. Seeing him under the tree roots, he accelerated and swiped at the trout with his paws. The trout darted forward, raced to the top of the pool and then down again with the otter only a few feet behind. At the bottom of the pool the trout found sanctuary in a hole under the bank where the otter could not reach him. The otter, realizing that he was defeated, set off downstream, where he knew the salmon were more plentiful.

The trout, now exhausted and almost totally spent of his energy, found himself drifting out into the river and into the main current. He was too tired; he did not want to fight it. The wound on his back didn't hurt now and he felt a strangely pleasant sensation pass through his body, a feeling he had never known before. He passed slowly down to the tail of the pool where the clear cold water gathered into a rush. He hovered on the lip for a second, then disappeared over the edge.

The next day, a heron fishing for eelers in the estuary, saw a large object floating out with the tide, he inspected it and ate a bit. Not liking the taste, he decided to leave his fishing and return to his nest. With a few strokes of his powerful wings, he took off and flew off in the direction of the hills.

Nico Boyagis

## *Blickling*

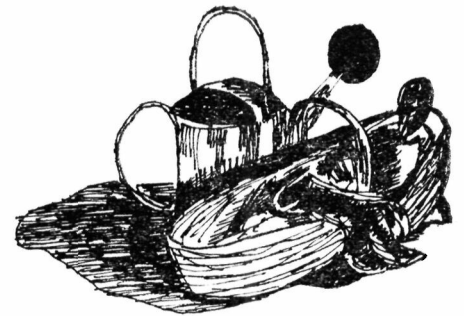
It had been raining a great deal that October, and the rain had made deep puddles in the small lanes around Blickling, so we had taken a long time to reach the house and were already ten minutes late driving up the steep beech avenue that leads to the village.

As we passed the little church that sits squatly in a field on the far side of the village, the sun came out and the leaves on the trees in the park became golden again. A few cows emerged from under the branches of a huge oak where they had been keeping dry, looking startled as the car rattled over the cattle grid.

The house was smaller than my memory of it; a mixture of Jacobean and Georgian, built with warm old bricks, and crowned with high knotted chimneys. An ancient cedar tree, which must have been several hundred years older than the house, squatted like a great green gnome in the long grass in front of the house. The clock over the stable courtyard had stopped at a quarter past four; 1770, 1820, 1914—I wondered what year it had been and who had allowed most of the gold paint on its heavy Roman numbers to peel off the rusty dial.

The old lady who came to the front door was much taller than I had expected, with long thin legs in trousers and lots of white hair perched in an untidy bun behind her lined forehead. She smiled at us, showing large good teeth with a few gold fillings. Slightly stooping, she led the way down a dark passage, past dusty darker portraits of spoilt looking women with fat faces and bulging eyes, or jolly squires in red hunting tunics talking to their mare or a favourite hound.

The sitting-room was large and filled with the faded vestiges of elegant sofas with embroidered covers, and holey carpets that seemed to be crumbling into the floor as one stood on them. The exquisite Louis somebody or other tables were laden with snuff boxes and scent boxes. On either side of the huge carved fireplace there were miniatures, no doubt more illustrious ancestors staring haughtily across the room. The book cases were packed with beautifully bound books, all neatly arranged and evidently frequently dusted; although most of the books were classics of various periods, their orderliness gave that end of the room a touch of reality, reminding one that it was nineteen seventy four and that an hour before one had been driving through the modern council estates of Norwich.



We ate a cold lunch off a mixed collection of chipped French china and looked out at the tangled formal garden, where the box hedge had swarmed over the cracked brick paths, and large bushes and wild flowers grew where the rose beds had once been.

After lunch we put on wellingtons and splashed down the paths through the creeper-strangled arches to the folly, which, the old lady told us, the locals believed had once been a bear pit. The apples in the orchard were rotting uncollected and a rusty garden roller stood in a patch of nettles.

"When Gilbert was alive," the old lady said, "we used to have three gardeners. You wouldn't believe it now, would you?" I struggled with my memory for a moment, and remembered something I had once heard about Gilbert Faringdon being involved in some financial fraud, and dying soon after the affair had been publicized. I looked again at the tall lady and wondered what had gone wrong in her life.

James Mayor



## *Where the truth led I dared to follow*

"Brethren, we are met together today to celebrate the ascension to Heaven of our Lord Jesus. He was crucified and rose up to Heaven to show us the way and to lead us, his flock. We must not only sit here on our backsides; we must follow God and act as Christians. . . ."

The Reverend Mr. Wainford sat back in his armchair, which was pulled close to the wood fire. He thought for a minute; then he looked up and, seeing that the news had begun, he rose and turned up the volume. He often turned down the volume so that he need not hear the end of one programme before the next one was due to begin and so that he would not miss the beginning of the programme. But his evening he had been so busy writing his sermon that he had missed the beginning in spite of this precaution.

He shivered and went back to his seat by the fire. "The pound rose against the American dollar today, although it lost against the leading European currencies. On the stock market the Financial Times Index dropped thirty points. The latest results, from the ballot, seem to indicate that a strike will be called by . . ." Wainford could not bear it any longer; he switched the television off. Then he sank back into his chair.

Although he was only thirty, his face was haggard and deeply furrowed, and his shoulders were bent as if under a heavy burden. He wore a dog-collar under a green V-necked jersey which had passed its prime, old trousers, and a gentleman's shooting jacket. He was already growing bald, but he ran his hands through what hair he had left, which was an old habit from his school days.

He was, in fact, Rector of Saint Thomas's, a small parish South of London, and the problems of his parish were many. He was a conscientious priest, but he lacked conviction in the ability of God to look after the world He had made. Wainford did his humble best to solve the social and racial problems of his parish, and this was why he appeared to have aged prematurely. He was also a bachelor, being so engrossed in his work.

He started nodding and slid down in his armchair. His watch ticked and the fire became weaker and weaker. As the fire flickered, threatening to go out, he felt a presence beside him.

He was immediately alert. He felt this presence again; he felt it within his mind. It seemed to come in, invading it. He concentrated on thinking. He strove to understand the force that had entered him. This force was large, enormous, and powerful, like an ocean without limits, a boundless infinity. It entered his small mind, invaded his weak body in one very brief and yet everlasting moment. This whole force was suddenly pushing from within his tiny mind, the whole

boundless ocean compressed into a small sphere.

The effort of it was incredible, and yet he seemed to relax. One moment he was taut from the shock, and the next he was on the floor, relaxed but unconscious. He remained unconscious for two hours and afterwards, when he had regained consciousness, he felt amazingly at peace. It was as though he had suddenly been told the purpose of the universe; it was a complete revelation. The world was no longer foreign and meaningless; he was now an integral part of it. He had been briefed, had been given his job in life. He remained on the floor for another two hours, recovering from the enormous energy output of that moment. It was only at two in the morning that he could summon the energy of body and spirit to get up. This was four hours after his visitation.

Once up, there was no doubt in his mind about what to do. The fire had gone out since that moment, the moment of Truth. So he lit a match and set fire to his sermon. Then he sat down at his desk to begin the task that he had been set. He got out his pen and a pad of paper; then he realized that he could not write it down. It is not possible to explain the feeling that he had then, and therefore why he never wrote down his sermon. However he decided that the sermon would have to be extempore. The next hours passed very quickly, and almost at once it was time to put on the vestments for the Family Service, the only one on Easter morning.

He went into the church, up to the altar, to begin the service. It was just like every other Sunday. The order of service was ready (the curate had arranged that) and the choir were sitting upright, looking prim and contented. The congregation were sitting in their pews; they were all brightly dressed and smiling, and there were more of them than usual, as it was Easter and there was only one service. They looked so settled and contented, as they always did, that it would be a great pleasure, so he thought, to jolt them, disturbing their cosy lives in order to bring them nearer to the Truth. However, even he had to admit that it was rather unfair—he, a wolf to the orthodox, leading so many well fed and contented sheep. The results of the sermon might even be interesting; they hated having routine spoilt, even by God.

The audacity of God, sending a message in a sermon, would appal them; but they would still come to communion, and he would bless the little children. For even if he gave an unorthodox sermon, it still gave them no right to break a routine. "Nothing but a war would stir them," he thought.

He went through the service as normal; they suspected nothing. He went up to the pulpit as usual; there was nothing unusual in that. The congregation sat back in their pews, stretched out their legs, and closed their eyes, as if it were a criminal offence even to appear

interested. They looked more like sheep than ever. "Would they follow a wolf?" he thought. Then he began his sermon.

"Last night I had a vision. God came down to me, here, in this parish, in my vicarage. He came down just after I had seen the news on television. The Holy Spirit came into me, the whole immensity of the Trinity came into me. I was the eye of the needle.

"He came for one brief moment, but in that moment, which seemed eternal, he revealed the reason for my life. That reason involved you, each and every one of you, from the very oldest to the very youngest, from the richest to the poorest. God is concerned with all of us, however small, and we must all leave our cosy grooves in life to go out into the world in the service of the Lord. Our nation is crumbling. Every day the news, both national and international, becomes worse. Every day our thoughts become blacker. But God has not forsaken us. Christians must no longer sit by the fire, but must take an active part in God's work. I expect every one of you to promote God's interests. For, if He can take the trouble to come to you, surely you can do something in return? It is not enough merely to agree. What is needed is actions.

"Let us now pray to God, the Father Almighty, to help us with his work and to help this country from this day forth. In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Amen."

He said the last words quietly, and remained in the pulpit. There was absolute silence in the church for two minutes, broken eventually by the sound of a car in the distance. Then everyone fell to their knees for the prayers. How Wainford never fully understood, but somehow he had brought them out of their shells, he had cracked their cherished illusions. At the end of the service, instead of creeping out of the side doors, everyone made for the main door, to see him, to greet him, and to touch him.

Throughout the next few days he travelled around the neighbouring parishes, much to the disturbance of their priests. Then he appeared on television, on one of the programmes which interview "cranks". It was transmitted live. He gave a sermon, containing a description of his vision. The Prime Minister should have been grateful. The Union leaders might have wavered. But the whole incident was ignored. "He's just another crank," everyone said.

Two weeks after his vision he appeared in court on a drugs charge. The ways of God are many and devious.

Paul Smedley



## Lilies that Fester

The crowd at the end of the street shivered, and drew closer together. It cracked the same old jokes as it always had done, and waited expectantly for the patronizing laughs. A few drops of rain looked as if they had been intending to turn into snowflakes and then had a change of heart. The crowd cursed and shivered again.

Umbrellas appeared like inkblots over a few heads, and the crowd separated into small fragments gathered around the inkblots.

An old man looked first at the sky, then at the hesitant neon signs, and then at a crowd at the end of the street which was gathered around a few umbrellas. "In unity there is strength", he thought, picked up his stick, and started to hobble away. The crowd still shivered. For want of any better way of passing the time, it turned its face to an old man, limping down the street. It watched him from the corner and heard the tapping of his footsteps fade away. It started to chase him, but the inkblots remained motionless, so the crowd seeped into them again.

"They that have power to hurt, and will do none," thought the old man. He couldn't remember the next line. He hobbled on.

The rain fell more heavily, more confidently than before, and, as if reinforced by the sudden realization that it would never reach the dizzy heights of snowflakes, it gushed through the gutters and cracks in the road.

The old man turned a corner again, and took shelter in a secondhand bookshop.

"Who do not do the thing they most do show." He was waiting for the crowd to leave.

The assistant put another spoonful of sugar into his Horlicks and closed his eyes. He was the last man on earth. His fate was to wander the countryside, looking for signs of life. He found a rabbit, set its leg, fed it, and taught it to speak English. Eventually it managed to beat him at chess, so he strangled it.

He sighed, shivered, and sipped his Horlicks. The old man picked a book at random from the shelves, to make it look as if he were not merely sheltering from the rain. It was about Caesar's conquest of Gaul.

"How much?" he said, pretending he would listen to the answer.

"Forty pence," said the rabbit.

"Oh," he muttered, and slid the book back into the gap it had left on the shelf. He looked out of the window. It was still raining. He walked to the other end of the shop, and looked out of the back window. The crowd was still there. The crowd watched him scornfully.

"When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes", he thought. He couldn't remember the next line. He glanced back into the shop, and saw that the assistant had reverted to roaming the

desolated countryside. He sat down, and thought about death. He thought about climbing the steps towards a brilliant golden light, behind which sat God. He knew this instinctively.

A voice called out to him; it was God's voice.

"Who are you?" said God.

"I thought you'd know that," he answered.

"Oh," said God, and seemed momentarily lost for words. "Why have you come here?"

"It seemed to be the best alternative," answered the old man.

"Oh," said God. "Why?" The old man looked at the light. It seemed to grow brighter; he averted his eyes and looked at his cane. He hadn't expected this. He had rehearsed the whole speech before several times, but hadn't been prepared for this question. He thought.

"It seemed a good idea at the time," he eventually replied. John Wayne had said that in a film he had seen some time before.

"Have you led a good life?" asked God. The old man looked into the light again, and seemed disappointed with this rather obvious question coming from one so great. He thought about the answer.

"Yes," he decided. It was all he really could say. He had to be sure of getting in.

"What have you done?" asked God. He had been prepared for this.

"I've helped people," he said.

"Who?"

"Everyone," he said. He heard God mutter a few words. Saint Peter the Rabbit appeared holding a surprisingly short roll of paper. God studied the roll. God paused. God Thought.

God pointed down to earth, to an inkblot.

"Have you helped them?" The old man looked at the inkblot. He thought.

"Yes," he answered.

"How?"

"I've not given them a chance to hurt me." The old man thought about this answer for a few moments, nodded and continued: "If they had hurt me, it would have lessened their chances of getting in here."

"How do you know they want to get in here?"

"Because this is Heaven."

"How do you know?"

The old man looked up at the golden light, at the long, long flight of steps, at the golden doors which lay ahead of him, at the silver clouds; he looked down, right down, below the inkblots, below the rain, below the streets and the second-hand book shops, at the red glow of the fire, at the forked tails of the crimson taskmasters, at the anguish on the faces of the tormented slaves, and then back at the golden light. He thought; he paused. He tried to think of an answer. He had rehearsed this whole speech several times before. But he couldn't remember the next line.

Stephen Caplin

## The Party

The last bubbling person was led through the door and then aimed at a method of transport, and pushed. Alan shut the door and staggered onto the staircase, hurling his bottle of beer around by its neck, and then proceeded to tip the rest of its contents silently down his throat. The bottle then joined the realms of "the empties" which at this moment occupied the whole house. Outside various people were shouting and a number of cars were being started.

I had enjoyed the party but now I stood sober among the aftermath, not really happily drunk at all, unlike Alan. I wished I had been really drunk, because I would have avoided the empty abandoned feeling I had at that moment. The comparative silence seemed weird after the contented gurgles and voices of the party.

"I'll . . . er . . . think I'm . . . going to bed," Alan slurred his words out, and heaved himself upstairs, laughing and singing. I looked at my watch. Two thirty-three. Not Bad. A door opened upstairs, and slammed shut again.

"Er . . . there's just some people on my . . . er . . . bed . . . so I'll sleep in . . . your bed. Night!"

I couldn't be bothered to ask him to move, and I couldn't move people off a bed . . . well. The clock ticked faintly in the kitchen, and I wondered what to do. Then from outside I heard a car approaching; the uneasy whine of it moving fast in first gear didn't sound promising. There was a loud crunch and the sound of broken glass, and voices. I moved over to the door and almost immediately there was violent banging on it. Fascinated, I opened the door, and the same crowd of people who had left a few minutes before poured in with another two hours' supply of drink. They went straight past me and re-established the party again, putting on another record. Then Alan with surprising speed hurtled downstairs and herded them in.

"Great! Let's get going!"

And he slammed the door.

For a moment I couldn't think, then I felt weak, stupid. I was suddenly a total stranger to this body of people; they didn't want me, they didn't even know me, and I wasn't drunk. I didn't know what to do, whether to go quietly upstairs and try to find some sleep, or to go in. I realized I had to make this decision quickly, so as not to look stupid walking in too long after they had. I knew I wouldn't like it.

I went in.

Oh Christ.

The voices died away, they stopped dancing, and they all stood looking at me as if I was a total stranger. I stood at the door, in my neat clothes, feeling horribly real and obtrusive, completely different. I couldn't think of anything to say. Oh why can't they carry on? Stop bloody staring . . .

I was on the point of running out in



*Drawing: Matthew Bury*

total desperation and forgetting the whole horrible feeling when one of them said quite simply,

"Would you like a drink?"

I stared at him, hardly believing he had said this. The whole atmosphere had changed suddenly, the people were standing quite still, staring at my body, almost pushing me out with their gaze. I moved forward and said chattily,

"Er . . . yes thanks . . . I need a little something to get me going!"

I wish I hadn't. Their blank but torturing stare watched my voice trail away; still silence. I desperately hoped someone would start talking. They all seemed to look so formal yet so much at ease with their surroundings. The man who had asked me went across to the bar and, smiling charmingly but in total silence, poured me out a wine-glass of strange golden wine. And sat down.

Everybody else followed him, and as they sat down they moved back, surrounded me, and relaxed, and I noticed the same charming smile had crept into their faces. I was left there, standing in the middle of them. With a strange unconvincing smile I noticed a chair immediately behind me, and I lowered myself into it, hoping to blend into the ring of people. The back was nauseatingly high and flat, and I felt disgust trail down into my bowels; the

chair propped me stiffly upright. I almost pushed myself back into the circle with my feet, I felt so tense in my muscles.

As none of them had drinks, I alone raised the glass to my lips and almost felt sick. The rich fumes of whisky billowed hotly into my head. I looked at it stupidly, the golden liquid looking hot and swilling like fire, a whole wine-glass full. Well, I could take that, but in front of them . . .

As I raised the glass to my lips I saw them sitting there solidly, their faces wreathed in hideous meaningless smiles, rudely distorted through it and holding their glasses on their knees, empty. I took it in three goes, forcing the third one down, clearing the kick down my throat as soon as possible. Tiny sparkles of heat clutched the inside of my skull. It felt good.

"Well, we must have been thirsty, mustn't we? Here, let's have your glass."

We all knew what we were doing; yet it happened like a stage act; but it was horribly real. I was determined not to fail this; it would ruin me if I walked out. He handed me the wine-glass full again, this time it was fire, no liquid, no refreshment at all. I hoped desperately he would fill everybody else's glasses up, so I could be joined by the others. But this was only for me.

I took it in three as well, hardly stopping, imagining it was water, which did not work. I nearly choked, my head took a long time to come down, and then it seemed to sway uncontrollably from side to side, the arms of the chair seemed to press alternately into my ribs. I began to feel like a hero, effortlessly tossing back everything they gave me, the people now looking on in awe and worship, grovelling below me, with me on the high seat in the centre of them, and I grabbed for number three and tossed it back. Heat broke into my muscles and my lower limbs contracted beneath me, the floor line tilting to and fro. I lurched around and everybody got up and shouted and laughed, fought, ran around hitting people, the ears fed off the noise and you pulled or kissed or hit every bit of flesh you found and the walls and floor changed round and people ran at you and the air was full of sweat and hair and clothes and dampness and your body lost its limbs somewhere and your brain flew around screaming and plunging through everything in complete exhilaration. . . .

Alex Ross

## You

Will you smile when I call you  
And the frozen dew is shattered?  
The leaves still dance while you're here,  
But, come Winter, will the memories  
remain?

Mark Hutchinson

## Sex Change

Perfumed corridors that sung around me,  
Their graceful happy tunes  
Embracing me in my wanton state.  
The last farewell in the mirror,  
And the crippled lull  
That left no tears behind.  
To be myself;  
O sad respect that makes men cry,  
Leave me now a watchful sprite;  
For Ariel is my name.

Mark Hutchinson





# Sports Reports

## Football

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Once again the football season has been a story of two distinct halves. In the Play Term the team gave an outstanding performance which resulted in a school record for the number of matches won in any single term. However, in the Lent Term, when we had lost several of the best players, most of the term was devoted to a reconstruction of the side.

The Play Term was, without doubt, the highlight of the season. The players functioned well together as a team as we accomplished the unique achievement of eight wins, two draws, and only two defeats. The first match of the term, a 10-0 defeat of St. Edmund's, Canterbury, promised a great deal to come, and, although subsequent victories were not quite so convincing, the team played remarkably well on occasions. The agility and safe handling of goalkeeper Tim Richards, who was also selected for an England Public Schools' XI, helped to build up the confidence of the side. The defence was solid and uncompromising, managing to win the ball most of the time; John Fenton's dominance in the air, and the determination of Simon Taube, who, in addition, played for the Southern Public Schools' XI, were an example for the less experienced players, Byron Thorne and John Turner, to follow. In midfield there was plenty of effort; Simon Hollis's ability to control the pace of the game, combined with the hard tackling of Robin Brown and George Wells, provided a combination which few teams were able to match. With regard to the forward line, Lionel Stanbrook, scorer of seventeen goals, and Tim Kerr, who also scored regularly, were always irrepressible in their attempts to elude opponents, whilst the Captain, Tom Rider, and, to a lesser extent, Graham Whittington, both held the ball well, creating the opportunities for others to score. After Christmas, Oxbridge took its toll and the entire front line departed, together with Hollis and Taube, thus removing the creative members of the team. Thereafter, although the defence sometimes played with stoic resilience, in general a combination of too much pressure, too little attacking, and opponents who were too strong physically, eventually wore us down. Nevertheless there is cause to be optimistic about the future, since most of the team will still be together next season, and we have gained valuable experience.

Memorable matches were played against Eton, who threatened at first to overrun us, but were thwarted in the second half when we had the better of the game and succeeded in equalizing, against Lancing, whom we defeated for the first time in fifteen years, against Alwyn's, who for the first time ever were

beaten 2-1 by Westminster, and against Aldenham, against whom we were victorious for the first time in about twenty years. All these games were in the first half of the season and, unfortunately, in the Lent Term we only gained one solitary victory against the Lycée Francais. However, throughout the Lent Term the team continued to display a willingness to keep running.

The 1st XI season may have faded badly after an admirable first term; but the Colts and Junior Colts both had good seasons. The success of the Colts was largely due to the efforts of their captain, Peter Wilson, who, in his brief encounter with 1st XI football, showed great potential. In addition Alex Peattie and Scott Keyser made considerable contributions to their team. Westminster also has several promising younger players, and the future looks encouraging.

The following represented the 1st XI during the season:

Tom Rider, Simon Hollis, John Fenton, Robin Brown, Lionel Stanbrook, Simon Taube, Oliver Slater, Graham Whittington, George Wells, Tim Richards, Byron Thorne, Tim Kerr, Jonathan Turner, David Higgs, Nick de Peyer, Malcolm Allen-Brinkworth, Ben Campbell, Christopher Tiratsoo, Paul Shinnie, Piers Vigne, Isaac Manyonda, Peter Wilson, Alex Peattie.

## Fives

The end of an era has arrived; before your eyes you have my last report as Captain of Fives. To start with I would like to go back to the Play Term, and talk briefly about the most successful season we have had for a long time. Out of eight matches against other schools we lost only one, against Stowe. Our results against the more polished and experienced Old Boys' clubs were less successful. Of these matches we won two, drew one, and lost the remaining three, giving us a fairly healthy overall record for the term.

At the end of the Play Term, the team lost Tim White, my partner in the 1st pair, and also Martin Kingston from the 3rd pair. Crispin Simon joined me in the 1st pair, Chris Shaw and Nick Hamblen formed the 2nd pair, and Jonathan Bristow and Charles Carey, two newcomers to the team, joined forces in the 3rd pair. With a changed team, the term was nonetheless a fairly successful one with as many matches won as were lost.

The School Fives Competition continues to grow in popularity. This year there were over 120 entrants, ranging from the most senior of masters to the most junior of boys (and one or two very enthusiastic girls). The competition was won by Liddells with 80 points; Rigauds were second on 20 points, and the Common Room made a valiant effort to finish third, with 18 points.

Last, but by no stretch of the imagination least, I would like to thank Mr. Wilson who has done all that was possible in coaching us and encouraging

us when morale was low. I said at the start that my departure marked the end of an era, but as you will now realize it is really Mr. Wilson's that does so. We are very sorry to see him leaving the station, but are delighted that he is able to depart after a victorious season. I hope he continues to play for a long time to come with his customary vigour and enthusiasm. We welcome Mr. Stuart, who has the honour of following in Mr. Wilson's golden footsteps, and wish him every success in the future. The potential is certainly there for him to work on.

Denis Petropoulos

## Cross Country

This year the senior long distance race was won by Livingston (W) with Vigne (AHH) second and myself third. After this year's experiences at the start of the race when two runners were quite badly injured (Woods (G) lost his balance while jumping the wall and Murphy (QSS) trod on a nail which then proceeded to go straight through his foot), some alternative arrangement will probably be made next season. The junior long distance race was won by P. G. D. Smith (QSS) with I. M. Reid (G) second and MacSweeney (R) third. For the first time in twelve years Rigauds succeeded in convincingly beating every other house in the Bringsty Relay. Busby's were second and Wren's third.

The Westminster Open Cross Country Team again lacked depth this season because there were only four members of the school in the team of six and they were all under 17. Therefore I don't intend to say any more about the school's performance except that we won the Towpath Cup against the Common Room and O.W.W., even if it was mainly by default (no team appeared from the Common Room and only two O.W.W. turned up). As usual J. G. Forrest (O.W.) won the race in some incredibly quick time.

However, during the season, Wareham (QSS) and P. G. D. Smith (QSS) (although still under 16) ran consistently well for the Open team. M. J. Le F. Porteous (L) joined the team this season and very quickly became one of its most valuable members, C. J. Buckley (R) and M. P. H. Davison (B) ran very well throughout the season and on several occasions showed the determination needed by every cross-country runner.

In the junior half of the station, some extremely good performances were produced by Mostyn (W), who also won the Under 14 long distance race, Page (QSS) and J. F. Wright (QSS).

I feel that all the members of the station would like to express their sincerest thanks to Tristram Jones-Parry and the masters assisting for everything they did for us during the season, and for a very enjoyable year.

Saxon Ridley

## Judo

The past year has been another very successful one for us, with our winning three quarters of our matches and seeing our grades improve dramatically. Last summer we had only one match (against Brighton College, which we won) as the term was dominated by the House Competition, which was eventually won by Busby's, the winners of the senior, intermediate, and two junior pools being A. J. Berkinshaw-Smith, P. J. Holford, G. H. M. Fraser and S. Trevor-Roberts. The best performance, without doubt, was by P. J. Holford who won all his fights by a full point, a unique achievement.

The Play Term began well with a convincing win over St. Paul's (44-7), while against King's Canterbury, always our strongest opponents, we put up an amazing performance only just losing 27-37 (i.e. by one full point) despite three of our top six players being unable to participate due to illness or injury. We won our next match against Eton (40-20) before losing 30-37 (i.e. by one near point) against Dulwich, in a match we would have won but for silly mistakes.

There were only three matches in the Lent Term and we won them all by large margins, beating L'École des Roches (a school from Normandy) 30-0, Eton 67-17, and Tonbridge 77-20, to round off a successful year. Our best result was undoubtedly our comprehensive victory over Tonbridge, whom we had not beaten for four years.

We have also been successful at

grading; A. J. Berkinshaw-Smith and S. W. Hashimi both now have points which count towards their black belts. We have also one blue belt, six green belts, thirteen orange and yellow belts and several junior grades. Consider that just five years ago the station only contained less than twenty people of whom just over half had a senior grade, and you can see the immense progress that has been made. This has been due, almost entirely, to the unceasing efforts of Mr. Wightwick and our coach, Mr. George Chen, who have spent hours teaching us techniques and making us practise them until we do them correctly. It is therefore with great sadness that we say goodbye to Mr. Wightwick, who founded the Judo Club in 1966 and who has watched it grow slowly but surely into one of the school's most successful stations. He has always helped us, both with his teaching and with his support from the edge of the mat at matches, and we are sorry to lose him. Mr. Griffiths, who joined us in January and who is already a yellow belt, will have a difficult job, but we are confident that he will make a very good successor.

Andrew Berkinshaw-Smith

## Shooting

Shooting at Westminster experienced a revival during the Lent Term. After the loss of over half the team a year ago, we have been steadily building up a new squad, whose confidence, experience, and shooting ability has reached a high level. During the term the team won all of its matches, against Highgate, Westminster Hospital, and the Civil Service; it con-

sisted of: John Lander (Captain), Simon Trevor-Roberts (Secretary), George Wells, Saxon Ridley, John Ingram, Simon Peck, James Wilson, and Mark Russell.

In order to recognize new talent, and encourage and train those with ability but little experience, a second squad has been formed, which consists of: Nicholas Walker, Nigel Edwards, Christopher Woodcock, Christopher Arnold, Guy Rackham, and Russell Binns. These people's progress is watched carefully for possible promotion to the 1st VIII.

During the Summer term the 1st VIII has a number of engagements including matches against St. Dunstons, Charterhouse, and the Civil Service, as well as a visit to the 1,000 yds range at Bisley, while the possibility of a match against the Common Room cannot be ruled out!

At the House level enthusiasm for the sport is growing steadily, while the improvements to the butts and firing points on the range are very welcome.

I should like to thank Nigel Purchon on behalf of the team for all the time he has devoted to our sport during his two years at Westminster; we are greatly indebted both to him and to Charles Lamb who comes once a week to coach us, but who also spends a great deal of his time transporting us to matches; without his help we would not be where we are today. I can only hope that the future will bring us as much success as the recent past.

Simon Trevor-Roberts



Photo: Nico Boyagis

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# The Elizabethan Club

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

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## The Club Dinner

The Annual Dinner will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 8th, 1975, at 7.00 for 7.30 p.m., following the Annual General Meeting.

Sir Henry Chisholm, the acting President of the Club, will preside and the principal guests will be the Dean of Westminster, the Head Master and Lord Cross of Chelsea, who will propose "Floreat".

Accommodation is limited and members are invited to make early application for tickets to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2 Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA (Tel: 01-373 9987).

Tickets: £5.00 each (*exclusive* of wines). Cheques to be made payable to **The Elizabethan Club**

Dress: Dinner Jacket.

Wine orders will be taken in the Reception Bar beforehand.

Members are reminded that it is only possible to invite guests who are members of the Governing Body, masters of the School and the Under School, or those

who are connected with the School's administration. Within these categories, there are a number who would appreciate an invitation, and, if any member is willing to entertain a guest, will he kindly inform the Hon. Secretary.

In previous years a number of members have kindly sent donations towards the expenses of the Dinner, and the Committee hopes very much that members may again feel able to help in this way.

## O.W. Notes and News

H. J. Salwey (1913-18, G) was awarded an O.B.E. in the 1974 Birthday Honours.

R. M. Robbins (1929-34, K.S.) has been appointed to the Archaeological Advisory Committee for Rescue Archaeology in Greater London.

P. E. Lazarus (1939-44, R) was awarded a C.B. in the 1975 New Year Honours.

R. L. G. Flower (1950-55, R) is Assistant Professor in the Persian and Islamic Departments of the Free University, Berlin.

S. Poliakoff (1966-69, W) has had his play *Clever Soldiers* produced at the Hampstead Theatre Club.

R. C. Blackford (1967-70, L) won the Tagore Gold Medal at the Royal College of Music for the best student of the year and was presented with it by the Queen Mother.

P. J. Oliver (1967-71, A) has been awarded a Minor Harmsworth Exhibition by the Middle Temple.

S. J. Instone (1968-73, R) has been awarded the Third Craven Scholarship at Oxford, and was placed in the First Class in Honour Moderations.

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for O.W. lawyers was held on February 11th at the Waldorf Hotel, Sir Thomas Lund was in the chair and fifty-four O.W.W. were present. The guests were Lord Cross of Chelsea and the Head Master.

The Annual General Meeting of **The Ashburnham Society** will be held in Ashburnham Dining Room on Friday, January 9th, 1976 at 6.30 p.m. followed by a Dinner in celebration of the Society's 25th Anniversary. Contact Adam Warren, Hon. Sec., 26 Parthenia Road, London SW 6 4BE. Tel: 736-1632

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## Letter to the Editors

### The Record of Old Westminsters

From Mr. F. E. Pagan (1926-31, K.S.)

Dear Sirs,

As many will be aware, there is in preparation a Supplementary Volume—a Supplement, that is, to Volume III, which rightly carries on its title page the names of Whitmore, Radcliffe and Simpson as compilers, but which was completed by the devoted labours of Leslie Spaul.

Following him, I have a lighter task, in which I have already had great help from the very many O.W.W. who have been kind enough to complete and return the form which should by now have reached all those for whom the School has a current address. Inevitably there are many of those who came to Westminster between 1880 and 1960 of whose whereabouts (or of whose

intervening death) we have no evidence. May I appeal through your columns to any O.W. who has not received a form inviting either corrections to the entry under his name in Vol. III or his *curriculum vitae* since leaving school, to write to me giving his current address, permanent or temporary?

A word about the Record itself, and the nature of the new volume. When the first two volumes appeared, with entries going back into the sixteenth century, it was clear that here was a work of historical importance; so it is already recognized and used by historians in search of biographical information. Emphasis has been put both here and in Vol. III on making genealogical data as accurate as possible, and it is consistent with genealogical practice that the name of a male grandparent (where known) is included to support the entry of a mother's maiden name; the father-in-law's name also helps to identify the wife. No male chauvinism is implied,

and reference will gladly be made to distinctions won or borne by wives and mothers of O.W.W., where these are known.

The present volume is a Supplement to Vol. III, as the earlier Supplement was to Vols. I and II, in two Parts. Part I will consist of corrections and additions to entries in Vol. III; it is not a full corrected edition. Existing entries will not be re-written *in toto*, and *post factum* changes will not be recorded (e.g. the titles of professional bodies or companies, or subsequent changes of residence) nor the deaths of anyone other than the subject of the entry.

Those who have been to Westminster recently (or ever?) are perhaps more reluctant than some to wear the "old boy" label. On the other hand, during the last forty years at least, Westminster has had a reputation for historical scholarship second to none. It would be a pity if Part II of the Supplement were not to be as complete as possible in



recording the origins and doings of those who came between January 1961 and December 1974 (and so have no entries in Vol. III). May I also appeal through you for those who have not already done so to complete and return the forms they have? I suspect that careers of great distinction may have begun during these years, which will be inadequately covered by such an entry as 'adm. Sept. 1963(W); left July 1967'. Of course we hope that everyone included will buy a copy (this would make it much cheaper) but failing that it would be nice to have everyone eligible as a contributor.

Yours truly,

Francis Pagan

5 Albany, Piccadilly, London W.1.

## Election of Members

The following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B) at a meeting of the General Committee on February 26th, 1975:

House	Date of Entry	Name and address
A	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Bamford, Neil John</b> 274 Trinity Road, London, S.W.18.
W	1970 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Batten, Mark Charles</b> 7 Lion Gate Gardens, Kew, Surrey.
G	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Bevan, John Patrick</b> , Stroods, Fletchling, Uckfield, Sussex.
B	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Boxall, John Leonard</b> 61 Hermitage Lane, London, N.W.2.
A	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Brooks, Peter Thomas</b> <b>Mungo</b> 87 Wyatt Park Road, London, S.W.2.
W	1972 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Bruce, Peter Kevin</b> 114 York Road, Woking, Surrey.
C	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Cornwell, Simon</b> <b>Anthony Vivian</b> Coxley House, Coxley, Nr. Wells, Somerset.
B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Douglas, Clive</b> <b>Frederick Kenneth</b> 70 Scott's Lane, Shortlands, Kent.
R	1971 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Edwards, Mark</b> <b>Railton</b> Cudworth Manor Farm, Newdigate, Surrey.
L	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Elton, Nicholas</b> <b>George Stephen</b> 5 Oak Hill Way, London, N.W.3.
A	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>English, Timothy John</b> 63 Springfield Road, London, N.W.8.

(continued on next page)



Photo: Nigel Purchon

### Peggy Francis

Peggy Francis was Secretary of the Westminster School Society from its foundation in 1937 to her retirement last December. She served three chairmen: Lord Greene, the founder, John Carleton, and the present chairman, David Carey. It is a remarkable record of loyalty by any standards and yet for hundreds of Westminster boys over the years Peggy can have been at most a familiar figure in Dean's Yard, the precise nature of whose rôle at Westminster was obscure. Her self-effacement was such that even some members of the Common Room had little idea of how much she had done for the School.

As Secretary of the School Society she provided the continuity and knowledge that was needed to maintain effective contact between Old Westminsters and the School. She was a Who's Who of Westminster with an index from which she could give an answer to almost any enquiry. For many years she "ran" the

invitations for the Election Dinner and the Tizard Lecture. But perhaps her most important contribution to the well-being of the School was her period as secretary to the Quatercentenary Appeal Committee. Her efficiency and charm, her untiring work behind the scenes and her absolute confidence in Westminster's future were major factors in the success of that Appeal.

For all these years she has been a shrewd but tactful observer of the School scene. More than any other living person she has had an opportunity to watch the changes in Dean's Yard at close quarters and her perceptive mind would have sorted out the good changes from the bad. But in her loyalty to the School she remained unchanged.

On behalf of all Westminsters I wish her a long and happy retirement and express a very deep gratitude for all that she has done to ensure that Westminster flourishes.

G	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Fforde, Matthew Standish</b> 106 Hawtrey Road, London, N.W.3.	G	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Killwick, Simon David Andrew</b> Daleham, Deanland Road, Balcombe, Sussex.	L	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Shannon, Phillip Arthur</b> 22 South Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.
L	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Firth, John Charles</b> 3 Erskine Mews, London, N.W.3.	L	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Kingston, Martin Lawrence</b> 69 Moss Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.	B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Slater, Oliver James</b> 10 Provost Road, London, N.W.3.
C	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Forbes Irving, Paul Michael Clement</b> 48b Netherhall Gardens, London, N.W.3.	B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Knox, Simon Christopher Peter</b> 38b Linden Gardens, London, W.2.	R	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Stanbrook, Lionel Clement</b> 6 Stanbrook House, 12 Station Road, Orpington, Kent.
L	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Freeth, Stephen Nicholas</b> 123 Ashley Gardens, Thirleby Road, London, S.W.1.	L	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Law, Nicholas George</b> 53 Gloucester Crescent, London, N.W.1.	C	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Target, Charles Gerard Roy</b> White House, Cuilfail, Lewes, Sussex.
W	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Freud, Colin Peter</b> 35 Basing Hill, London, N.W.11.	B	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Lawson, Dominic Ralph Campden</b> 24 Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7.	W	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Taube, Simon Axel Robin</b> The Old Rectory, Great Wigborough, Colchester, Essex.
L	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Garrett, Stephen James Nicholas William</b> Penshurst, Meadow Road, Wentworth, Surrey.	W	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Livingston, Richard John</b> Nuffield College of Surgical Sciences, 40 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.	G	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Taylor, Charles Godfrey</b> 2 Strand on the Green, London, W.4.
A	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Golding, John Matthew</b> 12a Welbeck House, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.	R	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Lom, Alexander Charles</b> Longberry Farm, Bethersden, Nr. Ashford, Kent	C	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Tickell, James Nicholas</b> 15 Abercorn Place, London, N.W.8.
W	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Graves, Christopher James Mitchell</b> 14 Palmerston House, Kensington Place, London, W.8.	G	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Morrison, The Hon. Ranald John</b> Sycamore House, Withington, Glos.	G	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Wates, John William</b> 4 College Gardens, London, S.E.21.
G	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Grieve, Dominic Charles Roberts</b> 6 Fitzjames Avenue, London, W.14.	C	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Littlewood, Nicholas John Arnold</b> 8 Erskine Hill, London, N.W.11.	W	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>White, Timothy Douglas</b> 2 Meadowway, London, N.W.11.
L	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Hale, Matthew John</b> The Old Rectory, Nuneham Courtenay, Oxon.	C	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Murphy, Anthony William Lindsay</b> 17 Napier Avenue, London, S.W.6.	C	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Whittington, Graham Paul</b> Mallows, Echopit Road, Guildford, Surrey.
W	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Henderson, Richard Crosbie Aitken</b> 16 Pelham Street, London, S.W.7.	C	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Pearce, Charles Christopher Augur</b> 103 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3.	G	1970 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Williams, Timothy Michael</b> 14 Hillview, West Wimbledon, London, S.W.20.
B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Hirsch, Peter Buell</b> 9 Southwick Street, London, W.2.	A	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Phillips, Iain Christopher Charles</b> The Old Coach House, Moss Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.	W	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Winston, Anthony Philip</b> 9 Turner Close, London, N.W.11.
L	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Hodgson, Richard Andrew</b> 54 Marryat Road, London, S.W.19.	R	1971 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Polonsky, Alan Michel</b> Hartfield, 93 Camlet Way, Hadley Wood, Herts.	G	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Woods, Timothy Bryan Christian Hamersley</b> 4 Chepstow Place, London, W.2.
L	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Hollis, Simon James Ayrton</b> 75 Abingdon Road, London, W.8.	R	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Rider, Antony Thomas Basil</b> 2 Brechin Place, London, S.W.7.	B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Zeman, Adam Zbynek James</b> 43 Flask Walk, London, N.W.3.
B	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Hyman, Bruce Anthony</b> 3a Loudoun Road, London, N.W.8.	A	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Ross Marrs, Iain Paul</b> 130 Reigate Road, Ewell, Surrey.	and the following new members, masters, at the school, were elected to Honorary Life Membership: <b>D. E. Brown, C. C. B. Wightwick, W. S. L. Woolley, and R. J. Woollett.</b>		
L	1970 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Kellock, James Donald</b> 28 Sheffield Terrace, London, W.8.	A	1970 <sup>2</sup>	<b>Salimbeni, Crispin Raffaello Benuccio</b> Tower Cottage, Fletching, Uckfield, Sussex.			
A	1969 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Kerr, Jonathan Michael</b> 51 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.	W	1970 <sup>3</sup>	<b>Salomon, William Henry</b> Castlemaine House, 21/22 St. James' Place, London, S.W.1.			
A	1971 <sup>1</sup>	<b>Kerr, Timothy Julian</b> 51 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.						

# Obituary

**Bevan**—On December 20th, 1974, Robert Alexander Polhill, C.B.E., O.B.E.(Mil.) (1913-19, K.S.), aged 73.  
**Blair**—On October 19th, 1974, Charles James Longworth (1908-12, A), aged 81.  
**Carleton**—On November 6th, 1974, John Dudley (1922-27, H), aged 66.  
**Clark**—On January 15th, 1975, Rowland, Lieut.-Cdr. R.N. (Ret'd.) (1925-30, G), aged 62.  
**Colt-Williams**—On February 27th, 1975, Ronald George Archer, M.C. (1898-1904, G. and Q/K.S.), aged 89.  
**Deighton**—On February 22nd, 1975, Edmund Anthony (1955-60, Q.S.), aged 32.  
**Flanders**—On April 15th, 1975, Michael Henry (1936-40, G), aged 53.

**Fuller**—On December 3rd, 1974, Frank Reeves Holland (1906-08, A), aged 82.  
**Gishford**—On January 23rd, 1975, Anthony Joseph (1922-25, H), aged 66.  
**Hornsby**—On March 28th, 1975, Jack Myddleton (1919-23, G), aged 69.  
**Hughes**—On October 8th, 1974, Dom Anselm Humphrey Vaughan, O.S.B., F.S.A. (1901-05, G), aged 85.  
**Lindo**—On March 25th, 1975, Harold Walter Eustace (1913-18, A), aged 75.  
**McLaren**—On February 20th, 1975, Alan Stewart (1955-59, R), aged 32.  
**MacManus**—On April 8th, 1975, Diarmuid Arthur Maurice (1905-10, R), aged 83.  
**Milne**—On November 3rd, 1974, John Nicholson (1939-42, B), aged 49.

**Oppenheimer**—On March 26th, 1975, Frank Maurice (1921-27, G), aged 66.  
**Pawley**—On December 11th, 1974, Lieutenant-Commander Christopher, D.S.C. (1919-21, A), aged 69.  
**Perkins**—On November 1st, 1974, Gerald Rontgen (1902-06, H), aged 86.  
**Philpot**—On December 9th, 1974, Frederick Harold (1911-13, A), aged 82.  
**Symington**—On October 14th, 1974, Alexander McLeod (1915-19, G), aged 72.  
**Tunncliffe**—On April 26th, 1975, Oswald Archer (1908-14, G), aged 79.  
**Winham**—On April 27th, 1975, Godfrey Charles (1947-51, R), aged 40.  
**Wool Lewis**—On March 22nd, 1975, Cyril Eric, O.B.E. (1920-25, G), aged 68.

## Michael Flanders

It sometimes happens that those who attain to eminence in one of the Arts have been fishes out of water during their schooldays. Michael Flanders was very much a fish in, and of, the waters of his Westminster life, taking a full and adaptable part in the period which led up to the war and which, for him, included two evacuations to Lancing (the "trial trip" at the time of the Munich crisis and the real one in 1939) and the further evacuation to Exeter in the summer of 1940. He was the life and soul of any gathering in which he took part, whether planned or unexpected. An exceptional example of this occurred when one day, dressed up in his normal school dress of top hat and tails, he found himself confronting a march of the unemployed—a situation which could have turned unpleasant. With a medieval courtesy he swept off his hat and bowed to the marchers in a sympathy that was so obviously genuine that the occasion passed off in mutual regard.

In 1939 Michael did have a chance to show his potential talents as an actor, when the King's Scholars' Latin Play monopoly of acting at Westminster was breached by permission being given for two of the other houses, Busby's and Grant's, each to put on a one-act play up School. Grant's chose A. A. Milne's *Wurzel Flummery*, and the quality of the acting was high enough to induce the author to come to his old school not only for a rehearsal but also to watch one of the actual performances; Michael's own share was a notable one. But his first chance to show his paces in the type of entertainment which was to make him famous came at Lancing in the Lent Term of 1940. Normal activities were much restricted by a very severe spell of winter weather, and, following the lead of one of the senior boys who proudly claimed an ability to knit, Grant's got down to a very productive period of "knitting for the troops"—so

productive that the supply of wool gave out and money was needed to buy more. So Michael offered to "put on a show" to raise funds (achieving the then princely sum of 32/3d.) and, looking back, one can see in what he concocted, and in how he managed his own contribution and his team's support, the real beginning of his career in "show business". In the same term another one-act play was put on; "Producer M. H. Flanders: Stage Manager E. R. Cawston".

In the middle of the summer term the school had to move on to Exeter, and, during his last days as a Westminster boy, Michael put on the show that was the real forerunner of his future, for this time it was not just for internal school consumption but for the general public. The local church, St. David's, had been very helpful to the school and it was Michael's idea to repay their kindness with a contribution to church funds. So it had to be another show. He built on to his Lancing production, widening its scope, making it even more sophisticated and professional, and incidentally forging a first Flanders-Swann link. It went under the title of *Go To It*, the words with which Herbert Morrison was striving to rouse the nation, and its success started with the realization of Michael's dream—a long queue outside the hall waiting to see *his* show!

Going straightaway up to Christ Church, with a Westminster Exhibition, he had further opportunities in Oxford of showing his talents as an actor. Then came a promising wartime service in the Navy, with his obtaining a commission, and then disaster struck. Polio was recognized just in time to save his life, but a long, dark period followed while Michael fought first to survive and then to rehabilitate himself and to discover what use could still be made of his paralysed limbs. Eventually he found that the stage could again become a part of his life. There was a memorable amateur performance of *The Man Who Came to*

*Dinner*, in which the leading part is played in an invalid chair; only a few of the audience realized that the chair had become an essential part of Michael's life.

His patience and courage could now lead on to the partnership with Donald Swann, and to the successive fulfilments of his dreams of captivating audiences from the stage. Perhaps above all they led on to the happiness that he found in the fullness of a family life with his wife and children.

## Mr. Anthony Gishford C.B.E.

Anthony Gishford's lifelong interest was music and for the past thirty years he had been a close friend of Benjamin Britten. At the time of his death he was chairman of the English Opera Group Ltd. and a director of Faber Music, having previously held a similar position for a number of years at Boosey and Hawkes.

He was a gifted writer and sympathetic editor, as he showed when he was in charge of *Tempo*, the magazine concerned with modern music, from 1947 until 1958.

He translated the *Correspondence of Richard Strauss and Hans von Bulow*; and edited the *Tribute to Britten on his 50th Birthday* (1963); and more recently the lavishly illustrated and informative *Grand Opera* (1972), a guide to the world's leading opera houses and their personalities. He will be sorely missed in operatic circles, where his sound advice and kind personality were always welcome.

His other great interest was in the running of the Pilgrims of Great Britain, of which he was honorary secretary from 1952 to 1964 and from 1971 honorary treasurer. He was made C.B.E. in 1964.  
(abbreviated from *The Times*)



## Mr. R. A. P. Bevan, C.B.E., O.B.E. (Mil.)

Bobby Bevan, who died on December 20th, 1974, had entered College as head of Election in 1913 at the early age of 12. This precocity, with its advantages and its drawbacks, was a feature of his early life. His background was one of striking contrasts, for his father, descended from a line of able and comfortable bankers, was himself, for all his conventional upbringing and rather formal way of life, a highly original painter whose reputation grew slowly until almost half a century after his death in 1925; and his mother, also a painter of note, was daughter of a Polish land-owning nobleman and lived in partitioned Poland until she went to Paris as an art student. Bobby himself combined a very quick wit and great intellectual curiosity with a slow and laboured handwriting, which did something to explain why, after going to Christ Church, again as head of Election, in 1919, he achieved only second classes in both Mods and Greats. His Head Master, James Gow, had urged him to stay at school for another year, for he had been junior prompter in the last pre-war Play, and so could have supplied the only personal link of continuity. But he preferred to leave and thus remained in the company of people mostly his elders by a year or more.

Straight from Oxford he went, initially as a copy-writer, into the firm of S. H. Benson, Ltd., where among his colleagues he had Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. Though the work of advertising can have claimed only a part of his mind and his associates have said that he could do the job with one hand behind his back, he was very successful and became in due course Chairman of his Company and President of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising.

The second war brought a drastic change in his way of life: as a keen yachtsman who had sailed with success in ocean races, he volunteered for the Navy. At first, however, Authority kept him at the Ministry of Information, until Dunkirk and its consequences drove him to insist on leaving his office desk and he became a temporary Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. He served as liaison officer with the Free French at Dakar and was decorated. Then, after a period in destroyers and as second-in-command of a Combined Operations Training Unit in Scotland, the Admiralty sent him, at the end of the war, to Washington, in charge of Naval Information, with the comparatively rare rank of Captain R.N.V.R.

Soon after the war, he returned to Bensons, married Natalie Denny, a versatile artist and an enlivening companion, with whom he travelled, at times on business, literally from China to Peru. One had the impression that he was sitting more loosely than ever to his office work, but he sat on various official committees concerned with advertising,

art education, and television. In 1963 he retired and made his home at Boxted House, which he had bought before the war. He now gave more time than before to making known the work of the group of English painters of which his father had been a leader; and from his considerable collection of pictures, both bought and inherited, he endowed several galleries, notably the Ashmolean. He and his wife dispensed lavish hospitality to a wide circle of family, neighbours and old associates. Their house was full of books (which he seemed to read quickly and effortlessly and to remember) and pictures, in which his taste was unerring. His cellar was no less choice. He was excellent company, until his final illness a robust, handsome and massive figure, though he had been small at school: good with children, though to his undoubted regret he had none of his own, and humorously tolerant of many people who must have bored him.

If this account seems to verge on the panegyric, I may be excused. I cannot but be moved by the loss of one who had been a friend for sixty years and a kind brother-in-law for over fifty.

C.W.B.

## Dom Anselm Hughes O.S.B., F.S.A.

Dom Anselm Hughes, who had been an Anglican Benedictine monk at Nashdom for 52 years, was a leading authority on medieval music and played a big part in freeing Anglican worship from sentimentality and mawkishness. A stream of scholarly works in musicology flowed from his pen, he contributed valuable articles to *Grove's Dictionary*, and he was selected to edit volumes 2 and 3 of the *New Oxford History of Music*.

Anselm Humphrey Vaughan Hughes, as he was christened, after Westminster and Keble College, Oxford, went to Ely Theological College and served curacies in or near London before becoming in 1915 Clerical Secretary of the Society of the Faith. This had been founded just before the First World War and Hughes made it, and especially its subsidiary company, the Faith Press, the vehicle for his reforming ideas in music. The Press remained for him a main interest to the end of his days, but in 1922 he was professed at Nashdom, where from 1935 to 1945 he was Prior. He was much gratified at the jubilee of his profession to receive a message of congratulation from Pope Paul.

(abbreviated from *The Times*)

## Mr. H. W. E. Lindo

Harold Lindo was the youngest of three Westminster brothers and maintained a close interest in O.W. affairs throughout his life. He represented Westminster at Lawn Tennis in the D'Abernon Cup and was an active member for many years of the Golfing Society of which he was Vice President and a former Captain. An

architect in professional life he held the rank of Lt. Col. R.E. during the second world war.

# Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Eleventh Annual Report covering the year to March 31st, 1975.

The Club suffered a grievous loss by the untimely death of John Carleton on November 6th, 1974, only a month after he had been elected President. A tribute to his distinguished and unique contribution to Westminster life appears in *The Elizabethan*.

The Committee regrets to report the deaths of the following other members during the year:

Wilfrid M. Atwood, His Honour Judge M. L. Berryman, C. J. L. Blair, Lt.-Cdr. R. Clark, R. G. A. Colt-Williams, E. A. Deighton, W. J. Duff-Miller, B. H. Dulanty, K. D. Erskine, F. R. H. Fuller, Major L. C. Gates, A. J. Gishford, J. M. Hornsby, T. B. Jellett, H. W. E. Lindo, Dr. N. A. Mackintosh, D. A. M. MacManus, A. S. McLaren, J. N. Milne, C. F. Monier-Williams, C. J. K. Mundle, G. J. E. Neville, F. M. Oppenheimer, G. R. Perkins, R. H. F. Scott, J. W. S. Sprigge, R. H. Stanley, C. E. Stones, A. M. Symington, O. A. Tunnicliffe, Sir Griffith G. Williams, G. C. Winham, C. E. Wool-Lewis, and T. P. Wright.

Ninety-four new members have been elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 7th, 1974, John Carleton was elected President and F. N. Hornsby a Vice-President of the Club. R. Plummer, C. M. O'Brien and F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively, and E. R. D. French, C. P. Danin and J. H. D. Carey were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club, through the kind offices of V. T. M. R. Tenison immediately following the Annual General Meeting. Sir Henry Chisholm, the retiring President, was in the chair and the guests included the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Christ Church, who proposed "Floreat", and the Head Master, who responded. The President's health was proposed by Mr. David Carey.

The Westminster Ball was held at the Hurlingham Club on July 19th, 1974. Although the number attending was fewer than on recent occasions, the evening was an undoubted success.

At the Annual General Meeting of those interested in the Games of the Club, held on September 23rd, 1974, J. A. Lauder, P. G. Whipp and D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Assistant Secretary respectively.

Amendments to the Club Rules, which were published in the last issue of *The*

*Elizabethan*, were approved at a Special General Meeting held at the School on February 26th, 1975. The principal effect of the changes is that the former Games Committee (re-named the Sports Committee) becomes a Standing Sub-Committee of the Club.

The ATHLETICS CLUB had a mixed season and suffered from a lack of support in some fixtures. The annual match against the School was drawn but in the Towpath Race in January, the Club was unable to field a full team and the School ran out winners. The highlight of the season was in the Thames Old Boys' Cross Country Open Competition last December when the team won the overall prize with J. Forrest finishing first, M. McNair fifth and I. Patrick twelfth. In the Inter Old Boys' Meeting in July, the Club came sixth.

The BOAT CLUB's new sculling boat was used by Andrew Hudson in the 1974 Scullers Head of the River Race and, subsequently, in the F.I.S.A. Junior World Championships at Ratzeburg where he reached the petite finale. The sculling boat and the double sculler continue to be available for former members of the School Boat Club who are participating in National events at "Senior" level, or are serious contenders for Youth International selection.

The CRICKET CLUB was defeated by the Haileybury Hermits in the first round of the Cricketer Cup by six wickets with our batsmen failing, once again, to do justice to themselves. In the next fixture, against the School, the Club proved altogether too strong and John

Mortimer scored 110 in forceful style. The "Fortnight" at Vincent Square at the end of July was as enjoyable as ever, although no wins can be recorded. Of the eight matches played, five were lost (three only narrowly) and the remainder drawn. Notable performances were achieved by Stuart Surrige with a fine 155 not out against the Enigmas and by Jeremy Broadhurst who got a hat-trick against Incogniti. In the last game of the season against Beckenham, a fixture which over the years has produced its fair share of drama, the Club, after a disastrous start, stoutly played out time. In all, 37 O.W.W. represented the Club during the season.

Nineteen matches were arranged during the year by the FIVES CLUB, although some had to be cancelled due to lack of support. However, the future looks very encouraging with a number of younger members now being available to play regularly. The Club continued to meet at the School Courts every Tuesday evening during Play and Lent Terms.

The FOOTBALL CLUB report an active, but difficult, season, which was made more so by the poor weather causing problems with pitches at home and away. Unhappily, the 2nd XI was obliged to withdraw from its Division of the Arthurian League before completing all fixtures. Results, generally, showed signs of improvement and a most successful Easter tour of Suffolk concluded the season. In the Arthur Dunn Cup, the Club went out in the first round to the holders, Old Foresters. Training for the 1975/76 season will commence after the Summer Bank Holiday.

Whilst support for the GOLFING SOCIETY increased, results in the competitions were poor. In the Halford Hewitt, the Society beat Dulwich 4-1 in the first round but then went down to Watson's 3½-1½. Teams were also entered for the Grafton Morrish and Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition but did not reach the final of either event. Four inter-society matches were played with the Society winning one and drawing another. The keenness of the School golfers showed itself in their winning the annual match against the Society 3-2.

In the D'Abernon Cup, the LAWN TENNIS Club drew 3-3 against the Old Emanuelians, but lost the tie on the number of sets won. Activities increased considerably during the season with seven matches being played, of which five were won and one was drawn. In the School match, the Club was successful, winning 6-3. Members played up Fields on Wednesdays from the first week in May until the end of July.

The TENNIS CLUB was able to arrange only one fixture, that against Petworth House. It is hoped, however, to organize more matches for the coming season.

It is regretted that no activity can be reported in the Fencing, Sailing, Shooting, Squash, or Swimming Clubs, and the Committee would be delighted to hear from any young O.W.W. who would be willing to revive any of these sports.

On behalf of the Committee  
F. A. G. Rider  
Hon. Secretary

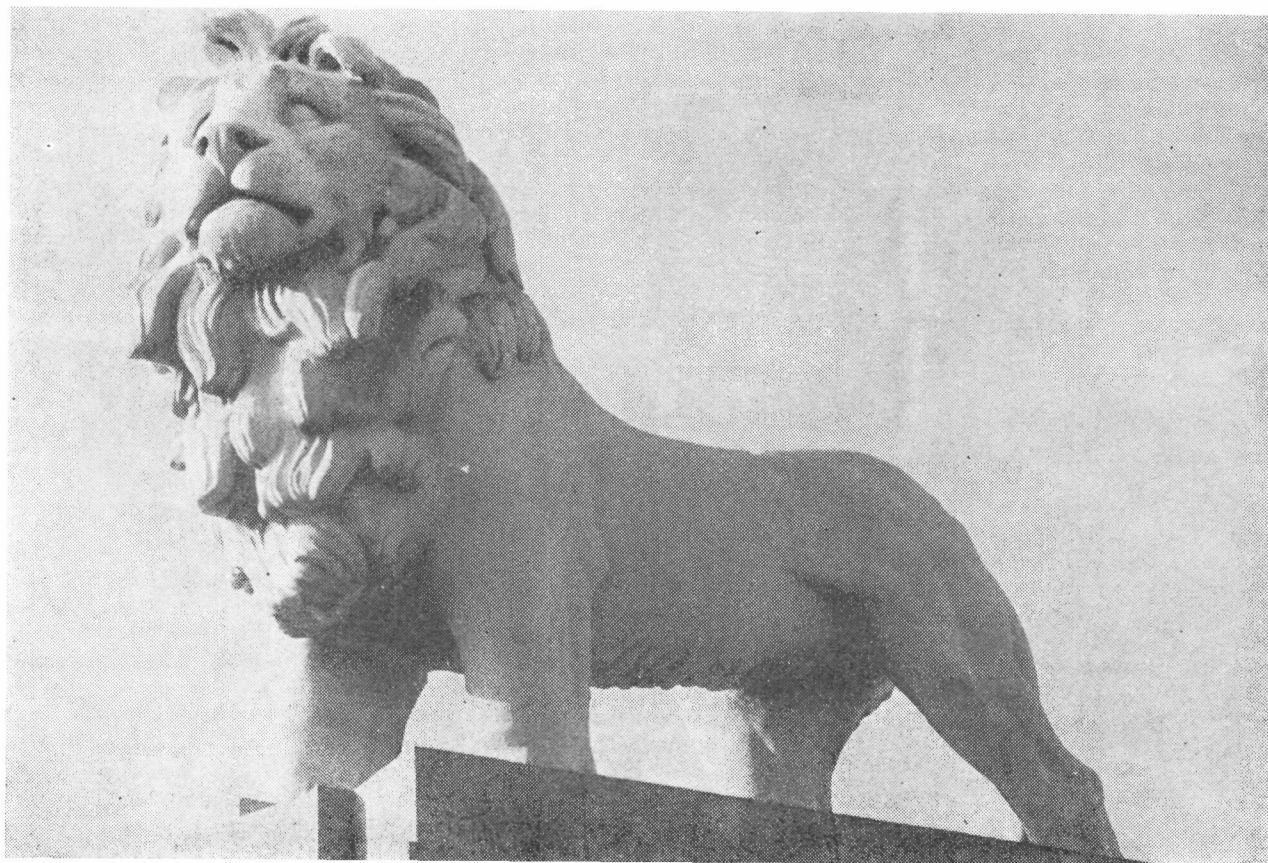


Photo: Miles Evans

## Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 8th, 1975, at 6.30 p.m.

July 1975

F. A. G. Rider  
Hon. Secretary

### Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 7th, 1974.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the Year ended March 31st, 1975.
4. Election of Officers\*  
The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:  
President: F. N. Hornsby  
Vice President: Sir Anthony Grover  
Chairman: F. B. Hooper  
Hon. Treasurer: C. M. O'Brien  
Hon. Secretary: F. A. G. Rider  
Hon. Sports Secretary: D. A. Roy
5. Election of General Committee\*  
The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:  
†1959-62 A. J. T. Willoughby  
†1955-59 M. C. Baughan  
†1961-65 E. S. Funnell  
†1965-70 P. W. Matcham  
†1948-52 P. J. Morley-Jacob  
†1961-65 R. J. D. Welch  
† E. R. D. French  
†1950-55 C. P. Danin  
†1964-69 J. H. D. Carey  
1950-55 J. A. Lauder  
1937-40 V. T. M. R. Tenison  
1936-38 P. G. Whipp
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any Other Business.

\*The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed

## Special General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 8th, 1975, at 6.31 p.m. (or so soon thereafter as the Annual General Meeting convened for the same date shall have been concluded or adjourned) to consider and, if thought fit, to adopt the following alterations to the Rules of the Club, namely:

1. That Rule 7(A) be amended by the deletion of the figure "£18" and the substitution therefor of the figure "£40".
2. That Rule 7(B) be amended by the deletion of the words "the sum of Fifteen Pounds, or such other sum as shall be approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting", and the substitution therefor of the words "twelve termly instalments of the sum (currently £2.50) approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting, or an aggregate sum equivalent thereto".
3. That Rule 7(C) be amended by the deletion of the words "who has not remained at the School for more than three terms and on whose behalf while at School the sum of Three pounds seventy five pence, or such other sum shall be approved from time to time at an Annual General Meeting", and the substitution therefor of the following words "did not remain at the School for more than three terms and on whose behalf, while at School, termly instalments of the amount payable pursuant to Rule 7(B) above were paid".

July 1975

F. A. G. Rider  
Hon. Sec.

and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Sec. F. A. G. Rider, 2 Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA, so as to reach

## Golf

1974 was a mixed year. Support for the Society increased; but our results in competition were poor, indicating possibly insufficient will to win.

The three Society meetings were all well attended, and with kind weather enjoyable days were had. If the present trend in support continues, we could see over 20 O.W.W. at each of the 1975 meetings.

In the main competition for 1974, the Halford Hewitt, the Society lost in the second round to Watsons 3½-1½, having beaten Dulwich 4-1 in the first round. Once again our strongest team could not be fielded; yet without it the chances of a real run in the competition are small, as the standard is ever rising. Before the competition our President, Sir Anthony Grover, on behalf of the Society, presented a seat to Deal Golf Club to commemorate 50 years of O.W.G.S. participation in the Halford Hewitt competition.

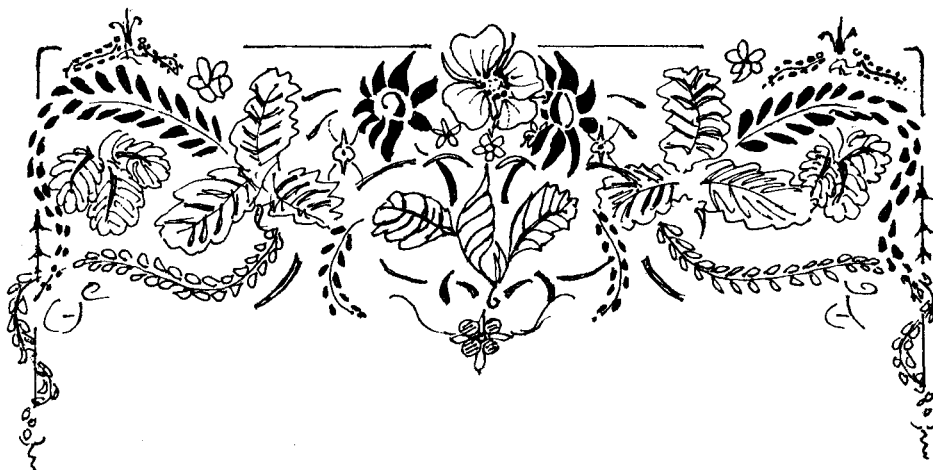
In the Grafton Morrish and Royal Wimbledon Putting Competitions, we failed to reach the finals. In the Bernard Darwin Trophy we lost in the first round to Winchester, the eventual winners. Four Inter-Society matches were played. Against Uppingham we lost 5½ to 10½ and against Cheltenham 1½ to 6½; against Repton we won 5½ to 2½, while against Radley we drew 4-4.

One very encouraging sign for the future is the potential standard of boys who will be leaving in the next 18 months. Several are already hovering on single figure handicaps, which confirms the considerable enthusiasm amongst the school golfers. Efforts are made to foster this potential by playing matches against the School, which also enables contact to be made with those golfers. The last match was won by the School 3-2.

him not later than October 1st, 1975.

†Members of the 1974-75 General Committee eligible for re-election.

B. Peroni  
Hon. Sec.





# The Elizabethan Club

## BALANCE SHEET MARCH 31st, 1975

1974				1974	
£		£	£	£	£
<b>CAPITAL FUND</b>					
8,696	Balance April 1st, 1974	8,994		9,708	INVESTMENTS at cost
298	Add: Termly Instalments (proportion)	308			The value of the Investments at middle market price on March 31st, 1975 was £14,007 (1974—£12,700)
	Transfer Investment Reserve	1,634			
	Profit on realizations of investments	238			<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>
<u>8,994</u>		<u>11,174</u>		1,091	Balances at Bankers
					Less: Sundry Creditors
					1,677
					<u>365</u>
					1,312
<b>ENTERTAINMENTS FUND</b>					
	Balance April 1st, 1974	280			
	Add: Gross Income	37			
		<u>317</u>			
	Deduct: Taxation	16			
	Loss on Westminster Ball	60			
		<u>76</u>			
280		<u>241</u>			
<b>INCOME ACCOUNT</b>					
	Balance April 1st, 1974	1,525			
	Less: Excess of Expenditure over income for the year	48			
1,525		<u>1,477</u>			
	C. M. O'BRIEN Hon. Treasurer				
<u>£10,799</u>		<u>£12,892</u>		<u>£10,799</u>	<u>£12,892</u>

### REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at March 31st, 1975 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

6 Eldon Street, London.  
April 29th, 1975.

H. KENNETH S. CLARK, F.C.A.  
Hon. Auditor.

### INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1975

1974				1974	
£		£	£	£	£
57	ADMINISTRATION	51		1	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS
100	HONORARIUM—Miss Francis	200		1,192	TERMLY INSTALMENTS (proportion)
	TAXATION on Income	439		944	INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS (gross)
	on Capital Gains	97		17	EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME
679		<u>536</u>			
<b>GRANTS</b>					
500	The Elizabethan	825			
725	The Games Committee	800			
		<u>1,625</u>			
93	LOSS ON CLUB DINNER	60			
<u>£2,154</u>		<u>£2,472</u>		<u>£2,154</u>	<u>£2,472</u>

### INVESTMENT SCHEDULE, MARCH 31st, 1975

HOLDING		COST	M.M.P.	HOLDING		COST	M.M.P.
£		£	31/3/1975	£		£	31/3/1975
1,300	8½% Treasury 1980/82	1,251	1,170	2,000	Local Authority Yearling 4/6/75	1,834	1,985
2,000	5% Exchequer 1976/78	1,741	1,725	7,200	City of London Brewery & Invest. 25p Ord.	442	2,520
4,000	5% Treasury 1986/89	2,795	2,140	1,591	Scottish National Trust 25p Ord.	516	1,511
3,047	6% Glasgow Corporation 1973/5	3,000	2,956			<u>11,579</u>	<u>14,007</u>

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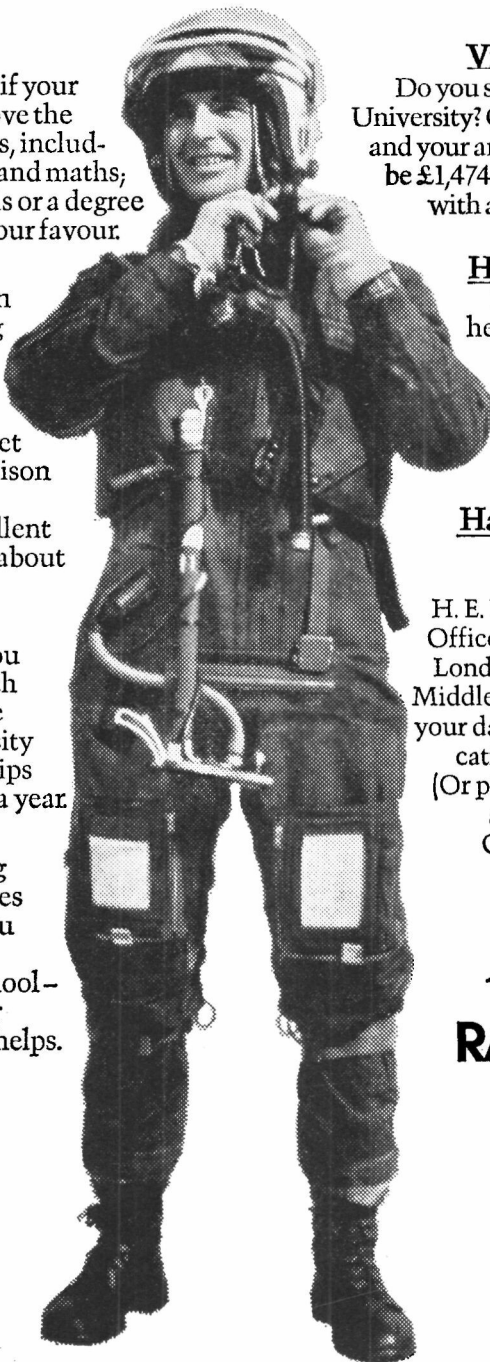
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If you would like further details of the enormous variety of careers available in the Royal Navy or the Royal Marines, have a talk with your Careers Master, or Mistress. Or simply write to the following address:

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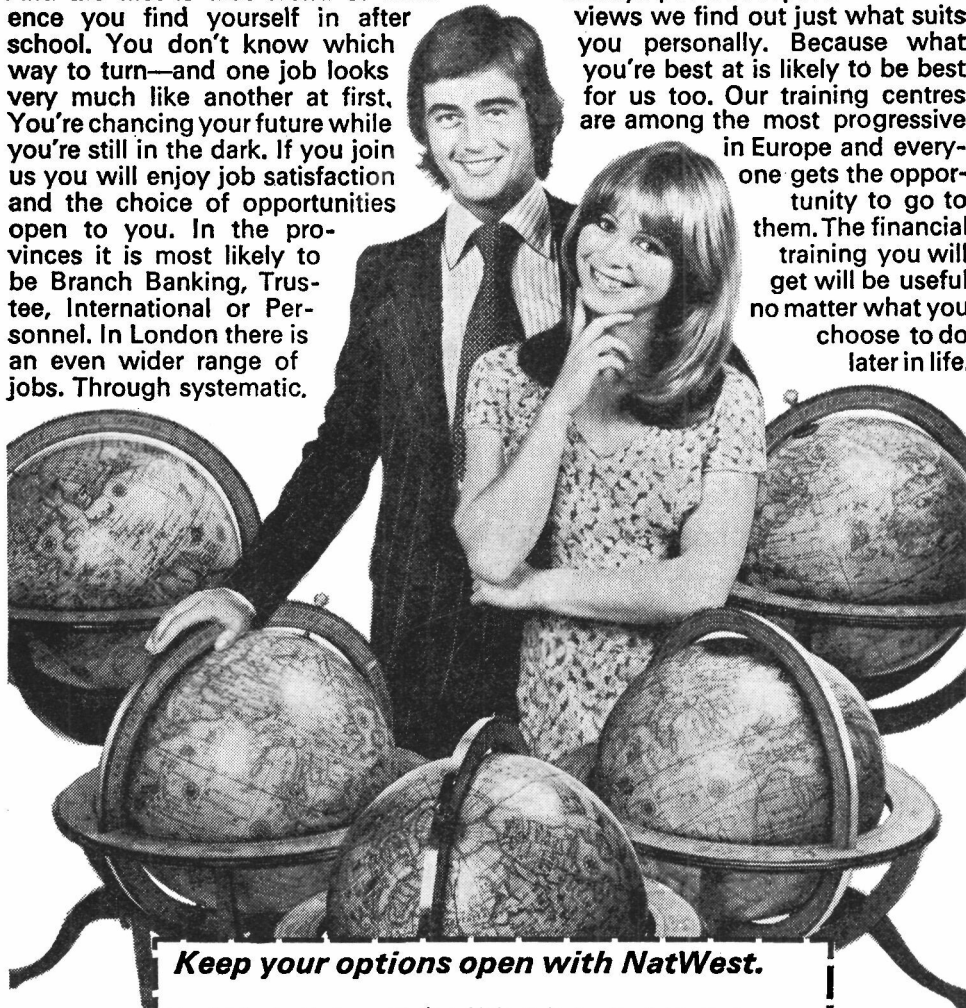


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