

the Elizabethan

**The Service**  
for the  
**Commemoration of Benefactors**

will be held in Westminster Abbey  
at 8.30 pm  
on  
Friday, 20th November 1981

If you wish to attend the Service please write to The Commemoration Ticket Secretary, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1P 3PB enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, not later than Saturday 17th October 1981.

Each guest is limited to two tickets only.

Tickets will be posted from the School on Monday 2nd November.

**Please Specify The Number of Tickets Required.**



# The Elizabethan

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Cover Jonathan Jones

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

June 81, Vol. xxxiv No 3, Issue No 695

## Editorial

### Contents

<i>The Appeal and Westminster's Future Development</i> .. ..	68
<i>A Journalist remembers</i> .. ..	69
<i>Away from it all</i>	
<i>Impressions of Swaziland</i> .. ..	70
<i>Ski-ing</i> .. .. ..	71
<i>Girl at Sea</i> .. .. ..	72
<i>Parascending</i> .. .. ..	72
<i>Drama</i>	
<i>I Govern the Boys</i> .. ..	73
<i>A Slight Ache and The Hole</i> ..	73
<i>The School for Scandal</i> .. ..	74
<i>Eiszeit</i> .. .. ..	75
<i>Lloyd George Knew My Father</i> .. .. ..	75
<i>The Crucible</i> .. .. ..	76
<i>Music</i>	
<i>School Concert</i> .. .. ..	77
<i>Violin and Piano Recital</i> .. ..	77
<i>Jazz/Rock Concert</i> .. .. ..	77
<i>Tizard Lecture</i> .. .. ..	78
<i>Common Room Notes</i> .. .. ..	79
<i>Sports Reports</i> .. .. ..	81
<i>Sequence</i> .. .. ..	83
<i>Opinion</i>	
<i>Monitorial Selection</i> .. ..	88
<i>The Greaze</i> .. .. ..	88
<i>The Music Competition</i> .. ..	89
<i>Westminsters on Old Westminsters</i> .. .. ..	90
<i>Community Service</i> .. .. ..	91
<i>The Arts in London</i> .. .. ..	92
<i>The Elizabethan Club</i> .. .. ..	95

What right do we have, as members of the school, to change or dictate school policy? That strange and ancient race, the Old Boys, with their ties and life membership of The Elizabethan Club, and us, with our charcoal suits as we wander nonchalantly towards Abbey or as strut and fret our hours upon this mediaeval stage. What right when we are and have been impermanent and are simply passing through this age-old monolithic establishment? What right, when we stand up and say: 'we should have this', or 'there should be that'? The fact is, whether we like it or not, whatever right we may think we have, we really have very little say in the running of 'our school'.

The public school system is essentially an autocratic establishment dragged through the centuries with very little change. Even though the outside world may seem to have changed, public schools, to a large extent, are still modelled on the feudal principles of the middle ages. The mediaeval king surrounded by his lords and barons is not unlike the relationships between the head master, his common room and school monitors. Fagging, for example, whether taken seriously or not is still symbolic of the vassal's duty to his lord. However much we may like to think otherwise, it is essential to the well-being of the school that this feudal principle is preserved. Besides, even though we would probably deny this openly, secretly most of us love the idea of belonging to such an establishment.

So the head master is omnipotent and we are his impermanent and under-mighty subjects? So what right do we have to

change or dictate school policy? As individuals we all have an equal right to voice our opinions, but no right to enforce them. Nevertheless it is only by voicing our opinions that we can ever hope to move the school forward with the times. But moving forward doesn't imply changing the essential structure of the establishment; it simply means 'better school meals' or 'a coffee shop in the dungeons!' We can act as the king's parliament and put forward our bills, but we cannot, alas, make any alteration to the divine right of kings.

We may find it all too hard to swallow, but it is the only way a school like Westminster could work and succeed. Imagine the damage a school assembly would cause to the long-run purpose of the academic institution. We, blind fools that we are, would only really look to the short-term existence of the school, whereas someone relatively permanent is able to manoeuvre the school towards a long term survival. Therefore we may appear to be serfs oppressed by that almighty tyrant we call head master, but after much consideration on the matter it becomes obvious that it's the only possible formula. Just because we may consider ourselves to be the genesis of a new liberal idealised society, it doesn't mean that the four-hundred-and fifty-year-old establishment should shift accordingly.

Nevertheless in, this 'modern day and age' that we are constantly being reminded we live in, it will be rather ironical, if not amusing to think, that we have shared and experienced a taste of mediaeval society.

Bruno Rost

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# The Appeal and Westminster's Future Development

The Governing Body has decided to launch an Appeal to Old Westminsters, Parents and Friends of the School because there are a number of important improvements to the Great School facilities which are needed but which cannot be paid for out of revenue. These include the extension of the library in Ashburnham House, the modernisation, where necessary, of facilities for teaching and catering and in the houses. It is also a high priority that we should purchase more freehold accommodation near the School; our ability to attract the best masters and mistresses partly depends on our being able to offer them somewhere to live. Finally, we want to improve our sporting facilities at Vincent Square and at Putney.

These improvements and the Appeal that we hope will make them possible are part of an overall strategy for Westminster's development in the 1980s. Another important part of this strategy is the expansion of our Prep School—the Westminster Under School—in new premises in Vincent Square. The new Under School building will be in operation in September 1981 and will be called Adrian House after Lord Adrian, one of the most distinguished Old Westminsters of this century, Nobel Prize Winner, Master of Trinity, Cambridge and Chancellor of the University.

The expansion of the Under School will provide us with an increased flow of good candidates for the Great School at 13 and it will enable us to have an entry to the Under School for boys of 10+ direct from the maintained primary schools. We welcome this link with the maintained sector. The finances of the Great School and Under School are being merged so that while both parts of Westminster retain their identity, the larger total number of pupils will put us in a stronger position at a time when the economic climate creates problems for the smaller independent school.

Our strategy is based on certain assumptions about the future. The first is that, despite recession and inflation, there will be a continuing demand for good education in central London. That demand may be increasingly for day education but we believe there will continue to be a demand for the weekly boarding arrangements that Westminster—almost alone among public schools—provides. Our experience in recent years suggests that if we are to meet these demands we must have a variety of points of entry to Westminster. When the new Under School comes into operation later this year boys will be able to enter Westminster at 7, 10+ and 13, and both boys and girls will be able to enter direct into the Sixth Form.

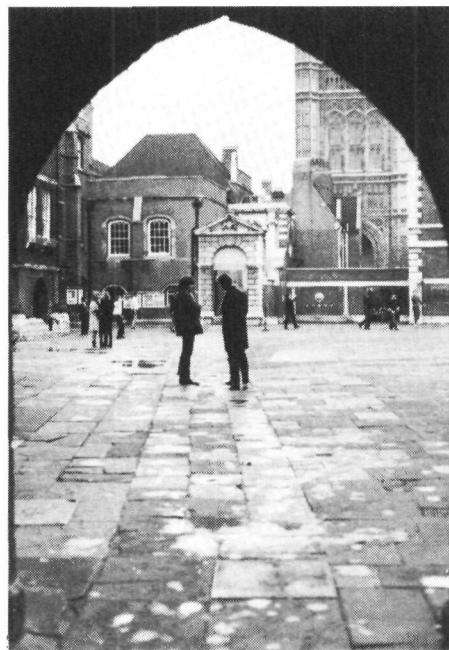
Our plans for the future also take account of the political realities. We do not believe that the Labour Party, despite its public declarations, will make it illegal to charge

fees for education. Labour may well put pressure on independent schools by, for example, removing charitable status but the Party will neither abolish the schools nor force them into the maintained sector. It would clearly be prudent, however, for us to ensure that money given to the Appeal should be held by a separate trust that is not vulnerable to politically hostile legislation.

While we have no fear for our independence we want to be open to any creative changes in the relationship between the independent and maintained schools. If a closer association with the maintained sector is possible without compromising what is essential in our independence then we should be interested. The fact that we shall have four different entry ages will make such an association much easier to achieve than if we admitted pupils only at 7 and 13.

Whatever the future holds, our immediate need is to continue the improvement of our facilities. We cannot do this unless the Appeal is a success. We are very grateful for the generous support we have already received and we hope that we can look forward to a similar response from those Old Westminsters, Parents and Friends who have yet to be approached.

John Rae



Fiona McKenzie

## J. T. Christie

*We are glad to print this further tribute to John Christie by Nicholas Barker.*

He was a striking and unmistakable figure, to be seen walking at great speed, but not hurrying, across Little Dean's Yard, immensely long legs emerging from a flurry of long black gown. He habitually wore a black or dark grey suit which accentuated the pallor of face and white hair, relieved by lively bright blue eyes. His manner was one of unruffled mastery; you did not see him outwardly discomposed or indecisive, even

though a natural sensibility did not make decisions an easy matter for him. If formally remote and, at first sight, formidable, contact revealed him as much more human and sympathetic than appearance might suggest; a friendly, even mischievous, expression about the eyes showed you that he knew or could guess what you were up to, perhaps rather more clearly than you knew yourself. All this, however, was a picture that took some time to build up. To a new boy arriving in 1946 he just looked every inch a Head Master.

It was not until you came to be taught by him that you realized that he had a gift that made him much more than the figure that observation or closer contact revealed. He was, quite simply, a teacher of magical genius. Other masters taught with varying degrees of imagination and efficiency; you could appreciate (or not) the efforts that they made. To him, teaching seemed to come as naturally as acting to Mrs. Jordan. 'She ran upon the stage as on a playground', said Sir Joshua Reynolds: he had a gift, as natural and unaffected, for transmitting the pleasure he got from learning and literature. It might be as dry as Greek particles or as majestic as Virgil, but he always made it come alive.

To him the past had a vitality that he made you feel mattered now. The characters and landscape in Virgil seemed real; even Greek particles could be comic or sad. Read with him, Sophocles' *Trachiniae* was a sex education far more valuable than any 'explicit' lesson, and a great deal less embarrassing. It was a gift not restricted to the Greek and Latin classics, either. He was equally at home in English literature of all periods, and he opened my eyes to Browning and Tennyson, who had seemed till then stuffy figures from the Victorian past. In all this he had the same wonderful knack of making you see not just what the writer meant, but what it meant for you.

I still treasure a remark he made in one of my reports: 'He has', he wrote, 'the widest range of useless information of any boy in the school.' I can't, looking back, feel that he disapproved of this all that much. Else why did he introduce me to James Henry's *Aeneidea*, or Bouché-Leclercq on Greek astrology, or encourage me to read Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*? If he saw you heading down some odd by-path, he rarely dissuaded you—in any case, he had usually been there before you. It was all part of his delight in learning.

I doubt if he was an ideal Head Master (indeed, I hope no such being exists). Certainly, he had a rather off-hand way of calling a spade a spade that put off some parents and distinguished Old Westminsters. Nor could he find time for everything; the rigours of war and evacuation had already sapped his health and energy. But he never lost his zest for poetry and language, or the magic gift of imparting it. To be taught by him was to share his delight, a delight that comes rarely and is not to be forgotten.

Nicholas Barker (1946-51, KS)

# A Journalist remembers

Tom Pocock of *The Sunday Times* (1938-39, G) looks back at his one year at Westminster and its effect on him

It must be ridiculous to attempt any assessment of a year of education at Westminster more than forty years on, but the invitation to do so is irresistible. Like a depth-charge it plunges down into dark, stagnant deeps of the memory, blowing to the surface fragments of recollection from the wrecks of the years 1938 and 1939.

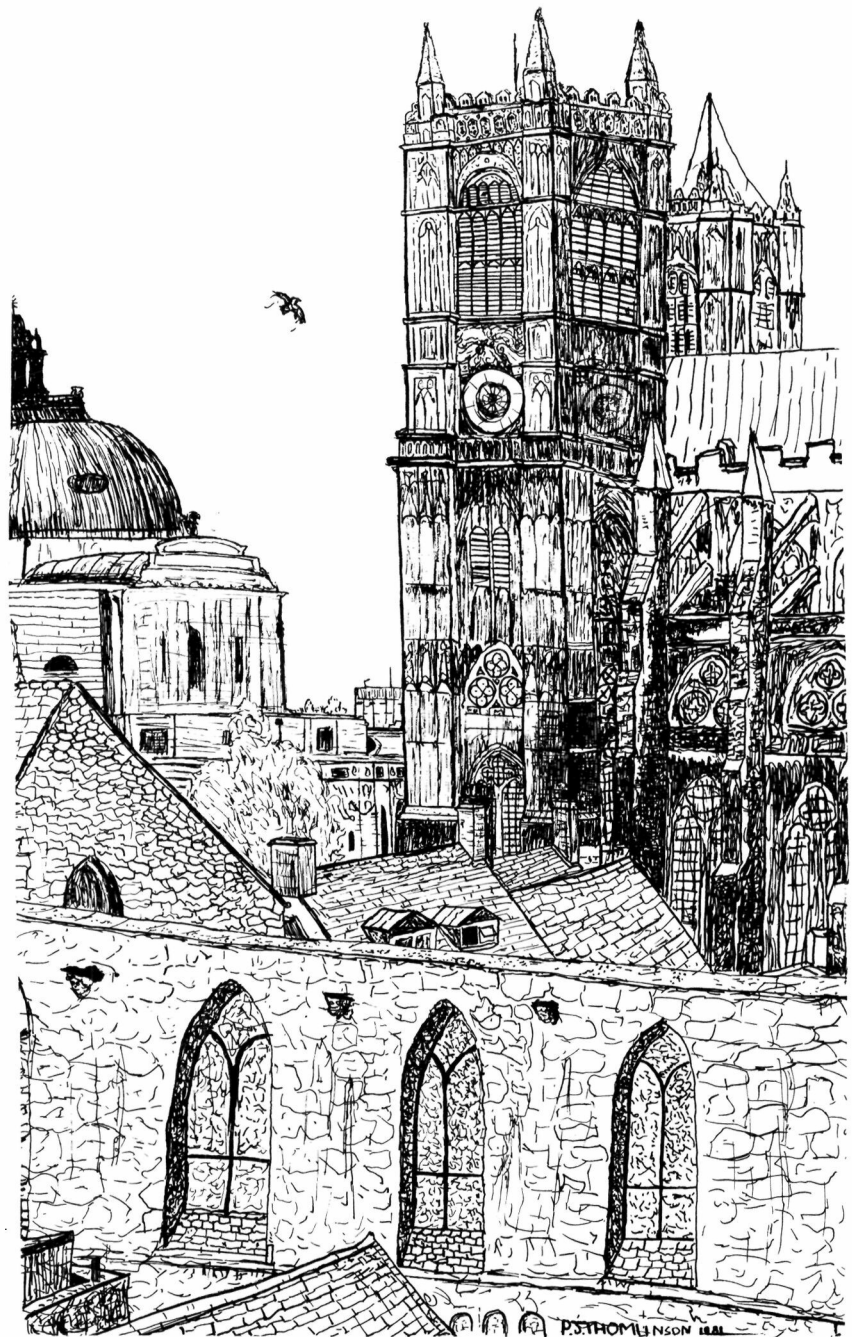
First to come up is mostly trivia. How exciting to be told, before the age of thirteen, that, even though one was an inch shorter than the regulation height of five feet and four inches, a tail-coat could be worn for the first term; how thrilling it was to be measured for it at Plumb's in Victoria Street and fitted with a glossy top-hat. How splendid to wear that uniform, however incongruous it must have seemed to others; particularly when small boys buckled Army belts over tail coats for Officers' Training Corps parades, or when one was seen—myself, I confess—sauntering down the King's Road dressed like a Victorian swell and licking an ice cream.

Yes, and how frustrating it was to spend our first term of English lessons studying Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* when of so much more interest were the little photographs of film stars collected from the wrappers of chocolate bars with which I stuffed myself in the hope of finding one of Deanna Durbin. And how harsh the reality of being caned by an athletic housemaster for cutting a Greek lesson to worship before the celluloid image of my beloved in a Leicester Square cinema. (That little escapade had involved the most desperate temptation London had to offer.)

Then, more substantial thoughts floated upwards, announced by the resonant boom of Big Ben. That had told us the time: when a lesson was about to end or a meal begin; it ruled our lives in Little Dean's Yard as it must dominate schedules today. But that well-remembered sound brought with it other, stronger memories: first, of those morning walks round and round the Cloisters before going into the Abbey—it was our school chapel, which could also be used by the public and which we were happy to lend for State ceremonial.

Thoughts of the Abbey—the dim heights of the nave and the theatrical crowd of monuments below—and our intimacy with it brought to me the true value of that year. We at our school were at the heart of the world we knew: embedded in the City of Westminster, in the shadow of the Abbey; the Houses of Parliament over the road; Whitehall across the square; Buckingham Palace beyond the park. Around us was the greatest city in the world with its incomparable treasures of art, its theatres and its literature and the hidden, secretive power of the City, which was mysterious since it was rather vulgar to talk about money.

Of course, some, or all, of us were



P. J. Thomlinson

involved in the more interesting State occasions, like the Opening of Parliament and Coronations. Naturally, when President Lebrun of France visited London, he attended Latin Prayers in School, and, when we were to be told about current affairs, it would, of course, be by the talked-about Harold Nicolson. Many of the boys' fathers were Members of Parliament, newspaper editors, actors or, like my own, in that amazing new organisation the B.B.C., which bestrode the world with the same omnipotence as the Royal Navy.

The Munich crisis of September 1938, was remarkable to me, not because war had been temporarily averted, but because it made a schoolboy's dream come true. I had been at home with a cold for a couple of days, then returned, one morning, to Little Dean's Yard only to find it deserted. The school was not in the Abbey and there was no reply when I knocked on the locked door of Grant's. A fantasy was being realised: the

entire school had died of plague in the night; the physics master had discovered the secret of invisibility; Chicago gangsters had kidnapped everybody.

In fact, because of the imminent danger of war, the entire school had been evacuated to Lancing and nobody had remembered to tell a day-boy at home with a cold.

All children see themselves at the centre of their world—as indeed they are—but at Westminster we were at the centre of everybody's world and all around us was visible evidence to prove it. This, I think, gave us a sense of involvement and responsibility rather than self-importance. We did, after all, regard the British Empire as wholly beneficial: an arrangement that brought civilisation and prosperity to less fortunate peoples and, if some of the latter came our way, that was only fair.

Our horizons were limitless. Whatever we wanted to do when we came down from university—whether it was to administer



justice, heal people or convert people, grow crops or fire guns or to trade—this could probably be arranged through an interview in Whitehall or the City. Certainly we felt privileged but with the privilege went the responsibility, which was built into a public school education.

War with the Nazis and Fascists was, we knew, inevitable and it gradually came to be accepted that between our time at school and university we would have to fight. This acceptance was, of course, common throughout our generation, but at Westminster—in the innermost recesses of British institutions—it was probably easier

to feel that involvement and so the sense of purpose.

When the war finally broke out in September 1939, and the school was again evacuated, my father took a retirement job as a schoolmaster at Cheltenham College and I followed him there. From time to time, I come across my former contemporaries at Westminster—perhaps in politics, Fleet Street, publishing or the theatre—and sometimes wonder what, if any, influences of our schooldays are still with us. We may not have quite the poise or the powers of leadership that other schools tried to instil. But we do seem to have a certain savour

faire; whether we are big or little fish in the great pond of London, we tend to swim in it with ease.

After only a year at the school I can hardly claim that the education I received had much effect one way or another. But I do believe that some of the attitudes I take, whether as a professional journalist or just as a Londoner, can be traced to that time: telling the time by Big Ben, walking round the cloisters, treading stones trod by boys who were to achieve a place in history. What stays with me is that involvement; the conviction that here I belong.

Tom Pocock

## Impressions of Swaziland

*During the Easter holidays a party of boys from Westminster and Charterhouse went to Swaziland with Mr. Baxter. The tour had two equally important aims—to play cricket, and to get to know something of the host country.*

Swaziland is not a beautiful country. It is, however, a venerable and picturesque outpost of the former British Empire; a place where time and distance are foreign concepts but where manual labour is as natural to the inhabitants as the art of driving is to us. Quintessentially it is an independent country on the edge of South Africa, ruled over by an eternal monarchy—the seemingly immortal King Sabuza.

The peace and tranquillity of the vague terrain, rolling serenely into the distance, where Rider Haggard sought, and indeed found, many an inspiration, were momentarily shattered on March 27th by the arrival of the Charterhouse/Westminster party. Everybody had conflicting views and apprehensions about what lay the other side of the plane door, everyone wondering what sort of reception we would receive.

Having been checked for excess alcohol, tobacco etc. we were hustled off to the Waterford/Kammlaba School, which was to be our base for the next three and a half weeks.

After two days acclimatization, and discreetly beating a Waterford Invitation XI, we were rounded up into the geography room to be briefed about the following week's itinerary—to the Kaphunga Work Camp. During this briefing we were told that we were bound to be bitten by snakes, have chronic dysentery and catch tick-fever, with consequent blinding headaches.

The following morning, after a two and a half hour delay, the coach to take us to the camp finally arrived and by about four o'clock we had reached Kaphunga, nervous, apprehensive and generally a little worried about snakes. . . Kaphunga is a place none of us will ever forget. The camp consisted of a small clinic situated on a hill-side, opposite

which was a school, supposedly teaching up to 'O' level standard.

We were told to go into the clinic as soon as we had arrived and, once there, were given seats and welcomed by a spokesman for the local chief who said that our visit 'would go down in their history as a great and truly important occasion'. All present were deeply moved by this welcome and the following prayers in our honour, and felt that we must make absolutely sure that our fence and other activities were done really well. That night we went to sleep on the floor—with very empty stomachs.

Up next morning at 6.30 we began work very early, digging latrines and laying out the fence posts. It was encouraging to see the local men and women helping us dig (many of the women were far stronger and better at manual labour than any of us will ever be), especially the schoolboys of about eight or nine doing their part. The general camp spirit was amazing and although the work was hard it was really surprisingly satisfying. Perhaps the local people helped us and were so kind to us because they accepted us as ordinary people very quickly.



helps to sustain a link, however slight. When we left the students performed traditional dances and songs in our honour and in return we sang a traditional English folk song which amused them greatly.

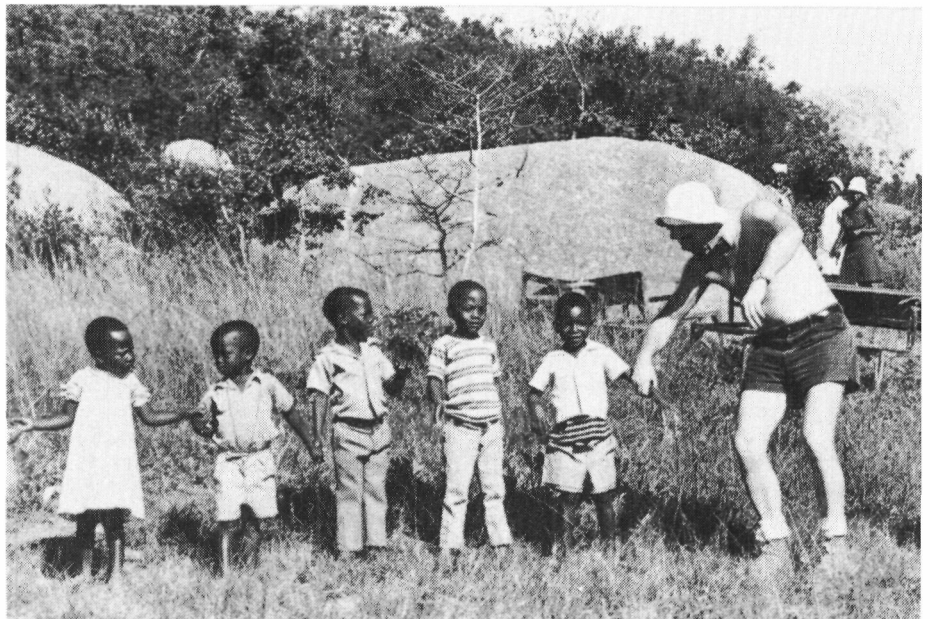
We were all very sorry to leave the camp, which, as I look back from my 'modern' home, seems like a dream-world where everyone seemed content with their life-styles and living standards—even though they were very low. Some of the pupils of the school for example had to walk as far as 10 kilometres to school every morning and evening!

We have concentrated on Kaphunga because at the end of the tour we felt that it had been quite the most memorable and illuminating part of the trip, a time, as we have already said, that we will never forget. The sight of those schoolboys working alongside us, their beautiful singing at the end of every school day and the satisfaction of feeling that perhaps in some way we have helped to improve their life-style—these are the things that remain with us.

The rest, and greater part, of the tour was taken up mainly by cricket, and on the field our success varied. We did, however, manage to win the main match of the tour against the Swaziland national team. As we travelled we met many really great people and generally learned a lot about what is perhaps one of the poorer countries of the world. We also had a few days in South Africa where we went to a game park and saw many different animals. There were also some things we hoped we would never see anywhere again.

For the opportunity of taking part in this memorable and fascinating tour the whole party owes a real debt of gratitude to Mr. John Baxter for making it possible.

Simon Warshaw and Alistair Davies



## Ski-ing Trip to Hochsolden, Austria: January 1981

A frosty morning on Victoria station; the noisy bustle of a city punctuated by the whining of steel sleepers, and smothered in a low rumble of traffic. Standing opposite platform 8 is a small circle of luggage guarded by a few nervous boys, while in the buffet a group of Westminsters are warming up their social life for the long nights to come. As time rolls on the pile of luggage grows and a small army gathers around it, marshalled together by Mr. Cogan and Mr. Field. Thus assembled, the party crowds onto the Dover train and heads southwards towards the snowy Alps.

Solden is a small town situated in a wide river valley high in the Austrian Alps. It has no direct access except by road, and so when three coachloads of enthusiastic and excited English schoolboys disembarked at the quiet

chairlift station, the local population gave them no more than a curious glance; yet by the end of the week the group swarming round the lift entrance would have made its mark upon the sleepy village of Hochsolden that lies on the slopes above Solden.

The first day's ski-ing, like most of those that followed, was marred by poor visibility, biting cold and strong winds that constantly drove falling snow into one's face, and occasionally brought a skier to a surprised halt when it gusted. This first day brought a host of minor difficulties (minor as far as we were concerned, that is) for the leaders of the party, not least of which was to organise a day's ski-ing for everybody, while accommodating all standards of experience, with limited resources of capable manpower, because the Ski School did not function on Sundays. However they coped, with a little confusion and a slight increase in blood pressure.

From then on the ski-ing was enjoyed by all, except for the irritation of long queues at ski lifts because of the weather, and a germ that circulated round the group forcing a weakened few from the slopes for a day or

two.

A few beginners demonstrated that experience was not everything, and by their daredevil antics and ceaseless enthusiasm, undeterred by weather or falls, outstripped some of their more cautious compatriots. Yet, under careful supervision, there were no serious accidents except for John Rucker who incurred minor concussion and a suspected jaw injury when he came face to face with an Austrian pine.

However, it was not only on the slopes that the party enjoyed itself: for every evening small groups gathered in hotel rooms or lounges to discuss matters of burning social importance; or crowded round the basement television to watch the international football matches. It was during one such match that the audience almost came to blows when Brazil, vigorously supported by the Westminster contingent, hammered West Germany, who were supported faithfully by the German guests. After much shouting and argument, the well-practised cheering and chants so common to our Wembley stadium, led by Peter Dean and Henry Winter, and aided by



four good Brazilian goals, finally subdued the opposition.

Also, every evening, groups tobogganed down to Solden, catching the late chairlift back—a memorable experience, not only because of the low temperatures, but also because the suspended figures often broke out into (often unharmonious) popular song. These groups assembled in hotel lounges on arrival in Solden and, chilled (and sometimes snow-encrusted), over a steaming cup of gluhwein or a creamy hot chocolate, recounted in remarkable detail how they spun off the run at high speed, or narrowly missed a telegraph pole, or lost their sledge: the more experienced exchanged hair-raising stories of past accidents and vied with each other as to who was the fastest.

It was this happy attitude, both on and off piste, combined with opportunities for quieter pursuits such as bridge and chess, that (allowing for fatigue, and minor frostbite!) were the trademark of the trip.

I would like to thank Mr. Cogan, Mr. Field, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Smith for organising the trip, as they have in previous years, and for the indomitable patience they displayed through most of the stay under trying circumstances (although this was seen to fray when they were forced to brave the falling snow late in the evening to clear the local bars of over-zealous revellers!). On behalf of all who went, I would also like to convey grateful thanks to Mike Fields who, with his guitar, managed to unite the members of the party and the leaders in a communal (occasionally discordant) sing-song. Also, many thanks to Mark Lipman whose rendition of 'Supertime' must be engraved on the memories of all who saw it. I can only hope that next year's trip is as varied and lively as this one was: but I think that is reasonably certain.

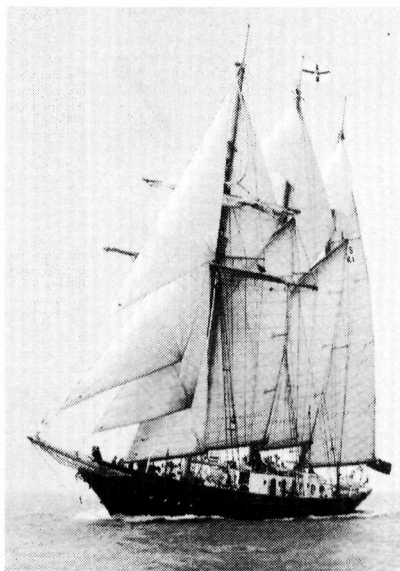
Paul Vatisstas

## Girl at Sea

It was last summer that I spent two weeks aboard the *Sir Winston Churchill*, a Sail Training Association schooner—a 150 ft. three-masted 'yacht'. When I was offered a berth aboard I had glibly said 'Yes' without quite realising what I was letting myself in for.

The 'permanent' crew believed in having the ship sailed 24 hours a day and at one stage we were at sea for five consecutive days and nights; the main responsibility of the ship's safety and progress fell on us 'trainees'.

We put to sea from Amsterdam where we had spent a day climbing rigging and learning a little about the actual sailing of the ship. Within ten minutes of clearing the last lock something dreadful happened. About 90% of us succumbed to the effects of a Force 8 gale and although the storm only lasted about 30 hours those hours were amongst the worst I can remember! The 'permanent' crew although sympathetic were ruthless and we were forced to spend the whole of the next morning tacking, which although partly necessary had the



object of taking our minds off other things! Tacking practice had also gone on through the night and we all had bruised elbows from crashing from one side of the bunk to the other as the ship heeled. We also found to our cost that tacking made eating meals, especially if soup or gravy was included, a rather hazardous occupation!

It did not take long for us to grasp the necessity of team-work (we had been divided into three watches)—some of us remembered different things, each essential for a successful manoeuvre. Many more of us now went up the masts and out on the giddy-making swinging yard-arms to change sails and experience the combination of height, fear and motion. I found it an exhilarating experience though it was hard to dislodge the disturbing thought of a boy having fatally fallen from the main mast on an earlier cruise; however, once out on the yard-arm, we could clip ourselves on and we were all 'in the same boat' (excuse the pun!).

As the second night crept coldly in we began to feel the first real sensations of fatigue, brought on by a watch system which broke up our sleep and left us desperately trying to grab rest, whether it be three o'clock in the afternoon or five in the morning. The 'graveyard' watch (from midnight to 4.0 a.m.) is the most tiring and in a sense the most rewarding spell on duty. I had to go out on the bowsprit at two in the morning to store the jibs. From the bow one could look back on the whole darkened craft, stare at the white-capped waves and hear the wind whip against the tautened sails. It was at moments like this that all the hard work, shouting and fatigue were reward. Towards the end of the second week I personally found the 1st watch (4.0.-8.0 a.m.) the one on which it was hardest to stay awake even though it meant one could watch the dawn creep over the horizon.

Every morning from 9.0 until 10.0, we 'crewmen' had 'happy hour' when we had to clean and scrub whilst the officers managed the ship. Instruction continued every day with more climbing, different sails to hoist, further knotting and more hauling on ropes. The *Churchill* was designed to be

labour-consuming and everything has to be done the blistered way—by hand.

It was certainly a tough and tiring two weeks but enjoyable and I was quite sad to leave! We had not only learnt a lot but also visited Cherbourg, Sark and Guernsey and Salcombe in Devon as well as sailing towards the Atlantic when we got ahead of schedule! It was an experience that will not be quickly forgotten.

Fiona McKenzie

## Parascending

Valentine's Day, 1981 was spent by a few Westminsterians on an unusual expedition—the first one of its kind from the school. In parascending a person wears an already opened parachute and is attached by rope to a Land-Rover. Helpers hold the fabric open while the Land-Rover starts to move. As it speeds up the parachute fills and the wearer is air-borne, with luck.

It seemed a daunting prospect in the early morning, as we ate frozen kitcats and wondered what we had let ourselves in for. Nevertheless, as the day grew on, our instructors managed to convince us that it was safe enough. The worst part was not, as it happened, the parascending itself, but the preliminaries, which involved launching oneself off a forty-foot tower and being slowed down by some ancient wind-fan device.

We each had two flights, and achieved successful take-offs with parachute flapping above, and safe landings. Unfortunately it was not windy enough so that flights were necessarily rather short. All the same it was enough to give us an idea of the sport and we were grateful to Cedric Harben (who was himself dragged across the grass before taking off) for arranging such a worthwhile addition to Westminster expeditions.

C. Lawrence-Wilson

M. Frei



# Drama

## I Govern The Boys

'*I Govern the Boys*' was an intentionally local entertainment that possessed all the advantages of the particular, not least that of revealing the universal. John Field selected an hour's worth of material from the rich resources of the School Archive, and shaped this prime matter to depict a day in the life of Westminster down the ages. The differences and similarities between how we lived then and how we live now were presented in a form that never ceased to instruct and could not fail to amuse. The dangers of this sort of enterprise are that it will seem episodic and confused, but the architecture of a school day is so well fixed in all our minds that we always knew where we were.

In a geographical sense we were halfway along the hall of School, confronted by a simple tiered set that enforced the hierarchy of school life. Three juniors sat at the front, three seniors next, Master, Mother, Head Master commanding at the rear. Costume was kept to a minimum, with only an occasional cricket cap and the Head Master's inevitable Father Christmas suit to resist the Westminster drabness. An excellent radio play with individuals asked to play many parts was in a way what we were watching, and yet the spirit of the place made School an entirely evocative setting. All the people who spoke to us had returned to haunt a place they might wish to forget, but never would.

The arrangement of the actors allowed for a blend of straightforward frontal addresses to the audience, and dialogues between the characters, which at their best ignored the audience altogether. The most protracted and absorbing of these concerned the correspondence of a Scots boy called Colin (Edward Clark) and his flutteringly anxious mother (Diana Whelan). Their accents were a joy, and the picture conjured up of Colin's father so moved as to look up from his porridge at the postman's coming in the (vain) hope of a letter from his absent son was perhaps the most memorable of all.

Not surprisingly food and games were the major sources of interest. Lessons sounded quite daunting, but the miraculously inept prose of a small boy's letter (nicely struggled over by Nicholas Clegg) was some consolation. Their Latin and Greek may have been near-perfect, but the English doesn't seem to have been any better than what it is now. The evocation of school food did not inspire envy, and even Jason Morell's oozing advocacy could not convince me that gible pie can ever have been—to quote his word—'delicious'. The sporting episode was even more enchanting, not least because it was a triumph of irresistibly unreasonable disdain. The Shrewsbury Cricket Captain simply could not understand why he was refused a fixture. The letters of his Westminster counterpart (John Heseltine) were impeccably formal and impeccably rude.

Moments are what remain most vivid:

Guy Weldon reprimanded for using seniors' soap, Adam Shaw slighted by the ladies, Charles Colville (O.W.) reminiscing, or John Field intoning Busby's dictum that gave the play its title, but the structure of the whole was vital if all these gems were to shine. A school relies upon ingenious organisation, and the play reflected its subject by doing just the same. The programme note spoke of 'the life of a school during a single day', but by the end of the evening one had been gratefully made aware of the fact that this was the life of a very special school indeed.

David Ekserdjian



Elizabeth Corcoran

## A Slight Ache and The Hole

'Why must members of the school so continually attempt the Theatre of the Absurd?' moaned one member of staff despairingly as he stared at a poster advertising the above plays. Certainly much Absurd drama directed by school members that I've seen at Westminster has been decidedly third-rate. It has usually ended as a running battle between actors and audience to see who can keep a straight face the longest. The audience usually wins.

With these productions the jinx was broken. The newly cleared Dungeons gave out an atmosphere of makeshift friendliness and in their direction James Whitehorn and Kate Teltcher had wisely balanced absurd tragedy and comedy against each other.

The first of these two was Pinter's '*A Slight Ache*' which deals with the conflict between civilised pretention and the emotions and needs aroused by instinct and nature. But the play seems to go no further or say little more and thus the actors are in

the difficult position of playing condensed characters whose main task is as symbols for Pinter's idea. Tension appears too early in the play and the actors are hard put to it to maintain constant interest. So the first half of the play was undoubtedly the best. David Clement-Davies and Madlyn Hart created a sharp duet of petty upper middle-class discord ('It'll bite me!' 'Wasps don't bite') as husband Edward and wife Flora bitch over the breakfast table. Both caught the quarrelsomeness and frustration of middle age accurately and funnily in a triumph of trivia.

With the appearance of the blind old matchseller the repression of emotion apparent in the first section of the play has gradually to peel off. In Edward's case the old man acts as the channel for his hatred and isolation from other classes ('Get back! Get back!'), isolation from straightforward desire in the awkward cliché ('Let's get down to brass tacks'), isolation from his wife, even from a whole sex ('You're a woman, you know nothing'). But the climax of this emotion came too suddenly. We had been given hints of what was to come as David Clement-Davies, with fairly considerable interpretative skill, showed us Edward's veneer of manners slipping, perverted into aggression ('Sit down! Chair comfortable?') after he had brutally shoved the old man into a seat. But intense emotion was generated too soon, before Edward had fully realised his plight and envy of the old man. As a result his performance was an anti-climatic one. Certainly he portrayed the strength of emotion vividly but its prolongation let it decline into the second-hand in speech and gesture. David Clement-Davies played the part with great clarity but without quite resolving the central problem of Edward's enormous change of mood. He was not helped by Pinter's emotionally inadequate script, which becomes too charged too soon for the simplicity of his plot.

Madlyn Hart had an advantage in this respect. Flora's violent lust for the old man only manifests itself later in the play when we have already seen her develop as the over-considerate, nagging wife, eager to make an impression on any stranger and obsessed with her 'clematis'. The impact of her later and more justified emotional outburst was cleverly accentuated by Madlyn Hart's subdued playing. We were prepared for what was to happen to her but never directly shown until the last possible moment. In this respect the tension was admirably maintained with careful and intelligent acting.

This was a difficult play, difficult because of its inherent faults. However, it was redeemed by decisive acting and decisive direction from James Whitehorn. Though these qualities often served to highlight some of the play's flaws, more importantly it gave a firm, unified outline even to Pinterian obscurity.

Kate Teltcher quite rightly saw N. F. Simpson's '*The Hole*' as a send-up of all that is worst and most incoherent in the

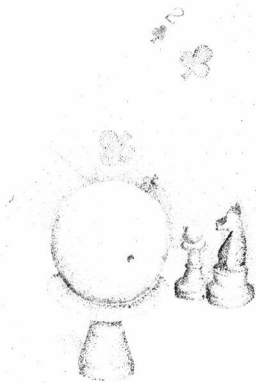
'meaningful' play. A bold sense of fun and satire permeated this production, every character being in reality a caricature. The director and her actors had realised the limitations of an essentially trivial play and so the action was neat (helped by a marvellously choreographic quality in the actors' movement on stage), with little amateurish hanging about or showing off.

In acting out a set of caricatures tight control and lack of self-indulgence is vital. Even ham is permissible as long as it is appropriate and held down rigidly to appear at the right moment. Above all the caricatures must not know that they are being 'funny'.

Piers Gibbon as Endo, Francis Spufford as Cerebro the over-intellectual and Madlyn Hart and Alexandra Perricone as a Cockney double-act were supreme examples of these virtues. Piers Gibbon was confident, dominant and shrewd and he never went over the top in his boisterous rôle. Francis Spufford gave a beautifully precise, measuredly satirical performance, and although he lapsed once or twice into too much enjoyment of himself his excellent comic timing saved him from mediocrity of any sort. Madlyn Hart and Alexandra Perricone showed us teamwork at its best. They never tried to upstage each other and had a marvellous unawareness of their absurdities. Andrew Torchia, with his one line and without any stage hogging, gave us one of the most concentratedly funny moments of the evening. Unfortunately, though the other caricatures gave thoroughly adequate performances, they never rose above the schoolboy trap of trying too hard to be funny. This was, on the whole, a very good, unpretentious production.

In such a small community as Westminster the critic's main job has degenerated into that of writing self-congratulatory flab. The best propaganda that a school can have is not mindless praise but sharp self-criticism. It is a mark of the standard of these productions that they could be criticised rather than patronised.

Jason Morell



Felicity Newbold

## The School for Scandal

*'Why can we not always be young, and seeing the School for Scandal?' (William Hazlitt, 1815)*

Writing reviews of school plays is very difficult. Those in *The Elizabethan* have often been criticised for their non-committal 'enjoyable but . . .' attitude. The criticism is justifiable, but the alternative is to write a journalistic review: cold, objective and unsympathetic. No wonder *Elizabethan* reviewers usually reject this alternative. A newspaper review is written by an observer, completely divorced from the cast and production, written in order to recommend or dissuade one from going to a play. By the time *The Elizabethan* appears, school plays have long since finished so that it is fruitless to criticise a production severely—those involved are hurt and offended, others are indifferent. Besides, a normal review ignores the great difficulties present in producing a school or, particularly, a house play. The production is greatly limited by the availability of money (which though generous cannot be unlimited), of actors, of time and of facilities. A reviewer has a right to be hard on a West End production for which people pay highly for tickets and which aspires to perfection. A house play is different: the producer is not attempting to create a faultless, effortless performance but to create something enjoyable within severe but inevitable limits and to make the audience believe that it has not wasted two hours, in a freezing hall, which could have been spent at home, in comfort, watching television.

The other equally, perhaps more, important objective for a producer at Westminster is for the cast and all others involved in the production to enjoy themselves, to have fun. (Reading endless pseudish, deadly earnest eulogies of, and interviews with, eminent actors in glossy Sunday magazines one often forgets that acting is not a hallowed ritual.) Many always have, and always will, love acting, but for the more reluctant the more it can be a kind of therapy. It is well known as being instrumental in the cure of juvenile delinquents, in the rehabilitation of prisoners, but even in a normal school (if that is an apt description of Westminster) it can help to build up self-confidence. A house play is much better in this respect than a school one. The cast of the latter is often formed of an acting élite, already amazingly confident and popular before becoming involved in the production, and, needless to say, they are people who can, and usually know they can, act. The cast of a house play is limited to the house and, allowing for those who have not the time nor the inclination to join in, the choice is not large. No wonder many houses have dissolved into creative apathy and have not launched dramatic productions for many years. No wonder many are wary of presenting one before Westminster's notoriously critical eye.

I was asked to review *'The School for Scandal'*, the Wren's house production of the Lent term. My reaction, before ever seeing it, was one of slight horror. Firstly I would be treading in the hallowed footsteps of my father, a theatre critic for many years. Secondly I knew, from recent experience, how easily house plays can go wrong and what a miracle it is that they appear at all.

I saw the play and afterwards confronted Madlyn Hart, the co-producer, with my main criticisms. The first was the choice of play, which I felt was somewhat strange: most of the characters are adult, some old, the language is both eighteenth century and stylised and, to my mind it requires period scenery and costumes. It is not a masterpiece and does not attempt to solve the eternal questions posed by life, death and the universe and cannot therefore be divorced from its eighteenth-century context. Madlyn, paling slightly at the word review, said she had had great difficulty in finding a suitable play—she wanted to give the opportunity to act to anyone in the house who wanted to, and was against a modern play. She felt that the standard of acting needed to be higher in a contemporary work since the characters must be convincing and that those unaccustomed to acting prefer the unfamiliar—formal speech, old-fashioned dress and a society whose morals and customs were so different from our own. In short, a period work provides an opportunity for escapism, a chance to sense one is really acting, rather than just re-enacting the more fascinating incidents of everyday life.

The seemingly inspired setting of the play in the Twenties was the result of necessity rather than choice—those costumes were the most readily available. It succeeded because the society of the 'bright young things' was similar to that of Sheridan in its frivolity, exuberance, wit and carefree spirit. The scenery, skilfully arranged on two levels, was sparse since, needless to say, there is great difficulty in obtaining valuable, breakable antique furniture for a school play. Many performances were very good, the outstanding one being Phiroze Noshier as Moses, the avaricious priest. Louise Brown brilliantly captured the lighthearted, pleasure-seeking tone of the play in her portrayal of Lady Teazle, while Paul Hollingworth was admirable as Sir Peter Teazle, though perhaps a little too active for an elderly man. The play moved swiftly, never lapsing into dullness, never causing one's attention to wander. The only disadvantage of performing at such a pace was that some of the more subtle, witty lines seemed to pass the audience by. Westminster audiences seem somewhat unresponsive to comedy, somewhat reluctant to laugh, embarrassed that their sense of humour might not conform to the Westminster image. *'The School for Scandal'* was a success because not only the audience but also the cast enjoyed it. What more could one demand of a production?

Penelope Gibbs



## 'Eiszeit' by Tankred Dorst

Many contemporary German writers are 'engagiert'. They do not treat their characters as individuals but as representative types, whom they invest with what they see as common contemporary traits, proceeding through a variety of stylistic devices to engage themselves and their audience in a serious and solidly constructed didactic disquisition on the society in which they live.

'Eiszeit' is refreshingly different. Indeed Dorst throws the contrast between the old man and the other characters into even higher relief through his different treatment of them. The old man lives alone, shut off from those around him on account of his age—except from Kristian, his childhood friend, now a tramp (played with engaging humour by Tom Beard), whose conversation only serves to emphasize the isolation of the old man, revealing that almost all their friends are dead.

His reputation as a Nazi-sympathizer ensures ostracism by his fellow residents; yet he only supported the Nazis because he saw them as an alternative to left-wing radicalism which he hated. It is out of this reputation that his acquaintanceship with Oswald, a young and dogmatic left-wing ideologue, develops. They argue over the past; Oswald wields doctrine and emotion, the old man advances an attitude which is pragmatic rather than dogmatic, which is founded on experience and expressed through a mocking pessimism and scepticism. It is Oswald who is defeated, who realizes the emptiness of his sentiments and who commits suicide.

Oswald and the old man are the only two characters who stand out from the firmament of fools in which they are fixed. They are individuals, they experience, but the others are no better than caricatures: the smooth journalist Reich, bored by the truth, the violent and prejudiced pastor Holm without the slightest trace of Christian charity.

All these characters are blind, 'innerlich leer', their Horvathian inanity revealed in the preparation and celebration of the Norwegian national day. The contrast between them and the old man could not be stronger. He is in an 'Altersheim', yet more alive than they; he is far older, yet aged by experience not decay.

'Eiszeit' was skilfully produced, the slides of psychiatrists' questions to which the old man was subjected were a particularly effective means of enabling the audience to sympathize with him. The cast filled their parts with great enthusiasm, but both interpretations of the old man were remarkable, elevating him far above the other; Omar Qattan was querulous, difficult, obstinate and beautifully poised, Matthias Frei scoffed and mocked with calculated distance. 'Alle sind tot und wir sind lebendig.'

Mark Lightbown



John Warburg

## Lloyd George Knew My Father

A review in the last edition began: 'The problem with plays at Westminster is that a director can choose either a tedious fifties sit-com . . . or a play which makes real demands on the audience.'

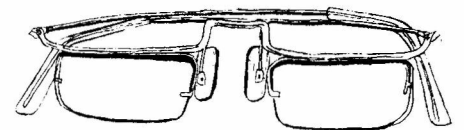
It must be the main criticism of the Ashburnham House Play that it fell pretty disastrously into the first category and in doing so demonstrated the usual failings in our attitude to House plays. No play can be produced quickly or easily and while I accept the 'community' aspect of the production, it seems to be an unnecessary waste of effort that the end-product should be in any way unrewarding. Yet this rather drab and unoriginal comedy (particularly when presented to a largely cynical audience, one of whom aptly described it as a typical 'repertory-company reject'), placed an intolerable pressure on the cast to produce laughs at the expense of the play. While it would be wrong to condemn what was a very amusing entertainment, it was difficult not to feel that the audience was waiting in eager expectation of the next hilarious blunder, and this was confirmed by the fact that on the last night, when the telephone did stop ringing and 'The Last Post' was not replaced by a Scottish pipe band, the play returned to its dull self. On the knowledge of lines, though there were one or two exceptions, I can only observe that on the first night the relatively straight remarks—'What am I to say?', and 'Well, we're all guessing, aren't we?'—reduced the audience to hysterics.

As the eldest member of the Boothroyd family John Heseltine's powers of improvisation were a constant amazement and he was often very entertainingly senile, but he too relapsed into moments of acknowledging the audience. His wife, played by Alexandra Perricone, held the production together on the first night and gave a very fine performance, remembering

that just because the play was a comedy it was still important to take it seriously in order to present it as such, and any over-acting was appropriate and undoubtedly necessary. Saskia Gavin's positively melodramatic sobbing was marvellously unconvincing, and both she and David Richardson gave sound, even if at times expressionless performances of the most difficult of the three generations in the play. Nick Elverston and Henry Male were also good as the timid and well-meaning vicar and the long-suffering butler, as was Fiona Reid as the more compassionate member of the family in Sally Boothroyd. Gideon Todes was certainly casual as her free-lance journalist boyfriend (who was, inevitably, not generally approved of), though sometimes off-hand to the awkward extent of being almost grudging to the audience.

This sort of play must make the director feel rather like a policeman and Penelope Gibbs can only have been frustrated by the lack of scope it offered. Ashburnham should worry less about failing to do justice to a better play, for if in being adventurous to that extent House plays fail, at least they will have removed the handicap of a poor text and put their effort into something which both they and the audience can appreciate as a fine play, even if not a fine production.

Robert Hannigan



T. Funaki

# The Crucible

'*The Crucible*' is a highly ambitious project for a house play. The numerous pitfalls that confront any producer are almost unavoidable. The very subject matter—witches and witchfinding—comes straight out of 'Hammer' films and is likely to encourage actors into campness, revolving their eyeballs and cackling their lines at every available opportunity. The size of the cast itself constitutes a major problem. There are often a lot of people on stage at the same time, and the last thing required is a bunch of black-suited puritans swanning about as if at a mortician's cocktail party. Even worse, the pseudo archaic language Miller chose to employ can lapse into the absurd with very little assistance. How many 'y'sees' and 'thees' and 'ayes' can any of us take, if they're not written by Shakespeare? At one point I thought it would never end: 'Is there aught I can do? Naught, thank you . . .'

Still, given the inherent difficulties of the material, Busby's managed very well. Omar Qattan, the director, deserves a small prize for placing the audience among the actors, and for keeping the sets simple. Both ideas increased the impact. And, from time to time, the impact was considerable, especially those scenes involving the naughty trio of girls who seem to take great delight in denouncing their colleagues, friends, aunts, mothers etc. The girls were all acted by boys and this sexual confusion exacerbated the unpleasantness of the whole business. Martin Waterstone's Abigail Williams made one feel terribly queasy.

In fact, all round, the 'nasties' were well performed, a tribute to both the actors and Miller's ability to caricature hypocrisy. The director's performance as Putnam was highly memorable and at one point it was very difficult to restrain the desire to shove a bead up his nose. Sebastian Peattie's Danforth provoked stronger feelings. Even in a chair, he seemed to strut.

Bruno Rost and Wendy Monkhouse probably had the most difficult task, having to portray the hero and heroine without making them appear either stickily nice, or stupidly self-righteous. John Proctor, in particular, can be a very tiresome character. His decision to let himself be hanged can make him appear as narrow-minded and silly as his persecutors—the whole idea, a kind of late flowering puritanism. However, Bruno Rost managed to avoid bull-headed obstinacy, and, in his farewell to his 'wife' achieved a certain pathos, if not exactly tragedy. Miraculously Wendy Monkhouse conveyed the impression of being married. Teenage actresses are usually far too 'flighty'.

But really, it is invidious to select individual performances. Everybody did well, and if some of the younger actors occasionally indulged in pop-eyed screaming, on the whole the cast appeared to act and react as a group who knew where they were going. And despite personal doubts about Miller's ability as a



playwright, at the end of the evening I felt I had seen something important.

Gavin Griffiths

Fiona McKenzie



# School Concert in St. Margaret's—March 16th

The first item in this concert was the overture to Mozart's opera *'Idomeneo'*. *'Idomeneo'* was Mozart's first full scale opera written in Salzburg. His orchestral music is technically taxing and demands sensitive phrasing and a good sense of pace. Perhaps a slightly faster tempo would have helped to add movement to the rather ponderous start to this piece, but the orchestra soon warmed up and the music gained both in movement and lightness.

After a competent performance of Fauré's Pavane, opus 50, Charles Sewart left the ranks of the orchestra to play Vaughan Williams' tone poem *'The Lark Ascending'*. This was a finely rhapsodic and sensitive reading, totally secure in intonation, with the solo violin suspended and rising above the throbbing strings. The audience was clearly totally absorbed by this splendid playing which so marvellously evoked the spirit of Meredith's poem and the composer's response to it.

Liszt's organ piece, 'Prelude and fugue on B.A.C.H.' sat rather uneasily as the next item on the programme—too strongly contrasted with Fauré's delicacy, but Peter Muir's secure performance made its effect. It is not his fault that the work does seem very long.

The concert ended with two works by Schubert, making a very agreeable finale. Evelyn Tubbs gave a most expressive rendering of *Salve Regina*, Op. 47 as a prelude to the Mass in G, in which she was joined as soloist by Howard Milner and Timothy Woolford. The questionable authenticity of this work, which may be by Schubert's brother, does not detract from its simple and concise charm. Under Charles Brett's clear handling, the choir negotiated such difficulties as the work presents with skill and panache. They seemed to be taking their cue in this respect from the admirable singing of the three soloists.

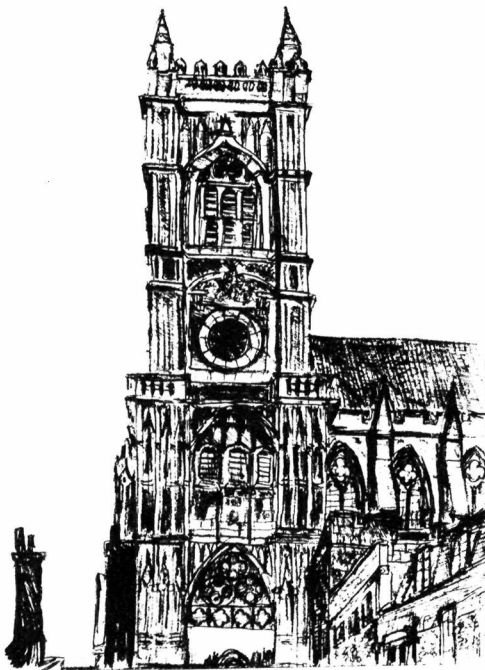
This was my first experience of a school concert at Westminster and the standard seemed to me to be very impressive. I look forward to many more like this.

P. J. Needham

## Charles Sewart and Peter Muir—Violin and Piano Recital—May 1st

On May 1st Charles Sewart, violin and Peter Muir, piano gave their first joint recital in the Adrian Boult centre to an appreciative audience of some fifty boys, girls, staff and parents. It was an ambitious venture and if we did not already know the quality of these two young musicians it would have seemed quite extraordinary that they should put on a programme that might daunt seasoned professionals, consisting as it did of sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms, an

# Music



A. Foord

unaccompanied Bach Partita (in full), some late Beethoven piano works and some Bartok. A critic would be failing to respond to their remarkable musicianship if he took refuge in generalities and it is a compliment to them that I feel impelled to give them the kind of detailed criticism that is only deserved by those who aim high.

Those who play chamber music regularly learn to sink their personalities into an agreed mode of expression. No wonder conflicts arise and tempers get frayed. I doubt whether this ever happens with Charles and Peter, although in Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 96 that opened the programme there was a minor tug-of-war in the Allegro moderato between Peter's flexible rhythm and Charles more rigid enforcement of it. In the over-dry acoustic of a filled room Peter's sparing use of the pedal made Beethoven sound as analytical as Stravinsky and the very clarity made one aware that note-values were not always differentiated nor rests always observed at the end of phrases. In the Adagio espressivo there was greater rapport as each player recognized his respective role in ever-changing textures. The numerous accented notes in the Scherzo were ironed out so that the movement sounded rather flat, but the Allegretto was very successful. It was good to hear this superb sonata, which tends to be neglected in favour of its famous predecessor, the Kreuzer.

Charles Sewart then played Bach's Partita in E. After a bold account of the Prelude, characterised by good rhythm and intonation, some of the other movements sounded rather breathless, and I found the ending of the Gigue (and indeed of the Prelude) a bit abrupt. But if there was some tenseness during this performance it may well have arisen from the fact that Charles'

bow came to a sticky end (unnoticed, I suspect, by many of the audience). Nevertheless there were admirable things here; technically it was excellent and his conception of it will certainly mature.

Peter Muir played Beethoven's Six Bagatelles Op. 126 with a romantic abandon that made listening to them a strange experience. I felt often that his use of rubato made some of the pieces sound a bit flaccid. No. 3 in E flat was rather improvisatory and lacked a firm pulse; No. 4 in B minor needed rather more attack to project its demonic humour and much of No. 6 didn't have the easy-going quality it deserves. In spite of my reservations, others have told me that they found this performance of these comparatively rarely heard and fascinating pieces totally absorbing.

The two players now came together for Brahms' 1st Violin Sonata in G, Op. 78. This is a big work in every way and it received its due from both of them. There was a satisfying architectural progression in the Vivace, Charles playing with a vigorous tone, enlivened by a fairly fast vibrato and Peter accompanying with much sensitivity. The Adagio, as in the Beethoven, seemed to inspire them. The phrases were calculated and poised in a piece of true Brahms playing. Finally the Allegro molto moderato (apart from the odd fluffed passage and what sounded like an unplanned ritenuto at one point) set the seal on a performance of real quality—the more remarkable for coming near the end of a taxing programme.

After such substantial fare Bartok's Six Rumanian Folk Dances came as a delightful coda, played as they were with such sparkling freshness so that they sounded like genuine dances. It was a fitting end to a fine demonstration of sustained musicianship by these two. We really must hear them together again—and soon.

Martin Ball

## Jazz/Rock Concert—March 18th

What a depressing afternoon it was: almost two hours worth of disappointment, I know we can do better than this. There wasn't a hint of art here. None of the performers had asked themselves why they were doing what they were doing. Nothing unexpected was played and there was no suspense, no fear and no excitement. I don't suppose it had occurred to any of the 'artistes' appearing to take a risk, make a personal statement, use their instrument as a means of self-expression. 'So what? It's just entertainment!', you might say. But it wasn't even entertainment; it was dead boring. All the acts, with the exception of 'Clackmannan' (who were the evening's best entertainers), were obviously very competent musicians, but none of them showed any ambition, being content to hide behind the tried and tested formulae of traditional rock.

First on were 'Sunshine'. After the way they plagiarized the tomb of rock, I think 'The Necrophiliacs' would be a more appropriate name. The crowd were still in

good spirits at this point, the sound was good, and they played well, but I thought people started getting bored with this sort of music ten years ago. The jazz group were a real relief after the heavy boredom of the ironically-named 'Sunshine'. The title 'Jazz Group' suggests to me a group of self-indulgent virtuosi, but no such bad luck. Their playing was unassuming and the music was light and, dare I say it, enjoyable. The jazz group then sadly gave way to the awful 'Bach 7 Up'. They made the mistake of trying to rock up classical music (you know, like Andrew Lloyd Webber, but even worse). A shame really, as they were all classy musicians, who would have been able to express some creativity, had they had any. On to 'Clackmannan'. Unlike the other performers, Clackmannan were, technically speaking, atrocious, but their massacre of Johnny B. Goode was very enjoyable. The ominously-named 'Trio of Doom' were at first very impressive, they, unlike Clackmannan, all being fantastically dexterous players, but they soon descended into pure self-indulgence and, looking round the room, I could see that I wasn't the only one wishing they would stop. Paul Cavaciuti's drumming is, as everybody knows by now, technically stunning, but his solos, both here and Busby's Cabaret, were so unbearably tedious that he really must

stick to being impressive within the tight structure of a song. Next on were 'John/Nick/Paul/Mike', who were mellow/mild/tedious/forgettable. Then came the 'Drum Duet', the only act I didn't greet with hopeful anticipation, as they obviously weren't going to save the show. Actually, considering how unnecessary this act was, and how boring it might have been, it was fairly fresh, short, and painless.

Last on, and last hope, were 'Fourplay' (the 4 + 1 minus one, and looking much healthier for it). They were the only act who deserved to be reviewed, and the only ones who will be worth keeping an eye/ear on in the future. It must be said, however, that this afternoon they were disappointing. As one of them said afterwards, 'We played all three songs better at the first rehearsal.' They had the advantage, over all the other acts, of having written all their own material, and there were some interesting musical structures, but the vocals were inaudible and all the songs were too long (at least six minutes). My main criticism of the band is that they still sound far too mainstream to arouse genuine interest or excitement. To be fair though, all the odds were against them, and they would have had to be really excellent to save the evening from the gloomy atmosphere that had, by this time, got a firm grip on the audience. Most people had left by

now, and the remainder had lost the eager anticipation with which they had greeted the dull, regressive 'Sunshine' over an hour and a half ago.

Fourplay were the only hopefuls in the whole affair but they've still got a long way to go. The others must rethink what they're doing. The mindless regurgitation of musical styles which have gone before can only be justified if it's fun, which it wasn't the case today. The most depressing aspect of today's fiasco was that it was such a miserable event. All that boring music was churned out because people were not prepared to confront and transcend the limitations that rock 'n roll's corpse has imposed on contemporary musical expression. People are frightened of progress if it involves intellectual thought, and so they revert to the safety of convention. There was no hint today of any enterprise, of real fun, subversity or the unexpected. I hope there's never another concert like this at Westminster, but that groups who have the drive will play far more often, and that they will have the courage to defy the incestuous conventions of rock and let their imaginations have free rein. They must race against rockism.

Simon Witter

## The Tizard Lecture

The 1981 Tizard Lecture, on 'Cell Membrane Transport', was given by Professor Sir Hans Kornberg. At the remarkable age of 32 Professor Kornberg obtained the Chair of Biochemistry at Leicester and, when he was 37, became a Fellow of the Royal Society. Ten years after this he obtained a Chair at Cambridge, where he is a fellow of Christ's College. He has received several honorary degrees and is a specialist in the field of cell membranes.

Professor Kornberg started by explaining that there are essentially two types of transport between the interior and exterior of cells, passive and active transport. Passive transport is simply due to diffusion, but active transport involves participation of the cell membrane itself and the cell membrane can transport substances against concentration gradients. The purpose of Professor Kornberg's research is to find the mechanism for this process and the most important step is to find the membrane protein responsible for transporting any particular substance.

The basic research tool used is the cell itself, preferably a very simple unicellular organism: if general principles are developed on these, these principles can be, in most cases, applied to larger, more complex organisms. Most biochemists, including Professor Kornberg, use *E. coli*, a bacterium found in the human gut, as it is easy to keep, control, and mutate.

Professor Kornberg described an experiment in which the membrane protein responsible for the uptake of a certain sugar

in *E. coli* was found. Firstly the bacterium was mutated, using recombinant DNA techniques to prevent it from digesting the sugar it had ingested, in order that the sugar uptake could be recognised. Two batches of these mutated *E. coli* were then taken, one which was found to ingest the sugar (1) and one which was not (2). (The latter was produced by being grown and never being given the sugar—having never seen the sugar, it did not have the protein required for its uptake.) The cell membrane proteins from each batch were then dissolved and separated using electrophoresis: proteins found in the first batch which were not found in the second were assumed to be the ones responsible for the sugar uptake. This was further tested by mutating viral DNA by 'tacking onto it' the instruction for building these proteins. The mutated DNA was then injected by the virus back into the second batch of *E. coli*: they now took in the sugar, which gave final conclusive evidence to the theory.

Professor Kornberg emphasised the necessity of 'genetic engineering' in biochemistry, vital in this experiment, and also in the subject as a whole. He also said that biochemistry was growing rapidly and that new discoveries were being made all the time.

This Tizard Lecture, was, for once, reasonably high-powered and actually worth going to for the material presented in it, not merely for the occasion as have been so many others. Despite its complexity (and I thought I caught an occasional puzzled look

on Dr. Rae's face) it was presented with, I think, a commendable clarity. Thank you, Professor Kornberg.

Humphrey Gardner



Fiona McKenzie

# Common Room Notes



John Warburg

## Colin Harris

Colin Harris came to Westminster in September 1969 from St. Alban's School as an assistant Physics master. He immediately became an established figure in the school, for he was then, and is now a superb Physics teacher, and one guesses that it is for this he would like to be remembered above all. First though, to chart his career here. He became Head of Physics in December 1970 and rapidly built up and strengthened the department during his time in command—and he was very much in command, keeping any possible dissension at bay by a mixture of tact and a sharp wit. At 'O' and 'A' level the weaker boys were given the confidence that they would pass, so that they were encouraged to work and did pass. The bright boys found real inspiration in his teaching, because he made them realize, especially in the Oxbridge term, that Physics did not consist merely of 'Topics' but that things linked together to form a pattern. At 'A' level the Topic tests that he introduced were a great help in enabling boys to chart their own progress and to give their work a structure that had perhaps been lacking before.

In September 1979 he gave up the Physics department for the important post of Director of Studies. He brought to this job, and certainly needed, tact, toughness and an instinctive feeling for organization. In his time he has changed many things on the academic side, not by proposing the sort of big new scheme that is guaranteed to put people's backs up, but by persuasion, the odd sleight of hand, and by getting people to realize that he would always do his best for every department. Classics, for example, no longer felt threatened and Russian felt that somebody cared about it. He also became, in a sense, the *éminence grise* of his time. One knew, of course, that there was an Under Master and Senior Masters but . . .

Colin was also involved in every aspect of school life. He was a House Tutor in Busby's for many years and ran the shooting

in that period—one of the most unenviable of tasks in those days of mass participation in the sport. He was in charge of Tennis for many seasons—not merely as a spectator either, for the odd bare knee was often visible—and there were many very successful summer afternoons during his régime. He even went on an expedition once, though it must be admitted that the sight of the Youth Hostel led him to book in immediately at the nearest five star hotel.

As all the boys he came into contact with soon realized, behind that gruff exterior (not to mention the beard) there was someone who cared enough to go out of his way to help them. He was always prepared to give them time—to go through some Physics, or just to talk to them about their future. Advice was always given honestly and sensibly about academic matters. There was, for example, no touting for custom in the Physics department and if he felt a boy was better off doing Modern Languages he told him so. And there are boys who reached Oxford solely because he took the trouble and had the contacts to steer them in the right direction.

He is now going on to be Head of Science at Eton. He will no doubt find this a difficult and demanding job but he is the sort of person who enjoys the challenge of new problems. He will also, I am sure, look very good in morning dress.

Colin will be much missed at Westminster, not only as an administrator who one felt was helping to steer things in the right direction, and as a very gifted teacher, but as a person and colleague. We in the common room have always delighted in his directness, his gently abrasive and totally unmalicious humour which completely failed to mask the real sincerity with which he approached every side of his job—above all his real commitment and concern for his pupils. He was always very refreshing company and a stimulating friend to those who knew him best. Eton is lucky.

T.J.P.

## Peter Hughes

Peter Hughes' stay with us may have been short but he has certainly been a much valued member of the Mathematics department who, had he been able to stay longer, would have had much more to contribute. However the opportunity to return to Cambridge to research into Control Theory is not one to be missed. He will himself be missed for his geniality, friendliness and energy. The latter quality, was, of course, much in evidence in the Squash Courts (for he came to Westminster after completing a three months tour of Australia sponsored by a Churchill Fellowship to play squash).

Although we are sorry to see Peter go, he leaves with our very best wishes for the next stage in his career.

E.A.S.

## Anne O'Donnell

Westminster's first full-time woman teacher—a pretty, long-haired 24 year-old—when asked in her first class how she might care to be called, said 'Sir'. That was in 1977. Three years later she moved from her physics-block eyrie with its strange kitchen-cum-bathroom-cum-loo folly into palatial Barton Street, had her long hair lopped but lost none of her extraordinary energy, and seemed set for a long stay. Then came the decision to move.

Perhaps it was not surprising, for Anne was always on the move: cycling to Battersea for gentleman's tennis, to Marshall Street for leisure swimming, to the West End with skaters; jogging round St. James' Park in the dawn hours, peddling to the Goethe Institut to learn German at dusk; exploring Normandy with fellow cyclists and flying to Russia with Russianists.

Russian was her chief concern. Indefatigable in pressing for parity with other languages, she promoted the study of Russian in the lower school, and lavished considerable patience and enthusiasm on her lucky pupils. 1978 was her *anna mirabilis*, when four of her Russianists won places or awards at Oxbridge, though I imagine she derived as great a satisfaction whenever all her bottom French set passed 'O' level. She would have loved to teach Swedish, and I'm sure there would have been plenty of takers—but no-one would let her. Her Italian option class, however, was always heavily over-subscribed, and always lost a few boys after a fortnight of term when they realized they were there to work and not just there to stare.

Anne was serious, but infectiously frivolous and brought a gaiety to common-room and class-room that will be much missed. Because of her warmth, intelligence and humour she seemed to have no difficulty adapting to an all-male society: future women-teachers will find their task very much easier for her pioneering four years, and be grateful. Most of us, however, will be poorer without Anne's sober appraisals of Westminster, her cheerfulness and kindness. Oh dear, this is beginning to sound like an obituary. Basta. Woman much missed . . .

R.R.S.

J. R. R. Judd





## Ruth Jarrett

It cannot be easy to come to a school like this as the only woman in an exclusively male and (at that time) batchelor department. When Ruth joined us three years ago two things were immediately apparent—that she had an outward self-confidence (whether or not this concealed some qualms) that would certainly see her through any situation and that we were fortunate in having as our new colleague someone with such energy and charm. She was instantly on easy terms with the Common Room—indeed it would be impossible to resist her delightfully forthright manner and bright humour and I would guess she managed the early stages of teaching in a new school more ably than many men have done. Boys, of course, are adept at taking the mickey—especially when confronted by a woman teacher—but Ruth is not easily thrown by the clever-dick and she soon won real respect by her obvious interest in helping her pupils to success. Hearing her speak about them at a parents' evening, one recognised that she really had taken enormous trouble to know them and their abilities and she was always ready to give extra time to pupils who needed that special bit of extra help. Ruth's high spirits totally failed to hide a thoroughly serious approach to her job and I doubt if anyone here took more trouble over the careful preparation of her lessons. She also did much valuable work for school Archery and her ready acceptance into full membership of the Common Room Darts Club suggests that there are in her many talents going untapped.

In short Ruth was a splendid addition to our company and it is not just a conventional flourish to say that she will be very much missed. Wherever the future takes her she will certainly make her mark—just as she did here, and she leaves with our hope that she will find the real job-satisfaction she is looking for.

E.A.S.

## John Warburg



## Mary Hopwood

Mary Hopwood retired from Liddell's at the end of the Lent Term after nearly fourteen years as Matron. Mary had given tremendous service in her time in Liddell's and will be remembered by many generations of Liddellites for her great energy, her zest and her good humour in all that she did.

The impact of Mary's personality on the boys was profound and it is clear to me that she has put right more foolish boys than all the housemasters together. She told you exactly what she thought, whether you were aged thirteen in Junior Dormitory, Head of House, Housemaster of Liddell's or Chairman of the Governing Body! Blunt sometimes, honest always, her invaluable, intuitive ability to judge characters is legendary and she didn't get many wrong, believe me.

She survived endless building programmes on all fronts over the fourteen years: there was the renovation of 20 Dean's Yard, the building of Singleton's, the building of the Adrian Boulton Music Centre, the building of the New Block and, to cap it all, we were completely sandblasted while in residence during the summer of 1980. Mary coped with all this disturbance in her calm, sensible, practical way.

We had a presentation for Mary on Saturday, March 14th, attended by nearly 150 old boys and current boys' parents. The response for her presentation fund was most generous and Mary was helped monetarily on her way to Australia, given a silver bowl, lots of flowers and a great sheaf of grateful letters from old Liddellites who couldn't come to the presentation. One boy wrote: 'I am grateful to Mary for her ability to take an arrogant young dilettante to task.' Another, ex-Head of House, wrote: 'I find it hard to imagine Liddell's without Mary, just as I cannot imagine Mary without Liddell's.' Another sent his contribution to the MARCH HOPWOOD Presentation Fund,



Bartle Frere

a slip of the typewriter which tells far more than many a fine phrase from others' pens. We shall miss her very badly—'And what have you come to get out of, Leo . . .?' We shall miss her tremendous misplaced emphasis—'If you don't make your bed, Marvin, you and I are going to fall out!'

Liddell's has not been in existence very long—only 26 years—and Mary has been a very important part of our House for half that time. She leaves at a time when the day element of the School is increasing apace and that special flavour of Liddell's boarding studies may be under real threat in the middle 80's. Mary holds a very special place in the Liddell's story.

Our very, very best wishes go with her for a long and fruitful retirement and we hope to see her often back in Dean's Yard, especially at 18 and 19!

D.E.B.

\* \* \*

In a letter to *The Elizabethan* Mary Hopwood writes:

*'Being unable to write to all the kind parents and Old Boys who contributed so very generously to my "retirement fund" I would like to use space in The Elizabethan to say a really heartfelt THANK YOU. I am still overwhelmed and truly grateful and feel I have received far more than I have ever given.*

*I am looking forward to my Australian trip early next year and have several others on my itinerary, but I will endeavour to keep Mr. David Brown and Liddell's up to date with my progress.*

*I have thoroughly enjoyed my stay at Liddell's and thank everyone for all the kindness, support and tolerance received during those years.*

*Au revoir, not goodbye.*

Mary Hopwood  
Shaken Oak Farm  
Hailey  
nr. Witney, Oxon'

March, 1981

## Water

The Water report will once again be appearing in both issues of *The Elizabethan* in order to allow a greater depth of coverage for the busy rowing year.

The Play Term started with the senior squad training in fours for the Head of the River Fours which occurred earlier in the term than usual and did not therefore give us time to achieve the form which has brought success in recent years. The Junior 16 squad then combined with the Seniors to maximise our wins at the Vesta Winter Eights Regatta at Putney, and we were indeed successful in taking both Senior C and Senior C Lightweight eights. This regatta also marked the final appearance of a crew under Westminster Watermen colours, attempting the Elite B class, which combined some O.W.'s with oarsmen taking Oxbridge exams. The nonce club is now to revive the name of the O.W. club, the Elizabethan Boat Club, with the aim of enticing recent O.W.'s to form crews for the summer regattas, on a boat sharing basis, and allowing the school to row under Elizabethan colours in the holidays. Any O.W. interested should contact Michael Williams, the present Master *i/c* Water at the school.

Lent Term started with our second sponsored row for P.H.A.B., with two eights and a pair rowing to Teddington and back on the tide, a distance of 25 miles. This year the proceeds were divided; some went towards the purchase of two coxed pairs for use by the senior squad and £100 was raised for P.H.A.B. This long row may well become a regular feature of the winter training.

Later in the term the school competed at four Head races, Burway, Reading, Kingston and the Schools' Head. Several crews just missed winning pennants, and the Junior 14 squad, now coached by Mr. Hepburne-Scott and Bruno Rost had an enjoyable first taste of racing by coming second in their age group in the School's Head.

David Aeron-Thomas

School Regatta Finals Day: Thursday, July 9th.

N. Bennett



# Sports Reports

## Fencing

This was quite an encouraging term and, in matches, a highly successful one. We started by thrashing Cranleigh 23-4 and then narrowly defeated Harrow by 24-21. In both of these matches the senior foil fencing was very good. A visit from King's School, Canterbury ended our winning run and they beat us 31-23. This was mainly caused by an 8-1 defeat in the senior sabre.

To atone for this defeat we beat Eton 27-18 and King's School, Rochester 42-19. In the last week of term we competed for the Senior Epée trophy, which was won by David Salisbury-Jones, Mark Atkins being runner-up.

Over the Easter holidays we took part in two competitions. The first was the Public Schools team foil competition at Dulwich College, in which we reached the quarter-finals. Then came the most important event of the year—the Public Schools foil, épée and sabre. Our performance was not as good as it might have been—we came 7th—but there were one or two good individual results. David Hayward reached the semi-final of the senior épée, an especially promising result as he will have another two years in that age-bracket, and Gideon Todes reached the semi-final of the junior sabre. Mark Atkins fenced consistently at all three weapons and Matthias ffytche reached the quarter-finals of the junior foil. The competition was won by Brentwood. Again!

David Salisbury-Jones

## Cross-Country

Good results were achieved in the London Schools Championship, run on the first day of term at Parliament Hill; Adriaan Baars was 9th home out of 90 in the Intermediate, and Edward Pigott and Paul de Keyser came 5th and 7th in the 35-strong senior race.

The Bringsty relay on Wimbledon Common was won by Ashburnham, closely followed by Grant's. Strength in depth turned out to be decisive. The Junior teams of the first three houses all did well.

Richard O'Hara won the Junior Long Distance race for the second successive year, breaking by almost 50 seconds the record which he had jointly held. In the house competition College triumphed for the first time in the ten years of the event.

At Winchester a 3-foot deep, 20-foot wide river proved an interesting obstacle towards the end of a hilly course. It provided good practice for their heated indoor pool enjoyed afterwards. Both in this match and the match against U.C.S., Gray, O'Hara, Caron-Delion and Stagg all showed great promise.

Our sincere thanks go to Richard Kennedy, who has magnificently kept alive a station reduced to four regulars.

Paul de Keyser



Skye

N. Bennett

## Football

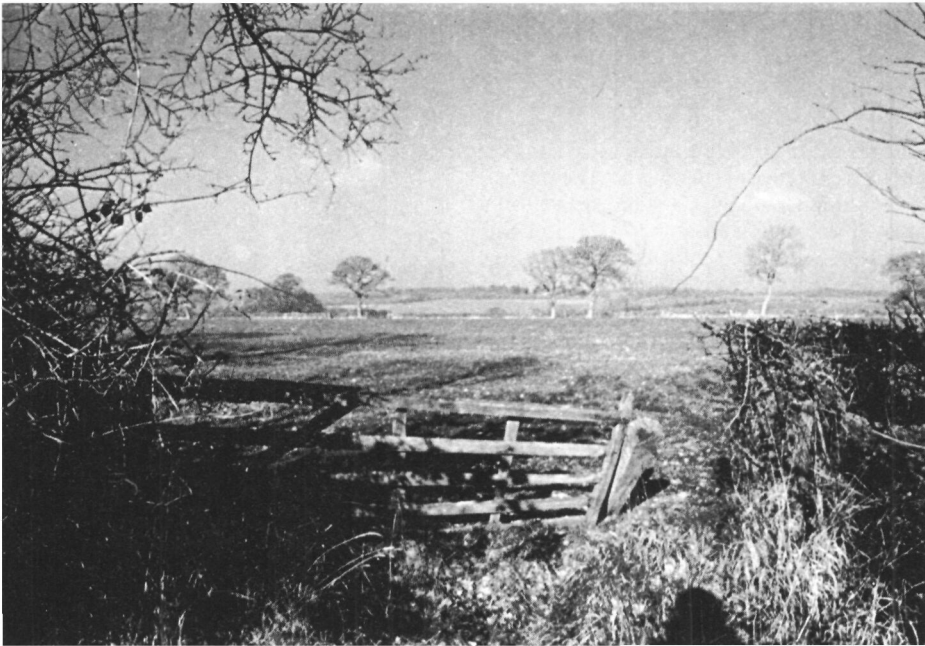
Before I lapse unavoidably into recounting the failures and weaknesses of the past football season it should be known that the 1st XI squad did have cause for some celebration. Football is not all about kicking a ball around as we found out when we sampled numerous bottles of champagne supplied by generous parents after several matches. The football story, however, was not always as merry as that. The main problem that the 1st XI had to contend with was that of having to follow two previously very successful football seasons. Many of the best players had left and a considerable amount of reorganisation had to be done, while at the same time the team depended too much upon the individual skills of players such as Peter Dean and Tony Joyce. When the team did function as one unit, though, the results were rewarding. The match against King Edward's, Witley was a particularly memorable one. The 1st XI played extremely well and achieved a 4-1 win away from home, giving Witley their first defeat in twelve matches, with Peter Dean, Adam Smith, Simon Craft and Paolo Paglieriani getting the goals.

The Lent Term got off to an excellent start including fine performances at home to City of London and away to Highgate with Ollie Bowes-Smith playing a large part in both matches. He scored two goals in the first and at Highgate he supplied the cross for Paolo Paglieriani to equalize the scoring at 1-1 which was the final score.

The team was again forced to re-shuffle when the captain, Simon Craft, broke a leg in the match against St. Andrew's Boys Club who turned out a few players slightly larger than boys. The team, though, was held together by players such as the goalkeeper, Hugh Rosen, who played exceptionally well throughout the season and Herman Siemens, who was consequently burdened with the captaincy. Younger players from the Colts such as Paul Woodward and Tim Lowe also made a strong impact in the side. In this way the team possessed the individual ability, but the general weakness, as always with Westminster football, was the lack of commitment, and so a potentially good season was transformed into a very mediocre one.

Simon Craft





David Aeron-Thomas

## Fives

The 1980 half of this year's Fives season was very demoralizing and, with the loss of Paul Wilson and Jason Streets I wasn't expecting the second half to be much of an improvement. It is with great happiness that I now disclose, to anybody who cares what happens to the Fives team, that we actually won six out of the eleven matches we played this term. This is the first time in three years that we have had a team with more victories than defeats. The reason for this sudden improvement in our results is quite simply that we've been playing more consistently than before. We haven't been playing any better than any previous team but, whereas in the past Westminster pairs who got close to winning usually lost, we generally managed to win when we were given the chance.

As far as individual performances go I don't think anybody needs to be singled out for praise. The junior members of the station were involved far less than usual in matches, and last term's most promising player, C. J. Morrell, only played once, so I would just like to congratulate the 1st VI generally (Simon Witter, Robert Lomnitz, Chris Cooper, James Love, George Weston and Ed Levy) for winning so often despite the very different, and often off-putting, conditions in which they had to play.

We started the season with a complete victory over the Old Stoics, and went on to beat all the clubs we played. For the first time ever we took the whole station to a match (against Harrow), but unfortunately every single pair lost. Apart from Harrow our two worst defeats were suffered at the hands of the Edwardian Colts and Lancing. Our two most satisfactory victories were away matches against the Cambridge Penguins and Marlborough. Last year at Cambridge both sides played atrociously and they won; this year both sides played well and we won. Marlborough was the last match of the season. After a comfortable 4-2

victory the station disbanded in high spirits.

For a school with, relatively speaking, so few and infrequent Fives players, these results are very impressive and, I hope, serve as adequate reward for Mr. Stuart and Mr. Jones-Parry who, of course, have given more of their time than anyone else to the station.

Simon Witter

## Shooting

Last term was very active as far as shooting was concerned, and with nearly seventy people in the school participating in this sport I am surprised that it is still referred to as a 'minor sport'.

We had two teams in the Civil Service leagues, both of which were highly credited by coming second in their divisions and both were ahead of the leaders on gun score.

The ten people in those teams were entered into the individual leagues and three of them won their leagues. They were Ken Adams, James Woolf and Phil Reid, all of whom received engraved spoons for this achievement.

A U15 team consisting of Julian Pears, Julian Peck, Robin Catto and John Kunzler came fourth in the N.S.R.A. U15 spring competition. Julian Pears shot two 100's in the final and also came sixth in the British school U15 individual competition.

Unfortunately we haven't been 100% successful, having lost a postal match against Oakham by 42 points.

This team got off to a sound start and we hope to be as successful in the leagues as we were last term. There was a Civil Service open shoot at Hendon in which Bartle Frere managed to win the class D by getting 566 points out of 600.

Once again we must thank Mick Russell, our coach, to whose patient and thorough tuition we owe a great deal of the success that the school has achieved.

Bartle Frere

## Judo

With the departure of Mark Oakley, Sebastian Anstruther and Oliver Higgs to university most people predicted that, although the team looked very promising in the long term, we would not be able to repeat our recent success immediately. I am delighted to say that we have proved them wrong, beating both Eton and Tonbridge. This was entirely due to the expert coaching of Philip Davis and George Chew and great encouragement from our Captain, Richard Rutnagur.

John Heseltine's return to the station, after a spell at Water, now means that the school boasts 1 brown belt, 4 blue belts and 3 green belts as well as a large number of graded juniors.

The inter-house competitions, once dominated by Ashburnham are now dominated by Wren's.

J. Southward

## Squash

A lack of good experienced players at the top of the school meant that this season unfortunately saw one of the weakest 1st V's on record. For this reason we played just one fixture, losing 4-1 away at St. Paul's during the middle of the term. In spite of the wide margin of defeat, however, every game was fiercely contested, and two matches went the full length. Furthermore, several young players in the lower school seem certain to form the nucleus of a new and stronger team in a couple of years' time. The flame of Westminster squash may flicker but it never dies.

Andrew Torchia

David Aeron-Thomas





# Sequence

## Poetry and prose

Ian Bostridge : Mourning Summer

*Spring has withered.  
Summer never came  
And I am left to Autumn musings.*

*Though leaves be green without,  
Within they turn to gold  
And lightly float, devout,  
Awaiting Winter's cold.*

Shannan Peckham

*Listen:  
The chime of endless clocks,  
The empty murmur  
Of soft waves on wan rock,*

*The lonely desolation.  
Too long you have lain on beds of other lives  
And dreamed of being yourself.*

*You watched the passing of time,  
Observed the movement of strange shapes  
Through the clean cut prisms  
Of coloured light.*

*There is no time to think,  
To watch the hollow bareness of life,  
To lie undisturbed, meditating  
On the dark patches in the white wall.*

Bruno Rost

*You tell me it can not go on  
and Winter comes late this year.*

*The Spring cries snowflakes  
to the ground*

*and something enters slowly  
reminding me of  
sadness; he speaks with my voice  
of familiar things, of  
old feelings.*

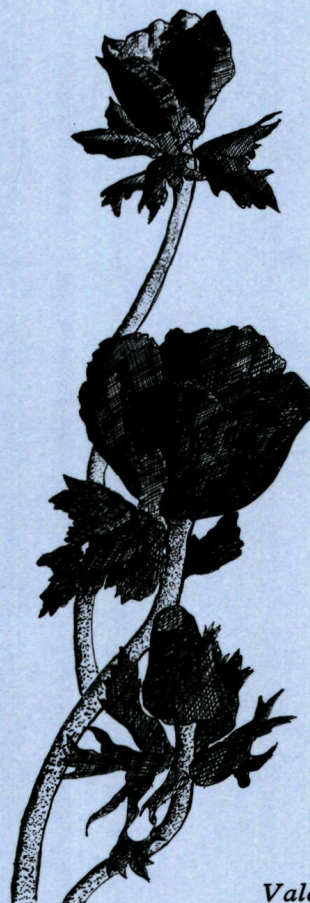
*New blossom  
tumbles on the bitter earth  
and dies*

*and with my wet eyes  
I watch the short sun  
hide*

*—and I think soon  
it will snow again.*

from Lorca's 'Ballad of the Guardia Civil':  
translated by James Goldfinger

*The horses are ravens  
The horseshoes are black;  
On their jet capes gleam  
Stains of ink and wax.  
They have leaden skulls  
So they don't weep.  
With their patent leather souls  
They stalk down the street;  
Hunchbacked at dusk they gather.  
Where they stay they demand  
Silences of dark rubber  
And fears of fine sand.  
They pass by if they want to pass by  
And hide in their heads  
A vague astronomy  
Of amorphous guns.*



Valerie Hansard

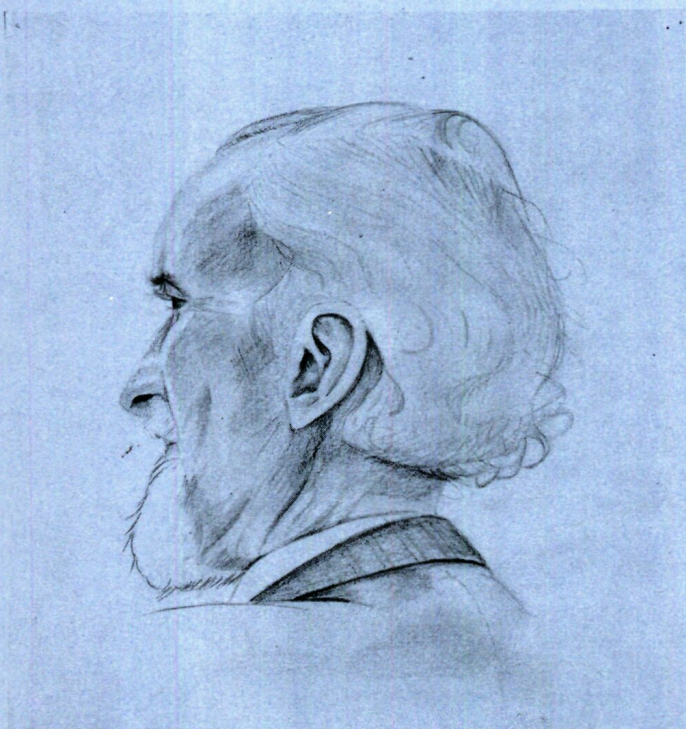


He's fond of him, of that little boy. He looks down at him, across at him, with fondness that dribbles from his eyes to his mouth, making it smile. He has been visited by the boy's parents, maybe; some connection that took the boy away has brought him back and the man looks down, past his nose, smiling at the boy from his eyes. He is quite well-off, this man; he often sits in the semi-light aside the window. He has a brown, heavy cloak on, brown stuff, grander than might have been, and he has a mole placed lightly by careful but flirtatious fingers on the nearest side of his forehead. It rests on the slope of the top part of his head and cannot decide whether it's on the front of his forehead, or the side. It has a slight bruise on the side from balancing in this position, rocking towards his ear. The man's full eyes are still pleased to be with the boy; he likes being pleased by such things—they have given two straight, faint lines, from the corner of his eyelid up, pointing like an outline towards a slight curl of hair. His eyes don't worry about his moles and his mouth is comfortably stretched and smooth.

The boy looks up at the face and his mouth pouts slightly; not much, just resentfully, slightly, with a fullness in contrast to the smooth line above. He counts well, this child. He has done so before when he has been with the man he is supposed to meet, like, know. He counted four last time, not including the forehead which he cannot see without making it obvious. Now there are the three together, as before, last summer, in a line like soldiers, although the one at the end isn't so clear now, more a bump that needs to be rubbed. Another is developing in front of the three, on the edge of the hill, the ridge, almost falling off the path. Small and stocky, this one is, fairly new but beginning to show the signs of adulthood sinking rough, too secretive, sly. Quite a friendly one is coming up to the left of all these, on from the ridge, where it smooths out to give a view of the sea. The originator of all this, who still vies with the forehead, is lurking around the corner, ugly brutish thing. Dreams are being believed, the cliff is swelling, something is forming on the end . . . by next summer.

The man, kind, looks with love on the boy, and remembers love, daughter, young thoughts, age, middle age. He does not think of himself. He does not mind the boy thinking of him, as the boy is but a starting point for the memory of his life and those who were in it: the boy serves that purpose and for that he is fond of him: at least, he likes to see him. It's not very often.

Darkness, cool and yet stuffy inside. Simplified, perfect, obvious view out, through the window. The tree stands up ever with the same strength, and little airy leaves. Slope, river swirls, back, way over, back.



Paul White

*Something slouching  
Among the shadows of the furniture,  
Holding its breath among the ticking clocks,  
Or crouching  
Just outside, pressed against the black glass.  
Something hungry, cruel and cold  
As a wind that shakes the door,  
With a soft heavy step that creaks the floor,  
Silent and quick and suddenly sure  
Like a razor slash.*

Paul Hollingworth : At the Wreckage

*I arrived at the confused wreckage  
Just after the 4.30 at Wincanton.  
The sky was a darkened stain;  
People said it had been a  
'Communist red'.*

*I recall 'Noodle IV' beating  
'Lady Delphine' by a whole head.  
Old Ned had said it was  
A good tip. Anyway I lost  
My slip.*

*When the toffs came—  
In dowdy waistcoats,  
Musty gloves, not to  
Mention quick brewed  
Sincerity—*

*Recollections spiralled through my  
Head. I saw Mum slaving away over a  
Hot stove. 'You can't beat good home  
cookin'!', she said. Home cooking. The irony  
Of it.*

*I glared at the wreck. Somewhere  
Was Mum, beneath fallen bricks.  
Somewhere was Dad, a la Tandoori—  
His ashes slowly simmering beneath  
Red bricks.*

*The picture, I painted, of smiles and joy  
Now hangs upside down, inside out.  
On my way home, my stripe of moustache borne,  
I resolved 'It happens to every family'.*

*From 'Abigail Hill' I looked  
Down through the view of years.*

*I saw a smooth fresh cloth.  
The bricks were once cemented hard.*

*I saw a wrinkled cloth with waves in it.  
The bricks were once splintered.*

*I see a tempestuous storm.  
The bricks are now dislodged.*





T. Hamilton

*A steely shadow like a rotting corpse  
Kisses the hedgerows and the grassy banks,  
Nuzzles the frigid waters of the frozen lake,  
And dies.*

*Beyond that veil there lies a waking beast  
More shadow yet than any dying soul;  
But still a flower shakes its frail wings  
And all the morning cries.*

*The licking fingers of the eager light  
Dart out beyond the burning sky to taste  
The shivering fruits of morning,  
Gripping the heart of grass and tree and leaf  
Bursting in splinters on a frost grey waste.*

## Sabine Durrant

I loved my grandfather, loved him with a fierce, possessive love which sometimes caused a feeling of desperation to leap inside me, making me want to hug him hard. He was the only grown man I thought I'd ever love, and the fear of losing him like my father intensified all the feelings I had for him. He was huge and deep and his face and hands were cracked and hard and brown like leather. But he would smile for me and the wrinkles in his face would change and turn and sometimes he would laugh with a bark-like guffaw that shook through both of us. He always looked away when he laughed, as if he laughed at something else, from another time, and then he would cough.

His coughing absorbed him. He would stare straight in front and his head would jerk, as if defiantly, while his body convulsed, again and again, in a multitude of shudders. I would sit there, during one of his attacks, feeling awkward. I never dared hit him on the back, or say anything. I sensed he wanted to be left. And when it ended, with a short final splutter, we would carry on talking as if nothing had happened.

He used to tell me stories about 'Eloise' who lived in a hotel in Paris, and sometimes he'd call her Sabine by mistake and I knew he meant me. I'd feel proud and I'd listen all the more intently and watch as he fumbled with his Gauloises and ran his fingers through his black hair. Sometimes I wouldn't understand his heavy guttural Belgian accent which often lapsed into heavy guttural French and he would be angry when I didn't answer him. Then my grandmother would say something to him and he'd tell me, as if it was a secret wickedly shared between us, that she was a silly old woman.

We would walk together or just sit on a bench and watch the people and my grandfather would get out his cigarettes and if I promised not to tell he'd let me have a drag. I'd pretend I liked it because then he'd smile and swear tenderly at me in French.

I used to throw my arms round him at the airport when our plane had been called, but he would look embarrassed and turn away, and I'd feel embarrassed too.

One day we were told he had cancer and my mother started crying. The next day he died.

## Andrew Peters : A Poem About Love

*Meaningful relationships pile up  
Under acquired facade.  
These paltry words,  
False, like the proud figures that I present—  
I don't need them.*

*Only a real self,  
No masks protecting privacy—  
For me.*

*But to sit at rest  
Seeing the other soul  
Through a clear window inside me—  
You.*

*That is the substance I seek,  
An essence—  
No body yet wealth of mind—  
Rich and ripe, untapped.*



Simon Middleton



*Held by the liquid light  
That flows the water's shoulders  
And clings as green or gold  
To the arch-backed bridge  
And flaccid sky,  
I lay silent and breathless.  
Eyes, once tired and clouded,  
Saw new beauty,  
And feeling, once eluded and distorting,  
Returned in fresh new clothes,  
Ready to begin again.*

*Another breathing flies the night—  
This is the creature  
That glides along in a trail of silence,  
And gently persuades the water  
To move and meet,  
Motionless.  
The faint hum,  
The whisper of voices,  
That glitter-paint and flicker  
This lowly-mover  
With the thin film of colourful light.*

*Silent and untroubled, the waves ripple,  
Glitter-glide and silken up and down.  
Let the boat move silently.  
Let time pass yet unnoticed  
And soon his aching arms  
Would lie a little,  
And rest.  
But this will always end.*

*Emotion and heart beat once only together,  
And then irrevocably die,  
And live only as distant memories.*

*'Turn, and she will be gone.'  
So I turned,  
And waited, as she departed in silence.  
The water lay smooth and undisturbed,  
And the light lay untouchably liquid,  
And time moved his aching arms  
And brought new feelings—never to be lost,  
Yet never to be felt again.*

Tristan Lawrence

*Hidden behind a blind of ignorance,  
Held by the experience of others—  
Lack of confidence, abundance of confusion,  
Which even they cannot assure.  
So they hinder free movement  
Until, through innocent eyes,  
We fall into adulthood: too early.*

*Through hardened eyes,  
Hidden behind a shield of hypocrisy,  
Held by his own experience—  
Lack of confidence, abundance of confusion,  
Which even he cannot assure.  
So freedom hindered by his own age  
Until, through closed eyes,  
No movement: only time.*

\* \* \*

*This sequence of poetry and prose has been edited by Richard  
Jacobs and Bruno Rost*

*O winged dove, you soar so high,  
And through the day deride the earth  
With mocking taunts, you ride the sky,  
Unmastered fly, as no man's serf.*

*At midday hour he hovers high  
And proudly flaunts his isolation  
As if to sneer at all that lies  
Below in baser habitation.*

*Lilting, drifting champion of the air,  
Mocking the ground's possessive call;  
Master of the void, he boasts his dare  
To fly with him, and chance the fall.*

Adam Frankland

*Age brings, with him, despair  
and loneliness.  
To youth belongs a flourish of sparks—  
so it seems,  
but these very sparks are extinguished,  
slowly,  
by days, and nights, of worry  
until a mist envelopes the crystal ball.*

*Scares and disease are the only real  
memories; the ones that hurt us.  
They disguise traces of youth  
and cast, without a thought,  
all hopes back to the depths.*

Shannan Peckham : Visions

*I see my future  
Graffitied on the walls  
Of dirty lavatories,  
Painted and scratched  
In the red paint of telephone boxes.*

*I hear a voice call  
From the glowing embers  
Of a dying world  
And see the faces of lost Gods  
Through the reflecting glass  
Of underground trains.*

*I wander through the streets  
Drawing pictures  
Of my life  
On the wet pavement  
And through the clouds  
Of thick mist  
I find myself.*

Ian Bostridge : from Invocation

*Be bloody, bold and resolute;  
Don't give in to lethargy,  
Hot-head pride or modesty.  
Let the old hall lie in ruins—  
Build anew, but build away  
From the wet wastes where the stormless day  
Is rare.*





*Christopher Duffell*

# Opinion

## In Defence of Monitorial Selection

On March 4th, 1981 the Head Master held a question time in the John Locke period. The idea was to provide an occasion for members of the upper school to bring up directly with the Head Master such burning issues as compulsory Abbey, Saturday morning school, station in the upper school, and so on. The result of this occasion was two-fold. First of all, even though there were Remove exams that afternoon, the attendance was poor and the questions tardy. Secondly, what questions there were were largely a criticism of the Monitorial Council and in particular why they were all watermen (this was I suppose an inevitable follow-on from questions concerning the expense of the boathouse). I wonder if those two facts arising from that question time are entirely unconnected.

Let me make it quite clear that there is no bias in favour of watermen when it comes to choosing school monitors. There are in fact six non-watermen in the present thirteen-strong monitorial. Of the seven watermen, five are heads of houses and therefore automatically monitors, and the remaining two are both coxswains and so arguably not real watermen. Ostensibly then it is just coincidence that there is a large contingent from Putney on the Council: or is it?

School monitors have 'specific duties' to perform and as leaders in the community they are expected to take a positive and constructive attitude to school activities and to encourage such an attitude in others. To perform that rôle adequately demands a sense of responsibility and duty, it demands dedication. Water demands and encourages those same qualities and it cannot therefore be a surprise to find watermen becoming heads of houses and school monitors.

I am not saying for one moment that all

David Aeron-Thomas

watermen would make good monitors, nor am I saying that non-watermen lack dedication and this no doubt accounts for the six who don't pull the oar. Nevertheless there is a marked lack of dedication on the part of some of the monitorial critics, apparent from their eagerness to bunk Abbey and Station, and their lack of attendance at activities to which they belong, such as choir and orchestra. It is the famous Westminster attitude and it is this which I suspect accounted in part for the small turnout at the Head Master's question time.

What else are monitors criticized as being? A favourite is that they are a 'bunch of thick watermen'. Well I've already dealt with the Water aspect. Thick? There are two scholars on the Council, last term (Play 1980) there were four and usually the Captain is one (my apologies); and most of the existing 'bunch' are expected back for Oxbridge. 'Thick' therefore seems inappropriate.

'None of them have ever acted in plays or anything cultured like that.' Well there are four monitors in the orchestra and five in the choir. As for plays, two have been considerably involved in drama which is about 15% of the Council. I wouldn't have thought that more than 15% of the present Remove (about 20 people) have had much experience with the stage.

'They're all scientists.' The Remove is divided roughly half and half into scientists and those doing arts subjects. Five monitors do arts which is slightly under half. This is just coincidence as over half of the outgoing Council did arts.

A leading critic of the monitorial once accused them of being 'blinded by their own inadequacies'. I hope that I have shown that their inadequacies are minimal. I would humbly suggest that the critics themselves are blinded by one particular inadequacy, an inadequacy to realize that the monitorial are representative and typical of the year from

which they are drawn, except perhaps in the matter of dedication and responsibility. If the monitorial are not representative of the critics then the critics cannot be representative of their year, a fact which they may find hard to face.

May I end by saying that I consider it an honour and a privilege to head the present 'crew'.

Tom Custance

\* \* \*

## 'Blow, blow, together . . .'

Sport, as any self-respecting sociologist will tell you, exists to sate man's aggressive instincts. Thus the hooligans on the football terraces are merely restoring the ancient significance to what is essentially a dull and uninspiring game. We at Westminster can feel justly proud of our customs, however, for through the Greaze—that revered, if absurd, tradition—these primeval instincts have been preserved. Where else but at a public school could one see people at one another's throats, spurred on by a screaming rabble, re-enacting time-honoured rituals? No sport is so violent and bloodthirsty, and yet earns the respect it deserves through the presence of a senior member of the clergy. It is doubtful whether the blessing of a local minister could save Chelsea supporters from arrest and prosecution—but, then again, they appear to be mindless vandals, not followers of tradition.

Both members of the Common Room and contributors to *The Elizabethan* frequently subscribe to the existence of a typical Westminster: 'Why do all Westminster . . .?' 'What a Westminster thing to say . . .', 'Just like a Westminster . . .' and so on. He or she is gossipy, petty and arrogant, but nevertheless has a heart of gold and a sentimental longing for the 'love-and-peace' syndrome of the sixties. All raping and pillaging stop under Liddell's Arch. Despite this mythological creature, however—and facetious, pacific articles in the school magazine—rumours and masters' admonitions show that rape and pillage are still in full swing—aided rather than refined by a good education.

One must be careful though; time, not enjoyment, gives respectability. If you know of any ritual tortures which new boys have to undergo—preferably more dangerous than leaping off mantelpieces (Grant's?), or running over benches in College Garden in full, formal morning wear (College)—or if you have committed any acts of vandalism or graffiti on the scale of those scribbles which grace the entrance to School, keep quiet about them until they have gained 'ritual immunity'. Even better get a few Royal witnesses as the promoters of the Greaze used to do. Then you can look up with bloodied hands, and a pagan glint in your eye, and say, 'Honest Sir, it's a tradition.'

Paul Berman



## The Music Competition

An excited hush descends over the expectant audience packing the Adrian Boult Music Centre as the distinguished musician (this year it is Douglas Guest, CVO, Organist and Master of the Choristers at Westminster Abbey) enters. He has had the honour of being chosen to adjudicate the most important event in the musical curriculum of the school, the final of the music competition. At stake, the silver cup at present perched magnificently on top of the harpsichord like a beautiful princess in mediaeval times proudly eyeing her rival suitors before the jousting begins. Meanwhile the distinguished musician appears to be reassuringly unaffected by the highly charged, all-pervading tension which has engulfed the auditorium. Having taken his seat he unconcernedly feels for his pipe, takes it out, lights it, scans the audience for a moment, and then turns to the list of finalists which Mr. Brett has just handed him, meticulously hand-picked by the Director of Music earlier in the day from more than one hundred entrants.

The atmosphere is undesirably tense, but the outcome is not in question. My own house, Dryden's, lies in second place after the preliminary heats, more than sixty points behind Liddell's, who incidentally have more finalists than any other house. The head of music of College (third place) throws a look at me, which tells that it's going to be a fight to the death between 'them' and 'us' for second place.

Two hours, and twenty-five or so performances later, Mr. Guest stands up, walks to the front of the hall, and, calmly leaning on the Steinway, goes through the items individually, while Mr. Brett sits in one corner, completely absorbed in the task of calculating the final scores. At last the results are read. As I thought: College 3rd, Dryden's 2nd, Liddell's (by more than 100 points) 1st. A burst of cheering, and George Weston, the Liddell's *Princeps Musicorum*, triumphantly steps forward to receive the cup.

I am slightly nauseated by the whole affair. It is not that I object to Liddell's winning; they thoroughly deserved to. It is simply that the system in its present form does more musical harm than good. At the root of my displeasure is the 'team principle', i.e. the idea that music can be 'fought' in teams (houses), like football or cricket. All very nice and public-schoolish—team spirit and that sort of thing—but it just does not work out in practice. The cup, which is the embodiment of this philosophy, is in theory used, as in sport, to stimulate excellence of performance. It is easy to see how this idea can be debased: for if they are seen as an end in themselves, marks, instead of being an immaterial by-product of fine performance, receive such attention that the latter falls into second place. From this springs the theory that the vital thing is the number of marks obtained not by the individual but collectively by his 'team'. Hence it does not matter how they are gleaned. Time and time again I have seen unwilling performers

being pushed into the heats, having been told to do their duty and score a few points for the house. These players form the opinion that it does not really matter if they do not do particularly well, fail to practise, end up with a minus mark, become upset that they were ever goaded into it, get depressed, and become deterred from taking up their instrument ever again.

Yet in spite of all this it would be foolish to think that a competitive element is always detrimental to musical performance: it is merely a question of harnessing it in the right way. The finals of the music competition is a very exciting event, but at present it has little musical value for those taking part. It would be much more profitable if the spotlight focused on the individual rather than the house. In other words, as in any music competition, I am suggesting there should be a *victor ludorum* (the player who has scored the greatest number of points). There would be prizes for him and also for those who came second and third. The House element could be kept, but a much lighter emphasis placed on it: the cup would be awarded to the house which had gained most points in the finals. There would be no preliminary heats. The finalists would be chosen at an annual meeting of the music staff (in cases of doubt, individuals would be required to perform so that a definite decision could be reached). I assume the choice would be two senior and two junior instrumentalists from each department (strings, woodwind etc.), so that there would be the same number as currently play in the finals. These restrictions would only be rough guidelines. The result would be a highly entertaining concert of the best musicians in the school playing as well as they possibly could. In addition the thought of one man losing, another winning, is highly appealing and would make highly palatable spectator-fodder.

However the question of the preliminary heats remains. The idea behind them—that the school's less gifted musicians should be given an opportunity to perform is a good one, though it is, as I have shown, too often abused under the present system. To a certain extent the informal concerts already cater for this need. However they are forced by their nature to be selective and discriminating (though far less than, say, the School Concert). One idea, which has been tried occasionally in the past, though with much success, is a concert in which all the performers are pupils or one or two members of the music staff. The standard ranged from the very good to the not-so-very-good, and this ensures that the concert is varied, and hence never becomes monotonous. It is attended by the performers themselves along with their parents, and maybe an aunt or uncle or two. The advantage of this over the present heat system in the music competition, is firstly that it is a proper concert performance, and the audience will not have an off-putting tendency to giggle whenever a D comes out as C sharp. Secondly, that as the performers

are playing ultimately for their own good, rather than the glory of the House, they will really work at their pieces, and the result will be musically worthwhile. The whole affair is brightened up by a small reception afterwards for the guests.

The only other desirable asset of the competition in its present form is that it encourages the formation of temporary ensembles. When one considers the number of first-rate musicians at Westminster, one finds that a pitifully small amount of energy is channelled into playing chamber music. In the music competition we see once again that the restriction to players of the same house is a crippling handicap. Also the mark-grubbing principle comes into full force here. Last year, for example, Dryden's entered twelve chamber ensembles, and performed (if that is the right word for items so chronically under-rehearsed) by a core of five good musicians, who used up exactly one tenth of the 120 possible combinations open to them. The average was around six (out of twenty) and ranged from a just-about-reasonable eleven to an unspeakable minus one. My suggestion is an annual 'ensemble week', with a series of concerts, not only in the music centre, but also in the Dungeons, Ashburnham drawing room (which seems to me to be an ideal venue for a chamber-music concert) and (as occurred twice last year) Ashburnham staircase. There would also be choral ensembles (madrigal groups, barber-shop quartets etc.) as well as performances by jazz and rock groups.

I do not think that the reforms I have advocated will be implemented in the near future. Experience has told me that a school like Westminster is reticent to change of any kind. All I wish to do is air my grievance with the present system (and I know my dissatisfaction is shared by many). I have merely suggested ways of improvement. Well, I look forward to this year's competition. In the meantime spero meliora, as they say. . . .

Peter Muir

*D. Neviatzky*



# Westminsters on Old Westminsters

The last few months have seen considerable activity by Old Westminsters in the world of the arts. Some of this work is reviewed below. James Irvine writes about the latest novel by Sir Angus Wilson (1927–32, H). Louise Rettie contributes reviews of the new play by Peter Ustinov (1934–37, B, A), the new musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber (1960–65, Q S)—both of these before the official openings in the West End—and the second showing of the TV play by Stephen Poliakoff (1966–69, W).

## ‘Setting the World on Fire’ by Angus Wilson

(Secker & Warburg, £6.95)

I have not had the pleasure of reading any of the works of this distinguished Westminster alumnus apart from the one about which I am now writing. Hence an open, but uninformed mind.

The book in question, ‘Setting the World on Fire’, has many facets and requires thought. Naturally it is hard to do it justice in a short review—to those who require more may I recommend the book itself as its own *laudator eloquentissimus*.

The central motif of the book is a continued and heavily stressed comparison between the two Mosson brothers, Piers and Tom, from 1948 to 1969, beginning at the respective ages of seven and six.

Herein Professor Wilson takes a most Classical theme, that of *hubris* and its consequence, and treats it, fittingly, according to the canon of Greek tragedy. The theme is embodied in the great legend of Phaeton, whose overweening act in driving the glorious chariot of Helios, his father, endangers fundamental order upon Earth and causes Zeus, the protector of the same to hurl him from the heavens with a thunderbolt. This runs throughout the book as a leitmotif, in the architecture and art of Vanbrugh and Verrio, to the music of Lully, and in the brothers’ eloquent conversation and thought. Piers is seen as Phaeton, and the basic theme of the legend is skilfully adapted to the tragedy of one who, like the impious youth, seeks always to rise above himself and earth-bound humanity in a shining and splendid ascent of the spirit, the inevitable reversal of which is accepted and bears equal glory. For this end the ‘sense of order’, the values of which his brother Tom, when articulate, clings to throughout the book, must suffer or be wholly put aside. The theatre is the platform for this curved ‘ascent’, and Piers is involved in it all through his career, at Westminster, and in adulthood, always as a producer, thus seeking to project his flight before him in the dramatic fashion dear to him, and dear to his author.

The atmosphere throughout is heavily artistic, thus heightening the brotherly conflict by concrete example. Tothill House,



Angus Wilson's 'Tothill House' as imagined by J. B. Rogers

an architectural fantasy of somewhat striking components, is for the most part, the scene of the novel. Here the brothers develop amidst the most alarming aesthetic conflicts of Pratt and Vanburgh, the one the architect of order, the other of daring and excess. These names become, ingeniously, nicknames for the brothers, I need hardly say in what order.

Such an atmosphere while rarified, enclosed and very slightly ridiculed by the author, is essential for these ideas to convince. A conversation, such as the brothers delight in, moved two hundred yards to St. James' Park, as at one point occurs, wholly fails on that score. Within that framework this principal theme proceeds according to tragic practice, with the climax introduced in the manner of *peripeteia*. However this proves to be a double reversal, for it is not the ascendant Piers whose fortune falls ‘down, down, like glist’ring Phaeton’ but that of Tom, the earth-bound lover of order. The end of the book in fact opposes all that went before it, and yet remains, I think credible. ‘It is the unexpected’, wrote Aristotle, ‘that arouseth fear and pity’, particularly revelant when one considers the acres of admirable, but discursive, prose that led up to this spate of activity.

Speaking purely subjectively, I felt the effect to be diminished somewhat by the actual character of Tom. With respect to the author, I would venture to attribute this the fact that his personality, which should produce sympathy, is frequently obliterated and concealed under the ideas which he is required to represent. ‘*Si forte reponis Achillem . . .*’. However, if such is the case, it is amply excused by the variety of the secondary characters, spectators of the tragedy. These are all portrayed with wit, subtlety and skill, and the changes in society that they document stand as a splendid backcloth to the main idea of the work.

May I, by way of conclusion, recommend this book to judges more skilled than myself.

James Irvine

## ‘Caught on a Train’ by Stephen Poliakoff

The B.B.C. recently gave a second showing to Stephen Poliakoff’s B.A.F.T.A award winning play ‘Caught on a Train’. This compelling and disturbing film, beautifully acted by Peggy Ashcroft and Michael Kitchen was well worth a second viewing—which did nothing to dispel the uncertainties or explain the paradoxes. How much is actual, real, how much fantasy or memory? Is Frau Messner Peter’s mother figure and does the American girl’s retreat from her inferred invitation reflect real or feared experience? A play to ponder and argue. Well constructed, wickedly accurately observed minor characters, very funny at times and very frightening also. Peter Duffell’s direction makes the most of an excellent script and exploits the potential of his medium most effectively.

Louise Rettie

## ‘Overheard’ by Peter Ustinov

The title is central to Peter Ustinov’s latest play, but its significance takes some time to grasp. Set ‘in the Winter Garden of a British Embassy somewhere south east of Berlin, south west of Moscow, north east of Athens and north west of Damascus’ the play is a double game of cat and mouse both diplomatic and domestic. The theme is far from original but the twists and turns of the plot are unexpected and entertaining. The dialogue is witty and concentrated (though the players could have taken it faster at times) his observation of character undimmed and his sense of the ridiculous acute. The production is smooth, the acting polished; Mr. Ustinov continues to provide first rate theatre and it is admirably put across by Deborah Kerr and Ian Carmichael with two lovely cameos by Tammy Ustinov and Paul Hardwick as the Embassy secretary and ‘Brezhnev’ Comrade Kuruk.

Louise Rettie



## 'Cats' by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest musical is stunning. It calls up a number of superlatives which are not mis-placed—most exciting, very spectacular, and so on. It is an exciting show; based on the cat poems of T. S. Eliot, with additional unpublished material and very little interference, the 'lyrics' therefore are of above average quality. The music is stimulating, dramatic and, above all, apt. The production is lavish but not extravagant; the scenery sets an unusual background for the poems and links with the 'theme' atmosphere of Rhapsody on a

Windy Night. David Hersey's ingenious lighting changes the mood from item to item most successfully and is a perfect companion to John Napier's set. The choreography of Gillian Lynne is admirably matched to both music and text and the standard of dancing is high.

In such a sparkling production is it invidious to pick out individual performances, but nonetheless the beautiful dancing, mime and sense of humour of Wayne Sleep cannot be passed over; he heads a talented cast and seems to inspire the whole performance. He also clearly enjoys every minute of it, especially his solo as Mr. Mistoffolees—which, incidentally, is given some of the best music of the show.

Brian Blessed's Old Deuteronomy is moving and majestic and his portrayal of Bustopher Jones makes the most of his material. Paul Nicholas' rockabilly is ham but hilarious and Ken Wells' Skimbleshanks perhaps the most feline character on stage. Elaine Page, replacing the injured Judi Dench, is very much at home with Andrew Lloyd Webber's music and makes the most of the small but vital part of Grizabella. All together, a gorgeous show for cat lovers and, I hope, others. But I am not sure about Grizabella's final exit apparently into a celestial crematorium. . .

Louise Rettie

## Community Service

*On Tuesdays and Thursdays teams of boys and girls from Westminster do a variety of jobs in schools and hospitals. There is a travelling drama group, others work with individual children at the Sir James Barrie School, helping them with their work, or taking them out. In this article Frank Colcord gives an account of his experience.*

Taking a little kid out for an afternoon sounds like an extension of 'baby-sitting'; keeping your ward quiet while you take him (or her) to an activity and bring him back, hoping he will not get in the way while you talk to your fellow sufferers. Anyone expecting this could easily feel it if they joined. In fact most of us looked forward to something quite different—and have found it.

At the beginning of term each Westminster is paired with a seven-year-old child for the whole of the term. This method may have been adopted initially for simplicity, but it turns out to be absolutely necessary. It avoids preferential treatment being given to the 'nicest' children, so that if a Westminster is absent his/her child is the one to be left behind, not the most difficult child. It also means that the child never feels forgotten, because he always feels he has someone to go to. This pairing gives the child something solid to build on and to move on from, and leads to the fun part of the activity for us—making friends with the children.

I was linked to a black kid called Kevin who was described as very silent and still in

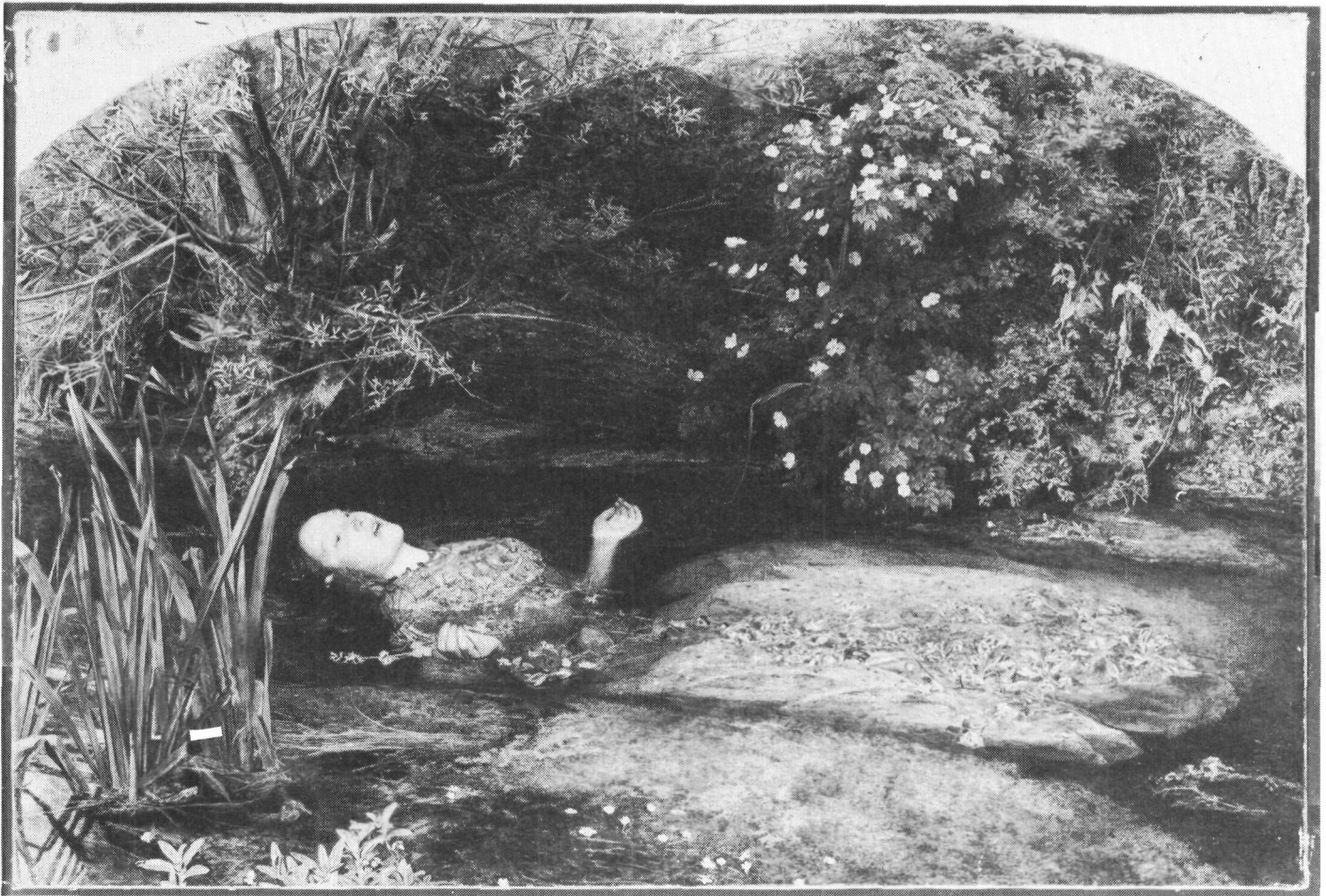
class. He changed immediately he was out of school and became one of the most energetic children in the group. I saw him in many different moods and enjoyed each one, because he was never self-conscious. Self-consciousness is boring and he could see it in me immediately when I was trying to be friendly, or when I was thinking too much about myself—going round in circles. He would then either ignore me or talk with me to show the freedom of his own thoughts. He could always smile and only remained upset until things were explained to him—like the importance of taking turns, and not getting lost. By the end of each of these afternoons I always felt clearer and more energetic than at the beginning when the petty complexities of life at Westminster were still hanging round me.

It is, naturally, physically exhausting as well. Some of the best outings have been in the parks, or playing in the adventure playgrounds, or just walking. The park leaves the children free to do what they want—to run about, or to talk. We also go to places like McDonald's, the Houses of Parliament, the Science Museum, or a film. Although one of the purposes of this Community Service has been described as 'taking children to places their background does not give them access to', in fact it turns out often that the mere act of travelling to a place is far more fun than being there. Once static the children get very bored very fast and can become troublesome. We therefore spend most of our time walking or using public transport.

In addition to outings there are opportunities to stay in with the children and to give them time and individual attention that is not always possible in normal class-time. Three girls together work with one child, help him with reading or arithmetic, and they find that this opportunity to show care is as much fun as going out. But whether in or out we all feel that the best afternoons have been those in which there has been real communication and we have been able to share thoughts and feelings with the children.

Frank Colcord





Tate Gallery

## The Arts in London

### 'Ophelia' by Sir John Everett Millais

*Continuing our series on paintings to be seen within easy reach of Westminster, Wendy Monkhouse writes about Millais' 'Ophelia' in the Tate Gallery.*

'If ever a painter were ever pardonable for painting after a poet—and such a poet—Mr. Millais may be forgiven for this picture of Ophelia.' (*Punch* critic.) Sir John Everett Millais' career 'seems the tragic history of genius sacrificed for the sake of transitory success', said Charles Johnson. One of the three leaders of the notorious Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood alongside William Holman-Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his best early paintings are mere shadows of Holman-Hunt's, yet he did leave behind a number of inspired book illustrations and a dozen masterpieces in art of supreme excellence, of which 'Ophelia' is one.

Born in 1829, he spent most of his childhood in Jersey and Brittany. Charles Johnson describes his nature as 'one of genuine sweetness and lively charm'; he was fortunate enough to have parents who encouraged him in his ambition to become a painter. A precocious and highly talented child, he entered the Royal Academy Schools at the age of eleven, and when he was fifteen met his future friends and fellow leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

(P.R.B.). The Pre-Raphaelites, originally a derisive nickname, were rebels against the 'academic' art of the mid-Victorian age—they believed that Raphael was the greatest painter that the world had seen and above all that the painter should be truthful to Nature, that he should reproduce what he saw as accurately as possible. They were a reaction against the historical painters; and their successors the Impressionists were a reaction against the Pre-Raphaelites. The P.R.B. was formed in 1848, consisting of seven members, of whom only Holman-Hunt, Rossetti and Millais ever achieved notoriety and importance.

'Ophelia' perfectly demonstrates the concept of 'Truth to Nature'. Technically it is brilliant; Millais has used his method of painting transparently over a prepared white background to great effect. Using the early Flemish masters' method, after the first application of white had dried he covered the particular area he wished to work on with another thinner white coating, into which, while still wet, he worked his colour. The predominant colour in the picture is brilliant emerald, and a narrow spectrum of strong, bright colours—the azure blue of the water itself, and the odd dash of virtually unmixed colour—the orange-breasted robin perched in the tree, and the floating blue, yellow, red and white flowers on the surface of the water.

Shakespeare's Queen of Denmark describes the 'fair Ophelia' floating in the brook, 'her clothes spread wide, And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up'. Millais, on a more practical level, had Elizabeth Siddall pose for him, lying in a bath of water kept hot by lamps underneath; he was very excited when he found 'a really splendid lady's antique dress—all flowered over in silver embroidery'. The girl is shown floating indefinitely, while she chants 'sad snatches of old tunes, As one incapable of her own distress' until eventually 'her garments, heavy with their drink, Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay, To muddy death' (*Hamlet*). Millais' Ophelia seems to float for ever in the warm, still corner of the forest; he conveys her insanity in an extraordinarily subtle way—her face and pose are passive, yet there is something in her expression, the way her eyes are staring vacantly at some invisible object in the air, her cheeks still pink amidst the pallor of her face and her open mouth that suggests that inside this peaceful figure all is dark and disturbed.

Her long chestnut hair is being gently moved and spread out by the dark clear water of the brook—the hair and water both frame and emphasize her pale face and hands. The shadows seem to condense and deepen in the centre background above the dark brown fallen tree; to its right a rose



bush with a cascade of white flowers contrasts with the darkness. At this point the picture seems to unfold and have distance and greater depth than one originally imagined. Millais went to the River Ewell in Surrey to paint this botanist's fantasy background—each leaf of the rose-bush, each water moss and riverside weed and even the gossamer matted round it has been reproduced with painstaking care. While painting it Millais faced a great dilemma—whether or not to include a rat. The first time he inserted one, in his own words 'it looked like a lion and dwarfed the rest of the picture', so it was cleaned out only to be painted in again later and 'finished most successfully to everyone's taste'. Finally, a member of the hanging committee for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1852 persuaded Millais to erase the problematic rat which, according to Holman-Hunt 'had been introduced to give the idea of a lonely peacefulness in this spot, but its presence suggested a painful idea'.

It was finally finished and appeared at the R.A. in 1852. Holman-Hunt claimed that it was received with 'whispered respect and even enthusiasm', but *The Times* critic wrote: 'There must be something strangely perverse in an imagination which senses Ophelia in a weedy ditch, and robs the drowning struggle of that love-lorn maiden of all pathos and beauty, while it studies every petal of the darnel and anemone floating on the eddy, and picks out a robin on the pollard from which Ophelia fell.'

Many people have criticised the painting for the prosaic and analytical spirit in which it is conceived, saying that a more impressionistic method would have been more appropriate. Millais has been particularly accused of merely copying, of not using his visual memory or imagination—exactly the quality which the P.R.B. believed in suppressing. Millais' work no longer enjoys the tremendous vogue that it did when it first appeared—he painted for commercial purposes and aimed to please his own generation as quickly as possible.

Nevertheless Millais felt very strongly about this picture and was very proud of it. I still find it haunting, powerful and perennially charming, and am inclined to sympathize with our original *Punch* critic who sees 'only that face of poor drowning Ophelia. My eye goes to that, rests on that and sees nothing else, till . . . the tears blind me, and I am fain to turn from the face of the mad girl to the natural loveliness that makes her dying beautiful'.

Wendy Monkhouse

A. C. King



## 'Lulu'

*Few recent musical events in London have caused such a stir as the first performance of the complete 'Lulu' by Alban Berg in the autumn at Covent Garden. This interest was reflected at Westminster by the large number of pupils and staff who attended performances and in the article by Ralph Wedgwood which follows.*

Berg read Wedekind's *'Erdegeist'* shortly after it was published, in 1909, when he was eighteen, and a year later saw the Vienna première of *'Die Buchse der Pandora'*, the sequel to *'Erdegeist'*. It made a deep and lasting impression on him and, twentyone years later, in 1926, he was already considering setting them both to music, and by 1927 had finally decided and started work.

By 1933 he had finished the work in short score, having however only 'sketched in' a few points in Act III, Scene 1. He then started to assemble the concert work 'Symphonic pieces from Lulu', orchestrating those sections of the opera which he used in it first. These included the orchestral interlude between the two scenes of Act III and the last 163 bars of the work. He then began to orchestrate the rest of the opera from beginning to end, breaking off in Act II to write the Violin Concerto. He died in 1935 having only finished the first 268 bars of Act III. When Schönberg and Webern refused to complete the composition for personal rather than artistic reasons, Helene Berg placed an embargo on the work, feeling that *'Lulu'* in its truncated form was quite stageworthy, no doubt because of the success of the Zürich première in 1937. (The political situation at the time did not permit a performance in Germany or Austria.) Thus it was not till after her death that anyone was allowed access to the score of Act III. Friedrich Cerha has accomplished the task of completion with great care and skill, so that at last, after more than forty years, *'Lulu'* is complete.

Lulu herself is an extraordinary figure. She passes through society taking up positions there, but never really belonging there. She appears to come from nowhere; she has no parents; she is unconcerned with the moral preoccupations of society ('Can you tell the truth?' asks the painter. 'I don't know', she replies. 'Have you been in love?' 'I don't know'. 'Do you believe in God, then?' 'I don't know.')

Her attraction to Schön is extraordinary: the only man she loves is the one who is most likely to become violent. Perhaps she feels that in Schön she has met one who is almost her equal in power. What makes Lulu so attractive to us is her beauty, her purity, her genuineness, her amazing strength.

Only Alwa of all her admirers tries to understand her, and it is with him that Berg identifies. All the others (with the exception of Schigolch, who shares her mythical origins and alone survives the end, and the

lesbian Countess Geschwitz, whose love is unrequited and thus has no real opportunity of understanding her) perish through their refusal to understand Lulu. So when they return in their new incarnations as her clients when she is a London prostitute, they are revenged by destroying those who do not belong to the society which is all they understand. And by remaining devoted to Lulu, Geschwitz and Alwa estrange themselves from society. Of the three former husbands, Schön half-understands Lulu and must keep this from himself at all costs, lest he may have to revenge himself on himself for being estranged from society.

This is why it is he who actually kills Lulu in Act III, in his form as his alter ego, Jack the Ripper.

Thus the whole opera forms an arch, turning round the symmetrically constructed interlude in Act II, which depicts Lulu's imprisonment for murdering Schön and her escape—everything before the interlude showing her rise through society and the destruction of her various lovers and husbands, and the rest of the work depicting her fall and destruction by the various re-incarnations of these. The reason for the overwhelming lyricism of the music of the last scene is that Lulu remains beautiful, pure and lovely, even in those sordid surroundings and Geschwitz' love, simply because it is unrequited, is undying.

The music of *'Lulu'* is full of wonderfully rich orchestral textures, full of lyrical, opulent otherworldly melodies, contrapuntally combined—an utterly different world from that starker, sparser, more immediate one of Berg's *'Wozzeck'*, and *Wozzeck* himself is, after all, poor and is being starved by the Doctor, whereas Lulu lives in luxury. The differing musical styles offer the same contrast.

*'Lulu'* is also, unlike *'Wozzeck'*, based on Schönberg's technique of twelve-note composition. However, while evidently accepting Schönberg's dogma of unity whereby one series should preside over every aspect of the work, Berg rarely actually uses the main series. More often he draws from it, by subtle and ingenious means, all sorts of musical shapes, which he treats rather as Wagnerian motifs.

In addition he attributes dramatic symbolism to various instruments; the saxophone for Alwa, the contemplative artist; the piano for the boorish athlete; the violin for the Marquis, the white-slave dealer, who tries to blackmail Lulu into entering a brothel. I cannot help feeling, however, that it is the long term harmonies of *'Lulu'* that express its very essence and form its structure (almost as in classical music); that all the counterpoint is merely used as an end to these harmonies, and that it is they, more than anything else, that are responsible for the musical and dramatic effect of the work. Also each act is dominated by a particular form—Act I by sonata form, marking Schön's relationship with Lulu, Act II by a rondo associated with Alwa's declaration of love, Act III by the technique of variation. He also uses forms more traditionally connected with opera (aria, duet, recitative, melodrama, spoken dialogue etc.) or devices like the repeated

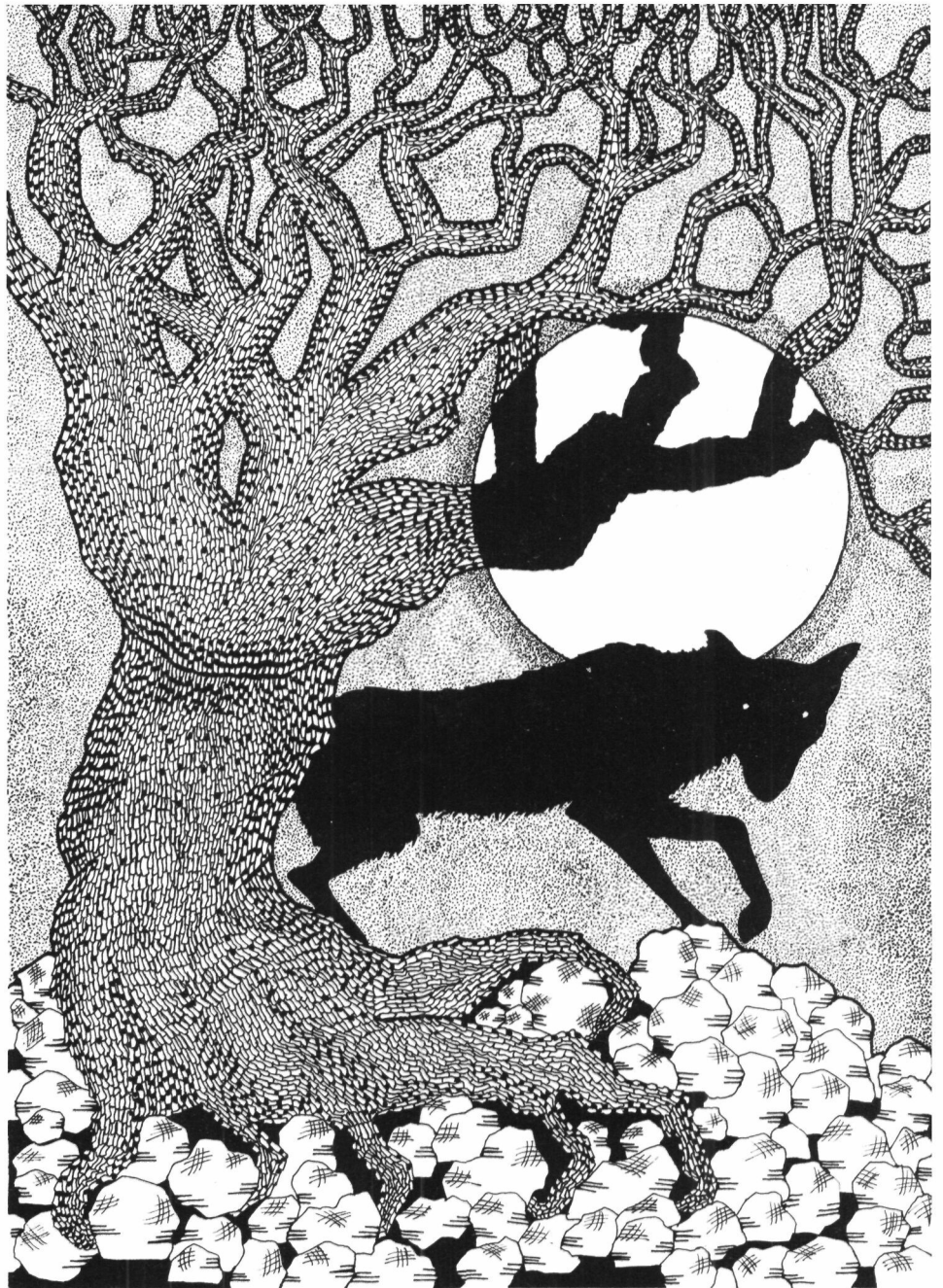
use of one rhythm (as in the scene of the Painter's death)—always associated in the opera with death; or, in the last scene a relentless *rallentando*, so that Lulu's death is enacted at a nightmarishly slow tempo. But these forms often mix and the dramatic continuity is never disturbed but rather emphasized by the relationship of these forms to one another.

Götz Friedrich's Covent Garden production starred the American soprano Karan Armstrong as Lulu. She sang the part beautifully, with more power than Teresa Stratas in the Paris or televised New York productions, consequently also with less clarity in the upper coloratura passages. Nevertheless her performance was extraordinarily moving; she emphasized the more human, less otherworldly side of Lulu. Where Stratas was calm, gentle, totally different in essence from the rest of the characters, Miss Armstrong was capricious, energetic, and even lascivious, like the other characters only more so. While one felt Stratas drew her admirers passively, like a flame drawing moths simply because of its very nature, Miss Armstrong drew them instinctively but actively, deliberately though unconsciously. Thus she made the role more 'tragic'. For example, when Schön is forced by Lulu to break off his engagement, Stratas sat by, smiling gently, whereas Miss Armstrong actually sat astride him, imprisoning him between the ground and her legs.

The rest of the cast at Covent Garden did not really have the distinction of Paris or New York, but the work was nevertheless sung well enough (high praise in this opera). Colin Davis directed excellently, certainly surpassing Boulez' mathematical, intellectual approach and Levine's romanticism in its universality and awareness of all aspects of the work. The same must also be said of the production. Especially notable, I thought, was the effect at Lulu's death when the dark cages that had surrounded the stage on three sides for the whole play suddenly burst open to reveal on the pitch-black scene a thin crack of dazzling bright blue, which gradually widened as Jack slowly walked out through it.

Anyway these performances were attended by an extraordinary number of members of Westminster, masters included. Mr. Baird had two boxes reserved on almost every night and these seats were never empty (J. M. B. himself attended every performance!) He also gave sessions on the work to almost all his sets so that for two weeks I was constantly haunted by the fascinating figure of Lulu. I must say it was a relief when I could finally rip her out of my mind before she ripped me out of my mind.

Ralph Wedgwood



Lucy Baxandall

## As they say . . .

'Half of what I say is rubbish'. T.J-P.

'I think I would have made a very good stone-age man'. J.C.D.F.

'You can just see Hamlet in his Batman gear'. R.J.

'There's nothing quite like an average smartie'. D.M.C.H-S.

'I can't wait to get you in the fives court'. D.R.C.

'It's a big issue, this, and I don't want to bother with it'. J.A.C.

'Foreign cheeses have different moments of inertia'. E.A.S.

(To a colleague) 'It is smart, isn't it? It's my Jean Brodie outfit. After all I *am* in my prime'. R.C.J.



J. B. Rogers

# The Elizabethan Club

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

## Old Westminster Notes

**Professor Sir Richard Doll** (1925-31, G, KS), until recently Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, has become the first Warden of Green College, Oxford which opens this year.

**G. H. Earle** (1938-41, G) has been elected Superior in England of the Society of Jesus.

**Frank Herrmann** (1940-45, B) has been appointed a Director of Sotheby's and will be responsible for the firm's European activities. His most recent book *Sotheby's: Portrait of an Auction House* was published earlier this year.

**Adrian Cruft** (1935-37, H) celebrated his 60th birthday on February 10th. To mark the occasion the B.B.C presented three concerts of his music. In addition a special lunch-time recital, including two song cycles by Cruft was given at St. George's Hanover Square by Brian Rayner Cook.

**Frank Hardie** (1924-29, R) is co-author with Irwin Herrmann of a recently published book *Britain and Zion: The Fateful Entanglement*.

**Raymond Monbiot**, (1950-55, W) received the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List for political and public services.

**Dr. R. H. G. Charles** (1950-52, KS) Senior Medical Officer, Head of Food and Environmental Branch of the Department of Health and Social Security, has been elected to Membership of the Council of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

**J. P. C. Hobson** (1955-58, W) has been appointed Headmaster of Beaconsfield Grange Preparatory School, Bridge of Allan, Stirling.

\* \* \*

## Annual General Meeting Old Westminster Lawyers

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London SW1, on Wednesday, December 9th, 1981, at 7.00 p.m.

C. J. Cheadle  
Hon. Secretary

### AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 13th, 1980.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1980.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee.
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any other business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1, so as to reach him not later than November 30th, 1981.

## The Elizabethan Club Annual Dinner

The Dinner will take place in Ashburnham House on December 9th at 7.30 for 8. Details appear on the leaflet enclosed with this issue.

Enquiries to P. G. Whipp, 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT, tel no. 01-940 6582.

## Computer Records

Your Committee is indeed grateful to the great number of Old Westminsters who so kindly sent in their computer information forms.

It would be most helpful if those who haven't yet returned them could do so without too much delay.

V. T. M. R. Tenison  
Chairman

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on March 3rd at the Athenaeum Club. Mr. E. J. Rendle was in the chair and thirty OWW. were present.

The guests who spoke after dinner were the Attorney-General, Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Havers, Q.C., M.P., (OW.), and the Head Master.

\* \* \*

## Old Westminster's Lodge No 2233

The Lodge (Masonic) was established in 1887, and is the senior of the 32 Lodges represented on the Public School Lodges' Council. It meets at the School four times a year, dining subsequently in College Hall, by kind permission of the Dean.

The Principal Officers for 1981-82 are:  
Worshipful Master: F. B. Hooper (1926-31, HB)

Senior Warden: G. Denny (1949-54, R)  
Junior Warden: Hugo Ball (1926-29, HB)

Membership is open to Old Westminsters and Masters at the School.

Information can be obtained from the Secretary: Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts SG11 2EN.

\* \* \*

## Record of Old Westminsters

J. O. Sahler (1924-28, A) sends us the following information:

'In the *Record of Old Westminsters Vol. III* (1963), p. 470, there appears to be an undetected error.

The last name listed in the 1928-29 soccer side is *wrongly* given as A. C. Bird. It should be his younger brother, C. A. Bird.

The four Bird brothers—three of them at Westminster—were a useful soccer family:

J.H.B. 1925-26.  
R.A. Capt. soccer at Aldenham.  
A.C. 1927-28.  
C.A. 1928-29.

No doubt they had been contemporaries of Douglas Bader at Temple Grove.'



# Book Review

*The Game of Boules (Pétanque and Jeu Provençal)*

by Michael Haworth-Booth (1908-13, H)  
(Farall Publications)

Few visitors to France, especially the Midi, can have failed to see, perhaps in a village, a small group of men playing boules on a patch of waste ground. They may have wondered idly about its origins, its relation to bowls, its rules and so on. If so, Mr. Haworth-Booth provides the answer in this delightfully written and fully illustrated book.

Of the three variants of the game—*Lyonnaise*, *Jeu Provençal* and *Pétanque*, the latter is the most commonly seen and is of fairly recent origin. Drake was probably playing something like *Lyonnaise* on Plymouth Hoe, throwing small cannon-balls at a jack about 20 yards away—certainly not rolling them along the ground in bowls fashion. The more modern *Pétanque* involves pitching specially made iron balls, about 7 to 8 cm in diameter, at a jack only 8 metres away. The rules are fairly simple, the skills are satisfying to acquire, there is no need for a specially prepared *piste* or terrain—almost any surface will do—and in the author's view the rewards are many.

Mr. Haworth-Booth is indeed an enthusiast, not to say an evangelist for the game and he certainly communicates his feelings about it. 'There is some strange magic in the pleasure of merely holding the boules and, once tasted, it will not be denied.' 'Like many great games, boules has the perfect proportion of skill and chance, and its enjoyment is heightened by the thrillingly wicked satisfaction of the successful hit (*carreau!*) that, with a loud bang, removes the opponent's boule and takes its place.' 'A successful *pousse-pousse* (a form of gentle knock-out condemned as bad practice by some authorities) is so pleasurable . . .'

If you want entertainment as well as instruction Mr. Haworth-Booth supplies it. There is, for example, the Fanny Legend. . .

'Since ancient times a peculiar custom, practised up to the present time, has obtained among boulistes. In a tournament, if a team fails to score a single point, they are supposed to kneel and embrace from behind the *rotondités de la plantureuse Fanny*. This legendary female is represented in the clubs by an effigy of voluptuous appearance specially kept for the ceremony.'

But this is a serious book, by someone who believes in the game as one of the most healthful of all outdoor games, and one in which age is no handicap.

M. J. H.

## Letters

The Editors  
*The Elizabethan*

March 4th 1981

Sirs,

Reading the letter by Aubrey Herbert in *The Elizabethan* for February brought back to me the great debt I owed to Lawrence Tanner. Although I was in the Modern Sixth and my great interests were chemistry and physics he took us for English literature. I still recall with pleasure and gratitude those relaxed lessons in the Library above Ashburnham 'Under' when we sat in the window seats and in the warm summer sunshine while he kept us all enthralled with his knowledge and with his gentle but 'standing no nonsense' manner.

Our set book was Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* a book which I read from cover to cover between our first and second lessons.

Perhaps we were fortunate in the early 1920's for most of our masters were very easy to get on with even though discipline

N. Clegg

was strict by present standards and I do not recall any of my contemporaries suffering from any sense of oppression. Indeed I remember a number with affection except my then house master (always known as 'Snogger') for he was an austere and unsmiling man. It may be because of the occasion when he came into 'Under' saw me bounce a fives ball on the stone floor to see if it was playable and threatened to 'show me up to the Monitors for ragging'. Even in those more disciplined days it hardly seemed a very heinous offence. Perhaps I do him an injustice, for many years later a lengthy obituary in *The Times* extolled his eminence as a Latin scholar but then I always hated Latin!

One other master my contemporaries may remember with compassion was Mons. Bonhote our French master. Our book at the time was Schoedlin's *French Conversation* (a bit like 'my coachman has been struck by lightning'). Each week he would walk into the formroom settle down at his desk and then say 'Boys where did we get to last week?' With one voice we would all call out 'To avez vous entendu les grandes nouvelles'. And at this section we would start our French lesson every week till we could all recite the entire section from memory. Even today in my family when something unusual happens we turn to one another with 'Avez vous entendu les grandes nouvelles?' We had 'characters' in those days.

Yours etc.

V. J. Wilmoth (1921-1925, A)  
Rest Harrow  
Jordans  
Buckinghamshire

February 25th 1981

Dear Sirs,

There were two principles which Lawrie Tanner instilled into his pupils from the very moment when he took over the History Sixth—principles which were even more important to our after lives than the Rules which he had evolved by Aubrey Herbert's time.

The first was never to come to a conclusion without making sure that you had considered all sides. That was propounded first when he dealt with an essay on St. Bartholomew's Eve, a good essay in all other respects, in which the writer had only consulted Protestant sources.

The second was always make a point, a special point, of listening to those with whom you disagree most; they will test your views even if in the end they only confirm them.

Would that those modern day 'University students' who shout down speakers had had the chance to learn under Lawrie. His wise advice altered our entire lives—it might even have altered theirs.

Yours truly,

Ewen E. S. Montagu (1914-19, R)  
24 Montrose Court  
Exhibition Road  
London SW7 2QQ



# Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Seventeenth Annual Report covering the year to December 31st, 1980.

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

C. H. Beard, The Hon. A. C. B. Beaumont, H. B. Birdwood, D. S. Brock, H. R. Calmann, D. Castello, Lieut. Col. I. T. W. Cowrie, Brigadier A. C. E. Devereux, T. F. Hansford-White, Sir Philip Hendy, E. C. Higgs, Sir Stephen Holmes, H. D. Johnson, D. Kirkness, J. H. Lander, L. K. Lundi, Dr. C. R. MacCallum, P. L. C. MacKeith, Sir Cyril May, H. A. Meyer, D. O. Nares, T. O'Sullivan, R. E. Pattle, C. J. Payne, J. A. Peck, H. B. Ripman, Dr. O. L. C. Sibley, J. L. Todhunter, C. W. J. Thurlow, M. Trebucq, M. R. Turner, E. S. Wallis, R. C. S. Walters.

One hundred and fourteen new members were elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 13th, 1980, Mr. Michael Tenison was re-elected Chairman of the Club, and Mr. M. C. Baughan, Mr. C. J. Cheadle and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively. Mr. E. N. W. Brown, Mr. J. N. H. Tiratsoo and Mr. A. J. T. Willoughby were elected new members of the General Committee; Mr. C. M. O'Brien, who retired by rotation, was re-elected to the Committee to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Mr. R. J. Grant, who had departed on a six-month sabbatical to New Zealand.

The Annual Club Dinner was held in College Hall on October 13th. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Mr. Tim Devlin, Director of The Independent Schools Information Service, and responded to by the Head Master. Among the Club's guests was Colonel Derek Emley, who as Lancing's Head of School greeted Westminster on its arrival there in 1940. College Hall was once again filled to capacity for this enjoyable occasion, with, it is pleasing to note, an increasing younger contingent, including a growing number of OWW Ladies.

Arrangements are being made to place the Club's membership records on the School's computer, and the opportunity is being taken to update and expand the amount of information held; this will enable the Club to assess its members' likely needs and interests more accurately and to promote a wider range of events and activities. An excellent response was received to the Committee's request for additional information sent out with the February 1981 edition of *The Elizabethan*, and it is hoped that those members who have not yet replied will support the Committee's efforts in this direction.

On behalf of the Committee,

C. J. Cheadle  
Hon. Secretary

# Election of Members

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B):

## College

Paul David Brownlie **Castle**, 10 Barton Close, Cambridge CB3 9LQ.  
Peter Thomas **Dean**, 23 Bolmore Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex RH16 4AB.  
Andrew Timothy Hanby **Holmes**, 15 Alleyne Road, London SE21 8AB.  
Mark Vincent Rupert **Lightbown**, 27 Chalcot Crescent, London NW1.  
Paul Ragen **Maitland**, Flat 9, 75 Holland Park, London W11.  
Christopher Mark **Nineham**, 52 Granby Hill, Bristol BS8 4LS.  
Oliver Jason **Streets**, 28 Causeway, Horsham, Sussex.

## Grant's

Nicholas Michael **Croft**, 37 Sheen Common Drive, Richmond, Surrey.  
Neil Scott **Cumming**, 22 Charlton Place, London N1.  
Kevin Gregory **Jackson**, Braywood House, Drift Road, Windsor Forest, Berks.  
Nicholas Alastair McFee Douglas **Service**, 47 Boundary Road, London NW8.  
John Eric Jarvis **Vickers**, 16 Moor Crescent, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 3 NE3 4AP.

## Rigaud's

Richard Vivian **Millard**, 4 Vineyard Hill Road, London SW19.  
George Russell **Shannon**, Sandling House, Hollesley, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

## Busby's

Robert Francis **Bowers**, 4 Orchard Drive, London SE3.  
Philip St. Leger **Drake-Brockman**, 87 Gloucester Avenue, London NW1.  
Caspar David Peter **Henderson**, 28 Argyll Road, London W8.  
John **Kitching**, 39 Lakeside, Wickham Road, Beckenham, Kent.  
Thomas Edward **Woodham-Smith**, 37 Tedworth Square, London SW3.

## Liddell's

Matthew James **Byam Shaw**, Flat 1, 9 Kensington Park Gardens, London W11.  
Timothy David **Cornwell**, Coxley House, Upper Coxley, Wells, Somerset.  
Robert Bowen **Dinn**, Clanders, Harleston, Norfolk.

## Ashburnham

Sebastian Paten Campbell **Anstruther**, The Estate Office, Barlavington, Petworth, Surrey.  
Dominic Hannes **ffytche**, 1 Wellington Square, London SW3.  
Nicholas Andrew Selwyn **Lezard**, 50 Bancroft Avenue, London N2.  
Mark **Oakley**, 12 Ennerdale Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey.  
Adam **Sandelson**, 1 Froggnal Close, London NW3.  
Toby James **Stebbens**, 57 West Side, Clapham Common, London SW4.

## Wren's

Nicholas James **Hurst**, 901 Collingwood House, Dolphin Square, London SW1.  
Anthony St. John Henry Bushell **Joyce**, 7 Stanhope Terrace, London W2.  
Lloyd Wallis Addison **Lamble**, 55 Greencroft Gardens, London NW6.  
Thomas Hugh **O'Shaughnessy**, 10 Northampton Park, London N1.  
Paul Benedict **Rathbone**, 5 St. Helena Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.  
Roderick Ivan Campbell **Ross**, 35 Drayton Gardens, London SW10.  
Richard Arthur Griffiths **Williams**, 7 Leopold Terrace, London SW19.  
Henry Oliver **Winter**, 81 Swain's Lane, London N6.

\* \* \*

## Marriage

**Martin Josten** (1962-7, W) married Jane Brooks on June 27th.

## Birth

To **Timothy Earle** (1966-71, G) and Maureen Earle, on December 17th, 1980, a son (Laurence John Hugh).

\* \* \*

*Correction to an item in the last issue: Under the heading 'University News' recent Scholars were inadvertently described as KS instead of QS.*

# Obituaries

## Peter MacKeith

- Andrews**—On September 15th, 1980, John Robert (1953-58, B), aged 41.
- Arnold**—On January 1st, 1981, the Rev. Charles Hamilton (1925-29, G), aged 69.
- Barker**—On January 25th, 1981, Dudley Ernest (1923-28, A), aged 70.
- Burford**—On March 11th, 1981, Lieut. Col. Patrick Gerald Robert, O.B.E., T.D., (1915-21, R), aged 78.
- Cornford**—On February 14th, 1981, Roger Henley Cope (1914-16, A), aged 81.
- Davis**—On January 9th, 1981, Sydney Charles Houghton (1897-03, R), aged 94.
- Goodbody**—On October 1st, 1980, Group Capt. Roger Relton, O.B.E., (1927-31, R), aged 67.
- Graham**—On December 15th, 1980, Stuart Douglas, M.C., (1903-08, H & G), aged 90.
- Heaton-Ellis**—On December 29th, 1980, Major John Sydney (1903-08, KS), aged 90.
- Horner**—On February 22nd, 1981, Col. Bernard Stuart, O.B.E., (1903-08, H & KS), aged 91.
- Ibotson**—On January 27th, 1981, Clarence William Percy (1920-24, KS), aged 74.
- Kitchin**—On November 15th, 1980, Derek Harcourt (1909-14, H & KS), aged 84.
- Last**—On March 3rd, 1981, Louis Raymond (1916-20, KS), aged 78.
- MacGregor-Greer**—On December 3rd, 1980, Major Stephen Walcott MacGregor (1923-27, A), aged 71.
- Martin-Doyle**—On February 3rd, 1981, John Lionel Cyril (1914-18, H), aged 79.
- Milliken-Smith**—On March 20th, 1981, Kenneth (1916-19, A), aged 79.
- Morris**—On January 23rd, 1981, the Rev. Arthur le Blanc Grant (1913-17, G), aged 81.
- Neep**—On October 3rd, 1980, Edward John Cecil, Q.C., (1914-17, KS), aged 80.
- Overstall**—On April 11th, 1981, Mark (1953-58, QS), aged 41.
- Radermacher**—On March 21st, 1981, Donald Attfield (1913-17, A & KS), aged 81.
- Rea**—On April 22nd, 1981, Philip Russell, the Rt. Hon. the Lord of Eskdale, P.C., O.B.E., D.L., J.P. (1913-18, G), aged 81.
- Roberts**—On October 28th, 1980, Arthur Evan Tudor (May-July 1911, H), aged 84.
- Samuel**—On January 20th, 1981, Esmond (Jan-July, 1920, G), aged 74.
- Startin**—On December 17th, 1980, Major Charles Basil (1908-11, G), aged 86.
- Weizmann**—On December 31st, 1980, Benjamin Isaiah (1921-24, A), aged 73.

\* \* \*

Peter MacKeith was killed in a climbing accident on Old Snowy, in the Alaska Range, on April 26th, 1980. Peter had nearly completed his doctorate in geophysics at the University of Alaska, where he was carrying out research on the response of glaciers to volcanic heating on Mt. Wrangell and Mt. Redoubt. The 1980 field season would have been his fourth in the Wrangell Mountains, and he was making rapid and ever-increasing progress in understanding the complex, multi-faceted problems that exist there. Peter himself was a many-sided character with an extraordinary breadth of talents and interests, so many, in fact, that the success of his research remains something of a mystery. A partial list of his current activities would include one or two engineering design projects, active support of Alaskan mountaineering and presidency of the Alaska Alpine Club, and above all, photography. As a photographer, Peter was truly an artist. His sensitive, well-composed and well-processed photographs won prizes, delighted his friends, and still bring cheques in the mail from users in widely scattered places.

Although Peter was a student and only 30 at the time of his death, he had already mastered several professions besides his photography. His undergraduate training at Cambridge provided him with a degree in engineering and electrical sciences, and he was a talented designer with experience at Hewlett-Packard, Scott Polar Research Institute, the Institute of Oceanographic Sciences, and the University of Alaska. His designs included thermal drilling equipment, radio echo sounding equipment for use on Roslyn Glacier, Mt. Wrangell, Variegated Glacier and elsewhere, and a time lapse camera for velocity studies on Variegated Glacier. His master's degree in optics and diploma in physics from Imperial College gave him considerable expertise in remote sensing. He was interested in the application of remote sensing to geological problems and was preparing himself exceptionally well in this area. His understanding of the techniques of obtaining remotely sensed data and of the physical principles involved, combined with an intimate knowledge of field problems based on extensive personal experience, was a rare and valuable combination. He was a gifted and patient experimenter who left behind well-organized notebooks.

Peter's interest in mountaineering, glaciology, and basic adventure took him to many places over a dozen years: Svalbard, East Greenland, Afghanistan, Baffin Bay (where he was associated with the North Water Project), South America, and Alaska. While still up Busby's in 1966 he went with his father, Ronnie, on a holiday to Iceland where they hired a plane to take them out over Surtsin, the emerging volcanic island. After leaving Westminster in 1968 he went to work with Hewlett Packard in Palo Alto, California, and then returned to England in the summer to join the British Schools Exploration Society expedition to Spitzbergen. He returned to the same

expedition the following summer while he was at Churchill College. The following summer, Peter went with the Cambridge Greenland expedition led by Keith Miller to the Roslyn Glacier in the Stauning Alps. Then after his finals from June to December 1971 with a small party from Cambridge which included his friend Andrew Russell O.W. he formed the Cambridge Hindu Kush Expedition. The expedition took them to largely unexplored areas; they made 22 first ascents, including the Koh-i-Marco Polo. Peter's scientific project was an investigation of nieve penitents (hard ice formation first discovered by Darwin). He returned to England to research at the Scott Polar Institute. In 1973 he joined Fritz Muller's North Water Project on Coburg Island. After his research at Imperial College in 1975 he joined the institute for Oceanographic Science, which took him to the Azores and later the Pacific where he released remote sensing devices to measure seismic effects on the sea-bed. He returned from the Pacific via Peru so that he could climb in the Andes. It was in October 1976 that he went to Fairbanks. His trips and climbing expeditions were always documented with fascinating photographs. His approach to mountaineering is well summarized by his friend Carl Tobin:

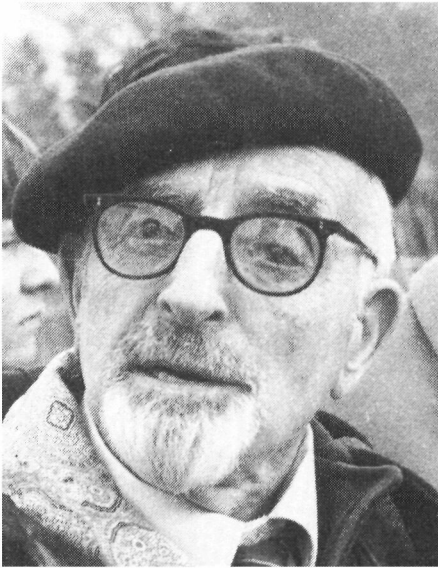
'Peter was a person who went into the mountains exclusively for enjoyment. His climbs were not ambition-ridden or frenzied, but were rather more like elaborate encounter sessions, where friends could share each others presence without society's handicaps. Safety and fulfillment were his goals. He never expected to die climbing.'

There were many sides to Peter and few of his friends or family knew all of them. Some characteristics were obvious: he was energetic, he could do things, and he always did them well. He was a creative seamster who made his own tents and other equipment for himself and for his mountain projects. He was a good cook, both at home and in the field. He abhorred factory made bread. He was fond of good music and played the French horn; he made lasting and probably much needed contributions to the music appreciation of some of his Alaskan friends. Peter grew to love Alaska and wanted to make it his home. He is sadly missed in Fairbanks and in his London.

*Simon Middleton*







## S. C. H. Davis

Sydney Charles Houghton Davis, known throughout the British motoring world as 'Sammy', author and journalist, artist and automotive engineer died on his birthday, January 9th, at the age of 94. He was educated at Westminster and University College, studied art at the Slade, and engineering at Daimlers in Coventry before joining *Automobile Engineering* as staff illustrator and journalist, moving to *Autocar* where he carved his own niche as sports writer in 1920. He served with the R.N.A.S. throughout the 1914-18 war, and in the second world war finished as a Major

David Aeron-Thomas

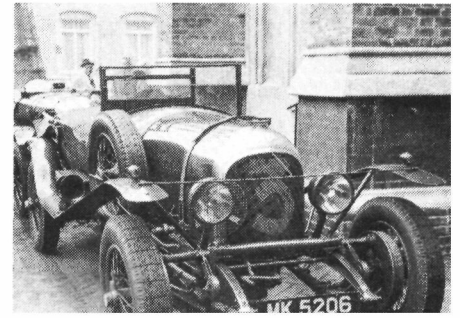
in R.E.M.E. He was one of those who found in war service the comradeship that he looked for in motor racing.

Sammy will be remembered for his sensational win at Le Mans in a very battered 3-litre Bentley of the 1927 team, partnered by Dr. J. D. Benjafield, but also, and most of all for his boundless enthusiasm for the sport as an end in itself. He was the great apostle of the gospel of sportsmanship above all and comradeship among drivers, constantly preaching that the essential object of any competition was to get the car to the finish by any means, irrespective of its placing. 'If it isn't driveable, it's pushable, to the pits'.

Sammy Davis was a founder member of the British Racing Drivers' Club, and the chief supporter of Benjafield, its originator. The year after its foundation in 1928 he was, with Malcolm Campbell and Henry Segrave, a wearer of the first Star, which he won again in 1930.

As one of the famous 'Bentley Boys' at Le Mans, he regarded the 24-hour endurance race as the major event in the international calendar. In fact, after a taste of Grand Prix racing in the French event of 1924 as passenger-mechanic to Count Louis Zborowski in a Miller on the Lyons circuit he was somewhat relieved when they retired with no brakes, and thereafter turned his back on that form of racing and gave all his enthusiasm to sports-car events. Thereafter he drove a wide variety of British sports-cars and won many events.

He was an incurable romantic, finding the atmosphere of racing as it was then somewhat analagous to the chivalry of



Photograph by Stanley Sedgwick, Bentley Drivers' Club of replica of Sammy Davis' Bentley, No.7

mediaeval knighthood (he signed his column as 'Casque', likening the crash helmet to that worn by a knight in armour). His own stable held an early De Dion Bouton tricar which he drove as 'Beelzebub' in every R.A.C. run to Brighton and on which he usually had struggles with the machinery that, in his words, 'merely added to the interest'—even if it involved pushing the thing for many miles to the finish, which he reached, very late, exhausted but triumphant at being a finisher.

Naturally he became a genial father figure in the racing world. When he gave up the wheel, he was a popular team manager and wrote a book on team organisation. This remarkable man, with his beret, his smile and his curly-stemmed pipe will be much missed by his friends and colleagues with whom he had shared so many experiences.

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## Some Westminster Family Connections (1907-1977)

A 'tree' shows the connections of the families of the 14 boys who were at Westminster between 1907 and 1977. On this 'tree' only the boys' initials are shown, but a list giving full Christian names, birthdays, period at the school, and house is attached.

A brief explanation of the connections is given below. The document is admittedly Dyson-orientated and the author offers his apologies accordingly.

The families concerned are: Christie, Dyson, Hardy, Porteous, Radermacher, Storrs, Burgess and Young.

### Christie—Porteous—Young

Caroline Stella Dyson married Charles Perowne Christie. Their son, Charles Henry Christie, was a King's Scholar at exactly the same period as Roger William Young. Roger met Henry's sister Mary at the Latin Play attended by King George VI in 1938, and subsequently married her.

Charles Christie's brother John was Head Master of Westminster from 1937 to 1950 (which included all the war years). John Christie's daughter Catherine Eleanor married John Porteous and they had two sons at Westminster.

### Hardy-Storrs

The Rev. H. T. S. Storrs owned a preparatory school, named Shirley House, at Old Charlton (close to the Kent County Cricket ground, known as the Rectory Field).

This admirable school, in the period known to the author, sent at least ten boys to Westminster (2 Dysons, 2 Hortons, 1 Pickering, 1 Bosanquet, 1 Hardy, 1 Auld and 2 Storrs) and of these four were King's Scholars.

Sylvia Dyson (Stella's sister) was engaged (though not publicly) to Lionel Storrs, who became a Flight-Commander in the R.F.C., and died of wounds received in action near Ypres in 1918. Sylvia subsequently (in 1924) married Lionel's elder brother Charles. Their two boys went to Oundle.

The Rev. H. T. S. Storrs' wife Clara was the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James Robert Sale Henderson; her sister, Margaret Henderson married Benjamin Frederick Hardy, as assistant master at the school. Their son, Thomas Guille Hardy went to Westminster.

### Radermacher—Dyson

Palemon Dyson, (like Roger Young)



S. Gharai

married Muriel, the sister of his school friend Donald Radermacher. They had no children, but Donald's two younger brothers, Frank and Guy went to Westminster.

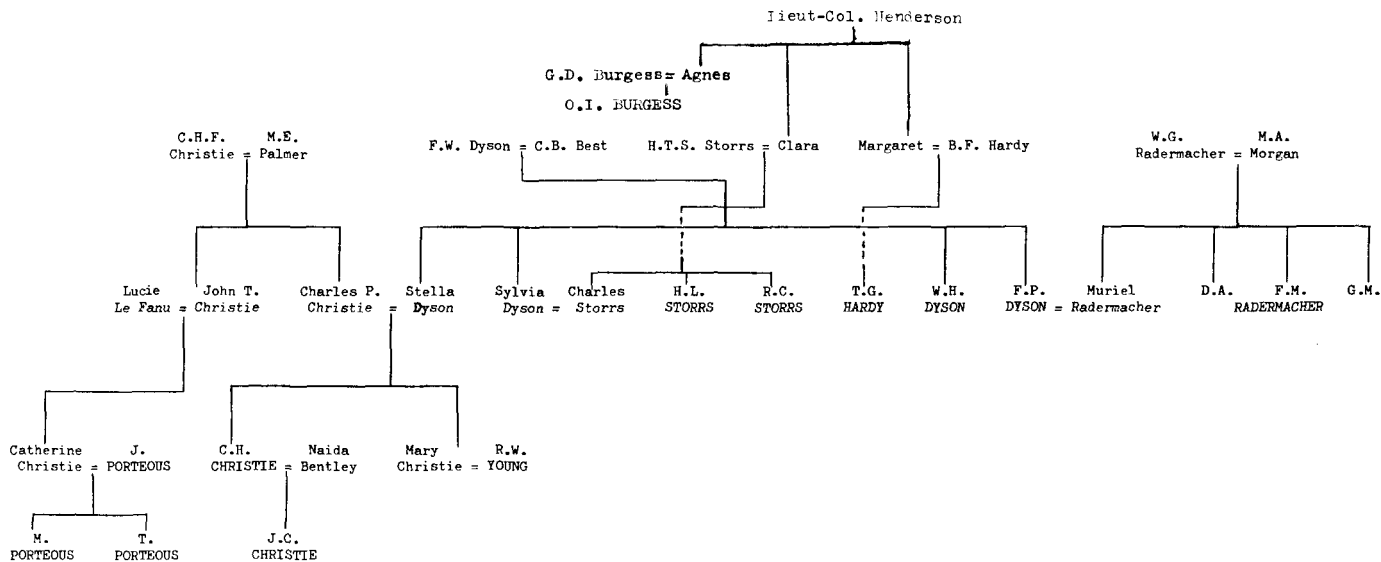
### Dyson—Stubbings

Palemon Dyson's brother Watson married Ursula Stubbings in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa. Their two sons went to Michaelhouse, in that country.

### Boys at Westminster

Name	Date of Birth	Years at Westminster	House	
BURGESS, Oliver Ireland	22.4.1893	1907-12	KS	Captain of School
STORRS, Henry Lionel	18.5.1898	1912-16	KS	
RADERMACHER, Donald Attfield	16.8.1899	1913-17	KS	
DYSON, Frank Palemon	14.11.1900	1914-18	KS	
STORRS, Robert Cyril	28.1.1903	1916-21	KS	
DYSON, Watson Harold	27.5.1904	1918-23	Ashb.	
RADERMACHER, Frank Morgan	4.11.1904	1920-24	Ashb.	
HARDY, Thomas Guille	11.2.1908	1921-26	Grant's	
RADERMACHER, Guy Hilditch	4.3.1911	1925-27	Grant's	
YOUNG, Roger William	15.11.1923	1939-42	KS	
CHRISTIE, Charles Henry	1.9.1924	1937-42	KS	Captain of School
PORTEOUS, John	29.7.1934	1947-52	KS	
CHRISTIE, Jonathon Charles	12.10.1953	1966-71	Grant's	
PORTEOUS, Matthew John Le Fanu	16.12.1957	1971-76	Liddell's	
PORTEOUS, Thomas Philip	5.7.1960	1973-77	Liddell's	
<i>Staff</i>				
HARDY, Benjamin Frederick		1902-29	Asst. Master. Classics	
		1923-29	Housemaster Rigands	
CHRISTIE, John Traill		1937-50	Head Master	
CHRISTIE, Charles Henry		1957-63	Under Master & Master of Queen's Scholars	
CHRISTIE, Caroline Stella		1962	Asst. Mathematics	

Watson Dyson  
(1918-23, A)



## The Elizabethan Club

### Sports Committee Funds

1979		£	
£			
190	Balance at January 1st, 1980		£ 323-40
	<i>Inflow of Funds</i>		
1,700	Elizabethan Club Grant	1,860-00	
28	Net Interest Receivable	39-84	
1,728		1,899-84	
	<i>Expenditure</i>		
	Grants allocated as follows:	£	
240	Football—Ground hire	270	
450	General	475	
400	Cricket	455	
250	Golf	300	
100	Lawn Tennis	100	
80	Fives	80	
—	Real Tennis	40	
40	Shooting	25	
35	Athletics	35	
1,595		1,780-00	
133	Net Increase in Funds		119-84
323	Balance held on December 31st, 1980		443-24
	Held by Midland Bank	23-68	
	Held by Elizabethan Club	443-24	
		466-92	



## Income and Expenditure for the Year Ended December 31st, 1980

1979			£
£			
36	Administration		88-15
150	Honorarium		175-00
1,119	Taxation		1,362-81
71	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant		71-42
1,700	Sports Committee		1,860-00
2,355	<i>The Elizabethan</i>		928-69
163	Loss on Dinner		13-30
—	Football Club Dinner		150-00
806	Excess of Income over Expenditure		2,296-53
6,400			6,945-90
£			£
1	Annual Subscriptions		1-00
—	Donation		20-00
3,558	Termly Instalments (proportion)		3,328-00
2,841	Income from Investments (gross)		3,596-90
6,400			6,945-90

## Balance Sheet December 31st, 1980

1979			£		£
£					
	GENERAL FUND				
	Balance at December 31st, 1979	16,576-24			
	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	832-00			
16,576					17,408-24
323	SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND ( <i>see below</i> )				443-24
	INCOME ACCOUNT				
	Balance at December 31st, 1979	4,442-86			
	Excess of Income over Expenditure	2,296-53			
4,443					6,739-39
21,342					24,590-87
£			£		£
20,796	INVESTMENTS at cost				23,321-29
	Market value at December 31st, 1980 was £28,616				
	CURRENT ASSETS				
	Balances at Bank	1,674-29			
	<i>Less: Sundry Creditors</i>	404-71			
546					1,269-58
21,342					24,590-87

M. C. BAUGHAN  
*Honorary Treasurer*

### REPORT OF 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 December 31st, 1980 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH  
*Honorary Auditor*

33-34 Chancery Lane



*Frank Colcord*



# THE GERMAN LESSON

Once you have taken your proper place in the world, there is perhaps only one thing more satisfying than being able to say you drive a Porsche.

And that is being able to say the word Porsche. Correctly.

Portia. Just as in The Merchant of Venice.

Portia 924. Portia 924 Turbo. Portia 911.

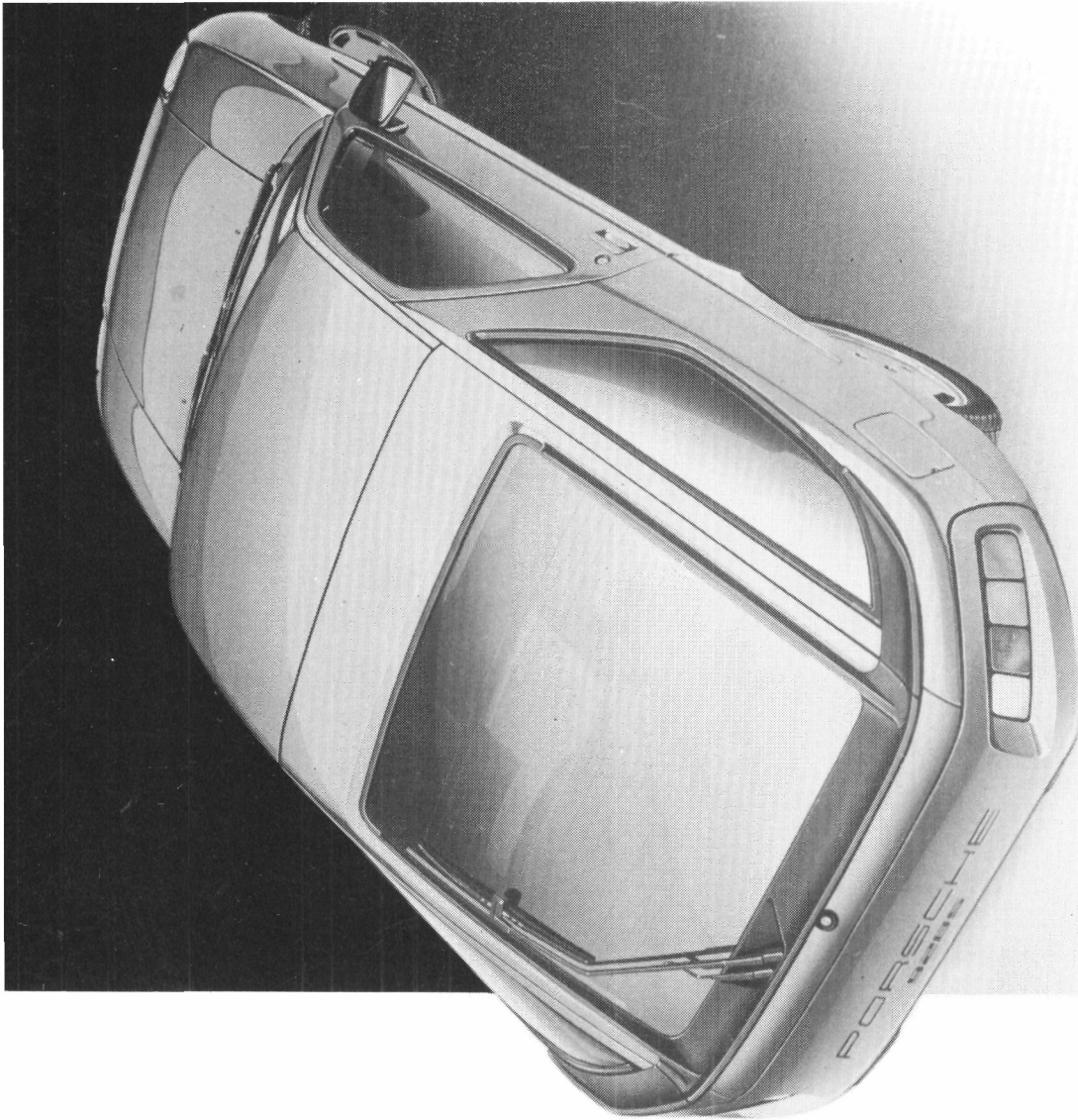
Portia 928 and 928S. Portia 911 Turbo.

Now, try these for practice:

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To Father: "A Porsche 928S would take all the strain out of your business driving."

To both: "If I were to get distinctions in all my A levels....."



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