

The Elizabethan



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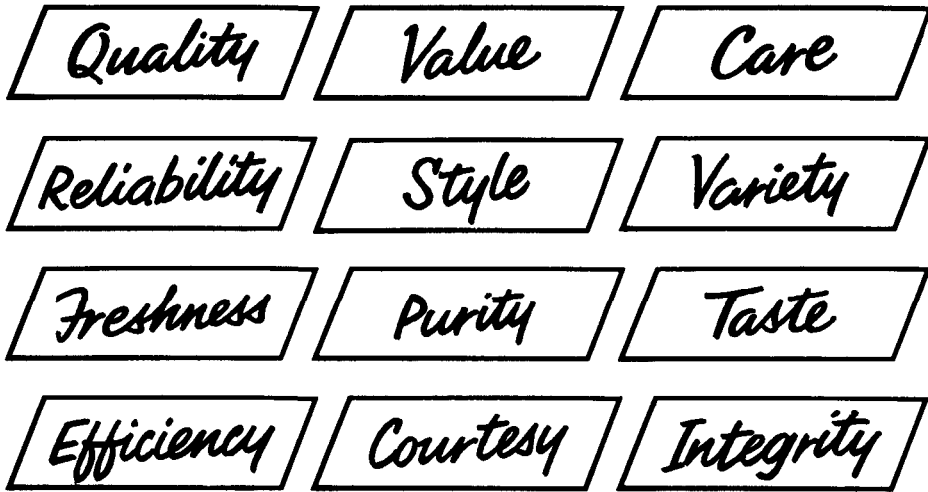
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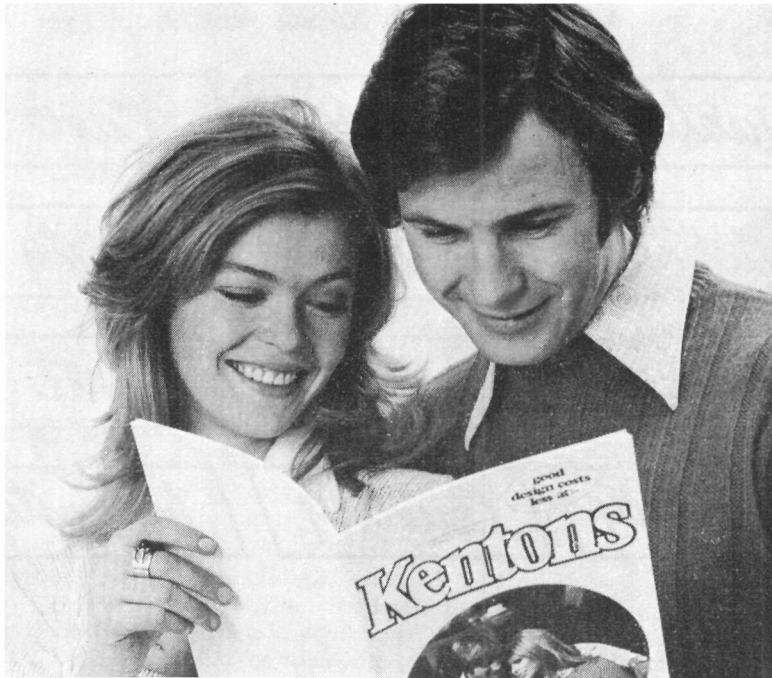




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The Elizabethan

Editors:

Christopher Catherwood and Patrick Wintour

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Editorial

For about five years now, the attitude of Westminster boys has been criticized almost as a matter of course. Their arrogance, one was led to understand, was only surpassed by their negativism, and their lack of purpose by their cynicism. Explanations for such a seemingly disturbing state of mind have abounded. Not enough cold showers, easy access to the bright city lights, a lack of discipline, but most of all a certain sense of *laissez-faire* at the top level have been the main criticisms. It is almost certainly true that where many Public Schools retained a set idea as to what kind of children they were trying to produce, be it through bible-thumping or team sports, Westminster contentedly stumbled on with very little clue as to what it was doing beyond educating (in the narrowest sense) reasonably intelligent and very wealthy individuals. This dearth of wider guidance, coupled with a slightly vague recognition that freedom was a “good thing”, and that “character building” was not, had on the whole a mixed effect. Originality, often mischievous, and eccentricity were less of a rarity then, but at the same time a lot of the institution’s aimlessness was unwittingly passed on to the boys. Though admirable in itself, toleration is also oppressive, in that the choice of interests, careers, or even morals, becomes so wide and bewildering that one ends up making no choice at all. In such a situation, cynicism rapidly becomes the easiest alternative, as it did at Westminster.

Perhaps, now, that is changing. The presence of some guidance or authority at the top is being felt a good deal more, and not just in a repressive sense. A stream of reports and development plans is being produced, committees, sub-committees, investigative working parties, are being appointed with the busy efficiency of a successful bureaucracy but, more important, there is an awareness that boys ought to be guided not just academically but also artistically. Encouragement is being given to boys to develop their interests within the framework of the school community, and as a result some of the cynicism is being replaced by a more creative spirit. We hope this change will be apparent in some of the content of this issue. It is reflected, perhaps, most of all by the flourishing Societies. The past year has seen the addition of the Music, Poetry, and John Locke Societies. Abbey is more varied and imaginative. Music is being taught at A and O levels, along with the introduction of an O level course in Environmental Science. Guitar lessons are being started—a belated recognition of the enthusiasm and talent yet to be tapped in that field. Drama remains at its outstandingly high level; Debating Society, perhaps an off-shoot of this, has doubled its attendances. Sport, though, remains of secondary importance, thankfully; whilst keenness is still frowned upon, especially amongst the coffee-bar syndrome. Boys are probably going to be given a part in controlling the administrative aspects of most

artistic projects, which is likely to encourage greater interest as well as being an excellent educative exercise. However, still more could be done. It is still very much a minority who are actively involved. Greater effort is needed to ensure a broader interest, especially amongst the still neglected younger half of the school. Junior House Plays were only a small beginning. The art side of the school also needs improvement. We could do with an art exhibition; some form of introductory course to architecture and the cities have also been suggested. Merely unlocking the art room door is insufficient. Guilds, in many cases, remain another poorly exploited opportunity.

Nevertheless, one thing seems certain. The qualities and characteristics of "authority" can now be seen to be having an influential effect on the boys. Sports Committees, School Councils, Abbey Committees, Food Committees, School Governors' Sub-Committees may sound both pompous and a sure-fire recipe for delay and little else. But, in fact, they are designed to encourage, improve, clarify, and to offer a sense of involvement. They may well achieve just that.

Westminster Notes

Locked away behind closed doors in the deepest recesses of No. 17, reminiscent of the talks at Downing Street over prices and incomes, high-level discussions have, I understand, been under way between the school monitorial and the Head Master over various aspects of school policy. Topics raised have included smoking, a revision of the school rules, a school pub, general discipline or the lack of it, the rôle of the school monitorial, yet another plan still for a school council, and the publication of the school accounts. Whether anything positive emerges from these cloak and dagger discussions remains to be seen. Some rumblings, as yet indistinct, have been rumoured. Anyway, it is cheering to discover that the monitorial are at long last carrying out one of their major functions, that of intermediary between boys and Head Master. The latter recently wrote an article in a Times Literary Supplement series entitled *Doers and Thinkers*. Clearly last term was one for thinking; perhaps this term will be one of some doing.

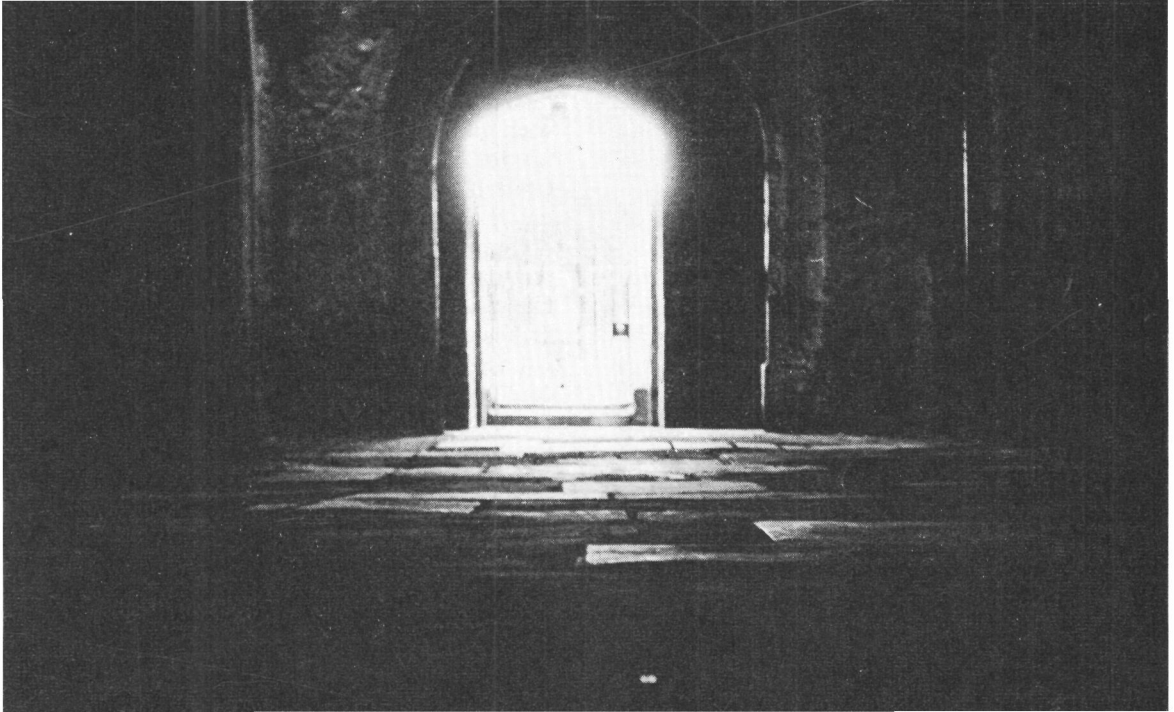
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The dozen or so girls attending the school have had their names published in the Pink List for the first time. However, the normal additional information of date of birth has been excluded. The official explanation for this is that girls like to maintain an air of mystery; therefore their ages are being kept a well-guarded secret. Women's Lib has yet to reach "sexist" Westminster.

* * *

Morning Abbey has changed its image. Previously there were a few timid signs of change, but last term everything blossomed out. The old psalm-prayer-reading-hymn quartet, for so long the stodgy morning diet, has been swept aside to be replaced by . . . well, I'm not exactly sure what. We have heard some highly enjoyable music, that's for sure. Mr. Peebles "shook some dust off his piano", to use his own phrase, David Thornett played the trombone, the Quartz Quintet played, as did, of course Yehudi Menuhin, to whom we had an almost week-long build-up of readings. Indeed, to my mind, Morning Abbey has rather been taken over by Music Society, who also gave us a two-day extravaganza on Vaughan Williams. Other sectors of the school, goaded by the Music Department's exacting example, have also produced offerings, including readings from John Donne's poetry, a series on medicine, and another on violence. The History Department gave a disorganized exposition to commemorate the birth or death of King Alfred, which largely consisted of Roger Cohen reading one of his essays on the subject. Then, of course, we had the United Nations Show with slides, a light-show, and telling spotlights illuminating a Late Night Line Up style team of Simon Mundy, James Robbins, and the ubiquitous Mr. Harding, who gave a relaxed fireside chat on the United Nations. To criticize any of these events, at this stage, would be unfair, as the whole thing is very much in an experimental period, especially with the obvious, yet crucial, problem of acoustics in the Abbey still unsolved. Nevertheless, one can't help wondering what the Christians amongst us are thinking of it all.

* * * * *



View into Little Cloister

Photo: Adam Thomson

As usual there are some building schemes to report. Plans include a new Day House with the Science Block, when it is rebuilt. Architects have also been discussing the possibility of expanding the Library in the space behind Liddell's Tree. There also seems to be a recognition that space and facilities in Ashburnham (the Day House) are woefully inadequate. But there is some disagreement whether masters' housing or Ashburnham should be given priority. If the past is anything to go by, it will be Ashburnham that comes off second best.

* * *

Mr. Keeley and Mr. Craven are both retiring from their positions as House Masters; both, I am glad to say, will continue to teach here. Mr. David Brown took over Liddell's in January, Mr. Livingstone-Smith will take over in Ashburnham in September.

* * *

Just before half term, a rather silly controversy developed as to whether boys were strike breaking by helping out at Westminster Hospital, where the porters came out on a one day token strike in support of their pay increase; and, indeed, a few boys on entering the hospital were given a short lecture on the morality of their actions by one of the porters. However, the main confusion arose over which Union was in charge of the porters. One Union thought the boys would be strike breaking, the other did not. As it was, neither the porters themselves, nor the Hospital, could have been more grateful, and all ended happily. Perhaps the boys should now go on from this triumph to picket for the long delayed Masters' pay increase.

Patrick Wintour

Societies Report

June—November 1972

It is pleasant after such a pessimistic report in the last issue to be able to speak of a great comeback in Societies. It is as if the bus referred to at the beginning of my last article has been hauled out of the river, repainted, and repaired. The only real danger in writing this article is that any account might descend to a praising cliché.

The Political and Literary Society was honoured by the visit of Victor Feather, who spoke to a packed audience. He was very amusing and was able to inform us of aspects of the work of the T.U.C. that few people know about. Not long after Mr. Jack Ashley, M.P. came to speak on social problems, on which he is an authority. He is himself deaf, and managed his talk with great skill. Talks by some literary speakers were planned for the Play Term, but unfortunately none materialized.

William Thomas Society has been resuscitated. There was a talk on "Chivalry" by Mr. Maurice Keen, the best publicized meeting the Society has ever had. Dr. A. F. Thompson's talk on "Gladstone" was very interesting and highly provocative; it turned the year's history syllabus on its head. The Election Term ended with Mary Russell talking on "Marian Oxford". In the Play Term first Dr. T. Blanning talked on "Napoleonic Germany", and reminded one that historians are not dry academics but pleasantly human; and then later Mr. J. Catto came and spoke on "Wycliffe the Man".

Robert Hooke Society was also revived last term. Mr. R. H. Tizard came to speak on "Engineering—its unity and diversity". The following term there was a film from the American Space Agency on Apollos 12 and 14, which must have seemed familiar to many Westminster boys, as surprisingly few attended. There was a talk some weeks later by Dr. C. Phillips of Oxford on "The rôles of chance, bias, and logic in scientific investigation". He made his case very convincingly, but alas the meeting was disgracefully badly attended. The very opposite, as far as audience goes, was true of Mr. Peter Emmerson, a doctor, who spoke on the "Evils of Smoking" and produced blackened lungs to prove his point.

Two new Societies have emerged this term. The Music Society is written about elsewhere. More spectacular still has been the John Locke Society, which has produced packed meetings, showing that

Westminsters can show themselves to be not nearly as apathetic as they are made out to be. Mr. John Dunn from King's College Cambridge gave an authoritative introductory talk on John Locke's philosophy. He was followed by Cardinal Heenan, who was fully up to expectations in his talk on "The Catholic Church in Society". Judge Argyle O.W. came to speak on "Law and Order". He showed himself to be far different from the tyrannical ogre depicted by the popular press, but did not really say anything new. He was followed by a talk on philosophy given by Professor B. Mitchell of Oriel College, Oxford.

Last but not least comes Debating Society. While it could be said that the intellectual level has gone down, the standard of wit has soared upwards. However, the humour has tended to be "in-humour" and so cannot be effectively reproduced. Suffice it to say the best and most amusing speakers have been Nicholas Alexander and Giles Keating, ably assisted by the Chairman, Mr. Michael Crane. Debates have taken place on "Literary Criticism", "Wealth", "Religion", and "Unemployment", which last must get the credit for being the most amusing. Standing apart from these debates was that between Messrs. Cogan and Field on the respective merits of the Cinema and Theatre as art forms. It was serious in approach, and holds the record for attendance. One regret is that many able speakers, and one must here mention John Marenbon, the Joint Secretary, are leaving. The Society's ability to maintain its reputation will depend on whether others will be willing to come forward to succeed them.

The only other pessimistic note is that none of the meetings which the Jeremy Bentham Society planned for this term ever managed to get off the ground.

The tone of this report has been optimistic. But one cannot be optimistic for the future. John Locke Society will probably continue to draw people, but the same cannot be said with assurance about the other Societies. They depend on willingness to come, on the degree of interest Westminsters show. It would indeed be a pity if after the great revival Westminster were to sink back into apathy once more.

Christopher Catherwood

Music Society

During this term a new society joined the ranks of Pol. and Lit., William Thomas, Robert Hooke, John Locke, Chuff, and the rest. In founding the new Music Society we hoped to arrange speakers and performers to make up programmes of interest both to the dedicated musical element in the school and also to the more casual listener.

Sir Adrian Boult, himself an old Grantite, kindly agreed to be the Society's first president and to come to our inaugural meeting, bringing with him another distinguished English conductor, Mr. Vernon Handley. The meeting was held on September 20th in Ashburnham Drawing Room, and was gratifyingly well attended. Mr. Handley spoke for some 25 minutes on various aspects of English music, with particular reference to some of the composers associated with its renaissance during the early part of this century. Sir Adrian amplified some of his points during the talk and together, literally, they answered many questions afterwards. We were able to see the inimitable "Boult stick" in action, as well as Mr. Handley's batons—made with great care by the conductor himself. We enjoyed also a hilarious demonstration of "how not to conduct"—shades of many a South Bank concert—and Sir Adrian's first hand accounts of several of the composers whom Mr. Handley had mentioned.

By way of a contrast, something quite different was arranged for November 2nd. The Alberni String Quartet gave performances of two twentieth century quartets, again up Library, playing first Sir Michael Tippett's Second Quartet in F sharp, a work composed in 1942, and a new quartet, dedicated to the Alberni by its composer John Dankworth. He introduced what was in fact only the quartet's fifth performance in its brief life since composition in November of last year, and the players illustrated his introduction with musical examples. This provided an introduction far more stimulating than any amount of programme notes, and the quartet followed it with a magnificent performance of a technically extremely difficult work.

At the time of writing, one further meeting has been arranged for this term. John Alldis, director both of the London Philharmonic Choir and of the choir which bears his name, will speak on certain trends in the style and development of contemporary music.



Sir Adrian Boult, C.H., in his London Office

Photo: James Robbins

We hope, at the end of this term, to leave the Society in safe hands for a healthy future.

James Robbins
Simon Mundy

Frank Wilby



Photo: David Newman

When Frank Wilby retired in December he had completed nearly 40 years of service to Westminster. On his arrival the maintenance staff, now so essential a part of the school, hardly existed; for the Bursar, Joseph Tyson, who had just retired at the age of 82, had not been a man to waste money on keeping the school buildings in repair. There was therefore much to be done, and Wilby and others recruited by the new Bursar, Rex Turner, were kept busy.

When the school moved to Lancing on the outbreak of war, the maintenance staff took on the job of defending the school buildings against air attack, and Wilby soon became a prominent member of the Garrison, as it was called. He did good service in the Blitz of 1940, and when the school moved to Bromyard he decided to stay on in London—a natural decision, for he had been born and bred in Westminster and would have been miserable in Herefordshire. He joined the National Fire Service (a detachment, some 90 strong, was stationed in Busby's), and continued to watch over the school.

Before the war his present office and store under the archway to Yard had been the Common Room, packed with some 30 masters, almost invisible to each other through the haze of tobacco smoke, which, when the door was opened, rolled out as from some volcanic cave. Now it became a dormitory for fire watchers, and between raids Bursar Turner and Wilby could be seen doing *The Times* crossword. "Come on Wilby, 24 across: Three very reverend feet in West-

minster. Got it?" The scream of a bomb would be followed by a deafening explosion, and Wilby, who disliked bombs less than crosswords, would brighten up. "Looks as if someone else has got it," he would reply, and seizing his tin hat would hurry out into the night.

At the end of the war he was put in charge of the maintenance staff. School and College were in ruins; air-raid shelters stood in Yard; Fields, criss-crossed by shelter trenches, was a wilderness of raw earth and concrete. The task of rehabilitation was overwhelming and self-help was the order of the day, for at first building licences were unobtainable. Major works clearly had to wait, but under Frank Wilby's direction an immense first-aid job of repair and redecoration was carried out; and little by little, as labour and materials became available, the school got back to normal.

It is impossible to assess how much the school owes to Wilby during those post war years. Building contractors and their Clerks of Works had to be welcomed—and kept in their place. For months there would be a contractor's hut in Yard; masters would complain of pneumatic drills during school hours; boys would leave their footprints in wet concrete; the Abbey would complain about alleged damage to College Garden. With imperturbable good humour Wilby would sort things out. Few could resist the mixture of quick repartee, downright common sense and unrivalled knowledge of the precincts; and contractors and canons alike would retire baffled.



*Photo:
David Newman*

The Coronation provided another test. Awnings were to be run up across Yard, School was to be used for a royal luncheon party, and at all points the Earl Marshal and the Ministry of Works were requesting, almost commanding, facilities. It was Wilby who smoothed out all difficulties and calmed ruffled tempers, and while the Queen's Scholars were contributing their *Vivats* to the ceremony he was dealing efficiently with Constance Spry and the caterers.

For a quarter of a century he has been on friendly sparring terms with successive Abbey Clerks of Works—Mr. Bishop, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Andrews. How much the school annoys the Abbey! How immeasurably the Abbey annoys the school! But each has to live with the other, and after 25 years Wilby has established a "special relationship" based on mutual respect with his opposite number who is responsible (or is he?) when College Hall kitchen needs repainting and who is justly outraged when boys stray into the triforium. As much as, perhaps more than, successive Head Masters, Frank Wilby has contributed to keep relations between school and Abbey harmonious. But this is only one of his achievements. As head not only of the maintenance staff in its strict sense but also of the whole body of school servants (some of whose length of service compares respectably with his own) he has kept Westminster running

smoothly and efficiently, averting crisis after crisis in the post war years when the school had no money and existed largely on loyalty and good will. Westminster owes him a debt which cannot soon or easily be repaid.

Presentation Fund

The organizers of the Frank Wilby Retirement Fund wish to thank all those O.W.W. and parents who have so generously made contributions to his leaving present. They would also like to apologize for not being able personally to acknowledge all their donations, due to the sheer weight of correspondence that would be necessary. At the time of writing contributions are still arriving so that the final total cannot be published until the next issue.

Paul Hooper
Robin Shute

School Government

The ogre does what ogres can,
Deeds quite impossible to man,
But one prize is beyond his reach
The ogre cannot master speech.

About a subjugated plain
Among its desperate and slain,
The ogre stalks with hands on hips,
While drivel gushes from its lips.

W. H. Auden.

In 1868 Westminster was divorced from Abbey control by Act of Parliament. The Act's purpose was "to make further provision for the good government of certain Public Schools in England". It defined the responsibilities of the Governing Body, and the school's relationship with the Abbey, and made provision for the Governing Body to "consolidate and amend existing statutes and regulations relating to the school". "Consolidate and amend" it did, and it is by the resulting Statutes that the school's administration is defined. Their relevance to the running of the school is in their reference to the sub-committees of the Governing Body: the Finance, Establishment, Statutes, Educational Policy, and Buildings Committees. But their relevance is strained, because Westminster is not run by committees, neither by the five I have mentioned, nor by the Masters' Committees: the Development, Heads of Department, Time Table, and House Masters' Committees. Of these only the House Masters' Committee makes significant decisions which are directly relevant to our lives—and these are minor decisions of detail. At Westminster the "hierarchy of government" is not significant.

It is not necessarily a criticism of the committees that they are not immediately relevant to the running of the school: the Governing Body's sub-committees are not intended to be. But the reality is that decisions are rarely taken at Committee level. The real power to make decisions rests with the man immediately involved with the question, and ultimately with the Head Master. Examine, for instance, the Heads of Department Committee. This is supposed to decide questions of educational policy. Consider the range of questions that might be put before it. If they concern

a single department, the Head of that Department will make the decision, and will resent the interference of a committee. If the question concerns all the departments, it is likely to be contentious; and, if a committee can avoid making a decision about a contentious issue, it will; it would inevitably offend someone. Finally there is the inevitable division within the committee between the "evaluators" and the "fixers". That is a deficiency common to all committees. The justification for such an institution is that it makes the Head Master and his Heads of Department aware of the climate of opinion. But, if they were competent to contribute to the committee, they must have been "aware" beforehand.

The committee system is notorious, and no organization is dependent upon it. The Westminster organization certainly has a very much more subtle operation: an operation dependent on good communication. At Westminster the communication is generally so good that no one is ever quite certain that it has been made. Good government—and clear communication—are after all inconspicuous. But, although communication between the Head Master, the staff, and the pupils at Westminster is unusually good, whether the Governing Body is as well informed is doubtful; whether it needs to be is equally uncertain. But, if it is to fulfil its paternalistic role, it must be familiar with the school and with its general contentment or dissatisfaction.

Thus the justified criticism of the present regime is not that it is not doing administrative justice, but that justice is not being seen to be done. But at Westminster there is very little interest in School government. Perhaps, if there were an opportunity for an expression of interest, interest would develop; perhaps the "Westminster lethargy" would stifle it. Whatever the answer to that question is, the total indifference of workers to their situation is not in the management's interests. The danger is that, if justice is not seen to be done, it may be presumed that it is not being done. General dissatisfaction can very easily upset the precarious balance of a smooth administration.

Pupil involvement in School government has been discussed before; there has even been the occasional experiment. Both the discussion and the experimentation have generally been abortive. The most common approach to pupil representation has been a simple evasion of the issue. It is the "School Council", on



Who really has the last word?

Photo: Adam Thomson

which both pupils and masters are represented. But the "School Council" is the sum of every shortcoming of every committee. It is invidious because exclusive; it cannot make real decisions, because it is not empowered to; and, as its advice is only very occasionally taken, it can only heighten disagreements. It is neither a palliative nor a solution. But two constructive suggestions have been made. One is that a number of boys interested in school government should form a group which would be given a specific administrative responsibility, and, perhaps, some money to allocate. The decisions of the group on matters within its terms of reference would be final. This arrangement might give some members of the

group some satisfaction; a school council would afford only frustration. The other suggestion is a fortnightly press conference, which would be given by the Head Master. Any boy would be free to ask any question. The Head Master would be free to give any answer. Dr. Rae was afraid that this might be too much of a "showman's gimmick", but I think everyone would be given a run for their money.

Whether Westminster are thoroughly bored or even a little interested by school government, the first, and perhaps the last, tentative step has been taken to improve "communication". Some weeks ago a number of school monitors talked to one of the Governors, Mr. David Carey. Was anyone told of this?

The best administration is in constant communication. The worst forbids communication. Westminster is neither; it must not become an ogre.

Adam Zeman

Letter

Dear Editor,

When you allowed Mr. Meaden to make disparaging remarks about private education in the last number of *The Elizabethan*, you in fact opened your columns to political controversy. That being so, you must in fairness allow someone to answer him. No doubt you will be inundated with replies. Here is mine.

Mr. Meaden thinks that most parents patronize the private schools because they believe that these schools form a freemasonry which secures careers for the undeserving which are quite beyond what they could have achieved without its help. If he is right, then such parents are mostly spending their money in vain. No doubt friendships formed at school help a few undeserving young men to positions they should not get. But the cachet of a public school education is no longer the passport to success it once was. Competition now plays so important a rôle in professional and industrial life that what Mr. Meaden says about this is simply hopelessly out of date.

Then why are parents today still willing to pay twice for education in order to send their children to private schools? I can only speak for myself.

The heart of the teaching business is a teacher and a student. Small classes and good teachers are therefore an incomparable advantage. State schools are lavish with facilities. I don't value these at all. Having to pig it is always a shame. But there are worse things. And size brings most of these worse things with it: size of class, or house, or school. And then there is choice. No two men can agree as to what is best in education. Professionalism imposes a sort of uniformity where it doesn't belong. And children differ. I don't think that parents should have to submit to what the profession thinks is best for their children. So I want a choice of schools for the sake of the children.

I also want it for the sake of the country. The Head Master, on another page of your last issue, spoke forebodingly of a future which might not value individualism as we do. I want to make it as hard as possible for the State to erode our liberties, or to have our children taught what it thinks they ought to know or believe, by denying it the easy control over the educational system it would have if everyone were neatly pigeon-holed in his regional educational slot as Mr. Meaden would like him to be, and presided over by the Minister working in conjunction with the Treasury. A small obstacle? Yes. But if we can put up enough small

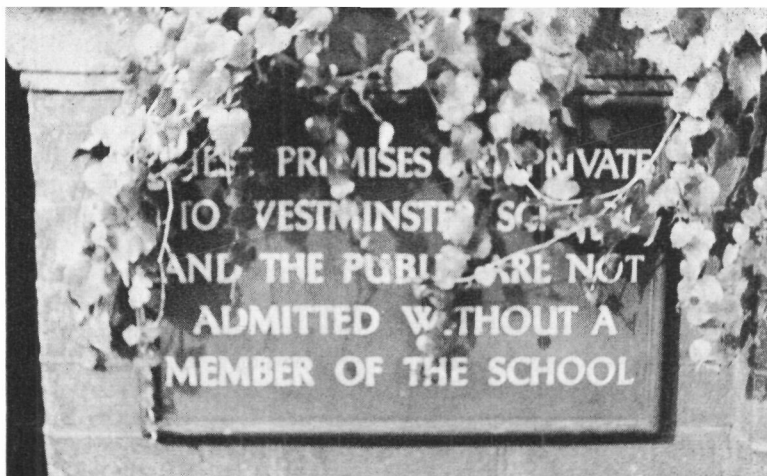


Photo: Adam Thomson

obstacles perhaps the days of individualism may not be so quickly numbered.

What then of equality of opportunity? I am all for it. I want the taxes I pay for the educational facilities I do not use to be employed, not in putting money into the pockets of my rich neighbours whose children take the best out of the State system, but in opening up every sort of educational opportunity for the children of poor people so that everyone can take his chance in a race in which there need be no losers, because everyone gets the opportunity that suits his aptitudes. Everything has its price, however. And at the point where liberty and equality clash I believe that knocking private choice out of education is a personal and political price to pay for greater equality which is higher than we can afford and Mr. Meaden realizes.

Yours sincerely,
Anthony Bridbury.

An Immodest Proposal

In every alternate edition of *The Elizabethan*, there is a general lament for the state of the school's magazines, the main trouble being that there do not seem to be any. Nostalgic trips are made into the rosy past, recalling the happy days when Little Dean's Yard was apparently a miniature Fleet Street and prototype *Spectators* were devoured by culture starved Westminster. Visions of that ideal periodical called the *Trifler* are remembered with affection, but again the trouble is that this is a magazine that no boy present at the school has ever seen and very few have ever heard of.

But, if anyone takes the trouble to look back at any of these vanished magazines and at past copies of such official organs as *The Elizabethan* and *The Grantite Review*, he finds the answer to the sad absence probably consists in what was published. Briefly, to the majority it was not very interesting, and those who did try to inwardly digest it, found it was liable to disagree with them.

Let us take for an example, *Rustle*. Here was a magazine whose second and last appearance was in the winter of 1970. Its rousing editorial proclaimed: "The aim of RUSTLE is to put forward ideas and comments and facts affecting the general theme of

education. Our aim is constant; RUSTLE is bored by apathy and wants to arouse you." It didn't. Perhaps the reason was that it took as its gospel a speech by Tony Wedgwood-Benn, the one where, he declared, "Quite apart from its social undesirability, a Public School education is fast becoming a complete waste of money." He then went on to somehow link this up with the moral crime of learning classics. In fact the Public School editors of *Rustle* were so ashamed of their background that one suspects that they would follow the example of Mr. Benn in as far as he omits to mention in *Who's Who* that he was educated at Westminster.

But *Rustle*, alas, was overwhelmed by the apathy that it strove to overcome. It had to admit that people on the whole did not really like the contents, "We have received a great deal of material . . . 427 poems in all. Although we do like to publish creative writing, and to entertain as well as inform, we feel that RUSTLE's principal aim is to encourage an exchange of ideas concerning our educational system." Nobody likes being preached at, and *Rustle* was rather sermonistic.

Another difficulty is that there are so few back copies of magazines, both dead and living, from which it is possible to judge. So we must take a guess at the reasons for the present dearth by looking at some of the magazines of the recent past. Just look at what we have got! Hack subjects that are churned up time and time again, one suspects partly to fill up space, but also because there is a vague chance of people reading about them. Take exams. They are condemned, abolished in spirit and principle, and yet magazines cannot let them be. In December, 1969, exams and their effects were summed up as "too many dreams, too many visits to the lavatory, and absolute vicious depression".

When it comes to questioning authority, even *The Clarion* stirs itself to indignation, usually over such mundane issues as Abbey. Here *The Elizabethan* bluntly summed up the new-look system as "Substituting a psalm and a hymn for two hymns", whereas in the previous issue, a note of evangelical optimism had been suggested. In May, 1971, with rhetoric of which Billy Graham might be proud, we are told, "We live in an age of scepticism, and that scepticism is manifested very strongly here at Westminster."



Photo: Joe Nunns



Photo: Joe Nunns



Photo: Joe Nunns

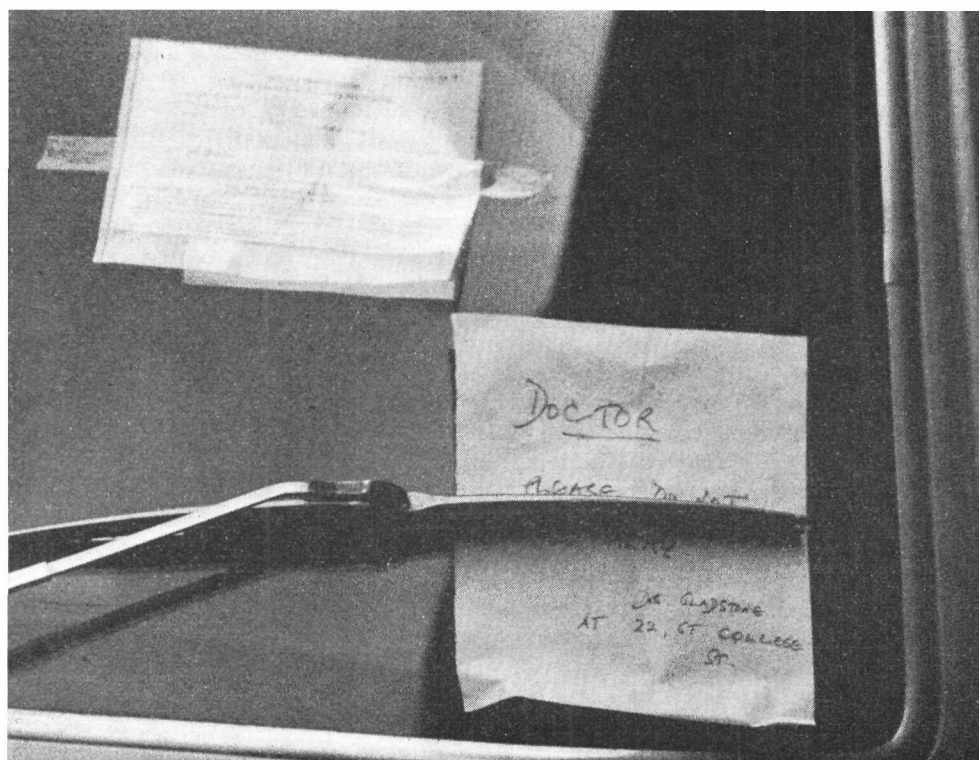


Photo: Joe Nunns

However, the article continued on a somewhat more hopeful note: "One boy with very liberal views and even more liberal parents"—Hereditary this scepticism?—"told me that whenever he had problems, he often found himself praying for help in the morning Abbey services." It seems that not only *Rustle* has a habit of making sermons.

It is also amusing to look at the impotent pleas of *The Grantite Review* as successive editors have tried to free themselves from the vice-like grip of the old Grantites. Their editorials are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing".

Summer, 1970. "I do believe that the Review should for the most part cater for the present members of the House, who should be allowed to publish whatsoever pleases them, provided that it neither breaks the law of the land nor brings the school into direct disrepute."

Summer, 1971. "I am afraid that the sentiments expressed by James Rentoul in his editorial last year must remain as hopes for the future. I refer, of course, to censorship. No editorial this year."

Summer, 1972. "No one can deny that a compromise (over censorship) is desirable, but surely it is better to bring this about by trusting the editor's common sense rather than by benevolent repression."

Indeed the only issue that any magazine to do with the school ever really does get het up about is the subject of censorship. Not surprisingly, they resent the powers above sifting through their material to make sure that all that is published is presentable, especially as in some cases they have never had the chance to produce anything other than under the paternal eye of a master. It would be worth seeing a sample copy of a magazine, produced by authority, presenting the sort of material they fear. *The Elizabethan* is muted on this subject. Nothing really provocative has gone to press for ages, ever since flocks of irate prospective parents withdrew their sons from the waiting list after reading: "Westminster will never change. A few class rooms might be built, a means test might even arrive. But it won't make any difference. Nobody worries here. Nobody tries to commit suicide or to win the short story competition." Perhaps the parents did not like the idea of the means test.

Anyway it wasn't long before the editors, albeit a different brood, recanted. The P.R. man was put on the

job and three editions later the editorial changed its line. "To quote again, 'Nobody tries to commit suicide or to win the short story competition.' Perhaps this is not true any more."

But equally, perhaps it is. Perhaps the second editorial was mistaken. No dead bodies have been seen around after all. What about politics? The subject that an outsider might imagine would dominate any Westminster magazine doesn't really seem to concern people much. *The Elizabethan* tells us that Debating Society has been revived, but the motions involved do not seem to have much to do with the present. Back in 1968, *The Grantite Review* announced the birth of G.R.A.B.A., the Grantite Revolutionary Anarcho-Bolshevik Association, but despite signs that the next issue seemed to have been taken over by them, nothing more has ever been heard. Our consciences are periodically aroused, but this seems to be more because of those whom the *Daily Express* would condemn as "do-gooders", rather than by violent socialists. Occasionally a waist-coated Sixthformer, blue in the face, is heard to storm out of Ashburnham Library shouting, "The trouble with you is that you are pink!", but none of this ever seems to get into a magazine. Apparently there is no member of the National Front in the school literate enough to put his thoughts on paper.

The general attitude is one of a vague disinterested liberalism, (not that anyone over eighteen would dream of voting Liberal!). For the most part, excluding *Rustle's* zeal for what Mr. Benn calls democracy, the atmosphere throughout *The Elizabethan*, *The Clarion*, *The Grantite Review*, and even *Free Press*, still seems to be, "Whatever happens, nothing matters; it can't."

However, in *The Elizabethan*, the recent attitude seems to have been to shirk news and politics altogether and to escape into the past or some airified existence embodied in so-called "feature" editions. We have been reminded of war-time Westminster and John Carleton (these two rather seemed to overlap), we have also been instructed on learning. In the last edition, if one was able to fight one's way through the advertisements, the theme seemed to be, rather desperately, survival. The Head Master said we could, everyone else said we could not, and one of the editors put his trust in God.

Perhaps one of the reasons why magazines are in the doldrums at the moment is that so few of the school actually write. One accusation levelled against *The Elizabethan* in particular is that it is not so much representing a view point derived from the school as a whole, but is a magazine, written generally about the school, by a select few. But need the image of a school magazine, however informally presented, be too austere to persuade people to contribute? Could not a magazine be published by someone with initiative in which people could write what others would want to read. Nothing will happen if everybody is too frightened to take the initiative. We won't be served if we only stand and wait.

Timothy Gardam



The little cloister

Photo: Adam Thomson

Wealth and the Church

“Grant us grace to forsake all covetous desires and all inordinate love of riches” (from the collect for St. Matthew’s Day); “inordinate”—this word exemplifies the Church’s teaching on the subject of wealth. Look through any book of prayers and you will see frequent condemnations of “greed” and “avarice”—both implying excess. But nowhere in these prayers will one find a statement of where this “excess” begins. I can only refer to Cardinal Heenan, who wrote on this point that it is no sin to have enough money to go to a Public School. So to desire that much wealth is presumably not a sin either.

But let us consider where excess began in Christ’s original teaching. We shall find here a somewhat stricter line, amounting in fact to a demand for a total rejection of worldliness. He told the rich young man, “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor” (Matth. XIX 21)—not just some of what he had: and we are assured that the widow’s only mites, her last worldly possessions, are a much greater gift of charity than the large sums donated by the wealthy, who have enough to spare (Mark, XII 41). We learn from Christ Himself how much He regards as essential. He tells His disciples, “Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves” (Matth. X 9-10): likewise St. Paul: “and having food and raiment let us be therewith content” (1 Tim. VI 8). Yet such is not the doctrine maintained by either the Anglican or the Roman Catholic Church, and we would do well, I think, to consider why not. Firstly, the justification from the New Testament itself: St. Philip baptized the rich Ethiopian on the way from Jerusalem to Gaza, and there is no suggestion that he gave up his money (Acts VIII 27): and Christ Himself and His apostles lived on the charity of the rich—an argument used by the Roman Catholic Church to suggest that He condoned wealth. We have also the arguments of practicability—society must exist in an ordered way, and anyway, if one gave all that one had to the poor they would have more than oneself, thus destroying equality before it even starts.

As regards the first, one can only reply by looking at the example of the first apostles: “Neither was there



any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made into every man according as he had need" (Acts IV, 34-35). In this society everything was pooled—no private wealth was permitted. When Ananias and Sapphira kept back some of the proceeds of their property both were struck dead (Acts V, 1-11. See also Acts II, 44-45; IV, 32, for similar statements). To move on to the second objection: Christ does not want us to be petty minded, counting our pennies to make sure that we are all equal. The giving of one's worldly possessions to the poor is an expression of love, not a formal levelling out of wealth for its own sake. But, although we can see from the passages quoted that Christian doctrine asks for a total denial of personal wealth, the Church does not teach this: we have seen from the collect passage that only "inordinate" love of riches is wrong in the Church's view, contradicting St. Paul's statement that "the love of money is the root of all evil" (I Tim. VI, 10) in itself.

Extensive wealth is condemned in the New Testament even more frequently than the possession of wealth in itself. We have from the Gospels "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God" (Matth. XIX, 24; Mark X, 24; Luke XVIII, 24), and again "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust dost corrupt . . ." (Matth. VI, 19; and compare Luke XII, 13-23). In the Epistles such condemnations become more violent; two passages from the General Epistle of St. James are worth quoting in full: "As the flower of the grass he (the rich) shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways . . . Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered: and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have reaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which you have kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped

are entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton: ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just: and he doth not resist you" (James I, 9-11; V. 1-6). But not only is this feature of Christianity not put into practice, the Church does not even try to emphasize it. A Roman Catholic priest admitted to me recently that his Church indeed does not preach Christ's teaching on this point, but excused it by saying that no one would pay any attention if it did, and that people would only be discouraged from the other features of Christianity which they do accept. This may well be true; but one must surely doubt whether such is a Christian attitude. The Church's duty is not to accommodate the eternal unchanging truths of God to the wishes of rich men. It is to preach the whole of Christ's teaching, encouraging all to obey every article of it.

We see this compromise with the circumstances of society in other spheres of the Church's teaching also. The Chaplain prays frequently in our morning services for industrial harmony, for a fair and just settlement of some dispute between a Trade Union and a management, asking that each should be imbued with wisdom, broadmindedness, and the like—always praying, in effect, for the continuance of society as it stands today, always moulding his appeals to fit our political and social context. He does not emphasize, or even mention, that Christ calls for a completely different social arrangement. Now this is not a political article, and I am not identifying Christianity with any form of Communism, whether ideal or as in practice today. I am merely asking that Christ's teaching should not be made to fit our social structure, that it should be considered quite independently of any system devised by man. It would be incorrect to maintain that Christ was offering merely a spiritual way of life; for by His asking us to give up all worldly possessions, to "judge not . . .", to love our neighbours in deed as well as in thought (an aspect emphasized by St. James in his General Epistle, Chapter 2), he is looking for a change in our whole way of life, material as well as spiritual. But only the spiritual is emphasized by the Church; and, since the two are interdependent, the extent of the spiritual change to be advocated by the Church is limited to as much as can

be effected without troubling our material existence. It is noticeable that all prayers are phrased in abstract terms. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" can all too easily be divorced from all material obligations; the idea enters that we will love him, but need not do much to help him. We are only expected to give him our time, energy, or money in Church collections once a week and in occasional (or regular) charity work. The Church does not expect us to devote as much or more consideration to him in terms of all these three than to ourselves; it may hope that we will, but does not emphasize it as our duty.

Again, the cry goes up that no one would do this if the Church did preach it: but should the Church of God be directed in its teaching by its surroundings? Surely it should rather guide its followers in the way that Christ showed. It must beware of becoming the mere mouthpiece, backed by "Divine Sanction", of the ever fluctuating social, political, and ethical standards of the society in which it stands. Christ's teaching may admit of reinterpretation in the light of advances, in any sphere, made in that society. But there can be no justification for the total neglect of such important parts of Christ's doctrine. Should God's Church distort

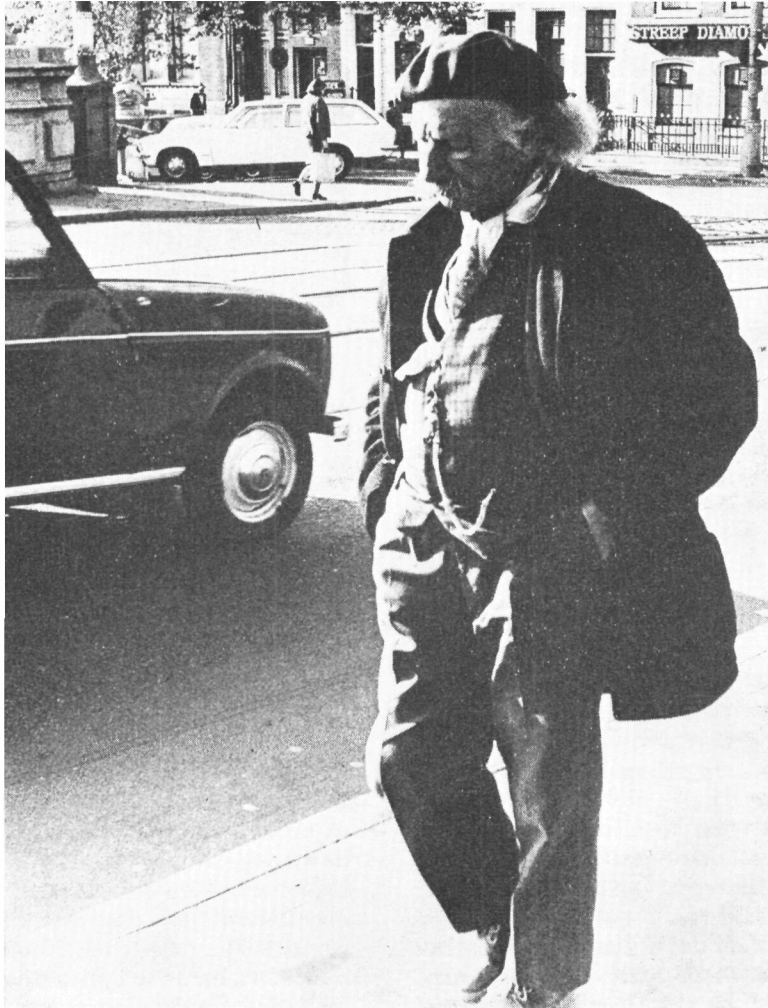
His teaching for fear of offending the congregation which it is supposed to be leading? There may be many who would not follow the Church in such doctrine; but the Church is not here to curry popular favour. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me" (Matth. X, 34-38). Let the Church acknowledge that Christ's teaching will shock and offend many, that its worldly popularity may wane. But if it is indeed God's Church, let it announce this teaching fully and without distortion, concerned not with gaining men's approval but with spreading God's word. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved" (Matth. X, 22).

Robin Griffith-Jones



Courtyard outside College Hall

Photo: Adam Thomson



Man in Amsterdam
Photo: J. J. Krish

An Appeal

Task Force has for several years been an essential part of the school's non-academic activities. In the last issue, a report on our work was given under the heading "Westminster School in the Community". As the years go by, we are able to do more for the people of Westminster and Pimlico. No longer are our efforts limited to the visiting of a few O.A.P.s. Today we are working with other voluntary groups, Tenants' Associations, and especially the Pimlico

Neighbourhood Aid Centre. The continuation of this work depends not only on the willingness of Westminsterers to give time and thought to help people less fortunate than themselves, but also on the availability of financial support. Without this the outings and parties which we organize are not possible. All donations, however small, will be appreciated, not only by us, but also by the people we are trying to help. Could cheques be made payable to "Westminster School Task Force" and sent to 17 Dean's Yard. Thank You.

Duncan Bowie

Four Short Stories

To Travel Hopefully . . .

George Holmes had always been considered a quiet lad ever since his early childhood. Modest ambitions, little conversation, placid character, he was everybody's favourite good little boy. He did well for himself too: passed all his O Levels, three B's in his A Levels, studied management at a Business School; it was always good reports his mum and dad received. At 23 he met Edna at a Royal Institute of Technology Students' Dance, and to him it was love at first sight. He had been going out with a very rich director's daughter, who was really very fond of him, but his aims in life were modest and his was a simple sort of existence; he felt he could not keep up with the pressures of the affluent society. Edna was a perfect match for him. Speaking only when she had been provoked, she seemed an understanding, plain, unglamorous sort of girl, a type of person who would find it hard to grumble and could put up with a lot. The decisive moment came over a bag of bacon crisps in a "passers-by" cafe at Waterloo station: "George, do you love me?"

"Edna, I . . .".

The scene at Bethnal Green Register Office was not a crowded one; it was purely a family affair, neither party wishing to invite many acquaintances, nor for that matter having many.

The young couple started their married life with hope and a certain amount of restrained and unrevealed glee. It was to their enduring characters rather fun to start up in a small, two roomed flat in Bayswater, and have to decorate it mainly themselves because it would save them much-needed money. She pasted the sheets, he put up the wallpaper: it was really quite easy. After several months the couple were fully settled down in their own little way; she had a job in the local launderette, he had entered a textile firm through his former girl friend's influence, who, incidentally, had married Jimmy Ede, the famous trombone player. Of course he started with a low wage, but it did not take the management long to notice this dedicated, hard-working young man, who sometimes stayed up all night on Fridays checking weekly accounts with minute precision.

"A good one there, Freddy," said the Chairman to the Vice-President.

"Aye, and a tough little lad at that, Bert," came the reply.

He was soon promoted and received a rise that was small, but nonetheless handy in his situation. Indeed life was getting better for them now; her parents sometimes gave them the keys to their cottage in Stoke Newington, his parents lent them the car. Oh, and the first little one was on the way.

One day in the firm's canteen George bumped into his old girl friend, who had divorced her trombonist and was now engaged to Mahatma Lowok, a commercial traveller distributing brochures for a doorknob-manufacturing company.

"Hello George. . .".

"Oh, Patricia! sorry about this soup. . .".

They had a quiet chat while the mess was cleaned up, and he mentioned how Edna had to give up her job because of the baby. That was all it took; it was announced in the Annual Review that George had been promoted to junior executive, earning a handsome salary and a private secretary. Life for the dependants of George Holmes Esq., with their recent addition, was rosy indeed. Sitting in their country cottage on long, dark, winter's evenings, eating bacon crisps, the baby rocking peacefully, George and Edna would quietly remind themselves of their ultimate ambition for George to become a proper director in the firm, a day they would look upon as the final ascent in the climb of their life, the point at which they could settle down and enjoy the fruits of their harvest. Spurred on by some hidden power, their moment was approaching. It came just after the "Staff v. Directors" rugby game, held annually on Hampstead Heath. Observers noticed tears in the eyes of the newly-appointed director's young wife; George explained later that she had just been a little bored with the match, that was all.

That night at the Angus Steak House in Mile End Road they discussed their future plans and resolutions to keep their old identity over mixed-grill, bacon and eggs.

"George, do you still love me?"

"Edna, you know I . . .".

Life went on, not of course without the additional pressures on George, and subsequently the whole family, through his directorship. They all found he was liable to be called away suddenly to work, often at unusual moments, like the time they were having



Photo: Adam Thomson

a sauna in the Northern Hebrides. Longer hours were spent at the office too; sometimes he stayed there overnight, even all week. Small wonder he had a bedroom built adjacent to his office. Indeed, her husband's appetite for his new work had begun to disillusion Mrs. Holmes very deeply. She often reminded him of the pledges they had made. Sitting in their converted fourteenth-century manor in Bognor Regis, Edna was having serious words with her husband, in what could perhaps be called the first argument in their married life.

"George, I just don't like all your plans about these dinner parties, these week-ends at Ascot, this new drive to make yourself head of the firm. I give you an ultimatum. Either you . . ." the phone rang on the urgent line. George was to catch a plane in thirty-seven minutes from Gatwick for South Jamaica. . . .

Edna's pleas did not stop her husband. Not only

did he become President of the firm, he now almost totally owned it. In the business pages of all the national papers, and the front pages of all the Paris magazines, George Holmes had now become a familiar name. Expansion was his motto, prosperity his motive. He took over no less than three underwear factories in twelve months. His former bosses now considered it a privilege to be allowed into his new luxury suite, built adjacent to the boardroom. Soon the boardroom itself became an extension of the suite, and the entire board was abolished. George was a one-man band.

"I want more hours, more productivity, more dedication, more sweat, more blood, more output, more company loyalty, and just plain MORE. . ."

"And we want more wages," came the unexpected reply. The man, of course, was sacked on the spot. And poor Edna was left totally unimpressed by all this glamour, by her husband's film-star friends, by the reporters prowling around the grounds to catch a shot of the great man, by the TV shows, by the garden parties at the Palace.

"I often wonder," she wrote in the foreword to his autobiography, "whether it is not better to be in the process of achieving an ambition rather to actually reach the summit, whether there is indeed a summit, or whether the journey goes on and on while the climber is never satisfied. . .". The final foreword was of course written by George himself.

It was in the billiards room of their villa on the Côte d'Azur one night just after the birth of their ninth child ("Productivity is my motive") that Edna decided to vent her feelings fully to her husband for a final time.

"Gone are all the old promises of cozy settlement, gone are all those things we dearly looked forward to with such warm satisfaction, gone are the simple aims. . .". And gone too was her husband, for the butler came in to announce the arrival of the entire Yushiti-Nippon Heavy Machinery Group Board for negotiations. In addition, her most dreaded fears that her husband's health would fail him were realized when he collapsed with a heart attack while giving a speech to the Bacon Crisp Foundation and had to be taken to hospital. He was soon out again and the family atmosphere was settled for a time through his inactivity due to illness. It was her best time in a long while. Over "Jambon au vin (avec poires)" at the

Regency Rooms in Claridge's she was enjoying remembrances of old times: "George, do you really, truly, honestly, still love me?"

"Edna, my dearest and nearest, you know I . . ."

His heart suddenly failed him. He had been working secretly at nights checking accounts. The funeral at Becknall Drive Cemetery was not a crowded affair, for one party did not wish many acquaintances, the other party not having much option. On the tombstone was engraved in Edna's most poetic manner "George, my dearest, hoping that you take the high road to heaven and not the downward path to hell, wishing you a peaceful, pressureless, quiet journey, remembering always that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. . . R.I.P."

Dimitri Antonatos

The Lamedh Wufnik

"And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes."

"He was so good, so unaware of his kindness, he could have been a Lamedh Wufnik." Thus my learned friend, Dr. Jakob Rossoffsky, revealed a shameful ignorance of mine. He explained this description of one of his great friends of before the war with, "As the name indicates, they are thirty-six in number. They are perfectly virtuous men, but for whom, Jewish legend—the legend of the diaspora alone I think—has it, God would destroy the entire world in anger at the sin of man." He paused, and then he said that he would tell me more about these men through a story which he had written thirty years before but, he could not remember why, had not wished to publish.

"In London, as in Warsaw, Isaac had led a simple life: there a little room in Market Street, here a smaller one at the top of Abraham's house. Abraham, he thought, was rich—rich for the East End—and a kind man: did not he owe his small comforts to him? A room with four solid walls in the house of a friend: it was enough for a single man. Rebecca (may she rest in peace) had been a bright light. Sometimes he would remember, between shouting, and insults in Polish



Photo: Adam Thomson

he could hardly understand, as if in a sightless vision, the deep eyes which had comforted him after his mother's death. She had died giving birth to stillborn twins. He suffered not only from that unexpected death but also along with all his race an unoccasional, historical suffering. He had forgotten detail by detail of the religion, but he kept an obscure and profound trust in God. The ghetto—in Warsaw, in London—is a country within a country, an Israel which the poor man who inhabits it (and all are made poor by their exile, unless by some miracle a man is purified through its grief) has not the substance to redeem, however much he may, theoretically or materially, save."

My friend had become moved, upset indeed, during the course of his narrative. Now he said he would list the important events of the next few paragraphs in order not to bore me. I protested that I was not in the

least danger of being bored, but he started again, without even a pause for breath, without seeming to hear me, telling me Isaac became involved with a left-wing group, distributed pamphlets, became one of the leaders, agreed eventually to speak in public.

"The speech was nearly over, and it had been a success. The crowd was large, the men mostly burly and in rough jackets, or over-thin finely-featured and in threadbare suits. At one climax there were cheers, although Isaac noticed a shuffling on one edge of the crowd. For the first time, he looked down at the audience from the platform." Briefly Jakob looked at me; but it was such a wide and unperceptive glance, as if he saw me against the rushing London streets making their way against us, firing at us thousands of bodies, obdurate and occasionally exciting. "He saw the poorly dressed men, the women who had left their children at home; the greed in the eyes of the poor men and the avarice in those of the wealthy; the dirty men, who might as well have been naked, so festering were their corruptions; the women brazen although they whored themselves for sympathy. Then he realized the terrible fact of which he had always been ignorant: he was free from these sins; he was not evil. It made him into a burning wheel, four wheels enclosing heaven and earth, rotating within themselves, of lightning without and rainbows within; and, in the middle of the voices which erupted inside and around him, he felt an ecstasy in the head, as if the blood had burst into miracle.

The assassin had thrown his smoking gun into the fleeing crowd. Soon he had run the maze of immigrant streets and calmly found himself safe in his own land."

"The man who is perfectly without evil must not know this: the knowledge instantly corrupts him," I observed. My friend did not disagree, but he was far away, as if the story of three decades before had transported him back to that time. Now, as he saw the streets crumble about him, he mouthed perhaps the name of his dead friend and looked toward me from an angry distance. Once more he was full of his old vitality, but only to lose it in grieving. Although he was no longer an exile, the sacrifice had been too great. That, I am sure, is what he meant in his raging eyes: the land was dead, as if God had deserted it in his final, most terrible anger.

John Marenbon

Night Flight

Into the chair, down into the chair. What's the point in getting up?

On a quiet street on a cold clear evening in London, I looked into a room that did not look out. A woman surrounded by three plain walls and a light, perfect light, light transforming her conversation with an unseen stranger into a relationship of passion and truth. I wanted to stay and watch. In this room the decisions of the Gods were being made, but I knew if I was seen, if she looked out, the magic would go, the light vanish. I moved on, hopelessly seeking happiness in the air itself. It was the end of my walk, but I could not stop, so I started again.

Two men in a room with only a table and two chairs.

"It must have been very odd being killed in the war."

"Why?"

"Here am I worrying what to do with my life, while the soldiers worried about how to have a life."

"So you want me to kill you?"

"Yes."

Three shots resounding through all of space. One man dies, the other taken instantaneously to another place, materializing on sand by a sea, alive. The shots rang on and slowly died away. All thoughts were clear. A leaf, caught in the wind, flares up; the heart quickens, the life expands. The sea spray strikes; for him the ecstasy of perfect touch. The man walked endlessly along the sands; the room was nearly forgotten. He did sometimes remember, and then his mind caught fire and he fell into the sea, tearing his flesh. He forgot the room and the pain went, but the happiness did not return. He was bored in Paradise. If the sea was quiet, his head sung one note, one unbearable note. If the sea was not quiet, he screamed back at the sea.

"I am unhappy in heaven. There will be no place where, no time when, I will ever be happy again."

A girl with long fair hair appeared, a beautiful girl. Hope returned. The man spoke.

"You are real and have come to save me?"

"No. I am not real. I have come to tell you why you are here."

"No. No! I don't want to know. Go away. Go away!" He collapsed to his knees and wept. All time must go and life must stay.

Christopher Simon

“The Murder of St. Peter the Martyr”—A picture by Bellini

“When is he going to come?”

“I don’t know, do I. He could be still in the town for all I know.”

“Well, when is he meant to come?”

“For God’s sake be quiet. You’re getting on my nerves.”

“Well, I’m not going to spend half the night in this bloody wood, waiting for someone who may never turn up.”

“He’ll turn up all right. Now will you please stop pestering me and just shut up.”

The bigger of the two men slightly turned his head, so that now the whole of the clearing was within his view. He scanned the edge of the glade from left to right, but there was still no sign of the figure in brown that would eventually pass, heading towards the hill and the little dusty village where the gates would not close properly.

“What’s he got to be done for, anyway?”

“What’s anyone got to be done for? He’s just a pain in the you-know-what for the Count. He’s been doing the rounds with all his fancy talk about happiness. Poor blighter probably never had any himself.”

“Never had any what?”

“God Almighty, I don’t know why I even bother to notice you, let alone answer your stupid questions.”

Now he got up and rubbed his thighs, which were moist from the soil on which he had been sitting. Slowly he moved forward, and then turned to spit on the earth. Opposite him was a little path, leading through the trees, and eventually to the town, from which the holy man would soon be returning. On one side of this little track—it was merely trampled dirt with a few stones on occasion—the woodcutter worked. He was chopping at a large elm tree, and every now and again he stopped to admire his work and wipe the sweat from his face; for even in the shade it was hot on this dry afternoon. Next to him stood a young lad, who was calling strange names and whistling, trying lazily to attract the attention of his pigs, who were routling happily on the forest floor. On the other side of the path, somewhere deep among the trunks and branches, was Francesco. This old man was bending

over, sniffing plants, standing straight again, and then keenly surveying the ground about him; he was looking for herbs and rare vegetation of all sorts. It was all the same; nothing had changed in the hot lazy clearing, and it seemed odd to imagine that anything more than this could ever happen in such a stagnant place.

Paulo’s limited imagination could not see any of this incongruity; it did not stretch beyond the simplest thoughts: the monk would walk down that path; he would reach the dirty little stream, step across, and deliver himself neatly into the hands of Paulo and his assistant. After a few seconds or a brief struggle at the worst, it would all be over, and the gold piece would be his for the taking. Wasn’t it simple? Yet Paulo was to find that things were never as easy as all that.

The sun passed on, and soon the thick spongy trees shaded the two thick, leather men, and the hollows of Guglielmo’s eyes looked even more hollow than before.

“I thought you said he’d come. You and your bloody calculations; we should have done him at the town instead of waiting in some. . . .”

“If you don’t shut your mouth, I’ll do you as well as the monk. Now just hang on for a few minutes and he’ll be here. Or do you want to run down the track and escort him personally?”

“I’m not being difficult. I only. . . .”

The two might well have continued for some time, but Paulo held up his hands, and waved for quiet. On the far side of the clearing there was a noise that was not part of the wood—singing. Both men sat up and listened with an intensity that is usually found only among animals. There was no doubt; slowly the noise became clearer and stronger, and they recognized the chant as one of those sung by Peter. For the moment they were stunned by the sudden reality of what they had expected, yet held as some sort of a dream. Then the spell broke, and Paulo reached for his dagger, and moved up behind an oak tree, crouching low and stealthily. Guglielmo quickly got to his feet, and stole away to a position on the left of Paulo, right on the edge of the clearing. Now two voices became quite audible, and there among the trees, jogging along evenly onwards, was the brown robe. Both men felt their backs start to sweat; this did not even touch

Guglielmo's mind, but Paulo was intelligent enough to realize that he was nervous and excited, as he had been at the first murder, but none of the others.

By now the figure had reached the dirty brook, and another brown robe came into view, only a few yards behind the first. Paulo looked across at Guglielmo and his neck tickled, so that he scratched it violently.

"Get the second one; he's no one in particular; but we might as well do the pair at once," he whispered, and he felt the damp on his back as he looked at the first figure, who had stopped to pick up something from the ground. He gripped his knife tightly, swallowed, and started to breathe heavily, though he did not want to.

The faces of the two men were soon visible, as they stood, looking round at the sun and the trees, in the last golden rays of evening. But the faces would have given no clue as to their masters' state of mind, save perhaps that they were too innocent and unsuspecting; and although this worried Paulo subconsciously, he was not able to work out what it was about them that upset him.

"God bless us now, my son, and lead us safely from this world to the next; for it is here at the clearing that the deed will pass, and it is God's bidding."

Having said this the monk clasped his old friend's hand, and the two of them walked forwards towards what they knew would be the end; or the beginning.

If Paulo or Guglielmo had heard the words, they would almost certainly have been terrified by the knowledge and resolution of their victims; as it was, they were merely surprised that, when they came out from their hiding places and made for the two monks, the two men did not look shocked or even put out. Nor did Paulo ever forget that, as he plunged the dagger into the body of the monk, no sound of fear was made, but a single tear fell from the dead man's eye, and slid from his brown robe back into the earth.

Marcus Alexander

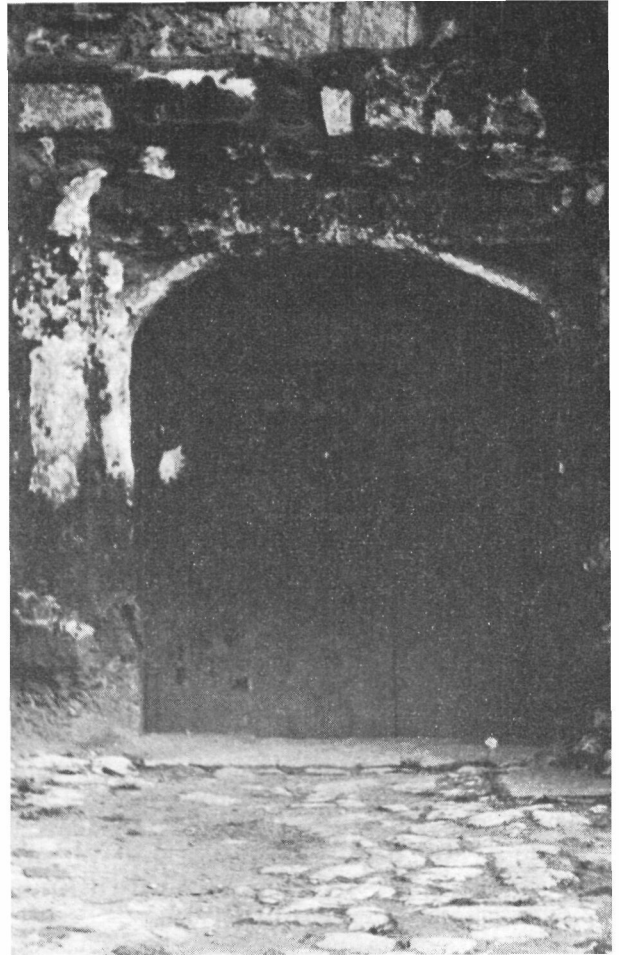


Photo: Adam Thomson

Westminster East Greenland Expedition

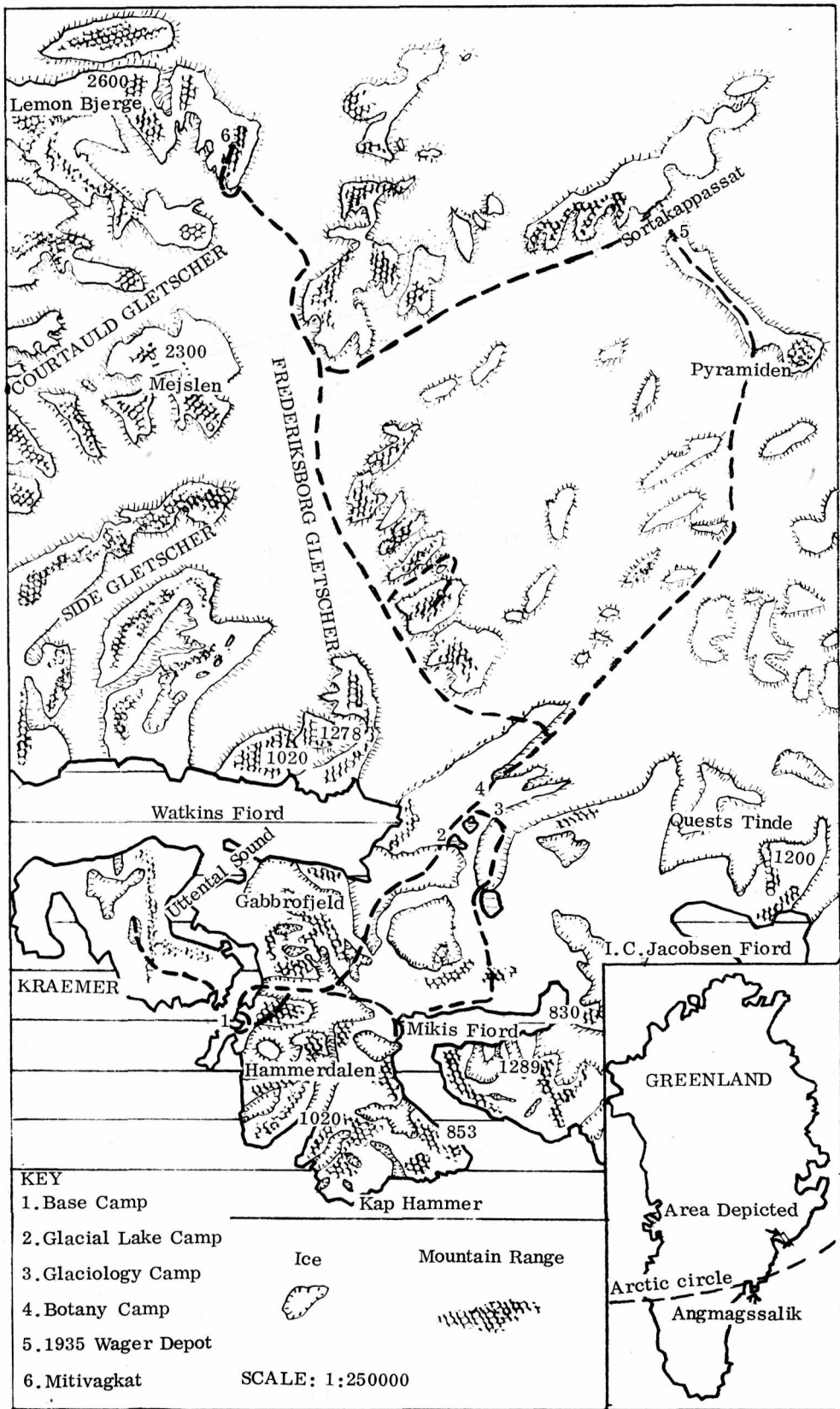
The twelve members of the expedition, led by Ronald French, left Heathrow for Reykjavik on July 15th, and after an overnight stop flew the following day to Kulusuk, an island off the East Greenland coast. The first view of Greenland was an exciting one, with range on range of mountains heavily indented with great glaciers leading down from the vast icecap that makes up the centre of the world's largest island. The pilot of the D.C.4 flew low along the coast to give us a brief introduction to the land that was to be our home for the next eight weeks. After some intricate negotiations with the Eskimos of Cap Dan and just over twenty-four hours after leaving England, the expedition members with all their personal gear were crammed into three small motor boats heading out into the fog-enshrouded pack ice. Some three and a half hours later twelve frozen passengers were deposited on the quay-side at Angmagssalik, a small Greenlandic settlement administered by the Danes. We were reunited with our heavy baggage which had arrived via Copenhagen two days earlier, having left Westminster two months previously. A "temporary" camp was set up in a valley behind the settlement, but here we had to remain for a week waiting for our boat, delayed further south by the exceptionally heavy pack ice. Some preliminary walks and climbs were carried out during our enforced stay, but despite the brilliant weather there was a sense of relief when the M.S. *Polarbjorn* hove in sight late in the evening of July 23rd.

We boarded the boat the following afternoon—a converted trawler of 460 tons with a Norwegian crew—and left that evening on a journey scheduled to take eighteen hours sailing time but which was in fact to last seven days. We sailed out into a remarkable seascape, dotted with huge icebergs each tinted with incredible colours, as the sun dropped low in the horizon. The other passengers on board included two Eskimo families, complete with kyaks and some thirty huskies, who were going up the coast to spend the winter hunting. Because of the density of the pack ice—said by the Captain to be the worst in his twenty years experience on this route—we headed out to sea to outflank the ice before turning north. The ship's progress became painfully slow when we turned west the following day and hit the ice again; we either slowly and noisily ground our way through, or became wedged for periods in impenetrable ice. The weather deteriorated, the

rain came; and the combination of this with the grinding of the ice and the howling of the huskies made it a gloomy progress. Light relief came when, as we lay stuck in the ice, we shot from the ship at bottles placed on the ice, or took short walks out to sea. The island of Nordre Aputiteq was reached with the aid of a small charge of dynamite, and two relief weathermen were dropped for a two year stint at the met. station.

On the morning of July 29th the mountains of Kangderlugssuaq Fjord appeared dramatically through the mist as the last few juddering miles of the voyage through the ice were completed. Anchor was dropped a few hundred yards off shore and disembarkation in small boats began. Later that evening base camp was established and with three hoots on the siren the *Polarbjorn* sailed off, to be heard for many hours during the night grinding its way out towards the open sea. The following day those at base organized food and stores, whilst parties pushed into the interior to choose sites for future depot laying. Two days later on August 1st the dreaded "Piterak" struck—a fierce local wind off the ice—and within half an hour those remaining in base were to see their efforts ruined. The tents that were not blown down had to be collapsed and weighted with stones until the storm blew itself out, which it did after some eight hours. The damage to tentage was assessed, and as much of the camp as possible re-pitched in a slightly more sheltered site.

The main research work of the expedition was carried out during the next six weeks. Good use of the continuous daylight was made and, working mainly at night during the first week because of the firmer snow conditions, food and supplies were carried or man-hauled on the sledge up the glacier. The main forward camp was set up at two glacial lakes near the head of Watkins Fjord. From here the botanists, led by Mike Burns of Churcher's College, set up a camp where he was assisted by Andrew Wilson, Julian Lyne-Pirkis, and Peter Nicol in a varied botanical programme, which was partly a continuation of work carried out by the school in Arctic Norway two years earlier. Meanwhile Stan Woolley organized the glaciology camp on a neighbouring glacier. All but two members of the expedition spent two 48-hour periods each living on special rations issued to aircraft crews for emergency purposes. The ration for one two-day period consisted entirely of glucose sweets, whilst the second ration was



1 2 3 A 4 6-5 B

2
3
4
C

A



1,1 Botany Camp

2,2 Mikis Fiord (white triangle)

3,3 Glaciology Camp

4,4 Glacial Lakes Camp

Frederiksborg

Height of Mo

Frederiksborg

1,278m. (4,

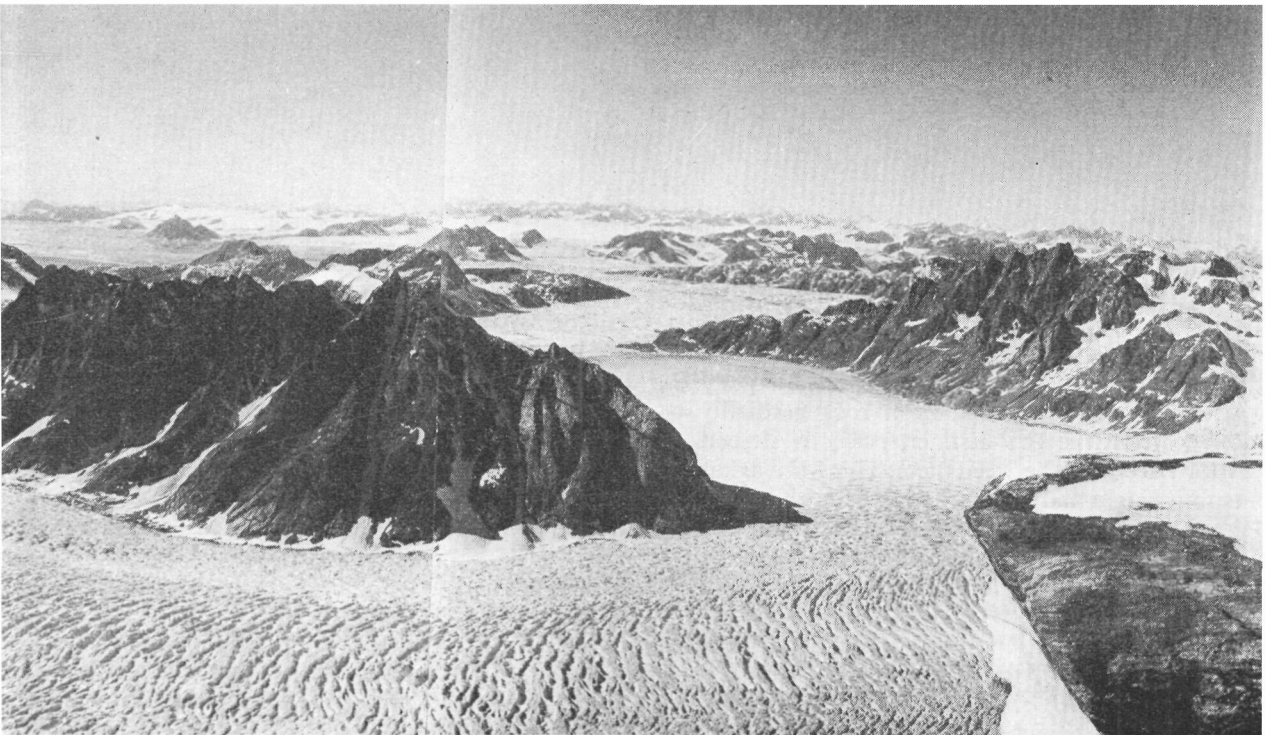
Base Camp—beyond

Mountains in right background are about 100 miles distant.

more varied and palatable. The results of the trials are being analysed by the Institute of Aviation Medicine. The expedition doctor, Nigel Padfield, had little practical medicine to do on members of the party, but once at base camp he was visited at midnight by an Eskimo who presented him with the tips of two fingers accidentally cut off whilst chopping up seal meat. Emergency surgery proved successful and with the aid of penicillin the possibility of gangrene was averted.

Preparations for the inland journey went ahead, although they were complicated by some of the members of the party being involved with the main programme in the scientific area right up to the day of departure. Those who could be spared worked hard ferrying stores up to the botany camp, which was the

chosen point of departure, and most useful of all, finding a route down to the Frederiksborg Glacier and putting in a depot the best part of a day's march from the camp. The seven members of this party finally joined up in the late evening of August 11th and made an early start next morning. From the col above the camp a steep snow descent of some 400 m led to a major tributary glacier of the Frederiksborg. No snags were met until the depot referred to above, when crevasses became a problem, the doctor being the first to go down one up to his waist. Camp was made early, for at this stage the party was relaying loads; after the tents were pitched, one party returned to the depot to bring stores up, whilst a second party relayed stores forward. This party found its progress hindered by a large ice-fall through which it could only advance



7

C

B

g Glacier

tain above

Glacier is

50ft.)

mountains below 5

6,6 Watkins Fiord

7,7 Kraemer Island

From Point A,A to Point B,B across

the glacier is 3 miles

The distance from C to C is about 12 miles.

slowly. The next day the party moved on up the ice-fall and at this point found it was just able to carry all its stores without relaying being needed. This meant a slower pace but a saving of time overall. Progress above the ice-fall was good although the weather had worsened with flurries of snow; camp was made at some 850 m on the glacier.

The march on August 14th was initially hindered by difficult melt streams, but the foot of the second ice-fall was reached before midday and ascended without difficulty. By early afternoon the snow surface had become very soft, and, when the party found itself in an area of large snow-covered crevasses, prudence dictated an early camp. To compensate for this we got away again shortly after midnight, by which time surfaces had hardened. We were now at a height of

1,150 m and had reached a convenient place for crossing the Frederiksborg Glacier and the western ridges of the Lemon Bjerge. A cold wind and a reasonable surface ensured a fast crossing with a beautiful dawn sky, but the last mile presented crevasse difficulties with people going through quite frequently. A camp was made at the foot of the Mitivagkat (Eskimo word meaning "breasts") and from here the snow corrie behind the camp was examined. Dougal Campbell was the overall leader of our climbing efforts, and ably backed by Patrick Robinson he decided on an ascent of the western and higher breast. His account of the climb on August 16th reads as follows:

"The day dawned with an obvious change in the weather apparent; a partial cloud cover had replaced the deep azure blue early morning sky. Our sacks

were already made, so we had only to curb our impatience for a bowl of muesli and a cup of hot penetrating tea before quickly walking up the hard frozen snow to the coire.

As we got closer to the bottom of the snow gully below the left hand col, the mass of rock gradually separated to form the two distinct, perfectly shaped peaks, with a deep cleft between them. This Mitivagkat presents four ridges and two summits; from the coire, 1,200 m below the summit, we did of course get a false impression of the true arête, but we had decided the day before to attempt the left ridge of the left peak facing north.

We camped and roped up in two threes at the bottom of the snow slope, which disappeared into the gully a bit higher up. A six-foot trench ran down the centre of the gully, which during the day would be filled with rubble from the crumbling rock above. Fortunately it wasn't yet delivery time, and we steadily gained height. We all lost our breath very quickly for a team which was meant to be fit by then! Negotiating a few patches of bare ice gave us some rest, and in an hour or so we were on the little col. A magnificent panorama had greeted us, not to mention the immense drop to the glacier the other side, down a very steep gully.

Here we re-roped, and started across some horribly loose rubble to the start of the ridge proper. The rock was loose in many places, but a couple of deceptive traverse moves round to the left, and it was 15 m up to the first belay. Across another loose terrace, and in a couple of ropes lengths we were on the arête itself, faced opposite with the north face, a near vertical collection of iced-up overlapping slabs—ugh!

Some awkward moves down and across to mantle-shelf onto a superb Chomonitic slab; the arête steadily became more indistinct as rope's length followed rope's length. The rock became cleaner; and the snow started falling gently, casting a misty veil over all the mountains seemingly crowded around us. Difficulties as such were over as we moved faster towards the now close summit. A short snow-field provided the classic end to the route, as the summit appeared inch by inch over the snowy skyline. I think we ran the last few feet, and there we were—a perfect untouched summit of 2,230 m with the frowning ranks of all those still untouched mountains peering through the slowly

drifting snow. A couple of birds above us protested at our invasion, and the icecap stretched unbroken to the horizon, and way beyond.

But sitting there with all this around us didn't satisfy our more basic needs for long, and KMC, Rum Candy, and, I hesitate to mention it, even a Primus appeared. We brewed up in the Ryvita tin, feeling a vague sense of the absurd at six Englishmen on an untrodden peak somewhere in East Greenland sipping tea!"

Summary Mitivagkat 2,250 m (by altimeter)
Snow gully, 750 m, Scottish grade I/II
West ridge, 250 m, Alpine AD sup.

August 17th was declared a rest day, although in fact quite a lot was actually done. The following day the party made an early start and with ideal surfaces quickly recrossed the glacier and descended the second ice-fall. Nigel Padfield, Patrick Robinson, and David Newman then set off down the Frederiksborg Glacier following the outward route with the intention of reaching base ahead of the rest of the inland party. This they did, having made a first ascent of an attractive 2,000 m peak which rose steeply above the glacier.

The remaining party of four, consisting of Stan Woolley, Dougal Campbell, Charles Kessler, and Undrel Moore, had meanwhile covered some of the distance to Sortekappasset on August 18th, but had to lie up on the 19th due to bad weather. The 20th saw the party in good weather reach Sortekappasset, where, after some searching, a depot laid by a sledge party of the 1935 expedition under L. R. Wager and W. A. Deer was found. Some of the contents of this depot were in good condition and were welcomed as additions to our own food. It was generally agreed that the paraffin in the depot was of a better quality than our own. From the depot site the party moved along Sedimentary Ridge, camping for the night on the ridge and leaving it just north of the peak called Pyramiden at mid-day on August 21st. The route back to the scientific area now lay through the rather confused and heavily glaciated country lying between the Sorgenfri and Frederiksborg Glaciers. Camp that night was made in the relative shelter of a nunatak, with snow and wind seeming to indicate the approach of autumn. Some six inches of snow fell during the night, but the gale blew itself out by mid-day on

August 22nd and camp was finally made on a high col. The next morning, after digging a glaciology pit, we were overtaken by snow and mist, and therefore camped in the shelter of a rock corner for which we had been aiming, in order to await a clearing in the weather. It did not clear, however, and, as it turned out, the camp site was badly chosen and began to drift up rather seriously. An attempt was made to keep the snow at bay, taking it in turns outside plying the snow shovel for half hour spells, but the drift gained rapidly and there was danger of imprisonment in the tents. A decision was taken to move, and this was eventually done one tent at a time in unpleasant conditions of darkness, wind, and drift. By the time the second tent was dug out there was a good four feet of snow accumulation above it.

In the early afternoon of August 24th the weather began to improve and the party set off, initially on a compass bearing, for the botany camp area and, hopefully, for the camp site at the Glacial Lake. Conditions underfoot were unpleasant with over a foot of fresh snow, but, as the clouds gradually lifted, giving us first of all a spectacular sunset and later a clear night with both full moon and a display of Northern Lights, it all seemed worth it, and the party eventually reached base on August 26th having done a round trip of some 95 miles.

All parties were back at base by August 30th on

Poem

On the edge of the abyss
 I think of used things,
 Objects which once moved my mind,
 But none of which I shall miss.

I have weighed up my life;
 It seems lighter here,
 Close to the airy blue and
 The ever-blowing airs
 —A feather on silken scales, no more—
 When I jump, you won't hear my scream;
 You are too far removed
 From the open leap and my emptied mind,
 And I enjoy this semblance of honesty.

Jonathan Peattie

completion of the scientific programme; one group had visited Mikis Fjord, spending a wet night in the remains of Ejnar Mikkelsen's hut. Whilst waiting for the return of the boat, members of the expedition tried their hands at the culinary arts with the remains of the rations. On September 4th the *Polarbjorn* returned to pick us up, and we sailed the same day, having loaded our now depleted stores. The return journey to Angmagssalik took only about 30 hours, including stops for the crew to examine the state of the salmon fishing in the rivers we passed. Because of the delay caused by the ice on the way out, the boat was much behind schedule, and we had missed the last scheduled flight from Kulusuk for 1972; thus planes had to be chartered to carry us across the Denmark Strait to Iceland. We travelled in three groups, in five-seater Piper aircraft, and our last view of Greenland was perhaps the most memorable of all, with the red tints of a magnificent sunset on the icecap giving way to the last display of Northern Lights, followed all too soon by the lights of the cod war far below us. The first group arrived back in London on September 7th, and the final group returned about a fortnight later after spending a further period in Iceland.

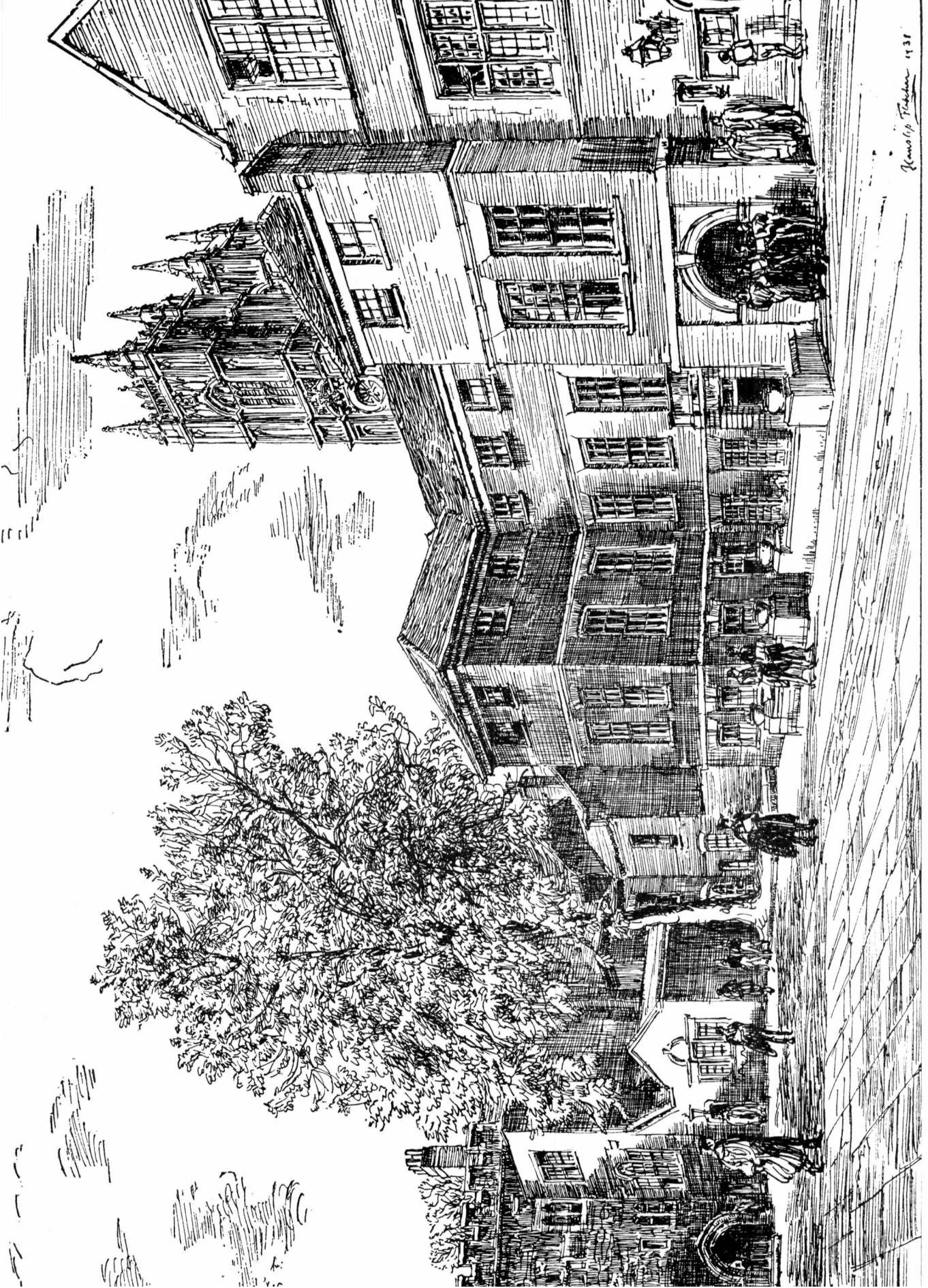
Panoramic photo: David Newman

Map drawn by Patrick Frew

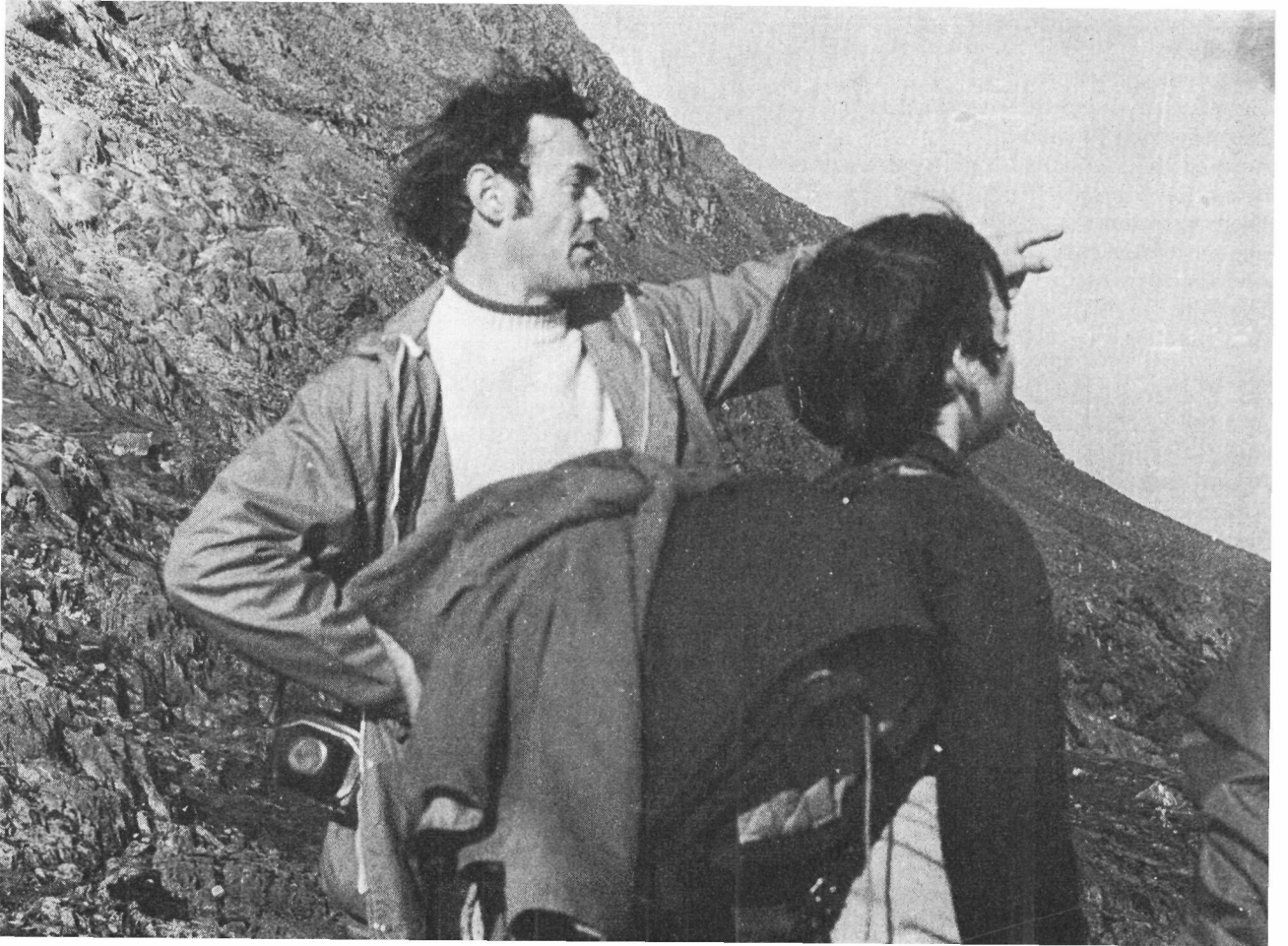
Poem

I am born, created, and bred
 of the sea
 that he should suck me back,
 strip my back
 Of one thing, that ugly mask of evil, artifice,
 dirt,
 and scandal.
 Humanity, created by Humanity, humans, and
 machinery,
 to be stripped,
 left bare, not cold, warm, no, not wet and grimy,
 but snug and
 Dry—the *thing* we don't acknowledge but
 selfishly and disnaturely
 disregard but appreciate.

Torben Calvert-Lee



James's Fishmarket 1831



“harmless boys asking questions”

Photo: J. A. Crowcroft

Some poems

*“Until that day no scent, once savoured, is sweet.”
Too late the artist agrees with John Galt.*

“Where are you going, Crusader in the night?
Stay a while with us;
Let your head too be tossed in time’s breeze.”

“I see the sunset dead in the cloud,
But I must quest until I find my lady.
I cannot shrug my burden to join the crowd,
Where empty intellect weeps on the downward path.
My God, my God,
Around me in the trees lost voices sigh;
Will you not light me to the Holy Land?
Am I the last star in the evening sky?”

Men dream of a saviour with a sword,
Who will rise from their ranks like a rising sun;
But after the first sunrise, there is no other;
The torch-bearer through darkness must come.

“Oh Messiah, when you end the night,
Remember me, remember my Jerusalem;
Protect me when the horsemen come.

I am the minstrel of solitude;
The flowers weep for me;
But when you smile, my lady,
We shall walk the singing seas.

* * *

Will the mourners, frozen in their vacant hopes,
Rob me of my sight?
Now the morning star has risen;
Must it return again to night?

Lady in your high white tower,
The wind’s my witness to these words;
Your eyes beckon me no more,
Nor your smooth arms around the sun.
I ride through time’s twisted valleys;
The torch-bearer will never come;
There are rivers dancing in my head;
I am the horseman who weaves dark song,
But I did not choose the mantle of the dead.”

Nicholas Rothwell

II

As night palls, presses the lids of
Day with thick sleep, while footfall snow
Smoke-smothers light and life—only
Screech-owl croak-crow cries to
Stab the soot-grey fume of night.
To prying parson eyes—preach painful
Jars and pierces—to these all blood-life
Mute. Now no cathedral chasm to the
Sky’s roof runs, no fear-flung open Light
Rolling on broad-back open wind to dance!
No you Devil-God, with sea-sound storms
And silvering swords, no pitiless rank of
Festering beggar grey, not these nor
Evermore—further sight is sore blind—
(I fortress hill-high stone and steel
‘Gainst this in time past, oft-old time,
Did crumble, splinter, not spurn nor spite).
But now the year’s midnight: I and world
There are now—beggars dark all else—she
Calf and mother, lo! Unto herself contracts
Withdraws into herself.
Not the rabid foaming of the mountain surge
Hollow madness
From the womb of the world,
Nor high-dancing, prancing
Sky-lord clouds chasing
Hares over greyhound heels
Grey streaked stripes whipping
On the switchback of the heavens,
Neither the harrowing hawk over
Ploughed channels, life-earth-blood
Springing soil, ghost-wheeling
On the heels of flight, hooked
Harrier, rook-top nesting
Sweeps as he swoops, O, for the
Fire of his downfall! Nevermore—
Nor life’s love ram-leaping, nor heads—
High cedars, soft-downed mists flying;
Nor grapples with the grit of the thing—
But In To Me
My Self O God
At One But None
Save I Cry
Lord Love Me!”

But to fly on the wings, hope-sprung spume
of the air
Treading Hope on Hope on the wings
But for the fight
The spite of the
Spirit in me!
And the day's
Good nights farewell
Fair flying—find the ruins stacked and played
Ever ploughed in blood furrows earth-life
Fount of air Muse-like fill me empty

resounding—
But With Me And Mine
In The Spirit Of The
God And I
As I Cry
In The Womb.

Simon Ubsdell

Ship

Paper thin, withered sails;
Pale bow, carved like a serpent,
Dipping its arched head into the wave,
Tasting the salt with its rusty tongue.
Gulls wheeling in the still air
silently plundering the broken nets.
The mast wobbles dangerously . . . groaning;
sun glares down on splintered wooden decks
that sigh and creak under a breeze's footfall.
The red iron sides, parched and panting,
display their buckled wounds with bare vulgarity.
A roll of the wave
and the ship lurches forward vomiting screams.
The sun; an orange flaming painfully in the blue
vacuum
sweats like a withered plant transpiring
and watches the naked ship
drift on in its shame.

Charmian Hughes

Peace

Golden murmur all around
Softly moving, rustle sound,
Warm and balmy, clear and bright!
Sole on hilltop; 'way from sight.

Brown, green, yellow, out below;
Chess-board lined by cawing crow.
Silver glint from ribbon way:
Corpse at work or man at play?

Blue the colour up above—
Billow white celestial love.
Blue the colour of the stream
Bubbling quietly in its dream.

Smell of honey, heather bright,
Scent of dew on breath of light.
Red the speckles in cutting corn:
Poppies of the morn at dawn.

Soaring high and floating low,
Gliding, flying, slowly go;
Round and down, swoop and sing;
Stretch, plunge, dive on straining wing.

Blue the colour of the sea,
Gulling cry of soaring free.
Blue the colour far away.
Blue the colour of the day.

Nick Alexander

Bleistein in Büchenwald

“Still and quiet brother are you still and quiet”

Beneath the azure,
Beech-trees in the balmy wood.

Will fishermen at break of day
Perceive the sunlit foam and say,
“Those bodies furnaced dead of night
Have sculpted Venus' figure bright”?

John Marenbon

A fragment

“Lord of our far-flung battle line . . .” in honour of the birth of an empire!

I. i *The Library. Lady Forbes-Robertson is seated at a small table; a maid has just served tea.*

Lady F.: That will be all, thank you, Mary.

A maid: Thank you mum, and there’s a Captain O’Tarleton to see you, mum.

Lady F.: Very well, show him in.

A maid: Yes, mm. Thank you, mm. *Exit.*

Enter Captain Tarleton; he is in the uniform of the 1st Imperial Hussars:

Capt.: My Lady . . .

Lady F.: Won’t you join me in a little tea, Captain?

Capt.: Thank you, but no. I had to come . . . about your son, Freddy.

Lady F.: Oh God, he’s not . . . *(she cannot bring herself to say it.)*

Capt.: No, thank God, but it was a close-run thing; but I’m afraid he will never be able to play the grand piano again.

Lady F. *(hysterical)*: It’s not his hands, is it? He had such lovely hands . . .

Capt.: I’m afraid he . . . cut his . . . he cut his finger on a splintered billiard-cue.

Lady F.: Oh God! Where is he? Can he be moved?

Capt.: He’s still out in Burma, but he wanted me to tell you personally.

Lady F.: Thank you, Captain *(bearing up)*. You will stay for dinner, won’t you?

Capt.: It would give me great pleasure to know I could be of some comfort to you, my lady.



Photo: J. J. Krish

For though things look grim
And there are clouds in the sky,
Love must go on
Although life passes us by.

For things are never as bad as they look,
You know somewhere else they are worse,
Think of Freddy in Burma, and Charlie as well,
And there's Geoffrey, poor Geoffrey, who is
charging pell-mell,
To clear up the mess, in the old Khyber pass . . .

Though you read in a book
Of some terrible curse
That is troubling explorers
For better or worse,
Things are never as bad as they seem,
While the army is there on the scene.

Think of poor Captain Scott
On his own in the cold,
And of brave Captain Oates
The boldest of the bold . . .

I. ii *Scene changes to interior of an igloo, South Pole.*

Oates: I'm just going out for a pee, chaps, I . . .
won't be long
Or of brave Dr. Livingstone
Thirsty and ill
In the heart of the jungle
Alone but for Bill . . .

I. iii *Scene changes to Congo. Livingstone has just changed for dinner when a native bearer, his head boy, enters.*

Mbobob: Bwana, the men, they say they can go no further—this ground taboo.

Livingstone: Nonsense Mbobob; but hush, drums, what do they say?

Mbobob: They say, "white man come to take away psychedelic mushroom. White man must die . . ." Them is bad medicine, Bwana. We go back now?

Livingstone: No, Mbobob. We shall go on. We shall open up the heart of the dark continent. Where is the other bwana?

Bill Forbes-Robertson: It's quiet. Damned quiet. The drums have stopped. What do you make of it, Livingstone. Livingstone? Good God, Livingstone.

Or of dear old Jack Wallace

In the tough Khyber pass—

Ensign Carruthers: The natives are revolting, sir.

Colonel Wallace: I know. It's all I can do to refrain from being sick.

So you see my dear lady

Your troubles are small

When compared to the soldier's,

The hussars an' all.

Lady F.: You are so wise Captain O'Tarleton. I feel myself falling quite in love with you.

Capt.: Oh Celia!

Lady F.: Oh Robert!

James Sproule

The photograph opposite shows four Head Masters: J. D. Carleton, Dr. J. M. Rae, J. T. Christie, Dr. W. Hamilton. It was taken before Election Dinner 1972. (Photo: D. R. N. Custance)



Drama

The Phormio

It is a great tribute to Westminster and to Mr. Zinn that it is possible to attract an audience to four nights of Roman comedy, surely one of the oddest forms of dramatic entertainment available. By this remark I do not mean to suggest that no credit is due to Plautus and Terence: they themselves would admit that their plays, scenes from bourgeois life in Athens rewritten for a company of slaves to present to a noisy and easily distracted audience of Romans, require some considerable effort of presentation before they can be intelligible to us. Both intelligibility and a splendid sense of enjoyment were achieved by Mr. Zinn and his *grex*, and in watching the *Phormio* one felt that that old phrase "stock character", the staple of pseudo-criticism of Hellenistic comedy, could be consigned to the limbo it deserves.

Terence is a much more uncompromising writer than Plautus. Where Plautine plays as a whole move leisurely along, with frequent interruptions for the presentation of entertaining but irrelevant scenes and characters, Terence's plays are economical, closely tied together and carefully developed. They depend on speed and sense of timing. We do not expect *Phormio* to wallow in his lines as *Ergasilus* does in the "Cap-tivi":

"laudem, lucrum, ludum, iocum, festivitatem, ferias".

Geta's "O Fors Fortuna . . ." is pale by comparison. Although Terence is not at all insensitive to the individual word (what could be more suggestive than "delibutum gaudio"?), he does not allow them to obscure the development of the play. The style is in fact austere, and the consequence for the actors is that Terence is far more difficult to present. And the circumstances of production at Westminster make things all the more difficult. Young actors, without the powerful voice which ancient actors developed, must try and express themselves in Yard, with its extremely difficult acoustics, to an audience spread over such a long line that it is almost impossible for every one to hear any particular remark. Add to this that Mr. Zinn has set himself, and achieved, as one of his main tasks, the precise and distinct enunciation of Latin, and the problems of keeping up the



Demipho

Photo: Bertil Nyström

pace of the play are formidable. To a considerable extent they were overcome.

Westminster Latin plays are, for a start, always splendidly provided with imaginative settings. While waiting, we could admire "Mea Requies" and Dorio's finishing school in Singleton's. The "Blatero" was a brilliant invention, explaining Demipho's knowledge of Antipho's marriage. The legal books "De Meretricibus" etc had a most intimidating weightiness to them. And the properties were well used in support of the characters; it was quite right that Demipho should travel second class and have a train of porters, while Chremes, burdened with the expense of two families,

had to travel third and carry his own luggage. Demipho was in fact a real captain of industry, prepared to bulldoze his way over anyone: “Gladiatorio animo ad me adfectant viam”, says Phormio in response to one of Demipho’s onslaughts. Indeed, Demipho rides roughshod over the feelings of his colleague, the more accommodating Chremes, whose consequent panic is brilliantly brought out: “Non pol temerest quod tu tam times.” Both Robin Griffith-Jones and Timothy Gardam established their dramatic characters early and convincingly. Their sons, Piers Murray-Hill and Robert Ledger, had a more difficult task. It is never easy for boys to act boys, and the play, with its insistence on the idea that the problems of the two reflect each other, encourages the producer to make their characters almost identical. This came off well: Phaedria never had to face his father, nor did Antipho have to plead Phaedria’s case to Chremes, but we were in no doubt that each would have behaved like the other, given the opportunity.

But, as usual in comedy, they unloaded all their problems on to the unlucky slave. Now one could take Geta as thoroughly cool and cynical, all things to all men in a self-seeking way. Does he perhaps *see* Antipho before saying “Quom mihi paveo, tum Antipho me excruciat animi”? But this was not David Bernstein’s interpretation. His Geta came over rather as a foil to the selfishness of all the other characters: he ruefully acquiesces in what his masters do, and steers a tricky course between them, equally concerned about their reconciliation and his security. He was ably assisted by Phormio, who, in the person of William Taunton, was the best presented character of the evening. His control and sense of timing kept the audience ἐπ’ ἄκροισ τοῖς πυγιδίοις and we appreciated with delight both the “magnificentia” and the tricky negotiator of “hahaha—homo suavis”. He was able moreover to do a rare and excellent thing—to stand still. All this appeared to best effect in the splendid last scene working up to the revelation to



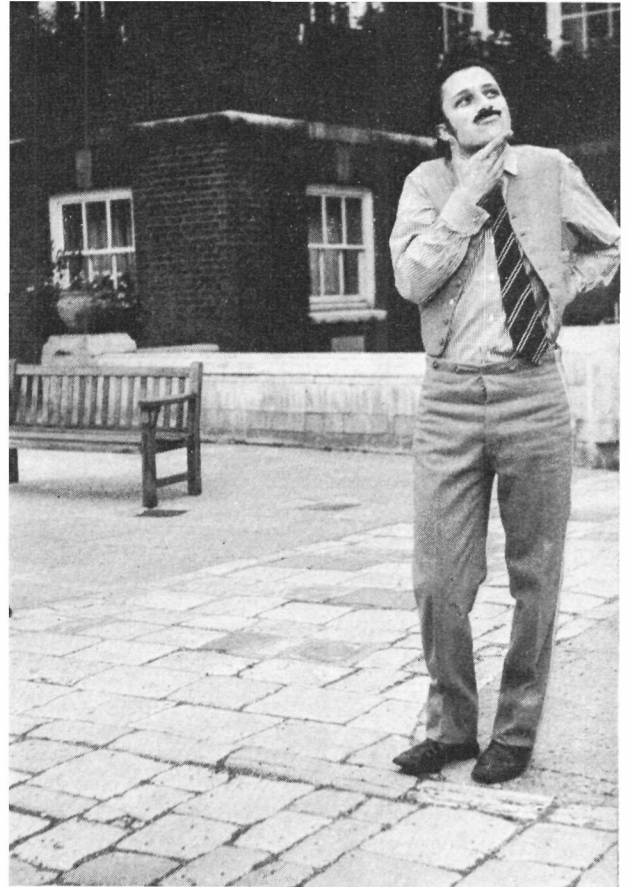
Geta, Antipho, and Phaedria

Photo: Bertil Nyström

Nausistrata of Chremes' double marriage. Here the play really caught fire, and we felt at the same time triumphant with Phormio and pathetically crushed with Chremes.

If there is a criticism to be made of the performance, it is one which the performers will not, I think, resent. It is that for a Terentian play the production was too Plautine. The heavily assumed voice is entertaining for a short time, but in the end it tires the actor and makes it difficult for the audience to follow. Nausistrata (*quam honoris causa nomino*) was most entertaining as an aged colonel's wife from Cheltenham, but her voice was a little too affected to convey the "uxor saeva" of Chremes' description. The scene with the lawyers was played at length in a way which Plautus would have found most gratifying, and certainly, to an audience which knew so little Latin, the visual comedy was very welcome. And indeed, I am forgetting. It was just such an audience for which Plautus wrote, and Terence was thrown off the stage precisely for refusing to acknowledge it. And so we at Westminster responded very willingly to the instruction at the conclusion of Mr. Zinn's characteristically delightful epilogue: *plausum dedimus*.

Keith Maclennan



Phormio

Photo: Bertil Nyström

The Importance of Being Earnest

The wit of this play would be difficult to suppress, but the well deserved response from the audience was about as large as it could have been. The laughs mainly arose from the various, often satirical comments that Oscar Wilde makes with such proximity to the truth. But the actors also created other humorous moments by using their skill and confidence. Generally the performances, despite overacting on occasions, were of high standard, and, considering that this was a junior house play, exceptional.

Unfortunately, however hard they tried, the actors found it difficult to cope with the small area of the lecture room stage, and this led to a few embarrassing moments. Although the performers had obviously taken great care in producing polished parts they occasionally lost concentration and mixed up the words. But especially on the first night, they overcame these problems without losing face or the attention of the audience. The production by Crispin Simon was good, and the play ran smoothly apart from a couple

of inopportune appearances—the limited props were used well, though the tea on the first night looked more than peculiarly weak! All members of the cast deserve mention but for different reasons.

Crispin Simon, in the rôle of Algernon Moncrieff, led the play from the start, and he was extremely funny as well as realistic. He also accomplished a rare feat in his demolition of the cucumber sandwiches without any interruption to the flow of his speech. Alan Polonsky as John Worthing had the longest part, and no doubt the most difficult one, and, though his memory served him well, he slightly overdid his acting. Lady Bracknell, the renowned, if not notorious character, was played by Matthew Snow, who deservedly received a special round of applause for his brilliant costume and general mannerisms. His performance was only marred by his occasional tendency to swallow words.

Nicholas Bowman, playing Gwendolen Fairfax, was also very suitably dressed, and was extremely good in the part, though on the second night he had difficulties with some of the more intricate speeches. Derick Walker made a very innocent “Cecily” and was highly amusing throughout the play. He also managed to keep a cool head when certain things were not going as well as they might.

The two butlers were played by Christopher Buckley and Mark Edwards, and both really used their parts to the maximum, gaining laughs without having all that much to say. Finally Simon Kilgour and Jonathan Higham deserve acclaim for their portrayals of Miss Prism and Canon Chasuble. The former has a difficult speech near the end of the play, but spoke it very well, and the latter’s piety and simpleness were acted excellently. Altogether, despite minor problems, it was a most enjoyable production.

Marcus Alexander

The Beaux’ Stratagem

The Grant’s production of Farquhar’s *The Beaux’ Stratagem* was beset chiefly by the problem, perennially a serious one to those performing up School, of audibility. Though in the past a small number of (usually excellent) plays have surmounted this difficulty, this one was not to succeed, except fortunately in the case of several of the major actors, particularly (and not unexpectedly) Steve Earle as a highly “camp” and constantly eye-catching Archer. To a lesser degree, Marcus Campbell as a nervous, not entirely convincing, Aimwell, Edward Wates as an assured Scrub, Simon Mundy as an appropriately bored Sullen, and Nell Graves as a spirited but rather mannered Cherry could also be heard.

These quite commendable performances were well complemented by Paul Hooper and Robin Shute’s outstanding set; but one felt that the time consumed in scene-shifting was far in excess of the few seconds that the occasion should take. Interesting, but of dubious comic value, was the inclusion of a modern song-and-dance routine, done cabaret-style. It was a great pity that this, the only part of the evening’s entertainment given the advantages of artificial amplification, remained as indistinguishable verbally as much of the dialogue.

The fact that one could not really hear much of what was going on (particularly amongst the major female rôles) was indeed a considerable fault in the production; but what was, I fear, even more serious was the apparently uninterested attitude adopted by the majority of the cast towards the story they were supposed to be enacting. This deficiency was occasioned as much by the nature of the play itself as by the weaknesses of the performers. It is an inescapable fact that Restoration Comedy, usually quite barren if approached as a dramatic text, demands highly spirited, seemingly involved acting from the performers and direction from the producer, if it is to register its full comic effect. This kind of professionalism is not something that one expects to find in a group of Westminster amateurs, and thus, one must question the wisdom of the initial choice of *The Beaux’ Stratagem* as a house play, rather than heap excessive criticism upon the shoulders of those concerned in the production.

David Robinson

Music

Westminster Bands

Westminster boys can afford electric guitars. Each year the number of Westminsters with small amplifiers and guitars that they can hardly play increases; but though to some these instruments are simply expensive toys, comparatively recently, perhaps over the last five years, some of the more competent musicians and performers have been joining together to form amateur bands. Before this Westminster had produced famous "Pop" names: bad ones such as "Peter and Gordon", and Lloyd Webber (joint-composer of "Jesus Christ Superstar"), and good ones such as "Curved Air"; but almost all of them started their musical performing after leaving the school.

The first recent band to appear which included boys still at Westminster called itself "Acid" and was an amalgamated enterprise between Westminster and Saint Paul's—the nucleus being Mike Sheppard on rhythm guitar or bass, Pete Silver on drums and sometimes organ (both from Saint Paul's), and Steve Lipson on lead. Tony Rothschild played flute with the band on and off to complete the Westminster element, and they also sometimes included an American called Kevin Jenkins on alto-sax.

"Acid" first made its existence known at the Saint Paul's Girls School dance in the Christmas term '69 when the Westminster members and people with connections with the band (Chris Paul-Huhne, Malcolm Bowden and so on) were in the Sixth form. The band played at a lot of private parties (the interest was perhaps more social than musical) and for a year they did small gigs, with close friends as an audience rather than the public at large. Their sound was loud and hard, and they tended towards rhythm-and-blues, with Steve Lipson playing a proficient and exciting lead. They did a few of their own tracks, but generally tracks by "Traffic", "Family", and "Yes".

At the same time as this was happening, an all Westminster band was appearing under the name "Jaded" in the traditional Hendrix-Cream shape of Lead/Bass/Drums, with Adam Sieff playing a very convincing and professional-sounding lead, though at that time without much technique, Paddy Quirk supplying a good solid bass, and James Lascelles playing the drums brilliantly. It was much more of a rock sound than "Acid", fast and exciting; and

though the underlying chord sequences were often very individual, Adam Sieff's lead was smooth-flowing and very heavy. The whole idea was presented more professionally; they used light-shows more often than "Acid", and were more confident on stage. Their loud sound "Jaded" sometimes contrasted with James Lascelles playing the piano; and, though this was not meant to be their main sound, it was in a way the most modern, and for me the most beautiful, sound that they made at that time.

Another part-Westminster band, "Cerberus", was developing at the same time; they were more amateur than "Jaded" and "Acid", and their line up was Julian Campbell on guitar, Hugo Davenport on clarinet and sax, Colin Prentiss on guitar, piano, and vocals, and Peter Collenette on drums. They were much less conventional and more experimental than the other bands, and played only their own music, which involved a great deal of improvisation, and was a sort of electric up-dated folk and ballad style with a bit of free jazz thrown in.

Towards the end of the Christmas term 1970, approximately a year after "Acid's" first public gig, a concert took place at the Conway Hall featuring these three main Westminster bands, and also "Gracious", an older, much more professional, non-Westminster group, who had just obtained a contract and were preparing their first album; since then they have brought out the album and done quite well. The concert was arranged by "Zapeck", an organization involving Chris Paul-Huhne and Piers Russell-Cobb (also the editors of *Free Press*), which acted as manager to struggling bands and arranged gigs and various other events. "Cerberus" came on first but did not arouse much interest or applause; they were too amateur and obscure. "Acid" followed them, having added John Hughes-Jones on bass in tracks when Mike Sheppard played rhythm, and were more successful; but the audience saved most of its applause for "Jaded", who were very confident, and right from the start obtained the audience's full support. After a piano interlude with James Lascelles playing and singing his own composition, they ended with the stage darkened, and strobes going from both wings. "Gracious", who closed the show, had only been included to attract the crowds (and because the drummer was Steve Lipson's brother) and, though obviously more pro-



Photo: Joe Nunns

fessional than the Westminster bands, proved to be rather an anti-climax, due to the sympathy that had been aroused for the amateurs.

The Conway Hall concert was important in its time, because, apart from “uniting the Westminster amateurs sounds movement”, it allowed for the first time not only a large part of the school, but also many people from outside, to hear what music was then being produced in the depths of Westminster. After the concert (and headlines in the *Sunday Mirror*: “Queen’s cousin plays pop”), “Jaded” soon ceased to be associated with the school, and went their own way except for a joint concert with “Acid” some time later at the Kensington Town Hall. About a year ago the members of “Jaded” got into trouble with the Police for playing in the street (though not as “Jaded” any more) and gathering a crowd, once again causing “Royal Family” headlines. “Acid” did a month of

Saturday gigs with disco at the Unicorn, a Pub in Jermyn Street, after experimenting for a while with a vocalist. Since then rumours have been in circulation that Steve Lipson broke up the band. “Cerberus” “literally” evaporated except for playing a few times at “The Crypt” in Notting Hill, a small place which suited them well, where they didn’t need much equipment, and there was a good sympathetic atmosphere. “Acid” also played there once.

After the Zapeck generation had left the school, there was almost total silence for a year, while new bands tentatively formed themselves. There are now several bands in Westminster, but none of them is anything like as professional as the Conway Hall bands. The situation at present is rather similar to the “Jaded—Acid—Cerberus” one, but on a much smaller scale: there are three bands which are very roughly the present day equivalents of the three ’69 and ’70

bands, if the passage of time in the developments of contemporary professional influences is taken into consideration.

Just as there used to be two loud and comparatively conventional bands, and one more amateur band whose music was experimental and obscure, there is a vaguely similar situation now. In Grant's there exists an enterprise with no official name, but whose brass drum bears the legend "Bernie's Band". This refers to David Bernstein (lead), who plays with Antony Macwhinnie (bass), Simon Barley (rhythm), and Will Wates (drums). They used to do a large number of "Grateful Dead" tracks, but especially recently they have been getting together some of their own stuff. They do small parties generally; the music is loud and easy to dance to, so everybody has a good time. They can play their instruments well, and are much better doing their own music than the "Dead"'s (apart from the fact that it's more enterprising), because "Dead" tracks need to be played brilliantly (i.e. by the "Dead") to make their real impact; and, though David Bernstein is proficient on lead, he very understandably never quite fills the gap left by Jerry Garcia. Near the beginning of the Christmas term the band was close to splitting up; but they have continued mainly with their own compositions, and since then they have been progressing rapidly.

Pete Lennon plays guitar (rhythm or lead) in a more professional non-Westminster band entitled "A bit ruff round the edges", all of whom are quite a lot older than him. His brother plays bass, and they also have another lead guitarist, a drummer, and a vocalist. They have only been together for three months. Their music, which the Lennon brothers compose, is, I understand, usually loud and heavy with elements of rhythm and blues—I haven't heard it—but Pete Lennon really can play guitar well.

From the depths of Ashburnham emerges the modern equivalent of "Cerberus"—"Nanquidno"—with me on piano and sometimes lead guitar, John Solomon on bass and sometimes flute, Andy Porter on permanent lead, and my brother Tim on violin and recorder (theoretically drums, but we don't use them). I write the music, which tends to be just a little too difficult for us to play. We are not as professional as Bernie's Band, our main weakness being John's bass. He took up the bass guitar a year and a half ago with

the intention of playing it for us, and since then has made very fast progress, especially over the last three months, but obviously he has not had time to become really good. Without drums the bass has to hold it all together rhythmically as well as from the point of view of harmony; but we're improving quickly. The music is very obscure (influences range from Mahler to early Bowie and E.L.P.), and it tends to be soft as opposed to loud; so we don't play it at parties. We are less together than the other bands, but what we are trying to do is more difficult. Whether we will ever actually totally succeed in doing it remains to be seen; it seems unlikely, but it's nice to try anyway.

Jo Kerr

Informal Concert on May 22nd

This was, as Mr. Byrt mentioned at the start, the first concert of its kind; the inter-house music competitions had taken place earlier in the day and the programme consisted of the twenty successful entries. As the competition had only just finished, the organization had to be carried out extremely quickly, and it was remarkable that no serious mishaps occurred. A very informal atmosphere prevailed, and some laughter was aroused by a few amusing incidents in between the pieces.

The general standard of the concert was creditably high, especially considering the fact that none of the boys knew they would be performing till a few hours before it. At times boys such as Chain, Kirk, and Ross seemed to monopolize the concert, but they were far from being the only performers who played admirably, and in fact there were only a very few weak links in the concert. It was pleasing to hear such a wide range of instruments played so competently. Of course the pianists had their say, but we also heard the organ, guitars, horns, a bassoon, clarinets, flutes, violins, and cello, not forgetting a house choir!

It was interesting to note the composers that the boys chose to play; apart from a setting of a Purcell anthem, two pieces by Mozart, and a Beethoven trio, the choice was almost completely romantic. We had the usual Debussy piano music, which was extremely well played, as well as works by Rachmaninoff,

Saint-Saens, Schumann, Brahms etc. There were one or two more modern pieces which livened things up for the less classically minded; in fact there was music to suit everyone's taste.

Unfortunately the concert was not nearly so well attended as usual; I suppose the hall was about half full; but the audience showed their appreciation most generously at the end of every piece (sometimes, I am afraid, after the exposition), and it was clearly a great success. The only complaint I heard was that it went on too long (from 7.40 to 10.00 p.m. with an interval); however, this was certainly the opinion of only a few people, and it is one with which I cannot agree.

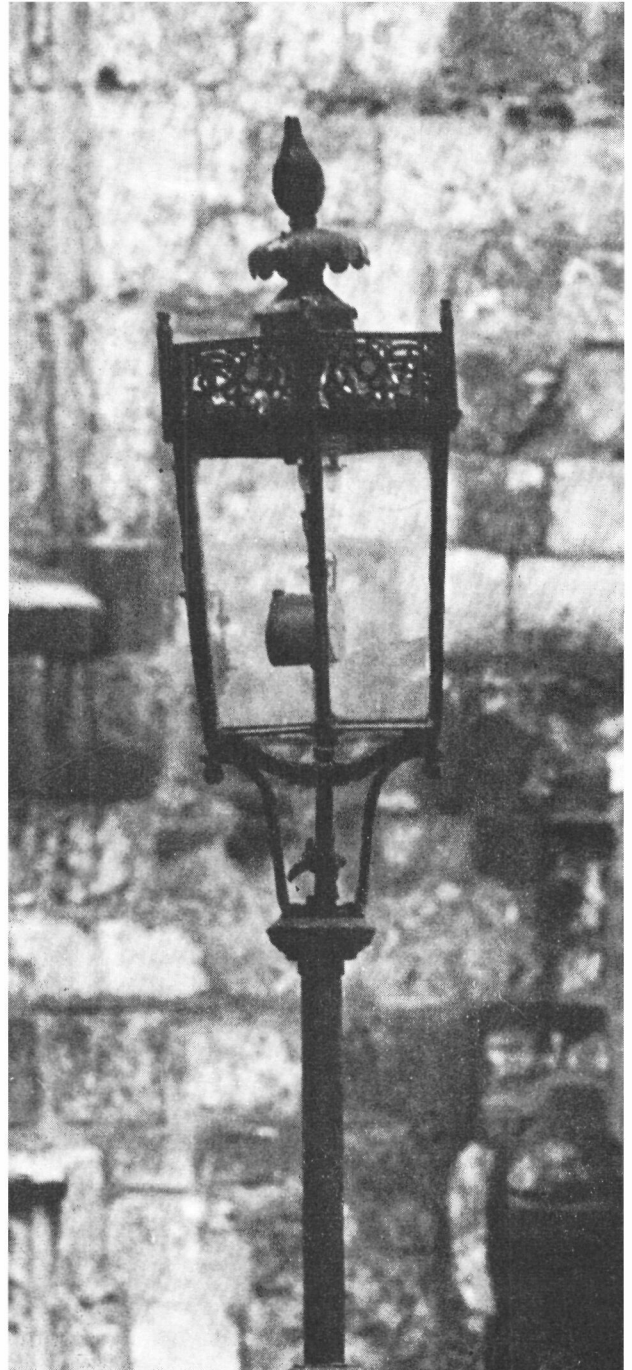
The obvious question arises: should we have a concert like this every term? My answer is, selfishly, no. My reason is that "Orchestra" gives much pleasure to its members, who have the chance of playing great orchestral and vocal works which they might otherwise never get to know properly. The problem is that we are not a self-supporting orchestra, and so we must hire professionals, if we are going to perform, say, *Fidelio* or the *Eroica* Symphony; however, I still think this is well worth doing. I would on the other hand vigorously support the idea of having one informal concert a year like this term's, preferably in the Election Term, when many boys have "A" and "O" levels, and of the two other concerts including orchestral and vocal works and chamber music. Thus boys would be able to perform not only sonatas but trios, quartets, and quintets—surely some of the most perfect of art forms—and orchestral and vocal music as well.

The chamber music in this concert was highly successful, and it made me realize why I am always urged to play it. It is something that should be encouraged even more, but of course the onus as usual rests on us!

As for Westminster music generally, if this concert and music competitions are anything to go by, it is on the up, and the credit for that must go to Mr. Byrt and his staff.

Ian Pearson

Photo: Adam Thomson



Sports Reports

Tennis

A tennis report has been absent from *The Elizabethan* for some years. The fault stems not so much from an annual attack of apathy when it comes to writing up the season's events, but more from the fact that tennis is a one-term minority sport. *The Elizabethan* is also partly responsible; it appears either mid-way through the season in July, or later in the year when tennis has been forgotten by all but the groundsmen at Wimbledon and when the Election Term is no more than an idyllic memory. Tennis at Westminster last season however was of sufficient interest to merit a fairly full report in this issue.

1st VI The term began with the traditional morale-boosting victory over the girls of Queenswood, but our first defeat quickly followed at the hands of a strong side from Rugby. The House of Commons match the following week was a surprisingly close-run affair. The weaknesses from the Rugby match were still evident; but they did not matter so much against M.P.s whose thoughts were probably nearer the Division Lobby than the game itself. Our team had not yet settled down; some of our best players were still under 16 and thus often wanted by the Colts, while Sam Harding had not returned from Germany to give the team the bland confidence it needed to win. Before he came back though we beat City of London impressively and managed a good draw with Lancing. His return to the team promptly heralded two defeats, first by Highgate, who had beaten us in the Glanvill Cup earlier in the term, and then by Haileybury, who had a good side this year. In fairness to our team, it must be said that the pairings were at this stage largely experimental.

Following this run of bad luck and bad play we lost only one of the remaining five matches: Mill Hill were beaten, we drew with U.C.S. and Aldenham, and smashed Tonbridge $6\frac{1}{2}-2\frac{1}{2}$. Sam Harding and Tim Cawston developed into a winning pair; and Marcus Campbell and David Barnes, playing together for the first time, won all three of their matches against Tonbridge. After this the old firm of Marcus Campbell and Mark Newlands came together again and the team became more settled. The last match of the term, however, against the Old Wets was shambolic; it was played on a Sunday because of rain, and the school

could raise only four-sixths of a team for most of the afternoon. A newcomer to tennis, Matthew Fforde, provided the one spark of enthusiasm. He looks set for a long run in the team over the next few years.

Colours awarded: Full Pinks to Marcus Campbell (Captain), David Barnes (Secretary), Mark Newlands, and Sam Harding.

Played 12, won 5, lost 4, drew 3.

2nd VI Inevitably the 2nd VI was a makeshift team for most of the season. They beat Lancing in their first match; Andy Watrous and Patrick Wintour, playing as third pair, kept their heads well. Peter Foggin and Nicholas Denniston were regular members of the team; Loch Rose was the Captain and was awarded his Thirds. Had they had a master regularly involved with tennis to accompany them on match days they would probably have done better.

Played 6, won 2, lost 2, drew 2.

Colts This year's team testified to the results which are possible when really keen boys play together under the overall supervision of an equally interested master. Captained by Stephen Garrett, and managed by Mr. Harris, the team ended the term unbeaten, winning against Aldenham, City of London, U.C.S., Eltham, and Tonbridge, and drawing with Rugby, Lancing, and Haileybury. The victories over U.C.S. and Eltham were especially convincing, with the regular Colts IV team of Stephen Garrett, Matthew Bennett, Tim Cawston, and Peter Hirsch being strengthened by Adam Zeman and Josh Dick for the Eltham fixture. Fortunately there were days when these Colt players could play for the 1st VI, and Garrett, Cawston, Zeman, and Dick were awarded their Thirds for their performances. They look set to be the backbone of the 1st VI this coming summer. All the six players mentioned were awarded their Colts colours.

Played 8, won 5, drew 3.

Apart from the Colts' outstanding record, the term as a whole was only moderately successful. The holidays saw the annual competitions at Wimbledon. The Colts were strangely disappointing in both their competitions, but the Seniors won through to the Final of the Plate Event in the Youll Cup, where they were beaten by Oakham, despite a courageous effort by D. Barnes and M. Bennett who pulled back from 2-5 down to 5-5 in the final set before losing 5-7.

There had been some lively and enjoyable tennis played during the fortnight, and mention must be made of the support of Mr. Keeley and Mr. Munir.

There are some very good tennis players at Westminster at the moment, but they need to fit more into a team atmosphere. The fact that relatively few boys can play tennis as a regular station in the summer (the number is about 30) aggravates the problem. The Colts' results outlined above show what happens however when enough enthusiasm is applied; the tennis improves and players win more matches. It is these players whom Mr. Harris will find available next year, and now that the courts have been re-surfaced, the prospects for success in the Election Term look very good.

David Barnes

Athletics

As anticipated, the season was distinguished for its individual, not its team performances. We gained only one victory (v. Old Westminsters) but were only narrowly defeated in the Under 17 match v. Lancing and Eastbourne, and in the U.15 v. St. Paul's and Mill Hill.

Timothy Woods proved as successful this season as he has been in previous years, gaining on several occasions a double victory (1,500 m. and 800 m.) in the same afternoon. His most brilliant success was in the 1,500 m at the Middlesex County Youth Championships which he won with a time of 4 min. 15.5 s.

Charles Low, team captain, excelled in the High and Long Jumps, producing a personal record of 5 ft. 7 in. in the former and 19 ft. 9 in. in the latter; he surprised many by beating Ian Cook (O.W.) in the 100 m. Gardam (1,500 m.), Trend (400 m.), Boothby (Long Jump and 100 m.), Slater (sprints), and Schwartz (weights) provided the team with the necessary support throughout the season.

In the U.15 team Dehn, Ray, Wareham, Mason, and Macmillan all won events in various matches. Particularly noteworthy were Wareham's win in the 400 m. v. St. Paul's in an extremely high wind, and Ray's in the 100 m. v. Lancing and Eastbourne. Reid's second term in the station saw his rapid development into a very strong member of the U.15 team for 1,500 m.;

Heinemann is perhaps the station's most proficient all-rounder (middle-distance, hurdles, and triple jump); Dehn's win in the 800 m. v. City of London and Mason's in the hurdles at St. Paul's (Heinemann unfortunately tripped on the last hurdle of the race and forfeited his first place) should also be mentioned.

The occasional attendances of the team at Crystal Palace Evening Meetings provided exciting, useful competition and several best times were recorded in these races.

As in previous years we participated in the A.A.A. 5-Star award scheme and Ewen Macmillan is to be congratulated on becoming our first ever winner of a 5-Star certificate. 4-Star awards were gained by Low, Boothby, Ray, Woods, Gardam, and Mason.

Results

6/5/72 **U.17. Eastbourne 115, Lancing 74, Westminster 70.** 800 m. 1. Woods 2 min. 9.9 s. 1,500 m. 1. Woods 4 min. 36.3 s. Discus. 1. Schwartz 110 ft. Shot. 1. Schwartz 9.81 m.

U.15. Lancing 75, Westminster 40. 100 m. 1. Ray 12.5 s.

9/5/72 **U.17. Mill Hill 115, St. Paul's 95, Westminster 73.** 800 m. 1. Woods 2 min. 13.4 s. 1,500 m. 1. Woods 4 min. 40.5 s. Discus. 1. Schwartz.

U.15. Mill Hill 99, St. Paul's 95, Westminster 90. Hurdles. 1. Mason 15.6 s. 100 m. 1. Ray 13.0 s. 400 m. 1. Wareham 65.5 s.

14/6/72 **City of London School 79½, Westminster 40½.** High Jump. 1. Low 5 ft. 4 in. Long Jump. 1. Low 19 ft. 9¾ in.

U.15. City of London 82, Westminster 49. 200 m. 1. Macmillan 25.5 s. 800 m. 1. Dehn 2 min. 27.3 s.

6/7/72 **Westminster 30, Old Westminsters 22.** 100 m. 1. Low 11.8 s. 400 m. 1. Trend 55.9 s. 800 m. 1. Woods 2 min. 6.5 s. 1,500 m. 1. Woods 4 min. 23.9 s. High Jump. 1. Low 5 ft. 2 in. Long Jump. 1. Boothby 18 ft. 4½ in.

Water

The year was one of mixed success for the Boat Club, and sadly saw the departure of Mr. Bevan to Shrewsbury, though we were lucky to find a good replacement immediately in Colin Barratt. He has just come down from Durham University, where he was President of the Boat Club.

The 1st VIII, with two of last year's crew, came eighth in the Schools' Head, won Junior "A"s at Wallingford, and reached the semi-final of the National Schools' Championship. However, it is to the junior section of the Boat Club that much of the glory must go. A Colts IV, taken from a rather mediocre Colts VIII, won at both Wallingford and Cambridge Regattas. Junior Colts A, B, and C VIIIs and a Colts IV made up from some of the boys who didn't make the Colts VIII, all won their Leagues in races with other school crews from the Tideway.

The Seniors did well at the National Youth Championships, in which four of them participated. A. W. Hudson won the Colts Sculling Championship, and has since won the Weybridge and Marlow Sculling Heads, carrying off both the Junior and the Colts Pennants. John Hare and Paul Ewans in a coxless pair did well to reach the final, in which they came sixth, and caused a certain amount of worry to the officials on the bank by overturning their boat at the finish. On emerging from the ambulance, John denied that the accident had anything to do with exhaustion, and said he had felt hot, and wanted a swim. Simon Woods rowed with three friends from Abingdon School in the Coxed IVs, and thanks to their heroic efforts came fourth.

Unlike previous Heads of the Water, I shall not try to predict next year's successes, but just hint that with at least four of last year's VIII staying on, 1973 is likely to be a better year for the silver cupboard than 1972.

Simon Woods

Cricket

1st XI: Played 13 Won 3 Lost 4 Drawn 6 Cancelled 1.

The highlights of this season's cricket were excellent victories against Lancing and Ardingly, and a drawn

game against M.C.C. with the final scores level. On the debit side were defeats at the hands of Bradfield, Tonbridge, Sherborne, and the Free Foresters. The U.C.S. and St. Edmund's matches ended in frustration for us, and the game against Charterhouse petered out in a draw for at least the fourth successive year. Unfortunately the match against the O.W.W. was cancelled.

Many excellent individual performances were recorded. Antony Macwhinnie ended the season with a batting average of 50.3, 11 catches at slips, and 19 wickets to his credit. Roger Cohen bowled some invaluable spells and ended the season with two 50's in succession. Alan Yuille scored 104 not out against the Butterflies in his first season in the XI, and Peter Yellowlees scored 68 not out from a total of 98-0 against Ardingly.

Thanks are once again due to John Mortimer O.W. for his coaching during the season. Let us hope that next season's 1st XI can build on the enthusiasm and confidence generated by his help during the past two seasons.

Scores:

- v. Lancing. Lancing 117 (J. Sanderson 7-37). Westminster 118-5, (A. P. Macwhinnie 45*).
- v. Bradfield. Bradfield 180-6 dec. Westminster 69.
- v. Lords and Commons. Lords and Commons 103 (S. Barley 4-26). Westminster 105-1, (I. Mackinnon 69*).
- v. St. Edmund's Canterbury. St. Edmund's 81 (R. M. Cohen 5-15). Westminster 64-7.
- v. U.C.S. Westminster 139-4 dec. (P. M. Yellowlees 47). U.C.S. 69-8 (Cohen 5-6).
- v. Tonbridge. Westminster 126 (Macwhinnie 49). Tonbridge 129-3.
- v. Sherborne. Westminster 111. Sherborne 115-5.
- v. M.C.C. M.C.C. 203-7 dec. (Cohen 4-66). Westminster 203-6 (Yellowlees 77, Barley 37*).
- v. Ardingly. Ardingly 97 (Cohen 4-51). Westminster 98-0 (Yellowlees 68*, Mackinnon 28*).
- v. Butterflies. Butterflies 205-9 dec. (Macwhinnie 6-58). Westminster 165-7 (Yuille 104*).
- v. Battersea G.S. Battersea 110. Westminster 96-5 (Macwhinnie 54*).
- v. Charterhouse. Charterhouse 198-8 dec. (Sanderson 4-61). Westminster 125-7 (Cohen 55).

v. Free Foresters. Westminster 176-7 dec. (Cohen 63, Macwhinnie 87*). Free Foresters 179-6 (Sanderson 5-66).

*Not out.

John Sanderson

Colts

The Colts' season was no more than average with three wins, five draws and just one loss, away at Dulwich. The team was dominated by boys up Rigaud's, but this was found to be no disadvantage. Rider, the Captain, managed the side well and kept wicket splendidly, but his batting, along with that of the rest of the side, was very fragile. Nobody could be relied upon to score runs, although Gandy and Stanbrook made occasional good scores.

One of the best aspects of the season was the emergence of Cooper as a fast left-arm opening bowler. Lom held some fine slip catches and his fielding with that of Greene and the throwing of marksman Lander proved to be examples which the rest of the team rarely matched. The tail enders' gritty batting, in which Lennon, Morrison, and Lom were largely prominent, often saved the day in the five draws.

Shooting

So far this term the Westminster Shooting team have been reasonably successful. They have won against Stamford, Charterhouse, Uppingham, and St. Dunstan's. The only school they have lost to being Oakham, and this by only the slenderest of margins. They visited the British Schools Long Range Summer Meeting and came home with all the prizes that were going. Notable performances here were by Christopher Edwards and John Lander, who between them took all the individual awards as well as the pair. Westminster also won the team event.

Divided into groups of three, the team also entered for the Civil Service Team Championships, and Andrew Hurst, Chris Edwards, and John Lander won the Visitors' Prize and finished second overall.

None of these successes would have been possible without the ever efficient organization of Mr. Harris and the expert coaching of Charles Lamb, who comes in at least once a week and attempts to turn our laziness and self-pity into good results.

Andrew Hurst

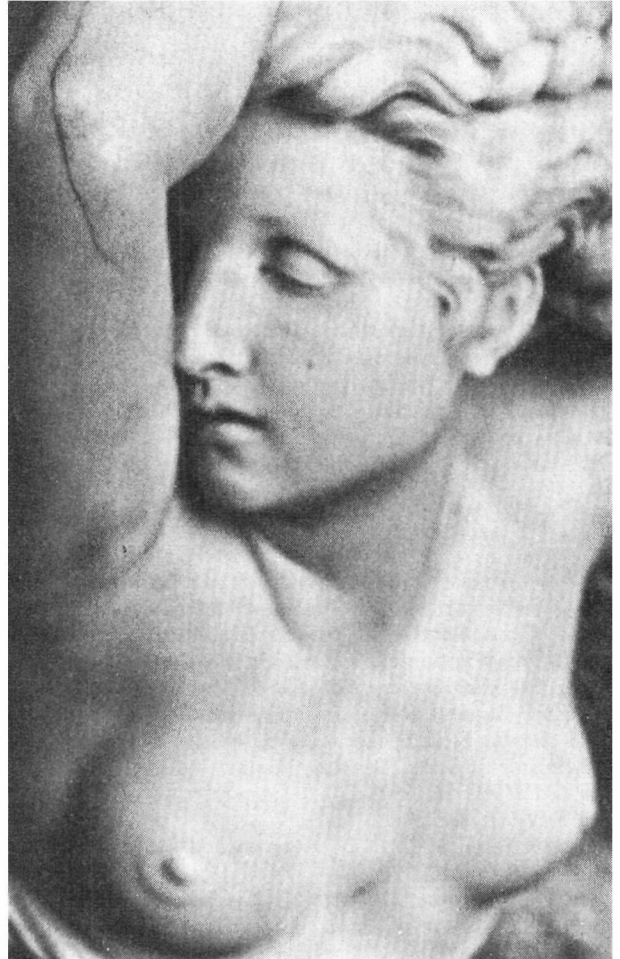


Photo: Adam Thomson

As a school sport, shooting appears to be flourishing, with most of the houses having too many shooters and not enough time for them to shoot in. Amongst the lower half of the school especially there seems to be appearing a large number of very promising young shooters, indicating that Westminster should be able to maintain a strong team in the years to come.

The Elizabethan Club

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

Pink Book

The General Committee is considering the publication of a new Pink Book, giving a complete list of Club members and their addresses.

Will those members who have moved recently or who are likely to do so in the near future kindly notify The Secretary, Westminster School Society, 5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1, as soon as possible. For this project to be at all worthwhile, an up-to-date record of addresses is essential.

O.W. Notes and News

L. R. Carr (G 1930-35) was appointed Home Secretary in July. In November he relinquished the Lord Presidency of the Council and Leadership of the House of Commons. He has been appointed a Busby Trustee.

Sir Michael Havers (R 1936-40) has been appointed Solicitor-General and been honoured with a Knighthood.

W. R. van Straubenzee (G 1937-42) has been appointed a Minister of State, Northern Ireland Office.

Lord Byers (H 1929-34) has been made a member of the Privy Council.

G. U. Salvi (H 1919-23) was awarded the O.B.E. in the Birthday Honours.

M. V. S. Hunter (R 1925-32) has been leading for the Crown in the Poulson bankruptcy case.

J. F. B. Stevens (K.S. 1927-32) has become a member of the Council of the Law Society.

D. M. Lloyd-Jones (G 1948-53) has been appointed Assistant to the Musical Director of Sadler's Wells Opera, where he has been conducting Prokofiev's opera *War and Peace*.

J. G. Forrest (A 1957-62) came fifteenth out of 60 in the London-Brighton Road Race.

D. E. A. Carpenter (W 1960-64) has been elected to a Research Lectureship at Christ Church.

A. Lloyd-Webber (R & Q.S. 1960-65) is joint composer of *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

R. M. C.-B. Green (Q.S. 1961-65) has won the J. W. French trophy for Soccer Referees.

S. R. Powles (W 1961-66) has been awarded an Astbury Law Scholarship at the Middle Temple.

J. E. Deanfield (A 1964-68) was a member of the British Sabre team at the Munich Olympic Games. He reached the second round, and proved to be the best individual sabreur in the British team.

D. H. C. Brigstocke (A 1966-70) has won the Davison Mathematics prize and been elected to a scholarship at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

The following were awarded First Class Honours in the degree examinations at Oxford and Cambridge in the summer: J. W. Fawcett (L 1963-67), J. P. Mathews (R 1962-67), W. J. Porterfield (Q.S. 1964-68), S. J. Suttle (Q.S. 1963-67), and N. J. Young (L 1963-67).

John Piper Lithographs of Little Dean's Yard. Mrs. Main, widow of the late A. P. Main (G 1915-19), wishes to sell her husband's set; one shows the South side of Yard, the other the Burlington Gate. Prospective purchasers should write direct to Mrs. Main at 26 Pembroke Avenue, Hove 3, Sussex.

Hanslip Fletcher's drawing of Little Dean's Yard. This picture is reproduced earlier in this issue. The original was once in the possession of A. M. Spurgin (A 1924-29). Anyone knowing its present whereabouts is asked to write to him at The White Cottage, 2 The Ridge, Hastings, Sussex.

The Westminster Ball was held on July 21st at the Hurlingham Club and 520 members and their guests were present.

It is heartening to record this capacity attendance for the second time running and, in view of the evening's success, it is proposed to hold the next Ball, again at Hurlingham, in June 1974.

Eighty-two members and guests, who included the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master, dined at the Army and Navy Club on October 16th on the occasion of the **Annual Dinner**. The President, Sir Henry Chisholm, was in the chair and proposed the toast "Floreat", to which the Head Master responded. The health of the President was proposed by Mr. Michael O'Brien, the Club's Treasurer and colleague of Sir Henry on the Governing Body.

Old Rigandite Dinner. A dinner will be held up House on Tuesday, March 13th, 1973. Those wishing to attend should write to the House Master not later than February 28th.

Election of Members

At a meeting of the General Committee held on November 1st, 1972, the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B):

House	Date of entry	Name and address
A	1968 ¹	Alexander, Philip Julian 21, Buckingham Mansions, West End Lane, London, N.W.6.
W	1968 ³	Brooks, Basil Edward 19, Dawson Place, London, W.2.
B	1969 ²	Clayton, Richard Anthony 8, Westchester Drive, London, N.W.4.
R	1968 ¹	Colclough, John Nicholas George Luthers, Sewardstone, London, E.4.
L	1968 ³	Cunliffe, Jason Jonathan 77, Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1.
W	1968 ³	Cussans, Thomas Ratcliffe Anthony de Cusance 31, Newton Road, London, W.2.
A	1968 ¹	Ellison, Julian James 10, Peterborough Villas, London, S.W.6.
G	1967 ²	Everington, Michael Geoffrey South Gable, Granville Road, Limpsfield, Surrey.
G	1968 ¹	Fergusson, Nicholas Carr 10, The Holdings, Hatfield, Herts.
W	1967 ³	Finlay, John Adam Thornhill, Golf Road, Bickley, Kent.
G	1968 ¹	Fletcher, Geoffrey Martin 1, St. John's Gardens, London, W.11.
A	1967 ³	Foster, Louis John Simon 3, Marchmont Gardens, Richmond, Surrey.

House	Date of entry	Name and address
A	1968 ¹	Foster, Paul Michael Myrie Redlands, 21, The Common, London, W.5.
C	1967 ³	Gifford, Douglas Bruce Lockhart 15, Bourne Avenue, London, N.14.
L	1968 ¹	Gough, David Arthur The White House, Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks.
A	1967 ²	Goslett, Edward Barry George James Clanard, 13, The Avenue, Brondesbury Park, London, N.W.6.
W	1968 ³	Hamlyn, Michael Paul 64, Old Church Street, London, S.W.3.
G	1968 ³	Hildyard, Nicholas Alexander Cyril The White Hall, Winestead, Patington, East Yorks.
W	1969 ¹	Kent, Peter John 3, Burlington Place, Eastbourne, Sussex.
B	1968 ¹	Knight, Simon Rhoderick 29, Hollywood Road, London, S.W.10.
B	1967 ²	Lloyd-Thomas, Adrian Richard 7, Mornington Road, Woodford Green, Essex.
B	1968 ¹	Mackinnon, Ian William 27a, Norham Road, Oxford.
R	1969 ¹	McNeil, Paul Charles Ian 60, Greenhayes Avenue, Banstead, Surrey.
B	1966 ³	Nicol, Peter James Stewart 22, Coney Hill Road, West Wickham, Kent.
B	1967 ³	Nunns, James William Geraghty Barton Wix Hill, West Horsley, Surrey.

House	Date of entry	Name and address	
L	1968 ²	Parish, Andrew Graeme Spotswood 71, Princes House, Kensington Park Road, London, W.11.	Gover —On August 11th, 1972, Charles Cecil Gover (1904-07, H), aged 82.
A	1968 ²	Preston, David Julian James 18, Mount Street, London, W.1.	Hamilton —On September 20th, 1972, Anthony Walter Patrick Hamilton (1918-19, G), aged 68.
W	1968 ¹	Reed, Patrice Baron 38, Fitzjames Avenue, Croydon, Surrey.	Herbert —On September 19th, 1972, Jesse Basil Herbert (1912-16, A), aged 73.
C	1967 ³	Sanderson, John Frederick Waley 10, Holly Terrace, Highgate West Hill, London, N.6.	Kitchin —On June 28th, 1972, Courtenay Arthur Harcourt Kitchin (1912-16, H), aged 73.
B	1968 ¹	Stahl, Andrew Michael 1, Clorane Gardens, London, N.W.3.	Leslie —On June 14th, 1972, Patrick Holt Leslie (1913-18, R), aged 72.
C	1968 ²	Wilson, Anthony John Chalk Hill, Stapleford, Cambridge.	Low —On June 24th, 1972, David Morrice Low, F.R.S.L. (1904-09, K.S.), aged 81.
L	1968 ¹	Wood, Charles Raymond Carlisle House, P.O. Box 167, Bridgetown, Barbados.	Macquisten —On May 29th, 1972, Frederick Arthur Martin Macquisten (1920-25, G), aged 65.
			Mattock —On July 20th, 1972, William Thomas Mattock (1916-18, R), aged 70.
			St. Leonards —On July 18th, 1972, Frank Edward Sugden, 3rd Baron St. Leonards (1904-06, A), aged 81.
			Thomson —On July 7th, 1972, Howard John Thomson (1925-30, B), aged 60.
			Torrey —On July 2nd, 1972, Cecil Eric Torrey (1906-08, K.S.), aged 82.
			Tweedie-Smith —On July 4th, 1972, Leslie Tweedie-Smith (1911-13, H), aged 75.
			Wakeford —On August 27th, 1972, Richard Wakeford, V.C., J.P. (1934-40, R), aged 51.
			Williams —On July 11th, 1972, Anthony Hayhurst Williams (1938-43, G), aged 42.

Honorary Life Membership

Mr. J. Home Dickson has been elected an Honorary Life Member of the Club.

Obituary

- Barker**—On July 4th, 1972, Lancelot Elliot Barker (1920-26, A), aged 64.
- Barrington-Ward**—On July 28th, 1972, Sir Victor Michael Barrington-Ward (1901-04, K.S.), aged 85.
- Brookman**—On June 15th, 1972, Lieut.-Col. John Brookman (1912-16, H), aged 73.
- Burnett Rae**—On September 26th, 1972, Alan Burnett Rae, (1924-28, A), aged 61.
- Chapman**—On June 30th, 1972, Guy Patterson Chapman, M.C., O.B.E. (1903-08, K.S.), aged 82.
- Giles**—On March 25th, 1972, Roland Lewis Giles (1922-24, G), aged 65.
- Glover**—On August 16th, 1972, Dr. William Edward Glover (1902-06, R), aged 84.

Mr. D. M. Low

Although sadly crippled in the last years of his life and ultimately forced to spend many weary months in hospital so that death came as a release from much suffering, a wide circle of friends will have been saddened by the passing of David Morrice Low, the author and the biographer of Edward Gibbon.

At Westminster (1904-09), where he was a non-resident King's Scholar and, in his last year, *Princeps Oppidanorum*, he came under the influence of that remarkable teacher, John Sargeant, who implanted in him a love of the Classics and of English Literature, and more especially of Gibbon and the Johnson circle, which was to last throughout his life.

From Westminster he won a classical scholarship at Oriol College, Oxford, and in due course took a First in Mods and a Second in Greats. After Assistant Masterships at Marlborough and Westminster, he was for eight years (1921-29) Rector of Kelvinside Academy, Glasgow. But probably his best work academically was King's

College, London (1945-57) where he was a very successful Lecturer in Classics and Sub-Dean of Arts. Both there and at the Garrick Club, which he much frequented, his wit and scholarship made him many friends. At the Garrick, too, his life-long devotion to Westminster found expression in the annual dinner on Shrove Tuesday which he organized for several years for Westminster members of the club and others.

Well known in the literary world, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature and Chairman of the English Association (1959-64).

He made two very happy marriages; and his second wife, who survives him, nursed him devotedly during his long illness.

Sir Michael Barrington-Ward, K.C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O.

Michael Barrington-Ward was one of five brothers at Westminster between 1893 and 1912. All were Queen's or King's Scholars and all achieved distinction. From Edinburgh University, where he gained a First in Engineering in 1907, Michael embarked immediately on a career on the railways which lasted until he retired in 1953 as a member of the Railway Executive. He was known for his high standards, uncompromising integrity, and refusal to accept any standard other than the best.

He showed his personal courage both during the First War where he was awarded the D.S.O. for towing loaded wagons out of an exploding ammunition dump, mentioned four times in despatches, and given the Croix de Guerre with Palm; and during the Second by the way in which he led railwaymen to work unsheltered through the blitz, V 1s, and V 2s.

Professor G. P. Chapman, O.B.E., M.C.

Guy Chapman, only son of G. W. Chapman O.W., after being up Ashburnham as a non-resident King's Scholar from 1903-08, went to Christ Church as an Exhibitioner, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1914. He served throughout the First War with the Royal Fusiliers, being awarded the M.C. and being twice mentioned in despatches. He continued to serve with the army of occupation on the Rhine and was made O.B.E. in 1919.

For the next twenty years he was a publisher and author, bringing out his bibliography of Beckford in 1930 and biography of him in 1937. *A Passionate Prodigality*, a vivid, truthful, and memorable description of trench

warfare in France, of which he had seen much, came out in 1933 and was republished in 1965.

For much of the Second World War he was Commandant of the Army School of Education, and from 1945-53 he held the Chair of Modern History at Leeds. His study at this time of the history of the Third Republic resulted in three books—*The Dreyfus Case*, *The Third Republic of France: The First Phase*, and *Why France Collapsed*. He was a Visiting Professor, University of Pittsburgh, 1948-49, and a member of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton in 1957.

He was twice married, his second wife being the writer Storm Jameson.

Major R. Wakeford, V.C., J.P.

Richard Wakeford died on August 27th, aged 51. Courage, active and passive, was his leading characteristic.

Up Rigaud's from 1934 to 1940, he became Head of Water and Captain of Shooting. He was commissioned in the Hampshire Regiment in 1941. In May 1944 he led his company in an advance on strongly held enemy positions near Monte Cassino, attacking every strongpoint with pistol and grenade until he obtained his objective. Though wounded in the face, both arms and both legs, and in severe pain, he organized his few remaining men against a probable counter-attack. Relieved seven hours later, he continued to encourage the other wounded. For all this he was awarded the Victoria Cross. He survived a later wound and became a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel. Demobilized in 1946 and denied the profession of a surgeon by an injured hand, he went up to Trinity, Oxford, to study law. He resumed rowing and stroked Trinity to success during two seasons.

Admitted a solicitor in 1951, Wakeford became a partner in a leading London firm and a magistrate. In 1964 he was appointed a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Chancery Division) and from then on played a full part in the small, intimate, and highly specialized circle of Chancery. Judicially he was shrewd, painstaking, courteous, firm, and fair. He kept his naturally strong feelings under perfect control, though he could be severe with unruly litigants. He won the respect and affection of his professional brethren and all with whom he came in contact. He presided over the Epsom Bench of Justices and was a member of the Court of the Haberdashers' Company and a governor of their schools.

In 1951 Wakeford married Denise Corlson; there were no children. The effects of his wound increased in gravity and during his last years his hold on life was precarious. Characteristically, he bore this knowledge entirely alone.

Though sometimes unfit, he attended unflinching at the Law Courts and nobody there had any idea of his condition.

As a man, Wakeford was strong-minded but jolly, with a fund of amusing but never malicious stories. Personally fastidious and extremely modest, he retained a slightly military air. One hobby was the collecting of small and curious antiques. A perfect companion, he was a man to be reckoned with, who would have gone further had he lived.

His Honour Judge Basil Herbert, M.C., Q.C.

Jesse Basil Herbert, who was born in 1899, was the second of three sons of Sir Jesse Herbert, the Manager and Chief Agent of the Liberal Party during its heyday in the early nineteen hundreds. He came up Ashburnham in 1912, passing high into the school, so that at a comparatively early age he attained the form of the great John Sargeant, where some of the happiest and most rewarding days of his school life were spent. In 1917 he joined the Queen's Regiment and fought in Flanders, being awarded the Military Cross.

On demobilization he went up to Christ Church in 1919 as an Exhibitioner and was co-founder of the Oxford University Liberal Club, recruiting to it such people as Roy Harrod (O.W.), Alec Beecham (O.W.), Sylvia Thompson, J. B. S. Haldane, Leslie Hore-Belisha, and Beverley Nichols. He was a keen Union man, and, after serving as Secretary, narrowly missed being elected President. He was one of a nebulous group at Christ Church known as "The Five", who had some prestige in the University, but with no specific object. "The Five" were all old Westminsters—Ralph Owen (A.H.), Philip Usher (G), Basil Herbert (A.H.), Frederic Warburg (G) and Philip Rea (G). While at Oxford he was introduced to Mr. Asquith, and in 1923 became his private secretary.

Meanwhile he was called to the Bar and had a busy practice chiefly concerned at that time with the litigation and settlements arising out of the nationalization of the coal mines. In the Second World War he commanded a unit of the Home Guard and at night was a Fire Watcher responsible for the Abbey and its precincts. After the war he returned to re-build a busy practice for a few years and took Silk in 1949. Then in 1957 at the age of 58 he chose to accept a County Court Judgeship and presided successively at Brentford, Southend, and finally (1959) at Westminster, where he became the senior Judge of that Court, retiring in 1971. Meanwhile he had been elected a Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple.

His extrovert friendliness, his wit, and his readiness to advise and help at all times made him much loved in all the

circles in which he moved; his family life was very happy and he will be particularly missed at his two Clubs: the Oxford and Cambridge, of which he became Chairman, and for the last ten years the Garrick. In 1922 he married Isabella, daughter of the first Lord Rea, and had two daughters. His death while on holiday in Crete in September 1972 was sudden and unexpected; he had a fatal heart attack while swimming in the Grecian seas—a locale which as a Classicist he might well have chosen himself. He will be deeply missed by his very many friends.

Lord St. Leonards

F. E. Sugden, who succeeded his uncle as 3rd Baron in 1908, was up Ashburnham from September 1904 to December 1906. He went up to Christ Church in 1910 and served in the First World War as a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. He was a substantial landowner, his property extending to about 4,600 acres. He was a bachelor.

Mr. R. L. Giles

R. L. Giles entered Grant's from the Choir School in January 1922 and left in July 1924. He entered the Bank of England the following April and retired in 1966. He was a musician of skill and sensitivity with a good voice. He conducted the Bank's Musical Society for many years, and sang in the London Philharmonic Choir and the Oriana Madrigal Society.

Mr. H. J. Thomson

H. J. Thomson came to Homeboarders in April 1925 from St. George's, Windsor, where he had been a chorister. He migrated up Busby's in January 1927 and left for Pembroke College, Cambridge in 1930. He was a considerable athlete. At school he won the Long Jump and was a very fast outside-right, being Captain of Football 1929-30. He played once or twice for Cambridge, without obtaining his Blue. He was admitted a solicitor in 1936 and followed his father into the Slough firm of Barrett and Thomson. For many years he suffered increasingly from multiple sclerosis but carried on working until within two years or so of his death. He was Founder Chairman of the Slough Branch of the Multiple Sclerosis Society.

Mr. W. T. Matlock

W. T. Matlock joined the Westminster engineering firm of Will. Sugg & Co. Ltd. on leaving the school in 1918. He retired as Chairman in 1960. He was a staunch and generous supporter of O.W.W. functions.

Mr. L. E. Barker

Lance Barker made legal history by being the first solicitor to become a Metropolitan Magistrate. From Westminster he went up to Trinity in 1926, where he gained a half blue for athletics. He qualified as a solicitor and from 1935-60 he was a partner in the long established firm of Wontners. This gave him wide experience of criminal work and he showed himself a fair but formidable advocate in the London Police Courts. On his appointment as a Stipendiary, he showed himself conscientious, courteous, quick, decisive, and humane. All who came before him felt they had had a fair deal. He sat successively at the North London, Clerkenwell, and South Western Courts. During his 12 years on the Bench successful appeals from his convictions and sentences were extremely rare. Successive

Chief Magistrates relied heavily on his willing help and mature judgement in the complicated administrative work connected with the running of the London magistracy. In 1937 he married Sylvia, daughter of Michael Howarth-Booth O.W., who survives him.

Mr. C. A. H. Kitchin

C. A. H. Kitchin was one of three brothers who were at Westminster between 1909 and 1919. On leaving the school in 1916 he joined the Royal Marine Light Infantry, retiring as a Captain in 1933. He was later a writer and broadcaster, and chairman of his own firm of Public Relations Consultants. He was Deputy Inspector General, Civil Defence 1942-45 and Regional-Director (London) Ministry of Works 1945-50.

The Busby Society

The Busby Society was founded in February 1960 with the object "of enabling old Busbites to keep in touch with each other and with the House, and to help the House in such ways as might seem practicable". The Society has lived up to this aim in that regular social gatherings have taken place, and considerable sums of money have been given to the House for the provision of creature comforts and extras which would not otherwise have been available for the boys.

Membership is open to all former members of the House and to past and present House Masters and House Tutors. So far over 300 people have joined and, although some of these have fallen by the wayside, there is still a large and active membership representing all generations of Busbites. Several members were as boys transferred from other Houses to participate in the foundation of Busby's. Recent leavers are not as well represented as they might be, but this is probably due to the anti-school reaction of boys as they leave; and many members join after they have been away from Westminster for a few years.

The Society has always tried to assist the current members of the House by purchasing furniture, books, pictures, and carpets to enhance its otherwise institutional atmosphere. In the past couple of years there has been a move to involve the boys in Society activities to a greater extent, and to

improve communications between past and present members of the House. The Head of House is now *ex-officio* on the Society's committee, and boys are, whenever possible, invited to attend the function organized during the term in which they are leaving.

The pattern of organized functions has taken on a traditional character. The AGM takes place in March and is followed by a dinner in College Hall, enlivened in alternate years by the presence of lady guests. In the summer there used to be a cricket match; but either the membership is more sedentary or cricket has declined in popularity; so for the past two years a barbecue has been held in Ashburnham Garden instead. Perhaps the "classic" Busby Society meeting is in early December each year, when a buffet supper is held before one of the performances of the Busby Play. The Busby Play is itself a fine and long standing tradition, and one of these meetings has been held each year since the Society was founded.

At its foundation a concerted effort was made to contact all Old Busbites, and its existence should have been brought to the attention of all boys leaving the House since. If any potential members have been missed but would like to know more about the Society, the secretary would be pleased to hear from them; correspondence may be addressed to Busby's.

Games

Cricket—1972 Season

Played 10 Won 3 Lost 6 Drawn 1

Our record makes poor reading, but by and large it has been an entertaining season.

We met the Uppingham Rovers in the first round of the Cricketer Cup and were well beaten. Uppingham batted first and scored 191-9 without much difficulty—our bowling, normally our strength, was far too inaccurate. Soon after the start of our innings the weather deteriorated and it looked as though the game would have to be abandoned and the result decided on a comparison of run-rates. We concentrated on keeping ahead of the opposition's run-rate and lost wickets in the process. We were all out for 117.

The game against the School was rained off. Next came the Cricket Week but we suffered cruelly even before we took to the field. Two of our main batsmen, Geoffrey Lewis and David Presbury had sustained injuries in the previous week which ruled out any possibility of them playing for us. Nevertheless, after a rocky start the batting gradually gained in confidence and we achieved convincing victories over Aldershot C.C. and the Adastrians. Against Aldershot, chasing a total of 183, John Mortimer and Alan Meyer, gave us a wonderful start with an opening stand of 137. Against the Adastrians, Drew Smith led the way with a forceful 51 and, with useful contributions from all parts of the batting order, we accumulated a total of 229. Tim Petzold's bowling and some tight fielding combined to demolish the opposition very easily.

We suffered defeats at the hands of the Incogniti, Enigmas, Eton Ramblers, Dragonflies, and Old Citizens, and we drew with the Free Foresters. The punishment meted out by the Enigmas was particularly exasperating in that their match-winners were all Old Westminsters. Peter Wilson scored a fine 53, Michael Hyam an unbeaten 32; and Michael Hyam and George Denny between them removed half of our batsmen.

John Mortimer was our star performer during the Week, but it was our younger players who were left with most of the work. Tim Petzold, Jonathan Carey and John Sanderson bowled well throughout; Alan Yuille, Drew Smith and Peter Yellowlees performed commendably with the bat and Ian Mackinnon was outstanding in the field. The Club has a bright future.

A fitting climax to the Season came at Beckenham. Richard Pain (4 for 9) and Jonathan Carey (2 for 17) had Beckenham 30 for 6 after 17 overs, but then, much to the surprise of everybody, Beckenham declared. We assumed that this was to ensure a 2.30 finish and an afternoon

watching Olympics, but that was not to be. Our hosts had decided on a two innings game. When we had scored 31 it took all of the Hon. Sec.'s considerable powers of persuasion to prevent the Old Westminsters from leaving for home and we went on to score 181 for the loss of five wickets before declaring. Jeremy Broadhurst scored 104 not out in even time reaching his 100 with a magnificent straight six. Beckenham went in to bat for the second time and made 102—Jeremy Broadhurst and the Hon. Sec. taking five wickets apiece. The result was victory by an innings and 49 runs. Not bad for a one day game!

The Club is most grateful to the School for the use of Vincent Square and to Derek Saunders for his invaluable assistance during the Cricket Week.

Noteworthy Performances

Batting

Jeremy Broadhurst	104*	v. Beckenham
John Mortimer	78	v. Eton Ramblers
John Mortimer	74	v. Aldershot
Alan Meyer	61	v. Aldershot
Drew Smith	51	v. Adastrians

*Not out.

Bowling

Jeremy Broadhurst	5-22	v. Beckenham
Tim Petzold	5-29	v. Adastrians
Tony Willoughby	5-31	v. Beckenham
Richard Pain	5-74	v. Old Citizens

A. J. T. Willoughby

Football

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club for the season 1972-73 will be held in the Busby Library at Westminster School on Tuesday, May 1st, 1973 at 6.15 p.m.

Agenda

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Report by Hon. Secretary on Season 1972-73.
5. Accounts for Season 1972-73.
6. Officers for Season 1973-74.
7. Any Other Business.

D. A. Roy (*Hon. Sec.*),
49, Pebworth Road,
Harrow, Middlesex.

Fives

Dinner to Mr. W. Jack Gerrish

A cheerful assembly gathered at the Constitutional Club on Friday, November 3rd last on the occasion of a dinner in honour of Mr. W. Jack Gerrish, who recently relinquished the Honorary Secretaryship of the Fives Club after 24 years' dedicated and efficient service.

The President of the Club, Mr. Frank Hooper, was in the chair, and the opportunity was taken to invite many old and distinguished friends, particularly from the Old Citizens' and Old Cholmeleians' Fives Clubs, who had extended much generous hospitality to O.WW. in the past.

The President, after referring in warmly appreciative terms to Mr. Gerrish's long period of office, asked him to accept, on behalf of members of the Club and many other friends, a leather briefcase and a pair of silver sherry goblets. Mr. Gerrish expressed his thanks to all concerned in terms that were clearly heartfelt and which were greeted with general acclamation.

Sir Thomas Lund, C.B.E., who in earlier years represented the O.WW. with great distinction on the courts, proposed the health of the Club with wit and eloquence. The reply was a *tour de force* by Mr. W. E. Gerrish, O.B.E., founder of the Club (and co-founder of the ex-Secretary) whose wide-ranging reminiscences were at once a joy and a revelation—the latter particularly to those who, having had the misfortune to be born too late, were less well acquainted with the great names of the past which he so nostalgically catalogued. He concluded by offering a warm welcome to guests, and a brief reply was made by today's *doyen* of the courts, Mr. Leslie Lockie (Old Citizens).

Games Dinner

An Elizabethan Club Games Dinner is to be held on Thursday, March 29th, 1973 in College Hall to which all Old Westminster sportsmen (players and supporters alike) are cordially invited.

The purposes of the dinner are to enable the various sports sections of the Elizabethan Club to repay hospitality received from other Clubs and to give Old Westminster sportsmen the rare opportunity of getting together "en masse". The main toast of the evening will be "Old Westminster Games".

The dinner itself will commence at 7.30 p.m., but sherry will be available in Ashburnham House from 7.00 p.m. Dinner Jackets will be worn.

The ticket price of £4.00 will cover not only the dinner, but sherry beforehand, wines during the meal, and port afterwards.

The size of College Hall limits numbers to 130, and of them 30 will be taken up by official guests of the Elizabethan Club. Ticket allocation will be made on a strict first come first served basis. To avoid disappointment, ensure you apply sooner rather than later. Applications should be addressed to A. J. T. Willoughby, 7 Upland Court, London Road, London, S.E. 23. Cheques accompanying applications should be made payable to "Old Westminster Games Committee".

Donations to assist with the cost of staging the dinner will be most welcome.

Brian & Barbara- their first year at National Westminster



Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview. "They talked my language", he says. The intricacies of bank procedures took a little time to fathom, but a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated. Now he's number two in the Accounting Section at his branch.

Barbara celebrated her 18th birthday when she'd been with us a year. Not only did her friends buy her a big birthday cake, but the Bank gave her a handsome salary increase. In fact regular salary reviews are the rule with us. Barbara's present job is managing the proofing machine. Next month she's moving over to foreign exchange. The Bank knows a girl likes variety.



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EDITORIAL COMMENT — VOCATION

Businessmen's Boon

A HOTEL CLUB for business men has been set up by Free-Stay Holidays Ltd., the London-based hotel promotion company. The club will enable directors and senior staff to stay in more than 200 hotels throughout Britain without paying any accommodation charges. Each member can be accompanied by one guest.

Companies with staff constantly visiting customers or branch offices in different parts of the country can thus save themselves considerable amounts of money. One international manufacturing organisation, which is to transfer a division from London to a south-east town, is to make 250 of their staff members of the club.

Most of the 200 hotels have two, three or four star AA/RAC ratings. Many are in the Good Food Guide. Members staying at the hotels do not pay accommodation charges but pay for food at the normal daily rates whether the meals are consumed or not. Over a period of two weeks, two people staying at a three star hotel can save more than £40.

David Pearl, twenty-six-year-old joint managing director of Free-Stay Holidays Ltd, said: "The Free-Stay (In Britain) Club is the logical development of the Free-Stay Holiday voucher scheme. When one considers that a company which is relocating a division may be paying hotel bills for three months or longer for staff and their families while they find themselves new homes, one can appreciate that the company will save many thousands of pounds.

"All parties benefit — the company, the staff who stay in better accommodation, and the hotels which have their rooms filled. Membership entitles the holder, and one guest, to stay as often as he wishes in all Free-Stay hotels without paying any accommodation charges. The cost of membership is only £5.25."

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- * Free accommodation in over 200 First Class Hotels in Britain. you only pay for all set meals
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 - * Free Golf at 10 Hotels
- ALL FACILITIES APPLY** to a member (and one guest if desired).

TO: FREE-STAY (IN BRITAIN) CLUB, BROOK HOUSE, 113 PARK LANE, LONDON, W1Y 3AJ

Please send me my Membership Card for the Free-Stay (in Britain) Club. I enclose a cheque/postal order for £5.25 made payable to the Free-Stay (in Britain) Club. I understand membership covers member and one guest.

Mr/Mrs/Miss.....

Address

Please send me further information before I apply.

(I am over 18 years of age).

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