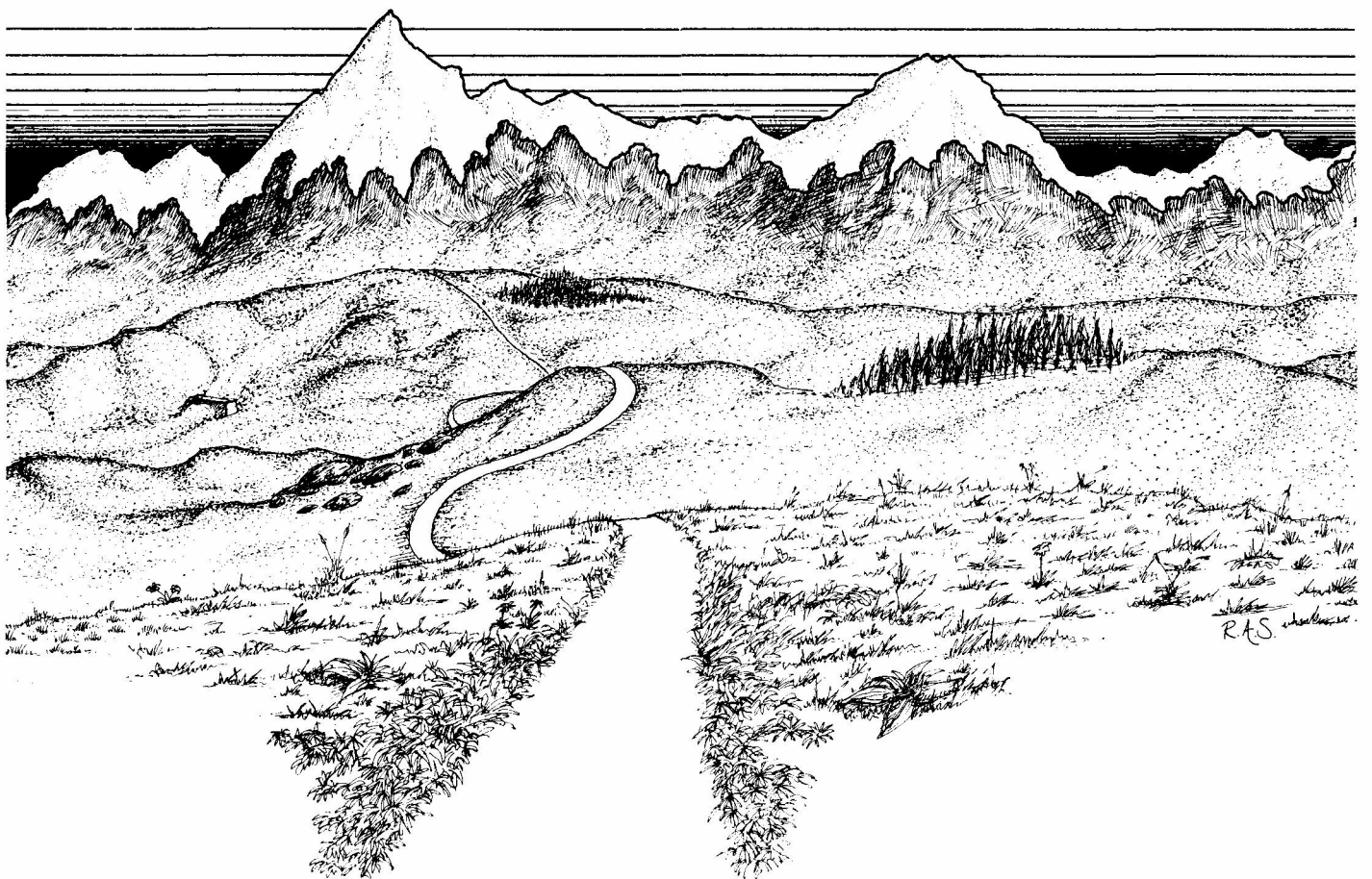


The Elizabethan

Vol. xxxii No 3, Issue No 685, July 1976



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The Elizabethan *July 1976*

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Editorial

*'He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.
Pass.'*

It was with these fateful words that Mr. J. Caesar dismissed the man who knew the truth; the former paid a penalty; but you need not, if you pay heed to me. It would be ideal if I could, in the space of one short editorial, tell you *Τὸ ἀληθές** with regard to all the great philosophical problems of today. I would willingly; it's just that I have a sneaking feeling I might end up partaking of hemlock for afternoon tea. This is not a prospect I savour. So today's lesson will concern one thing and one thing only: To be or not to be. In other words how do we justify the existence of *The Elizabethan*? ('Cliché' comes the unison cry). You are forced to buy it; the School ploughs vast sums of money into it; and the end product is so (Fill in your own pejorative adjective). Joking apart, *The Elizabethan* no longer seems to justify itself as a vehicle for the school's artistic urges—mainly due to the sad demise of these aforementioned but rarely spotted artistic urges (*urgia artisticorum*). Perhaps the magazine should reflect the *stimmung* of the school, even if the editors have to do it all alone. But Westminster seems to have such ephemeral tastes and attitudes that it is hard to capture these in print and still harder to get the magazine printed and into your hands while the subject-matter is still relevant. Instead the editors have to satisfy themselves with fatuous jibes to pad the rag out.

Why, if the school seems to have rejected its magazine, do you have to go on buying it? Several possibilities, and I'm not totally sure myself; they still do at Rugby and Harrow, so we have to (N.B. a vicious circle); or perhaps the Old Boys, those mysterious unseen mentors we all turn into, do indeed like it. As for the price: cutbacks have of course been made, no more glossy pages, cheaper format; the next stage would mean doing without the

printers, and then *The Elizabethan* would not be as good as the *Meteor*, *Wykehamist*, or *Chronicle*—unthinkable.

So, the way it looks, you can expect to receive quite a few more Elizabethans in the years to come—certainly one more from the present editors. Indeed, when the Foreign Office have sent you (primed with a degree in German) to Kuala Lumpur, it will seek you out and act as your last bastion of civilisation, while all around you your colleagues pay costly homage to the tsetse.

Now isn't that worth paying for?
Jonathan Myerson

*The Truth, philistine!

Articles

'After the thrill is gone'

Lately I have found myself wondering whether we, the present thirteen to eighteen age group, have nearly as much fun as our counterparts in the middle to late '60s.

The '60s were years of great social change as far as young people were concerned. During the late '40s and the '50s the younger and middle generations, who had lived through the Second World War, were either trying to reconcile their war experiences with their new peaceful way of life or to find a direction to head themselves in after five years of armed service. These generations did not shake off the subduing influence of the war until the late '50s, when phenomena such as 'Teddy boys' and 'Rock & Roll'

started to express a wish of 'youth' to forget the depressing past. But it was left to the generations who either narrowly missed the war or were too young to remember it as anything more than a series of big bangs to bring about the so-called 'Revolution'. They reached their middle and late teens roughly between 1962 and 1968.

These were the years of the Beatles, Carnaby Street, Psychodelia, and what David Holbrook and other eminent phenomenologists would call the 'new-moneyed youth'. It was in fact because teenagers had access to relatively large sums of money that a great deal of the 'Youth Revolution' was able to take place. Institutions like Carnaby Street, the Mecca of the rag trade, and the music business started as methods to part 'the new-moneyed youth' from its new money but developed into much more. I remember going to Carnaby Street a few times during this period and, even at the age of seven or eight, being conscious of the excitement in the atmosphere. I longed to be able to wear trousers so tight that you had to be stitched into them and high-heeled, pointed-toed boots like my seventeen-year-old brother.

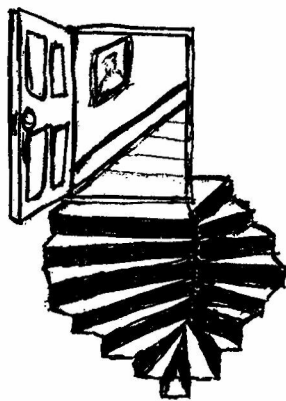
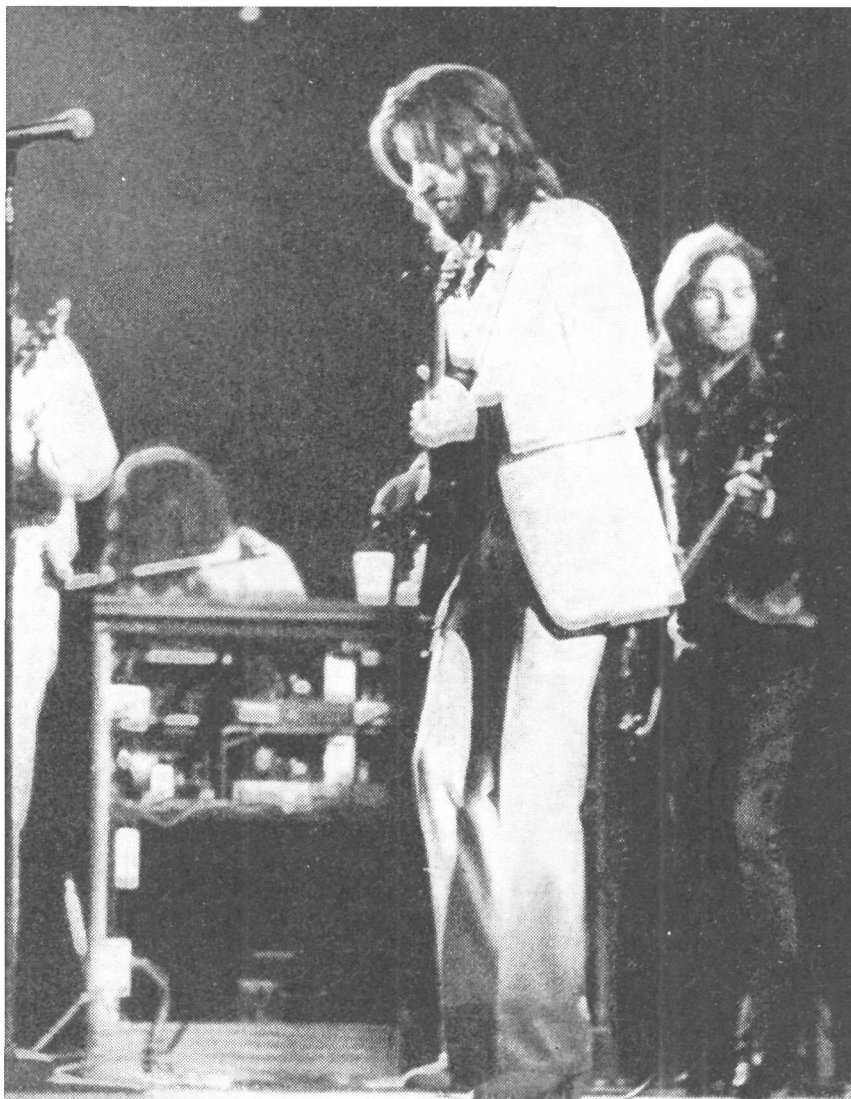
This pattern was being reflected in the music world. In '62 we had the Beatles and the 'blues boom', leading to the resurgence of artists like Sonny Boy Williamson, B. B. King, and Muddy Waters. Young whites started to imitate these Americans and invented the derivative 'Rhythm & Blues' style. Great early R & B groups such as the 'Yardbirds', 'Graham Bond Band', 'Cyril Davies' All Stars' and 'John Mayall's Bluesbreakers' provided the personnel for the great rock groups of the late sixties like the 'Rolling Stones', 'Cream', and 'Led Zeppelin'. The disappearance of the '60s era coincided with certain events in the music world: namely the break up of the 'Beatles' and 'Cream', the deaths

of Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones, and the retirement of Eric Clapton, who, by inventing a guitar style which bridged the gap between white and black music, did a fantastic amount to help revive interest in the blues. 'Cream', in fact, by setting the format of extended improvisation and sheer volume provided the pattern for 'Rock' which is still standard today.

The reason I mention all this is because the music world is very closely connected with 'Youth' in general. The main purpose of this long excursus is to hazard a suggestion that maybe some of the 'zip' has gone out of life over the last few years, and I use music as symptomatic of a whole society. I feel the comparative dullness of the '70s is represented by the stagnant state of the industry. We are overwhelmed with 'bubblegum' rock like the 'Bay City Rollers', and semi-bubblegum rock like Elton John, etc.; while even the remaining innovators are a disappointment. The 'Rolling Stones' have reached the stage where they have become a parody of themselves and Clapton is in a state of premature musical senility. Pretence is the current trend e.g. Bruce Springsteen, John Miles, etc.

King's Road, Carnaby St., and High St. Kensington still try to preserve some excitement but the thrill of the 'Revolution' is gone. People have reverted to escapism in the form of nostalgia, and hark back to the '20s and '30s. I look back to the '60s and wish I had been born ten years earlier, or to America, where, despite their many problems, the magic remains.

Robert Pickering



A Visit from China

On December 5th a very successful visit to Westminster by six Chinese students took place. The meeting was to be of an informal nature between these students and some Westminster boys, primarily to discuss differences in education in our two countries, but also to talk about any wider issues. It was sad that, though Dr. Sanger, who organised the meeting, invited all members of the school to apply to attend, only a handful came forward, and of the six actually at the meeting five were from College, several of whom are presently studying Mandarin

Chinese. Despite initial hesitancy, the meeting soon developed into a friendly and fascinating exchange of ideas and information, and many interesting points arose: it would appear that in China courses are largely chosen for the individual depending on his or her abilities as opposed to preference, though we were assured that these tended to coincide; students also spend a period of their time, whatever their course, working in the fields or in factories, a refreshing way of improving labour relations and understanding, which neither schoolboys nor Trade Unions would tolerate in Britain! The idea of non-practical education in the widest sense clearly seemed extraordinary to our visitors, leaving such impractical classicists as myself with what felt like a jaded aura of decadence. But the students seemed impressed by the organisation and hard work at Westminster, and their comments were always extremely polite and well-phrased, revealing a highly successful training in English (which they had not been learning for all that long) as well as a most sensitive and helpful nature. I hope that the Chinese enjoyed the exchange as much as we did, and we all look forward to a future meeting.

Marcus Alexander

Aspects of Biochemistry

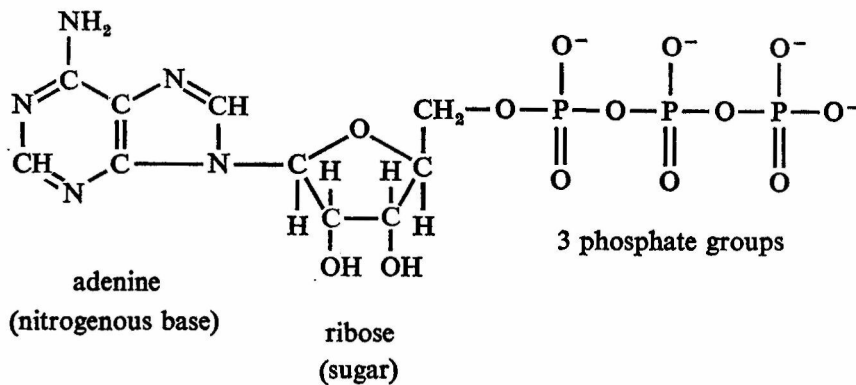
An interesting aspect of the chemical basis of life is the occurrence of the same metabolic pathways and of certain important compounds in organisms which are outwardly very different.

An example of a metabolic pathway is glycolysis, which is the breakdown of glucose to simpler compounds by a sequence of enzyme-catalysed reactions. This process occurs in almost all living organisms, providing a source of biochemical energy for the various requirements of the organism, such as survival, growth, and repair.

Another example is aerobic respiration, in which food substrates are completely oxidised to water and carbon dioxide by means of oxygen, and which is found in most higher organisms for which it is frequently the major source of energy. The terminal stage of this process is inhibited by cyanide ions, and this explains why cyanides are toxic to so wide a range of organisms. Many other poisons which act at the cellular, biochemical level are similarly toxic to a large range of organisms.

Certain chemical compounds, as

That's a plenty or How to Jivetalk Your Way to the Top



ATP—adenosine triphosphate

mentioned above, play a very important rôle in biochemical processes. Two of the most important are known to biochemists as NAD and ATP. These are both complicated compounds containing nitrogenous bases, sugars, and phosphate groups.

NAD (nicotinamide adenine dinucleotide), with its close relative NADP, is perhaps the most important intermediate in the oxidation/reduction processes of organisms. Degradative, energy-releasing processes are usually oxidative, and NAD takes part in these oxidations, being converted to its reduced form. Synthetic energy-requiring processes are frequently reductive, and here the reduced form of NAD (or NADP) takes part, being itself re-oxidised. In aerobic respiration, reduced NAD is oxidised through the respiratory chain by molecular oxygen to provide energy.

ATP (adenosine triphosphate) is the most important 'high-energy intermediate' in cellular energetics. Energy released in degradation, or trapped in photosynthesis, is stored by the formation of the terminal phosphate-phosphate bond in the ATP molecules. When energy is required for biological work, such as a synthetic reaction, ATP is hydrolysed, the terminal bond is broken,

and the stored energy is released. The level of ATP can be regulated by feedback mechanisms and in this way the balance of breakdown, synthesis, and other energy processes in the organism is controlled. These two compounds, therefore, are of central importance in the metabolism of almost all organisms, however different they may appear to be.

These examples show the tremendous similarity at the biochemical level between most diverse species, and demonstrate two facts. First, there is a unity among the varied manifestations of terrestrial life, which is particularly apparent at the biochemical level. The fact that the same pathway may occur in humans, insects, amoebas, plants, bacteria, etc., reaffirms this unity despite undeniable differences between these organisms. Secondly, it provides illustration and circumstantial evidence for the common origin of all life from the primeval unicells through evolution.

These two facts are easy to forget, since the outward appearance of terrestrial organisms is so extraordinarily varied. It is important that from time to time we should be reminded of their underlying unity and common origin.

Jeremy Palmer

'Jivetalk' is the definitive mode of expression of the twentieth century Negro, living, as he does, in the squalid, but culturally rich, surroundings of Harlem and other overcrowded ghettos which are now an essential part of the American Dream. The quintessential empty-Fascism of the situation is conducive to . . . 'Hey man, jus' cool this supergood talkin!'

Jivetalk has been recognised in the States as a hybrid language since perhaps the last war—since the age of the zoot suit. But it is only just beginning to infiltrate into this country, mainly via the American television film or serial. What has made Kojak so famous is his use of jivetalk, which took an unexpected world by storm; and now no self-respecting American TV cop or robber can do without it. Now jivetalk is being presented to large white audiences, but before it only ever emerged through the negro jazz players, all of whose lyrics are written in it.

But their jivetalk was considerably less complex, nearer the pidgin English of their ancestors. Philologically speaking it is an urbanised, updated version of what the negro slaves used to speak on the cotton plantations. When such a slave might have said: 'Yes, massah, we dun picked de cotton all de day and we dun sing de spirtchals all de liverlong night down by de ribba', (in a voice not unlike General Amin's), his grandson might say, in a very sophisticated voice: 'Hey, superbud dood, I ain't gonna pick no cotton, but I might jus' jive to the grooves tonite, and I ain't jiving you.'

The word 'jive' itself is probably the most versatile word in the language. To most white people it probably means a type of modern dance (the only meaning O.E.D. consents to give it); but to the ghetto negro it basically means to play music, to mislead, to understand; but can now, without misunderstanding, be used to mean anything if specified by a preposition. Jivetalk is definitely an ever-changing language; for instance (at the moment) the words good and bad have swapped meanings. This is probably because jivetalk is essentially the language of the lower classes and—dare I say it?—the more criminal classes; and so anyone who is 'good' (in the normal sense) is bad through their eyes and vice versa.

There are several genres of jivetalk, each one used by a different section of society. One type is that used by the White Metropolitan Man, especially among the Police Departments. To one such man the phrase 'The hooker's hit the bricks' means 'The prostitute has come onto the street'; while 'That candy's hot and the narks are staking it out' in



act means 'Those drugs are stolen and the police are watching them'. Then there are words such as peedee = the Police Department, emmo = the way a criminal works, stiff = a deceased person, ighdee = identification, and apeebee = the search for a missing person. Quite simple really.

Then there is the jivetalk spoken by the members of the Harlem Mafia, a group of over-dressed negroes who compose the criminal element of downtown New York. Their jivetalk is the same as anyone else's, but it covers a different sphere. The phrases 'blown away' and 'on a slab downtown' both mean the same thing: you're dead. And death probably came from a 'hit-man' on a 'contract' who was 'packing a heavy piece' or in other words a 'hired assassin', 'doing this job', 'carrying a powerful gun'. Often 'super-' is tacked on to the front of an adjective instead of the adverb 'very'; a 'honky-tonk jiver' is an 'old-fashioned fool'; 'ten-four' is now the word where 'O.K.' used to suffice.

There is also a species of jivetalk peculiar to the American breed of lorry-driver. 'To roll' = to drive, 'a convoy' = a group of lorries, 'the bears' = the Freeway patrols, 'to hammer' = to accelerate, and other ridiculous technical terms.

Jivetalk is intrinsically the Cockney of the American Negro, but should not be confused with the slang of the white man of the thirties, the sort of language one finds in Raymond Chandler's fantasies. Nor is jivetalk to be confused with the language that grew up around the pop culture in the Sixties on West Coast U.S.A. More and more it is infiltrating into everyday American vernacular, but, a mercy we should be grateful for, it has yet to catch on in these green and pleasant lands.

Jonathan Myerson

For further bibliography, see Pickering, R. M. *Insult your Friends with Jivetalk*, Published by Lieber and Stoller, 1978. Also Caplin, S., *The Poetry of Jivetalk*, Published by Bernard Taupin, 1932.

Poem

Срце ми лиуи на црвену ружу
Нокти јој су налик на трнчиче,
Зуби на реловима сијају
Јолиницају јој длачне ноге.

И кад је време да идем на шетњу,
Боже мили и драги, како свили,
Да би проговорила питам се на чуђењу
Како сјајно би језици били.

John Burns

Rebuffed?

In the night it drew me;
The warmth and the light
From the little fire you tended,
And gently I approached it.

In the cold it warmed me;
Its flicker was bright,
And across its flames I saw you;
You nursed it with affection.

Then the moon gazed at us;
Its smile was simple.
At peace we both lay down to rest there.
Warm fire had come within me.

At dawn we soft awakened;
I saw you freshly
In the dew that now surrounded,
And crystalized your beauty.

But now the dusk approaches;
The cold and the night
Come to blur the vision of you.
In vain I peer before me.

Without light I'm frightened;
A fire now kindled
May cast suspicion from me—
Or will you be gone?
Marcus Alexander

Under the Tree

Tapping is heard. Strange; no noise of
woodpecker,
Eyes travel; travel up the gnarled, flaking
trunk, looking,
Brown and dark, its deepness in age
Reflects upon a passing world,

Like those eyes, mysterious, searching,
catching each
Tiny muscle of the face, like silvery
cobwebs reaching
With invisible arms for a final embrace
of Death,
Never missing, never tiring.

Those eyes, brown, dark, in whose small
orbs a universe whirls,
Look, look into those sun-forsaken
spheres, deep, deep.
Dream of that world inside, silently
moving,
Never tiring, never stopping.

Listen, listen for the noise; but there is
nothing,
Air is silent. No breathing of the trees
is heard,
No whispered messages of love passed
from bud to bud.
Just cessation.

The eager senses race, straining to catch
the slightest movement;
Those eyes, deep imprinted upon the
soft clay of mind,
Appear once more, effacing every crevice
and gnarl in the bark.

John Burns

Essays

Hustle

I'd just come down the freeway from Chicago with a hot Buick for Charlie. I hit the city at nine and went to 37th Street to collect from a hooker who had the goods for distribution. There was a blue Lincoln on my tail, so I drew up and called Angie to check who knew I was in town. I was put through but no one answered. I counted to ten, then panicked. I was too late; they threw me in a pile of garbage cans, then put me under the back seat of the Lincoln. I was off the street and nobody'd even noticed; so I figured these guys were from the Syndicate; there was a new edition of the rag due out soon and they were short on prose. We drove downtown and drew up in a garage. They picked me up off the floor, dusted me down, and took me in to see the Editor. I sat down on a wooden chair, one guy behind each shoulder.

'We got a proposition for you,' said the Editor. He poured me four fingers of straight rye.

'The Elizabethan's going to press on Friday. Give us three columns by tomorrow.' I decided it was time to go. So my heel accidentally caught one thug where it hurts most and then the other hit my elbow with his stomach. I made for the door. The next thing I knew I was smashed against a filing cabinet and then I slid down the wall into the corner. I wiped some blood off my nose, opened my eyes and looked down the barrel of a .38. So much for feminine charm.

'No jive baby,' said the Editor. 'Get writing.'

Carys Davies

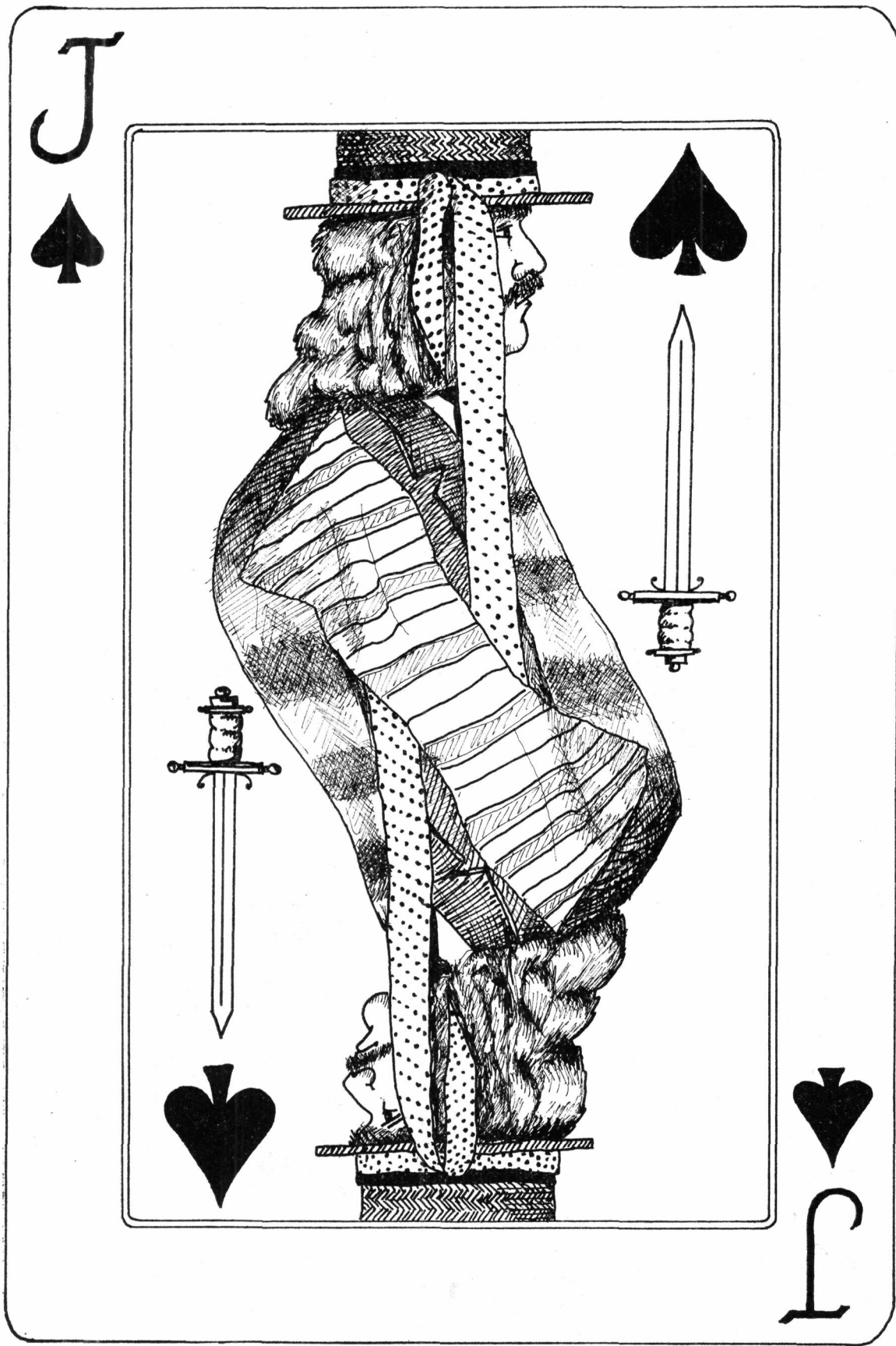
Horse

The night was beautiful. A full moon brought the jagged ridges of rock into sharp relief against the sky; from where Man sat he could see almost the whole mountain range. It was a scene of total loneliness, but Man did not know—he had always been alone, always . . .

Man was dozing when he first saw it, motionless, silhouetted against the moon. It was Horse: it was physical perfection. Man caught his breath and got to his feet, but the apparition turned and was gone in a moment.

Man could not sleep that night, and when the first traces of pink showed over the range he was on his feet. The moon still hung in the sky. Man had to find the Horse. He didn't know why; but he knew that it was true.

For five days he searched, and he would have searched for ever. He had learned one thing during his loneliness, patience. But on the sixth day Horse appeared. Man just turned round, and



R.A. STUBBS

Horse was there, as if it had been waiting. Man looked into the creature's eyes. He saw loneliness; he saw hope; he saw trust.

Now he was on Horse's back, the wind was in his face, and, for the first time in his life, Man was happy. Man was more than happy; he was complete, no longer alone . . .

Andrew Graham-Dixon

The Achilleus

I look out into the night, and the cold air dances sour on my tongue. I sniff the twilight, and the reek of decay chokes my head. The fledgeling moon, virgin and white, peers through the smothering dark, and casts uneasy shadows over the camp. Shadows of bootpolish and satin drift unnoticed past the squires and kings: shadows of lipstick and ermine flow gently through the dreams of the wenches and empresses: shadows of the agony of the exiled day scamper light-footed over the rotting, dreamless plain. The whole sea of shadows sways softly, in respectful time to the dank funeral dirge that whispers in from the shore.

I know that tune. It is the Dance of the High Sun, the Masque of Youth. It is you and I, glistening in the Spring. It is the delicate melody of a wishing-well life. It's as far as we ever got.

Your amber abysses cannot taste the starlight as it rains down on the brave. Where you lie the sand stains black. In your stillness, you raise your hand and beckon to me through the mist, one last favour. No, I know I've not the courage to take the coward's retreat, to step into the hollow night where the wails of the dead echo in the sky, to stalk your footsteps in the soil, to choke in the stench of their hatred.

I know that scent. It is the bouquet of your smile down these years. It is the nectar of a handshake. It is the fields where we knew the blades of grass by name. It's where you get off.

The ledge is crumbling, you're on your way down. The cliffs, already glinting with tears, ring with cries. Mine. You were the last, you were all I had to cling to. I am left alone on the windy plateau, with only the coarse passions of lifeblood to protect my helpless hero's body. All around me dance the nipples, the needles of hatred, the celluloid robots flashing in the fog, the smouldering fires of a lifetime ignited in the time it takes a soul to be extinguished.

Oh my sweet and dying one, the watchful hordes cannot besiege your scarlet city now. Quieten the sleepers, the empty air is washing over your bones for the last time.

I know that time. That time has shimmered into the night breezes, and been blown to a land where the valleys will echo our secret throughout the bitter years to come.

It wasn't love. Nothing so crude.

Roly Keating

Hampstead Memory

'Yes', said Keats, 'I will have another scene.'

'Made by Mrs. Beaton's mother, you know,' puffed Leigh Hunt behind a hand clearly raised to suppress oncoming flatulence. Shelley looked pained at this unwelcome mention of 'the establishmenteros', as he jokingly called those more celebrated than himself, and scratched his stomach through his open shirt.

John could see how the afternoon would continue: a post prandial stride across the heath, while Shelley kept up an endless dialogue with himself, and he trotted behind. Sometimes in these conversations, 'Junkets' as we called him in the circle, would venture a tentative affirmative. Shelley would immediately stop walking, so he could gesticulate more freely, and shout 'I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, consider that you may be wrong'. We always found this very amusing, since Shelley was an



Photo: Josh Sparks

atheist, and Keats, recognising the quotation but not the source, usually started muttering about 'Old Etonian fairies'. Just one of the many delightful cockneyisms that we found so droll.

Mary was in Bath at the time, but she had left her dog behind to exercise Keats, as she said. We used to tie Keats to the lead; that way he kept up. He never dared to shout at the dog, since 'Queen Mab' was an unfortunate name for the father of six litters.

'What about a quick sonnet compo before we go, eh chaps?', said Leigh Hunt. 'First line "When I consider how my wife is bent"?'.

Shelley wasn't amused and began to sob languidly behind the sofa. Keats, sensing an ugly incident, shut the door on his hand as a distraction.

'I say, what about: "Shall I compare thee to a crushed fingernail" ', japed the irrepressible Leigh Hunt.

Despite the agony Keats' aesthetic was still operating: 'Doesn't scan.' He had to say this twice before we understood, sucking, as he was, his fingers dolefully at the time.

'By which I suppose you mean your sodden poesy does.' Shelley was by now quite vituperative and took it out on old Junkets.

Keats alternately flushed and stammered; Shelley said it was Keats' best verse yet. And so we set out across the heath, Shelley punctuating his monosyllables by kicking over litter bins.

* * * *

When we returned Shelley said he was going to Bath. Keats in an attempt to be friendly said he had used up all the hot water after lunch. Unintentionally his remark had the desired effect, for Shelley was so delighted at Keats' inanity that he executed a brisk waltz with Hunt's cat. The cat by now was so used to these abuses, that she put up token abuse. The last memory I have of that memorable day is of Shelley setting off to the coach house with his coat in one hand and five or six cats whiskers dexterously held between thumb and forefinger of the other. (He had sent his luggage in advance.) By Jove we did laugh so.

Adam Boulton

Winnie the Pooh buys an Aspirin

Hi! This is Fergus Krane, here to tell you about an entirely new product! Wizzo washing-up liquid has been proven in hundreds of consumer research tests to be the best product of its kind on the market. Buy it tomorrow! Available from most good stores.

Hi! This is Fergus Krane, here to tell you about an entirely new product! Choco-meat dog food has been proven in hundreds of consumer research tests to be the best product of its kind on the

market. Buy it tomorrow! Available from most good stores.

Hi! This is Fergus Krane, here to tell you about an entirely new product! Spa-fresh bubble bath has been—

—to Fergus Krane, who scored his seventh goal this season, putting Wolverhampton in second place at the top of the table. And that concludes today's sport. Next on BBC 2, Fergus Krane reads a selection from his own anthology of poems, entitled 'The Fergus Krane Poetry Anthology'. This book is published by Krane & Co., and can be obtained from the BBC, price—

—on the market. Buy it tomorrow! Available from most good stores.

Hi! This is Fergus Krane, here to tell you about—

—and the next poem I would like to read you is entitled 'Thoughts on leaving the Fergus Krane Institute.' I wrote it in—

—which brings us to the end of the present series of Fergus Krane who-dunnits. Just started on Two, the Poetry of Fergus Krane, read by the author. At ten past eight tonight on One, Fergus Krane talks about the road safety policies of the early 1900's. But first, BBC1 presents a spectacular dramatisation by Fergus Krane of the best-selling autobiography, 'Me—the real Fergus Krane'. In this, the part of Fergus Krane is played by—

—has been proven in hundreds of consumer research tests to be the best product of—

—and was this really life? I wondered as a thousand and one red carnations showered upon my head; but then

I thought

that of these myriads of blossoms—
—'But Fergus, you know you must go to school.'

'But Mummy,—'



'No Fergus, you have to.'
 'But Mummy, don't you think it's
 totally anachronistic to nurture the
 concept of a dictatorial institution based
 entirely on the decadent notion of—

—in hundreds of consumer research
 tests to be the best product of its kind
 on the market. Buy it tomorrow!

Available from—

—Life is egg-shaped. Whichever
 way you go, you get back
 to where you started; but some ways
 take longer than others.—

—Hi! This is Fergus Krane, here to
 tell you about an entirely new product!
 Superspread margarine has been—

—which surely must be regarded as
 being no more than a reincarnation of the
 obsolete treatises propounded by certain
 hyper-radical and no doubt symbiotic
 prestidigitators comprising the original
 school of—

—in hundreds of consumer research
 tests to be the—

—which is totally incongruous in this
 super-automated ecosystem to whose
 membership I have been elected which
 merely seeks to exploit the natural
 quintessence of reasoning naturally
 inherent in—

—it was a tulip.
 Not a rose
 or a violet

or a carnation
 or a rhododendron
 or a daffodil—
 —Hi! This is—
 —while totally ignoring the apparently
 limitless possibilities of a fully democratic
 system whereby each of the constituent—
 —or a primrose
 or a buttercup
 or a dahlia
 or a hyacinth—
 —but by indulging in the saturnalia
 imposed in an obviously unpremeditated
 way by those philanthropic benefactors
 intent on appropriating the perspicacity
 of—
 —in hundreds of consumer research
 tests—
 —with an apparent total disregard for
 the voracious simplicity of the bureau-
 cratically allegorical—
 —or a daisy
 or a freesia—
 —here to tell you about—
 —revelling in their own indolence
 while enhancing—
 —or a snowdrop—
 —the protagonist of—
 —Hi!—
 —or a—
 —but—
 —Buy it tomorrow!—
 —but a tulip.

Stephen Caplin

David Byrt

David Byrt came to Westminster in
 January 1958 as Assistant Director of
 Music to Arnold Foster, and quickly
 made his mark as a choir trainer and
 conductor. Within a short time of his
 arrival he had started the Abbey Choir
 which, despite regular 8.30 a.m.
 rehearsals, had a steady fifty or so
 members; its singing and his conducting
 were both conspicuous for their sparkle,
 vigour, and precision. (He had studied
 conducting at the Royal College under
 Sir Adrian Boult.) The lead this choir
 gave to the singing in morning Abbey
 greatly improved the services, and their
 first year's work culminated in the Carol
 Service held in St. Margaret's at the end
 of the Play Term. This was a memorable
 triumph, as all those present will
 recollect. John Carleton wrote of the
 second (1959) that it was a fine addition
 to the Westminster calendar, having
 already taken its place among the chief
 events of the year.

If innovation, of which these are two
 examples, was to be the tonic of David's
 time at Westminster, the dominant was
 respect for tradition. There was ample
 scope for both in 1960 and 1961 with
 the Quatercentenary Appeal Service, the
 service during the visit of the Queen and
 the Duke of Edinburgh, and Commemo-
 ration, when he started his custom of
 commissioning a new setting of the Te
 Deum and displayed for the first time
 his skill in coaching and coaxing 450
 boys to sing. 1960 also saw the Quater-
 centenary Concert when David shared
 the conducting with Arnold Foster and
 Sir Adrian Boult; he shared it with Sir
 Adrian again at the Celebration Concert
 to mark the successful conclusion of the
 Appeal four years later.

In January 1962 David succeeded
 Arnold Foster as Director, becoming the
 first full-time Director of Music at
 Westminster. The notable performance
 in the Abbey in March that year of
 Brahms's Requiem, in which the quiet
 assurance of his conducting showed him
 to be the pupil of Boult, began a series
 of school concerts in which, continuing
 the tradition established by his two
 predecessors, Arnold Foster and
 Thornton Lofthouse, he conducted the
 major choral works—among them Bach's
 Magnificat, B Minor Mass, and Matthew
 Passion, the Messiah, Verdi's Stabat
 Mater and Requiem, Brahms's Alto
 Rhapsody, Mozart's Coronation Mass and
 Requiem. His other concerts included
 more modern or lesser known works such
 as Faure's Requiem, Britten's St.
 Nicholas, Lambert's Rio Grande, Orff's
 Carmina Burana, and Thomas Wood's
 Daniel and the Lions.

Perhaps the principal feature of the
 orchestral items is not so much the
 regular performance of major works from
 the repertoire as the encouragement given
 to boy soloists by the variety of concertos
 performed—organ, piano, violin, viola,



Photo: George Pateras

Translation

My love is like a red, red rose;
 Her nails are sharp as prickles,
 Her teeth they shine in gleaming rows,
 Her hairy legs they tickles.

And when I go out for a walk
 My God how she does whine;
 One wonders sadly, 'Could she talk,
 Would not her language shine?'

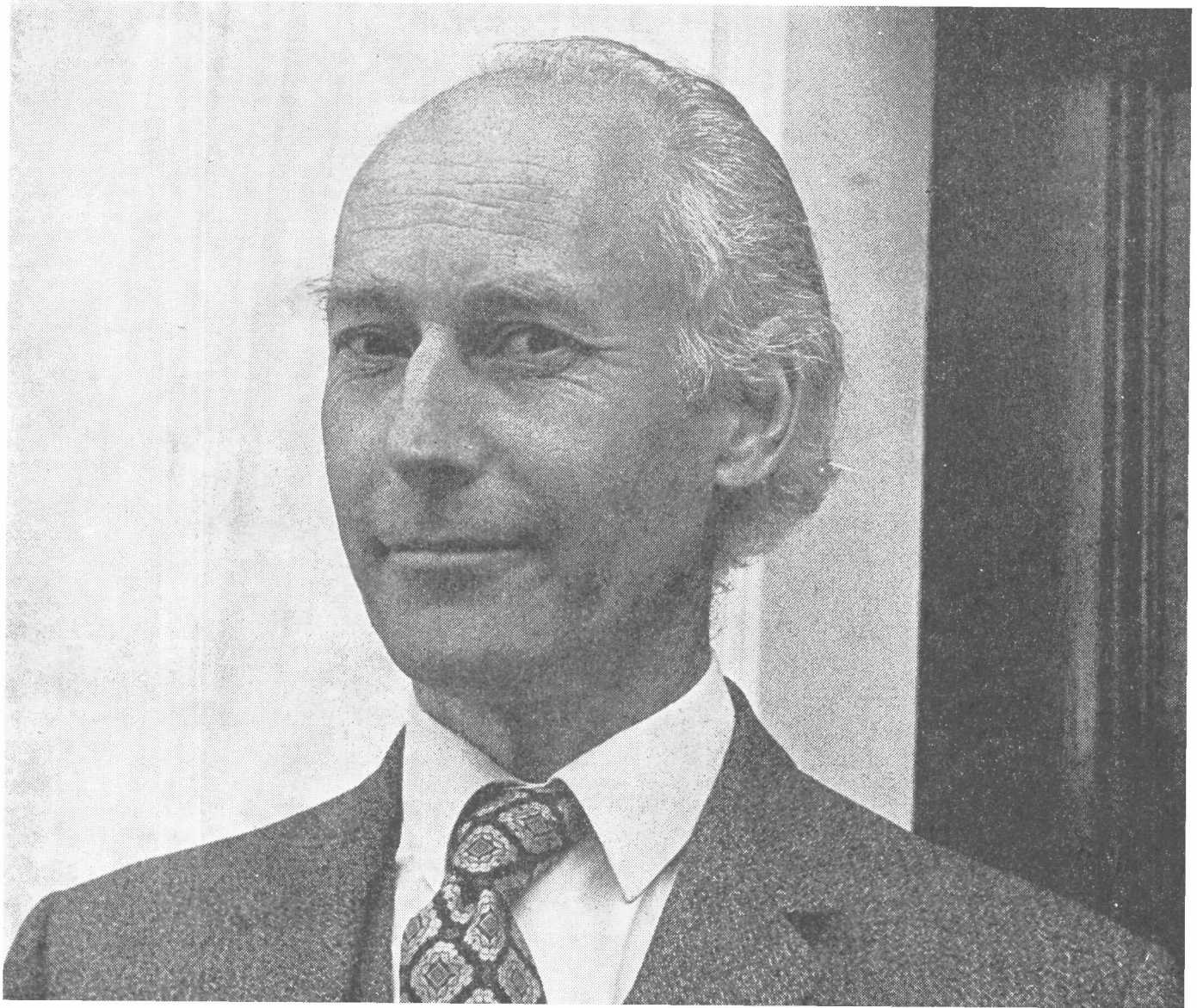
John Burns

(For original, see page 100).

Plus ça change

. . . . he proceeded to observe that the
 human hair was a great retainer of
 tobacco-smoke, and that the young
 gentlemen of Westminster and Eton,
 after eating vast quantities of apples to
 conceal any scent of cigars from their
 anxious friends, were usually detected in
 consequence of their heads possessing
 this remarkable property;

Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*,
 Chap. 2



cello, flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn, double concertos, triple concertos and others; all the instruments are there. The wide range of works in these concerts and the manner of their performance disclosed over the years the breadth of David Byrt's knowledge and understanding of the musical repertoire.

Three high peaks that stand out are the performance, with Hugo Garten producing and David at the conductor's stand, of Britten's *Noye's Fludde* in December 1963; that of the *Matthew Passion* in the Nave of the Abbey in March 1973—a performance memorable, among many other qualities, for its meditative approach to the reflective choruses and arias; and the concert the previous month, when the solo playing in Mozart's 27th Piano Concerto by Simon May and in his Clarinet Concerto by Simon Ubsdell were outstanding by any standards. These concerts showed clearly how David could both provide stimulus to the communal music of the school and bring out the skill of the individual boy.

David's term as Director was also marked by his reviving, jointly with Frank Kilvington, the Gilbert and

Sullivan Society. Opening in 1962 with *Box and Cox*, and *Trial by Jury*, this eminently successful series, in which masters, boys, and girls took part, included the *Pirates*, *Utopia Limited*, *Ruddigore*, *Patience*, and the *Mikado*. The producer varied but the conductor was always David Byrt. Besides their entertainment value, these performances provided a valuable musical outlet for boys whose interest did not lie in the choral or orchestral repertoire. The series concluded with a most enjoyable *Trial by Jury* in December 1975.

To discuss all his innovations would take too long—music parents' parties, *Music in Abbey*, informal concerts, chamber concerts, new-style music competitions followed immediately by a winner's concert, a music scholarship, visits by the Abbey Choir to hospitals and churches, and so on. But one must be mentioned, for it provides a fourth peak—the performance in December 1975 of Part I of the *Messiah*, and the following *March of Parts II and III*, by a choir consisting of boys and girls of the Great School and Under School, of masters, their wives and families, of parents, brothers, sisters, friends—in all

about 200. The effect was tremendous, not only of power when needed, but also of control and of attack that was firm even when quiet. The *March* performance given in the Abbey overcame even its notorious acoustics. These, almost his final concerts, showed yet again his skill at imparting to performers or pupils his own genuine enthusiasm for the work and the necessity for precise and controlled performance.

These innovations all derived from the enthusiastic energy that informed every activity he put his hand to; and he did put it to several others—the teaching of Lower School English, the production of *'Midsummer Night's Dream'*, camping with scouts, expeditions to Dublin, the Scillies, and elsewhere—so that his influence extended well beyond the strictly musical field. All will remember his fur hat, his constant pipe, his appearances for masters' football teams, and his firm but light stride across Yard to the Sergeant's Box. David Byrt's contribution to life at Westminster has been substantial and important. We wish him every success at the Dragon School, where he becomes Director of Music in the autumn.

Son of Westminster Notes

Disappointing punters and English masters alike, the editors have achieved a triple victory of 100% success in the Use of English examination. This rate of passes awarded to editors is in fact an unprecedented victory. Just see what an *Elizabethan* can do for you.

* * *

Erratum: The photographer whose picture appeared on page 86 of the last issue was not Stephen Garrett. We apologise—this of course should read 'John Garrett'.

* * *

The production of *A Soldier's Tale* reviewed on page 122 is being given in Chichester Cathedral at 7.30 p.m. on Friday July 16th as part of the Chichester Festival.

* * *

Early in the Play Term (1975) various workmen rolled up outside No. 20 Dean's Yard and started to erect a scaffolding barrier around their sacred archaeological precinct. They then put boards round the perimeter, built a second storey, put an office on the second storey, built a third storey, and continued upwards with the aid of an automatic lift. Next they painted the ground floor boards: white, yellow, green, black, dark green—one coat after another, and finally a row of arrows around it of which David Hicks would be proud.

With this fine gargantuan superstructure they proceeded to dig a hole in the ground.

* * *

A Challenging School?

During the Lent Term all the self-respecting English Public Schools met to establish in combat who was the cleverest of them all. In the competition Westminster (that's your school, folks) won—even if it did draw with Harrow, a regrettable incident.

In four rounds the team, selected from the Brain Squad (Palmer/Myerson/Alexander/Fitzgibbon/Moore/Keating), successively beat Eton, Marlborough, and Charterhouse, and drew with Harrow in a final which went into extra time.

Many people blame the final result on a substitution made for the latter matches; but congratulations to Messrs. Evans and Munir who trained the team to a peak standard.

* * *

Front Cover: R. A. Stubbs

Short Stories

Power Chord Robin or The Limousine of Destiny

Once there was a young man called Robin, whom they sent to a school where every intention was of the best, I can tell you. Robin knew perfectly it was a great decadence but he also noticed the beautiful floodlighting.

'What are you reading?', they would ask.

'Words, words, words', he replied. You will have perceived that all was not well, and that he did English.

'In the beginning was the Word', pointed out an extremely sensitive schoolmaster.

As you would expect, Robin fell; headlong; flaming.

Power chord one, and the chromium painted Limousine of Destiny has begun. Track two. Six and a half meticulous minutes of a holiday of light. O.K.?'s all right.

I must ring her tonight.

You will have perceived that Robin, attracted by its Jacobean terror, not to speak of its Lawrentian surging, took to burying his mind in electric music. And he was sensitive enough to realize (although by now there was no escape) that it was all those words he wanted to get away from. Robin is a somewhat romantic hero.

It really hits you out there on the floor; it's like the circus, only 58.2 times louder—my silver guitar dripping blood is what pulls in the crowds. Oh, Robin.

I must ring her tonight.

Back in the world (well, yellow classroom) Florence began to have gentle eyes. She even used to say, 'It's a pity Hell is so commercial,' on the way to lunch. And Robin would reply, 'Well I mean that's rock. I mean what would the Limousine of Destiny be without...?'

Power chord two. Do sit down, Robin. I hear that your show was well received. In my day it was the big band sound and Lady Chatterley. Don't get caught. She's a difficult girl. I can tell you she's a difficult girl all right.

I must ring her tonight.

You are right in perceiving that Robin, finding something strangely lacking in the Jacobean terror and Lawrentian surging of the electric music, had turned to Florence, a girl of whom he and the sensitive schoolmaster were extremely fond. As the schoolmaster said, she did Practical Art, and didn't seem to care what people said. In fact she was utterly self-contained, and in that lay her charm.

The world dims and the screen spreads.

'What do you think of the Limousine of Destiny?' asks Robin.

But she knew very little about electric music, and she had never met a schoolmaster. She even played the violin. One must be very careful when it comes to words and electric music.

'Vanity of vanities,' saith the preacher, 'all is vanity.'

You will have perceived that she was a religious girl.

The story, however, is not entirely a sad one, because, I am pleased to inform you, the sensitive schoolmaster found another sensitive schoolmaster and soon forgot about Florence.

And so she is last on the tube when the film is over, and even she wonders for a moment.

Is she Piero della Francesca?

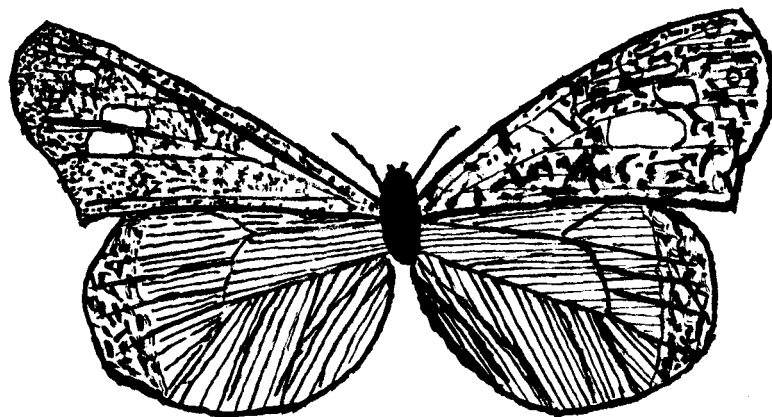
And is there that moment of hope for him? Is he Samuel Taylor Coleridge? Oh, school.

Arriving back in his room with the tears in his eyes he decides that the only way is to flick on the meticulous glittering invention and see the needle cruise through the wet black surface.

Power chord three. The machine of Hell; operating smoothly as a Limousine.

I must ring her tonight.

Harry Chapman



Sauve qui peut

Mr. and Mrs. Anomaly sat reflecting on the economic crisis. They sat in an extremely small room, Mr. Anomaly smoking, and Mrs. Anomaly nearly in tears because of the programme they had just seen on the television. She was remembering the times when liquorice was 1d for what is now the equivalent of 10d. She was nostalgic. Her mind wandered from the crisis to her mother. She remembered the way she used to tuck her up in bed. There was a long history of insanity in Mrs. Anomaly's family, and she was insane herself, although no one but she knew it. She dwelt on the fact now, accepting, realizing, and revelling in it. She sniggered inside herself, and her eyes took on an eerie glint. Her mind, warped and tangled, moved on to the subject of her hatred for her husband. She was insane, it was true, but she still knew how to control herself. She calmed herself, and sat silent.

Mr. Anomaly, who was a nearly bald man, of average height, suddenly dropped his cigarette on the floor. It momentarily set light to the floorboards, and then lugubriously burnt itself out. His light brown suit and yellow tie moved no more, his leather boots lay in ponderous slumber. His breathing became restricted and he snored. He was asleep.

'Alan isn't it dreadful?' said Mrs. Anomaly. She sounded annoyed, and to some people it would have sounded as if she was on the verge of an extremely violent nervous breakdown. Her ruffled dyed-white hair seemed to quiver and every muscle in her face twitched. Her eyes asked for pity and her eyebrows were set in a half-inquisitive, half-annoyed look. She sat shaking in her

chair, and then exclaimed again:
'Oh! . . . it's shameful!'

She always had these strange shudderings and convulsions when she was at the climax of her insane fit. She was careful not to let anyone see her in this state. When it took her in public, she retired to the lavatory or some such place. However, this fit seemed to be stronger than the others. Her mind raced in vicious circles, first thinking about her husband, then back to her father, and then perhaps she thought about the weather in 1954.

Mrs. Anomaly, you must understand, was not dim, nor was she evil. These fits were not her fault or will, and, if you ever have them in the future, you will realize how well she did to suppress them the way she did.

A long, low belch came from the sleeping man, followed by a long, low growl, and then manoeuvres came to a standstill. Mrs. Anomaly realized then that her husband was asleep; she could relax, and let the fit meet no resistance. Her body slumped down in the chair, her chin fell and rested on her breast. Her senses and nerves were dulled almost to extinction, and she was letting, with a certain amount of pleasure, the whole force of the fit seize her body and fling it from one torment to another.

Mrs. Anomaly was at last feeling the last stages of her fit dawn. They seemed to be stimulated by evil thoughts, of homicide, suicide, and other generally sordid thoughts. Her mind now turned from thoughts of how good it was to tag along with the fit, instead of fighting it, to homicide; her fit flared up, of theft; her mind flared up more. Then she thought of the fatal thought—killing her husband! Her mind nearly exploded at this new aspect of looking at things. The

sane thread running through her mind suffered a terrible blow, but still held. She now had one thought. She must kill him. She must, she must, she must. Her mind was chanting at her. She still kept her seat. The reasoning part of the thread of sanity was strong. It was the endurance part which was weak and failing. Now she leant all her strength on the reason part, and found a strong wall. She heaved a sigh and kept her place. The thought returned, armed with reinforcement. Reason held strong, but endurance winced. A final effort by the fit snapped the thread of endurance. Reason died, as did benevolence and goodwill.

Mrs. Anomaly smiled a short, sadistic smile and sprang up from her chair. She was intent only upon acquiring possession of a rolling pin; I cannot tell why it was a rolling pin she wanted to get; the mind of madness moves in strange and vicious circles.

She was in such a hurry, she did not observe the cat sleeping placidly by the table next to Mr. Anomaly's chair. Nor did she observe the cat's tail which she stepped on. The cat was a most easily upset cat, and had been known to chase many a dog from the premises. She, for it was a she, jumped, with an almost inorganic scream, on to the very bald head of Mr. Anomaly. Meanwhile, Mrs. Anomaly had reached the kitchen, and in doing so, she had become angered, first from the cat's scream, and then from the exasperation of not being able to find the rolling pin. Mrs. Anomaly was now insane, angry, and homicidal; very dangerous, to say the least. She was kicking cupboards open looking for the rolling pin.

In the next room, Mr. Anomaly sprang up from the chair, having just been awakened by the cat's scream, and, thinking in his half-asleep doze that it was the screech of brakes as he tried to avoid a tree he was going straight for, he shouted:

'Sauve qui peut!' (Mr. Anomaly was brought up in France) and put his foot through the television screen, which exploded in a shower of deadly sparks. This infuriated Mrs. Anomaly even more, and she shouted:

'Oh! my bleeding God!'. On the 'eed' of 'bleeding', she kicked a cupboard door, smashing it to splinters, and making the whole room shudder. As a result of this, the rolling pin rolled placidly from the dark interior of the now doorless cupboard.

She picked it up, snarling, and launched herself towards the kitchen door, banging it open, and exclaiming 'Ahhhh' in a sadistic fashion. The door-handle fell off.

Mr. Anomaly was still in his active slumber, shouting at people to save themselves. Mistaking the window in the room for the window of the doomed car, he launched himself through it, and fell all the way, all forty feet of the way, to the ground.



Sea-rose

Sea-rose — on the soft ascent,
slope of the dune's
untrodden, whitish sand.

As though the sea ached.
From the sigh of the slow surf
compounded as a last flower.

Sharp rebuke of thorns
beneath the summer pilgrims' feet.
Whose minds press naked also.

Thus impressive in their path,
half-hidden by the sift of gold
the sea-rose is the last

Before an ocean
of eternal salt.
Just this side of the waves' long reach.

So blooms by silence,
that it's deaf to whispers, perfect
in oblivion of a god's regret.

How could it grow at all
in such a sea of worthless gold
and not be choked?

Choked as the last defiance
of the vegetable world
in too much sand.

And yet it crackles
to a pinch of leather leaves
tanned stiff as an abandoned shoe.

So much an error
and a remnant caught half-way,
this rose desires fresh air.

And meditation
on the qualities
prevailing may reveal

A harsh, uncertain beauty
fathered by abrasion,
irritation,

Trusting nothing but sharp prickles:
and, indeed, the thorns themselves
shape out a meditation,

Of the qualities prevailing;
like a long prayer
to the dry and far rustle of the surf.

The blue leaves catching fire
save when a light rain
stains the sand with salty sweat.

There's no cure
for the smart those thorns inflict;
this knowledge of regret, and why

It took so long
to strain from bitterness
that unsalt flower.

Fergus Chadwick
(1959-63, B)

Joe's on 4th Street

The horribly oppressed inhabitants of Philadelphia's West Side thought suede-jacketed, unwashed, Zeiss-protected, knife-wielding, Lucky Strike-smoking Arthur was the snappiest thing in stars and stripes this side of Peter Fonda's motorcycle. Not quite understanding, they watched him strut into Joe's Aluminium Café.

Arthur went to the jukebox and began looking at the typed cards, all worried.

'Hey, man, where's the Loving Spoonful?'

'Now don't you go bothering me, Arthur.'

'Who's bothering you, man? Where's the Spoonful?' That's happy music, you two-bit Wetback Yid you, happy music'.

Joe was a small Puerto Rican Jew.

'Now don't go calling me names, Arthur.'

'Kosher Spick. Ha!'

'I got rid of the Loving Spoonful sides, Arthur.'

'Got rid of them?'

'Got rid, Arthur.'

Arthur (friends called him the Head) leaned over the counter and picked up a Thousand Islands dressing in his long dirty fingers; he pushed it out onto Joe's dusky face, a small gleam of contentment in his hard doped eyes.

'Hey, Joe. Your face has gone all brown and yukky, man. Now why'dja throw the Spoonful, baby? I mean why'd they split, huh, man? C'mon man, like be reasonable, or I kick your arse in, right, right. Ha! Get me them sides, Joe; I'm telling you.'

'Oh, Arthur. You play them so loud, so often . . .'

'Oh, Joe. I'm real sorry; guess you'll have to put up the volume on the rest of the records; oh, Joe, by gosh, I'm sorry.'

Ashamed, the little café proprietor walked to the chrome-glass Wurlitzer and twiddled some hidden controls. The bass-line made him vibrate unpleasantly and he had a brilliant, brilliant, brilliant idea. In seconds he took off his white hot-dog stand owner's hat, put on a duffle-coat, and left the shop.

He walked fast and then faster through the West Side; he passed the punks in sneakers and the lonely women who weren't sure if they were paid lovers or hookers, and the failures, in old Ivy League suits they'd bought when the world was before them, and the occasional almighty cool Black, long and elegant in a thin white suit. Joe feared them most of all. Only they had anything; the year 2,000 would be the year of the Black Man and the beginning of his century. Joe was a genius and was able to see this and see that the tragedy of the white-skinned men was that, silly people, they had made themselves a world which only those coloured black could understand. 2,000 A.D. will be the year when Herbie Hancock is pushed out of every self-

respecting audio system in the western hemisphere and Miles Davis is crowned King and Idi Amin is consecrated the big papa of the human race; Joe could see all that and was afraid of these cool men on the street in thin white suits.

Joe walked all the way across town to get to the record company because Arthur had kicked his Panhard to pieces.

'Good morning, miss', he said to the very pretty girl next to the rhododendron plant in EMI International's futuristic cream foyer.

'Good morning, can I help?'

'I've got this brilliant idea.'

'Third floor, turn right.'

The very rich man who directed the EMI-Philly operation rolled in his chair and tried very hard to think; he could see this fellow in the duffle coat had a very brilliant idea which could instigate an audiotonic revolution, but on the other hand he was a big-nosed Puerto-Rican Jew, who needed a bath and a haircut; it was a very difficult problem. The very rich man thought that decisive policy was best and told Joe to get a patent on his idea and quit begging the big companies.

Obediently, Joe went to the patent office. Half-mad with the genius of his idea, he set out immediately afterwards to look for premises: deserted houses, old Institution Halls, anything to hold a record press.

Meanwhile, at the Aluminium Café, Arthur and his friends played an Iggy Pop track until the walls crumbled and the door shook and the ceiling dropped dust; the counter collapsed, the food slid off, and Arthur peed on the aluminium.

Joe wandered from old slum to old slum; each had a floor covered in brick rubbish, and the rats were hard and vicious and watched him with hatred in their eyes. So Joe walked round and round; searched, peered through doors, kicked over bricks. He found what he wanted on 145th street: a gutted charity school. He knew, the instant it fell into sight, that this would be the beginning. The beginning of everything. Aware of the event's significance, Joe produced a small white card the size of a five watt speaker, and fixed it on the schoolhouse door. GOLDEN QUIETNESS LTD. Renovations begin July 5th. We apologise for any inconvenience caused to our potential customers.

The owner of the Aluminium Café having disappeared, Arthur the Head and his disciples found another dive called The Heavy Drinker, care of a big Irish person called Shaughnessy O'Riley. It happened very quickly for the poor guy; there he was looking enormous behind a quart mug of sweet brown ale, his pissed emerald eyes kind of mad, his sleeves rolled up, and his face screwed into a fierce display of murderousness. Then Arthur walked in and put a steel knife through his right arm. The Head's friends got out their dimes and rocked out to a happy West Coast Loving Spoonful type band while Arthur checked that the

Ambulance man for Shaughnessy would pay for the wounded man's hospital bills ('Cos I don't know who'll pay for yours, son').

In his bed in Ward Fifteen, Philadelphia General Hospital, Shaughnessy sat reading a backdated copy of *Hi-Fi For Pleasure*. Then: 'Nurse! Nurse! Quickly!'

Nurse Smith of Ward Fifteen grabbed a urine bottle, waved it over some clean water, and ran down the ward to see Shaughnessy.

'Nurse, get me a telephone and put that damn thing away, for the love of Mary.'

Within minutes his blood-starved fingers were picking out a number on 145th street; a voice said in a Latinised Yiddish accent:

'Golden Quietness, yes, hello?'

'Hallo there, am I speakin' to Joe like the advertisement says I should be? Get me two dozen of your records and rush them down to the Heavy Drinker, thank you, thank you. Two hundred dollars; yes, yes, yes; anything you say; thank you.'

Exhausted, Joe scribbled the order. Since placing the first advertisement for his completely silent seven inch five minute records (to fit all makes of stereo and juke-box) he had sold three thousand copies with advance orders for four times that number and the calls were flowing in so thick and fast that he had had to offer a hundred and fifty dollars to the first woman on the street to be his

temporary secretary. Behind him the record press he had nearly killed himself to get working suddenly went 'Aaargh'.

'Christ Almighty!'

Joe ran to it and spreadeagled his hands on the old tempered metal in love and panic.

'Come on, my darling, please; press those records, press those records, oh please, please, please . . .'

The great oily goo of vinyl which got fed in at the machine's strategic point came out, gloop, gloop, in a pool of ugly bubbles all over the schoolhouse floor. The poor dirty hulk ground to a halt.

'Oh blast. Thelma! Thelma!'

Joe's secretary appeared, holding two makes of ballpoint pen and a clipboard.

'Yes, Mr. Joe?'

Joe took out his wallet.

'Here's twenty thousand dollars, Thelma. Go out and buy a new record press for me.'

A year later Joe was voted Official Hero of the Noise Abatement Association and his Silent Singles production increased by four thousand units a month. He had sixty-seven workers in his enlarged, all-new, sound insulated factory on 145th. He borrowed enormous sums of money. Slowly he was assuming the unapproachability of an important person. For the first time in his life he started taking the minute extravagances which most people indulge in regularly, if rarely, to keep their lives interesting;

quite right they are, too.

Thelma shivered with pleasure when Joe called her. Having failed every test of her life except that of her conscience, because she hadn't known enough people to be tempted by anything, she had been happily surprised when elevated to the role of permanent secretary for such an upcoming recording tycoon.

'Thelma! Thelma! Come and look at this!'

Joe was sitting in a newly bought leatherette office chair, staring at several square sheets of cardboard; bits of brown paper were all over the formica floor. Thelma, with her heightened perception of greatness, felt that something wonderfully immense was in the offing. The instant Joe saw her he waved and twitched about, meaning 'Come here'. Then he came round to her side of the desk with one of the pieces of cardboard. He pushed it, trembling, at her face. So it didn't hit her nose, she leaned back and read from it: 'Golden Quietness. Twelve noiseless tracks never before issued in LP form'.

'Thelma!' cried Joe, 'I've done it! The first silent album! Oh Thelma, we'll be millionaires!'

But Joe's secretary did not hear a word he was saying. She was too busy noticing that his arm was now tightly around her waist.

Some two months later there was a big teenage party in a house next to North Islington's local Zen Community Centre.



The kids were into the fifth hour; all the bottles were opened; every ashtray was full of ash and stubs; the smart, the old, the ragged, the dirty, the lovers, the drunks, and the gatecrashers were all sitting or lying or just wandering from dreg to dreg, dropping cigarettes and looking terrible. Ozzy bumped into a pneumatic French blonde and put his arm round her until she relaxed. Christ, he thought, she really is obscene peroxide white/blonde hair in artificially wild droves, great round glasses, fat in all the important places, and too much make-up, just what I want, look at those cor

Hundreds of rhythm guitar riffs filled every corner of the ground floor rooms and Ozzy got a headache. The noise was in the way someone said:

'Put the GQ record on for Chris-sake' and in the subsequent quietness, broken only by a groan or a ruffle of denim jeans, Ozzy buried his past and his future in a perfumed wave of peroxide hair and prayed the night would go on forever.

Golden Quietness had become a worldwide institution.

Back in Philadelphia, however, Thelma was fearing for Joe's sanity. He had laid down plans for a multi-million dollar recording studio.

'But, Mr Joe, you make silent records, you know that.'

'No, no; oh Thelma, you don't understand. This will be no mere commercial break; *this* will be a scientific breakthrough, a gift to mankind; this will be a present from me to humanity oh . . . Thelma'

For several months no-one, not even Thelma, saw or heard of Joe. He was living with three million dollars of printed circuits, banks of lights, feedback monitors, mellotrons, 24-channel decoders, and rows on rows of adjustable controls on knobs and sliders. For a long time he lost weight and fed his mind on coffee; he forgot to wash or shave; forgot he was human, forgot everything but the names underneath the rows of controls, and eventually even those became as vague as right and wrong for him.

One night at half past eleven Joe was sitting before a *special* control desk; wires were trailing from it and the circuitry was unprotected. Joe had made it himself. His face was sweating in agony between a huge pair of headphones. He prepared the controls and released a tape mechanism. The spools turned for half a minute; then he switched them off.

He sat back, took off his headphones, looked at the sky, and screamed as he had never been able to scream before in his life.

The following day, at 9 a.m., Thelma was standing outside his office ready to wet herself. She hadn't seen Joe for nine months and didn't know what to expect. He had said nine o'clock exactly; the buzzer went red, then green, his office

door opened, and she walked in, by now fit to burst.

The thick-pile carpet Joe had bought after becoming a multi-millionaire was rolled right up; Thelma thought the floor-boards looked rude. She said 'Good morning Mr. Joe', and then began her secretarial click-click walk to the desk. Only thing was, she didn't hear any noise at all. She stamped on the floor. No sound. As for Joe, he had fallen backwards off his chair in a noiseless fit of giggles. In his own time he stood up and pulled a switch on his desk. Loud and clear and normal.

'It's all right; it's in quadraphonic', rang through to a poor, confused Thelma. Seeing her in distress, Joe ran to her, comforted her, and whispered sweet nothings in her left ear.

'Ladies and gentlemen, here on NBC we are proud to have as special guest of the week the inventor of the Quietron speaker and founder director of Golden Quietness, Ltd. Ladies and Gentlemen, let's have a big hand for'



Joe walked under the hot white light to a little table laden with glasses of water and shook hands with Dick Cavett.

'Now', said Dick, as a little man on the side ordered the audience to watch a photograph of a derelict nursery school on 145th street, 'starting from such humble origins, Joe has become possibly the most influential man in technology today, his career culminating in the invention of the Quietron speaker, which, as you know, will actually eliminate any sound within a twenty-foot radius'

A very rich man, paid by EMI International, was gawping at his television in guilty disbelief. He turned to his wife.

'God, I need a stiff drink.'

'Litre or half-litre?'

'Litre, dear. What would I do without you? Thank you.'

At the same time, the Senatorial Aide for Transport ran for the 'phone in his hideaway pinewood bungalow off Malibu beach and put a call through to the White House.

Thirty seconds, and a dull voice said:

'Hello? Hello? Oh yes.'

'Mr. President?'

'What?'

'P-R-E-S-I-D-E-N-T.'

'Ah yes, that's me. Hello?'

'Aide for Transport here. I am in charge of cars and buses, trains and planes. They make a lot of noise.'

'Oh yes. I see. Ahh.'

'They make too much noise for the American public. A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N. I would like to reduce the volume quota what? I want to make the noises smaller; I have found a way to do this, but it will cost a lot of money. If we do it, we will get rid of all the noise from transport, building sites, radios, M16 carbines, engine noise, airplane sound, factory noise, rock music, anything can be eliminated—what?—got rid of, by this method. It's all-American. Whaddya think?'

'Did you say rock music?'

'I did.'

'Fine, fine. Just checking. Well, Fred, I guess you have Carte Blanche, and cheque blanche as well, ha ha ha!'

'Ha ha ha! Well, well I must be going now. Many thanks, Mr. President. I hope to discuss this later with you. Goodbye Mr. President.'

'Goodbye. What was that he called me? These long words presi presi'

Joe became a very, very rich man. He realised that he was far too important to be seen by other people, and bought himself an insulated radar-driven Cadillac with no windows. He lived in big houses all over America, in which he made love to Thelma at nights and left her on business in the mornings. He challenged Rockefeller to see which of them could write the most noughts on a cheque to the S.P.C.A. and won; he was a quietly confident man; he forgot he was human and would ever have to die.

He made money by breathing and was happily unable to spend it fast enough. The mystic, the unusual, the mad fascinated him; he talked to a variety of gods in strange midday prayers. He began to hold one-man festivals, conversational and alcoholic, pissing himself under his eighteenth century mahogany tables.

One Sunday, when staying at the Philadelphia studios, Joe went outdoors for the first time in five years. He wanted an afternoon walk. On every street Quietron speakers of his own design were making the legions of smoking traffic silent. Anyone watching him carefully might have seen an old-fashioned look in his by now exhausted eyes.

Warm in a grey sealskin overcoat, Joe turned into the West Side, and walked past all the hundreds of cruddy people; his heartbeat was up to 200 and climbing. He knew what he was doing when he pushed open the glass door of the Aluminium Café; he'd had five years thinking about it. From behind the counter, the newly installed management, Arthur the Head, was trying to control his blood pressure. Joe took off his coat and hung it carefully by the door. He walked through the deafening Loving Spoonful sound to the counter.

'Why Joe! Oh my I gosh.'

Joe was being nearly bounced off the floor to the rhythm of the records.

'Well, hello, Arthur'.

'Uh, Hi, Joe'.

'Hey, Arthur, where's the Golden Quietness record?'

'You ain't seen the jukebox cards, Joe'

'Don't need to, son. You haven't got any, have you? Talk to me, little guy, talk to me. Huh?'

'I no, I never ordered'

'Too bad; I'm holding the ace now, Arthur'.

'What what are you doing, Joe?' Joe's hand plunged suddenly into his inside jacket.

'Joe! No! No!'

Joe took out a chequebook and put it on the counter.

'How much do you want for the Aluminium Café, Arthur?'

'What? Are you?'

'Choose your price, Arthur'.

'You . . . you mean that?'

'Any price, Arthur, I can pay.'

Arthur's eyes gleamed and he grabbed the pen.

'Where does I write the number?'

Joe pointed. Painstakingly Arthur inscribed a six figure number. The mug, he thought; the mug.

'Now you must sign, Arthur'.

'Where does I do that?'

Joe took out a large white sheet of paper with a lot of writing on it.

'I sign there on the cheque and you sign here on this piece of paper.'

Arthur hadn't heard about these white pieces of paper before. He signed though.

'Joe, youse is good. I'm a free man. I don't have to work in this crummy joint no more. Ha!'

Joe winced. After a moment, though, a very faint smile appeared on his mouth. When he next spoke, his voice was calm and quiet.

'Arthur', he said; and Arthur looked up from the cheque. 'I don't know if you remember when you came into this cafe a long, long time ago, when you were very angry because I didn't have the loud records you wanted so madly; you got real frightening and pushed Thousand Islands all over my face, you remember

that? Oh Arthur, I got so crazy I had an idea to get back on you; it was an idea; it was the next five years of my life spent on you; I spent a long time making people make me a millionaire on silence; silence; silence is golden Ha! And then I thought I'd come back here; I'm a café owner, Arthur; that is what I am; I can never ever ever be anything else. A business tycoon? You don't know I had heart attacks in my Cadillac on the way to work; pain and worry; no life for a café owner like me; fancy finding you here; my five years are now over; you see all I ever wanted was to give you hell on this earth.

I thought of the worst thing; the worst thing; to condemn you by conning you, poor, illiterate, noise-loving Arthur, and to make you the one in charge of a worldwide company producing silent records and silent speakers; that's what I've done and I hope your stomach burns with the fear of your life folding; I hope you lose every flea-bitten friend you ever had; I hope you can give Thelma a rupture; I hope you hate it, hate it, and feel every instant of your life as a cage with no dreams, because only then will you know what it is to live like I do, like I did when you came in, like I did for five years, like I did'

Tears rolling down his face Joe fell through the juke-box's electric yellow name-cards into where the black records turned. A voice in his heart stayed with him as he died, saying, 'Don't live your dream; never live your dream; oh Joe.'

Arthur was looking forward to being a record tycoon and having lots and lots of money. He walked past the corpse, took Joe's sealskin coat from its peg by the door, and tried it on for size.

Matthew Tree



Photo: James Bagshawe



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14th Tizard Lecture

The Chemistry of the Mind Professor Steven Rose

The Tizard Lecture this year was on a biochemical subject; the previous lecture on the structure of the nucleus had been highly complicated and mathematical, so this year presented a welcome change to non-mathematicians.

Dr. Rose aimed his talk at the non-scientists in the audience and no previous knowledge was necessary to understand him. This, perhaps, made the talk less valuable to biologists, though more interesting and enjoyable for the audience as a whole. The workings of the brain and how they can be altered are of universal interest because they concern everyone, whereas nuclear physics probably does not.

The least successful part of the talk was the introduction. Dr. Rose, frequently, could only describe the brain as a 'convoluted mass' and adopted a slightly journalistic approach. He stated that there are 10^{10} cells and 10^{16} functions in the brain, though this was not important to his subject. However, when he started to describe his experiments, the lecture was excellent. Without losing anyone in details, Dr. Rose made it very clear that he was involved in valuable research.

His experiments seemed logical and well worked out. Only the method of measuring a chick's response, by harnessing it to a trolley and measuring the distance it moved, seemed dubious. The description of these investigations illustrated perfectly how a scientist moves from one experiment to the next.

Dr. Rose also showed some interesting slides of the brain and diagrams of his experimental results. However it was apparent from some of his slides, showing his representation of the different levels of change in the brain, that they were designed for more advanced audiences. Thus it seems remarkable that Dr. Rose delivered his lecture in such simple terms. Perhaps the two most critical members of his audience were two chicks he had brought with him for a demonstration. All through the lecture they were barracking loudly while Dr. Rose described experiments in which fifty or more chicks were killed and tested. This may have been off putting for some, though it did set the research in perspective.

Overall, the lecture was a success. Though Dr. Rose did not provide us with as much new information as other speakers, he compensated by giving us a real view of biochemical research. Perhaps his fault was trying to relate his investigation to too wide a field. 'Imprinting' is a type of memory that can only occur during a short period after birth. However he did manage to describe his subject very lucidly to the layman.

Daniel St. Johnston

David Archer

David Archer died on February 5th in a remote area of Southern Argentina whilst climbing to look for botanical specimens to add to his collection. He had gained a place at Trinity Hall last autumn and was due to go up to Cambridge in October this year to read Natural Sciences. He had made a special study of the *Lathyrus* variety, or sweet pea, had an enormous collection of plants at his parents' home at Fordham in Cambridgeshire, and was already exhibiting plants at Royal Horticultural Society Exhibitions. He was elected a Committee member of the Sweet Pea Society in 1975. His scholarly and deeply committed approach were sure to have led to a distinguished career at Cambridge and afterwards. At school he made a tremendous contribution in Liddell's as a monitor and as magazine editor, and at Putney he was held in high esteem as a rowing coach. By Liddell's he will always be remembered for his reliable, mature, and intelligent approach to all that he encountered. Our loss, his parents' loss, the country's loss, is of a fine mind and a splendid character.

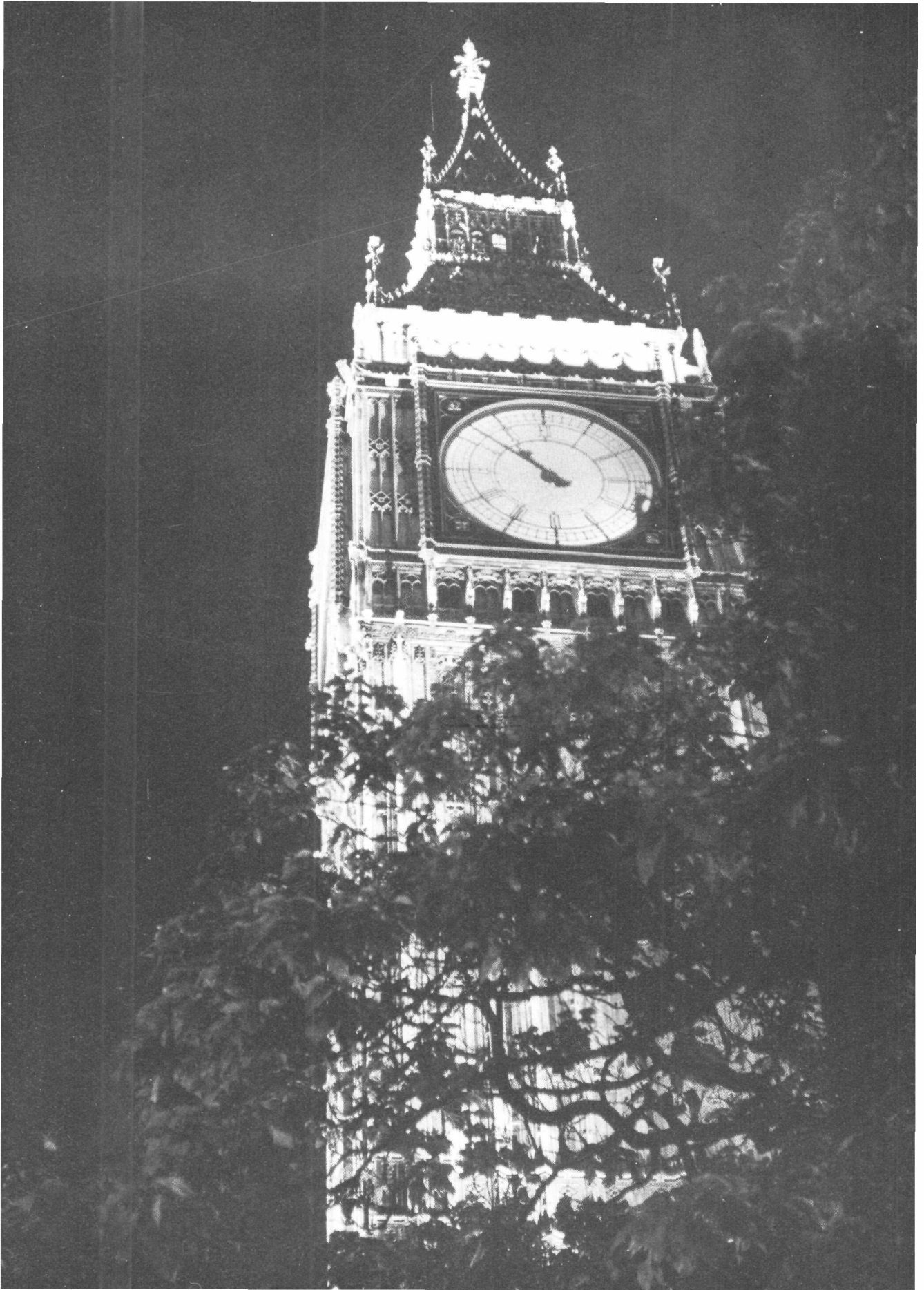
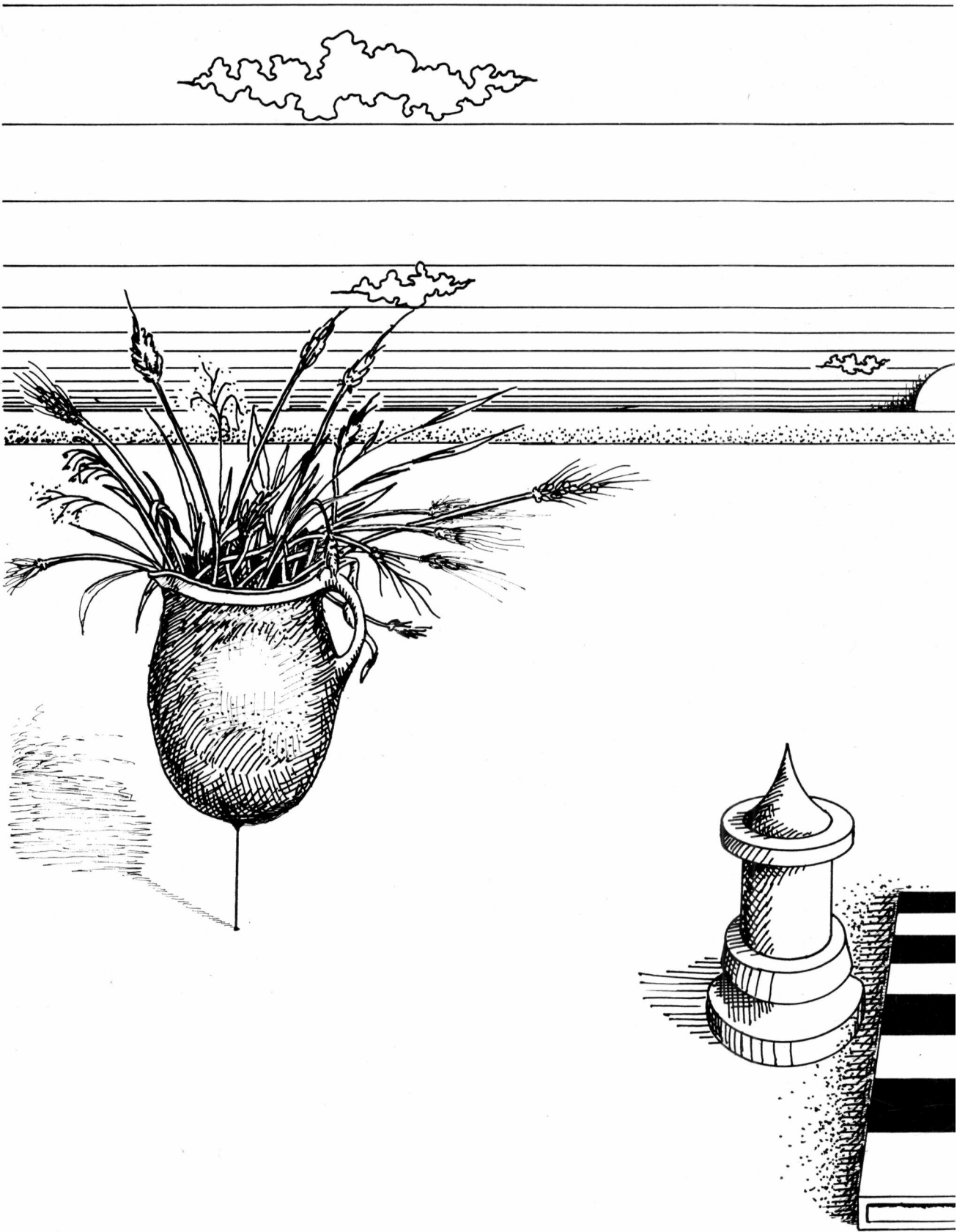
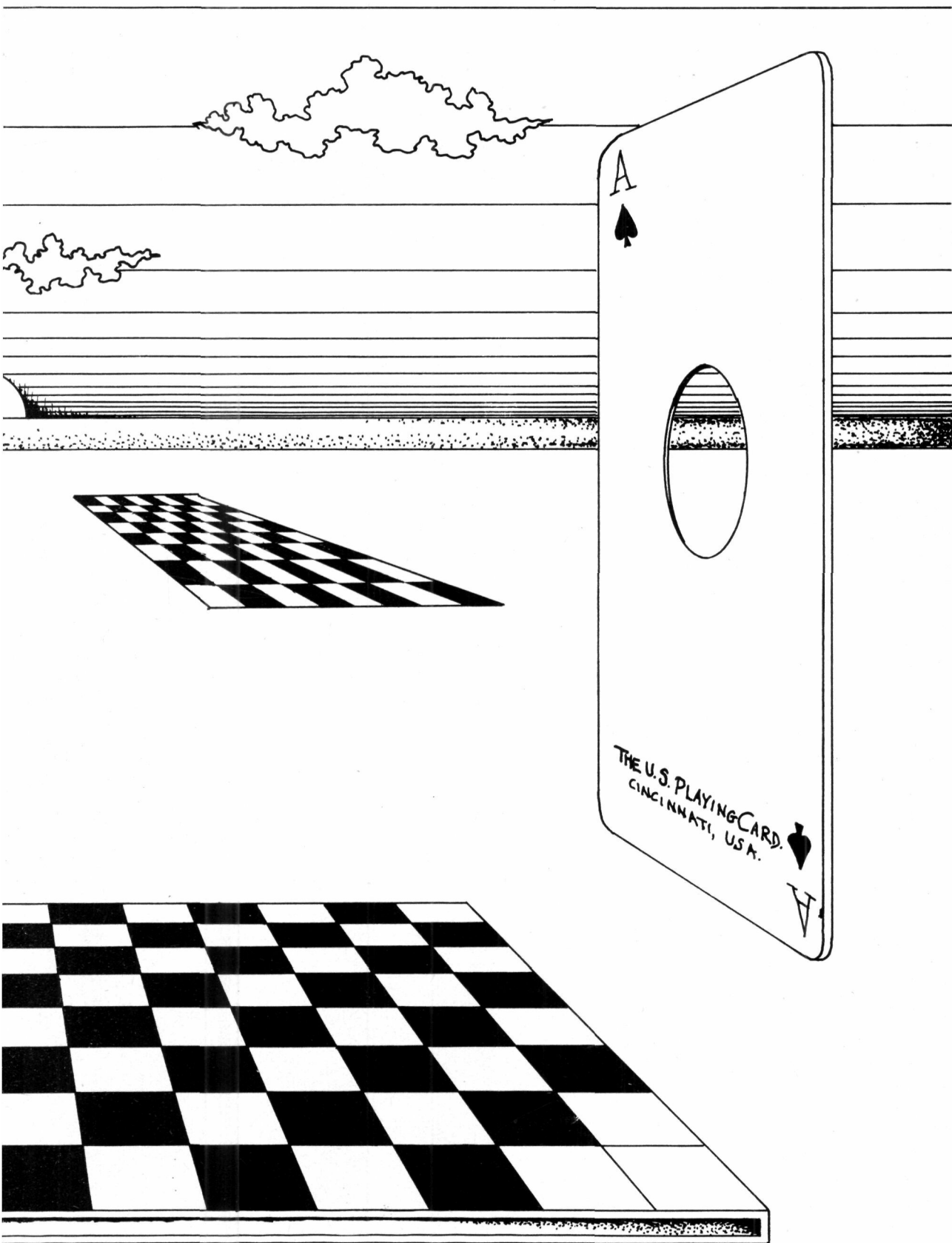


Photo: James Bagshawe





R.A. STUBBS '76



My Holidays

When we got to school, Miss said we'd gotta write a story about our holidays. I couldn't think of nuffin', so my brother said he'd do it for me, and here's what he wrote:

"Pedro et moi used to go to public école together dans sunny Windsor (étonné to hear that?) with un troisième bloke, Clive. Un jour Clive invited nous deux and our birds (Sophie and Julie) to go passer quelques jours with him en Bordeaux. The idea était that we would travel to France par hovercraft, puis take le train to Paris and then à Bordeaux.

So, one fine Samedi, we all got on board à Dover bound pour Calais. Pedro et moi soon located the duty-free magasin while the two girls faisaient les mals over the rail at the side (parler de pollution—it's no wonder that les conservationistes complain, what with all that dégoûillage floating about). Pas beaucoup else happened apart from one Frenchman who was mettant la botte in on another—the second one was asking le premier to help him to his pieds by donnant him les mains, by saying 'Tiens mes deux'.

Quand we reached Calais, nous avions an hour spare before the express went. Les fillettes left for la ville to faire some shopping. Pedro and I wanted a boisson so we headed pour the nearest bar. Un greasy mèteque garçon came up:

'Bonjour, gentlemen, que voulez-vous?' he said.

'Quel beer have you got?' j'ai demandé.

'Well, vous pouvez avoir either Trois Astres or Watneys'.

'We didn't come all the way across la bleeding Manche just to drink Watneys', I shouted back as he left.

Après plusieurs minor mishaps dans le train, nous avons recontré Clive in Bordeaux. Il y avait only a short drive to sa maison . . . but still long enough for les deux filles to give their local chats their premier experience of English cuisine, albeit regorgée. Pedro et I were sitting dans le middle and escaped the fate affreux—mon nouveau blue Marks and Sparks suit avait avoidé damage for le time being . . . later it too was ruined quand j'étais éclaboussé from head to pied with dégueulage after Cynthia avait eu a disagreement with a frog's leg.

Deux semaines later after lots of sunshine et encore plus de Enterovioform, it was all fini and we made our way lentement back to the coast. On the way Sophie a vomi dans une boîte . . . the silly grenouille owner made me fourchet- te out for a whole new turntable.

And the moral of this histoire is: if you're going to avoir mal du pays, then you ought to aller à Blackpool pour your vacance."

Jonathan Carson (aged 8½)



Photo: George Pateras

Drama

Prologue

On May 30th, 1975 an open E.C.A. meeting was held. The purpose of this meeting was to distribute money and dates for all the plays over the next year. £1000 was available for drama and £500 for music; and after the members of the Common Room had taken their share about £400 was left for producers who were members of the school. The result was eight performances in the Play Term, one every week starting in the 5th week; five plays in the Lent Term, almost as tightly packed in; and three plays in the Summer Term.

This overcrowding raises many problems for all sections of the school. I have been told that the stage technicians, who are expected to light every performance up School, are finding this excess oppressive. The actors, and there tends to be a nucleus of performers, are appearing again and again, which is hard both on the actors, and on the audiences, who keep seeing the same faces. Further one cannot go to every performance; hence advertising has a large part in the success of a play.

It used to be the case that there would be one major school production, one or two house plays, and perhaps one independent production in each term. Perhaps, if we reverted to this system we would have fewer under-rehearsed, hurried productions to sit through.

Opposite
Montage of The Ruling Class
by Josh Sparks

The Ruling Class

Liddell's House Play

Liddell's are to be congratulated on their House Play, which was performed during the Lent Term. They chose a difficult and sophisticated sick comedy by Peter Barnes, which could easily have failed. Instead it was most entertaining.

Justin Byam Shaw, as the mad 14th Earl of Gurney, gave an extremely polished performance, amusing and harrowing at the same time, and successfully held the whole play together. Thomas Porteous made just the right impression as the insensitively conventional Sir Charles, and Charlotte Miller did full justice to the part of Lady Claire. Charles Phelps-Penry's portrayal of the rather sinisterly foreign Dr. Herder was authentic, and Mark Gibbon was convincing as the young representative of the jeunesse dorée. Of the other parts, Alaric Beaumont, as Daniel Tucker, the wayward butler, deserves special praise for having extracted the utmost out of a small part, but there was no one who did not do his—or her—part to make the play a great success.

For this, great praise is due to the director, Jonathan Myerson, and to Matthew O'Shanohun, the Production Assistant. Philip White, as Stage Manager, achieved a setting which was sensible and pleasing to the eye.

There were no awkward pauses, no embarrassing prompts, no moments of uncertainty. The whole cast was involved in projecting this weird plot, which, in spite of its ingeniously conceived *mauvais goût*, did not leave behind a bad taste in the mouth or mind, chiefly because there was a warm sincerity in the production, which gave great pleasure and satisfaction.

Theo Zinn

A Resounding Tinkle

Wren's House Play

In the hands of the new wave Wren's intellectuals, N. F. Simpson's exhaustingly zany comedy was, for the most part, vastly enjoyable, but eminently there was no concatenation, and at times one felt that the explosiveness which the play merits was missing.

The production was enjoyable because it was generally well-handled, and there were some immensely entertaining performances: Martin Kelly's inconsolable desperation and Janine Ulfane's bouncy zest spring immediately to mind. But, when considering why there seemed to be this absence of linking together of events, one must remember that the play itself has so many stops and starts that not infrequently is one left puzzling over why exactly it is that the curtains have been drawn only to re-open on precisely the same setting and, what's more, for the play then to proceed in identical vein.

Steve Caplin's slightly jerky intensity and Scott Keyser's overdone author were, however entertaining in themselves, both unsatisfactory. The brute femininity of those rather less delicate members of our society, Boris Romanos and Danny Clague, proved quite charming, and the absurdly fatuous grin which the former sustained for the duration of his performance was truly hysterical. It was perhaps little touches like these which kept the production alive and which linked up the various happenings which occur during the play.

The critics' scene was executed with style and finesse: Chantal Mackenzie's Joan Bakewell-type Miss Salt, Matthew Smith's harmless academic, Garth Evans's standard and obvious theatre gay, Clare Conville's nicely tiresome intellectual, and Jeff Briginshaw's unbelievable incongruity did, in fact, all come together, and amount to something absolute, although individually there was nothing of particular note. Although school audiences are, and always will be, guilty of being more concerned with their friends or notable fiends on the stage than with the characters they are attempting to project, the critics scene was robbed ultimately of its professional execution by Jeff Briginshaw, who ironically was supposed to keep the proceedings in order. He seemed to scoop in the laughs even when spontaneously indulging himself in an impromptu fit of laughter, something not beyond the most dignified of us when we are taken by the occasion. While I, naturally, appreciate that the aforesaid Mr. Briginshaw may well be a most amusing character in real life, the mere action of erupting in near-hysterics is something we must not encourage if we are even to contemplate reversing the direction which the rapidly declining state of Westminster comedy is taking.

As it is, David Giles', Keith Weaver's and Clare Conville's joint production of *A Resounding Tinkle* was a cut above the standard Westminster attempt at Public School comedy. And we have to thank them for that much.

Barney Hoskyns

After Magritte

John Hyman sensibly realized the difficulty of staging Stoppard, the dilemma between verbal wizardry and characterization. It is difficult to establish the personality of a man whose opening speech is 'I never learnt semaphore for a sophomore, morse the pity'. In his direction John Hyman allowed the words to speak for themselves, even giving them additional power by making their originators oblivious of their own wit. He exploited the futility of the futility of suburban life and the disappointment of logical solutions to apparently meaningless surreal actions.

The actors postured splendidly, although they sometimes overbalanced into self-parody. Mark Farrant conveyed a Stan Laurel-ish stupidity, and seemed uneasy when dealing with deeper emotion, a suggestion of the small man's impotency in both senses. Patricia Whitty was clearly convinced that Thelma would be a match any day for Terry Wogan of *Come Dancing*; at the same

time she bent under the pathos of the mundane.

Carys Davies caricatured the old lady, but beautifully, and what else can you do with a tuba fetishist? David Garrett convinced me of his small time status among the rivals of Sherlock Holmes, but the Kojak-lollipop jokes were facetious and obvious. Oliver Foster managed the wall-eyed stare—dare I say typical of the modern police officer?—even if his Botticellian golden locks and complexion were a trifle incongruous.

The play's greatest triumph was its design: soapy orange and fluorescent green clashed on the walls, and the furniture was certainly the worst of G-plan. It is a pity that the director did not place the actors emphatically in their surroundings—they seemed inserted, not 'at home'—and that he felt the need to weaken the social conviction created by his set and actors, by staging two scenes artificially at the front of the stage. This was theatrical gimmickry, often used at Westminster, but it seemed especially incongruous in a play whose theme is the union of logic and naturalism.

After Magritte was, however, very competently presented at a pace that seldom flagged. It was pleasing to see the integration of actors with the direction, even if it was occasionally too heavy. Generally, John Hyman and his actors provided a cohesive and amusing half hour's entertainment.

Adam Boulton

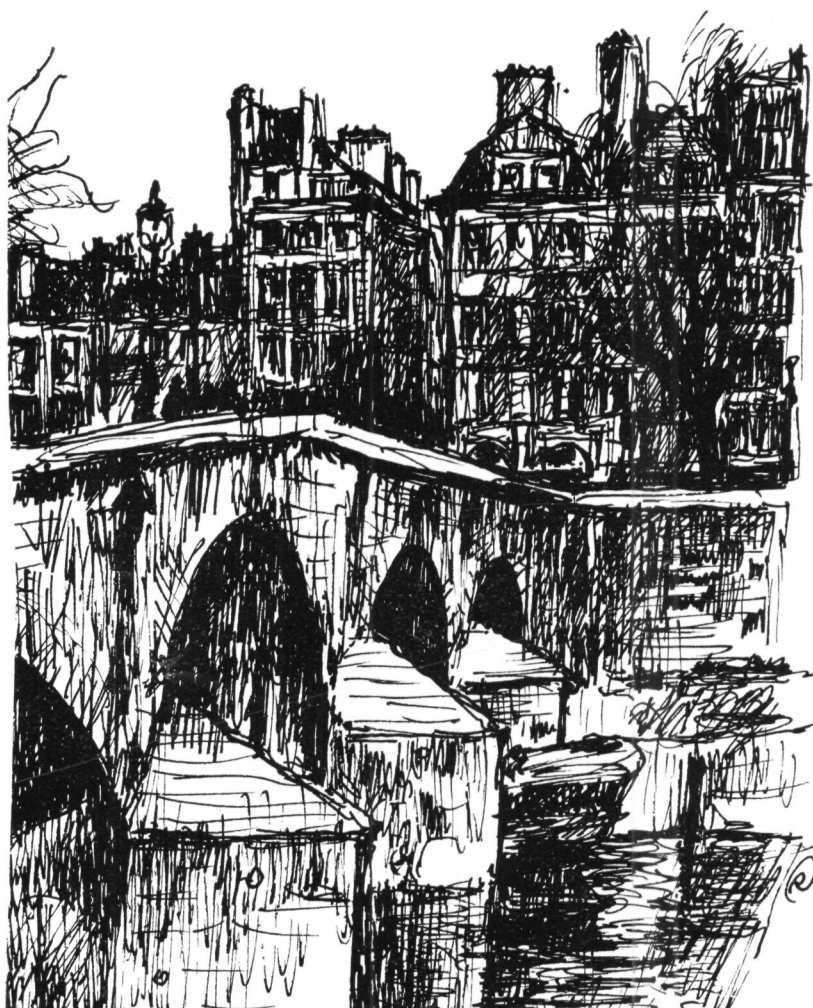




Photo: James Bagshawe

A More Pleasant Trial (without jury)

Those who have control of the Busby Play said: 'We will produce a play without a single laugh in it.' And they certainly tried; only a few titters at an unbespectacled, blond-haired, octogenarian Walter Plinge (come on Griffiths, your time's up) broke the stunned, or was it bored, silence.

Mark Griffiths and friend adapted the Kafka novel successfully for the stage, although the use of voice-over narration and disjointed changes of scene betrayed its prosaic origins. On to this Mark Griffiths imposed a Busbite (it was the Busby Play) cast and the full financial powers of Mark Bolton and the Busby Society. The players were all effective and mostly type-cast, although the joke of the pint-sized inquisitor (James Dow) should by now be played out. Martin Roxbee-Cox looked a splendidly bewildered Joseph K—on consideration perhaps he was—John Burns was very evangelical and menacing as befits a court chaplain, and Malcolm Allen-Brinkworth brought back memories of countless BBC arts serials as the appropriately named painter, Titorelli.

I do not know if black velvet does anything for you, but it certainly did for

the stage design—curtains sliding away to reveal a brutal flogging (Eric, are you there?) or blinding light politely aimed at the audience.

The Trial was a brave selection for the Westminster stage, where the captive audience would prefer a chimps tea-party or Rory Stuart production to any attempt at meaningful drama. However, Mark Griffiths created a sufficiently bleak atmosphere to prevent even those who did not understand from sniggering at the close, their traditional response; of course a lot of the credit goes to Kafka. Nevertheless it is sad to report that, although Busby's produced an admirably stark straight play, the straights did not like it. Some of us did.

Adam Boulton

The Zoo Story

Edward Albee, at the age of 30, wrote his first play, *The Zoo Story*, with no idea of the technique of theatre, of what was required of him, or even how drama is written. It was an experiment. It was also a masterpiece. Barney Hoskyns and Matthew Snow confirmed this.

* * * *

The set was a simple park scene (two benches, a couple of trees, and grass)

with a New York sky line behind; but on closer examination one could see that the vanishing point of the sky line and the angles at which the benches were placed led the eye to a point of focus on the central area of dramatic interest. In short, Barney and Matthew took a great deal of care but disguised this attention so as to present an effective but natural setting. They exploited the proximity of audience and actors, inevitable in the Lecture Room, without destroying the sense of isolation suggested by the title.

The acting in *Zoo Story* was as accomplished as I have seen at Westminster. The accents were consistent, the cues perfectly timed, and the tension between Jerry and Pete, both visually and in terms of their characters, fully understood and skilfully portrayed.

The production was partly a reaction against the self-inflating ostentatious productions of which we have seen rather too many recently. It cost between £8 and £9 to stage, and, although I appreciate the necessity for variety, I feel that a production like this is far more satisfying for both audience and actors. It was the most professional I have seen at Westminster and I hope that we shall see both members of the cast acting or directing again very soon.

John Hyman

Musicals

Eric or Little By Little

Eric: What does you father do?

Wildley: Shipping—Liverpool. And yours?

Eric: Killing—India.

Unlike many Westminster productions seen recently, Harry Chapman's *Eric* had to fulfil the anticipation of audiences stimulated by the excellence of the *Jazz Age* and saturation publicity, and it must be said that his success was only partial. Ironically the weakest point in the production had been the making of the *Jazz Age*. As often occurs in productions up School, the producer was faced with the problem of filling the over-recessed central stage and chose to overcome this by the use of a slide screen. Unfortunately because *Eric*'s setting was so clearly defined, the background seemed more often random than apt. Although the slides were extremely effective in about three of the scenes—namely the cricket match, the storm scene, and the Jabberwocky—generally speaking they distracted from the production.

Eric was the 'alternative' version of Dean Farrar's rank moral epic—with laudanum representing the perverted Victorian ethics. The decadence was successfully embodied in the use of post-romantic and neophile art, but the crude references to Westminster were fatuous and childish.

The acting was very proficient in all parts, keeping up a good pace, with the exception of the unconvincing heartiness of the ship scene; but particular mention must be made of Matthew Tree and Adam Birdsall, whose immaculate performances presented a fine contrast to the nice pair of Wilsons singing.

George Benjamin wrote an original and progressive score of tonal music, which was no doubt much appreciated by the musically knowledgeable, and it even came close to saving the last scene, which degenerated into a sub-Russellian shambles.

Mr. Chapman's next production will be *Keatsomania*.

John Hyman and Adam Boulton

Yesterday's Rainbow

I would like to be able to say that *Yesterday's Rainbow* marked a watershed in Westminster drama, but unfortunately, unlike *Yahweh*, it did not fulfil its promise. It was certainly the most ambitious home-grown production (an attempted synthesis of words and music into contemporary opera) presented recently and, I believe, one of the least successful. I do not wish to suggest that it was a total failure—only that it never came close to engaging the audience at a dramatic level. The idea was simple: a play set in the future, with nostalgia pills conveniently allowing the authors to roam in popular musical heritage. However, in a sparse plot vaguely speckled

with uninteresting human interest, even this seemed contrived; for *Yesterday's Rainbow* never achieved any continuity. This could well be because of the disjointed nature of the musical styles, but even they were supposed to fit into a general concept of nostalgia that was never sufficiently asserted to become significant.

The set was representative of the entire production—some brilliantly executed period billboards, mixed at random with less professional, less relevant designs. Apparently meant to communicate the disquieting removal from reality of the Pill King's synthetic decades, they often seemed only to demonstrate the over-subtlety of the production.

These then were the failings of the entertainment; on to the successes. The sighting and posturing of the actors was always apt and evocative, and at times, in the renderings of Mark Farrant, Carys Davies, and Toby Keynes, reached the thin divide between high pastiche and sincerity that totally engaged the audience—alas, too briefly. The other players all looked very suitable, a good many very elegant; one of the producer's greatest achievements was to select actors who by their mere aura expressed certain period characteristics.

The songs themselves were accomplished epitomes of various musical genres, with lyricist and composer working in total harmony. Certainly the styles were not original; but Ian Assersohn and Matthew Tree revealed a rare sensibility that kept them sufficiently far from copying to preserve the novelty



of their creations. I often wondered where Matthew Tree's imitative skill overlapped with his ability to manipulate verbal rhythm, the one a highly technical process, the other a matter of largely inherent taste, but both requiring an extremely delicate and sharply developed perception. There was a muttering about the music not having a sufficiently even tempo; but I was too engaged trying to grasp elusive styles to notice this technical problem.

The play would have been perfect as a disjointed review, but the producer decided to attempt to produce a united whole. This meant that he had to divert a large proportion of his ample resources in a vain quest for atmosphere, an unfortunate extravagance.

Adam Boulton

The Brooklyn Crucifixion

This show was a lone venture from the start; it received no assistance from any master to help the production. Robert Lund, the master-mind of the show, had never produced a play before, but he did have the best bunch of Sixth Form actors for the play. But by comparison the music was in a very polished state and the first song bridged the gap between darkness and the first scene. From then on with the exception of a few unintentionally funny lines (what is the difference between a nude and a naked woman?) the play relied heavily on the music to pick it up. This was played by a band of six, who performed tightly with well-rehearsed perfection and were backed up by a chorus of fifteen or so 'young ladies', who were surprisingly good, especially the soloists. But all credit must go to the composer. For it was undoubtedly the music which salvaged the performance; for, although the actors performed quite well on the whole, the play was beyond both actors and audience. Westminster may not be ready for a kosher play, but it is always ready for a rock musical. *The Brooklyn Crucifixion* was the first one written entirely by a pupil and it was more than welcome; it should also be noted that the music is soon to be recorded professionally. But, although the performance was not faultless, it was a universally pleasant experience.

Michael George

Epilogue

Those of us left in the upper school who remember *Harold* must all, I am sure, hold it in their highest esteem. In fact, because of its incredible impact, every other play producer is turning his thoughts to musicals—I hesitate to describe the results as 'rock' musicals, for, although it must have been what they had in mind, only one has yet succeeded.

But, just to keep their spirits up and to demonstrate once more how this result can be achieved, James Chatto wrote another extravaganza—*Orphea*. It was performed in Oxford during the third week of November and, although it is wrong to try and compare it with *Harold*, it was definitely as good, if not better. The music, written by Jo Kerr (O.W.) and Tom Robertson (O.W.), should put many professional composers to shame, and the band, almost totally O.W., played it to a fault, especially Tim Kerr, who has developed as a mean lead guitarist.

Of course it did not possess the atmosphere of *Harold*, but the actors performed with attack and polish. One thing they did demonstrate is how to use a microphone properly; indeed all the singers in the show could sing. I am aware of how difficult it is to find actors who can sing competently; nevertheless, bad singing, which we encounter all too often at Westminster, can utterly ruin a performance. The script of *Orphea* should also be commended, for this was a show conceived and written by the producer and it fulfilled all the essentials: a strong story line (even if it did fade towards the end) with hard, good characterization, which is, after all, what an amateur cast needs; the action leads up to the songs in as natural a way as possible; and, above all, a witty script with humour, germane to the issue, that reached all levels.

So beware, all would-be musical writers, and take your warning from two shows (those that had a type of 'drug' as a central theme) that have failed in this respect. Possibly the main fault has been the use of a miniature symphony orchestra when one needs a rock band to perform a rock musical. Please, let us have no more half-hearted failures that succeed only in devouring large chunks of the drama/music budget.

Music

Trial by Jury

My hopes for *Trial by Jury* were not high. It turned out however to be, with the exception of *Harold*, probably the musical event with the most universal appeal which has been put on at Westminster for quite a few years.

Rory Stuart's staging was very apt and suited the surroundings well without being over ambitious. A lot of the credit for the undoubted success of the production must go to David Byrt, who conducted the orchestra and choir. The former had been rehearsed to the point where they played far better than any other Westminster orchestra I have heard. This was probably partly due to the fact that this orchestra consisted to a significant extent of music teachers. Still, all credit must go to them.

The Choir too sounded like a choir and not the usual weak chorus of amateurs we have had in the recent past. The jurymen were over-played with breathtaking dexterity by various members of the Common Room, including Michael Smee, whose return to Australia is a great blow to the Choral Society, and Alan Livingstone-Smith, whose monstrous over-acting fitted the occasion brilliantly and boosted the production to great heights. Edward Smith, Tim Francis, and others, all entered into the spirit of the show and managed to win the affection of the audience, who were just waiting for an excuse to jeer them off stage.

Of the soloists, Marcus Alexander was well cast as the Judge and turned in a good performance. Neil Monro Davies was suitably effeminate as the Defendant and Derek Walker suitably grave as the Usher. Liz Wilson, the darling of the crowd, sang her heart out and left not a dry eye in the house.

All in all it was a production which stood out musically rather than histrionically, and, in all fairness, more credit must go to David Byrt than Rory Stuart. The audiences enjoyed it tremendously.

Robert Pickering

Play Term Concert

The Play Term concert was certainly an unusual event. It employed a degree of audience participation, to my knowledge, unparalleled at Westminster musical gatherings. The evening started with two orchestral pieces composed by Westminsterers, Jonathan Wright (Q.S.) and Steven Edis (Q.S.), both of which were based on the Coventry Carol. Unfortunately the orchestra did little justice to the not inconsiderable skills of these two composers, and the result was an extremely feeble opening to the concert.



The next piece however, Schumann's *Symphony No. 3 in E Flat*, had clearly been more fully rehearsed, and its performance was more than competent and extremely stirring. It was very pleasant to see such a high proportion of 'real' Westminsterers (that is to say not teachers or external assistants) playing in so respectable an orchestra; it must surely be the case that with such a store of good musicians in the school an even higher standard might be achieved if the demands of other activities did not impinge so consistently upon musical rehearsals. Time-sharing always seems to be a difficult problem at Westminster, but it is no doubt a very healthy one. The second part of the concert was an 'instant' (or nearly so!) performance of Part One of Handel's *Messiah*. And, indeed, Mr. Byrt's hopes for this 'family *Messiah*' were handsomely realized due to the enthusiasm of boys, girls, parents, brothers, sisters, and all the countless other participants of less easily established connection!

Only now, after the interval, did the few non-participating members of the audience fully realize why the seating arrangement was so unusual, with a few rows of chairs at either end of School facing each other, and the bulk of space filled by rows of immense length at right angles to these, thus enclosing the orchestra in a small rectangle. For, at a signal from the maestro, three quarters of the audience rose to its feet, leaving the rest of us physically as well as symbolically in an inferior and rather shaming state. But, after our initial embarrassment, we were to witness a most pleasing, and extraordinary, event. For intensive rehearsal over the previous week-end had refreshed the memories of those zealous Handelians, some 250 strong, and they provided a performance which, despite numbers, was not at all ragged, though extremely loud!

All the soloists seemed well up to their tasks; some had been locally recruited (such as Toby Keynes, bass, Jonathan Katz, playing the harpsichord continuo, and four trebles from the Under School); others came from further afield; Timothy Penrose, alto, was particularly worthy of mention.

Having enjoyed the unusual privilege of being considerably outnumbered by performers, the 'passive' audience was not now to escape vocal involvement; we were given a course of 'basic instruction', similar to a desperate war-time measure, and let loose on the once-familiar song, *On the first day of Christmas*, with devastating effect.

Marcus Alexander

The Soldier's Tale

Repetitive I know, but one is bound to admit, another 'Field' success. *The Soldier's Tale*, a work by Igor Stravinsky, is largely narrated and mimed with an orchestral accompaniment. I think it was a good choice of play as it enabled the characters to bring out more by miming. This facet of acting has been rather neglected recently at Westminster because of the emphasis on words. The story itself is very simple. The clash of good and evil. The simple honest soldier waylaid by the devil. David Giles as the soldier was convincing and Tad Ross as the devil was both amusing and menacing. The inevitable princess, Janine Ulfane, danced well and her facial expressions were especially good. The narrator, Billy Maslen, had the hard task of fitting the natural stress and rhythm of his commentary in with the music. He did this with style and character, although it was hard to hear him at times. The music was excellent, and the credit for this must go largely to John Baird. It is very hard and was well played. Giles Taylor, trumpet, and Charles Peebles, the disembodied violin, are to be specially commended. Duncan Matthews made a competent debut in charge of lighting. Perhaps I might say as a minor criticism that the actors tended to stop acting a few yards before they went off. But all in all it was a well-balanced enjoyable evening.

Mark Gibbon

And now we proudly present an exclusive translation of his latest Poem:

Autumn

New-found images of sleep relate
To cold nagging drizzle hanging in the
air,
And the last leaf to fall carries with it
all hope
Of sunshine and laughter and
soap-bubble faces.

Meandering hair finds a way to grow old,
Like a moonlight running out of bleach,
Like a silver blade turning to rust,
A last plea on my pillow, then it falls to
the ground.

And London sighs and heaves with the
load
Of murky streets and empty skies,
Of moaning winds and naked trees, too
old to die,
And the rare suns are moist like the
leaves on the ground.

John Cinnamon

Lent Term Concert

This concert, held in the last week of the term, was performed in the Abbey. Although it is not unusual to perform a choral work there, it was enjoyable also to be able to listen to an orchestral work in that setting.

The first half of the concert consisted of Bach's Violin Concerto in E Major, with Charles Peebles as the soloist, accompanied by the orchestra under the direction of John Baird. It was of the impeccably high standard that we have come to expect of this violinist; indeed perhaps at times he commanded the orchestra more than the conductor did. In any case it was a very spirited performance; passages, both fast and slow, were handled with total understanding and technical ability. Possibly it was one of the best performed concertos we are likely to hear at this school for a long time.

The second half was a performance of Handel's *Messiah*, Parts II and III. After the unprecedented success of Part I in the previous Play Term, in which parents and relatives of members of the school had been invited to sing, it was decided to repeat this opportunity, this time in the Abbey, with the second two parts of the same work. I'm sure this sort of occasion is designed to be more enjoyable for the performers than the audience, but this particular account was by no means unenjoyable for those who were not singing. David Byrt conducted with his usual expertise in such works, and Toby Keynes, the only soloist who was a member of the school, gave a surprisingly steady performance as the bass. The overall effect of a large choir, in such ominous surroundings, singing such an overawing piece was quite splendid, and we shall miss David Byrt, who makes such occasions both possible and worthwhile.

Rupert Birch

A Sonnet

As dawn's dewy beams dapple red the
sky,
Forging golden day, melting down spent
night,
I wake and dream of you yet more. I lie
Tormented as you flit through my soul,
light
In a world dark with hidden thoughts.
Your hair
Cut short, but rippling in a mental wind,
Frames your soft features, chiselled out
with care
From rosy flesh. Your voice fills up my
mind
With half-endearments, things you never
said;
Your eyes, in glassy prisons rest on mine.
Your perfect eyes on mine, bloodshot
and red,
Soothing my fest'ring heart, an anodyne.
I wonder if you'll love me, given time,
O sweetest lady, kindred spirit mine.

Howard Gooding

MUSIC

Missing Orchestral Parts

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony

Sports Reports

Football

P 24 W 7 L 11 D 6 F 34 A 45

The twenty-four matches shown in the statistics above were played over a period of two terms. The 1st XI that played before Christmas was an experienced side that achieved above-average results. After Christmas only a handful of the previous team remained. The gaps which were left were most apparent in the defence, where two new backs and a goalkeeper had to be found.

Few goals were scored in the first term, but even fewer were conceded, due mainly to the goalkeeping expertise of Tim Richards and the solid defensive work of John Fenton and Byron Thorne. The midfield was less experienced, but Chris Tiratsoo in the centre always read the game well. The goals were shared fairly evenly amongst the forwards, although Adam Cameron scored a hat-trick against the Lycée Français.

The highlight of the first term for me was a 3-1 victory against Lancing at Vincent Square; John Turner scored twice. It was a game where effort was rewarded and goals scored at crucial times.

Although the results of the second term were not as good as those of the preceding one, the effort from the players was probably more praiseworthy. It is always easier to try hard when you are successful than when you are not. Injuries and 'flu caused many upheavals in the team, but surprisingly the rhythm was not altered substantially. Indecision at the back and inaccuracy up front cost us many goals. Michael Richards, who began the season as an inexperienced 2nd XI goalie, found himself playing for the first team after only two matches; he retained this position for the remainder of the season. In the middle of the field Nick Martin showed himself to be a much improved player, Alex Peattie showed great commitment, and John Barkhan opened the game up well with long, accurate passes. Our goal tally for the season was almost doubled in the last game. On this occasion we scored five goals, including two fine headed goals by Malcolm Allen-Brinkworth.

The Colts side, not being affected by Oxbridge, remained almost unchanged throughout the whole season, and showed themselves to be formidable opponents. The dominance at the back was always apparent, and there were plenty of skills in midfield and on the flanks. C. Cranleigh-Swash was outstanding on the wing; he also played a few matches for the 1st XI.

The Junior Colts started the season badly and never really got to grips with themselves until late on in the second term. Their prospects should be good, since they have some fine individual players, so long as they start well next season.

Undoubtedly the most exciting team to watch in 1975-76 was the Under-14 team.

A score of 10-5 is not thought excessive, and strikers have been known to grumble when they only score 5 goals a match. Tim Walker, the captain, scored some superb goals for this team and for his house team.

Rigaud's grip on the House Football competitions was only slightly weakened by Liddell's, who won the House Juniors, but the relentless Rigaud's footballing machine took both House Seniors and Six-a-Side cups in grand style.

The following represented the 1st XI

during 1975-76: J. Fenton* (Capt. '75), P. Wilson (Capt. '76), B. Thorne*, A. Cameron*, J. Turner*, T. Richards*, P. Mizen*, N. Martin*, N. de Peyer, A. Peattie*, P. Rees*, C. Tiratsoo*, M. Richards*, C. Dean, D. Higgs, B. Grant, J. Barkhan*, T. Brow, I. Manyonda, M. Allen-Brinkworth*, C. Cranleigh-Swash, A. Bates, S. Keyser.

*Full pink colours

Peter Wilson



Photo: James Bagshawe

Judo

This has been another very successful year for the Judo Club, mainly due to the unceasing efforts of Mark Griffiths and our two coaches, George Chew (5th Dan) and Barry Griffin (1st Dan). In the past year we have fought twelve matches and won them all.

At the beginning of the year we were captained by Andrew Berkinshaw-Smith, but unfortunately for us he has left, along with many other great judoka, Wilkie Hashimi, 'Butch' Lander, 'Huge' Corbett and Ian Michael, to name but a few. We are now captained by Carlo Rossini.

We also lost the founder of the Club, Christopher Wightwick (1st Dan), who left the school to take up the post of Headmaster of K.C.S. Wimbledon. He had a truly individual style of fighting; his enthusiasm and sound teaching will be sadly missed. However, we shall be welcoming him back shortly, though this time as an opponent; for the first serious job he did at Wimbledon was to form a Judo Club!

Our team at present consists of 2 brown belts, 1 blue, 4 green, and 3 orange (even Mark Griffiths has a green belt!) supported by many keen youngsters, and, in the spirit of Westminster, two lady judokas, Patricia Whitty and Julie Tyson, who I am sure will become very strong fighters.

George Pateras

Shooting

1975 saw several sad, if inevitable, changes in the Club. Nigel Purchon, the Master in Charge of Shooting, left at the end of the Election term, as did John Lander, who contributed greatly to the Club's success. John Ingram, Saxon Ridley, and Russell Binns left at Christmas.

David Edwards has become the new Master in Charge, Simon Trevor-Roberts the Captain, and Simon Peck the Secretary. The new team includes Mark Russell, James Wilson, Rupert Stubbs, Guy Rackham, Robin Platt and Charles Wigoder; and there are many promising young shots waiting in the wings.

1975 was also, perhaps, the most successful year in the Club's history. The 1st VIII never lost a shoulder to shoulder match with another school, and Simon Trevor-Roberts with John Ingram finished 2nd in the British Schools shoot. Later in the year Simon Trevor-Roberts went on to become Britain's new under-18 champion—the second time in 3 years that a Westminster has taken the title.

All of these successes were made possible only by the expert guidance of the team's coach, Mr. A. C. Lamb (London Secretary), and the team would like to thank him for all the time and help that he has given.

Simon Peck

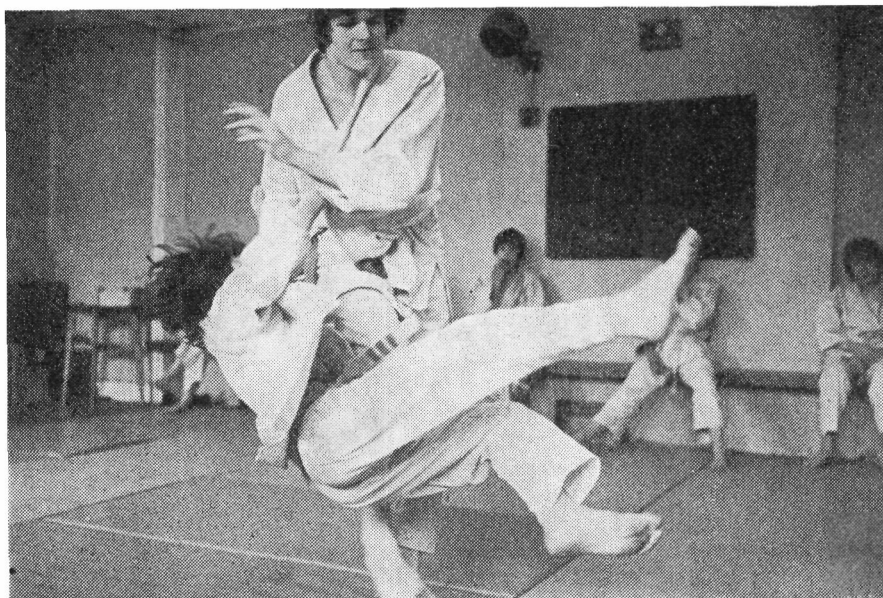


Photo: George Pateras

Fives

Fives at Westminster has flourished this year. We started off the season with a very experienced first two pairs who were to provide the backbone of the team. After a shaky start, we settled down to win seven matches in a row, before breaking the sequence with a heavy defeat by the Old Olavians. During the whole of the term we were only beaten twice by other schools, Eton and Wolverhampton Grammar School, each time rather badly; and against clubs we managed to win as many as we lost. The first pair, the Captain, Crispin Simon, and Chris Shaw, won six of their matches, but were occasionally outplayed by more experienced players. The second pair, Nick Hamblen and Jonathan Bristow, was very consistent in one particular feature—their matches were almost invariably the longest of the lot, going to five games on four occasions. The most successful pair in the team were the third pair, more often than not Jonathan Sparks and Rupert Birch, who lost only two matches all season; various other players also took their turn in playing for the first six and in the colts' two matches.

After Oxbridge, however, we lost five of our first six players, the first two pairs all leaving and Sparks deciding that swimming was his true love after all. We therefore had to build a completely new team out of players who between them had played in barely ten matches. The great depth of Westminster fives was revealed when, after losing to the Old Westminsters, we came back to beat Marlborough in great style. For the rest of the Lent term our results were chequered; we usually beat the schools, but found that the clubs had much greater experience than ourselves. Nevertheless, the team, consisting of myself, Paul Howe-Browne, the Secretary, Justin Byam Shaw, Robert Lund, Richard Ray, and Charles Mason, showed great courage in the face of overwhelming odds, and gained much valuable experi-

ence, to be of great use next season.

In the fives competition, held during the Lent term, Liddell's again proved their superiority by providing all the semi-finalists in the junior competition and three out of four in the senior, and getting a new record number of points.

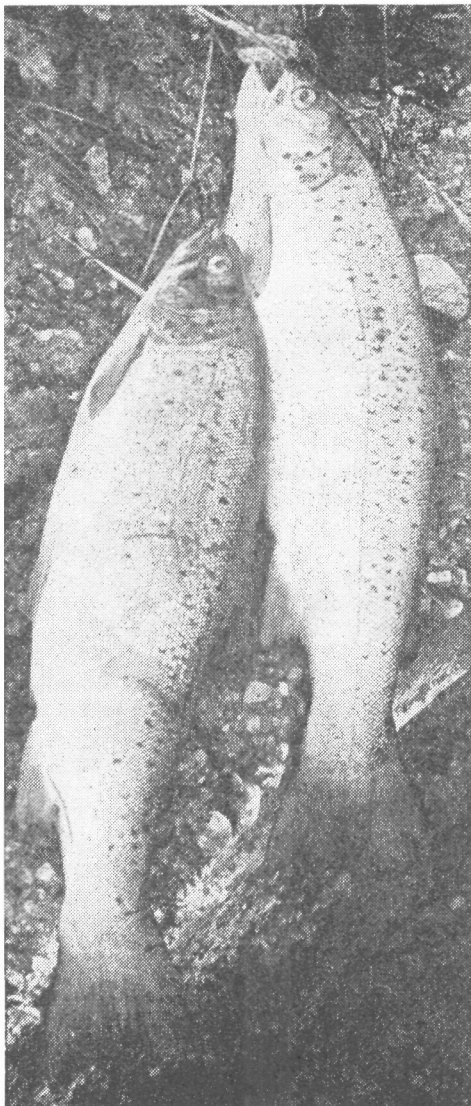
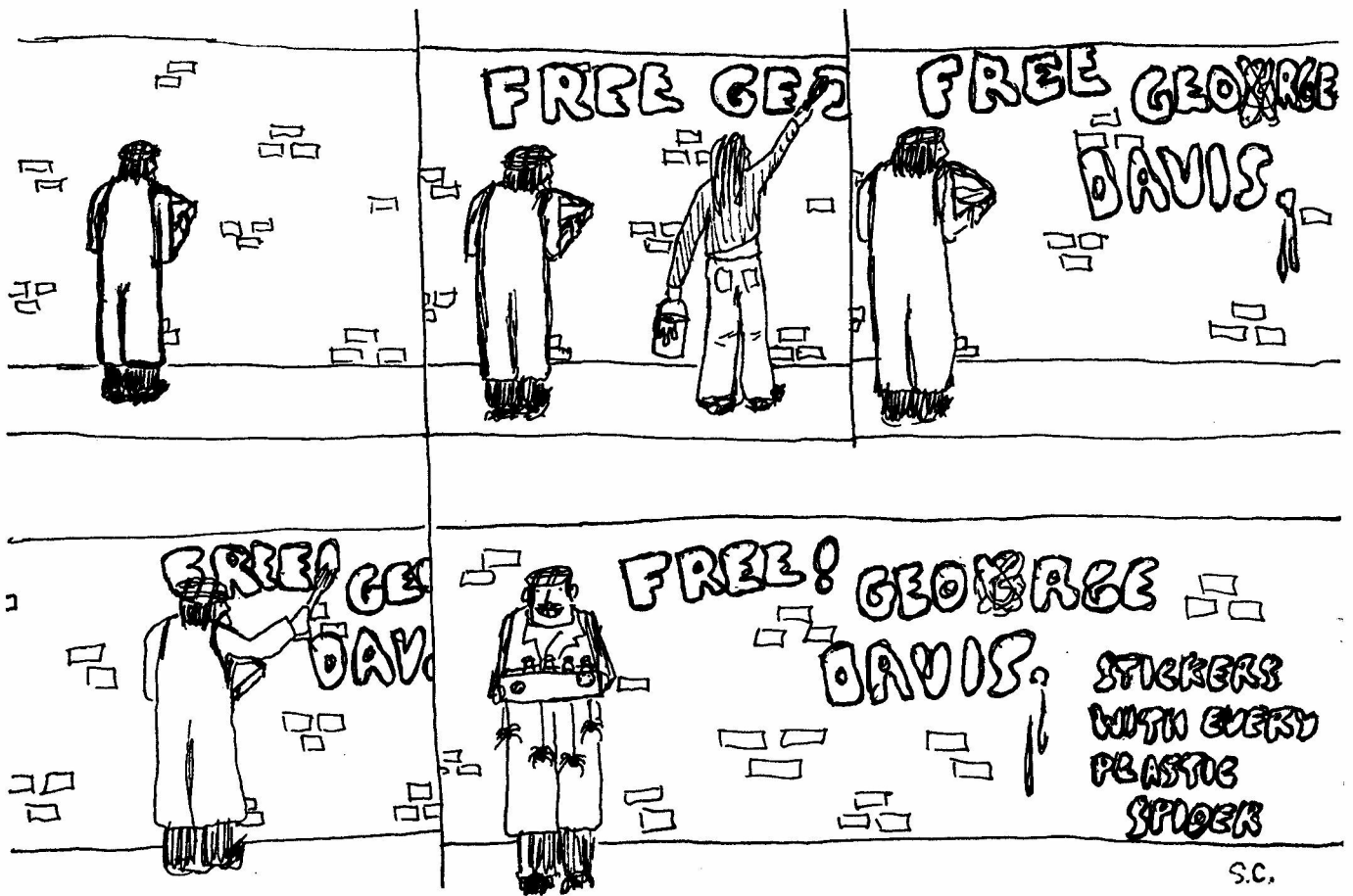
Rupert Birch

Cross-Country

The senior long distance race was won this year by Ian Reid (who was Grant's only entrant) with Piers Vigne second and myself third. The junior event was won by Gareth Mostyn, who was closely followed by Daniel St. Johnston and Justin Summers. The team results this year were conclusively in College's favour (which is very surprising considering the size of the house). They came first in the senior long distance race, first equal with Grant's in the junior long distance race, and first in the Bringsty, but were narrowly beaten by Wren's in the Under 14 race.

Unfortunately the school results have not been so good this year, mainly due to the decline in numbers, which cut the station down to 11 in the Lent Term. This meant that we had great difficulty in filling team places. However, the Open team won its matches against Alleyns and Winchester in the Play Term and also obtained a very reasonable position in the Oxford Tortoises Relay. The Under 16 record was better and they won several matches, notably against City of London on the towpath, in which Gareth Mostyn broke the school record, achieving an amazing 16 minutes 48 seconds. Gareth also ran brilliantly in a match against U.C.S. and Harrow which he won, not only beating his fellow junior runners but all the seniors as well! I would like to thank Daniel St. Johnston and Justin Summers (two 'imports' from Football) for supporting the regular Under 16 team. I feel that if we can increase our numbers next season, our results will improve.

Peter Smith



Downtown Saturday Night

Cowboy angels whisper sweet surmise,
 While the two-bit punks huddle round
 the juke-box,
 Neon rules the sky;
 The all-night amusement park is open
 And chevies screech to smouching
 couples,
 While bikes roar, taking pleasure at their
 own threat;
 Marlon and James are back in town.
 Glistening lipstick beckons,
 And lovers thrill to the feel
 Of tight, night-fitting jeans.
 Strange sounding noises hustle in back
 alleys,
 And half-crazy grins slink along the
 sidewalks,
 Leather-clad silhouettes are all the craze.
 Coffee-houses swaying to steel-string
 blues,
 Bright shiny bars serving cool frothy
 milk-shakes,
 And a débutante pleading to her mirror
 while melting the bar-stool,
 And the Beau of the ball busy covering
 his bristles with make-up,
 While a blackbird is singing from some
 high-up lonely window,
 And the whole town is rocking with her
 hands on her hips,
 And the night air is thick with new-found
 delights.

John Cinnamon



Photo: James Bagshawe

The Elizabethan Club

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

O.W. Notes and News

In the 1976 New Year's Honours List E. H. V. McDougall (1924-29, A) and E. C. Baughan (1926-31, H) were awarded the C.B.E. and N. W. McCaw (1925-30, A) the O.B.E.

The following O.W.W. are members of the General Synod of the Church of England: The Bishop of London (The Rt. Rev. G. R. Ellison), Rev. M. E. Adie, Canon W. R. F. Browning, D. M. M. Carey, Rev. the Hon. H. G. Dickinson, M. Kinchin Smith, Rev. E. de T. W. Longford, W. R. van Straubenzee.

W. R. van Straubenzee (1937-42, G) and the Head Master were the two principal speakers at the Cambridge Union debate in December 1975 against the motion that 'Private Education is Anachronistic and Socially Divisive'. The motion was defeated.

G. T. Willoughby-Cashell, F.R.C.S. (1919-24, A) had the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science conferred upon him at a Special Congregation of the University of Reading held on March 17th, 1976, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the granting of the University's Charter.

F. B. Hooper (1926-31, H) is Master of the Tobacco Pipe Makers and Tobacco Blenders Company for 1975-76.

T. C. N. Gibbens (1927-31, R), Professor of Forensic Psychiatry at the Institute of Psychiatry, has been elected to the Chair.

Jack Simmons (1928-33, G/K.S.) retired from the Chair of History at the University of Leicester at the end of 1975. He was the first Professor of History and was appointed in 1947.

R. D. Barlas (1929-34, K.S.) has been appointed Clerk of the House of Commons.

L. R. Carr (1930-35, G) has been granted a life peerage as Baron Carr of Hadley.

C. M. O'Brien (1931-37, K.S.) has been elected President of the Institute of Actuaries for 1976-77.

R. W. Young (1937-42, K.S.) Headmaster of George Watson's College, Edinburgh, is Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference for 1976.

P. L. M. Sherwood (1954-59, K.S.) has been co-opted to the Governing Body of the School.

R. L. D. Rees (1959-64, W) has been appointed a Governor of Bedord College, London.

Stephen Poliakoff's (1966-69, W) play *City Sugar* opened at the Comedy Theatre on March 4th with Adam Faith playing the leading part.

R. T. Friedlander (1966-71, B) has won the Stanley Robinson prize at Christ Church.

P. A. Wintour (1968-72, B) has been elected to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

J. P. Manser (1968-73, R) coxed the Cambridge boat in the Boat Race.

R. G. Griffith-Jones (1970-73, A/G) and G. J. D. Lemos (1968-73, Q.S.) were placed in the First Class in Honour Moderations in classics.

W. M. R. Dawkins (1970-75, B) rowed in the Goldie boat, and D. J. Newman (1968-73, R) in the Isis boat for the second time.

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for O.W. lawyers was held on March 2nd at the Athenaeum Club. Sir Reginald Sharpe, Q.C., was in the Chair and thirty-nine O.W.W. were present. The guests were Mr. Justice Pain, O.W. and the Head Master.

The production of *A Soldier's Tale* reviewed on page 122 is being given in Chichester Cathedral at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday July 16th as part of the Chichester Festival.

The Coin Collection

The School's coin collection was sold at Sotheby's on May 26th and 27th and made £156,410. The following preface to the catalogue was written by John Porteous (1947-52, K.S.).

The Westminster School collection of coins is known in the numismatic world above all for its incomparable group of rare Anglo-Saxon pence from the Delgany and Killyon hoards. Numerically however these are not a very large part of it.

The collection's origins lie in an extensive teaching group of classical coins, above all Greek coins from the city states of the fifth century B.C. and Roman coins of the republic and the early principate; just such coins in fact as would have been of most value in instructing an upper school nine-tenths of whose syllabus then consisted of

Greek and Latin literature and ancient history.

The nucleus of this classical collection was formed of Roman coins, bought in a private sale of British Museum duplicates in 1873, and Greek coins presented in the same year by Sir David Dundas, an Old Westminster and former Judge Advocate General.

It was Dr. Charles Brodrick Scott, the Head Master, who decided to accept the British Museum offer and to begin the formation of a school collection. A generous man himself, he had the talent, always useful in the heads of educational establishments, of inspiring generosity in others. Within a few years he had received not only the Dundas gift but also other valuable contributions of classical coins, among which not the least intriguing was a group of nine Greek coins bought from peasants by a Master of Trinity, the Rev. W. H. Thompson, during a tour of Greece in 1873. Dr. Scott's own gifts were substantial. He added Roman coins, which he bought from Sambon of Naples. Above all, he acquired through his family connections in Ireland and then presented to the School the Anglo-Saxon coins from Delgany and Killyon which are now the collection's principal ornament and distinction.

Apart from these pieces the English coinage was poorly represented at Westminster until 1954. In that year the school received its last important numismatic legacy (for it is unlikely that they will now receive another) by the will of P. G. Waterfield, one of a family with a long and distinguished Westminster connection. Mr. Waterfield left the school his extensive collection of late English coins, particularly rich in coins of the Civil War. He intended this to complement the classical pieces as a teaching collection for the modern history side.

It was actually little used as such. A teaching collection, while interesting in theory, is not easy to handle in practice, and has not been made any easier by the startling increases in the commercial value of this material in recent years.

The story of the Westminster collection has in fact been one of long periods of neglect and dust-gathering, punctuated

by brief but fruitful periods of intense numismatic study on the part of a few boys at the school. And it must be recorded that when the collection has surfaced again after these periods of oblivion some of the coins have been found to be missing.

The first of these periods of neglect ran from the retirement of Dr. Scott in 1883 until the late 1920s when Richard S. Chalk compiled a catalogue. He records 'How much I have owed, especially in the Seventh Form, to my knowledge of Greek and Roman coins. These coins made the classics live for me in a way nothing else could have done'. So perhaps they did for the author of *Coinage in Roman Imperial Policy and Art in Coinage*, since C. H. V. Sutherland was slightly Chalk's junior in College at that time.

In the 1930s the collection was again neglected. During the war it disappeared entirely from view and very nearly slipped out of the school's folk memory altogether. It was then that the coins formerly displayed in the Library, including a penny of Offa from the Delgany hoard, were stolen.

In 1950, when the writer of this note was a boy at the school, a small and broken down cabinet of rather poor Roman coins, was discovered. This was actually G. Murray Hill's gift, dating from the late 1920s. The discovery aroused some interest, and in due course R. S. Chalk's catalogue was unearthed in the Library. This of course pointed to the existence of a really important collection, but no one knew where it was. The folk memory was jogged. One man did remember, Mr. Frank Wilby, then the foreman of the school maintenance staff. He led two boys and their housemaster to a storeroom, where under piles of furniture and old O.T.C. equipment he pointed out the Dundas cabinet. There was so much junk on it that it could not be moved for some weeks and the first check was completed on the storeroom floor.

I had the privilege of living with the Westminster collection in my study at school for the best part of a year. It was then that Anglo-Saxon numismatists first became acquainted with the collection, and the publicity given to the rediscovery led directly to the Waterfield legacy in 1954. By then, one school generation later, two excellent numismatists, N. G. Rhodes, now treasurer of the Royal Numismatic Society, and Hugh Pagan, now editor of the *British Numismatic Journal*, were boys in College together. They compiled the last and definitive catalogue of the collection, and published a full account of the Anglo-Saxon coins in BNJ XXXI (1962).

That however was the climax of the numismatic work at the school. P. G. Waterfield's legacy seems almost to have been a *damnosa hereditas*. With the enhancement of the value of the collection came an increase in the security problem. Locked up again the coins once more gathered dust; except the Anglo-Saxon

coins which were sent to the Ashmolean on loan.

Charles Brodrick Scott is accounted one of the benefactors of the school for his foundation of this collection. The sale of these coins by order of the Governors of the school will show him to have been a benefactor on a far richer financial scale than he can ever have imagined.

The decision to sell accords with the spirit of a time in which a Minister of Education has recommended the universities to sell their art treasures. Yet, even if Westminster has made only fitful use of this collection since 1873, the school can still claim to have had during this century a stronger and more fruitful numismatic tradition than any in England. Some would say that that, rather than the proceeds of this sale, is what Dr. Scott would have seen as the true measure of his gift to Westminster.

Election of Members

At the meeting of the General Committee held on February 25th, 1976, the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B):

College

Jonathan Richard **Bristow**, 99 West Heath Road, London, N.W.3.
Christopher John Hesketh **Duggan**, 14 Beaumont Road, Petts Wood, Kent.
Colin Gordon **McKenzie**, 9 Brockenhurst Close, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.
Edmund Richard Neville **Rolfe**, Ark Farm, Tisbury, Wilts.
Oliver Thomas **Tickell**, 15 Abercorn Place, London, N.W.8.
Oliver Anthony **Wareham**, c/o R. J. Wareham, Esq., B-1810 Wommel, Brussels, Belgium.

Grant's

Richard James Stewart **Carr**, Treetops, St. Catherine's, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey.
Peter Devas **Everington**, South Gable, Granville Road, Limpsfield, Oxted, Surrey.
Robin Julian **Fergusson**, 10 The Holdings, Hatfield, Herts.
Jonathan Frederic Rest **Flint**, 31 Alleyn Park, London, S.E.21.
Christopher John William **Hunt**, 21 Ernl Road, London, S.W.20.
Adrian **Le Harivel**, 21 Priory Crescent, Beulah Hill, London, S.E.19.
Robert Hugh **Lupton**, 26 Connaught Avenue, Loughton, Essex.
Alexander Charles **Munro-Faure**, Moorings, Butlers Dene Road, Woldingham, Surrey.
Christopher Richard John **Philcox**,

Stoneywood Farm, Punnetts Town, Nr. Heathfield, Sussex.

Paul Cloake Fernandes **Shinnie**, Old Romney, Cavendish, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Christopher Gregor Hanson **Tiratsoo**, White Walls, Cambridge Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Rigaud's

Russell Christopher Geoffrey **Binns**, 8 St. Hilda's Close, Christchurch Avenue, Brondesbury Park, London, N.W.6.
Nicholas John **Bowman**, Orchards, The Green, West Drayton, Middlesex.
Thomas Paul Job **Cooper**, 17 Henley Drive, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.
John Paul Christopher **Fenton**, 21 Marryat Road, London, S.W.19.
Nicholas Archibald **Hamblen**, 6 Limerston Street, London, S.W.10.
Jonathan Hugh **Higham**, Beech House, Redcoats Green, Nr. Hitchin, Herts.
James Louis **Lasdun**, 25 Dawson Place, London, W.2.
Matthew Julius Peter **Maier**, Todhurst Farm, Barnham, Sussex.
Saxon Alan **Ridley**, 115 Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.
Christopher Thomas Bolton **Shaw**, West Beeches, Ashurst Wood, East Grinstead, Sussex.
The Hon. Dominic Crispin Adam **Simon**, Carpmael Building, Temple, London, E.C.4.
Alistair Culloch **Sorley**, The Royal Ballet School, White Lodge, Richmond Park, Surrey.
Derick Roywards **Walker**, The Old Vicarage, Elsenham, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
Christopher David **Watson**, 5 Field Close, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts.

Busby's

Robert Allen **Andrews**, 72 Princess Court, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.
Ian Michael **Balfour-Lynn**, Court House, 24a Holland Park Road, London, W.14.
Joseph Hillel **Berkovitz**, 50 Peacock Farm Road, Lexington, Mass. 02172, U.S.A.
Martin Charles **Goodman**, Little Braxted Mill, Witham, Essex.
George Nathan **Gross**, 16 Oakcroft Road, London, S.E.13.
Philip Michael Berge **Gumuchdjian**, 6 Cumberland House, Kensington Court, London, W.8.
Richard Charles **Hierons**, 8 Wimborne Avenue, Chislehurst, Kent.
Andrew James **Hutton**, Flat 10, 1 Sloane Court East, London, S.W.3.
Philip Martin **Krynsky**, 41 Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.
Charles Sefton **Pigott**, 14 Dynevor Road, Richmond, Surrey.
Timothy James **Richards**, 22 Carlton Tower Place, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

Peter La Brecque **Smith**, Willow Creek, 2 Broom Water West, Teddington, Middlesex.
 Byron Alan **Thorne**, 9 Ravenshill, Chislehurst, Kent.
 Jonathan Charles **Turner**, Berri Court, Yapton, Nr. Arundel, Sussex.
 Matthew Henry Francis **Wells**, Brook House, Woodlands Road, London, S.W.13.
 Colin Philip **Westlake**, Compton Water, Fairmile Park Road, Cobham, Surrey.

Liddell's

Robin Thomas **Burfield**, Middle Dalehorpe, Dedham, Essex.
 Archibald Charles Torben **Calvert-Lee**, Parsonage Farmhouse, Fletching, Uckfield, Sussex.
 Charles Robert Harold **Clover**, Dedham Hall, Dedham, Colchester, Essex.
 Hugh Andrew **Corbett**, 44 Bodmin Road, Chelmsford, Essex.
 Thomas Richard **Kassberg**, 39 Ember Lane, Esher, Surrey.
 Roger Alan **Lazarus**, 31 Aylestone Avenue, London, N.W.6.
 Ian **Michael**, Chucks Cottage, Partridge Green, Horsham, Sussex.
 Richard Paget **Thomson**, 2 Rosmead Road, London, W.11.

Ashburnham

Christopher Einer **Anderson**, 8 Constantine Road, London, N.W.3.
 Nicholas Stephen **Boyarsky**, 64 Oakley Square, London, N.W.1.
 Matthew Henry **Bury**, 4 Prince Arthur Road, London, N.W.3.
 Matthew Maurice **Cocks**, 13 Langford Green, Champion Hill, London, S.E.5.
 Jonathan Andrew **Crowcroft**, 57 Arlington Road, London, N.W.1.
 Miles Liddiard **Evans**, Herons Hill, Ottershaw Park, Chertsey, Surrey.
 Peter Elliot **Freedman**, 4 Chester Terrace, London, N.W.1.
 Nicholas Adrian Morley **Gray**, Rose Cottage, Oakfield Glade, Weybridge, Surrey.
 Stephen **Hamilton-Jones**, 17 Russell Hill, Purley, Surrey.
 Justin John **Krish**, 11 Heath Villas, Vale of Health, London, N.W.3.
 Alexander William **Morrison**, 23 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.2.
 Neil Godfrey Alasdair **Phillips**, The Old Coach House, Moss Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.
 Piers James Creswell **Vigne**, 3 Macartney House, Chesterfield Walk, London, S.E. 10.

Wren's

Stephen Robert de Breteuil **Bate**, 19 Kinnerton Street, London, S.W.1.
 Benedict Robert Gordon **Campbell**, The Beeches, Stretchworth, Nr. Newmarket, Suffolk.
 Charles Oliver Bryce **Carey**, 14 Latham Road, Cambridge.

Daniel St. George Sproule **Chatto**, 24 Christchurch Street, London, S.W.3.
 Anthony Keith D'Angour, Red Lodge, 51 Palace Court, London, W.2.
 Guy Julian **Dehn**, 15 Sydenham Hill, London, S.E.26.
 Stephen **Gaastra**, 27 Tylney Avenue, Dulwich Wood Park, London, S.E.19.
 John Stephen Irving **Ingram**, 50 Cardigan Street, London, S.E.11.
 Paul Jonathan Aylen **Kitcatt**, 20 Winchelsey Rise, South Croydon, Surrey.
 Stephen Roger **Lees**, 36 Red Down Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.
 Alan Trevor **Mason**, 76 The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.
 Robert Allwood Lindsay **Murphy**, 17 Napier Avenue, London, S.W.6.
 Andrew Basil **Romanos**, 1 Lowndes Court, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.
 Michael Robert John **Rundell**, 29 Pelham Place, London, S.W.7.

Obituary

Abdela—On January 2nd, 1976, Andrew David Russell (1960-64, G), aged 29.
Ainsworth-Davis—On January 3rd, 1976, John Creighton (1909-14, H), aged 80.
Archer—On February 5th, 1976, David Francis (1970-75, L), aged 19.
Burt—On March 12th, 1976, Hugh Armitage (1924-29, G), aged 64.
Cardew—On February 13th, 1976, Colonel Christopher George (1908-13, A), aged 81.
Cuthbert—On October 29th, 1975, Edmund Sheppard (1907-09, A), aged 83.
de Pinto—On April 1st, 1976, Rufus John Noel (1919-22, H), aged 71.
Foxlee—On December 27th, 1975, Ralph Rudd (1907-10, H), aged 83.
Hammond—On December 12th, 1975, Martin (1905-10, K.S.), aged 84.
Knight—On April 6th, 1976, Canon Cecil Bertie Howard (1894-1902, H), aged 92.
Ladell—On November 30th, 1975, Richard Palgrave Simpson (1917-20, G), aged 72.
MacBride—On December 24th, 1975, Geoffrey Ernest Derek, C.M.G., O.B.E. (1930-35, R), aged 58.
Mackenzie—On November 21st, 1975, Ivor Campbell (1927-29, H/B), aged 62.
Oates—On February 12th, 1976, William Geoffrey Ronald (1923-28, A), aged 66.
Oliver—On January 24th, 1976, Frederick Ronald (1912-16, G), aged 77.
Orpen—On December 6th, 1975, Major Ronald Charles (1898-1903, H) aged 89.
Peerless—On November 8th, 1975, Gordon Read (1917-19, A), aged 72.

Perry—On December 16th, 1975, Lt. Col. William Eric, M.C. (1897-1900, H), aged 91.
Phillips—On March 19th, 1976, Professor Eustace Dockray, F.S.A. (1924-29, R/K.S.), aged 65.
Pollitzer—On November 11th, 1975, Sebastian Charles (1957-61, G), aged 31.
Rawson—On November 1st, 1975, Hugh Frederick Rawson (1905-10, G), aged 84.
Service—On January 21st, 1976, Douglas William (1913-17, H), aged 76.
Service—On November 18th, 1975, Ian McKinlay (1916-20, H), aged 74.
Smith—On December 15th, 1975, Frank Halliburton, F.R.I.B.A. (1915-18, R), aged 74.
Spokes—On January 22nd, 1976, Peter Spencer, F.S.A. (1908-12, R), aged 82.
Stuttard—On February 17th, 1976, Percy Arthur (1928-32, H), aged 61.
Sugg—On February 22nd, 1976, Adrian Anthony Masreliez (Jan.-Dec. 1939, H), aged 50.
Thomason—On February 25th, 1976, Archibald David Fawcett (1912-14, A), aged 77.
Treffgarne—On April 17th, 1976, Arthur Robert Howard Williams (1929-34, A), aged 59.
Turquet—On December 27th, 1975, Pierre Maurice (1927-32, H), aged 62.
Unwin—On January 5th, 1976, Roland Buckley (1900-05, H), aged 87.
Warwick—On December 6th, 1975, Francis Alistair (1918-20, H), aged 72.
Wickham—On October 7th, 1975, Claud Edmund George (1925-28, H/K.S.), aged 63.
Wood—On February 1st, 1976, Edward Hamilton (1907-11, R), aged 82.
Young—On February 18th, 1976, Fergus Ferguson (1910-14, R), aged 80.
Zanardi-Landi—On December 29th, 1975, Count Anthony Francis (1917-20, A), aged 73.

Barber—On November 27th, 1975, Godfrey Louis (Assistant Master 1929-41).

Dr. P.M. Turquet

The death from a road accident of Dr. Pierre Turquet has robbed psychiatry and the other helping professions of a powerful and original contributor. He was the only child of André Turquet, C.B.E., and Professor Gladys Turquet of Bedford College. He went as a History Scholar to Trinity College Cambridge and, switching to science, completed his medical training at the London Hospital. He served in the R.A.M.C. with the rank of Major and took an active part in the development of the War Office Selections

Boards; he was later seconded to SHAEF and the French War Office. For five years after the war he was Research Psychiatrist at the M.R.C. Social Medicine Research Unit and then in 1952 began his long career as a consultant at the Tavistock Clinic and Institute of Human Relations, where he was Chairman of the Adult Department of the Clinic from 1967 to 1973.

His most notable contributions arose from his interest in the use of small groups for selection of personnel during the War. Thus he became a notable practitioner and teacher of group psychotherapy; but more particularly he was one of a small band of pioneers in this country interested in using groups to increase the understanding healthy people in responsible jobs have of themselves, of the interpersonal aspects of their work, and of the institutions of which they are members. The helping professions were his special interest, general practitioners, probation officers, and the clergy in particular. Although these endeavours were carried out in many contexts, the most widely known are the training conferences mounted twice a year by the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations at Leicester University.

His interests were wide and vivid and his response to a challenge was rich. Being bilingual, he was invaluable at international colloquia and latterly he became a much sought after consultant or visiting professor at many centres in Europe and North America. When St. Paul's Girls' Preparatory School was threatened with closure in 1956, it was he who headed a group of parents who put the school back on its feet and have run it successfully ever since.

He fenced regularly at Westminster, but it was at Cambridge that he developed into a fencer of distinction, who took part in national and international fencing from 1933 to 1960. He won the University Sabre Competition in 1933 and fenced against Oxford in 1933, 1934 and 1936. He fenced for England in twelve years between 1933 and 1959. He won the National Sabre Championship of Great Britain in 1951 and was British Sabre Captain from 1951 to 1956. In the 1960 Olympic Games he was British Foil and Sabre Weapon Captain. His interest in Westminster fencing was constant and he did everything in his power to encourage it. He most generously bought for the school's club its first electric épée equipment; and, though one of the best presidents in the world, he put himself at the school's disposal for presiding at matches. In the midst of all this work, he would not miss the Vienna Music Festival in spring.

He was a passionate colleague, large in size and large in heart. No one who worked with him, whether as patient or colleague, failed to be enriched. He is survived by his mother, his wife, three children, and four grand-children.

(adapted from *The Times*)

Major R. C. Orpen

Ronald Orpen was literally at Westminster during the turn of the century (H, 1898-1903), and there can have been few Old Boys who took so great an interest in Westminster life for so long a period. Until very recently, there was no Old Westminster dinner or function at which he was not present. In younger days he played football and squash, but golf was his greatest interest. A regular competitor at Society meetings for at least forty years, he was captain and a committee member.

After he had qualified as a chartered accountant, the Stock Exchange became his life occupation. Keenly interested in the civic life of London, he sat on the L.C.C. for several years and was also Mayor of St. Marylebone. In France with the 1st Battalion H.A.C. as early as September 1914, he joined again in 1940 and retired with the rank of Major.

In the later years of his long and active life he derived great pleasure from being a member of the M.C.C., of the senior 100 of the R.A.C., and as the only surviving founder member of a dining club with a Westminster background dating from 1904. His wife died a few years ago, but not until they had celebrated the Golden Wedding of a very happy partnership.

Mr. F. R. Oliver

Frederick Ronald Oliver had deep roots as a Westminster cricketer. His grandfather was a member of the School XI in 1852/53, and both his father and his uncle were 'pinks'. With his mother a Blaker, another family of Westminster and Kent cricket fame, it was natural that Ronnie should have been in the side for three years and captain in 1915/16. He was also a football colour and captain of racquets.

He was elected head to Trinity College, Cambridge, but was immediately commissioned in the Grenadier Guards and went to France. Always dapper in his appearance, he stands out clearly in recollection, spruce as always, against the unlikely background of a muddy trench at Third Ypres. Unfortunately, Cambrai cost him his right leg and ended what must have been a distinguished cricket career. Interest in Westminster did not flag and, having made himself a useful golfer, he appeared frequently at O.W.W. meetings, and when Volume III of the Record was in preparation, contributed some helpful notes about his contemporaries.

In commercial life his business acumen was associated with several leading companies before he joined Whitbreads in 1932, where he became successively commercial manager and a director. He is survived by his wife, whom he married in 1924.

Mr. J. C. Ainsworth-Davis, M.D.

J. C. Ainsworth-Davis played an important part in school life during his time at Westminster. Besides his scholarship, he was an outstanding gymnast, performing with distinction in the competition at Aldershot. He was Colour Sergeant of the O.T.C., a member of the Shooting VIII, and Vice-President of both the Debating and Scientific Societies. He also appeared frequently as a violin soloist at school concerts. His sprinting and long-jumping paved the way for an athletics blue at Cambridge and for his appearance in the 1920 Olympic Games, when he came 5th in the 400 metres and won a Gold Medal in the 4 × 400 metres relay.

In the First War he served in the Rifle Brigade and the R.F.C., receiving his wings in Egypt. He qualified at Bart's in 1923 and soon became prominent as a urological surgeon, a field in which he built up a very successful practice. But in 1939 he gave this up to return to the R.A.F., spending the war in charge of the surgical division of the R.A.F. hospital at Cosford. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine and had been President of the Hunterian Society.

In 1972 it gave him great pleasure to attend the dinner given at the House of Commons for British Olympic Gold Medallists.

Mr. P. S. Spokes, M.A., B.Sc., F.S.A.

Born in London in 1893, Peter Spokes was up Rigaud's from 1908-12, and went from there to Queen's College, Oxford. After he finished his degree course his University career was interrupted by war service in France as Lieutenant and Acting Captain in the 19th London Regiment (T.F.), but he returned after the war for further study, obtaining his B.Sc. in 1923. For the rest of his life he lived in Oxford, and the city and county can have had few more devoted servants.

He was secretary of the Imperial Forestry Institute in Oxford from 1924-38, after which reorganization made his post redundant. During these years he used his spare time in furthering his antiquarian studies (an absorbing passion since boyhood), notably in forming a photographic archive of ecclesiastical and secular architecture, an archive which continued to expand and from which in later years he greatly enriched the National Buildings Record by providing it with prints of all his negatives. He also gave valuable voluntary service in many aspects of local archaeological endeavour in Oxford and elsewhere, serving on the committees of the Oxford Architectural & Historical Society (of which he was President 1949-52), the Oxfordshire Archaeological Society, the Oxford Preservation Trust, and other bodies. He was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1938.

Soon after the Second World War his knowledge of ancient buildings ensured his recruitment by the then Ministry of Town and Country Planning to help in making lists, in three categories, of buildings in England that were worthy of preservation; but again he became redundant when the staff employed had to be drastically reduced owing to governmental economies. Not long afterwards, however, the Bodleian Library, recognizing his talent for local antiquarian research, engaged him for work on their Oxfordshire topographical archives, an assignment which he was able to pursue with pleasure and distinction for many years.

Meanwhile his active spirit, seeking further ways of using his skills for the benefit of others, led him in 1951 to seek and win election as an Oxford City Councillor. He served on numerous Council committees, in particular Planning, of which he was chairman from 1953-8 during much of the controversy about the proposed by-pass road through Christ Church Meadow. He also took a leading role, as a Councillor, in the foundation of the Oxford City and County Museum and was for a time its chairman. Becoming an alderman in 1967, he served as Lord Mayor of Oxford in 1968-9.

A man of equable and kindly temperament, radiating friendliness, and of the utmost urbanity at all times, Peter thought only of the common good and sought to attain it by all that he said or did. He was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy and the world is immeasurably the poorer for his passing. He was, however, above all a family man, proud of his ancestors, proud of his descendants. He and his devoted wife Lilla, who celebrated their golden wedding two years ago, had five children, one of whom, John, was also up Rigaud's (1944-9). We extend our deepest sympathy to them all.

Professor E. D. Phillips

Eustace Phillips, who died in Belfast on March 19, after a short illness, was a distinguished scholar in the several fields of ancient medicine, of the ancient Near East, and of nomadism—the last-named a topic that particularly appealed to something in his own nature. Distinguished scholar though he was, he hid his learning under a modest, not to say shy, exterior.

King's Scholar at Westminster School, Westminster Scholar at Christ Church, 1st class in Mods, 1st class in Greats, it was after a brief excursion into the administrative Civil Service in the Office of Works that he returned to academic life in 1935, coming to Belfast University as Junior Lecturer in Classics in 1939—via the Universities of Manchester and Bristol. From 1941 to 1945 he served in the Intelligence Corps.

Returning to Belfast in 1946 as Lecturer in Greek, he was promoted Reader in 1955 and was appointed to a personal chair of Greek Antiquities in 1974. At the univer-

sity he made solid and wide-ranging contributions to the work of his own department and of the departments of philosophy and archaeology, solid and wide-ranging contributions also to the world of learning, culminating in his book on *Greek Medicine* (1973). This was preceded by *The Royal Hordes: Nomad Peoples of the Steppes* (1965) and by *The Mongols* (1969).

On his retirement less than a year ago, he announced his firm determination to continue his work. But, alas, he was cut off too soon. The world of scholarship has lost a true devotee, among whose greatest pleasures in life was learned conversation.

He leaves a widow, a son and two daughters.

(reprinted from *The Times*)

Dr. H. A. Burt, F.R.C.P.

Dr. H. A. Burt, Director of the Department of Physical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, and Honorary Consultant in Physical Medicine to the Army, was the son of a distinguished rheumatologist and ably maintained the family tradition, successfully merging the old with the new. This was a particularly difficult transition in rheumatology in the post-1945 era, when so many of the younger rheumatologists lost patience with the physical medicine of their seniors and wished to emulate their opposite numbers in other specialities by becoming thoroughly scientific.

In tiding over this period, Dr. Burt played a notable part by encouraging the younger generation to pursue their scientific studies and apply their results when they proved to be of value in therapy. Equally, while prepared to discard some of the old, he impressed the rising generation with the value of much of it in helping patients—which he would point out is, after all, the *raison d'être* of the practice of medicine.

After Trinity, where he held a Westminster Exhibition, he qualified at University College Hospital Medical School in 1935. After holding hospital appointments, he served in the R.A.M.C. throughout the Second World War, ending up as advisor in physical medicine to the War Office.

On demobilisation he returned to civilian practice as a rheumatologist, becoming a director of the Department of Physical Medicine at University College Hospital in 1947. Here he rapidly acquired a reputation as a sound opinion, an excellent painstaking teacher, and a sage advisor to colleagues and juniors as well as patients. He spread his interests widely, being a member at different times of the Army Health Advisory Committee, the Council for Professions Supplementary to Medicine, and the board of governors of his own hospital. He took an active part in the affairs of the Arthritis Council and for a time was the editor of the *Annals of Physical Medicine*.

(abridged from *The Times*)

Dr. S. C. Pollitzer, B.A., M.B., B.S.

Dr. Sebastian Charles Pollitzer was lost at sea on the night of 11th-12th November—his yacht in tragic collision with a tanker off Cape Trafalgar. The end typified the Life-Spirit—Adventure. He would not have wished it otherwise. The motivating power of his life was the sea, and his boat his first love. Sea-faring was in his blood, and 'lost at sea' has an evocative echo in that his great-grandfather was Captain of a legendary 'tall-ship', and some great-uncles perished similarly.

Sebastian would have been 32 the following day, yet, in going down with the ship he loved, his course is fulfilled. To those who mourn, the loss is tragic, but the life itself glorious—shining at its peak, with no dimming of powers. Reflection shows us a whole, perfect and rounded. Memory can have no regrets.

He was born on 13th November 1943, attended Westminster and Oxford, graduating in History from St. Catherine's College. At once, there were signs of that diversification of interest, and many-sided enthusiasm, which were to dominate a life of myriad activity. Medicine took the first two terms at University. India claimed a remarkable year when, much beloved, he worked amongst Tibetan refugees. A Mission Hospital inspired this essentially non-scholastic temperament to return to medicine. While still a student at the Royal Free, he worked with the Save The Children Fund in South Vietnam. The pulse was never quiescent. Flying, music, travel, sailing—constant quest in many varieties of achievement—forged an irregular, though never erratic, tread. A typical example—a 12 day walk from Katmandu to the foot of Everest, visiting Hillary's Sherpas' Hospital.

Yet the record of a life's externals is a poor reflection of its motivation. Sebastian was fired by a rare passion for goodwill. It was as if, in providing a nucleus for so many interests within himself, he sought to draw the divergencies of others to another, more harmonious, focus. A magnetic personality healed wherever it found discord—with an illuminating force beyond the traditional spheres of his vocation.

It is not surprising that this zestful spirit made many friends. It is remarkable that the light shed by his life is only to be found in the perspective of its loss. He chose his course well; he was a natural healer.

Sebastian is survived by his wife, Dr. Melanie Moss.

Mr. A.D.R. Abdela

Four friends write:

Westminster

Andrew and I were contemporaries up Grant's, so I grew to know him very well. He was one of the few boys who excelled in everything that he did—his records for the Under 14½ 220 yards and Weight still stand—and he combined this excellence with a delightful strain of whimsical humour. This came out in many ways, but I particularly remember him as being the moving spirit behind an absurd take-off of modern poetry in the *Grantite Review* entitled 'Marinations' by 'Three Lost Souls'.

However, my favourite memory of Andrew was when he played the principal part of the wily slave, Chrysalus, in the *Bacchides* (the Latin Play in 1964). It had been overcast all day, and, just as he made a solo entrance, a few drops of rain began to fall. He glanced at the audience, shrugged his houlders, and casually said 'pluit'! It brought the house down, and illustrated so well Andrew's quick wit, his relaxed and confident manner, and his sensitive response to every situation.

I shall miss him.

D.B.

Trinity

His time at Cambridge was well spent, striking as he did a sound balance between work and play. The former has its own testament in his performance at the bar, but it was in the latter that he was known and appreciated. His continuing smile, his 'typically Abdela' gestures, his idiosyncracies which took varied forms, such as wearing First Trinity bags or arranging champagne breakfasts before shooting expeditions, amused us all and in particular himself, such was his ability to laugh at his own foibles.

In addition to the lighter side of Andrew's Cambridge life, he was a regular squash and tennis player, as well as being an able and enthusiastic member of the Trinity Gentlemen's Eight. Rowing was probably Andrew's greatest love at Cambridge, and he keenly participated in all the three years of the Gentlemen's Eight. The latter's finest hour, the achievement of five bumps in 1967, was an event that Andrew treasured all his life, and is evidenced by his fond possession of his oar.

Finally, but the most important, it was Andrew as a real friend and companion with constant good humour that he will be remembered by all who knew and loved him at Cambridge.

R.W.

The Bar

At the Bar Andrew showed early and immediate promise of great things. At his first speech in a Moot in Gray's Inn Hall he so impressed listeners that he was sought out by pupil masters instead of having to seek for pupillage. He chose to go to the Treasury Junior, regarded as one of the best of all possible pupillages to obtain.

His work was so impressive that the Treasury Junior personally arranged his subsequent pupillage in commercial chambers, where there was never any question that he would be offered that most difficult of objects, an immediate tenancy. As an advocate he had a charm of manner and a presence which, coupled with his ability, would have taken him a long way in fulfilment of his early promise.

In practice he rapidly built up a connection with the leading City solicitors and especially with their banking clients. It was no accident that he soon appeared as junior counsel in a number of important cases. One which he particularly enjoyed was the leading case of *Heatons Transport*, which was the first case under the Industrial Relations Act to go from the National Industrial Relations Court to the House of Lords. That the case itself was a success was in no small measure due to Andrew's thorough preparation and application.

R.Y.

Committee of London Clearing Bankers

Andrew came to work for the C.L.C.B. in June 1974. We shared the same room for a year; what a pleasure it was.

Constantly cross-examined by him on points of ever-increasing complexity on the finer points of the Law on Bills of Exchange, I found myself inevitably driven by his Socratic approach into expounding the untenable, until relief would come when Andrew—with a contented smile—would tell me that I had just confirmed the validity of his counter-argument.

He wrote a magnificent Commentary, running to over 100 pages, on the U.N.'s proposed Uniform Law on International Bills of Exchange. It was a labour of love on his part, and it bears throughout the hall-mark of Andrew's clarity of intellect, analytical capability, and barely suppressed sense of fun.

We were so happy to have Andrew with us, and for my part I could not have hoped to find a more stimulating colleague and companion. It is with sadness I recall his last words to me, 'I am feeling rather tired. I think I shall leave early'.

M.K.

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Twelfth Annual Report covering the year to March 31st, 1976.

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

A. D. R. Abdela, J. C. Ainsworth-Davis, D. F. Archer, J. S. P. Bradford, H. A. Burt, Col. C. G. Cardew, R. J. N. de Pinto, D. C. L. Derry, J. H. M. Dullely, G. F. C. Duttson, M. H. Flanders, R. R. Foxlee, Dr. H. F. Garten, Captain R. Gatty, P. Goatly, D. S. Greaves, F. Halliburton-Smith, M. Hammond, G. O. Hand, J. F. Harwood, E. L. B. Hawkin, F. N. Hornsby, Canon C. B. H. Knight, G. E. D., MacBride, I. V. Mackenzie, D. A. M. MacManus, F. A. V. Madden, W. G. R. Oates, F. R. Oliver, Major R. C. Orpen, D. M. Paterson, Lt. Col. W. E. Perry, Professor E. D. Phillips, S. C. Pollitzer, H. F. R. Rawson, T. E. R. Rhys-Roberts, Sir M. Arnet Robinson, D. W. Service, P. S. Spokes, P. A. Stuttard, A. A. M. Sugg, A. D. F. Thomason, A. R. H. W. Treffgarne, O. A. Tunncliffe, P. M. Turquet, R. B. Unwin, C. E. G. Wickham, G. C. Winham, E. H. Wood, Major P. G. Wormell, F. F. Young, Count Zanardi-Landi.

One hundred and twenty three new members have been elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 8th, 1975, Sir Anthony Grover was elected President and Mr. F. B. Hooper, Chairman of the Club. Mr. C. M. O'Brien and Mr. F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively; Mr. D. A. Roy was elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Sub-Committee, and Mr. J. A. Lauder, Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison and Mr. P. G. Whipp were elected new members of the General Committee.

Mr. P. J. Morley-Jacob was appointed Chairman and Mr. J. A. Lauder Hon. Treasurer of the Sports Sub-Committee for 1975/76.

'When the former Games Committee was reconstituted as the Sports Sub-Committee at the Annual General Meeting in October, Mr. Peter Whipp had completed 21 years as its Secretary. To mark his retirement and in recognition of his splendid service to games over so many years, a Dinner was held in his honour in January, at which a presentation was made to him by the President.'

Mr. Raymond Plummer has been appointed a Vice-President of the Club to hold office until the next Annual General Meeting, in accordance with Rule 12.

Alterations to Rules 7(A), 7(B) and 7(C), relating to the increase in Life Members' subscriptions, as published in the July 1975 issue of *The Elizabethan*, were approved at a Special General

Meeting held at the Army & Navy Club, immediately following the Annual General Meeting.

In recent years expenditure has been increasing while income, which depends primarily on the number of boys in the school, has changed little. In 1975 there was a deficit on the year's transactions and even though there remained a balance on Income Account, the Committee regarded this as a red light and proposed an increase in the life subscription paid while boys are at school. This proposal was approved at the Special General Meeting and came into force from the 1st January, 1976, so that the full effect will be shown in next year's figures.

This year's Accounts show a surplus and it is probable that this will also be the case next year. However, it should be noted that the cost of *The Elizabethan* was actually lower than in the previous year, something which was quite unexpected and is certainly unlikely to recur. The grant to the Sports Committee, even last year, was lower than the needs of the various sections and is therefore certain to be higher next year. Further, it has been our policy to alter the subscription rate as seldom as possible, so that the intention is to produce a surplus in the early years following an increase.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club on October 8th, 1975, through the kind offices of Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison. Sir Henry Chisholm, the retiring Acting-President, was in the chair and the guests included the Dean of Westminster, Lord Cross of Chelsea, who proposed 'Floreat', and the Head Master, who responded. The President's health was proposed by Mr. W. E. E. Gerrish.

The **Athletics Club** report a number of good individual performances, particularly by N. Nops in the annual match against the School and in the Inter-Old Boys' Tournament, when he won both the Shot and the Discus, and by T. Woods, who won the Towpath Cup race against the School, recording the second fastest time ever. Team successes were marred by absences, mainly of the younger members; in the Inter-Old Boys' fixture, for example, the team came fifth out of 12, but would have gained a higher place with a full team. The School won the July match decisively, but in the annual Towpath race the Club was victorious for the first time for some years.

The **Boat Club** regrets to report no activity during the year, although the sculler and double sculler continue to be used by members for recreational purposes. Enquiries would be welcomed by S. Douglas-Mann, 45 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

The **Cricket Club** had an encouraging season and were represented by over thirty members in their extended fixture list of 15 matches. Although three only were won and five drawn, there were a number of close finishes including the Cricketer Cup tie against Rugby Meteor

the winners last year. Good bowling (A. Yuille 5-46) and tight fielding restricted their score to 163, but batting failures, despite useful innings by John Mortimer and Tony Willoughby, resulted in defeat by 19 runs. The Club was no more fortunate in the match against the School and, although Nick Brown bowled and batted well, the game was lost, deservedly, by 25 runs. In the 'Fortnight' at the end of July, the Club had the better of drawn games against the Band of Brothers and Incogniti; so encouraged, they proceeded to beat a Royal Artillery XI and Free Foresters. A new innovation was the fixture against Charterhouse Friars at Godalming. Peter Yellowlees batted well and John Sanderson bowled fast and aggressively, but the home side won by four wickets.

Eighteen fixtures were arranged by the **Fives Club**, both at home and away. Five were won and only three had to be cancelled due to lack of support. This reflects the growing number of young and enthusiastic players coming down from the Universities, who are joining the Club, and this should mean that the results of matches in the future will constantly improve.

The **Football Club**, thanks to fine leadership from Alastair Machray and the vice-captain, Sam Harding, had an improved season. Although occupying a lowly position in the Arthurian League, the Club has emerged with credit in its league matches. In the Arthur Dunn Cup, the Old Salopians beat us fairly convincingly at Shrewsbury, where icy conditions prevailed. The strength of Club sides since Christmas has improved considerably, thanks to the influx of recent school leavers, three of whom have played regularly. The future depends so much on the fullest support from the younger members and recent evidence is very encouraging.

The **Golfing Society's** 1975 Season, unlike the weather, was rather mixed. Meetings on all three occasions were well attended, and inter-society matches were both enjoyable and reasonably successful. In the two-day fixture with Uppingham, they again proved to be too strong, although the margin was narrower. In the other three matches, one was cancelled due to bad weather and the remaining two showed victories for the Society. In the Halford Hewitt, we had a good side out but lost to Harrow—the eventual winners—in the second round, after defeating Liverpool in the first. Against Harrow we had our chances to win but could not take them. In the Grafton Morrish, we failed to qualify for the knock-out finals; in the Bernard Darwin, we lost 1-2 in the first round to Marlborough. Performance in the Royal Wimbledon Putting Tournament was much more satisfactory—our best to date in fact. We only just failed to win, coming a very strong second. For 1976 reasonable optimism prevails and, if only our competition teams can realise their full potential, some exciting results will be achieved.

The **Lawn Tennis Club** report a particularly successful season with over twenty players representing the Club. Many more enjoyed the practice sessions at Vincent Square each Wednesday evening, whatever their age or standard of play. Ten matches were played, of which 7 were won, 2 lost and 1 drawn. In the D'Abernon Cup, a strong team consisting of C. Stanbrook, G. Hinton, J. Corbin, J. Earle, F. Barber, and R. Balfour-Lynn lost narrowly to the Old Uppinghamians. Although drawing the tie 3-3, the result was decided on the number of sets won. Three other noteworthy matches were played: U.C.S. Old Boys were beaten 5-4—our first win against them for many years; Old Harrovians were also defeated in a nail-biting finish at Queen's Club, with our first pair clinching the match. Temperament happily prevailed too in the drawn match against the Old Citizens—a new fixture—who were by far the stronger side. New members are welcome and those wishing to play should telephone Richard Balfour-Lynn at 01-602 6656.

The **Real Tennis Club** has played matches this season against Hatfield House, Petworth House, and Canford School. Although a close draw was the best result achieved, numerical odds favouring the host clubs did not prevent some keen and highly enjoyable tennis, while the all-day hospitality of these traditional opponents was as warm and as much appreciated as ever. The Club is keen to recruit more players: Michael Tenison and Frank Hooper have been active in this respect and more than one O.W. has been sufficiently intrigued by what he has heard of this fascinating old game to want to know more. Richard Grant, with Oxford Unicorn experience, has joined the Club this season, lowering the average age and raising the standard of play. We look forward with quiet optimism.

The continued inactivity in the Fencing, Sailing, Shooting, Squash and Swimming Clubs is reported with regret. The Sports Committee would be delighted to support any O.W.W. willing to promote their revival.

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

Sports Committee

Hon. Secretary:

D. A. Roy, 49 Pebworth Road, Harrow,
Middlesex. 01 422 2878

Hon. Section Secretaries

Football: M. J. Samuel, 26 Amity Grove,
London, SW20 0LJ. 01 946 8421

Cricket: J. H. D. Carey, 16 Iverna Court,
W.8. 01 937 0807

Golf: N. B. R. Peroni, Stancrest House,
16 Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.
(Office) 024 03 4254

Lawn Tennis: R. Balfour-Lynn, Court
House, 24A Holland Park Road, London,
W.14. 01 602 2002

Fives: C. P. Wakely, 2 White Court, 200
West Hill, London, SW15 3JB. (Home)
01 789 4944; (Office) 01 934 2675

Real Tennis: G. Denny, Penrhos, Hollist
Lane, Midhurst, Sussex 073 081 2995

Athletics: J. Forrest, 11 Orchard Way,
Lower Kingswood, Surrey 604 3323

Rowing: S. C. H. Douglas-Mann,
45 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.
(Office) 01 588 3644

Fencing: E. Gray, Old Croftan Camtree,
Brecon

Swimming: E. Gavin, 180 Kennington
Park Road, London, S.E.11. 01 735 8351

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual
General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club
will be held at Westminster School,
London, S.W.1. on Wednesday,
September 29th, 1976, at 6.30 p.m.
July 1976

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual
General Meeting held on October 8th,
1975.
2. To receive the General Committee's
Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for
the Year ended March 31st, 1976.
4. Election of Officers*

The General Committee desires to
propose for appointment as:

Vice Presidents: Mr. Raymond
Plummer; Rt. Hon. Lord Carr of
Hadley

Chairman: Mr. F. B. Hooper
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. M. C. Baughan
Hon. Secretary: Mr. F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Sports Sec: Mr. D. A. Roy.

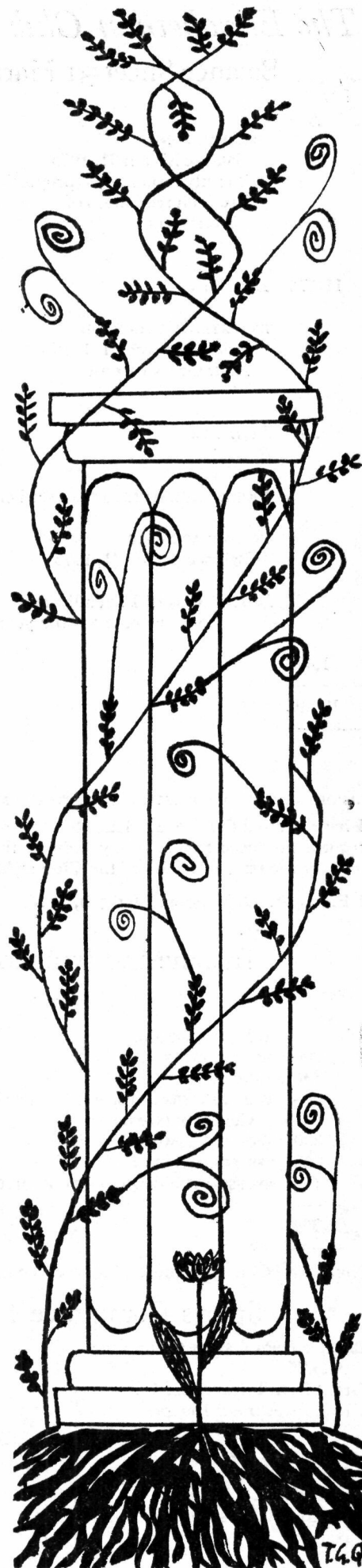
5. Election of General Committee*
Under Rule 13, Mr. A. J. T.
Willoughby and Mr. E. S. Funnell
are ineligible for re-election.
The General Committee desires to
propose for appointment:
†1965-70 P. W. Matcham
†1948-52 P. J. Morley-Jacob
†1961-65 R. J. D. Welch
E. R. D. French
†1950-55 C. P. Danin
†1964-69 J. H. D. Carey
†1950-55 J. A. Lauder
†1937-40 V. T. M. R. Tenison
†1936-38 P. G. Whip
1931-37 C. M. O'Brien
1964-69 M. W. Jarvis
1951-56 M. J. Hyam

6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.

7. Any Other Business.

*The name of any other candidate for
any of the Club Offices, or for the Gen-
eral Committee, must be proposed and
seconded in writing and forwarded to the
Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, 2
Brechin Place, London, SW7 4QA, so as
to reach him not later than September,
22nd 1976.

†Members of the 1975-76 General Com-
mittee eligible for re-election.



Drawing: Thomas Quin



The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet 31 March 1976

1975			1975		
£	£	£	£	£	£
GENERAL FUND			INVESTMENTS at cost		
	Balance March 31, 1975	11,174	11,580	Market value at 31.3.76 was £16,824	12,858
	Termly instalments (proportion)	428		(14,007)	
	Profit on realisation of investments	330			
		<u>11,932</u>			
11,174	Less: Tax	64	11,868		
		<u>11,868</u>			
ENTERTAINMENTS FUND			CURRENT ASSETS		
	Balance March 31, 1975	242		Balances at Bank	1,426
	Add: Gross Income	24		Less: Sundry Creditors	198
		<u>266</u>			
241	Less: Tax	9	257		
		<u>257</u>			
	SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (see below)		56		
	INCOME ACCOUNT				
	Balance March 31, 1975	1,476			
	Less: Excess of Expenditure over income for the year	429	1,905		
		<u>1,047</u>			
		<u>1,477</u>			
		<u>12,892</u>	<u>14,086</u>	<u>£12,892</u>	<u>£14,086</u>

C. M. O'BRIEN
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and appended Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at March 31, 1976 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

6 Eldon Street, London. May 7th, 1976.

H. Kenneth S. Clark, F.C.A.
Honorary Auditor

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 31st March, 1976

1975			1975		
£	£	£	£	£	£
51	ADMINISTRATION	102	1	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	1
200	HONORARIUM	100	1,234	TERMLY INSTALMENTS (proportion)	1,714
536	TAXATION	425	1,189	INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS (gross)	1,134
—	WESTMINSTER HOUSE BOYS' CLUB (Donation)	50	(60)	PROFIT ON DINNER	7
	Covenant (see note)	50			
800	SPORTS COMMITTEE	900			
825	THE ELIZABETHAN	800			
(48)	EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE	429			
		<u>£2,364</u>			
		<u>£2,364</u>	<u>£2,856</u>	<u>£2,364</u>	<u>£2,856</u>

Note: The Club has entered into a covenant to pay a net sum of £50 p.a. for seven years to the Westminster House Boys' Club.

Sports Committee Funds

Balance from Games Committee	£	p	£	p
31.3.75			235	20
Grant from Elizabethan Club			900	00
Gross Investment Income			17	76
			<u>1,152</u>	<u>96</u>
Administration		nil		
Grants to Sections	1,015	00		
Loan to Cricket section	75	00		
Taxation	6	66		
			<u>1,096</u>	<u>66</u>
Sports Committee Fund 31.3.76			<u>£56</u>	<u>30</u>

The Grants allotted were: Athletics £30, Boat Club £10, Cricket £360, Fives £60, Football £290, Golf £140, Lawn Tennis £90, Tennis £35.

Are you fit to be a flying man?

Head

You have a head start if your qualifications are above the minimum – 5 O-levels at Grade C or above, including English language and maths; or equivalent. A-levels or a degree will certainly tell in your favour.

Voice

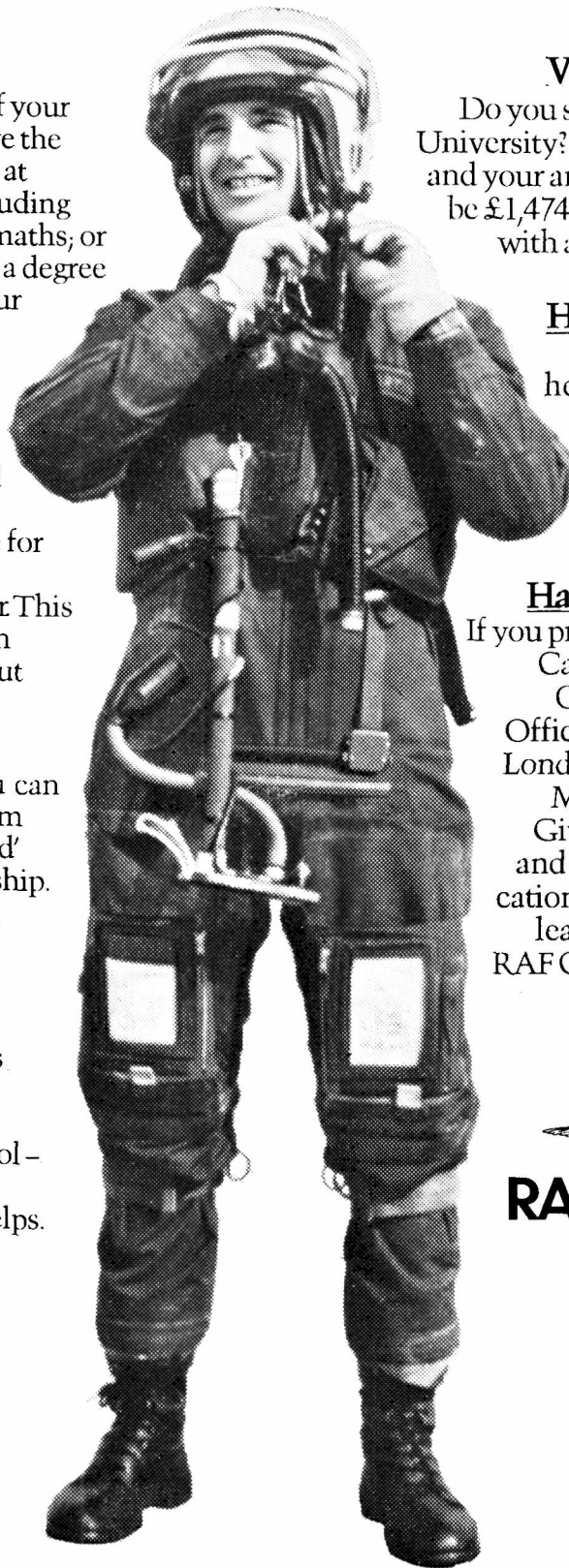
If you are interested in an RAF career – flying or on the ground – talk to your Careers Master. He can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer. This is quite informal and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF.

Staying power

As an RAF Scholar, you can stay on in the Sixth Form with your place 'booked' for a University Cadetship. Scholarships are worth up to £385 a year.

Standing

How are you at taking responsibility? It comes early in the RAF. If you have held down a responsible job at School – say as form captain or games captain – it all helps.



Vision

Do you see yourself going to University? Go as an RAF cadet and your annual income could be £1,474 a year. Join the RAF with a degree and you get extra seniority.

Heart

If you can put your heart into everything you do – at play as well as at work – the RAF will welcome your enthusiasm.

Hand

If you prefer, write to Group Captain H. E. Boothby, OBE, ADC, BA, RAF, Officer Careers (25Z G1) London Road, Stanmore, Middlesex HA7 4PZ. Give your date of birth and educational qualifications. (Or pick up some leaflets at your nearest RAF Careers Information Office – address in telephone book.)



RAF officer



THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Telephone: 01 373 9987 (Home)
01 720 7266 (Office)

2 Brechin Place,
Gloucester Road,
London, SW7 4QA.
July, 1976.

Annual Dinner — Wednesday, 29th September, 1976

Members will be delighted to know that the Dinner is being held this year in **College Hall**, thanks to the kind invitation of the Head Master.

Drinks both before and after dinner will be served in Ashburnham Drawing Room, or in Ashburnham Garden, if fine.

Accommodation is limited to 130 and members are invited to apply early for tickets to the Hon. Secretary at the above address, *and in any case by September 19th, 1976*, at the latest.

The President of the Club, Sir Anthony Grover, will preside and the principal guests will be the Dean of Westminster, who will propose *Floreat*, and the Head Master, who will respond.

Time: 7 for 7.30 p.m.

Tickets: £6.50 each (inclusive of all drinks during the evening)

****Members who left the School after Election Term 1970 may purchase tickets at the reduced price of £4.50 each.**

Cheques: Made payable to **The Elizabethan Club**

Dress: Dinner Jacket

Members are reminded that it is only possible to invite as guests members of the Governing Body, Masters and former masters of the School and the Under School, or those who are connected with the School's administration.

The form below is for your convenience when applying. In previous years a number of members have kindly sent donations towards the expenses of the Dinner, and the Committee hopes very much that members may again feel able to help in this way.

THIS IS THE ONLY NOTIFICATION MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE.

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

*I shall/shall not be able to attend the Annual Dinner

*I wish to invite as my guest.

I enclose cheque for £..... for ticket(s) */* as a donation towards expenses.

Information useful to table planners:

My years at the School were 19... to 19... .

I should like to be seated with

NAME: ADDRESS:

.....

.....

*Please delete where inapplicable.