The Elizabethan

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The Elizabethan

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Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1 *Feb 79, Vol. xxxii No 8, Issue No 690*

Contents:

Editorial

In recent years there has not been much in *The Elizabethan* of general interest to Old Westminsters. We hope in future issues to provide some new features which may catch the interest of many of those who up to now have looked only at the Obits before putting the magazine aside.

The sort of features which we have in mind will all be concerned with the school or with Westminsters past and present. Short notes on those appointed to public office, notices of books published, plays performed, interesting activities projected or completed will all have a place in the magazine. Please, therefore, let the Editors know at 17 Dean's Yard, S.W.1, if any 'happening' of interest to Old Westminsters is taking place.

We also hope to include from time to time interviews with Old Westminsters 'in the news' or perhaps pen portraits of eminent old boys of the school.

An Oxford & Cambridge letter may be popular and could create sufficient interest to enable an Old Westminster gathering to be held at one or other of the crumble-stone Universities.

The Editors will be very pleased to receive any comments on these ideas and particularly to have suggestions for articles which might prove of interest to members of the Elizabethan Club.

* * *

'If literature does not extend men's sympathies' wrote George Eliot 'It does nothing moral'. Perhaps therefore it is to attain better communal understanding that year after year the editorial in *The Elizabethan* attempts to give the reader an insight into the hardships the editors have faced in compiling the magazine. However, such appeals for sympathy are frequently no more than platforms from which the editors can blow their own trumpet before some 5,000 readers—which introduces an element of doubt regarding moral rationale. There must also be those editors who feel a genuine sense of overwhelming guilt over the tepid offering they have scraped together for their readership, and hence are driven to try and apologize for it. These editorials, therefore, are closer to great art in the sense Wordsworth understood: 'The spontaneous overflow of natural feeling'.

I would like to offer a third reason why the editorials of this magazine are always basically the same, it is, as I have begun to realize (after several frustrating, coffee-drenched, inspiration-less evenings) that there is virtually nothing to write about. Any comments on the school that might damage P.R. would (obviously) be censored. On the other hand remarks on the running of the country as a whole would simply be pretentious and out of place in the editorial of a school magazine. The only thing left to comment on, therefore, is the magazine itself, since the running of *that* is officially in the editor's own hands. Once one has converged on this depressingly logical conclusion, writing the article is perfectly simple. As Pope observed: 'True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.'

The end result, however, whether reached by way of logic, vanity or spontaneity, is identical: all editorials are comprised of exactly the same, inconsequential trivia. The only room for manoeuvre or ingenuity lies in how successfully such trivia may be dressed up as interesting, or much more difficult, original material. The editor usually sets about this by blinding his audience with first all the long words he knows, and then as many erudite quotations as he can relevantly include: hence impressing the reader by inferences of academic prestige. He may then optionally further obscure the issue in hand by dazzling displays of his intellectual wit, side-tracking the reader into wondering 'what's so funny?' rather than 'what's

this article supposed to be about?' and hence ensure that the passage as a whole becomes baffling in the way of a Black Hole in space—an intriguing void.

If editorials in the past have been dominated by intrigue, then at least this can lay claim to ingenuity on other grounds than the number of literary aversions crammed in; or the quantity of outlandish vocabulary manoeuvred into coherent sentences: for instead it achieves something. Namely, it has exposed the sordid superficiality of all those previous editorials, thus stripping them embarrassingly bare of the mysticism which constituted their fascinating appeal. And oh, how quickly, you begin to perceive, do they now become abhorrent, when their underlying banality is illuminated! How rapidly does their charm wither and fade! As someone observed: 'There is only one thing worse than being witty: and that is not being witty.'

And yet, fume as you may in your indignation at how you have been taken in by such articles for so long, tricked by editors who sustained your attention by means of nothing more than hollow gimmicks . . . do not imagine for a moment that I, the bringer of truth hope to 'glister through their rust'. I must point out that I too have hoodwinked you into reading to the end of yet another quite worthless article: and by equally unscrupulous means.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Linocut by W. Purton

Letters

After reading the Leader in the last '*Elizabethan*' (by the headmistress of Pimlico School), I could hardly conceive that two groups of intelligent, hard-working, enthusiastic, academic, and intellectual boys could possibly have smashed each other's teeth in, outside Dolphin Square. Indeed, I decided to attribute Toby Jones' cutting squash report to a literary disagreement between the Westminster Squash players and the Pimlicans, concerning the validity of *Paradise Lost* as a more significant work than *The Return of the Native*. However, we must not dwell on private war wounds, but rather consider ourselves lucky in comparison with other schools, who are not so fortunate in their public relations.

For example, I received an account of a battle at Dover College between pupils and visiting football hooligans, that would surpass any Middle East conflict. Apparently a substantial army of hooligans on motorbikes (not forgetting their indomitable female companions) had finished the day's combat at the football ground and were returning home to terrorize the local 'Chippy' before it closed. However, the understandable temptation of a peaceful green surrounded by boarding houses was too overpowering, and the convoy drew up, ready to invade. Unfortunately for the school there happened to be a mere skeleton staff present that afternoon, and there was only a distinguished looking classicist present when a swarm of youths burst into the sixth-form common room. The following details are somewhat unclear due to the narrator's involvement in the action, but over a period of about twenty minutes, the classicist suffered numerous scratches from the amazons of the invading army, and the headmaster suffered the humiliation of being chased across the green by a gang of youths who besieged him in his study. By the time the police arrived casualties were numerous on both sides, and one of the invaders was writhing in agony over a broken arm, which one of the College's oriental experts had inflicted upon him.

The saga ended some time later with a more quickly repelled attack, and since then a peace-keeping force seems to have intervened, as there have been no reprisals, and the death-marked oriental seems to have come to no harm.

Therefore we might consider ourselves to be on extremely good terms with Pimlico, and I'm sure that the risk of being beaten up twice a week, adds a certain spice to an afternoon on the Squash Courts . . .

Richard Hannigan
(Lower Shell)

* * *

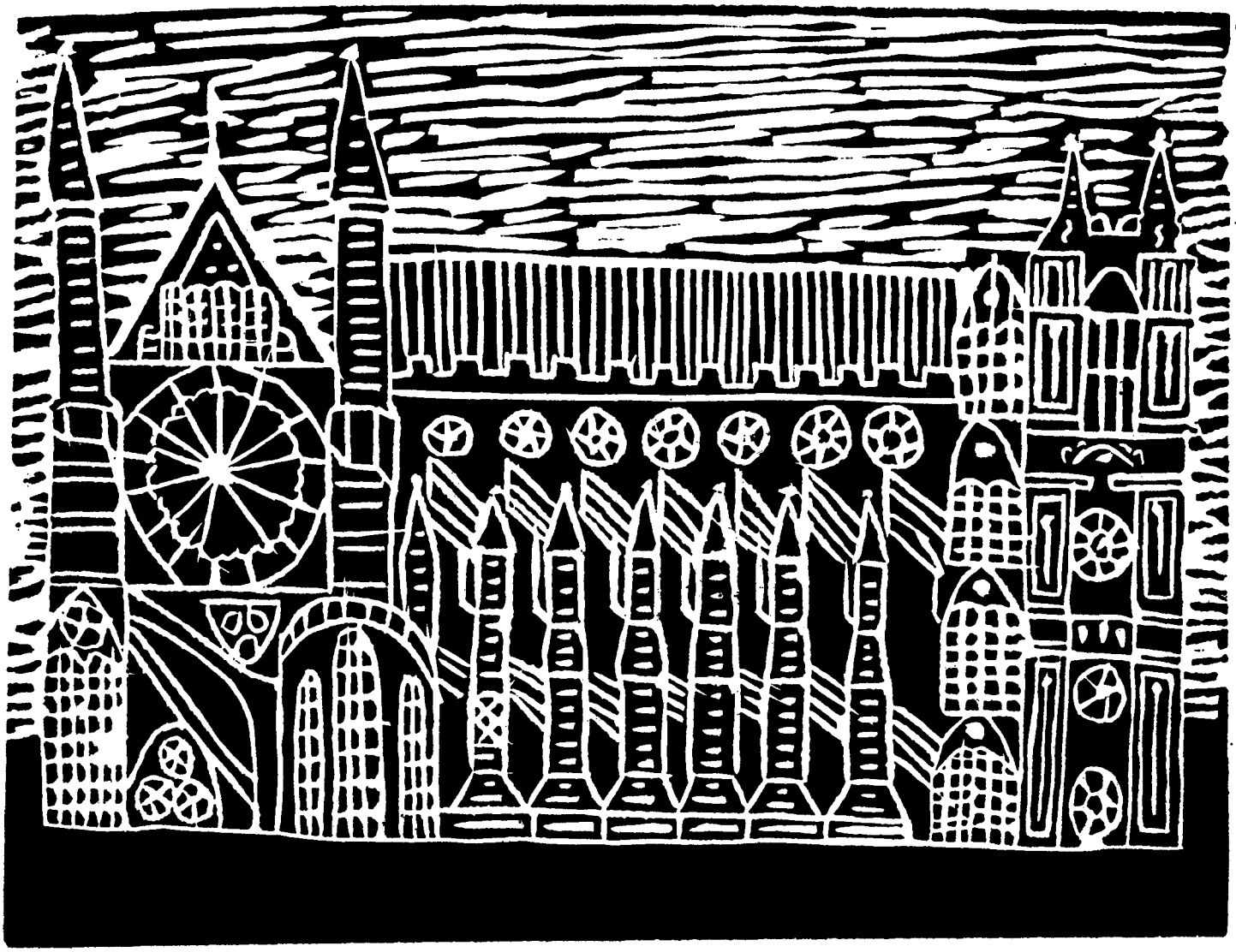
I was sorry to open the pages of the July issue of *The Elizabethan* to find only an 'Assistant Editorial', and even more concerned to read further and discover the reasons why.

If future issues of *The Elizabethan* move away from creative writing, discussion, play reviews and drawings then I personally will regret it and feel that the readers of *The Elizabethan* will be that much the poorer for it.

In its former days *The Elizabethan* was stuffy, boring and irrelevant and when I left Westminster in 1954 I considered my father's donation of £10 towards Life Membership of *The Elizabethan* Club was a gross misuse of money which could have been spent in other ways!

However I have persevered with the magazine over the years, though occasionally doing little more than glance at the contents column and have duly informed the Editor of some 6 or 7 changes of address. Recently it has become a much more refreshing journal to read because it has described a community that is alive and pulsating, giving readers the opportunity to agree or disagree with current trends. If the school means anything at all to O.W.W. it should surely be on the grounds of current achievements, values and beliefs rather than a nostalgic harking back to golden days of the past. Did we really think they were so good at the time?

James Anderson
(GG, 1949-54)



Linocut by Charles Sewart

The Commemoration of Benefactors

The scene is Westminster Abbey. It is evening, but the inside of the old building is strangely bright and cheery tonight. The heating is on full blast (just to prove that we do need 20 pence from every visitor to maintain this Abbey); so are the electric chandeliers; so is the organ. From the West Door stream the rich and the famous of London and Home Counties, while in from the cloisters pour the hordes of black beetles (with here and there the twinkle of a skirt) which is Westminster School. It is Commem. Night. The faces of the boys are bright as they prepare to offer up their thanks to the Almighty for their foundress Queen Elizabeth. Recalling the faces of the Queen's Scholars who, but for her bounty, would never have had the fortune to meet, the Town Boys realise, perhaps for the first time, what they owe to that great queen.

But now the well-rehearsed strains of the 'Angularis Fundamentum' echo around the Abbey and the procession enters—and enters—and enters. The long column of Queen's Scholars, penguin-like in their morning-coats, follows the Head Verger up the nave. Next come two well-loved figures in their red dressing-gowns, then the canons resplendent in crimson and gold, with the Dean trotting heroically in the rear. Finally, the awful train of Masters (and a couple of Mistresses) sway their slow way up the church. What shudders of dread there would have been in old Dr. Busby's day! What instinctive rubbings of breeches. But in these careless days, who could be afraid of these wise benevolent old faces? The boys regard the sight at any rate with complacency, while we can actually distinguish smiles creasing the faces of the parents as they look with inward satisfaction on the variety of coloured stripes hanging down the backs of those gowns, and reflect that perhaps £2,000 a year is not being spent in vain.

Beware of complacency, O congregation! For now the members of the School tense themselves and looks of fear are exchanged up and down the pews. The chaplain is beginning the prayers. Trained in church latin and indoctrinated for years with the Westminster pronunciation, will he produce a version worthy of Cicero—and Mr. M--n? Anxious glances are turned towards the classics master's seat and all await in dread the frown which must accompany failure. But the frown does not come, the tension eases, and the congregation can settle back to listen to the imitation monks, chanting Psalm 149 as they did in the time of Edward the Confessor. So far, all is well.

The congregational psalm goes well

too, though the more nervous mother may be startled by the metallic clashes which indicate for the uninitiated the meaning of the word 'cymbalis'. Now it is time for the lesson. The sonorous tones of the Dean ring out with the only famous bit of the Apocrypha and the parents try to work out what is wrong. At last they get it. They can understand what is being said. The lesson is in English. Relief mixes with a vague feeling of disappointment—there is something so satisfying about singing hymns you do not understand. And the next hymn 'O gentes omnes' is a rousing success, though we may not care for the way in which Grants shows its liking for modern music by the introduction of some alarming discords and rather ingenious variations on what is essentially a simple theme.

The spot-lights turn now onto the Head Master, whose rich tones reverberate inspiringly around the Church, growing in intensity until they reach the triumphant conclusion. In the organ loft, Mr. Brett bites his lip. He is not concerned with the theological implications. He is hoping that his favourite Handel Aria will not have to be altered.

Let us pass quickly on though, for the big moment has arrived. The roses are to be placed on Elizabeth's tomb. As the 'Te Deum' sounds, the lights go out, the four fortunate flower-boys step out, and in the heat of their emotion several mammas nearly pass out. The whole abbey is dark, save for the candles borne by the scholars. How well they carry them! There is not a stumble; the candle-flames never flicker! The roses disappear and the congregation is left in darkness to enjoy the voluptuous notes of Haydn's Te Deum rolling through their vibrating eardrums. Then out of the darkness the Dean's voice comes again, reciting the School Prayer. The boys, like Pavlov's dogs, begin to feel an indescribable joy creep over them, for when else do they hear this prayer save at the End of Term?

The mystic rites are done. Somewhere in the back rooms of the Abbey the roses have been laid in the arms of the statue of our Foundress. The chaplain again recites the prayers, while the congregation peer at their service sheets, looking through the gloom for the responses. At last the lights are switched on again in time for all to have the immense satisfaction of reading the word 'Amen'.

The Great Ceremony is nearly over now. The congregation rolls joyfully into the last hymn, the long procession crawls out, the ushers guide out the visitors, the choir fold up their song sheets; at last even the organ is silent. Commem. is over; or at least the service is; but now begins the more important ritual. The Romans, we read, gave thanks to their gods by a pouring of wine, and since the rest of the ceremony has been in Latin, why not complete the illusion of classicalism? Needless to say, only parents and masters are admitted to this deeper, more awful solemnization, but the school is not unhappy. For them, noble spirits, spiritual satisfaction is all they need. And they are certainly satisfied. As one boy put it: 'At least we get a long weekend out of it'.

Christopher Loveless

Linocut by Jennifer Cogan

Westminster Abbey November 17th The Commemoration of Benefactors

A Review

Tonight saw a new production of this work, not performed here for four years, in a style both traditional and yet with innovations. The central point in the work is made in act four when the red roses are carried right across the stage to the foundress' tomb and I was glad that on this occasion there were enough roses for all the audience to be able to see them. It was also very effective to use Haydn's setting of this act (often known as the Te Deum for Maria Theresa) which together with lighting only the upper regions of the set (colloquially known in this house as the triforium) made a very dramatic highlight to the work. The silent chorus of Queen Scholars were given a greater role by lining the route of the roses procession holding candles, admittedly of the electric variety.

From the first performance in 1884 to the 1970 revival, act three was always presented with a standard and unchanging text. Since 1970 we have seen variation introduced by the individual artist, in both subsequent performances the well known commentator on educational affairs John Rae. On this occasion he used a theme which both remained faithful to the initially intended nature of the work and also seemed relevant to the current members of the company, even if it was more like a traditional founder's day speech. This act was given in English, emphasising its importance to the whole work, following the example of the English dialogue in the recent Covent Garden production of Die Fledermaus. Unfortunately the Latin intonation and pronunciation in some of the other acts was not loyal to the individual and traditional type usually heard in this house.

There will probably not be a revival of this production for several years but I would strongly recommend anyone who will be able to see it then to do so, since it provided a very enjoyable if slightly nostalgic evening particularly for those connected with the house in the past.

Michael Glynn
WW 1966-71

Whatever happened to Renaissance Man?

Look at the School through half-closed eyes and see it as an enormous intellectual gymnasium.

Each academic subject is a piece of gymnastic equipment designed for either localized muscular development, or improving breathing. Stamina, and thence fitness. An athlete who only lifts weights will be a top rate weight lifter, but he is confining himself to a small part of the enormous field open to him. Strong though he is, he cannot pole vault if he runs out of breath half-way through his run up.

At the vulnerable age of 15 a pupil at Westminster chooses his A-level subjects. He selects (and drops) three, perhaps four, subjects. By no means is this selection random; over 90 per cent of the School opt for either an exclusively 'scientific' combination (e.g. Physics, Maths, Chemistry, Biology) or an 'arts' combination (English, French, Latin, History etc.).

I understand that the human brain is divided into two halves; one half supplies a roughly artistic mentality, the other, a scientific intellectual approach. This means that someone doing a group of subjects confined to one field, be it scientific or artistic, leaves half his mind undeveloped. The fact that he may be better at one type of subject is no justification for effectively neglecting half his personality.

To some extent our education should be a 'dry-run' for surviving our society; that is a society that, by its definition, necessitates communication—verbal communication. It is also technological, so there is no more excuse for a technician's inability to form a coherent sentence than a modern linguist who cannot wire a three-pin plug.

The concurrent intellectual inflexibility of such premature specialization limits us socially and makes us dependent on others—two things Westminster should be idealistically against. Paradoxically, it is those who most need the other side of the academic coin that opt so dogmatically for a narrow range of subjects. The scientist who finds it difficult to keep up in class discussions is not exactly going to make himself loquacious by signing on for maths, physics and chemistry. The weight-lifter's body is not that pretty to look at either.

One answer might be to offer a selection of 3 A-levels of which at least one must come from each group of arts and science subjects. There are many problems with such a scheme. Technology has advanced so quickly and so universally that to be considered for further training in a scientific career you need clearly definite science A-levels. (Oxbridge applicants for engineering need 2 Sciences and Maths, three sciences for potential medics etc.) Listen carefully and you may hear resounding 'Keep your options open'.

Photograph by J. Beeston

There are other flaws in such an arts/science compromise. I am not sure that it works under the present system. To study a subject properly you must take it away with you at the end of the lesson. A true physicist is never without his copy of 'Quasars' and his Asimov. A History Student should always read around the focus of class attention, go to the theatre, and watch relevant BBC2 documentaries. This is where the rot sets in. Just as the thought processes for art and science differ in origin, so they do in 'substance'. Unlike Messrs. de Bono, Lewis etc. I will not attempt to define this difference; it is real though, and the conflict between the two is liable to effect an intellectual compromise in aspiring multi-talents. There is a danger that the mind cannot get under way—it is always interrupted and shunted off in a different direction. Clearly, studying complimentary A-levels keeps the full force of the mind ticking over on similar lines. I have found that, without vigorous self-discipline, you tend to compromise in both fields, rather than excel in either. You produce a mass of words as mediocre as your mass of numbers.

I suggest the following solutions for resolving these difficulties:

Firstly, the system of 'at least one from each' A-levels should be adopted, as an obligatory ruling. This would let through

Linocut by Paul Rathbone

confirmed engineers etc., but the majority of students who do not know what they want to do would assume subjects across the board rather than specializing. This reversal of the current trend would take the emphasis off careers and give the undecided another two years to find their true vocation.

If success in such a venture centres around a student's control of the two approaches within himself, every effort should be made to make these approaches more compatible. This means subjects should be linked and blended at the edges (very much as subjects within the two groups overlap already). This is not to say that teachers should do each others jobs, but that they could help by avoiding the intellectual dogma that says —'Mine is the only subject worth studying', and, as often happens, treating the 'other side' with disrespect and even contempt. This is an inevitable result of the level of specialization needed to teach at Westminster; it would not be possible to study a subject in that sort of depth without a certain amount of confidence in it. However, over-reaction against others does not make for open-minded pupils.

I cannot help feeling the phrase 'well-educated' has overtones of someone with a 'well-rounded' education. As we sign away Wednesday afternoon activities for a more 'academic' time-table we wave goodbye to one of our last chances of colouring another dimension outside school. If it is really necessary to do this, it is surely the time to ventilate the time-table, also. The blocking system, that, through lack of demand, caters for a limited number of art/science combinations, should be re-arranged to encourage them.

Westminster should fight, rather than contribute to, the trend of narrowing fields. Four years spent here should open new options and not entomb opportunities already available. Alexander Pope condemned Westminster claiming Dr. Busby 'Set a jangling padlock on the mind'. I do hope he is wrong.

Simon Target

How to be Trendy at Westminster

Clothing

Always look as if you've just got out of bed.
Wear shoes without socks—preferably brown shoes:
Wear trousers that are too short.
Wear fingerless gloves.
Wear a long scarf (6ft at least).
Wear a hat. Have it banned by the H.M.
Wear a 'dirty old man' raincoat.
Wear a red nightie and keep it on when you go into the Abbey.

Eating Habits

Never go to breakfast—have it in your study.
Drink lots of coffee.
Always buy 'creme eggs' in break.
Spill water, and pour custard on other people at lunch.
Talk to your sausages.
Choose your place in tea very carefully.
Pop your polystyrene cup.

Academic

Never seem to be doing any work, but *get it all done . . .*
Be apathetic by all means, but have a profound interest in offbeat subjects —e.g
Jean Paul Sartres and politics.
Always carry a copy of Beckett and 'Punk'
Do a bizarre combination of A levels e.g. Russian, Physics, History of Art. Make sure you have lots of P.S.'s in which to drink your coffee.
Take Lucretius into supper.
Defend the Public School system with a cockney accent.

Social

Say 'hello' to everyone except the select few.
When you're talking to people incessantly in Yard—as you inevitably must—make sure you don't look at the person(s) involved. Be on the look-out for ever trendier companions.
Always scrounge money, and never repay it.

Get caught in the Pub.
Don't smoke—in fact object ostentatiously (say it is adolescent and gives you a headache).
Have all the local gossip at your fingertips and a capacity to make bitching sound interesting—
Crash parties, and cause havoc with fire extinguishers.
Be platonic.
Be a girl.

Miscellaneous

Jibe at teachers to their faces using their Christian names.
Take football seriously.
Play cricket *very* seriously in yard.
Never take hymn books into Abbey.
Be short sighted but don't do anything about it.
Don't train for the long distance race, and then win it.
Have a broken limb and a story to back it up.
Deck out shortcomings as honours.
And finally: Know what you're doing, but be spontaneous.
Whatever you do: Don't be an editor of *The Elizabethan.*

D.J.F., S.M.S.W. & D.G.T.G.

Cartoon by R. Maslen

John Locke:

The Price of Peace

What did you do in the Cold War, Daddy ?

The Berlin Air-lift of 1949, the Cold War of the fifties, the C.N.D. marches of the sixties, and the Cuban Crisis of 1964 were perpetual reminders of the Soviet threat during the post-war years. In the 1970's, the headlines are dominated instead by minority terrorist factions, or news of minor wars, all of which seems removed from the long standing East-West conflict. The arms race, which continues to escalate, is brought to the public eye as an issue apparently removed from any tangible justifications. It is easy to simply forget the possibility of Soviet Invasion. To shake us out of this indolence, however, the Head Master laid on a lecture (compulsory for those in the Sixth form) in which five representatives from the army set out to justify the colossal amount the government spends on arms each year. That very indolence of the seventies, though, that they set out to dispel, combined with the heartiness with which they presented the talk, ultimately denied them any serious impact.

The talk was well presented, with slides and film clips, and the points they made good: basically that embodied in Soviet Constitution is the desire eventually to overrun the entire world by whatever means. All along the western borders of the Warsaw Pact, countries, the Soviets are heavily fortified (their army is about twice the size of all N.A.T.O. put together) and we can hardly neglect it. We have a duty as a N.A.T.O. member to defend a portion of West Germany's eastern flank, and moreover to aid any N.A.T.O. country threatened. Hence we are bound by agreement to maintain a large standing army. They then went on to outline the N.A.T.O. policy in case of attack. Initially, a Soviet offensive would be repelled using the tactics deployed in World War I: trenches dug, gas masks donned, shells volleyed at the oncoming tanks . . . If this failed to 'contain' them, we would move into phase 2, the 'theatre war', a display of strength savouring of the Hiroshima bombings. If the politicians *still* refused to make peace, then a man who looks a bit like Brezhnev, but is actually called Haig (no relation) would press a button. Fin.

All this is chronically antiquated, though, even in its own terms. Surely the money, if it must be spent, is better invested in developing higher strategies rather than simply adorning the old ritual of 'boshing the hun' with ever more elaborate weaponry. For example, the Soviets, it has recently been discovered, have been putting a great deal of money into developing laser weapons which, if used in space, could wipe out all our satellites in seconds, thus destroying our tele-communications, our radar systems, the computer network which synchronizes our entire military force . . . in effect, our 'phase I' warfare would be out of the question. The Soviets are also developing electron particle beam weapons which could annihilate all nuclear missiles before they hit the ground. So much for phases 2 and 3. The West have cottoned on to this development, and now have their crack scientists at work on similar projects. The implication is, then, that this new level of strategy will make the weaponry which is currently subsidized by the tax-payer obsolete before long. Now admittedly, it would be unwise to simply neglect our defences: the historical pretext of Neville Chamberlain's peace policy can never be ignored. Such idealism in politics is lamentably little more than naivity. All that is apparent is that were we to spend more money on research rather than the dogmatic manufacture of Cold War type weaponry; were we to reappraise the question of defence in a fresh light: we could quickly develop more efficient modes of self-defence (like the electron beam particle) and thus cheaper ones.

But one thing certainly is different about today's army. The soldiers do not want a war. All out war would not promise any chances for valiant deeds, as perhaps it did in the past, but only total destruction. Hence, a life in today's armed forces consists only of practising with weapons you hope never to use, travelling to exotic lands for short periods, or grimly facing the terrorists in Northern Ireland. Our standing army acts basically as a deterrent, and one hopes nothing more. It is no longer something a civilian can join in the hopes of winning a few medals, and simultaneously working off any excess aggresion in a few battles. Nor can it be an object of national pride, for its duty, ironically, is to make sure it will always be redundant. From now on, national pride cannot be instilled by military prowess, but must spring from peaceful enterprises: from industry or culture or sport. And the over-exuberant or aggressive cannot gallop across the Belgian fields towards the oncoming bullets as they did in 1914. They must find peaceful outlets for their frustration. Hence this unmitigated peace that lies ahead of us may well prove more taxing on our society than any war ever was. At least intermittent wars (approximately one every 25 years) have united us against a common foe. Now we cannot rely on wars to bring us together. Currently, the trend seems to be to find enemies within our own community and unite against them; either in racialist Nazi rallies, or in 'Ban the National Front' marches, or in socialist riots. But such trends cannot be safely pursued for very long. Genuine alternatives, which can perform the functions war used to, must be sought, instead of this kind of inverted war. I cannot help wondering whether a sizeable quantity of the money spent on maintaining the peace should really go into healing the rifts within our own society, rather than simply warding off the Soviet threat. If war genuinely *is* a thing of the past, then the attitudes of society must change on the most fundamental level. Until wisdom and ingenuity is seriously applied to the problem of creating harmony, and accepting peace on its own terms, and until financial backing is given to facing the future, not the immediate present, the greatest threat to peace will be, I suspect, an increasingly internal one. And the money spent on preserving the peace will continue to be sorely misdirected.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Mary Whitehouse

Most people were sceptical about Mary Whitehouse's views before her talk. The main objective of her talk seemed to be to dispel this scepticism, she tried to explain why public feeling was so often against her. She said that her image was entirely controlled by the media, and that it was the media that she disapproved of and attacked. She gave a number of examples of how she had been misrepresented or misquoted. She convinced most that her cause had been thoroughly blackened by the media.

She then went on to explain what her views were, and why she held them, she dealt separately with modern approaches to sex and violence. She claimed that sex was a private thing and that modern permissiveness had vastly reduced this privacy and at the same time encouraged sexual perversion. She thought that the vast amount of violence shown on television brought out a primitive, savage streak in us that man has to repress in order to be civilized.

Though the way she presented her argument was sometimes a little muddling and not always entirely convincing, it seemed on the whole to be based on sound sense and ideals.

The Role of the Conservative

Mr. Waldegrave believed that the role of the conservative was to try to temper the extreme policies advocated by governments on the left and right. When they were in power he felt conservatives should test extreme policies and if they proved to be effective, should put them into action, probably in a moderated form. He assured us that this kind of action was not compromising, but he he did not explain why.

His idea of the conservative seemed to be of someone who needs no creative energy but must simply organize other peoples schemes, he mentioned nothing about any positive policies that the conservatives might have. He cited some examples in the past when conservatives had pressed for moderation of

schemes such as the high rise building programme and the Comprehensive Schools. In fact two areas he claimed where the government had extensively used extreme policies without first testing them, and they had both proved disastrous. The conservative must try and put an end to the constant swinging of policy from one extreme to another and produce a cautious balanced advance.

The Literary Society

The Literary Society invites visiting speakers to address an audience drawn largely, but not exclusively, from the Upper school. It has been encouraging to note that many not specializing in English have felt free to attend. Recent speakers have included Al Alvarez, John Broadbent, Peter Conrad, Anne Stevenson, Geoffrey Wall and John Wilders. Talks have ranged from the former lecture on a specified topic (Shakespear's tragic sense of history) by Dr. Wilders (Worcester College, Oxford) to Anne Stevenson's frank introduction to and reading from her own poetry.

The critic and novelist Al Alvarez has been closely associated with the confessional poets, particularly with Sylvia Plath, and his talk made no secret of this. Mr. Alvarez saw little hope for verse in an age when the domestic crises attract just the kind of attention that artists should not but apparently do need, the work itself receiving increasingly little attention. The mass-audiences of television have created the market for eaves dropping. Professor Broadbent (East Anglia) was much more hopeful: at another extreme, he proposed that we are witnessing and are part of a new democracy of critical activity. We were equipped with paper, pencils and printed sheets and were set to work to show this activity. It was interesting that the material featured such divergent poets as Wallace Stevens. Could one approach Pope or even Marvell, say, with equal trust in instinct and the uses of ignorance? If Mr. Alvarez was lamenting the disappearance of the accepted role of artist, Professor Broadbent was perhaps advocating the abolition of the accepted role of critic.

Peter Conrad (Christ Church, Oxford) writes associative criticism invariably of a provoking kind. His lecture (part of which was delivered in candlelight, by courtesy of electricity strikers) was ostensibly about Sterne and narrative, but it darted in and out of the nineteenth-century novel and romantic poetry, delighting, perplexing and perhaps sometimes frustrating his audience. It was good to notice that many stayed behind to argue, to try to put together some of Mr. Conrad's fragments or just to enjoy more of his performance. The range of the talk given by Geoffrey Wall (York) was, in sharp contrast with Mr. Conrad, intentionally limited. Mr. Wall is compiling a book about the fool in Tudor and Jacobean literature and society: his informed and informative lecture, illustrated with a fine series of slides, made it clear that this book will represent a real contribution to Shakespearean studies. The fool in *King Lear* was the focal point in the lecture which ended (when Mr. Wall ran suddenly out of time) with some sharp observation about the differences between the Kempe and Armin schools of foolery.

The meetings take place in the Drawing Room and are always encouragingly well attended. Plans arising out of these recent meetings include a visit to East Anglia to see the literature, film and theatre courses in action, and inviting speakers to meet and talk to smaller groups as Anne Stevenson did with notable success, during the school day.

R.J.

Linocut by Simon Anstruther

Motto

Dear Sir,

Can you or any of your readers explain the origin of the motto 'In patriam populumque' now surrounding the letters 'R.S.W.' on the School's gilt blazer buttons, or the reasons for its adoption?

It has been suggested (with tongue in cheek) that someone responsible for the ordering of the buttons was not aware of the kind of Incrementum that St. Paul had in mind when writing to the Corinthians, and thought that the motto of 1732 or earlier had become unsuitable for boys whose minds should be directed away from the obtaining of increases towards higher things, more especially at a time of general wage restraint. It is reassuring to note from your last front cover that the old motto has not been entirely abandoned.

Yours faithfully,

Mere, Wiltshire J. L. Willoughby

The Archivist writes:

Younger readers may like to be reminded that this enquiry comes from a distinguished former King's Scholar, himself the father of two Captains of the School, one of whom is a Doctor of Medicine. Practised readers of *The Elizabethan* will recognize in it an example of a long tradition of enquiries which illustrate how dear to Westminsters is every feature of our history. There have been three Westminster mottoes, of which John Willoughby mentions two: the other is 'Memores fecere merendo'. Students of Forshall (Q.S. 1844, elected head to Trinity 1848) will remember that on his title page published in 1884 he places under the arms of the college 'Dat Deus Incrementum', and beneath the whole a second scroll bearing the two other mottoes as well: perhaps this historian of Westminster, who was in College during just about the most difficult period of Westminster history, when total extinction seemed almost in sight, and whose colourful and happy pages suggest hardly the slightest awareness of the danger, got the matter of the mottoes right. In his familiar inspiring account of the boat race against Eton in 1845, he tells of course how among the boats following the victorious Westminster eight was the Westminster second eight 'bearing the flag of the school with the arms and motto "In patriam populumque" gorgeously emblazoned thereon'.

Forshall seems to consider that 'Memores' came first, at the turn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, then 'Dat Deus' and third 'In patriam'. He tells that the 'Comitia Westmonasteriensium' of 1729 has 'Memores': certainly the *Lusus* of 1730 has it. He declares that Grammars of 1732 and 1734 have 'Dat Deus': we find a Greek Anthology of 1734 has it in the form of 'Det Deus Incrementum', while an *Anthologia Deutera* of 1769 has 'In Patriam', and Forshall finds grammars of 1759 and 1770 have 'In Patriam' too. Sargeaunt inclines to place 'Memores' as the earliest motto: he remarks that the Huguenot refugees of 1685 set up a school of their own at Westminster with the motto 'Dat Deus', and points out that in view of this our own adoption of 'Dat Deus' is unlikely to be later in date. Forshall declares that 'Dat Deus' was restored as the preferred motto by 'the late head master', that is, by Dr. Scott, and John Carleton states this as a fact, quoting *Punch* for 1877 introducing the shade of Dr. Busby, who is made to say 'Surely "in patriam populumque's" the line?'

In the archivist's impression hardly any Westminsters of recent times will ever have heard of any motto other than 'Dat Deus Incrementum'. Foreigners have often pointed out that, as well as the shocking habit of constantly calling on Almighty God to damn their own and other people's souls to everlasting perdition, the English have this habit of continually quoting Holy Scripture in jest: but the appropriateness of Saint Paul's words to a great house of study where frail earthen vessels attempt day by day the discipline of teaching and learning is perhaps obvious.

Charles Keeley,
Archivist

Photograph by A. Philips

Awards 1978

Oxford

S. Clement-Davies
Open Exhibition in History at Balliol

F. G. H. D. FitzGibbon
Open Demyship in Classics at Magdalen

Sara Foster
Open Scholarship (Brackenbury) in Physics at Balliol

A. D. Graff
Open Exhibition in Engineering at St. Edmund Hall

T. C. L. Holt
Open Scholarship in Classics at Wadham

R. J. B. Jakeman
Westminster Scholarship in Chemistry at Christ Church

R. F. K. Keating
Open Scholarship in Classics at Balliol

W. J. Maslen
Open Exhibition in Modern Languages at Worcester

G. J. Mulgan
Open Exhibition in Modern Studies at Balliol

A. M. Stephen
Open Postmastership in Physics at Merton

Imogen Stubbs*
Open Scholarship in English at Exeter

K. Graf von Schweinitz
Hinchliffe Exhibition in History at Christ Church

J. S. Weaver
Open Exhibition in Maths/Physics at Merton

Cambridge

J. S. Berman
Open Exhibition in Nat. Sciences at Gonville & Caius

S. Brocklebank-Fowler
Open Exhibition in History at Jesus

J. O. Cullis
Open Scholarship in Nat. Sciences at Trinity Hall

P. H. Edwards
Open Exhibition in Engineering at Trinity Hall

E. R. F. Harcourt
Open Exhibition in Mod. Languages at Trinity

D. E. H. Nutting
Open Scholarship in Mathematics at Trinity

Nicola Shaldon*
Open Exhibition in English at Clare

C. A. F. Weir
Open Exhibition in Mathematics at Trinity Hall

T. J. Winter
Open Exhibition in General Studies at Pembroke

Penelope Wright
Open Exhibition in Nat. Sciences at Trinity

*pre-A level candidates.

Community Services

The Portobello Project

'The Portobello Project' is a centre for young people in Porchester Road, W2. As a Wednesday afternoon activity, a group of boys and girls visit the centre, and use it as a base from which to work on various projects.

The Portobello Project is financed by ILEA, and provides a very wide range of services for local young people. They offer a job finder service, an accommodation service, they have extensive files for reference to deal with any problem, they help organise carnivals and youth festivals, and so on. The Project also functions as a counselling service, a rather sterile description for a group of people who are open, friendly and willing to help. Their success is indicated by the number of young people who visit the centre not just to solve specific problems, but to talk and relax.

What Westminster boys and girls make of the Project is up to them. Unlike other Wednesday afternoon activities like pottery or drama, we are not given any clear guidelines for our work. The Portobello workers give us suggestions, and encourage us to work on some topic which interests us, usually involving some kind of social survey. To give examples of the work carried out using the Portobello Project as a base in 1977 a report on Counselling Services for Young People was produced and published, which received a lot of publicity and sold a large number of copies. This year there are three projects under way; a comparison of services in general for men as compared to those for women; a survey of violence among football supporters; and a follow-up of the Report on counselling for Young People, on Sex Counselling specifically. It is this last report which I have been working on, with Dave Heyman, Gabrielle de Wardener and Charlie Croft, for over a year.

Charlie Croft worked on Counselling for Young People and was inspired to investigate Sex Counselling in a similar way, due to the success of the previous report. At our age, when sex is the most referred to, but least understood topic of our lives, it seemed an obvious choice to produce a report which could help someone get information and advice.

We visited 29 organizations that offered sexual help, information or counselling to teenagers in London. These included the official government run organizations, London Marriage Guidance Council and British Pregnancy Advisory Service; and the private organizations, such as Forum, these also included the gay organizations, such as Gay Switchboard and Icebreakers, and the individual counsellors, such as Marjorie Proops. We deliberately formed a group of 2 boys and 2 girls so that a boy and a girl would visit every organization.

We have written about each organization in two sections. One contains factual information: the address etc. and service the organization offers. The other section contains our impressions. Though our experience in a one hour interview of a place and staff was inevitably limited, we hoped that our response would be useful for people our age looking for help.

In August 1978 we sent off draft copies of our report to all organizations we had visited, and invited them to a discussion of the report.

The discussion was held in Ashburnham Drawing Room in September 1978, and over 20 workers from various organizations came, as well as the Head Master and a number of teachers and pupils who were interested in the report. It was a very lively discussion, we did not need to prompt any response.

Initially we were attacked quite strongly for what was basically our lack of professionalism, for example in our misuse of terms like 'psychosexual'. We were attacked by the more politically biased organizations, like Rape Crisis and Lesbian Line, for our prejudiced sexist and anti-gay comments. This type of organization also seemed to make the most constructive criticism. The organizations questioned how valid the

Linocut by Jolyon Neubert

impressions, written by middle class public school pupils, would be for the wide range of teenagers who would read the report.

It was difficult to answer these criticisms, we were being attacked by professionals who knew a good deal more about counselling than we did. However, it was also interesting to observe how indignant the professionals became over points which we did not find particularly relevant to the value of our report, or over some criticism which we had made of them! We had to stress that our impressions were honest descriptions of what we had felt, and therefore, we hoped, contained something helpful for people of our age looking for an organization to help them.

The discussion was a success, and many of the points we discussed have been written about in the conclusion to our report.

The report is called 'Sexual Help, Advice and Counselling for Teenagers in London'. It is being published by the National Youth Bureau early in 1979, and will then be distributed to Information Centres, and directly to Young People.

Emily Tomalin

Photographs by John Berman

P.H.A.B. '78

Fifty-one young people, gathered from London, Sussex, Essex, Northants, Netherlands, Gloucestershire, Dublin, from Westminster School, Greycoat School and Francis Holland, lived and worked together for a week in July. They took part in Courses in Art, Music Drama and Photography; went to the theatre and Art Galleries, to Brighton and the Zoo; went swimming and horse-riding, danced and were happy. The only unusual thing was that some, about half, of the course members were physically-handicapped. It didn't matter. 'P.H.A.B.' means it doesn't matter that you may be physically-handicapped; it simply organizes events so that you can take part if you are.

Those who attended up School on the last night of the week for an Entertainment, a glimpse of what had happened during the week, would, I think, agree. P.H.A.B. succeeds if people forget they are handicapped or able-bodied and stop behaving as if they are.

There will be another Course at the School in July 1979.

W.J.B.

P.H.A.B. Revisited

This time last year it was necessary to to begin an article on the Westminster School P.H.A.B. course with an explanation of what it actually was, where it took place, and why it was so vital in the context of the school's social and community work that it continued in future years. Now such considerations seem superfluous. Following on a second successful week at the beginning of last Summer holidays, the P.H.A.B. course looks like becoming an integral part of the Westminster year—for as long at any rate as people are prepared to dedicate a great deal of time and energy, and Capital Radio and Westminster School Society donate the money that the organization of the event requires.

The 1977 residential course was an experiment. It was the first time an event of this kind had taken place at school and the first time many of us had worked with handicapped children. There was a sense of nervous expectancy. No-one, whether P.H. or A.B. knew quite what was coming. Detachable arms and leg rests were accidentally pulled off as wheelchairs were nervously bumped up and down stairs. Oversized ambulances scratched their way around the confines of Dean's Yard. Wherever we went we felt self-conscious, never at ease. Yet despite this slow start a close-knit community quickly evolved. No longer did we have to pretend that there was no difference between 'them' and 'us': we were so relaxed and natural there genuinely was not. The final departure after six busy days was far more emotional than anyone could have predicted after our uneasy start.

1978 by comparison, was a slick prefessional affair. Ramps covered tricky steps. Rotas were organized for lifting wheelchairs and washing up. At the stables and theatre we were greeted as old acquaintances. Even those who were new to P.H.A.B. had been well-prepared by the admonitions of the 'old hands'—the veterans of 1977. But for all these technological improvements the second course was less successful than the first. The larger size engendered a less familar atmosphere. Groups split off and the irrepressible enthusiasm of the 1977 week was noticeably absent.

What changes 1979 will bring I do not know. Perhaps at last the response from within the school will be sufficient to fill up all the available places. I can understand why so many are not prepared to come back to school after only a few days away. But then I can equally well understand why so many who have attended one week's P.H.A.B. course, look forward to coming again.

Danny Newman

Plautus Mostellaria

I still have the letter I received as Business Manager of the Latin Play from the Dean of Westminster in 1962: 'I have mentioned the pony to the Canons at a recent Chapter meeting, and it wi be quite in order for him to be brought through the Great Cloister and the Dark Cloister on each evening of the Latin Play.' This year the *fiat* was given to a Fiat, and the audience (which included several veterans of the 1958 production of this play) was in no doubt that the production would be worthy of the play. Part of the attraction for the original spectators of this type of drama was the skill with which the playwrights managed to produce new variations on stock themes and to give individual life to stock characters: in the same way, Theo Zinn has laboured for twenty four years now to vary the stock elements in his productions—above all, apart from the modes of transport, the graffiti. This year's props included some outsize bottles such as the bottle of *rum* from the well known firm of *Mores Maio*—, and a fearsome dog (played with gusto by Arif Ali) who would not be placated until offered a large *cui bono?* (the only false quantity in the production!). As with the plays, so with the productions: we go knowing roughly what to expect, but are constantly surprised by the inventive originality with which our expectations are satisfied.

But the real joy of the Play is always the acting and delivery of the text. Plautus' plays can seem rather undramatic: central characters (such as Philolaches, the juvenile lead in *Mostellaria*) disappear after the first half of the play; and dramatic plausibility is often sacrificed in the interests of a verbal joke. Even the staging sometimes presents problems: in Act III of this play the old father Theoropides (who showed occasional flashes of real intelligence in Francis Fitzgibbon's admirably comic portrayal) has to spend a disproportionate amount of time sitting on the sidelines failing to overhear conversations in which he has more than a passing interest. Clearly he must given something to do which will distract his attention without distracting that of the audience; and the producer tackled this problem in a characteristically virile way. Another problem for the producer of Plautus is the delivery of the *cantica*, stylistically ornate and metrically complex arias which we know to have been written for musical accompaniment but of which only the words now survive: at Westminster these are simply spoken; no music is composed for them, and this is probably a wise decision. But their essentially undramatic character is thereby exposed. The lovestruck Adam Blackburn delivered Philolaches'

Above: Tessa Ross and Daisy Goodwin; below: Francis Fitzgibbon

Below: Adam Blackburn

opening *canticum* beautifully and clearly; but I wonder if Plautus' audience was really enthralled by the *content* of this ingenious comparison of a man to a house.

But the comic impetus of Plautus' plays leaves one little time to worry about problems. The basic story line of *Mostellaria* is straightforward and uncomplicated. There are no serious undercurrents to it, and all hinges on the ingenuity of the slave Tranio in extricating himself from a succession of awkward situations. Tranio is a master of intrigue, he revels in deception, and it is essential that he should have the audience on his side (in spite of the way in which Plautus introduces him in the opening scene). Piers Higson Smith dominated the action from start to finish, as he should. His Tranio seemed to be slave of rather gloomy temperament, and I felt that he did not take the audience into his confidence quite enough; but these were minor shortcomings in an excellent performance.

Mostellaria has a large number of parts, and as usual the supporting roles were as well acted as the main ones. Indeed the show was almost stolen by Roly Keating as Theoropides' down-trodden neighbour Simo, a performance in which every gesture, every expression was chosen for maximum comic effect. Mark Gibbon gave a versatile and convincing performance as the young Callidamates both drunk and sober; and Joseph Todhunter was suitably goody-goody as his loyal attendant whose arrival leads to the collapse of all Tranio's schemes. Thomas Holt, who well conveyed the anxiety of the moneylender Misargyrides, also translated the prologue with rare skill. Tessa Ross was Philolaches' starry-eyed mistress, while Harriet Jump and Daisy Goodwin preached the mellow wisdom of Scapha to her on alternate evenings. Terry Sinclair was a grumpy Crumio, the loyal slave of the opening scene. Care had been lavished on even the smallest parts: there were lively performances by Antonia Lloyd-Jones, Jason Morell and Matthew Norman, and there was an inexhaustible supply of *pueri*, *pedisequi* and *lorarii*. A special word of thanks to Derek Freedman who had clearly (*experto credite*) put in a lot of work as Stage Manager and Business Manager.

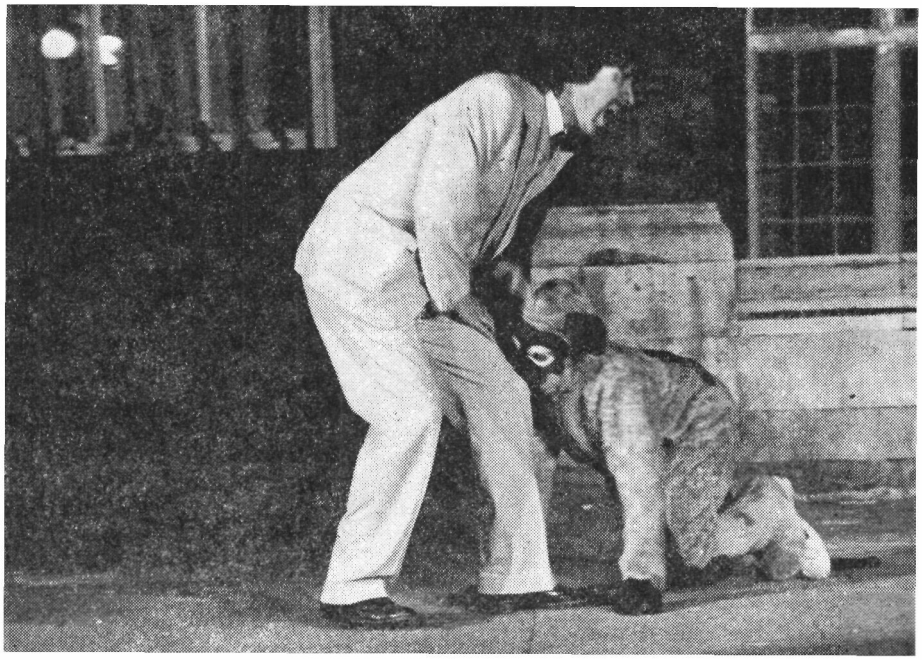
Theo Zinn's productions have done more than generations of scholarship to bring to life the plays of Plautus and Terence. Those who have appeared in them have learnt a great deal about acting, but more importantly they have come to love this somewhat neglected area of Latin literature. The Latin Play is a unique educational experience, and it is much to be hoped that the arrival at Westminster of this year's assistant director, Eric Pratt, will ensure the Play's survival for many years to come.

P. G. McC. Brown

Photographs by Philip Lowe

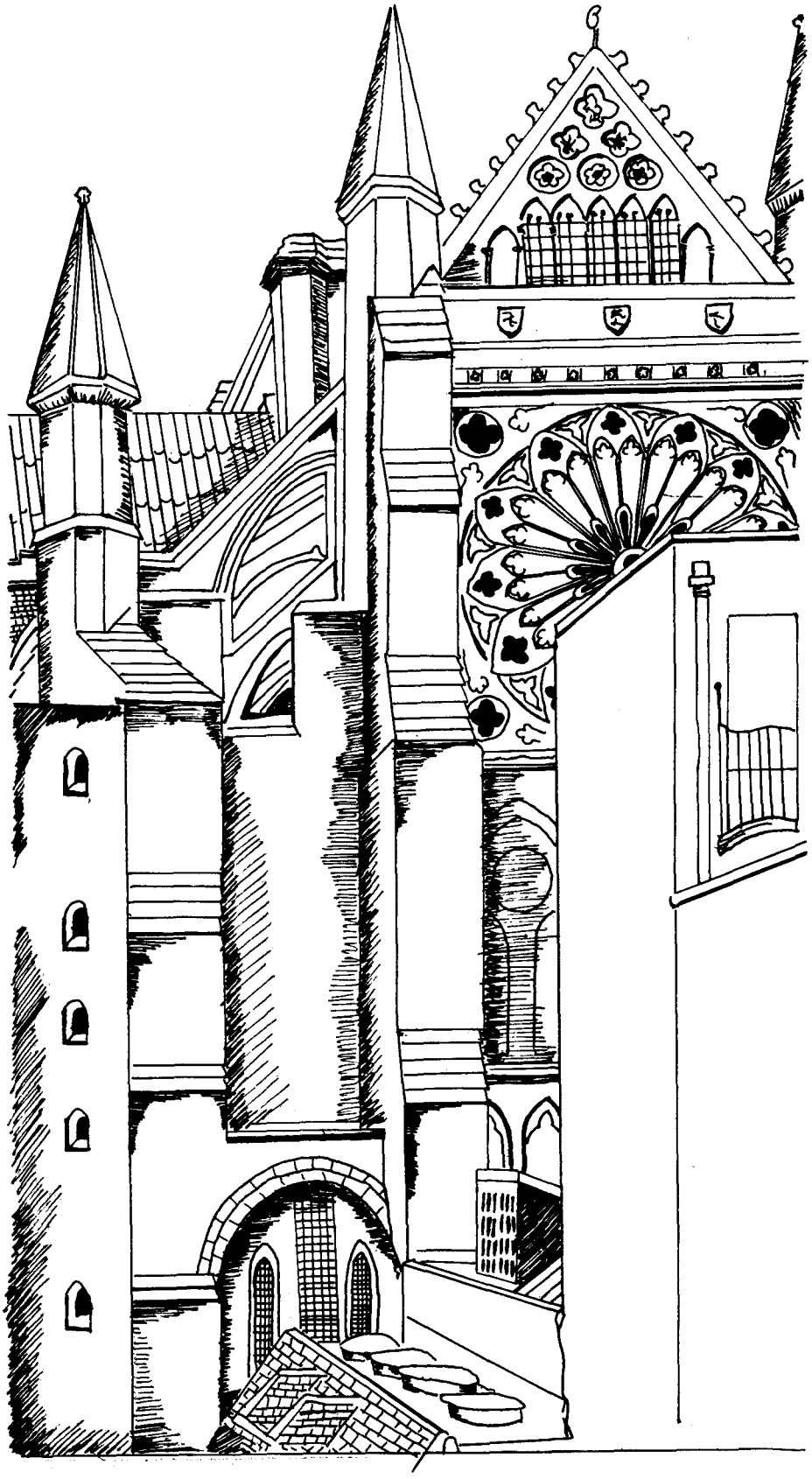
Above: Francis Fitzgibbon and Roly Keating; below: Robert Lemkin and Charles Mallory

Below: Piers Higson Smith and Arif Ali



Drama

Georg Büchner: Leonce und Lena



Drawing by Sally Storey

When I first read 'Leonce und Lena' I was too struck by Buchner's magical language to notice that it is more of a long prose poem, like his Novelle *Lenz*, than a stage play. In view of this, Rory Stuart deserves special credit for making so much of a such a recalcitrant text. The piece's unsuitability for the stage explains many of the faults in its Westminster presentation. Buchner is unsuccessful in linking his scenes together, whence the lack of continuity which was one of this production's most noticeable defects. Moreover, little help came from indifferent lighting, and (in the design) some insensitivity to the vital contrast between indoors and out. For instance, it was unclear that the first scene took place in a garden: the lighting was completely indeterminate, and Leonce played with sand and Valerio addressed grasshoppers with dusty books in the background, inappropriately suggesting an interior. On the other hand, the court's essential vanity, of vanities as well as of appearance, was communicated well by harsh reflections from giant mirrors and the lack of human warmth in the foolish staring masks of King Peter's entourage. Sophistications such as these pervaded and enriched the production; another example, the open book and abandoned telescope from scene I symbolizing for Leonce, so like Hamlet, the emptiness of human knowledge.

As for the actors themselves: unfortunately, some of the most important lines were under-emphasized ('A terrible thought occurs to me: I believe there are people who are unhappy . . .') which gave the impression that now and again the players did not realize the weight of what they had to say. Lena in particular hurried some of her most beautiful lyrical speeches, and her part was misread as a naive nonentity in need of a governess rather than as the *Naturkind* ('I need dew and night airs like the flower') she is. But both Valerio and Leonce were outstanding, and at times (their dialogue over the sound of the metronome) lifted the production onto a level elsewhere unattained.

Many things could have been better had they been more polished (music, courtiers), for the interpretation as a whole was rich in ideas and variations of mood, from the hilarious peasants to the crushing sense of hollowness of Leonce's life. Richard Stokes' translation was brilliant, and the production itself was impressive in inspiration if not always in execution.

Edward Harcourt

Literary Supplement

The Revolution in the City

I sat with my back against the wall, the old tatty wall of my friend's flat. I say 'my friend' without really understanding what I mean. For I never knew the making of a friendship before. Friendship in my memory always ran back into the distant past. There in the cold roaring city 'making friends' is as important as eating.

My friend, if that's what he was, sat opposite me in an old chair next to a girl. I'd met him at a café, or at least he'd met me, and I had been initiated into the ritual of making friends. Not that there was as much behind it, for he seemed very interested in the girl. Everything here was a ritual, everything was cold and dead. At home there were no rituals, at home life was at it should be, everything had a purpose, nothing was empty like their friendship.

Outside, the busy grey city span around its empty heart.

The city had lost me. He had been the first person I talked to after reaching the city. But he had not shown me the way. I had discovered him as a child discovers a new toy. Happy at first, I quickly realized the dullness, the boredom behind the gloss. And I was still lost. I never used to get lost at home. Home was in my mind, I knew every dirty, happy corner of my home. I knew every silver-plated knife, unashamedly worn to the tin beneath. My life and my mind were one. Here in the roaring city, there was so much I didn't know, so much I wouldn't know, that my mind was no longer my life. The dullness of the city had dug sharply into me, and split my jarred mind from my life.

My friend seemed small, he seemed weak. I knew so little of him, yet I remembered all our friendship. He had been here longer than me, that was all. And he talked more. He knew when to talk, I had not thought about when to talk before (I remained silent). If it had rained at home I would have stayed inside, if it was fine, I went out.

Sometimes I was so disappointed by the weather that I ventured out in the rain. I was scolded. But I knew I had to be scolded, that was alright. Fairness was the only cold thing in my childhood, the only austere thing. Here, where everything was cold, there was no fairness! Grim-faced crowds moved together, fast, away from the cold heart of the town. Who had let them? Who had let this town go cold?

And once I had seen a signpost in the concrete rain pointing, like someone swimming against the tide, pointing to the city centre.

The white girl didn't seem very comfortable. My presence perhaps upset her. She did not look at me. No one looked at me I thought. I supposed they had seen me so many times before in one form or another.

Not helping me, she just talked to my friend.

They were talking about a riot, some young men had sprung up in the night from the desolate darkness of the fluorescent lights, trying to fight. In the emptiness of the 24-hour light some had been killed. The bodies on the pavement, the lights smashed, nothing happened. A little blood trickled, diluted by the rain, towards the drains and far into oblivion. For a second, while the rain and the blood mixed, and the bodies steamed under the blocked out stars, for a moment, life returned. Returned and rushed down into the drain.

Some had called it a revolution, some a martyrdom, and some, so my friend said, called it crazy. Rumours, friend, rumours through the press, rumours through the rain, through the blood. And all this in dull, deaf silence of the roaring city?

Bemused, I thought about the darkness of the night, the coldness of the cars parked in lines, and the warmth of blood. I saw the crowds of men hurrying from the scene of the crime. Talking always talking. But now talking about the crime, warmed by the blood, not shouting. Not acting. I remember doing things all the time at home. I remember everyone watching and clapping. No one clapped here. I remember lovable people winking at me, the thrill of pleasing elders and betters. Elders and betters were all together now, surging in one huge mass out of the city, and no one winked.

I saw them walking, running, talking, sighing and thinking. I wanted to clap, to clap at all these people, wanted to clap at myself, it was a nice thought, but of course not possible here.

Tired, my friends had stopped talking.

I warmed a little to the slightly red sunset over the blackened whiteness of the scrubbed city, and I brought my hands together, silently clapping in my mind.

Christopher Nineham
(Sixth Form)

Short Story

Once upon a time there was a boy, and this boy came from a family consisting of parents, a daughter, a dog, a cat and himself. Every supper they would sit and talk in long words about complicated questions, but they never laughed, and they never cried, even when they said they wanted to.

This worried the boy, so one day he said to his family—'do you know what? This family is too clinical'—. The word pleased him. It summed every thing up so neatly.

Next day the cat and the dog were run over and that supper they all discussed the reality of Mortality, and the justification of suffering.

'Do you know what' said the boy 'This family is emotionally inarticulate' and he distributed some clean handkerchiefs 'we must allow an emotional safety valve to our intellectual appraisal.'

Next day the rest of the family was killed in a car crash on the way back from the launderette, where they had been washing the boy's handkerchiefs. When the boy heard this he said 'that was definitely an emotionally inarticulate clinical family. It is a good description. Their loss may fairly be described as a crushing and terrible blow—a wound which only time will heal'. So he collected up all the handkerchiefs and put one in each pocket for emotional emergencies.

In the end the boy bought a tape recorder with the money he had got from the Will and listened to everything he said so that he became word perfect in articulating his own emotions, and always did so out loud.

One day he went to the top of a hill so as to practice using echo for rhetorical effect. At the top of this hill was a steep cliff. He said 'I am fascinated by this cliff, and intrigued by my fascination. Separated from the concept of death by the articulation of the word I do not perceive the reality which would ensue my jumping off. My desire to jump off is motivated primarily by the desire to escape from the sound of my own voice, and secondly by the pleasure of the fall itself. This disgust for the sound of my own voice, like the fascination of the cliff is a result of much speaking in the . . .'

Suddenly he was struck with a desire to do something instead of talking—but then perhaps he already had, for he was already half-way down.

James Gardom
(Remove)

Bethune Short Story Prize Winner

Serendipity

'Sentimentalism,' said James, 'is often out of place, and always is on long train journeys.'

They were off to Wales, and had just passed Ealing Broadway station, where, as Emma had pointed out, she used to watch the trains go by with Nanny.

'Personally,' said Alison, 'I don't think Ealing is very romantic anyway. But I disagree with you about sentimentalism.' James, however, declined the invitation to discourse at length about sentimentalism and railway trains, and remarked instead that *his* Nanny took *him* to Kensington Gardens, where it was much nicer, and there were boats in the Round Pond. Alison then said that there were never any boats when she went there, and Benedict, who was sitting by the window opposite Emma, remarked coldly that he wasn't surprised with her around. At this juncture Alison thought it wiser to say nothing, and the first tragedy was avoided.

* * *

As to what they were going to do in Wales, James hadn't a clue. As the others sat bickering about who should go to the buffet, (a constant source of conversation, relieved only by a recitation of a poem about Slough, by Emma, when they passed that town—the work, no less, of a recent Poet Laureate—and which caused much consternation amongst the natives who had recently entered the carriage) James thought about their arrival in Cardiff. What were they going to do? What could anyone do in Cardiff for that matter? There was always his old Auntie Vi, who was constantly begging for a visit. But there were so many things that embarrassed him about going there; for one thing, he could never understand what she was saying, and there was the added peril of visiting her when some of her dubious friends dropped in for tea. And then there were the cats. James had disliked dogs and cats ever since he had been attacked by both at once when he was five. Most important, however, was that he had his friends to think of. He couldn't very well not bring them too, but if he did, what would Auntie Vi think of them? If she didn't like them, she would say so to their faces, and besides . . . well, Auntie Vi was a *bit* bourgeois, and three ducks on the wall *was* stretching it a bit. His friends would never forgive him. Perhaps he ought to change friends? He'd thought of that before, and he knew that it was really no good. What if they changed him? Horrors! They might any day discover that he didn't live in Barnes at all but in Clapham, and that his father was not, as he had so assiduously made out, a television playwright, but an assistant scriptwriter for 'The Two Ronnies'. And there was still the problem of what to do in Wales. . .

A few minutes later Alison reappeared from the buffet with a few of those handy paper mugs British Rail is so fond of (she had lost the first game of 'Snap'; taking lots is highly unethical, she had said, and had paid for her folly); James peered weakly into the cup that was thrust mercilessly into his face. He looked doubtfully at the bubbling green liquid.

'What is it?' he asked.

'Slow poison' said Alison.

* * *

Benedict lay back in his seat and watched the land disappearing in front of him. The others were talking, optimistically, about Welsh castles. He didn't really know why he was here at all. Alison had said to him, in her usual inimitable manner, 'Come on, Dickie dear, now the term's finished we can afford to get around a bit. Come with us to Wales, do be a *dear*. There's so much to see (what, she couldn't quite remember) and you might never get another chance'. The next thing he remembered—so dream-like was anything concerning the ethereal Alison—was being handed some tickets ('Don't worry dear, you don't owe me a thing, I've paid for them out of your monthly allowance'); he also had a vague recollection of having to live on bread and water for at least a fortnight afterwards.

But he didn't really *fit*, he thought. He wasn't really like them at all—he hadn't even been sure what 'sentimentalism' was, though had wisely kept his mouth shut at the time. He had turned up to a few of their meetings (when Rangers had been playing away, he thought longingly) and had been rapidly assimilated by Alison, who, it was rumoured, had a distinct penchant for upright lads of the lower-middle classes, but there, again, he was reminded that he just did not somehow have the right to be sitting there with them. He'd often heard them speak of their fathers: James' was a television playwright, Alison's the Mayor of a Kentish town (Rye, or somewhere similar); Emma's parents had run off to the Caribbean in search of a desert isle when she was two. Dickie had told them that his father was an electrical engineer; to be more accurate, he was a man who mended television sets. His grandfather was a bricklayer from Grantham. Why did it have to be Grantham, of all places? It was occasionally fashionable to have a grand-father who was a bricklayer from, say, Suffolk, but Grantham, never. Sometimes he thought that he would just give up the whole game, and go up to James or Alison, and say 'I give up: my grandfather was a bricklayer from Grantham, and my father is a television repair man', and then he would run away from them as fast as possible before they had a chance to recover their senses.

The topic of conversation had evidently changed, for at this moment James turned to Dickie and asked him if he had seen the latest Jesus film; Dickie said yes, and that he had found it deeply sincere, and the discussion was ended with a blow.

* * *

Emma liked sitting facing the engine; she found it vaguely pleasant to watch the little stations hurrying by with such a busy air. She liked travelling; although she was frequently sick in aeroplanes, she always felt her best during long train journeys. She liked musing over her past, over those sunny days gone by on Ealing Common. She remembered Nanny for her curious old-fashionedness: one day, as the thousandth train passed Ealing Broadway station, little Emma had said that she wanted to be a train driver when she grew up. Nanny remarked that little girls don't want to be train drivers, *ever*. Perhaps, Emma had said, we can go the train museum in Clapham. 'Little girls', Nanny had said with an even firmer air, 'don't like trains *at all* And least of all in Clapham. Little girls *like dolls*'; and to prove this point Nanny bought Emma a little doll from Woolworth's, but Emma, not liking dolls at all, threw it out of the window into a pond in the garden the next day in a rage, where no doubt it is to this very day. Emma laughed. It was quite cruel of James to be so dictatorial about sentimentalism. 'Why, if I try', she said to herself, 'I can almost remember the day when Daddy ran off to the Isle of Wight to open a jellied eel stall on the beach at Ventnor, and when two days later Mummy ran off to Swanage with the decorator, leaving me in the capable hands of Nanny Edwards, whose peculiar nature it is to occasionally drift into italics.'

At that moment, curiously enough, the train arrived at Swanage, and stopped with a jolt. 'Horrors' thought Emma, 'what if Mummy were to come onto the platform and recognise me in the train? What would the others think? Swanage is hardly the Caribbean, though it is a desert island west of Ealing, sure enough.' She always felt guilty having to lie about her parents to get on with Alison and James. Quite possibly they would never speak to her again if they found out. And then she would feel so isolated. There would be nothing to do but go back to Ealing and look after Nanny.

At this point Alison turned round and asked Emma if she had a biro she could borrow, because the others had been reduced to playing noughts and crosses.

* * *

Ashburnham Garden *Simon Rohde*

Alison looked at her watch. It was half past nine. 'Another two hours and then we'll be there,' she thought. 'There' however meant nothing at all to her, because no one had any idea about what they were going to do when they arrived. Harry had muttered something about his Auntie Vi and that was about all. She decided to write a letter. 'Dear Dad' it began, 'I hope you are well. I am.' Then she laughed, because she suddenly remembered that that was how she had begun every letter to her father since he had been put in prison for local government corruption when she was eight. Her laughing was the only sound in the carriage, which was half empty by now anyhow. Emma was reading 'Slough' again to herself, and Benedict was snoring in the corner. And James—James was counting his fingers. 'What a long nose he's got' said Alison to check whether he was fully awake, and then 'attractive all the same, I suppose.' However, there was no reply, and so she continued with her letter 'How are things with you at Broadmoor?' James lifted his eyes to see what she was doing. She rapidly hid the letter under a sheet of paper.

'Writing a letter?'

'No, no, nothing at all. Absolutely nothing.'

'I thought I saw—'

'No, no, that's only a scrap of paper.'

'Oh.'

Silence. Emma put the book down at last and began to snore.

'Heavens' thought Alison, 'what if they should see the letter. I would be lost if they found out. I think I'll play noughts and crosses with myself. James?'

'What?'

'Do you want to play noughts and crosses?'

'No.'

'Go on.'

'No.'

'Please.'

'OK, you start.'

'James?'

'Yes.'

'You're not concentrating.'

'Oh.'

They were in the middle of their twenty-fifth game when the train stopped outside a tunnel.

'We must be nearly there', said Alison. 'I can see lights, and it is nearly eleven.'

'We're a bit early yet.'

Everyone else in the carriage was asleep. James looked around nervously.

'Looking for something?' asked Alison.

'Alison?' said James.

'Yes' said Alison.

'Would you like to stay with me in London sometime?'

I'd love to', said Alison.

'Then I think I ought to tell you something' said James. 'My father isn't a playwright at all—he's an assistant scriptwriter for 'The Two Ronnies'. And I don't live in Barnes. I live in Clapham—'

With another jolt the train rolled slowly into the station. The bright lights slowly woke everyone in the carriage and as they reached, exhausted, for their suitcases, Alison turned to James with a a smile and said:

'James? I've watched 'The Two Ronnies' since it began. And I think Clapham is a lovely place to live in.'

'Are you going to Clapham, James, dear?', murmured Emma, as she rose sleepily from her seat. 'I've *always* wanted to go to Clapham.'

'Let's all go and wake up your Auntie Vi,' said Alison, and tomorrow we'll paint the town red.'

Timothy Cattlin
Heideckstrasse, München

A Feeling

The music soared and fluttered behind him, a great tide of tumult and sound that drifted and lifted him on its swaying banks. He swiftly did up the window, put his face against the darkness, and squinted his eyes against the three other orbs of fire that burned from across the river. They flashed and flickered through the streaming foliage, existing in a kind of netherworld he strove hard to penetrate.

He had never known it existed either. So it came upon him hard, a sudden realisation of something else that was both new and dangerous. But it was primarily sweet; it had a bitterness, and a power, and an aura all its own. He tried to remember when he had felt the same way, but failed. For that was its whole might; it was unexpected and frightening in its implications.

He said to himself he had found love. That, of course, was not true—he had only glimpsed his longing for love: which any man likes, because it is so pleasurable to want. But he thought: I will never forget this! and closed the window. And probably went on making the same mistake for the rest of his life.

Andrew Torchia
(Upper Shell)

Photograph by Vivian Woodell

Charlie Boxer in 'Timon'

Zenith high
The sun squints back at me.
A lost cloud,
Desolate in the blue,
Is joined by a lone gull
In skying over my head.
And an ant tramples my chest.
Earth Mother
Embrace my interminable solitude.

Francis Ennismore
(Lower Shell)

A life well spent

King Sam spent all his money in a vain
attempt to wheedle
A dehydrated camel through the
eyepiece of a needle;
Eventually, dying at the age of
eighty-seven
In a poor and pious hermitage, the
monarch went to heaven.

Robert Maslen

Linocut by Christopher Clarke

Waiting for Godot

Richard Jacob's a 'Waiting for Godot' was infinitely more than a fine production, it was a highly moving dramatic experience which combined brilliance of sheer technique with a sensitivity and awareness of the dramatist's intentions. A performance so unified, and so ideally poised between tragedy and comedy is rare enough in the professional theatre and virtually unknown at Westminster. It is significant that of the actors only Robert Maslen has had wide acting experience. His part, Pozzo, is a mixture of circus-master, zoo-keeper, and worldly-wise philosopher. Therefore the distance, as well as the sameness, from Estragon and Vladimir was made more poignant, for Adam Rose and Martin Taube, and Charlie Boxer could bring out the innocence and vulnerability of their parts with a genuine freshness. They were at the same time old, weary tramps, and children, calling one another pet names, each relying on the other for support and encouragement.

The most impressive aspect of the production was the tension and the rhythm, which were sustained unbroken all the time. The relentless pace gave a clear picture of Beckett's bleak image of the world: man's life remains a grotesque and pointless game without rules, which which must run its absurd course apparently endlessly until death will end it.

Francis FitzGibbon

Knightmare

Knightmare as a play certainly left me confused as to what on earth the Arthurian legends are about, but it did put me straight about Westminster drama. Its success demonstrated that however rambling the set, or indeed script of a play is and however vast the number of inexperienced actors involved, the audience can enjoy it.

Picture first how the *traditional* Westminster production is initiated: a boy returns to school one evening starry-eyed after watching a production at the N.T. He has been overawed by the professional execution, the lights, the set, the costumes and the Barkers New England ice-cream in the interval. While wandering back along the banks of the serene, rippling, glittering Thames, great dreams enter his mind: dreams that one day he too will produce such a play —he will select a magnificent cast, design a triumphant set, present a new interpretation of Hamlet and the world will gape. From there, the progression is simple: he gets a play, gets permission, gets a grant and dates, starts rehearsals, watches half the cast walk out on him, gets a new cast, restarts rehearsals (no-one turns up), has a massive dress rehearsal, watches the mediocre result for three nights, has a cast party, and drowns his sorrows saying 'I'm amazed it went so well—I mean, considering . . .'

Shrewd director Christopher Loveless, however, made a lateral jump. He astutely observed that a school play aspiring to professional standards is simply irritatingly third rate unless it has a really good cast *or is run by a master.* His approach took into account the limitations imposed by poor facilities and the problem of casting. It also gave a chance to people who wanted to try acting but not too seriously: allowing them to enjoy themselves and at the same time giving the audience something to laugh at. His aim was simply to do a school play for fun: and in that objective he realized almost total success.

The Script he wrote about 'King Arthur and his noble Knights of ye table rounde' savoured of pantomime farce, with fewer songs and many more corny jokes, and in the end it has to be admired. It was, admittedly, quite lacking in structure and even while a dramatic incident *was* underway its relevance was clouded over by incessant witticisms. It did, certainly, drag and become repetitive towards the end. But mediocre as it was, it represented an enormous and bold creative feat which is far easier for the wise critic to flaw than anyone to actually surpass.

The organization of the production was phenomenal: not only did all the characters emerge on stage at more or less the right time: they also managed to stand in the right place when they got there, be wearing the right costumes and clutching the right props. (Incidentally Bobby Maslen who was delegated to mastermind the props dept. ended up doing the massive job almost single handed —a tremendous achievement.) The battle

Photographs by Vivian Woodell

scene in particular was impressively manoeuvred under stroboscopic-lighting (by Jeremy Sykes). Throughout Seymour Segnit handled complicated sound effects competently: and the other special effects—smoke pouring into the stage as evil Morgan le Fay (Kate Tyndall) (hisses) emerged to defy the lady of the lake (Karen Zentler Gordon) (hurrah!); or the Siege Perilous exploding terrifyingly—greatly contributed to overall enjoyment.

As to the innumerable actors: one can hardly hope to do more than offer a general congratulation to those—Knights, Maidens, enchantresses, courtiers, magicians, questing beasts and jesters. But outstanding were the narrators, Dominic Freud (Merlyn) and Mark Cavaciuti (Dinadin), delivering lines like:

'This is a School where some people have actually read *Pride and Prejudice*—and enjoyed it' with sufficient aplomb to make them sound funny. Alan Phillips stole the stage as Lancelot in a full suit of armour, along with Bobby Maslen as a jibbering Indian King. Also amusing were Brer Ruthven and Hugh Rosen both parodying masters rather unimaginatively, which seemed to go down well with the audience—alongside James Mackie parodying the traditional Shakespearian clown (making endless cryptic, and quite meaningless remarks) altogether more subtle but sadly none of the audience got the joke.

When judged in its own terms, the play's only short-coming was really that it was all *too* ambitious, even for Mr. Loveless. A slightly more manageable play (i.e. a tighter script) and a slightly smaller cast could have doubled the quality of the whole production. On the superficial level mistakes only added to the general fun, but the lack of control one sensed on the level of the actual plot and some aspects of the direction ultimately denied the play any lasting impact.

It is fortunate that Mr. Field (often unintentionally deprecating about original enterprise of dubious merit) chose to lend full financial and moral support to this play. So bold a project would never have got off the ground without encouragement and it ultimately proved a worthwhile experiment. Far removed as topical school jokes, knights in makeshift armour brandishing makeshift swords, damsels in not-so-white satin, clouds of red and blue smoke, wobbling flats for scenery and a rowdy end of term audience on uncomfy school chairs may be from the world of National Theatre, surely all this has as much place midst school drama as the intellectual and often pretentious plays we are usually offered. How much more fun for all involved to occasionally abandon the conventional dramatic goals and simply enjoy the show. Knightmares, in their way, can be just as much fun as Midsummer Knight-dreams.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Timon

It seems that Shakespeare is held in such high esteem at Westminster that over-conscientious actors and directors feel they could never do justice to the 'great' plays, overawed by the hidden themes and lurking moral conflicts. Hence the justification for last year's *Titus Andronicus* and this year's *Timon*. It was very sad to see how much energy and talent was channelled into a play that ultimately did not merit it.

Richard Jacobs painstakingly adapted what survived of the original text for his production, clarifying the plot, dispensing with loose-ends which Shakespeare never tied up, compressing speeches and amalgamating various characters, and finally ending up with a stark ninety minutes featuring the decline and fall of Timon from lavish lord in the midst of odious flatterers to bankrupt back-to-nature, disillusioned man of the woods. The story line was that thin and that straightforward: so it did not matter that almost everyone (Chris Loveless was a laudable exception) gabbled their lines. The speeches were not too long to be boring (except at the end) and the scenes well blocked and smoothly flowing, so that watching the story work itself out was not tedious. On the other hand it was not particularly *inspiring*, and the 'money is the root of all evil' theme creaked under the strain of a full ninety minutes attention.

I thought much of the acting pretty good: Martin Griffiths as Timon coped, sometimes arresting the eye and mind. The flatterers, Messrs. Taube, Goldsmith and Buchan, were never allowed to be more than entertaining by the script, but their foppish vacuity managed occasionally to become sinister. The really interesting characters were the fool (Francis Ennismore) and the cynical Apemantus (Charlie Boxer). Not only are the fools always fascinating in Shakespeare, but also the direction of these irksome figures was excellent. In the back of my mind, I could not help wondering whether these truth-bearers were any more attractive than the fickle friends, who at least enjoyed life. However if this issue was meant to have been raised in my mind, I could not hear enough of the lines to know if Shakespeare explored it further.

Apart from the diction, there was really nothing wrong with the production except the choice of play. I accept that it is an interesting idea to bring to light a much forgotten work, but there is more to be acknowledged when such an enterprise is embarked on. It is that a school boy will probably only get a chance to act in about five plays during his time, or get close acquaintance with a very few: hence the few that *are* put on should really be selected for their lasting qualities rather than their obscurity.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Music

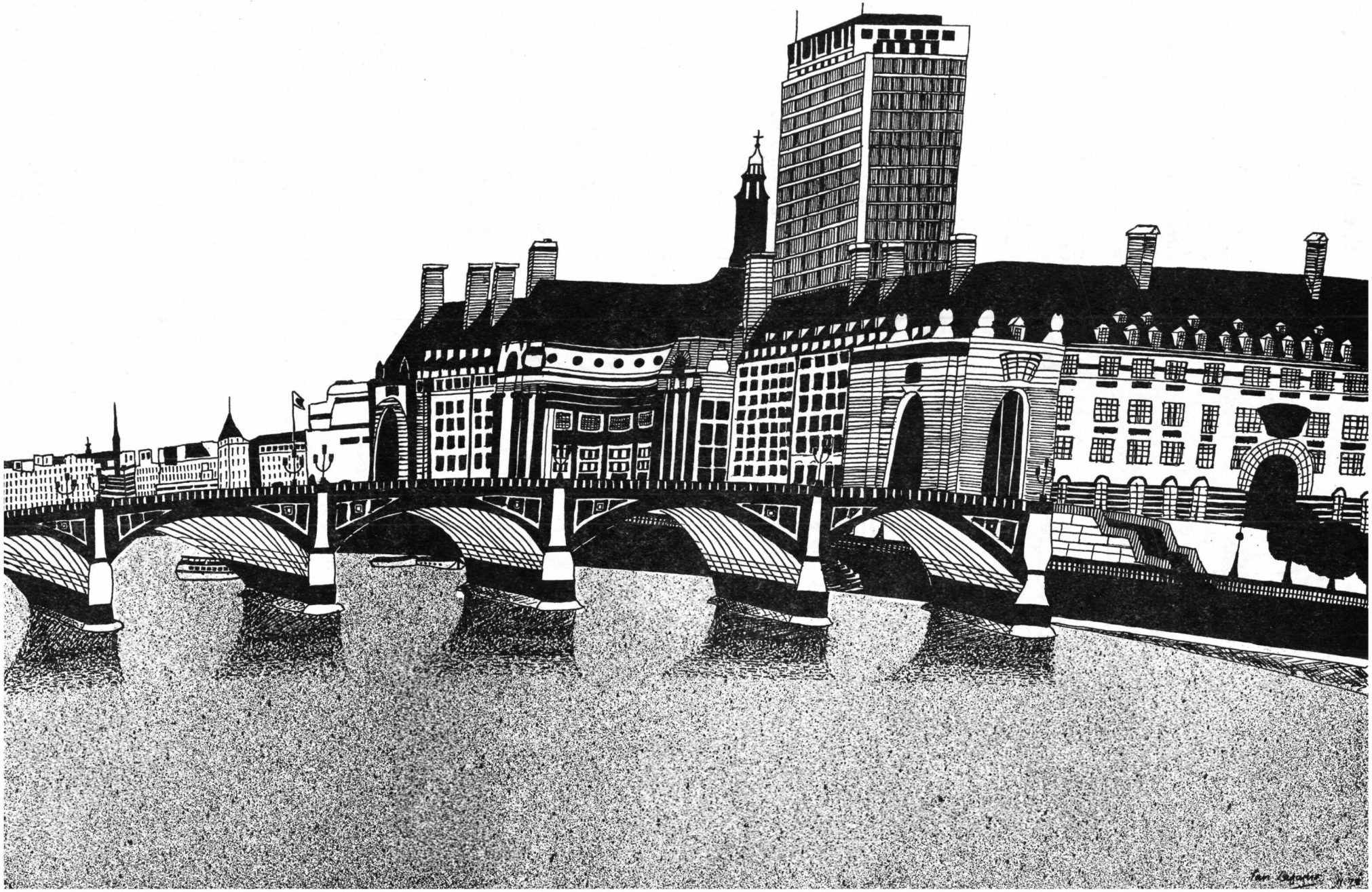
The Election Term School Concert

The programme, and the audience, at the concert was filled to capacity. The well-balanced agenda included various musical styles (in the grand finale simultaneously) employing a staggering number of players. This is surely one of the aims of a school concert, and indeed it provided a rostrum for no less than three soloists.

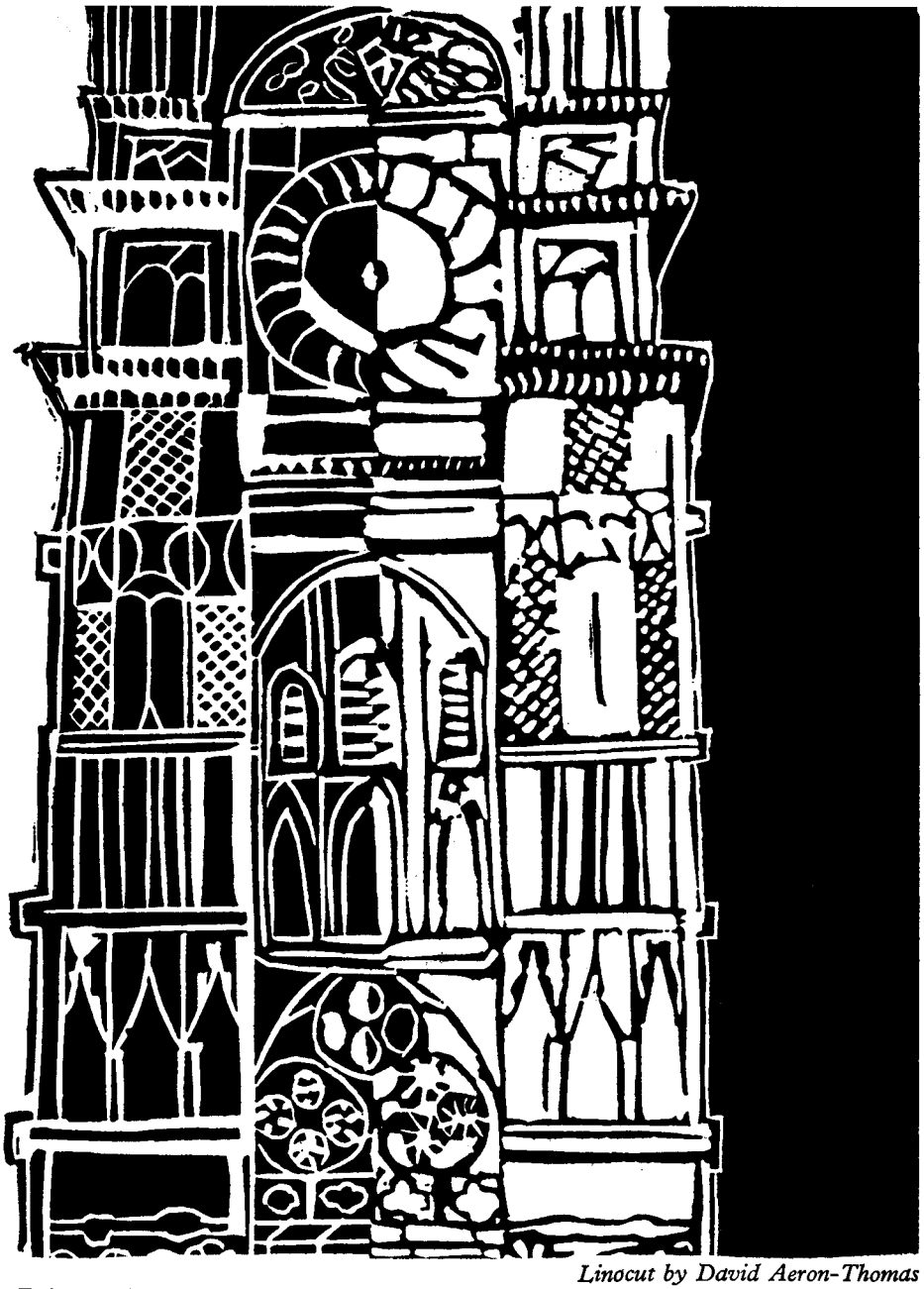
The evening opened with two dances by the pre-classical composer, Susato. This apt overture was vibrant and rhythmic, and energetically performed. Suzanna Taverne quickly dispelled any chauvinist apprehensions of the suitability of bassoon playing as a 'lady-like' pursuit, when one performed two movements from the Mozart Bassoon concerto. Her highly competent playing was occasionally overwhelmed by the orchestra though, who didn't always seem in total control of the dynamic range. This was followed by another Soloist, John Whittaker who played a somewhat romantic interpretation of the first movement of Beethoven's Piano Sonata, Op. 109. This was obviously carefully prepared and he displayed little concern over the complex technical demands involved. After the 'heavies' had done some amateur removals, a handful of the schools best singers sang two madrigals, providing a marked contrast with the next item. *Structur II*. This contemporary music was composed by Terry Sinclair and was a trifle avant-garde for me, though carefully performed. James Cross then played Gigout's Toccata for organ—an exciting piece, though his performance was hampered by an only semi-functional instrument. The school's Chamber Orchestra followed this with a well-rehearsed rendering of the dance movements from Bach's 2nd orchestral suite. They played musically, though the snappier last movement was a little hectic. This brought us to the main orchestral piece, two movements from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake Suite. All sections seemed to cope admirably with the complicated scoring and rhythmic syncopation, especially the violins, who had to contend with some nippy finger-work. The final item. 'A Poison Tree', written and conducted by John Baird inevitably suffered from lack of rehearsal, due to the enormous number of people involved. One would be hard-pushed to find something to follow it though.

The concert may have been deficient in stage management, but the sheer number of items under the direction of Charles Brett's baton, is a testimony to the thriving musical life at Westminster.

Simon Target



Drawing by Ian Lazarus



Linocut by David Aeron-Thomas

Rigaud's House Concert

The Rigaud's concert this summer took place in Ashburnham Garden

Although Rigaud's have lost all their music scholars, the standard of playing was very high on the whole. However, there were many disadvantages of playing outside. The evening was fairly windy, and the sheet music was blown off the the stands. Also, much of the sound was lost especially in the first item Bach's Fantasia in C Minor and Scarlatti's Sonata in A major, both for harpischord. They were played by Ellie Warburg, and what could be heard sounded very good.

Next, Matthew Buckley performed the slow movement of Mozart's horn concerto in E♭. He clearly had difficulties and he was not helped by a bird who started to tweet loudly, and out of tune.

Diana Fowle followed by playing a piece by Copland called *Hoedown*. This was very competently performed and the exciting rhythm was well brought out.

After some mime came The School Jazz Band. As usual, they played very well, but it would be nice to hear different tunes occasionally.

This was followed by the Rigaud's House Choir, who rowdily sang *Yes, we have no bananas*. It was not the most polished performance, but everyone seemed to enjoy it. The choir then gave a present to the Head of House as it was his birthday. It turned out to be a wet fish which was promptly thrown into the audience.

Finally, came the star attraction—Richard Stokes and Rory Stuart performing an act called *A Sentimental Bouquet*. The 'bouquet' had two songs, *Fading Away* and *After the Ball*. These were perfectly performed, so much so that the audience heartily joined in the choruses.

Much credit for the success of the concert must go to John Whittaker, who played the piano in nearly every item, also to Ben Dillistone who organized it.

Brook Horowitz

The Play Term School Concert

Play Term concert up School on Monday November 6th included orchestral items, a vocal solo and duet, a composition by Peter Muir and four instrumental pieces which were winning events in the House Music Competition in October. The playing was of a high standard and the assembled programme was varied and well balanced.

Programme notes would have enlightened the ignorant as to the origins of KRII. The anonymous Strauss turned out to be Richard, unrelated to the four which included Johann II, the 'waltz-king' who wrote The Blue Danube. The infamous extract must have been known to everyone who had seen the film '2001', the opening to the Tone Poem *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. John Baird's skilful arrangement was tailored to the capabilities of Junior Orchestra and provided an alternative to more conventional musical making. Originally 45 minutes, after musical surgery 15 remained, and one ought not to complain if one's favourite bits were missing. John Baird directed the first performance and the Junior Orchestra played enthusiastically. I felt the chording between brass and woodwind could have been improved by more thorough tuning beforehand.

Penny Wright's soprano is not strong but is sweet and vibrato-less and she gave us a good top B flat in the first extract from Haydn's *Creation:* 'With verdure clad'. She managed most of the runs with good intonation but the words were indistinct. Maslen joined her for the duet 'Graceful Consort'; there is a pleasant warmth of tone in his voice which projected well, due largely to good diction. Both singers caught the spirit of the music. The First Orchestra under Charles Brett accompanied discreetly. Terence Sinclair matched his flute obligato perfectly to the soprano in the aria.

The new talent this term is Justin Brown. As violinist his playing has been of sterling worth in the orchestra. He appeared as piano soloist in *Rondena* by Albeniz. This piece is a substantial movement with the complexity of an orchestral score and his playing of it had clarity which illuminated the texture. It never sounded tangled; he shaded the middle section subtly; in the fortes he reached the limit of the piano's capabilities. This was a very fine and satisfying performance.

Richard Hibbert's interpretation on the trombone of the aria 'It is enough' from *Elijah* could have convinced anyone that Mendelssohn intended it for this instrument, so persuasively and musically did he play it. His range of expression and beautiful phrasing made the performance a delight to listen to. The orchestral reduction was played by Charles Brett, absolutely in rapport with the soloist.

Westminster has been a breeding-ground for composers for many years. Often their work is heard in incidental music to plays and is heard on one occasion or for the limited season of three or four nights. It was a pleasure to hear Charles Sewart, violin, Andrew Beale, 'cello, with the composer, Peter Muir, at the piano perform his Humoresque. Peter writes: 'It is a short, fast and vivacious fughetta, with a theme based on the augmented fourth, arguably the most stimulating of all intervals, with an accompaniment based on the major third. The whole is developed, systematically with inversions and repetitions of the theme, culminating in an inevitable and very loud climax'. The trio gave a compelling performance which, despite the shortness of the piece, made an immediate impact. I hope we hear more compositions by Peter Muir.

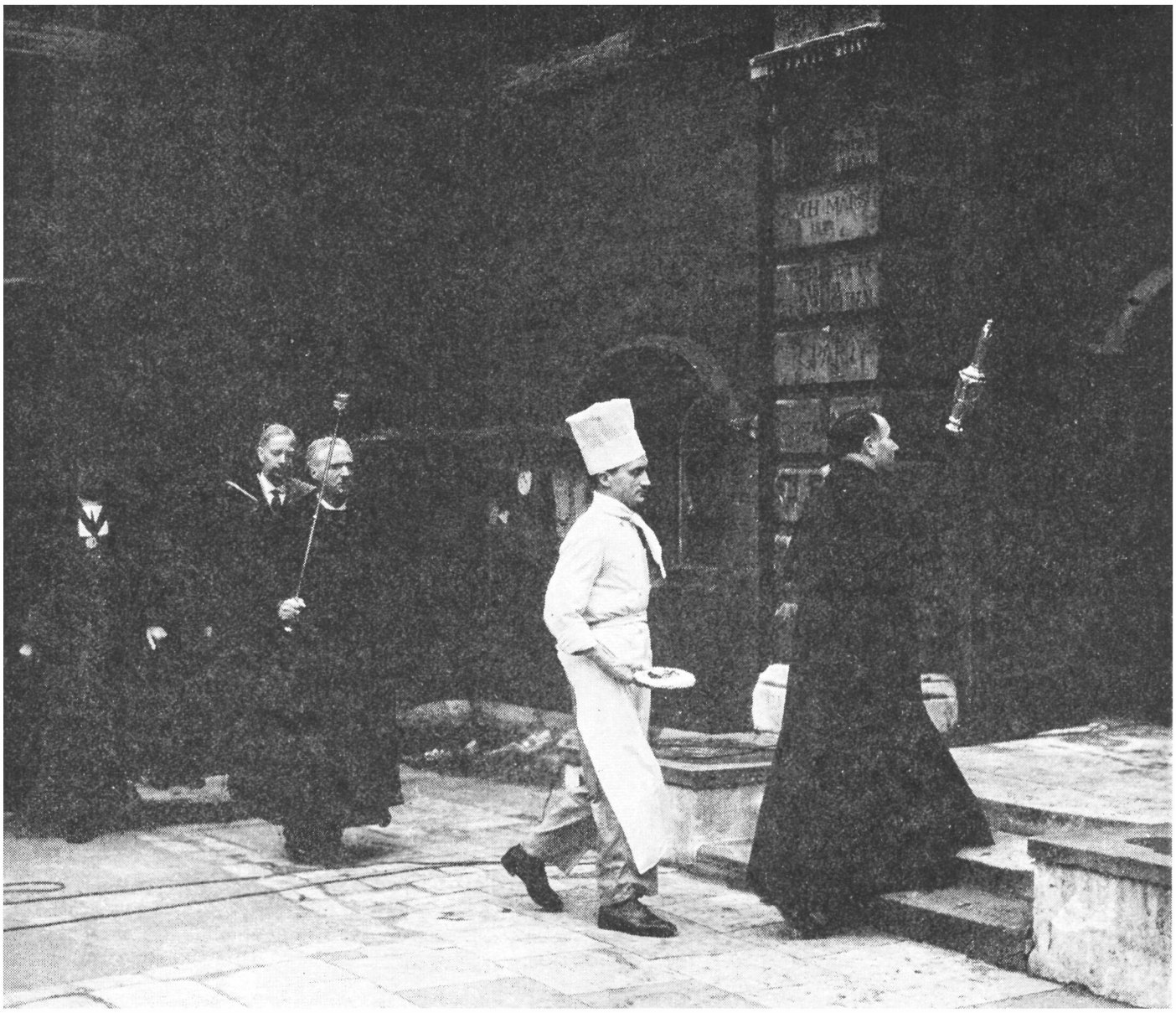
Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* is well-known and may sound superficially attractive and simple, but any performer will tell you that technically Mozart is not at all simple. Perfect intonation, ensemble and sensitive phrasing are required, and the Chamber Orchestra conducted by Charles Brett, captured these requisites admirably. The D major Trio of the Minuet sounded rather thin but vigorous playing in the outer movements pulled the whole thing together.

The performance of the Grave and Allegro movements from Handel's *Flute Sonata in E minor* by Sam Coles was a sheer delight whether or not one thought it was stylistically correct. I was impressed by the apparent freedom in his playing of dotted notes which were rhythmically disciplined and meticulously phrased. His tone was varied, possessing a firm and velvety sonority in the lowest register unspoilt by breathy vibrato besetting many flautists.

Fritz Kreisler wrote pastiches of Couperin, Martini, Porpora, Dittersdorf, Tartini and others, under the heading Classical Manuscripts for Violin and Pianoforte, separating them from his so-called Original Compositions which include the still popular *Caprice Viennois*. His *Praeludium and Allegro in the style of Gaetano Pugnani* is a favourite encore piece of violinists, involving double and triple stopping, disastrous if played badly. Charles Sewart gave us a remarkable performance, every chord and arpeggio beautifully placed. The sound carried well to all parts of the hall and deservedly he had a resounding acclamation. His playing has made great strides and we should be hearing a Concerto from him in the not so distant future.

The orchestral intermezzo *The Walk to the Paradise Garden* from the opera *A Village Romeo and Juliet* by Delius, played by the First Orchestra under Charles Brett, was the penultimate piece. This lucidly yet richly-scored piece cries aloud for a large body of strings and one cannot deny the lack of richness when they accompany the woodwind. There was good woodwind playing and the climaxes, although they needed greater weight in the bass, were superbly managed. This was an inspired choice of Charles Brett, making one regret that fashion has caused the neglect of this fine composer, who had a great influence over a number of English composers this century. The concert concluded with Schubert's *Overture in the Italian Style*. Once it got under way it was given a performance with vitality and style. Apart from the lack of choral items, this type of concert seems to me to be the ideal.

M.E.B.



Sam Sellars

In saying 'goodbye' to chef Sam Sellars we realize that we are saying 'goodbye' to one of Westminster's most faithful servants. But, moreover, anyone who has had the good fortune to be engaged in conversation by him will realize that we are losing one of the 'characters' of Westminster life.

When chef joined Westminster in 1934, the School was a much different place. Boys sporting tail coats and silk top hats had butlers in the houses and their meals were grander affairs than can be maintained in an inflationary era.

Breakfast was then quite an occasion: boys would tell their matrons just how long their eggs should boil; kippers and oatmeal cereals would be served—the service at each meal almost individual. Lunch would have a choice of three meats with fresh vegetables from Covent Garden; each table would have fresh bread and fruit. A nod to one of the serving girls brought a second helping—which on occasion might include possibly even smoked salmon.

In 1939 chef left for France to cook for the French Air Force. When he returned to Westminster life had already greatly changed: the School had grown; some houses were having to eat up house. Because of the increased numbers in School, the catering arrangements, it was thought, might have been made easier if everyone had in fact eaten in College Hall. But the experts the Head Master asked to look at the situation reported that they 'could not have bettered it'.

Forty-four years is impressive by any standards, in the conditions that Westminster imposes it is nothing short of amazing. We wish him and his wife many happy years of retirement.

G. M. St. J. Giffin and J. R. Hall

The Great Endurance Test

Surely any man who survives forty-four years in the kitchens of a school may be said to have passed the title of this piece. Such a man is Chef Sam Sellars. His loyalty to Westminster School had no limits and this he instilled in all who worked with him; the sceptics returned to the Labour Exchange!

'Keep fit' was his motto—he dashed everywhere and for staircases his legs became wings. The kitchen was a veritable fresh air sanatorium, not the inferno of other similar establishments. Chef was always outstanding in a crisis and because of the loyalty which reigned in the kitchens miracles were achieved without scenes.

Mr. Sellars is essentially a family man. Oh, what an adoring grandfather! May he have many more happy years among his brood.

D. K. Holmes à Court

Common Room Notes

Christopher Martin

Christopher Martin left Westminster in December 1978 to become Headmaster of Bristol Cathedral School. His departure creates a gap in Westminster life which will not easily be filled. In his 14 years here he has achieved outstanding success in many fields and the response that he has generated in the boys has always been especially positive.

When I first met him as a Tutor up Grant's, then under Denny Brock's leadership, Christopher was perpetually active, organising the boys out to the theatre, to see the production of newspapers in Fleet Street, to visit Big Ben, or explaining to the Editors of *The Grantite Review* that they had, again, overstepped the mark. This was early on, in 1967, when he was coaching a Colts Soccer XI that went right through the Play term undefeated. At the same time, so many have benefited from his dynamic, immense energy in the classroom, be it in lowly 'O' level sets or right through to teaching French and German last term in the VII Form for Oxbridge Entrance. He has also put a great deal of time into the organisation of the German exchange with Munich.

John Carleton's appointment of Christopher to Wren's in 1970 was an inspired move. Christopher's success as an outstanding Housemaster in Wren's will be recorded elsewhere. His ability to push boys to achieve more than they would otherwise have done was not only evident in the classroom, in Wren's and on the football field, but also in his Drama productions, like 'The Fire Raisers' and in his French play productions 67-70: 'L'Alouette', 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', 'En Attendant Godot' and 'La Cantatrice Chauve'. Another area in which Christopher has managed to fire the boys' imagination has been in his very demanding Lower School expeditions. I shall always remember the diminutive Liddellite in his first term in VC who survived one of Christopher's more taxing expeditions. As they set off for their 80 mile hike across Northumberland in 3 days, the boy was scarcely visible either above or below his enormous pack, cascading with tents, billicans, primus stove, blankets and spare parts for the Land Rover, which was reserved for soft Beaks. The boy managed the whole expedition until he left C.S.M. at Euston, whereupon he fell on a phone, exhausted, to summon mother, although worn out, delirious with happiness, fatigue and a tremendous sense of achievement.

But in a way, more important than all this, must come his immense care, his thought for other people. For me, one of his greatest successes has been in the field of Community Service. No one has put more time, thought or drive into making our Local Community Unit on Wednesday afternoons a successful, vital outfit. Because of Christopher's energy. It has been a great stimulus to many boys and girls, it has helped several local Schools and Hospitals and it has shown people in the immediate vicinity what the Westminster pupils are capable of. He has organized a number of sponsored walks for the Budiriro Trust and for other more local charities, culminating in the medieval Fair of 1976, an event on Green which *The Times* reported and which the Governing Body recorded with delight. In this field particularly, Christopher has given a lead, he has suggested a direction that the school might take, and in the way that he has pursued these ideals he has been an example for us all. He has an invaluable innate moral sense which is quite unique and of special relevance and force with young people.

Finally, as a colleague in the Common Room, we shall miss him enormously for his unstinting energy, his glorious sense of humour, his endless fund of stories told against himself, and his ability to help and understand his colleagues.

We shall miss him and Julia, and their young family, Katharine and William, as they begin their new life in Bristol, and hope that they will find time to come and visit us often in Dean's Yard.

D.E.B.

Group Captain W. M. Lyons

Group Captain W. M. 'Simba' Lyons was appointed Bursar in 1965. For thirteen years he has served the school and the governing body with great devotion and unobtrusive efficiency.

The Bursar's role in an independent school is a crucial one. The business management of the school is seldom publicised but if it is not in good hands the main purpose of the school will not be fulfilled. Bad financial administration undermines the best efforts of those responsible for education. It is worth emphasising this because it is a characteristic of independent schools that the role of the Bursar is frequently misunderstood.

Group Captain Lyons had a firm and and realistic grasp of the nature and limits of his role. Westminster has flourished in the last thirteen years and he has made an important contribution to its success. The school's finances are on a sounder footing than at any time in its long history. This achievement, for which the Bursar must surely take much of the credit, is all the more remarkable in view of the economic climate of the last decade. Each year the Bursar's budget proved to be accurate despite inflation. His style of financial management was both cautious and far-sighted. He believed in harbouring resources; he disliked unnecessary risks. While others advocated imaginative plans, he made it his priority to ensure that the school's financial future was secure. His management of the Advance Fees Fund was an excellent example of his skill and prudence.

Group Captain Lyons also worked hard to improve the facilities of the school. He would not claim that the ideas were always his, but he gave them the benefit of both critical appraisal and efficient support. It is after all the Bursar who has to see a building scheme through from start to finish. The Art Room, Singleton's House, the restructuring of Ashburnham Library, the new classrooms and day boy house—Dryden's—in Wren's Corridor, the Music Centre and the new building in Yard, all owed much to his energy.

Major building schemes are comparatively rare. The routine of the Bursar's job in the school is the supervision of a large department which is responsible not only for financial administration but also for catering and for the maintenance of buildings and sports facilities. At Westminster, ancient buildings and a limited site make some aspects of the job complex and at times frustrating. There is always something that still needs to be done. No doubt there were times when people felt that jobs could have been done faster or that the priorities were wrong. No Bursar can escape such criticisms. But the justification of Group Captain Lyons' policy is the good condition of the plant he now hands over to his successor.

In addition to these responsibilities the Bursar of Westminster is the secretary to the Governing Body and to all its committees. He prepares the papers and takes the minutes of meetings. This is in itself a formidable task. No one who has shared in the work of governors in recent years would question that Group Captain Lyons has enormously improved the Governing Body's 'secretariat'. If a committee is only as efficient as its permanent secretary, then the Governing Body ought to have been very efficient indeed. The quality of the Bursar's logistic support for both Head Master and Governing Body was very high.

Group Captain Lyons preferred formality in his relations with colleagues but behind the formal exterior was a good humoured and generous personality. He just did not believe in confusing bonhomie with business. He was also a realist. Though people did not always like to have their dreams brought down to earth, they soon discovered that the Bursar's realism was more than justified.

Westminster School has good reason to be grateful to Group Captain Lyons for his loyal service at a critical period in the school's development. That gratitude has been warmly expressed by the Governing Body at a special dinner in the Jerusalem Chamber and by the Head Master up School. *The Elizabethan* echoes that gratitude and wishes Group Captain Lyons a long and happy retirement.

Common Room News

We welcome the following members of staff who have joined the school since the publication of our last issue:

Dr. Peter Southern (History). Dr. Southern was educated at Magdalen College School and Merton College Oxford, where he won a Postmastership in History. He obtained a 2nd in History and he played cricket, tennis and squash for his college and real tennis for the University. After obtaining his Doctorate in mediaeval history at Edinburgh he taught in the History Department at Edinburgh and—for five years—at Dulwich College. He will become Head of History in September 1979. Dr. Southern is married with two children.

Mr. Roland Johnson (Mathematics). Mr. Johnson was educated at Ipswich School and Pembroke College, Cambridge where he was awarded an Exhibition on obtaining a 1st in part IA of the Mathematical Tripos. Mr. Johnson has been teaching at Verulam School, St. Albans since 1975.

Miss Ruth Jarratt (Mathematics). Miss Jarratt was educated at the Ursuline Convent, Brentwood and St. Anne's College, Oxford. She obtained a 2nd in Mathematics and Philosophy, and then worked for two years in Television before taking her Certificate of Education at London University.

Mr. Ian Huish (Modern Languages). Mr. Huish was educated at Lancing and Exeter College, Oxford where he obtained a 2nd in French and German. From 1969 to 1978 he taught at Sevenoaks

Cartoon by Robert Maslen

School and was Head of German from 1974. Mrs. Huish is also teaching part time in the Modern Languages and Classics Departments.

Dr. Claude Evans has been awarded a Schoolmaster Fellow Commonership at Magdalene College, Cambridge for the Lent Term. **Mr. Peter Papworth** has filled his place in the Chemistry Department for the term.

We extend a warm welcome to the new Bursar, **Air Commodore Kenneth Stevens, M.A., R.A.F.** Air Commodore Stevens was educated at Sutton Valence School and at Selwyn College, Cambridge, where he read Natural Sciences. During his career in the R.A.F. he served as Squadron Commander of a Vulcan Bomber Squadron, as a Station Commander and finally as Deputy Chief of Staff of Support HQ of the Second Allied Tactical Air Force. Air Commodore Stevens, who is 54, is married with one daughter.

QS in Eskdale

I awoke and—where was I? Then I remembered: Eskdale Youth Hostel. It was cold, my God it was cold—then I realized that my duvet and blanket had fallen to the ground. I picked them up and dozed for a while.

In the drowsy state, half-way between wake and sleep, I thought of the journey. What a nightmare! There was the sitting around among the mail in the guard's van, for there were no seats on the train, the jerky ride in the minibus and the long walk over the road to the Youth Hostel and the rendezvous at the 'phone box which happened to be blue . . .

On the next morning we were woken by a bell clanging above my bed. After breakfast where we washed up we started on the walk up Scafell and Scafell Pikes. We squelched ankle-deep through the mud and peat of the valley, then up over the hard crags of the mountain. We thirsted so much and all there was to quench our thirst was a muddy mountain stream.

Out of the oppressive heat of the valley we rose into the sharp windy mountain tops where we hastily put on again our anoraks and plastic overalls. We paused at the Mountain Rescue Depot to attend to our wounds and the wounded. There we put down, thankfully, the heavy rucksacks we had carried on the walk and went up to the summit. We returned immediately to the Mountain Rescue Depot where we had some miscellaneous pieces of inedible matter by way of lunch.

From there we climbed along over the narrow path on Broad Stand with dizzy cliffs hanging on either side until we came to a gulley now filled with scree. Undeterred, Mr. Cogan ordered us to perform this hair-raising ascent.

Like a long snake we wound up the slope, clutching at hand-holds that crumbled away at touch, snatching at loose pebbles. Suddenly a boulder whizzed past somebody's head and plunged into the depths of the valley below the cliff.

'You stupid person' shouted Mr. Cogan—it had been kicked by the other master in charge of the expedition. It was very amusing to watch a situation develop.

Then we squelched home knee-deep this time in the bogs of Quaggrig Moss. At last we arrived at the Youth Hostel and there we had supper, washed up, collected our rucksacks and merrily blundered along in the dark to the campsite where I had somewhat rashly decided to spend the night.

As Mr. Cogan thought it would be a good idea for us three scholars to 'rough it' for the night, we found ourselves in the tents which were on slope with our heels higher than our heads and on nothing more than a plastic mat.

We woke to find breakfast waiting for us: hot porridge and under-cooked bacon.

The day's plan, we learned was to conquer Bow Fell and Crinkle Grags. So:

'Crinkle, crinkle little crags,
How you tore my climbing bags!'

I sang in an effort to appear stoically indifferent to the whole affair as we trudged up the steep slopes of Bow Fell, thinking it was Crinkle Crags, but we never knew what was happening anyway.

Gradually the sunny-sticky weather of the day before vanished and the mist was so thick that one could not see a foot ahead. Of course we were quite lucky really and didn't do too badly. Of the twelve we lost we did find four again. After wandering around all over the place we at last got back to the campsite but I doubt we got either to the summit of Bow Fell or Crinkle Crags and of the three summits we did reach two seemed remarkably similar to Scafell and Scafell Pikes! But the day was not over: we then crammed the contents of the campsite into our rucksacks and groaned under the weight of them back to the Youth Hostel.

The next day after traipsing around in the woods and fields and climbing up cliff faces—how this got into our peaceful walk in the woods and fields I don't know—we got onto a minibus back to the station.

In the train I reflected on the expedition. On the whole it wasn't too bad really. In fact it was great fun. Pity that some stupid editor, of one magazine or another conned me into writing an exceedingly boring article, that only the *very* stupid will have read to the end.

N.B. Donations to the Lost in Eskdale Rescue Service may be sent to 32 Scrot Lane near Balham.

Ralph Wedgwood

Sports Reports

Athletics

The season began with the annual Inter-House Athletics match at the end of the Lent term. The weather was windy, wet and extremely cold, but the standard proved to be somewhat higher than normal, so it was surprising that at the beginning of the Play term the station numbers were so low. Many stalwarts had abandoned us for cricket, team swimming and basket-ball.

Our team, however, was not without talent, if much too small to be effective, but in spite of this we still managed to win two matches.

Matt Patrick and Tom Broadbent were our Captains for this season and both worked hard, achieving excellent results in the 100 m. and 800 m. respectively. The other members of the senior team were Ben Cooper, Danny Newman and and Pip White, from these the outstanding performance was Ben Cooper's high jump of 1.86 m. which broke the school record.

In the Intermediate age-group more school records were broken by Tim Walker in the 400 m. (51.2 secs.) and Richard Ray in the hurdles (14.7 secs.) and high jump (1.81 m.). Mike Pappenheim ran well in the sprints. Chris Dawson, Simon Rubens, John Vickers and George Channon all improved throughout the season and next year in the senior team should be tough opposition for all comers.

The junior team never really reached the heights of previous seasons. Home showed himself to have the makings of a good hurdler, while the Crabtree twins, with their fine performances promise to keep the high standard of the station going.

The climax of the season came at the London Championships where we did better than ever before. Matt Patrick, Tom Broadbent, Richard Ray and Tim Walker all came second in their events and Ben Cooper came third in the high jump.

We must thank Mr. Jones Parry for his unfailing enthusiasm in keeping the station going and Mr. Kennedy for his expert advice and many words of encouragement.

Richard Ray

Water

We started the Play term with Senior, Jun. 16 and Jun. 15 squads. The plan was we would select VIII's from each squad in the second half of the term. For the senior squad the season started with the Pair's Head of River Race. Two coxless pairs were entered, and came 30th and 37th. The Boat Club made large entries at the Reading and Cambridge Fours Heads. At Cambridge we came 2nd in three divisions.

The main event of the term was the Fours' Head of the River Race. Four crews were entered: the 1st IV won the School's Division, coming 42nd overall.

After half-term, we started training in VIII's. The Vesta Winter VIII's were entered but the crews found that they were not sufficiently prepared for the shorter course at that stage of the season.

The Thames R.C. Plum Pudding VIII's were highly enjoyable for the 1st VIII. We started 13th, overtook 9 crews, and finished 4th. The Cox's Handicap race (a race for all the school eights, from Chiswick Steps to the boat house), was won by the Jun. 15 'A' crew. The term finished off with the Christmas run, the Towpath Trophy, which was won by Rory Ross.

The Regatta season started with the Putney Amateur Regatta. The less said said about that the better. Two weeks later our fortunes changed at the Putney Town Regatta. The 1st IV beat Ealing High School in a heat of the School IV's and went on to win the final against Wandsworth. Later on the 1st VIII won the final of the Sen. B VIII's against Putney Town R.C., after two re-rows.

During the next three weeks the 1st VIII raced at Chiswick, Twickenham and Walton regattas, generally entering the Sen. A and Elite events. Although we reached several finals we were not successful in any of them. A Jun. 16 IV won their division at Walton regatta. The Jun. 15 VIII won their events at Chiswick and Walton.

After Walton the 1st VIII entered the Vesta Dashes and won the Sen. A VIIIs by beating Putney Town R.C. in the semi-final, and Barclay's Bank in the final. We lost the Elite final against Vesta and Quintin by a length.

At Peterborough Regatta the 1st VIII again reached the finals of the Elite and Sen. A VIIIs but were unseccessful in both, A IV from the Jun. 15 VIII won their event.

In the second week of the Lent term we entered two teams for a cross country race in Windsor Great Park. S. Reid, the 1st VIII cox, came an incredible 5th out of a field of about a hundred. The Jun. 15 team won the team prize.

The first event for the 1st VIII was Head of the Trent. Although the crew have been badly weakened in the previous weeks by the 'flu epidemic. the crew had a relaxed row over the four mile course and came 6th overall, winning the Sen. B division.

Three crews were entered in the Reading Head of the River Race, three days before the School's Head. The 1st VIII had another good row but were obstructed when overtaking Globe R.C., so our result was disappointing. The Jun. 15 VIII won its division with a convincing row. In the Schools' Head, the 1st VIII came 4th behind Eton, Shrewsbury and Latymer. This was the best result for several years for the 1st VIII. The Jun. 15 VIII retained the Jun. 15 title for the boat club by winning their division by almost 20 seconds.

The term finished with the Kingston and Tideway Heads. The 1st VIII came 14th and 57th respectively.

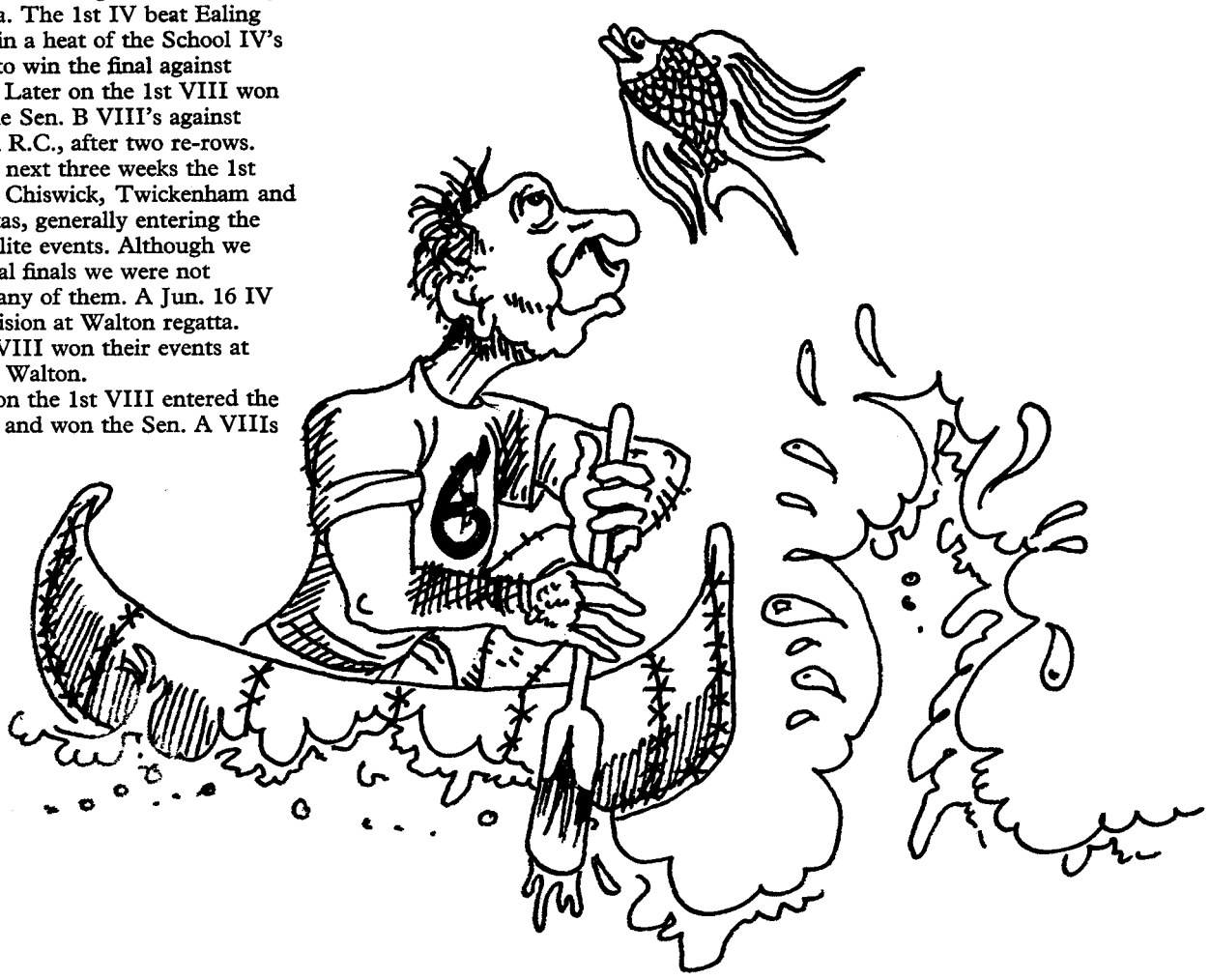
Henley was, as usual, in the middle of the A levels, so members of the 1st VIII just did not have enough time to prepare properly for the regatta. However, in the Special Event for schools we reached the last eight, decided by a timed race. In the quarter-final we were drawn against Shrewsbury, who beat us off the start; we managed to creep back to a three foot lead but in the second half of the course their extra weight and fitness began to tell and they drew away to win by 1¼ lengths.

During the last weekend of term, the 1st VIII went to Kingston Regatta and reached the Sen. A final by beating Molesey and Brentwood College (Canada) who were the Princess Elizabeth Cup finalists at Henley the week before. Unfortunately our old rivals, London R.C. (with two O.W.'s in the boat), beat us in the final. Happily our last race was in the final of the Jun. 18 VIII's which we won against Tiffin School.

In the School Regatta, Wren's won the Halahan Trophy.

The list of wins represents a most successful season at all levels of the club. Younger crews were particularly outstanding and the Jun. 15s merit special praise.

Michael Phelan



Members of the 1st VIII:
S. Reid, J. T. D. Gardom, J. C. Hamilton, V. W. Lavenstein, M. C. Phelan, S. E. Brocklebank-Fowler, R. J. B. Jakeman, S. C. Richards, K. von Schweinitz.

Successes: 1977-78 Season
School's Division Fours Head of the River Race
Jun. 15 team prize Windsor Cross Country Race
Sen. B VIIIs' Head of the Trent
Jun. 15 VIIIs' Schools' Head of the River
Jun. 15 VIIIs' Reading Head of the River
School IVs' Putney Town Regatta
Sen. B. VIIIs' Putney Town Regatta
Jun. 15 VIIIs' Chiswick Regatta
Jun. 15 VIIIs' Walton Regatta
Jun. 16 IVs' Walton Regatta
Jun. 16 IVs' Lea Junior Regatta
Jun. 15 IVs' Hereford Regatta
Sen. A VIIIs' Vesta Dashes
Jun. 15 IVs' Peterborough Regatta
Jun. 15 IVs' Star Junior Regatta
Jun. 15 IVs' Huntington Regatta
Jun. 16 IVs' Huntington Regatta
Jun. 15 VIIIs' Richmond Regatta
Jun. 16 IVs' Richmond Regatta
Jun. 15 B VIIIs' Bedford Regatta
Jun. 18 VIIIs' Kingston Regatta

Fencing

With an experienced group of fencers in the Remove, Westminster started the '78 season with optimism. However four of the eight matches in the Lent Term were postponed due to, flu epidemics. Of the rest we won two and lost two, one of the victories being against St. Paul's, renowned for their concentrated training. The victory owed much to the excellent results in second and junior teams, auguring well for the future.

In the Lent term we beat our old rivals Winchester. The end of the term saw the departure of a valuable fencer and respected captain, Jan Falkowski. Jan was quite our most competitively successful sabreur since the departure of Tim Gardom and his contemporaries; his drive and ability indomitably lifted the standard of the club. He has gone on to fence successfully for the Polytechnic Club, where Béla Imregi teaches. At the end of this year he gained sixth place in the U20 Sabre Competition, and has joined the Olympic training squad.

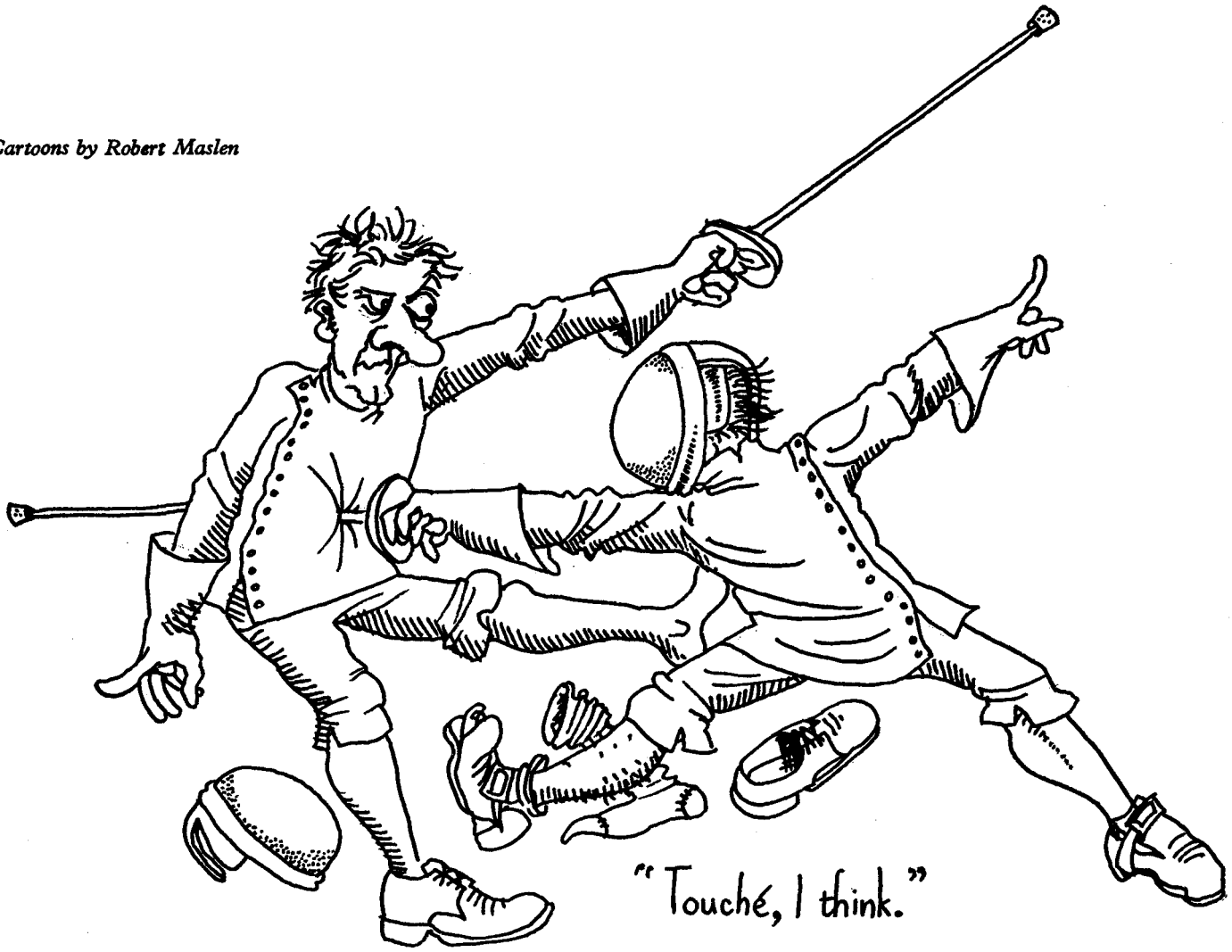
We have surely missed the experienced fencers in the Upper School this term, though the sabre team has remained strong. But the results (3 victories, 4 defeats) have none the less shown that despite their age disadvantage the juniors have stood up well and we can hope for great things over the next year.

We had notable successes in the U18 London Area Sabre competitions in Play term: David Heyman, Mark Instance, Charles Weir all reaching the final (achieving second, third and sixth places respectively). These results against formidable rivals from Salle Ganchev and Brentwood. Pinks were awarded earlier in the year to Piers Higson Smith and Chris Clement-Davies who have been the core of the first foil team for some time and have fenced thoughtfully and competitively. And for their success in competitions David Heyman and Mark Instance were awarded Pinks, Charles Weir Pink and Whites.

This year has seen a gradual increase in numbers of boys going to the Polytechnic Club and the London Thames Club (our professors' clubs) to gain the very necessary experience outside school, it is hoped this trend will continue. Once again we must thank Mr. Smith and our coaches Béla Imregi and Bill Harmer-Brown for their vigorous contribution to station.

Mark Instance

Cartoons by Robert Maslen



The Elizabethan Club

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

Old Westminster Notes

W. J. W. Sharrard (1935-39, KS) has been elected President of the British Orthopaedic Association. He is also the British representative in Orthopaedic Surgery to the Common Market and British National Delegate to the Societe Internationale de Chirurgie Ortopedique et de Traumatologie.

* * *

University News: Lord Adrian (1944, B) has been appointed to the Chair of Cell Physiology; J. C. R. Hunt (1955-59, B) has been appointed Reader in Fluid Dynamics, and P. P. G. B. Bateson (1951-56, B) has been appointed Reader in Animal Behaviour.

* * *

J. C. B. Palmer (1956-61, A) has become founding Principal of the newly created Richmond Tutorial College.

* * *

H. J. D. Wetton (1956-59, A) has been appointed Director of Music at St. Paul's Girls School, a post formerly held for many years by Gustav Holst.

* * *

M. Kinchin Smith (1935-39, KS) has recently been appointed Lay Assistant to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

* * *

Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander John Willoughby, (R, '48-53), R.N.R., of Longmeadow Drive, Ickleford, Hitchin was recently awarded the Reserve Decoration on completion of fifteen years' service with the Royal Naval Reserve by Admiral Sir Charles Madden, G.C.B., Vice-Lord Lieutenant of Greater London, during the annual Ceremonial Divisions of the London Division Royal Naval Reserve.

Surgeon Lieut-Cdr. John Willoughby (right) receives the Reserve Decoration

Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander Willoughby joined the R.N.R. in November 1964 having previously served in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. He was promoted to Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander in 1969.

In civilian life, Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander Willoughby is a Consultant Physician at the Lister Hospital, Stevenage.

Small Ads

Wanted:

Any lively, descriptive **letters,** suitable for publication (if desired anonymously), from **the last War,** covering in particular the campaigns in Italy, Germany and Burma (and later in Malaya and Korea), naval action, and air raids on Germany, as well as civilian reaction to V1 and V2 missiles. Please send photocopies or typescripts to Dr. E. Sanger, c/o Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London S.W.1.

Wanted:

From Ackerman's 'Public Schools' 1816, the print of Westminster entitled 'College Hall'. Please state condition and price. Tel. 01-727 8604.

For Sale:

John Piper's Lithograph, 'Entrance to School'. What offers ? Tel. 01-727 8604.

For Sale:

John Piper's pair of Lithographs, no 75/100. Write to G. B. Parker, 11 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, WC2 or telephone 01-405 3930

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday, October 4th, 1978, with the President, Sir Anthony Grover, in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the nine-month period ended on December 31st, 1977, were adopted.

The President said he had the greatest pleasure in submitting the proposal that Dr. David Carey succeed him in the office of President of the Club. Dr. Carey's unsparing efforts and devoted work for Westminster would be known by members and no-one deserved more the honour which the Club wished to bestow on him. The proposal was endorsed wholeheartedly.

The President then proposed the re-election of Mr. Frank Hooper as Chairman and paid tribute to his untiring efforts as Chairman during the past three years. Sir Anthony said it was the wish of the officers and committee that Mr. Hooper should be nominated for a fourth year in order that a number of projects, which he had instigated, could be brought to fruition. The proposal was carried unanimously.

Mr. M. C. Baughan, Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively.

Mr. P. N. Pinfield, Mr. J. S. Baxter and Miss T. Beaconsfield were elected new members of the General Committee. It was of particular interest, the President said, that Miss Beaconsfield was the first lady member of the Club elected to serve on the Committee.

Mr. B. C. Berkinshaw-Smith was appointed Hon. Auditor and Mr. Baughan said he was sure that members would wish to thank him for his services in auditing the Accounts for the year under review. Mention was also made of the death of the Club's former Hon. Auditor, Mr. Kenneth Clark, earlier in the year. The President said he would be greatly missed by all who knew him.

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

Special General Meeting

A Special General Meeting of the Club was held immediately after the conclusion of the Annual General Meeting on October 4th, 1978.

Approval was given to the increase, proposed by the General Committee, in the number of Vice-Presidents, namely, that they be not less than three or more than ten, and that Rule 11 be amended accordingly.

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

The Elizabethan Club Dinner

It is not necessary to be disappointed both in love and friendship and to look upon human learning as vanity to conclude with Mr. Glowry that there is 'but one good thing in the world, videlicet, a good dinner'. So it was a pity that a slightly larger number of members of the club than usual missed the annual dinner. It was a good dinner and the first, incidentally, in the history of the club to be attended by a lady member.

By courtesy of the Head Master the venue was College Hall. The fare was very acceptable as was the wine, though not copious. Perhaps that was out of consideration for the Captain of the School and the Princeps who were invited as guests to the dinner.

Sir Anthony Glover, the retiring President, proposed the toast of Floreat. He recalled with many telling details the School as he knew it in the twenties and in drawing the comparison between then and now he was confident that despite the inevitable changes which have taken place, that with a good Head Master surrounded with able staff, the School would continue to flourish.

In a witty speech in reply to the toast the Head Master made it clear that he was closely in touch with every development in the administration and politics of private education and he left his audience with the plain impression that if 'the sinister writing on the wall' was of any significance and the words read 'Thou arte weighed in the balance and found wanting' it would be attributable entirely to a mistake in the translation.

One of the main attractions of this dinner is the opportunity it provides to look up old friends and to make new ones. In the language of Sellars and Yeatman it is undoubtedly a Good Thing.

Election of Members

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on October 25th, 1978.

Grant's

Simon John **Batten,** 306 Lordship Lane, London, S.E.22.
Benjamin Lance **Cooper,** Westcott House, Sherborne, Dorset.
Daniel Charles **Godfrey,** 10 Brampton Grove, London, N.W.4.
John Conrad **Hamilton,** Mallards Farm, 96 Galley Lane, Barnet, Herts.
Christopher James **Harrison,** The Warren, Cutmill, Bosham, Chichester, Sussex.
Roderic Jonathan Pitt **Howard,** Purleigh Lodge, Purleigh, Essex.

Rigaud's

Matthew William **Buckley,** 27 Denbigh Road, London, W.13.
Simon John Devon **Hamilton,** 11 Woodhall Drive, London, S.E.21.
Sarah **Hollis,** 12 Grange Road, Highgate, London, N6 4AP.
Charles Justin **Humphries,** 20 Elm Park Road, London, S.W.3.
Simon Charles **Richards,** Pond Farm, Vines Cross, Heathfield, East Sussex.
Michael Frank **Warburg,** 1 Oakhill Lodge, Oakhill Park, London N.W.3.
Timoth Robert **Zilkha,** 11 Alleyn Park, London, S.E.21.

Busby's

Torsten **Behling,** 2000 Hamburg 55, Bramweg 14, West Germany.
Edward Anthony Morys **Berry,** 40 Chester Terrace, London, N.W.1.
Ashley Frederick **Bond,** 13 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.
Anthony David Mansfield **Drake-Brockman,** 3 Lavington Stables, Vandyke Close, Putney Heath Lane, London, S.W.15.
Roderick Cameron **Jackson,** 36 Redington Road, London, N.W.3.
Marco Vittorio **Mariti,** 43 Chelsea Towers, Chelsea Manor Gardens, London, S.W.3.
William David **Shaw,** 67 Butts Green Road, Hornchurch, Essex.
Mark **Stern,** 72a Carlton Hill, London N.W.8.

Liddell's

Katherine **Campbell,** 3 Clovelly Avenue, Warlingham, Surrey.
Anthony Albert **Davis,** 3820 Jocelyn Street, N.W., Washington D.C., 20015, U.S.A.
Charles Edward **Gere,** 21 Lamont Road, Road, London, S.W.10.
David Mark **Lennard,** 28 York Terrace East, Regent's Park, London. N.W.1.
Mark Richard **Mackenzie,** 53 Lock Chase, London, S.E.3.
Simon David **Peck,** The Manor House, Manor House Lane, Princes Risborough, Bucks.
Timothy James Stirling **Platt,** 71 New King's Road, London, S.W.6.
Charles Lionel **Tellerman,** 52 Highpoint, North Hill, London, N.6.
Philip Andrew **White,** Dogwoods, 11 St. Aubyn's Avenue, London, S.W.19.

Ashburnham

Timothy Worrin Jack **Bailey,** 20 Elm Tree Road, London, N.W.8.
Dominic Charles **Gore-Andrews,** 16 Montpelier Place, London, S.W.7.

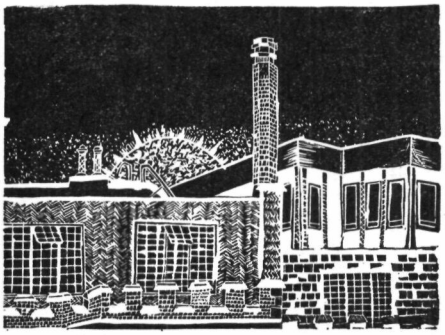
Diamantis Markos **Lemos,** Diakyma, Winnington Road, London, N.2.
Matthew Paul Hugh **Patrick,** 2 Spencer Park, London, S.W.18.
James Hubbard **Wilson,** 84 Addison Road, London, W.14.

Wren's

Stuart Natham **Leaf,** 3 Fursecroft, George St., London, W.1.
David William **O'Flynn,** 25 Manor Way, London, S.W.3.

Dryden's

Jan Patrick McManus **Falkowski,** 1 Eardley Road, London, S.W.16.
Michael Cornelius **Phelan,** 17 Hartington Road, London, W.4.



Linocut by Fergie Clague

Births

Earle On August 19th, 1978, to Maureen (née Latham) and Timothy Earle, a daughter.

Marriages

Durie—Cockle On May 6th, 1978, James, son of Sqdn. Ldr. K. R. Durie to Gillian Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Cockle of Effingham, Surrey.
Payen-Payne—Brandley On May 6th, 1978, Jeremy Mark Hanson, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Payen-Payne to Barbara Caroline Brandley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brandley of Highgate, London.
Fabricius—Tinne On July 8th, 1978, Dr. Peter John, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Fabricius to Emily Ann Tinne, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Tinne of Wormley, Surrey.
Mollison—Hutton On June 1st, 1978, Dr. Dennis, son of Professor P. L. Morrison and Dr. Margaret Mollison to Jennifer Hutton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. T. Hutton of Sanderstead, Surrey.
McNeile—Cooper On August 18th, 1978, Ashley Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McNeile to Victoria Mary Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cooper of Nottingham.

Obituary

Archer—On May 17th, 1978, Denis Henry Ross (1936-41, R), aged 55.
Bowen—On September 4th, 1978, Major Rowland (1929-33, H), aged 62.
Bridgeman-Williams—On June 15th, 1978, Hewitt (1924-25, H), aged 67.
Bristowe—On January 30th, 1978, Francis Power (1919-21, R), aged 73.
Clark—On June 13th, 1978, Harry Kenneth Sutton, F.C.A. (1920-25, R), aged 70.
Davidson-Houston—On October 18th, 1978, Col. Wilfred Edmund Clear (1916-18, R), aged 77.
Gerrish—On June 7th, 1978, William Ewart Ebenezer, O.B.E. (1911-16, A), aged 79.
Goodall—On August 14th, 1978, Charles Montague, M.C., O.B.E. (1906-9, A), aged 86.
Gooding—In June, 1978, Howard George (1971-75, R), aged 20.
Isaacs—On July 6th, 1978, Geoffrey Henry (1913-17, R), aged 79.
Jackson—On July 16th, 1978, The Rt. Rev. Fabian Menteath Elliot (1913-20, H), aged 75.
Kallas—On June 5th, 1978, Hillar Mikhel (1924-28, H), aged 67.
Laing—On November 30th, 1978, Walter Kenneth (1924, A), aged 68.
McNeil—On November 15th, 1978, Col. Charles (1926-29, R), aged 66.
Mangeot—On May 13th, 1978, Sylvain Edouard (1926-31, H), aged 64.
Moon—On July 15th, 1978, Richard John (1967-69, A, 71, R), aged 24.
Pearson—On May 20th, 1978, Arthur Harold, M.C., T.D. (1900-04, H), aged 92.
Randolph—On December 30th, 1978, Bernard Nolan (1913-18, A), aged 78.
Reeves—On November 13th, 1978, Laurence Francis Brooks (1922-27, A), aged 69.
Ryder—On November 3rd, 1978, Mark Francis (1970-74, L), aged 22.
Samuel—On November 16th, 1978, Edwin Herbert, Viscount (1911-17, G), aged 80.
Snelling—On June 30th, 1978, Robert Walker (1928-30, H), aged 63.
Sprague—On September 7th, 1978, Louis Horatio (1920-22, H), aged 72.
Story—On July 10th, 1978, Douglas Perrin, M.B.E. (1919-23, KS), aged 72.
Trollope—On November 2nd, 1978, Leonard (1904-09, H), aged 86.
Westoby—In August, 1978, James Fondham (1959-64, R), aged 32.
Wilson—On October 24th, 1978, David Ian (1920-23, R), aged 73.

Old Westminsters will be sad to learn of the death of **Dorothea Craven,** in the second year of her and Ted's retirement. She died on Friday 26 January at her home in Ulverston.
It is with deep regret that we announce the sudden death of **David Munir** on Saturday 17 February in the Westminster Hospital. An appreciation will appear in the next issue.

Dr. H. I. C. Balfour

As a contemporary of Ivor Balfour I was surprised to see so bare a notice (and that very incomplete) of one of the most distinguished medical O.W., in S.E. England. It is true in your notice that he had the M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., diplomas but in addition to this he was M.D. (Lond.), M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P.(Lond.), D.C.H.(Eng.), D.Obst., R.C.O.G., and I believe (but am not sure) that he was a D.P.M. In fact he had as many letters after his name as there are letters in the alphabet. He was an outstanding consultant physician whose opinion was much sought after. He was a kind and gentle man, a committed Christian who backed up the so-called 'PI SOC' at Westminster, the Christian Union at Barts (where I was a colleague of his) and after retirement in spite of ill health he organized the local Samaritans. I consider him an outstanding O.W.

Dr. C. Martin-Doyle

Ebby Gerrish

Ebby died on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 7th, 1978. A service of thanksgiving for his life was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster on July 18th.

Up Ashburnham from 1911 to 1916, he was a member of the Cricket XI. When he left he served in France from 1917 to early 1919 when he joined the family business of Gerrish, Ames and Simpkins Limited. He became a director in 1926, managing director in 1933, and was Chairman from 1939 until 1962 when the business was sold and he retired, commenting at the time to his colleagues that 'you must go when people still want you'. During his business career he served in various capacities on numerous committees, councils and so forth within the clothing industry, covering employment, wages, disablement and government advisory services. In particular, from 1940 until this year, he was on the executive committee of the Clothing Manufacturers Federation of Great Britain, of which he was also President. In 1949 he was awarded the Order of the British Empire.

From 1935 to 1974 he served as a trustee and treasurer of the Mary MacArthur Holiday Homes, a charity for working women.

He was very well known as a stamp collector, reputedly the world's authority on Dutch stamps. He was President of the Royal Philatelic Society from 1956 to 1961.

Although cricket was his chief recreation, he played and enjoyed many other games including squash, Eton Fives, rackets, ski-ing and lawn tennis—he and his wife won the mixed doubles

at Esher L.T.C. for more years than their opponents care to remember.

He was secretary of the Old Westminster games committee from 1935 to 1947, President of the Old Westminster Society from 1958 to 1961 and President more recently of the Old Westminster Cricket Club having been captain thereof from 1929 to 1931. He was elected President of Surrey County Cricket Club this year.

He and his wife Marion were married in January, 1924 and used to walk from their house in Surbiton across the fields —(Hinchley Wood did not exist in those days)—to Sandown Road, Esher where they built a new house for themselves. Since that time they have always lived in the Esher area.

Anyone presuming to describe the character of Ebby's truly great personality will be unable to find words adequate for the task.

That very large number of people privileged to have known Ebby Gerrish will recall principally his zest for life and the enthusiasm which he brought to his wide variety of interests; his capacity to communicate with people from all walks of life and of all ages, particularly the young; his command of the English language and his desire to debate and argue aided by his sharpness of mind and quick wittedness; his fairness, humour and modesty tinged paradoxically with a subtle but unwitting air of superiority; his great strength both mentally and physically, ignoring what to him was a minor inconvenience of being unable to walk in recent years, a classic case of the physical vehicle being unable to keep pace with the infinitely powerful intellectual engine. He not only enjoyed life to the full but positively attacked it, achieving a rare, possibly unique, degree of fulfilment. While being an avid collector of many things he was particularly a collector of people who, in their great numbers, will always benefit from having known him.

His achievements were undoubtedly facilitated by the ever present and quiet support of his loving wife Marion and their family. His loss will create an immeasurable void in the lives of so many and represents the passing of an era.

Bishop Fabian Jackson

Bishop Jackson died at Bristol at the age of 75. He had been appointed Bishop of Trinidad in 1946, but had had to retire on health grounds in 1949. Between 1950 and 1967 he was Assistant Bishop of Bath and Wells and Rector of Batcombe with Upton Noble in Somerset. Admitted to Home Boarders in 1913 he became an exhibitioner in 1916 and a non-resident King's Scholar in 1917. He was ordained in 1926, curate at St. Augustine's, Kilburn 1926-38, Vicar of All Saints, Clifton 1943-46.

Sylvain Mangeot

His was an Anglo-French background. He was the son of the brilliant French-born violinist André Mangeot who made his home in England and made a distinguished contribution to international musical life in the period spanning the two world wars. Sylvain was at Westminster from 1926 until 1931 when he was elected to an exhibition at Christ Church. Though his education was English he was at home in France too—a master of the French cuisine, a connoisseur of French wine. And this international background and wide and civilized interests contributed to his special quality as a journalist—his ability to make friends in all nations and all classes. It was not superficial friendship. The people who made the news felt they could trust him with their secrets and their trust was never betrayed. This accounted in part for the wide range of his background information—and of his anecdotes. For he delighted in conversation, and was a most entertaining and humorous raconteur both in English and French, with reminiscences for many a book which will not, alas, now be written.

At school and at university Sylvain Mangeot excelled at all ball games as well as his studies; and cricket, tennis, squash, golf and fishing were lifelong interests. I remember him once turning up on the cricket-field after a morning's fishing with a salmon tucked underneath his arm. His achievement in these fields was all the more remarkable, because it was a triumph over ill health. As a result of rheumatic fever in his youth he was plagued with a sort of sleepy sickness which might cause him to nod off at any moment. It must have been a great trial to him, but he treated it with such humour and stoicism, that everyone was delighted to help by waking him up when necessary. This rheumatic fever also left him with a heart condition which excluded him from the armed forces in the war and later on in his fifties he suffered from polio contracted while attending a royal wedding in the state of Bhutan. By exercises and will-power he managed to overcome his paralysis to return to full activity and even to the tennis court and the golf course.

During the war Sylvain Mangeot worked with the Foreign Office and the Political Information Department especially concerned with occupied France. Towards the end of it he became the diplomatic correspondent of Reuter's News Agency, a post created for dealing with the international complexities of the post-war world. That took him to all international conferences of the late 1940's. He then became foreign editor of that brilliant but short lived periodical *Picture Post* and then of the *News Chronicle*.

It was then that his twenty years' association with the B.B.C. Overseas Service started. His travels and his interests turned him more and more towards the Mediterranean and particularly towards the Middle East. He made friends both among the Arabs and the Israelis and managed to achieve a remarkable degree of impartiality in that troubled field where objectivity is so rare. But his interests were world wide. He collaborated with his Manchurian friend Lob Sang on a book describing the latter's remarkable adventures in Communist China, Tibet and Nepal, an area in which he was specially interested. And he added Chinese cooking to his French expertise. His fishing took him to Iceland where the government made him their consultant on their fishing dispute with Britain. A versatile and irreplaceable man, his untimely death is mourned by many friends and many younger colleagues who benefited from his help, kindness and experience and enjoyed his company.

Adapted from the Broadcast
by Maurice Latey

Denis Archer

Mr. Denis Archer, Editor of *Jane's Infantry Weapons*, and the independent journal *Defence*, died at the age of 55. He was noted for his highly controversial views on the international defence scene.

Born on December 15th, 1922, Denis Archer was educated at Westminster (1936-41, R) and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he studied Natural Sciences and Law, taking his B.A. degree in 1948 and his M.A. in 1950. During the Second World War he served in the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers (R.E.M.E.) as a radar officer and later as an instructor.

On leaving Cambridge, he entered the electronics industry, joining A. C. Cossor Ltd. (now Cossor Electronics Ltd.) as a technical writer and eventually became sales manager for the company. He began writing for the technical press in 1956, and in 1961 left Cossor to become editor of *World Aviation Electronics*. He returned to industry in 1965, joining Cosmocord Ltd., and subsequently became general manager of the company.

In 1969, Archer became joint editor of the new *Jane's Weapons Systems*; in which post he continued until he took over editorship of *Jane's Infantry Weapons*—an appointment he held in parallel with editorship of *Defence*.

Adapted from *The Times*

Rowland Bowen

A Home Boarder from 1929 to 1933, he left to work in the City, and then to a produce merchant in Bombay. He joined the Indian Police in 1936, serving at Phillaur, Lahore, Bannu and Peshawar. By 1938 he was an Assistant District

Officer in the Frontier Constabulary. He was awarded the appropriate N.W. Frontier medal for operations in 1938-39.

In 1942 he transferred to the Indian Engineers, having done some mountaineering in Kashmir during his leaves. In 1943 he was in Persia ('Paiforce'), then Cairo, and in 1944, by March, in Italy at Caserta. In 1945 he was at Madras in the 12th Army, and later at Singapore and in 1946 Indonesia. He was demobbed in that year, and then spent two years leave (he had had no home leave since 1936 except for about a month in autumn 1944) 'on the strength' of the Indian Police from which organization he retired at the end of the leave.

About 1948 he joined the Air Survey of India, but after about two years left it and joined the firm of Maclaine Watson in Batavia but did not stay long: while there he had to undergo anti-rabies injections which were traumatic. . . . He joined the Royal Engineers as a surveyor in 1951, and stayed till 1958, serving in Iraq, Egypt and the U.K. He became a Major in the R.E. in 1955. He joined the Joint Intelligence Bureau in London about April 1959 and then retired from it about 1969, in order to concentrate on his cricket writing. Apart from his own magazine, *The Cricket Quarterly* 1963-71, and his book on cricket, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1970, he wrote often for the *Cricketer* and in *Wisden*. He also published a pamphlet on N. American Cricket in 1960. He had been a member of the M.C.C. since shortly after the war.

Viscount Samuel

Edwin Herbert Samuel was educated at Westminster (1911-17, G) and Balliol College, Oxford, and served with the Royal Field Artillery from 1917 to 1919. In Palestine in 1920 he married Hadassah Grasowsky, daughter of a Jewish colonist.

He served as a district officer in Jerusalem, Ramallah and Jaffa until 1927 and then as an assistant secretary to the Palestine Government.

He became a visiting professor at Philadelphia after Israeli independence and from 1954 to 1969 was a senior lecturer in British institution at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem. In 1963 he succeeded to his father's viscountcy, took his seat in the Lords as a Socialist peer, but continued to spend most of his time in Israel.

He was a director of the *Jewish Chronicle* from 1951 to 1970, and his books ranged from 'A Primer on Palestine' (1932) to his memoirs, 'A Lifetime In Jerusalem' (1970). He was made C.M.G. in 1947. The heir is the elder of his two sons, Professor David Herbert Samuel, 56, Professor of Physical Chemistry at the Weizmann Institute, Rehovot, Israel.

Adapted from *The Telegraph*

Old Westminster Football Club

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminster Football Club will be held in the John Sargeaunt Room at the School on Tuesday, May 8th, 1979, at 6.15 p.m.

Agenda:

1. Chairman
2. Minutes
3. Matters arising
4. Hon Secretary's report on Season 1978-79
5. Hon. Treasurer's report on Season 1978-79
6. Election of Officers for Season 1979-80
7. Any other business

Pottery Guild

Photograph: Charles Weir

Printed in England by Eyre & Spottiswoode Ltd, at Thanet Press, Margate

From

The Head Master
Westminster School
17 Dean's Yard, SW1P 3PB

01-222 6904

March 1979

Shakespeare Play

Dear Old Westminster,

I am writing to invite you to our Shakespeare Play which will be produced in Ashburnham Garden at the end of the Election Term. It is probable that the play chosen will be *The Winter's Tale* but the final choice will depend on auditions later this term.

We are keeping the performance on the evening of Tuesday, 10 July as an Old Westminster occasion and we hope that we shall have a full house of Old Westminsters and their friends. We are also arranging for there to be a buffet supper available before the performance so that Old Westminsters will be able to meet informally before the play.

We shall send exact timings to those who apply for tickets but we expect supper to be from 7.0 p.m. and the performance to start at 8.30 p.m.

If you would like tickets for the play on 10 July please complete the form below and return it to me not later than *Saturday 6 May.*

Yours sincerely,
John Rae

To The Head Master, Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1P 3PB.

I would like ..... tickets for the Play on 10 July.

My party will/will not be able to come to the buffet supper before the play.

Name and address:

House and years at Westminster.....