

The Elizabethan
No. 713





THE ELIZABETHAN

No. 713

Editor: Richard Pyatt

Cover: Detail from the College Mural, painted by Dale Inglis

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Common Room Notice Board

IAN HUISH

Ian was anything but a good schoolmaster. He never attended Abbey, he never said his Latin Prayers and absented himself regularly from the classroom at Horvath lectures, Horvath seminars and Horvath plays. He possessed no mark-book, and when required to submit an examination order, would fudge a result in which everyone came seventh equal. Any machine – video, cassette, computer or xerox – set him a-dither, and he wasted more duplicating paper per term than the rest of the Common Room in many careers. He was, however, an outstanding and original teacher, and the sort of colleague that makes Westminster special.

He loathed educational theories, methodologies and syllabuses. He taught German grammar through literature, and he taught the literature he liked. He enlivened the more tedious aspects of the A level exam, such as the Prose, with his own special brand of humour and irreverence, and introduced German film into the Department, which now boasts more than a hundred titles. During his time here, he accompanied 15 groups to Berlin and Munich, and showed them all his favourite haunts, including the outdoor swimming pool in Germering, from where he would emerge after his week's spell of duty as black as an olive.

While at Westminster, he produced six plays in French and German (most of them by you know who) published four books (all on you know who) and translated two of you know who's plays. He was always so self-effacing and self-deprecating about his writing that it surprised me when one April morning he burst into the Common Room, waved his royalty statement and exclaimed to me *sotto voce*: "I've done it! I've made it! I've arrived! The computer can't cope with my sales!!" Proud to be the first to share his triumph, I nestled close and followed his finger along the sheet: Home Sales – One.

He avoided School Sports and Vincent Square and Putney as keenly as he avoided Abbey and Latin Prayers. Instead of taking part in Station, he developed Community Services at Westminster and for many years helped Anthony Ryder dress up as Father Christmas at the parties he organised for the children from under-privileged and broken homes. And while in charge of the John Locke Society he enticed a most interesting variety of people in the public eye to address the school, individuals who reflected the breadth of his own interests: Cynthia Payne, Tim Rice, David Blunkett, Alan Bennett, P.D. James, Edward Heath, Jonathan Miller, Norman Tebbit, Norman Willis and, funniest of all, Brian Behan.

Ian will be greatly missed. In his colourful shoes and braces he moved from group to group, crossing Common-Room cliques and charming us with his pace, style, warmth, kindness and endless store of jokes – not all dirty – that revealed his delight in language and mimicry. I'm sure, however, that he was right to leave. For the last five years he had been driving to school from Oxford in a car that quadrupled up as library, wardrobe, pantry and wine cellar, with a wonderful store of voituréd whites. During that time he was busy establishing his own psychotherapy practice in Oxford, and now has more than 15 patients on his books. We all wish him well in his new career, which enables him to be near Louise

and his little daughter Claire. His rooms are at his home in Bullingdon Road, and I should not be at all surprised if many of us visit him there socially, and quite a few of us professionally.

Richard Stokes

To Ian Huish

Huish, apostle of modernity,
Exchanges teaching for psychiatry.
Our friend and erstwhile colleague now,
methinks,
Grows in our estimation as he shrinks.

A pioneer of new horizons, he
Smiles at our antiquated pageantry.
No challenge can suffice: he goes to find
The furthest frontiers of the human mind.

"They also serve who stay behind and
teach,"

We say: but he replies, "Ah, but Man's
reach
Exceeds his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"
His contribution we shall not ignore.

An Ian Huish

Es war ein Mann, der Huish hiess,
Ein Lehrer ohnegleichen,
Abtei und Meetings fand er mies,
Er konnte sie nicht leiden.
Noten trug er niemals ein,
Nie sang er Gebete auf Latein.
Nichts, was er machte, war normal -
Ihn fesselte das Neue:
Shakespeare und Austen fand er schal,
Bei Freud geriet er doch in Feuer.
Er liebte Freud und Jung und Klein,
Er liebte sie ganz ungemein,
Freud/liebte er mit klein und jung -
Davon bekam er nie genug!
Teurer Freund, auf Wiedersehn!
Was wird uns ohne dich geschehn?

SIMON PETER DEARSLEY

Simon Dearsley came to Westminster School in November of 1987 and left after the Election Term in 1993 in order to take up his appointment as Director of Music at Gordonstoun.

Simon had many talents which proved to be of particular value to Westminster's music. Being prepared to devote time and energy to an extremely wide spectrum of music making his enthusiasm was infectious and he was able to inspire interest and enjoyment in pupils and colleagues alike. Added to this was his teacher's indispensable ability to build confidence where it was needed by showing tentative performers where their strength lay and how to combat their nerves.

After playing a vital role in helping singers in the 1987 Commem., the next musical event that was to benefit from Simon's coaching was Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. This production, in the 1988 Lent Term, was memorable for its great vitality and fine, strong singing. A chorus that moves with vigour and sings with volume is a rare and wonderful thing. Many of us feel that with this *Mikado* began a new tradition of singing which has gone from strength to strength and which, in no small part, has much to do with Simon's efforts and working method.



Photo: Patrick Dickinson

As part of his responsibility for nurturing and steering all aspects of musical performance in the School, Simon directed several other music-theatre productions, notably *Guys and Dolls* in February 1991. He also conducted the four rather remarkable performances of Mozart's *Figaro's Wedding* that took place in September 1992. It was his idea that the VIth form should put on a musical at the end of the Election Term, in Ashburnham Garden. In 1992 Julian Slade's *Salad Days* was performed with great success and in the Summer of 1993, Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend* provided a fitting if zany finale for Simon's work at Westminster.

In May 1993 Simon married Philippa Ormrod in St Gabriel's Church, Pimlico, where he was organist. It is typical of this warm-hearted teacher, who was generous in every way – particularly with the acknowledgement of the achievement of others – that the wedding took the form of a huge celebration involving members throughout the school!

Simon is missed but the singing goes on . . . and we wish him all the best in his own music department at Gordonstoun.

To Simon Dearsley

The Gordons for Aye, the Gordons for Aye,
If ye're no' a Gordon, staun' oot o' ma way.
The Stag on the Ridge, the Malt in the Glen,
Oor Simon's awa' tae his wee but an' ben.

The Gordons for Aye, the Gordons for Aye,
If ye're no' a Gordon staun' oot o' ma way.
The Malt in the Glen, the Stag on the Ridge,
Oor Simon's awa' tae his wee Hielan' midge.

The Gordons for Aye, the Gordons for Aye,
If ye're no' a Gordon, staun' oot o' ma way.
He'll sorely be missed by colleagues an' a'
But the hills, they'll be singing as never before.

The Gordons for Aye, the Gordons for Aye,
If ye're no' a Gordon, staun' oot o' ma way.

FREDERIK MARTIN

The Common Room was very saddened to hear of the death of Frédéric who was killed in a road accident last year. A memorial service was held for him at St John-at-Hackney on Wednesday 15th September, attended by many of his former colleagues.

FAREWELL TO RAY GILSON

Ray Gilson is one of that handful of Westminster figures who seems to have become almost a part of the fabric, an institution in his own right. Was there ever a Vincent Square before Ray arrived in March 1978? There was but, if photographs and films are to be believed, it was a pale forerunner of the ground today. The transformation of Vincent Square into one of the most attractive sports grounds in the country – permanent venue for the Cricketer Cup Final and occasional training ground of Liverpool and Gothenburg – is due solely to Ray and the hour after hour he lavished on the cricket squares, football pitches and tennis courts. He was truly a man with green fingers and few visitors to Vincent Square in the summer left without admiring the whole scene: the hallowed turf of the cricket square, the magnificent trees, even the roses in front of the pavilion. In some seasons they have been so prolific that spectators have been unable to see the cricket.

Cricket has always been Ray's first love. For years he was the mainstay of the Pink Elephants, but his playing career had already witnessed even greater heights. Ray was a product of that sadly disappearing conveyor belt of cricket talent, the coal mines. He played for Yorkshire 2nds and, during his twenty-two years in the Army, opened the batting for the Combined Services. Only occasionally does Ray talk about those years in the Army – he did four tours of duty in Northern Ireland – though he could become quite animated when he got on to his experiences in Hamburg.

Ray and Eurwen are now retiring to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire. Not that he is really retiring as he is helping out at the local cricket club and golf course. He leaves behind a great many friends, none of whom will ever forget his incomparable contribution to Westminster sport, whether as a groundsman, cricket player, coach or just friend and confidant. We all wish him well and hope to see him in the not too distant future, perhaps again gracing Vincent Square with his vast array of shots.



Justine

FAREWELL TO JUSTINE

Justine Coe, Westminster art teacher and sculptor, is leaving after teaching at the school for four years. She has taught both the lower and upper schools through GCSE and A level during her time here, and has constantly supplied us with refreshing ideas. We know her for her enthusiasm and encouragement (even for our less than talented pieces of work), but also for her tactful criticism and willingness to help. She and her husband are shortly moving to Bath where Justine will make sculpture for the Bath Fringe Festival before having her first baby, who is due in June. We shall miss her sparky presence in the studios but wish her all the best with her new home and new baby.

Sarah Lack, Remove

ANTHONY RYDER

So, Anthony Ryder's long stint as Westminster's Chief Accountant has ended! Simba Lyons, Ken Stevens, Howard Fox – three very different Bursars – he served well: keeping the books has been the least of Westminster's problems over the last 25 years.

By background and temperament he was well suited to his role, particularly to operate at the interface between Common Room and the world of money. A former colonial teacher himself, he knew the quirks of the profession and he handled us all from that bolt-hole in Singleton's dominated by a massive safe with a humorous, relaxed deference. With his city experience he found, I suspect, Westminster's accountancy problems relatively undemanding: I certainly never heard him at a loss for words when his opinion was sought at the Executive Committee Meeting.

Many, particularly those who worked with him longest, will miss his punctual arrival in Dean's Yard each morning, revived by his night at home in South Moreton. Anecdotes suggested the life-style there owed more to the country squire than the contemporary commuter!

His retirement job, as Treasurer for Schools Partnership Worldwide, provides both contrast and continuity. Not so much routine, but more exotic travel opportunities though still working with money and the younger generation's welfare in mind.

JAC



Anthony Ryder high up in Singleton's last Christmas

HOWARD FOX

Fox by name, Fox by nature. Sandy haired, sleek, vulpine, probably nocturnal, shy, solitary. Howard Fox was Bursar of Westminster for 10 years, and passed through the precincts as elusively as his namesake through a tract of forested landscape. He came to Westminster from the Royal Agricultural Society, the first bursar in living memory to break the mould of military discipline. He brought, instead of the fixed categories of 'officers' and 'other ranks', a human and affable manner to his exacting job. He brought also his Midlander's pragmatism – a shrewd appraisal of what was, and what was not attainable – which often put starry-eyed

school teachers kindly in their place. He also possessed another Midland quality, a rather endearing vulnerability to the raffish and meretricious, manifest particularly we are told, on the European football tours of which he was patron.

There was little of either, however, in his lasting contribution to Westminster, his loving and sensitive attention to the fabric of the place. The present visual splendour of our buildings – the clean Burlington facade of College, the brick and stonework of Little Dean's Yard, the restoration of the Cockerell canvases – all these projects were backed by his solid and unerring sense of what was proper for Westminster, for which he possessed a gut conviction to which his language could seldom do justice. He was not a demonstrative man, nor by nature a very sociable one; in later years he was never happier than when playing chess. His colleagues and staff would be the first to admit he was not an easy man to know. It was certainly possible to go to see him about a particular matter and to emerge half an hour later none the wiser, having talked about anything except the item on the agenda. Another foxy tactic perhaps. Yet in his quiet way he had a clearer, more committed idea of Westminster purpose, and of the style appropriate to that purpose than many of the talking heads that surrounded him. The Adrian Boulton concert, pictures and prints at art room sales, Vincent Square, furniture, gardens: these were matters he understood, and took pride in getting right. His legacy to Westminster may be in the account books; it is certainly on its walls.

SHIRLEY PATTINSON

It is hard to believe that a presence as pervasive to Liddell's as Shirley's is now charming the good burghers of Windermere or soaring over the Atlantic on her way to New York drinks parties, though the better-informed would simply conclude that it was business as usual.

Shirley lived life as a Westminster matron to the full: at home equally in dining room, sick room and cinema, she also outdid the house tutors when it came to charming parents or welcoming back old faces. She moved around Liddell's in clouds of despairing amusement, descending upon hapless and doting boarders with incredulous exclamations about laundry or house news. Names and positions were all chaffy grain to her: Eddie Smith probably had to introduce himself as House Master after Gerry Ashton's translation to Registrar. We shall miss her laughter in the great comedy of house life and the smell of her morning kippers: we shall miss her ability to retain a great sense of fun and her immunity to the more wearing side of institutional life. The boys were very lucky to have such an agreeable neighbour at the end of the corridor, rumours abounding about her origins: was she a former star, beauty queen, society hostess?

At the end of the Play Term she was fully feted by a well-attended drinks party for Old Liddellites and friends in Ashburnham House, a formal dinner in College Hall (where she shared her departure with Anthony Ryder), a smaller affair in the Common Room and a number of private parties. Such a protracted farewell was evidence of the reluctance of the community to let one of the happiest influences and freest spirits go. We wish her good luck and joy in her new role as one of the world's unsung international peace-makers!

SCHOOLS AND STAFF, PAST AND PRESENT

In 1992 Westminster came top of the "A-level league table" produced by the Independent Schools Information Service. Last year the triumph wasn't quite repeated: the School came third, behind Winchester and St Paul's, but could still take pride in its 99% pass rate. And in another field we were way ahead – the Cambridge student paper *Varsity* discovered in October that Westminster had sent more pupils (44) to Cambridge last year than any other school. (St Paul's Boys came second with 34.) The Head Master told the press that Westminsterers were becoming more willing to try for a wider range of universities, but Oxford and Cambridge were still the most popular. "I think (Oxbridge) probably remains the prime target for a lot of the most able, but by no means for all. Oxford and Cambridge are very desirable – they like the collegiate system, and they know where they stand in that sort of world."

Westminster weirdly failed to feature in the *Independent's* "Parents' Choice" supplement, "a selection of the best schools in Britain", except insofar as the Under School was included – complete with a quotation from an enthusiastic parent who was in fact talking about the Great School. Also mentioned was Bancroft's, where pressure on places has doubled under the headship of **Peter Southern** (Staff 1978–85).

Meanwhile **Christopher Martin** (1952–56, BB; Staff 1963–78) is head of Millfield and was written-up in the Autumn 1993 edition of *Conference & Common Room*, journal of the Headmasters' Conference. His "huge professional experience" takes in Chairmanship of the Choir Schools Association, membership of the Privy Council Education Panel, "memorable work and campaigning on the teacher shortage issue" and founding the Textbooks for Africa Scheme. In a letter to the *Independent* (3 December) he pondered the question of girls and mathematics. No problem at GCSE or A-level, at least not at Millfield – so "the fact that only a small number of girls reach their mathematical potential at university may be due to their personal development there or, not inconceivably, to the right-brain phenomenon."

Last year the headship of Eton was up for grabs. The *Sunday Telegraph* (1 August) asked **Dr John Rae** (Head Master 1970–86) to comment. "It's a tough job . . . You need the hide of a rhinoceros and a sense of humour." He was once rejected for the post himself: "It was a letter from the Provost in his own hand, couched in such a nice way that one didn't feel offended at all. It was the English establishment at its most courteous." In his current role as alcohol educator he talked to the *Daily Telegraph* on 8 June. "I'm amazed by the ignorance of head teachers and teachers about alcohol. Quite a few public schools have a bar, where the senior students are allowed to drink two pints a night. I ask them: Do you know that two pints of premium beer contains as much alcohol as eight whiskies? . . . When I was headmaster of Westminster, I shared the assumption that alcohol wasn't a real problem and that boys and girls would learn to handle it without too much trouble. I now know that assumption was wrong and I would now make sure they had far more clear advice on the subject."

When a writer in *The Spectator* claimed that only at Eton was the title Head Master written thus (as opposed to "Headmaster"), the great **Freddie Hurd-Jones** (1935–40,

BB) wrote from Malta to set the record straight. "Eton is doubtless unique in many respects, but Westminster's Head Masters have written themselves thus since the school was founded."

In December the death occurred of Sir **Desmond Lee**, ex-head of Clifton and Winchester. John Thorn, in an obituary for the *Independent*, said Lee "became a great force in the Headmasters' Conference. Robert Birley of Eton, **Walter Hamilton** (Head Master 1950–57) of Westminster, and **Desmond Lee** – these now seem the great Old Testament prophets of an organisation now too often smothered in paper and regulations." He added that Lee translated Plato's *Republic*, "leaving the more risky *Symposium* to **Walter Hamilton**."

On 13 November the same newspaper reported the investiture of **Father Mark Jabal**, former head of Belmont Abbey School and a respected rowing coach, as tenth Abbot of Belmont. Among those present was **David Riches** (Staff 1986–), "Master in Charge of the Water at Westminster School, himself an ex-pupil at Belmont and a rowing coach for the British Olympic team in Barcelona. He learnt his rowing from the abbot."

The Mail on Sunday's "Black Dog"

political column reported on 9 May last year: "MPs were caught out as they played cricket against Westminster School last week at Vincent Square. They were summoned to the Commons to vote." Afterwards it was suggested that the pitch on match days should be deemed part of the Palace of Westminster, "allowing members to stay on the field and be 'noddled through' by tellers."

Henry von Blumenthal (1974–79, GG; formerly known by the surname **Arnold-Baker**) explained in the *Times* five days earlier why he planned to send his children to boarding school. For one thing, their teenage rebellions might then be directed at the school rather than at him; for another, they would gain "the education that oozes out of the walls between 4pm and bedtime". He didn't think boarding school would enhance their chances of a university place. "The official bias among admissions tutors against public schoolboys will positively hinder them, and their dayboy colleagues will have the worst of all worlds." Comments? (And would anyone care to assess the educational value of whatever it is that keeps oozing out of the wall of the editor's bathroom?)

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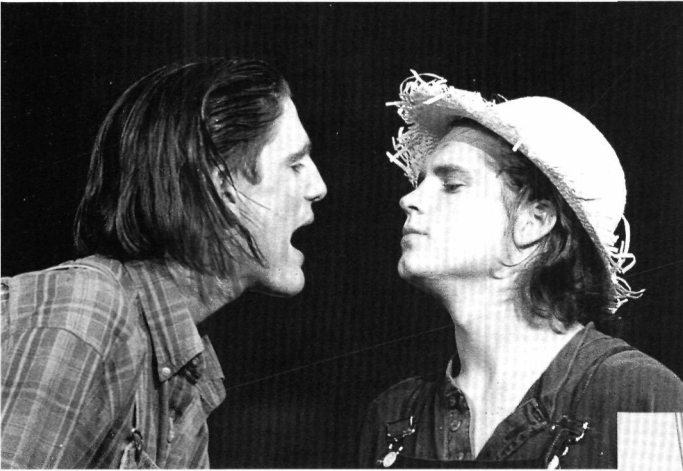
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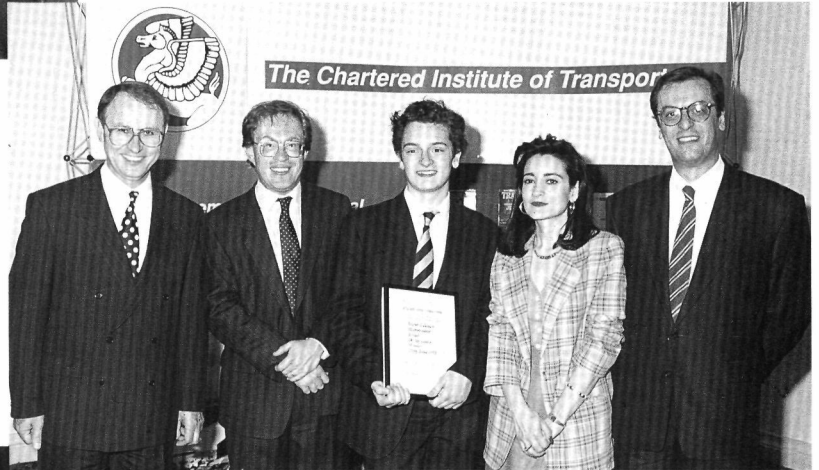
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Around the School



*Andrew Howe sings at Matthew Guy
in last summer's production of "Tom Sawyer"*



*National Youth in Transport Competition
Gala Award Luncheon Friday 25th June
Park Lane Hotel*



A well attended Busby Society dinner



*Shirley Pattinson, Liddell's matron, enjoys a
farewell drink in the Common Room*



*David Summerscale
directs Orfeo*

MEANWHILE IN THE ART DEPARTMENT

After five years of part time study, Kate Miller (Westminster Staff 1981 onwards, Head of Art 1986–1990) completes her second degree in Fine Art and Critical Studies this summer. She will be exhibiting lightweight willow sculpture and drawings at her Degree Show which opens on 24 June 1994 at St Martin's School of Art in Charing Cross Road. She would be delighted to see present and Old Westminsters and their parents at the exhibition. It is the first time she has shown her work publicly since "Signs of Life", the fruits of her collaboration with Cambridge students, was installed in the grounds of King's College, Cambridge, a sculpture project in which Liz Clifford also participated.

Liz Clifford has continued to develop 3 dimensional possibilities in her studio work and has recently been offered a number of opportunities to show it to the public. The most recent such showings were as part of The London Group's 80th Anniversary Exhibition at The Concourse Gallery in the Barbican Centre, and as part of a group show "Feast" at the Hardware Gallery in Archway Road, both during December. Currently she is working towards a show at Dartington Hall in South Devon, perhaps best known as a venue for music but now having revived its exhibition space. She will be sharing the space with another sculptor, Jilly Sutton, and the exhibition will run from the 14th March to 8th April 1994. In May her studio group, Barbican Arts Group, will be opening its doors to the public for a long weekend as part of the Whitechapel Gallery's East End Open Studios Programme. Also in May she will be working as Artist in Residence at St Dominic's Junior School, Homerton as part of Hackney Council's Artists in Schools Programme.

THE COLLEGE MURAL

The new paintings in the front entrance hall of College are the work of our own artist Dale Inglis, who was invited to take on the project after he and several others had submitted proposals in 1992. For some years I had been planning to extend the 1954 painting which can be seen half way up the main College staircase; this shows, beneath a *trompe* monumental inscription of the names of College Prefects, the great classical frontage of the building facing College Garden, with the then Praefectus in conversation with the Master of the Queen's Scholars, John Carleton. Building works in progress in the Abbey Precincts are faithfully reproduced, so that the picture has a certain documentary character. The return to the school of the two splendid Cockerell canvas backdrops for the Latin Play, and the use of one of them (the 'Panorama of Athens') for John Field's *Lysistrata* production as the College Play in 1993, suggested further themes for a new pictorial statement. As it was impossible to hang the canvas anywhere near its original home in College – the building was internally restructured on three floors after war bombing – we decided to incorporate a reduced copy of it within an idealized impression of our *Lysistrata* stage set. In and alongside this we have also a complete portrait, with some curious (sometimes hidden) historical and mythological references, of a generation of Queen's Scholars and College girls; and thus our pupils are represented playing theatrical and ceremonial roles as well as playing themselves as they are. Dale was reminded, by the combination of the Athenian Acropolis and the dramatic stage scene, of Raphael's decorations in the Stanza della Segnatura at the Vatican, the *School of Athens* and *Disputa*. He felt that these works embodied the intellectual and

artistic traditions which our boys and girls inherit, offering a synthesis of the classical/secular and Christian traditions, as well as bringing together past and present with contemporary and historical figures in one setting. The mural borrows this device, portraying present pupils and staff alongside figures such as John Dryden, John Locke and Richard Busby.

After many months of discussion and planning, work was started in Spring 1993 to coincide with the *Lysistrata* performances. The first phase of the painting was officially unveiled by Janet Carleton in early June on the occasion of the annual College Concert. We are expecting to celebrate the completion of the whole project in June this year; the paintings have already attracted considerable interest and acclaim.

JBK

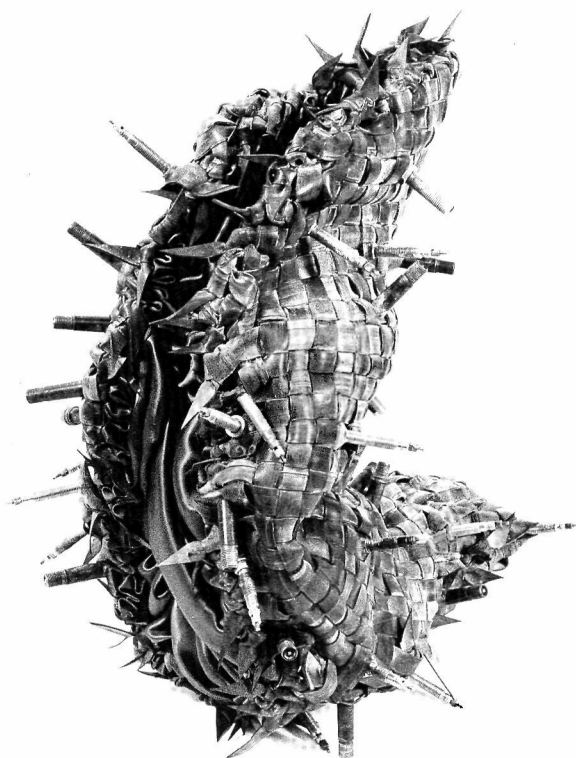
THE HENRY TIZARD MEMORIAL LECTURE

The "Tizard", an annual, and major, scientific event at Westminster, must be one of the most daunting of lecturing tasks for even those eminent persons who are invited to give it. Instituted in 1962 to remember Sir Henry Tizard, a distinguished OW scientist and governmental advisor during World War II who had died in 1959, the list of lectures and chairmen is indeed a catalogue of the world's best scientists and technologists, many having the additional distinction of being known to the "general public". But the Tizard audience is not specialist; distinguished and able specialists there are, as well as those in the making and presently at school, and those who have a generalist interest in science. A difficult audience to cater for; but admirably served this year by two effective scientific popularisers.

The Chair was taken by Prof J.S. Jouis, Professor of Genetics at UCL. The Chairman can make as much or as little of his topping-and-tailing exercise as he wishes; Prof Jouis made it both informative and entertaining in his inimitable style, familiar to listeners to *Any Questions*, *Science Now*, or Reith Lectures.

Lewis Wolpert is Professor of Biology as applied to medicine at UCL, and one-time Westminster parent. Originally trained as a civil engineer, his principal research interest is in a sort of cellular civil engineering, that is in the problems of cellular differentiation in the embryonic cell. But for this Tizard, the 32nd, he offered his views on "The Unnatural Nature of Science". The essential point of this is that science is misunderstood and difficult for non-scientists (and this is "a wound to intellectual self-esteem", hence the widespread hostility to science), and this is a consequence of the world not being constructed on a common sense basis.

Einstein once said something similar; that the ideas of modern Physics (relativity, quantum theory) are not so much hard to understand, but hard to believe. Whatever you think of the first statement, the second is certainly true. Particles behave peculiarly, and if you consider electrons, say, they don't much resemble snooker balls in their dynamics. Wolpert's examples were much less abstruse, and it was clear both during the lecture and at the reception afterwards that many agreed with his principal tenet. But there's a problem, I think; in his book Wolpert says that the problem in "comparing common sense with science is, of course, defining what is meant by 'science'". It could perhaps as easily be



Liz Clifford's "Chrysalis" 1993. Bicycle inner tube, woven over wire and lined with red satin.
27cm long, 18cm wide, 33cm high

suggested that there's a similar problem with 'common sense'. If a person incorrectly states the nature of the forces on a ball thrown vertically in the air, is it because of the non-common sensical nature of Physics, or simply the result of that person not having understood the Physics correctly? Clearly the audience was divided on this point. My feeling is that once the problem and the principles are understood, they become part of that person's common sense. That my common sense might be different from yours simply reflects the difference in our training.

Technology is not science. This was his second point, and an extremely useful one to make. It is a difficult idea for many, but it is the case that huge technological progress was made in early times without a shred of science being present. But much useful service was done by Wolpert's emphasis that although science and technology aren't the same, progress in one usually depends upon progress in the other. Needless to say, the contention is not universally accepted.

Wolpert further considered why it was that science arose in Greece, for the most part, and the effects of Aristotle's views on the progress or otherwise of science for centuries thereafter; and discussed his views on the nature of scientific creativity. I think that this latter is very important; non-scientists commonly, but wrongly, think of scientists as observers and classifiers, and thus as non-creative persons. Partly this is because as Wolpert said, relativity would have been propounded by someone other than Einstein sooner or later; whereas no Shakespeare, no *Hamlet*! And it is the case that the more significant the contribution, the faster the original contributor drops out of consideration. Once information becomes consensual, the original sources are no longer read.

And of course, science v. religion surfaced, as it always will when the nature of scientific thought is debated. There is neither space, nor reason, to go into Wolpert's arguments here; not because they aren't worth considering, but because this is treated at length in his book.

If a Tizard Lecture is successful, it is so because at least as much disagreement as agreement is produced, for that is how we all progress. There was a great deal of discussion at the reception, and for days afterwards, and large numbers of guests said how pleased they were to have heard the lecture. It was very well received, and Prof Wolpert has earned the gratitude of many for an entertaining and thought-provoking evening.

J.R.G.B.

Lewis Wolpert's book *The Unnatural Nature of Science* is available in paper or hard covers from Faber & Faber. If you would like an invitation to Tizard Lectures please send your name and address to Dr J.R.G. Beavon, Robert Hooke Science Centre, 7-9 Dean Bradley Street, London SW1P 3EP.

OUTLINE OF MUSICAL EVENTS AT WESTMINSTER IN 1993

LENT TERM 1993

- Jan 13th: A jazz recital for two pianos - by Peter Muir and Rachel Franklin
- Jan 25th: CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY CONCERT
- Feb 17th: Grant's House Concert

- Feb 15th-17th: Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* with music composed by Christopher Franks
- Feb 26th: SCHOOL CONCERT
- Mar 1st: Junior Jazz Bands
- Mar 5th: Liddell's Concert
- Mar 17th-19th: TOM SAWYER - a musical by Mark Strathdene (C) and Edmund Jolliffe (L)
- Mar 22nd: A recital given Up School by Lucy Jeal with accompanist. There were also: 10 lunchtime concerts given by V1th formers or members of the Upper Shell and 2 outside engagements. These were a chamber concert at St Bartholomew's Church on February 2nd and the annual visit to Mary Feilding House on February 11th. The group of musicians who give these performances outside school has since been named *The Westminster Camerata*.

ELECTION TERM 1993

- Apr 24th, 25th: Orchestral Weekend
- Apr 26th: SCHOOL CONCERT - including Strauss's 1st Horn Concerto and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue
- Apr 29th: Under School Anniversary Concert
- May 1st: May Day Music from College roof
- May 5th, 17th, 24th: Celloscope - and celebrations workshop for nine cellists culminating in a performance of Villa-Lobos's *Bachianas Braziliera* no.1
- May 12th: House Singing Festival (won by College with *Summer Lovin'*)
- May 19th: Busby and Ashburnham concert
- May 20th: Adrian Boult Memorial concert - A recital by pianist Peter Donohoe
- May 21st: Rigaud's Concert

- May 29th: Open Air Jazz
- Jun 11th: College Concert
- Jun 14th: Very Junior Jazz
- Jun 24th-29th: Cornish Music Expedition which included a concert in Rock Methodist Church
- Jun 30th-Jul 2nd: THE BOYFRIEND - the V1th Form Musical in Ashburnham Garden
- Jul 5th: Jazz in Yard
- Jul 6th: Leavers' Concert

PLAY TERM 1993

- Sep 21st-24th: 4 performances of Gluck's *ORFEO ED EURIDICE* conducted by John Baird, directed by David Summerscale
- Oct 6th-9th: *Casablanca* Hakluyt's/Ashburnham production with strong musical emphasis. (Peter Muir)
- Oct 13th: Charity Jazz Concert Up School
- Oct 11th: Christopher Wren Birthday Party (Wren's concert/entertainment for new parents)
- Nov 6th: Parents' Choir begins Saturday morning rehearsals
- Nov 16th: Ben Jonson Dinner. Entertainment
- Nov 17th: Busby Dinner (Liz Ling; Suzy Kane; Peter Muir)
- Nov 26th: Commemoration of Benefactors. Abbey Choir; Brass Group (JMB; Guy Hopkins)
- Dec 10th: Junior Strings Concert: Claire Tocknell
- Dec 11th: Jazz in Abbey
- Dec 13th: Carol Service 7pm

The Camerata had several engagements including one to play in the vestibule for the Royal Institute Lecture. They also visited Greathed Lodge, Wimbledon with Gilly French and the Inner Temple with Kenneth McAllister. They provided entertainment for the Ben Jonson and the Busby dinners and had important parts in St Bartholomew's Commemorative Pageant on November 18th to celebrate over a thousand years of the hospital's existence.



A scene from "Ghetto", Up School February 1994
Photo: Colin Wagg

26 Aspley Court
Woburn Road
Aspley Heath
Woburn Sands
Bedfordshire MK17 8PA

4th May 1993

Dear Sir,

ALL THAT JAZZ

Mr WJ Sharrard claims to be the first person, with a friend, to have played jazz music Up School.

I challenge that. I believe I am.

He mentions 1938 or 1939. I played jazz Up School in 1932 – 6 years earlier!

Since the age of 6 or 7 I have always played the piano “by ear” although I can also read music. Music of the jazz idiom has always been, and still is, my first love.

In September 1932 I started at Westminster in the Classical Fourth, the class room for which was entered from a door leading off the far end of School. Imagine my delight when I first spied that gorgeous grand piano just outside Ben Willett’s class room! Within a few days, when I was able to find School completely deserted, I sat down and started playing *Limehouse Blues*, *Dinah*, *12th Street Rag* and lots of others. During my years at Westminster I spent many break periods doing this regularly but always alone when no one was around. I was afraid of being caught. I fancied jazz music would have been seriously frowned upon by Dr (Tubby) Lofthouse – the music Master.

Another jazz piano player later on in 1933 was Roger Cane of Ealing, now deceased.

Interestingly, I saw another letter from David Engleheart whom I did hear playing jazz from time to time. He was an older boy so I did not like to approach him to let him know that I too was a believer!

It is just possible that he might have been the first jazz piano player Up School, but unless he makes that claim, I think my claim to that privilege should stand.

Yours faithfully
David Reid
Ashburnham 1932

New House
Capel Leyse
Moorhurst Lane
South Holmwood
Dorking
Surrey RH5 4LJ

1st May, '93

Sir,

JAZZ UP SCHOOL

Mr Sherrard’s letter in your recent issue jolted my memory back to – I think – 1936 when one of your predecessors published a letter under this heading.

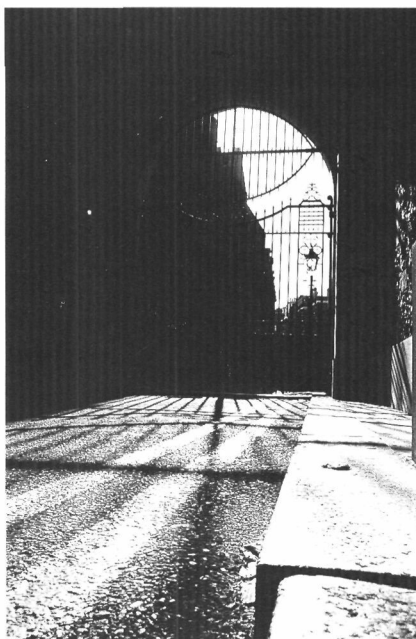
At that time your correspondent took me to task for playing my piano-accordion in a concert Up School. Apparently my playing of such a down-market instrument constituted jazz in his eyes irrespective of the musical content of the performance (which happened to be classical). In view of this I feel that Mr Sherrard’s record still stands intact!

Yours faithfully
J.K. Morland (GG 1933–37)

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL AMNESTY GROUP

Salamat Masih, a thirteen-year-old boy, lies in prison at the moment in Pakistan. He has been awaiting trial for six months; if convicted, he faces execution. His alleged crime is writing blasphemies on a mosque wall at the request of two illiterate Christians – a charge all three deny. He has been denied access to a bail hearing, contrary to both Pakistan’s own laws and the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child, which Pakistan ratified in 1990. Local activists alerted Amnesty International, who researched the case further. Shortly afterwards, they sent information to groups all over the world, and letters were sent out to ask for his release.

Amnesty International is an organisation independent of any government, political faction or religious doctrine. It provides carefully researched



*Gates leaving Dean’s Yard
Photo Patrick Dickinson*

information about abuses of human rights, and seeks better treatment of all those who are tortured, held incommunicado, or who simply “disappear”. It is best known for its campaign for the release of prisoners of conscience, people imprisoned solely for their race, sex, religious beliefs or political ideology, and who have neither used nor encouraged the use of violence.

A group meets on Wednesdays at lunch time to write letters in response to appeals launched by Amnesty, such as that for Salamat Masih. We usually take cases from Amnesty International’s Urgent Action scheme, the system it uses to alert its members to situations requiring immediate attention, but also follow more general activities such as the recent Women’s Action campaign and the Lives Behind the Lies campaign.

The early part of this school year saw a decline in attendance at Amnesty sessions. The few who remained formed a new committee to generate more awareness of abuses of human rights and to encourage more people to write. We have added a large banner to the traditional posters, and have sent information to individuals throughout the school to provoke some thought and hopefully discussion of the issues involved. We have produced a leaflet compiled from Amnesty sources to help us

introduce the ideas to people on a one-to-one basis.

The campaign is working well. The first four weeks produced a rapid increase in number from four to thirty. People from all years in the school now write regularly. Many come because they have heard of Amnesty at Westminster before, and are now continually reminded of its existence by our campaigning and in particular by the large banners which hang into yard at lunch time from the Library windows; some are entirely new to the idea, attracted for the first time by the issues presented on our posters.

In fact, attendance at Wednesday lunch time sessions is now so much higher that we will soon be facing the problem all charities come to at some stage. When the group was formed four years ago, one of its first activities was a large amount of fund-raising to raise the money from which we still operate today. We are currently looking at a variety of ways to secure funding for the future, so that we can continue to expand our membership. STOP PRESS: Since this article was written, we have received news that Salamat Masih and the two other Christians have been released on bail, pending trial, although the three still face the death penalty if convicted. Further action is planned.

ARISE AND HAIL THE JOYFUL DAY

The members of 5B presented a celebration of the music in Thomas Hardy’s works, on 5 July in the Camden Room. The title was taken from the first line of one of the carols sung by the Mellstock choir on their rounds in ‘Under the Greenwood Tree’.

A ‘quire’ had been brought together during the Election Term, along the lines described in the novel, whereby each vocal part was supported by a musician – the violinist backing up the tenors, for instance, played the ‘tenor viol’ and the cello reinforcing the basses was the ‘bass viol’.

Nine singers and six musicians had been assembled, with Simon Piesse as choirmaster, and during the course of the term they rehearsed a selection of carols from the Hardy family music books and from the Puddletown Church manuscripts (where Hardy’s grandfather had been choirmaster), some of the country dance tunes that Hardy could still play in old age, along with hymns and ‘Tate-and-Brady’ psalms in the West Gallery tradition known to him and mentioned in his works.

Rehearsals were intensified, illustrative poems and prose excerpts selected and memorised, narrative links added and everything was assembled for a performance in front of parents and staff. All members of the form contributed to the entertainment and deserved congratulation, but if two moments were to be singled out as memorable perhaps they would be Melvin Siew’s recitation of ‘The Choirmaster’s Burial’, which was followed by the Quire singing and playing ‘the ancient stave’ as described in the poem; and Subhi Sherwell’s delivery of ‘The Dead Quire’, after which all joined in the stirring version of the Birth Night Hymn to be found in the music books of Hardy’s father and grandfather, and whose performance had been the central event of the poem.

Interest in church music of the ‘West Gallery’ kind, which flourished from the 1680s to the 1840s, is growing, so much so that the West Gallery of Stinsford Church, demolished when Hardy was young, is to be rebuilt so that the old tunes, beloved of his forefathers and of him, will be heard there again.

BEN JONSON DINNER GUESTS

David Summerscale, Head Master
Sir Paul Wright, President The Elizabethan Club

Entertainments planned by:
John Arthur, Head of Drama,
John Baird, Head of Music,
Sarah Jackman, Head of Senior Strings.

Andrew Bateman, Head of Art
Christopher Clarke, Housemaster, Grant's
Jim Cogan
John Field
Gavin Griffiths, Head of English

David Hargreaves
Sinan Carter Savaskan
Richard Pyatt
Wendy Tiffin, Development Officer
Genevieve Dalzell

ALBERT, Mr Justin
ASHER, Mr Peter
BAIRD, Mr John
BARLOW, Mr Jeremy
BRINKWORTH, Mr Malcolm
BROUGH, Mr Colin
BROWN, Mr John
BURT, Mr Max
CAMPBELL, Miss Katherine
CLEGG, Mr N.W.P.
CLOVER, Mr Charles
COEN, Mr Clive
COLE, Mr Kenneth
COLLINGWOOD-ANSTEY, Mr Alex
COMPTON-MILLER, Mr Richard
CONVILLE, Miss Clare
COOPER, Mr William A.
DALE, Mr Alex
DICKIE, Mr Patrick
DUNCAN, Mr Martin
DUNNETT, Mr James
DURRANT, Ms Sabine
EARLE, Mr Joe
EARLE, Mr Laurence
EKSERDJIAN, Mr David
FRANKS, Mr Alan
GENTLEMAN, Mr David
GODFREY, Mr Daniel
GOODBODY, Mr John
GOODMAN, Mr Martin
HADDEEN, Mr Abel
HARROD, Mr Dominick
HAYES, Mr Colin
HERRMANN, Prof. Luke
HODGSON, Mr Paul
HOOPER, Mr Paul
HOOPER, Mr Tom
HORNSBY, Mr Michael
HUHNE, Mr Christopher
JACOBS, Mr Michael
JOHN, Mr Nicholas
JONES-PARRY, Mr Rupert
KANE, Mr David
KANE, Mr Simon
KEATING, Mr Roly
KEYSER, Mr Scott
LACK, Mr Alistair
LAND, Mr Anthony
LAWSON, Mr Dominic
LLEWELLYN-SMITH, Miss Julia
LINDLEY, Mrs Virginia
LOUP, Mr Matthew
LOWNIE, Mr Andrew
MACCARTHY, Mr Charles
MACCORMAC, Mr Richard
MADDOX, Miss Bronwen
MARS-JONES, Mr Adam
MARSTON, Mr Nick
MCKINNON, Mr Michael
MELVIN, Mr Jeremy
MILLER, Miss Lucasta
MUNDY, Mr Simon
NORRINGTON, Mr Roger
O'DONNELL, Mr Hugh
PAGAN, Mr Francis
POCOCK, Mr Tom
ROBERTS, Mr John
ROSS, Mr Rory
ROSS, Mrs Sarah
RUSSELL-COBB, Mr Piers
SHERWOOD, Mr Louis
STAHL, Mr Andrew
TAHTA, Miss Natasha
TIFFIN, Mr John
VILLENEUVE, Mr Andre
VON DER SCHULENBURG, Graf

LL 1978-83
LL 1957-61
Staff
RR 1952-57
BB 1971-76
AA 1959-63
GG 1966-70
LL 1977-82
LL 1975-77
LL 1980-85
LL 1972-75
AA 1964-67
HB 1932-35
BB 1980-85
GG 1958-63
WW 1975-77
AA 1936-41
QS 1980-84
GG 1982-87
WW 1961-66
BB 1962-66
QS 1981-83
QS 1966-70
GG 1978-83
QS 1969-73
WW 1961-66
Parent
GG 1974-78
LL 1956-61
BB 1972-75
GG 1967-71
BB 1953-58
BB 1933-38
BB 1945-50
LL 1963-67
GG 1968-72
HH 1988-90
GG 1955-61
AA 1967-71
WW 1966-71
QS 1965-69
WW 1958-63
Parent
RR 1989-93
RR 1974-79
WW 1973-77
Parent
QS 1952-57
BB 1971-74
DD 1985-87
QS 1969-70
LL 1982-86
RR 1980-80
LL 1963-67
BB 1952-57
RR 1978-80
QS 1967-72
WW 1976-80
Parent
GG 1978-82
WW 1982-84
GG 1968-72
BB 1947-52
WW 1965-70
QS 1926-31
GG 1938-39
LL 1960-64
WW 1976-80
GG 1982-82
AA 1967-71
QS 1954-59
BB 1968-72
AA 1983-85
Parent
BB 1958-63
BB 1979-83
WW 1976-80
QS 1981-86
RR 1979-83
Writer/Prod. - List/Nat Soc.
Producer & Personal Manager
Head of Music
Musician
M.D. Touch Productions Ltd.
Theatrical Producer
Magazine Publisher
Advertising Planner, BBDO
Financial Times Journalist
Journalist
Daily Telegraph Envir. Editor
Neuroscientist/Musician
Photographer - Studio Cole
Prod/News Editor Reuters TV
Chief Feature Writer Daily Exp
Freelance Editor
Chairman Royal W of E Academy
BBC
ENO Opera Director
Actor/Composer/Director: Rolt
Architect
Dept. Arts Ed. The Independent
Keeper, Far East, V&A
Deputy Arts Ed. Indep. on Sunday
Head of Sculpture, Christie's
Feature Writer The Times
Painter and Designer
Media Cons. The Sharper Image
Sports News Correspond. The Times
BBC TV Producer
Comm. Consultant Lowe Bell
City Editor Yorkshire Post
R.A.S. President RSBA
Art Historian
Chairman Assoc. European Journalists
Proprietor Barrington Publications
Film Director
Countrywide Corresp. The Times
Business Editor The Independent
Writer, Travel and Art
Dramaturge at ENO
Publishing Director Nelson
Actor/Writer/Librettist
Actor
Editor 'Bookmark' BBC TV
Freelance Copywriter
Head of Prod. BBC World Serv.
Pub. Dir., The Design Council
Editor The Spectator
Feature Writer The Times
Writer
Journalist, Sunday Times
Literary Agent & Writer
Artist Painter and Teacher
President R.I.B.A.
Journalist The Financial Times
Novelist & Film Critic
Literary Agent
Producer/Director films/docs.
Journalist & Architectural critic for Building Design
Journalist
Writer and Festival Director
Musical Director and Conductor
Film Production Manager
Teacher/Publisher/Author
Journalist/Author
Editor Middle East Monitor
Editor Tatler Magazine
Fiction Reviewer The Times
Dpty Chairman Philip Wilson Publishing
Chairman HTV Group
Artist/Painter
Production Mgr Carlton TV
Producer, CBS TV '60 Minutes'
Executive Director Reuters
Correspondent Berlin for The Economist, The
Guardian and The European
Football Journalist The Indep.
Media Consultant

WINTER, Mr Henry
YOUNG, Mr Simon
ZILKHA, Mr John

FROM THE ELECTION DINNER 1993

Ad D.M.C. Hepburne-Scott

Erepte nobis morte gravissima,
David, magister noster amabilis,
Te corde deploro dolenti
Fletque simul schola tota mecum.

Patris regebas more domum tuam;
Clemens iocosus iustus eras pius,
Docusque praeceptor sagaxque -
Vir bonus et probus Britannus!

Si quem vehebat semita ferrea
Curram citatum, notus erat tibi,
Rebusque naturae peritus
Lignidomique libris fuisti.

Gestare semper rubra ligamina
Nec linteorum non manicas tuas
Nudare pastillosque dulces
Sugere te solitum recordor.

Vitam per omnem quisque suam tui
Grex Westmonasteriensis erit memor,
Qui nos reliquisti priusquam
Rite "Vale" tibi diceremus.

To David Hepburne-Scott

The pain and sudden horror fade a little
As time goes by: but we shall not forget.
Time heals the wound, but still the scar is
brittle.

We loved you, David, and we miss you yet.

The friendly feel of Grant's was all your
doing:
Shirt-sleeves rolled up: fruit pastil gently
chewing.
Good humour (mirrored in your charges'
faces):
Steam trains and PG Wodehouse and red
braces.

Fairness and justice never did desert you,
Wisdom, compassion, patience without
end.

Epitome of every teacher's virtue:
In sorrow, but with pride, we mourn our
friend.

*Oratoribus: Daniel Alexander
Tommy Karshan, Richard Short*

A Request

Please, leave me now, my Sweet.
For two years your cold lips
have sucked my heart dry.
Teasing a thread from it,
pulled so taught it must snap.

It must snap, break and shrivel.
Then it can lace the cut together.
Then I can pull myself together.

But your cold fingers are caught in the
stitches,
Keeping the wound infected and open,
Inflamed by salt tears.

Please, leave me now, dear Heart,
While I wait for your a-wake to end in
sleep.
Please, dear Heart.

Laura Hayes, December 1993

Performing Arts

ORFEO ed EURIDICE

Yes, Italian. French is notoriously difficult for English singers whose larynxes and tongues seem to be the wrong shape for French vowels, so the directors opted for the earlier Italian version of 1762; and to it they added the lollipops that Gluck was to compose later for his Paris version: the Dance of the Blessed Spirits, the Dance of the Furies and Euridice's famous aria.

The decision to perform the work in Italian was entirely justified by the company's energetic and confident singing of the language which before rehearsals began was unknown to them. There were, of course, difficulties. 'Euridice' is a beastly word to sing in Italian, and the 'e' and 'o' vowels are not easy either – but the chorus rose magnificently to the challenge, and we heard some wonderful brio singing, and initial consonants enunciated with real attack. The three soloists, despite being more exposed, often sounded authentic, and they were excellently contrasted. Liz Brown's soubrette suited Amor, Laura Viscovitch's darker timbre lent credibility to the male role of Orfeo, while Lucy Barker's soprano soared easily over the orchestra, despite a nasty bout of 'flu. The musical and dramatic highlight of the evening was the Act 3 recitative, where Orfeo enjoins Euridice to follow him to the land of the living but, aware of his vow to the Gods, averts his gaze and refuses to look at his love. Laura and Lucy expressed incomprehension, anger, pleading, despair and joy with great vocal conviction and real stage presence. It will be interesting to follow their careers. Ian Bostridge, (QSS 1978–82), has already reached the top, and there are good reports of Richard Ireland's Paul Bunyan in York. Westminster should be proud of this fine crop of singers it has helped on the way.

Lucy and Laura were of course helped throughout by the production and the orchestral playing. John Baird's tempi were on the fast side, and rightly so: his phrasing of the score enabled the singers to cope easily with Gluck's vocal line, and the orchestra excelled itself both in the set pieces and the recitatives, where their rhythmic playing and secure intonation greatly helped the drama. There was lovely playing from James Mackenzie (1st flute) and Tom Linton (1st oboe) and hardly a music teacher to be seen in the pit. David Summerscale's production had the refreshing simplicity that so many professional *Orfeo's* lack; groups were silhouetted against bold sets (Andrew Bateman), he allowed no interval to deflate the accumulated tension and with sovereign regard for classical myth he ignored Gluck's happy finale and ended the opera with a reprise of the opening lament for Euridice's death.

This was a remarkable evening. The opera was rehearsed in three weeks and yet there was no sign of slipshod preparation. There comes a point in all good School productions, when allowances made for amateur performances are forgotten, and the audience become quite simply engrossed in the events on stage. By the Act 3 recitative that had occurred and one is left with admiration for the Music and Drama departments that can stage shows such as *Le nozze di Figaro*, *The Boyfriend*, *Salad Days*, *Guys and Dolls* and an entirely home-grown *Tom Sawyer* with such conviction in so short a time. *Die Dreigroschenoper* is next . . .



A Scene from "Orfeo"

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

by R.B. Sheridan. The Drama Studio (25, 26 & 27 January 1994)

The myth is that it's always Alright On The Night. Alas not. Rule One: Plays – House Plays, School Plays – never ever take place on suitable nights, but only on those when there are ten compellingly good reasons not to attend. Rule Two – ninety five per cent of schoolboy and girl actors, and invariably those who missed the auditions but pleaded with you for special consideration never ever learn their lines by the time of the absolute deadline.

It's what happens after that deadline has passed that really matters: one well-known scenario includes rehearsals with a strong emphasis on hilarity and anarchy degenerating into petulance and panic on the Weekend Before. Opening night shaky (i.e. shaking all over the place); second and final night a triumph of toil and tears. Or so it feels.

Dryden's *School for Scandal*, I hasten to add, was a lot better than that. I draw the rather cynical comparison first because, much as I admire the institution of House Plays, I don't think they happen by osmosis. They need a good deal of careful pre-production reflection and planning. Second, there is nothing better than an enthusiastic pupil who has the confidence and determination to choose a play, cast it and then bring off the whole shooting match. Dryden's, in the persons of Martha Hillier and Sarah Siddiqui, had that talent in abundance.

They chose, in the first place, splendidly. Whereas being forced to attend certain nineteenth century playwrights demands of their audiences a charitable disposition and fortifying liquor, Sheridan has not palled in the least. The minute we met Vladka Neville's finely pitched Lady Sneerwell, Sarah Siddiqui's richly contemptuous Lady Teazle and the voraciously single-minded Mrs Candour (outstandingly portrayed by Naomi Benson), we were in our very own world and, within minutes, we knew it and revelled. Was not their gossip ours and Lady Sneerwell's house the set of *Eastenders* – or *Yard* on a summer's night?

There were rich cameo performances too from Simon Marshall as a lispng slew-eyed Snake, Alex Low as an inexplicably long-suffering Rowley, and a delicious pastiche from Sebastian Smith as Trip, becoming terrifyingly uninhibited, just like a good butler in wine. And hearts went out to Dario Thuburn's Sir Peter Teazle, a very depressed elderly gentleman of good manners whose long term prospects of a

satisfactory reconciliation with his fiery spouse I would not lay large sums upon.

In a comic play, straight parts are a severe trial for a good actor. Jamie Morris as Careless looked a little embarrassed at moments, but made that seem sensible too – after all, he was in the company of a bigger and better reveller than he, and the part has something of the wallflower. Howard Gooding as Moses was a very charming money lender, whose rates of interest accorded ill with his most pleasing personality. I was thoroughly taken by the uncle-nephew combination of Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite (Jamie McClelland and Tom Balogh) whose relentless one-upmanship as they discussed the phantom duel of Charles Surface was entertainingly and credibly performed.

What then of those Surfaces? Alex Isaac as Sir Oliver has the least good lines (and the most money, perhaps by way of consolation), but he carried off the combination of the portentous and wily very well, and set the context for the interplay between the two brothers which forms such a rich climax to the play. As Joseph, Sam Jones gave a highly enjoyable and intelligent performance. He had a great many lines, and he understood nearly all of them, deploying excellent facial tricks to demonstrate his grasp of the irony. I suppose inside knowledge is an unfair thing, but at moments I felt he lacked the ponderous and self-righteous *gravitas* I associate with the part, though he was a splendidly energetic hypocrite when it came to laying claim to Lady Teazle.

Though he enjoys some splendid lines, and is less a prodigal son than a high spirited undergraduate, Charles Surface needs a quickfire delivery and a lot of stage presence. I err by understatement when I say that Samson Spanier managed both, with knobs on. His was one of the two best comic performances I have seen from a Westminster pupil in eight years and I hope we will see him on the boards again – often.

Audiences can leave Sheridan happily: he is *au fond* an optimist who believes virtue wears well, and can make the point without apparently chastising us. I was also pleased by the totality of the effort made by the production team: sensitive lighting by Abdo Jadeh, which had clearly been thoroughly rehearsed and thought through, and that before the first night: an intelligent and sensitive set well managed by Dominic Curran, with good Georgian portraits, miraculously restored by the talented hands of Mina Bar-Isaac and Alex Hamawi. Audiences, particularly the whining middle-aged types, did appreciate the front of house attentions of Henry Morton and Dharshan Wignarajah: the seats were reserved, identified and the guests rapidly ushered to them, with programmes waiting. Production is a composite business: I don't scorn that attention to detail.

I once had a heated exchange with a colleague who accused me of 'being one of those people who thinks School Drama shouldn't be measured by the same standards as Drama'. Too true, I said, but privately I have come to see he was only overstating a good point. A cast which doesn't mind about its audience as much as its own entertainment doesn't deserve much of our time. Dryden's provided a fine example of the antithesis.

David Hargreaves

TOM SAWYER – THE MUSICAL

Edmund Jolliffe's and Mark Strathdene's *Tom Sawyer* was something of a paradox; there was no hint of amateurism in the composition, direction or playing (particularly of instruments) and yet one is very unlikely to find such a musical on the professional stage. To say the show took risks is to suggest that it made diversions away from a formula which it had never adhered to in the first place.

This Great American Novel could never really lend itself to an imitation of the Great American Musical – the two provide quite different definitions of 'American'; nor, however, were we given the endless Lloyd-Webber string of pastiches to be found in the modern British Musical; this came as more of a surprise. Some of the songs, particularly Jolliffe's, acknowledged the musical tradition, (albeit with tongue-in-cheek, such as the "Let me tell ya about it" that preceded the Wart Cure song,) but these composers nevertheless had very individual voices. Strathdene's music particularly had a beguiling simplicity at times; particularly magical was 'Sailing Song', heightened by the minimalist stage design and use of the slide projections. The song was part of a spell, it was not something you came out humming, (not banal enough, despite its simplicity). Also of particular note was Jolliffe's Gregorian Blues number "And Where's Tom Now?" which made stunning use in its arrangement of some impressive voices, while the lyric appears to have been translated from Latin – indeed few of the songs concentrated too much on the lyrics beyond their titles; this only appeared as a negative in 'Muff's Lament' and 'I'm Not Causin' Any Hassle' by contradicting our expectations that the devil will get the best song and that any song about the dangers of alcohol will be an automatic show stopper – this work ran too smoothly, to have show stoppers. The orchestration and playing was superlative, while Emily Saunders' musical direction – I have to admit – was unnoticeable, (i.e. perfect.)

Matt Guy's direction – aided by Alex Fitch's near surreal designs, (the lone white picket fence, black stage and slides were happily more reminiscent of a Talking Heads concert than 'Stageboat') – and the cast's performances achieved an unforced innocence surprising in a Westminster Musical, especially after 'Salad Days' (that the pelvic thrust in the pirate salute actually seemed out of place should show how unusual this production was.) Andrew Howe in the lead particularly confirmed the opening image I had of Gerard Depardieu cast as Peter Pan with his palms out-stretched on encountering Rachel Dear's Becky, all smiles and pigtails. The condensing of their first encounter, love, and separation into about ten minutes was yet another factor in the dream-like naivety of the piece. Huck Finn was portrayed by that endearing child of nature Matt Guy; the director may have had to take over the part at the last moment but it was still an inspired piece of self-casting. Martha Hillier's Aunt Polly was a mother-figure from folk-lore, effectively countering memories of the badly-dubbed war criminal of the fondly remembered television series. Particularly noticeable among the supporting cast also was Karim El Laboudi's Muff Potter, dressed up like something out of Beckett, Giles Game's welcome stock performance as Mr Walters, Elizabeth Moody's clinging wraith-like Amy, and a manic turn from Sam Hopkins as the Council for the Defence.

The two biggest stars were – had to be – Mark Strathdene and Edmund Jolliffe. Ending on a glib note: one provided the mood, the other furthered the narrative, (that I presume is why it was the less traditional Strathdene who composed 'Oh Praise The Lord' and 'Finale'.) Going to see this 'amateur' musical I vaguely expected something along the lines of an underfunded *Oklahoma*. Cheated of this, I had to make do with a work of art.

Simon Kane

CASABLANCA

At last! My film noir fantasy was fulfilled – I was able to spend an evening at Rick's Bar and enjoy all my favourite lines. True, I didn't cradle a slug of whisky in my palm and I fell off my seat before the show started, crumpling to the floor as if shot by the formidably Aryan Alex Morrell playing Strasser, but this didn't dim my enjoyment. This was not the lovely shady film and Aris Minton was another breed of Bogart, but the team made up for it by giving us lots of live cabaret. Suzy Kane sang from table to table, or Michael Mulligan (staff) crooned into the microphone from far away with Nick Stevenson (staff) and Johnny Toub on trumpets, Jeremy Kemball (staff) on saxophone and Pete Muir (staff) on keyboards. Congratulations to Lorrin Braddick, John Rixon, Steve Strachan and Nick Hagon for putting up with these Ronnie Scott's aspirants and to the quality of the jazz they produced.

This was a production that fully exploited the humour and the romance of the famous film lines and painted all the characters with the bold strokes they needed. Aris Minton's Rick was morose, burnt-out and powerful against the lighter shades of Bianca Roccelli's Ilsa. Lazlo, played by David Blandy, was a very tremulous academic French patriot, and seemed like an appropriately safe though less self-assured bet for his Ilsa. Renault was played very self-consciously by Matthew Perry, pouring wit and unctuousness into his lines in order to horrify and delight his audience. The bar

was skilfully occupied by Richard Doherty, Steve Strachan, Robin Godfrey, Firouz Emani, Sabeena Uttam, Siobhan Gooley and Josh Raymond who all sipped their drinks with the tension of hunted transients, part of that "tortuous, roundabout refugee trail" of which we are informed at the beginning of the film. *Casablanca* is a film icon and the cast seemed to understand this in their performance. This production became a beautifully ironic portrait of the cruder sentiments and emotions that the film gets away with, and allowed us to look at them afresh. This was an excellent and very original choice for a joint House production, with lots of good music, a deftly over-stated delivery and a nocturnal atmosphere full of intrigue and romance. Unusual for School.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST

Busby's drove us crazy again, this time with Dario Fo's Anarchist played by Giles Newell our actor Head Boy. Fo's play is full of angry satire directed against a corrupt Italian state, though this production threw in many contemporary British references, getting away with most of them! Giles used all his energies in order to catch the Madman's quirks and improvisations and deliver the torrent of aggressive and ingenious lines he is given. Tom Cabral and Bob Goodfellow were perfect as the hapless inspectors around which the Madman runs rings. Cabral looked like a puppet with most of his strings cut, whilst Goodfellow managed to be thundering yet deflated: their fears and exasperations were an entertaining foil to Newell's terrifying confidence. Russell Teimourian's portrait of an eccentric and incomprehending constable who might erupt into ineffectiveness from his quiet corner and Suzy Kane's cool, calm collected Maria Feletti were well-defined bookends to the production. Finally Lorrin Braddicks's waving arms and indignant humiliations were a true testament to the Madman's power and his own style, fully perfected by the time we get to "Ghetto".



The Cast of "Casablanca"

GHETTO

UP SCHOOL, LENT TERM '94

"Fascism turns human beings into animals and uses them for its own ends. How to resist? Preserve your culture, stay human. Look, they banned flowers from the ghetto. What did we do? We gave each other autumn leaves, the most beautiful flowers in the world."

In Joshua Sobol's strange and compelling play about life in the ghetto of Lithuanian Vilna in the Second World War, many ironies are presented. As one of the greatest of these, a remarkable instance of resilient humanity and human warmth is sponsored, before its eventual physical destruction, by the oppressors themselves. The tyrannical SS Officer, Kittel, not only 'enables' the establishment of a Jewish theatre within the bleak confines of the ghetto, but becomes also a prominent member of its audience. As we, the audience of the outer play and of the theatre within the play, are drawn towards the sufferings of the oppressed ghetto prisoners, we are also invited to view, with more detachment, a cultural and emotional gulf which separates Kittel from his victims. It is a gulf he vainly tries to cross; for Kittel, more voyeur than mere spectator, is like all voyeurs excluded from true involvement in his object of interest, or rather obsession. He is attracted to a Jewish girl, Hayyah, who must remain unattainable and is hence ever more painful a failure for him to nurture. While he can use his power to manipulate her and make her act and sing, he cannot command her affection. By a clever dramatic device, when German fortunes are foundering and defeat is a looming reality, he takes on the guise, and the costume, of what might in any case have been his alter ego – again a voyeuristic figure in the form of a Nazi Judaic scholar, posing as the conservator of a culture which he has hoped and helped to trample under foot. At another point in the play he is shown to act out, unwittingly, his own deficiency in humour, just at that moment when his slowness of comprehension is being ridiculed by a ventriloquist's dummy of readerly wit – the dummy has an important role in this play, in which reality and illusion on so many levels are made a theme for illusionism on stage. In all of this, Kittel comes over as one who, on a banal level, utterly controls the destiny of his prisoners, but in fact fails to crush them on levels he cannot touch; conditions in the ghetto may produce dreadful human tension, misery, and even criminality among some inmates, but the fact, and later the memory (the whole action of the play is 'remembered' long years after the events) of humanity and spiritual resistance survive the onslaught.

So another irony is that, in this play of profoundly, though not exclusively, Jewish interest, it is the Nazi bully who is singled out for scrutiny, with all of his frustrations and incomprehensions and his beleaguered aggressiveness exaggerated by intellectual vulnerability. He stands as a foil, an antithesis, to his victims. The words of the gentle and philosophical ghetto librarian, Kruk (quoted above) have their counterpart in Kittel's: "You've run out of luxuries. What do you do! Shred beetroot, call it caviar. The champagne exhausted? Don't fret. Try a glass of sauerkraut brine. I love it! Your resilience! It's insane!"

Perhaps better known than Kittel, through numerous histories of the Nazi persecutions, is the Jewish leader of the Vilna ghetto, Jacob Gens. Like many other

Jews in similar positions in other ghettos he was forced, as he saw it, to use the only means at his disposal to preserve life – namely by trying to temper, or limit, the genocidal Nazi brutality of which, in some more accusing eyes, he was a collaborating agent. At this time of extraordinary human crisis there were indeed life-and-death decisions made which would more normally be mere academic hypotheses in discussions of ethics. 'Numbers games' were indeed played, quick calculations discharged on who could, or should survive. Historical objectivity, elusive at most times, is here particularly so, but perhaps if we use the word 'collaboration' for such phenomena as Touvier, or for the Baltic and East European thugs who served the Nazis in the extermination camps, we need a word of different register for a man who was compelled to acts of brutal 'pragmatism' in order to ensure the survival of at least some of his fellows.

In Sobol's play *Gens* is a man of principle trapped in an impossible situation. He is, interestingly, a character of greater surface 'earnest' than most of the others, and one with less apparent humour. Of all the ingredients of survival strategy, humour comes through particularly vividly in the text of the play – and especially the quintessential Jewish humour of irony. If anything was lacking in Westminster's accomplished production, it was an occasional lost opportunity on this level in the repartee. But conversely the respect, even reverence, of the cast as a whole for their brief made a profound impression on their audience. A 'director's note' in the programme commented that the appropriateness of making a play out of such material, and more so that of performing it with a cast of school students, had been questioned. I did not myself see the first, but much acclaimed, English performance of the play in 1989 at the National Theatre, which by common agreement of audiences and critics left no doubts or unease of the first of these questions. From a slight distance I was able to watch the present production develop, hear the reactions and comments of some

members of the cast as it took shape, talk with David Hargreaves (director) and Janine Clements (assistant director) about their views of the play, and sense the growing collective commitment of the group. In the earlier stages I heard some doubts expressed over the quality of the play itself; by the end I sensed, and shared, a general conviction that it really worked. My own personal misgivings about literature dealing with the Holocaust require that any treatment should be historical, or documentary, or 'creative' at only a very high level of artistic abstraction. Sobol's play is unexceptionable by these criteria. It is derived from diaries and real evidence of what happened in Vilna, and is thus authentically grounded; above this through its theatrical techniques it raises, without undue didacticism, conceptual and ethical issues – about race, culture, survival, politics, duty etc. – which the audience can take away and ponder after the play. This was in no way hindered by a teenage cast. Balancing strong accounts by Heneage Stevenson (Kittel), Joe Suddaby (Gens) and Refik Gokmen (Kruk), there were some other talented performances by Nick Jackson (the ironist dummy that gets away with greater frankness and articulacy than could his ventriloquist master), Lorin Braddick (Weiskopf, an amiable and humorous rogue or wide-boy with his own practical responses and solutions to problems) and Jasper Goldman (the shifty and obscurantist Hassid). This was also a highly disciplined production. The group and crowd scenes were managed with real power, and the Jewish folk/theatre music was very well executed. Philippa Booth (Hayyah) produced, on the evening I heard her, some memorably moving performances of translated Yiddish songs, which I confess I had not expected to hear so convincingly rendered.

There was, then, a very great deal in this production to commend the play to the audience. In addition, through the play both actors and audience were compelled to confront some disturbing historical and moral issues. Surely one should not expect much more from 'theatre'?

Jonathan Katz



The Cast of "Ghetto"

WESTMINSTER CLIMBINGBOY

Benita Cullingford has written a charming and highly informative life of **Edward Wortley Montagu** (1713–1776) entitled *Westminster Climbingboy* and is now seeking a publisher. Montagu was educated at Westminster under Friend and led a colourful life as officer, Fellow of the Royal Society, diplomat, MP and author. An extract from the book is printed below.

"During his school days at Westminster Edward Montagu absconded on several occasions. In 1726, it was rumoured he became an apprentice chimney sweep. This romantic notion – whether true or not, enhanced the image of the Chimney Sweeping Trade for more than a century. It also proved beneficial to the climbing boys.

Edward Wortley Montagu came from an eminent family. His father, Edward Wortley Montagu (Westminster, under Busby) was a Lord of the Treasury (1714–15) and British Ambassador in Constantinople (1716–18). Edward's mother, the celebrated Lady Mary, (eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston) achieved recognition through her 'Writings', and her introduction into Britain of inoculation against smallpox.

Following family tradition, Edward was sent to Westminster School. He ran away at least three times.

Edward's mysterious whereabouts caused much speculation. No dates are given in the Westminster Records, but in March 1725, Lady Mary, in a letter to her sister (The Countess of Mar), referred to her 'blessed offspring' having 'taken to his heels.' She reported that 'the young rake' . . . had transported his person to Oxford, 'being in his own opinion qualified for the University.' It was some time before Edward was found and 'reduced to the humble condition of a schoolboy.'

Why did Edward run away? Academic standards at the school were high; boys were admitted either as Town Boys, or King's Scholars. In the 1720s there were over 400 pupils, and many boys boarded in lodging-houses in streets close to the school. During Edward's time, the lodging houses were run by 'Dames'. Expenses per student amounted to £25–£35 per year: entrance fee (1 guinea); tuition (1 guinea per quarter); wax candles and school books (30s). Masters – in receipt of a fee from the Dame, disciplined students by the rod. Other forms of punishment included reciting speeches from Virgil and Euripedes.

Edward had inherited his mother's wit and vivacity. His good looks and easy charm, however, were deceptive – he was

also a fluent liar. Perhaps his restless personality needed stimulation, for, in August the following year, he ran away again. His truancy in 1726 lasted several months. His mother, annoyed that her son had made himself 'the talk of the whole nation,' confided to her sister that Edward had gone 'knight-erranting, God knows where.'

The family placed an advertisement offering £20 for Edward's return. He was eventually found in the Port of Oporto, Portugal. Edward having worked his passage on a ship, had found employment in a vineyard. When captured (in charge of a pack of mules) he was handed over to the Consul, who informed his parents.

Edward's escapades were reported by his tutor, Mr Forster. Accounts about where he was found differ. Some say he went missing for almost a year and was discovered crying fish in Blackwall; others (Literary Anecdotes, Nichols) that he had 'entered as a foremast man on board a ship bound for the Mediterranean.' But the story of his sojourn with the chimney sweeps was the most romantic."

If you would like more information on the book please contact Benita Cullingford, 5 Cunningham Avenue, St Albans, Herts AL1 1JJ. Telephone 0727 857388.



"Parting Shots" an exhibition of photographs by Colin Wagg on show in the Carleton Gallery from May 2nd until May 14th 1994. All the photographs were taken around the School between 1991 and 1994
Above: Fred Holt, Carpenter. 1993

Sport

WATER 1992-93

Returning for this year we had the stern four of the 1992 Henley finalist crew including Graham Smith (RR) who had now won his second World Championship in the British Junior four in Montreal. Play term saw much activity in small boats with significant improvement in the Remove girls rowing.

1993 started with a week's training camp in Gent for the 1st VIII squad and the Girls' tour. We arrived on the first day of January to find the rowing course remarkably flat – not surprising really since it had frozen up over night in the -10 deg temperature. Another rowing course close by remained unfrozen and not a day's rowing was lost despite the snow and cold.

Lent Term provided some important wins, with the new J14's winning at the first big event; Hampton Head in quads and octuples. The J15's also had a good run out, easily winning J15 and finishing in the top ten.

The first VIII failed to find its best form in racing, but still managed to win at Burway before winning Henley Schools Head overall.

The Remove Girls four of Claire Lloyd (BB), Catherine Murch (BB), Katie Bailey (HH) and Charlotte Pendred (DD) illustrated the value of the Gent training camp by winning at their first head race, Katie and Charlotte both moving to water after a highly successful netball season.

In the Schools' Head, at the end of term the 1st VIII finished a disappointing 11th but the U15 VIII followed up earlier wins at Henley and Reading by finishing first equal with King's Chester.

The top crews returned to Gent at Easter for the Belgian International Championships and for early summer training.

The stern pair of Smith and Baker was clearly outstanding (having easily won the 1992 Schools Championships) and the stern four of the VIII were very much in a class of their own. A composite crew of our stern four and a very strong four from Belmont Abbey Hereford formed to contest the International Championship VIII's against fine German opposition and won a good fast final.

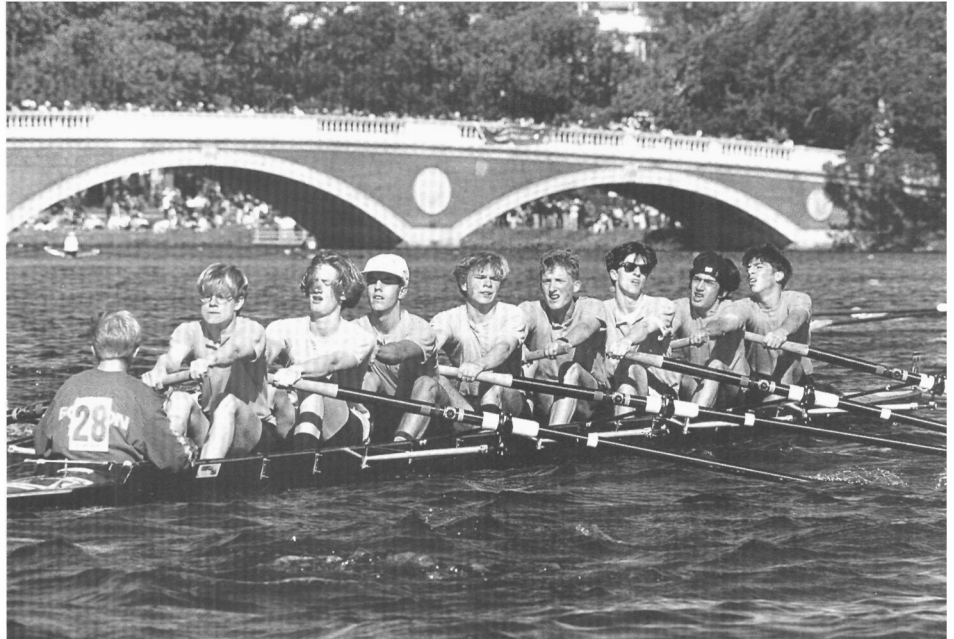
In the run-up to the National Schools Regatta there was much regatta success for all age groups and the girls, with the Sixth form girls winning at their first ever regatta.

At the National Schools the top squad competed in fours with Graham Smith making the final of the Championship Singles. The 'A' four of Baker, Sainty, Siniscalco and D'Agapeyeff were pipped by the Belmont four for Gold and had to be content with Silver.

The second day of National Schools was cancelled due to adverse weather and our main medal hunt frustrated.

After National Schools, exams and other school commitments make regular crews difficult but a large number of regatta successes were recorded by the 14s, 15s and Girls with many mixed event wins also.

After the obvious potential of the composite Westminster/Belmont crew was seen in Gent – the crew raced again – up to Henley. The crew's outstanding success with wins in Senior and Open at Hereford and Reading indicated good prospects for the universities event at Henley and the entry was made.



Westminster at the 'Head of the Charles' approaching Harvard Bridge

At Henley Royal Regatta the composite crew rowing the 'Temple Cup' dispatched Reading University on the first day and an Oxford College composite on the second. On Friday the crew narrowly succumbed to Queens University Canada but rowed with great spirit to the last stroke. The experience of competing at this level provided invaluable preparations for the British Junior trials to follow. Graham Smith's third year made the top British boat going on to win Silver at the World Championships in Norway. Wayne Baker (WW) was selected for the British VIII at the world and Ed Sainty (LL) rowed in the Gold medal winning European Championship VIII. Claudio Siniscalco, as an American, was not eligible for the British team. Two years of enthusiastic rowing for the girls pair of Claire Lloyd (BB) and Catherine Murch (BB) was rewarded by a place in the English team competing in the Home International.

Graham Smith leaves Westminster as the most successful Junior rower in the world ever, with two World Golds and one Silver medal, eclipsing the previous best of two Golds held by Greg Seane the current World and Olympic coxed pairs champion.

Significant success is increasingly being achieved by recent OW's. Richard Muirhead (OW/85-90) rowed in the winning Goldie boat and reached Finals day at Henley. Guy Ingram (OW/85-90) rowing to the semi finals at Henley in an Imperial College Crew as did James Wells (OW/86-91). Ludovic Hood (OW/86-91) stroked the Brown University VIII to the Henley finals after an unbeaten Freshman season in the States. Darius Norell (OW/85-90) founded a new boat club at Warwick University and brought its first crew to Henley. Barney Burgess (OW/85-90) won the Lightweight Boat Race as Cambridge President against all the odds, and Ned Kittoe of London Rowing Club (OW/85-90), the Westminster Girls coach had the entire Henley Stewards enclosure on its feet as he and his partner Reg Redpath came from behind to win the Double Sculls Challenge Cup by two feet. Ned Kittoe went on to represent Britain at

the Student Games and Richard Muirhead won bronze in his Cambridge four at the World U23 Championships.

Play term '93 started with increased numbers in the younger years of the boat club with few sixth and Remove. A young VIII flew to Boston USA to compete in the 'Head of the Charles Regatta', the biggest rowing event in the world.

We were very well looked after by Milton Academy and by Yale and MIT.

The race was spectacular and the crew rose to the occasion, overtaking three university crews in the event. Milton could not have been more helpful, even allowing the boys to take in a few lessons and attend the school disco. By way of diversion we sought out and climbed Mount Washington in New Hampshire, the highest mountain on the Eastern Seaboard.

There has been early success in the first few sculling heads with the new 5th form crew winning their first event and more significantly Westminster won the team prize at Pangbourne Sculls mainly due to an outstanding performance by Tom Marston (RR) as a J14 making the top ten.

Prospects look bright at all levels for the year. A girls four and the J15s will compete at the Centenary Regatta of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club in Hong Kong at Easter.

1993 Wins Total 45

In VIII's

Hampton Head J15
Burway Head 1st VIII
Henley Schools 1st VIII, J15
Reading
Schools Head J15
Gent (Belgium) Junior
Chiswick J15
Horseferry S3 Mixed
Cambridge Mixed/J15
Hereford Open and S1
Reading Open and S1

In J14 Octuples

Hampton Head
Poplar Regatta
Bedford

In Doubles

Thames Valley J15
Molesey J16
Pangbourne J14
Hampton J14

Single Sculls

Poplar J14 Marston
Putney J16 Merrewell
Putney J15 Waring
Putney J14 Marston
Putney Town J14 Warren
Horseferry Womens Katie Bailey
Pangbourne J14 Marston

In IV's

Thames Valley Girls S3
Henley Schools Girls Nov
Putney J15
Putney Girls Nov
Putney Town J16/J15
Reading J15
Horseferry Mixed S3
Molesey J15 4 -
Cambridge Mixed J15

In Quads

Hampton Head J14
Bedford J14
Hampton J13

Pairs

Poplar Jun
Putney J15
Bedford S2
Bedford J15

PUNT RACING

The Captain's Regatta, marking the captaincy of Chris Uff, was held at the Dittons Skiff and Punting Club on 22 May.

Before the racing, the launch took place of a new best-and- best punt, the gift of the Westminster School Society. The punt, of the revolutionary glass-fibre kind, was launched by Mr Michael Baughan, a member of the Society's Council and of the Governing Body, and given the name 'Wilfrid Greene'.

The racing, in best-and-best and two-foot punts, included the first match between the School and Old Westminsters. Iannis Karras and Leon Menezes came from Oxford and Dan Hahn from Cambridge for the occasion. Karras and Hahn won the most exacting event, the Canoe Poling Doubles, but in the conventional races the School, represented by Goodfellow, Scott and Uff, won the day.

It was a good omen for the regatta season that followed. At Egham, immediately after the end of term, Uff and Goodfellow won the Men's Doubles, the only schoolboys to have achieved such a feat.

Bob Goodfellow then went on to win the Men's Novice at Hampton Court, and to reach the final of the Men's Handicap in the Punting Championships, an outstanding achievement for a sixteen-year-old. He surpassed this a week later by winning the Squire Memorial Challenge Cup at Sunbury, beating a former Champion in the final.

Also at Sunbury the School's Dongola crew reached the final of the African World Shield – another first for any school, though we came third against senior club crews.

Goodfellow won again at Walton, clinching his Junior status, and to show that fresh competitors are coming through, Stanway followed his example at Wraysbury. There, too, Ingram won the Under 16 Singles and Coulson and Martinos the Under 16 Doubles. Only one week after stepping into a racing punt, Gentlemen and Gooding competed at Dittons, and to complete an extraordinary season

Goodfellow won the Men's Best-and-Best Handicap there, racing in 'Wilfrid Greene', against strong opposition.

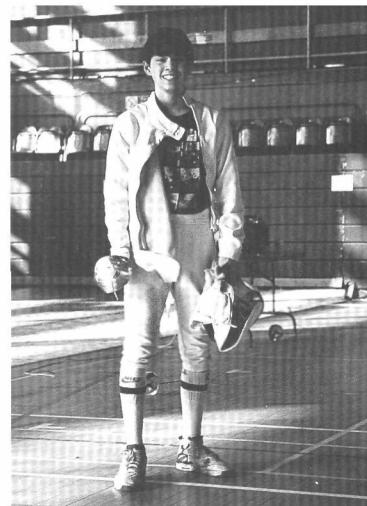
Since Iannis Karras has become Oxford's first punting champion since 1907, it may be said that the School is continuing to make its mark on the sport.

FENCING

After three days of intense competition at the National Sports Centre, Crystal Palace, Westminster are the 1994 Public Schools Fencing Champions. The last time we won this championship was in 1956 and it had been widely thought that Brentwood School's position was unassailable – they had won for the past 18 years in a row. This year's championships was the largest on record: over 56 schools took part with 880 individual entries.

After the first day we were just one point ahead, winning the Christie Trophy for the Junior Foil by 91 points to 90, with Joe- Quinn Wei (AA) winning the individual championship with some stunningly fast counter-time septime flick hits to his opponent's back. The following day saw us extend our lead, winning the Senior Foil 40–16 with tremendous performances by Henry Morton (Captain) and David Davidge (Vice-Captain). In the Junior Epée we won 48–37 with John Rix (GG) doing exceptionally well for a foilist to take third place. We have a particularly talented 5th Form year and many of them won through several rounds of the competition.

At the start of the last day we were only 36 points ahead and it was generally expected Brentwood would come back strongly because Sabre has always been their strongest weapon. However, at the start of the year we had recruited Peter Frohlich the coach to the last Hungarian World Sabre Champion and at the same time the School Society had generously donated a large amount of the new electric sabre recording equipment; so we went into the Sabre competition unusually well prepared. We won the Senior Sabre 23–21, thus winning the Winston Churchill Trophy

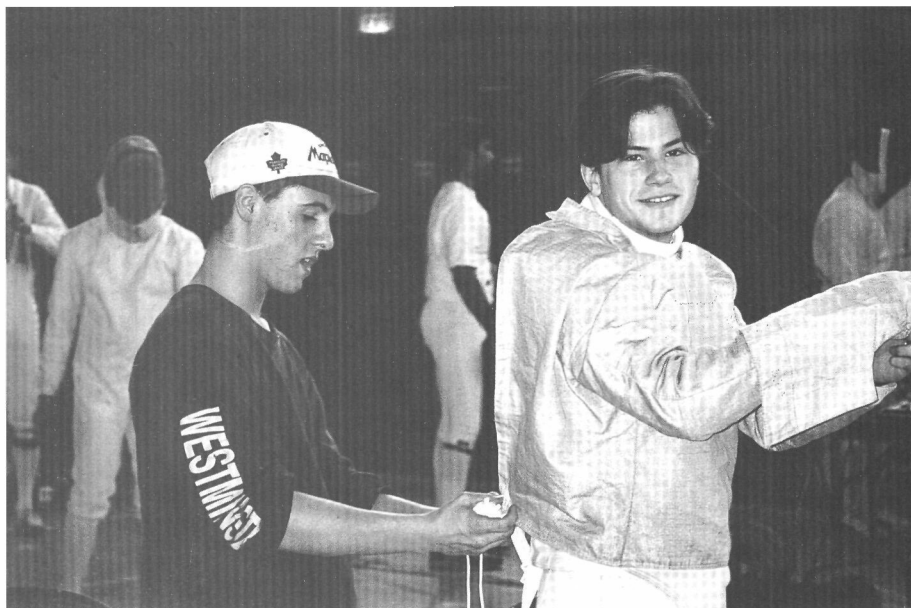


*Alex Van Praag (QSS)
Quarter-finalist in the Junior Sabre*

for best overall performance in the senior weapons. Perhaps the most outstanding results came last, in the Junior Sabre: we won this 69–56 with Karish Andrews (WW) and Nasir Ahmad (BB) both making the final, and this also meant that we won the Paddy Power Trophy for the best performance in the junior weapons.

Overall we beat Brentwood by 291 to 241 to take the Graham- Bartlett Trophy for the Championships. Total numbers in Fencing Station are now 75 with a further 45 at the Under School. Of the 8 adult foilists currently selected to represent Great Britain at international events 3 are OWW or pupils still at the School. We were undefeated in all our School matches this year and have travelled to competitions in Germany, France and Italy.

Much of the credit for this success must go to our coaches, Tomek Walicki, Pierre Harper, Mike Matthews and Peter Frohlich and to the Bursar and Head Master for their constant financial support and encouragement.



*Dominic Bray (AA) helps his Captain, Henry Morton (DD),
into an electric sabre jacket at the Public Schools' Championship
This equipment was provided by the School Society*

FOOTBALL 1993-94

After the successful trip to Holland there was a general feeling of optimism regarding the forthcoming season, and this was in part justified by the pleasing win over Winchester in the first game. We lost the Witley fixture to the weather, interrupting our well established rhythm, and were defeated by Eton 1-3 in a game where we were unfortunate to concede two late goals. The team played some skilful football but lost concentration at crucial times. The game against Kimbolton was a disaster and the lowest point of the season thus far. We totally failed to compete with a reasonable side, made a number of unforced errors, and were heavily defeated.

In the first round of the ISFA cup we were drawn away against Wellingborough, which in the event became the play off for the wooden spoon of the Independent School's football. We were the better side, but if a game highlighted our inability to punish sides when on top and concede goals in the dying seconds in this case of extra time, then this was it. We went 0-1 down early on, but came back into the match, equalising with Venini. We then dominated a poor game before losing 2-1. After this disappointment, we were unable to play a competitive match for five weeks. Both the weather and half-term scuppered our plans and when we met Repton on November 1st a defeat was inevitable. We went down 0-3, although the scoreline flattered them. It would seem appropriate to mention that poor weather conditions hit us harder here than any other school on the circuit. We are lucky to have the pitches we do, but their use by at present four schools including ourselves means that we are unable to train on wet days, and this term that has meant weeks on end. We try to be as resourceful as possible in keeping teams occupied but it has been frustrating for all masters in charge of school teams. We lost the next game to a young Highgate side 2-3 (Karmali 2) which we should have won and then went down 0-1 to a strong Bradfield side where we played superbly and again should have come away with at least a draw. The first half of the season concluded with a 0-2 defeat by Brentwood, a draw against Forest, and heavy defeats by Chigwell (where we lost all 3 goals in the last 10 minutes), Aldenham, Charterhouse and Ardingly (without doubt the best side on the circuit).

When I look back on what appears to have been a disappointing season, there have been many times when we should have won games and didn't and lost by the odd goal not 3 or 4. The side deserve more luck, but the commitment from some players is only half hearted, which at 1st XI level, and with our fixture list, is not good enough. However, a player I cannot praise too highly is Karim Karmali. He has been an excellent captain over the past two years and although he has suffered frequent and long term injuries he has been a great supporter of Westminster football. There is no doubt that we have also missed his ability and commitment on the pitch.

The Lent term has been more encouraging so far, and a term in which we are traditionally more successful (last year we won 6 out of 8 and drew 1). We lost to a good Sevenoaks side but recovered, and gained a well earned draw against the Corinthian Casuals 1-1. We have recently beaten King's Canterbury 2-1 and Oratory 2-0 where we played some excellent football.



1st XI: JJK, Amir Azimi-Azad, Phil Lythell, Gus Bryden, Arun Assumall, Hasan Hameed Vini Tang, Giles Newell, Richard Morgan, Colin Staplehurst
Kneeling: Hugo Braddick, Nadir Moshir-Fatemi, Filippo Venini, Karim Karmali
Dave Mahoney, Robin Godfrey

Players who have represented the 1st XI

K. Karmali	R. Godfrey
A. Azimi-Azad	H. Hameed
G. Bryden	V. Tang
H. Braddick	F. Venini
I. Barnes	J. Baron
N. Moshir-Fatemi	T. Steele
X. Humphrey	P. Lythell
D. Mahoney	J. Bentham

The junior sides have performed well, with the U16s winning nearly all their games. The U15s have won a number of games, and the U14s have better than a 50% record. This is encouraging for the future of Westminster football and in spite of the disappointing results from the top, highlights the fact that football in the school is thriving.

See Dutch tour report page 43

HOCKEY

In the old days, hockey was played at Westminster in a variety of locations; the Cloisters, the piazza under Burlington's dormitory (before Dean Buckland built the election rooms), on Green and up Fields – John Sergeant's history of the School places it there in the 18th century, so for it to be played there again, as it has been for the past two years on a former netball court, is historically appropriate.

Captain Markham, in *Recollections of a Town Boy*, relates how in the 1850s it was played with a football and gigantic sticks. "The football required a good swing to drive it, and the good old hockey rule of 'No sticks raised above the knee' was being constantly broken, with the natural consequence of broken heads for the players." The authorities put a stop to it,

and those boys who had laid out money for the necessary bludgeons were "much aggrieved".

Another attempt to revive it was made in 1876, when the game had been codified and was becoming popular with schools as well as clubs. In a letter to *The Elizabethan*, Yard was proposed as the venue and after breakfast as the time, between nine and ten "when fellows have nothing to do but loiter about".

The idea was scornfully rejected as "really quite unnecessary" in the Easter edition of 1877. A correspondent declared that "it is a poor argument that Westminster should take to hockey simply because Charterhouse has done so." That seems to have settled hockey's hash, for the 19th century at any rate. It may have been played intermittently since then, but no record is available.

It became established for the first time in October 1991 as an out-of-season game for puntsmen, continuing in the Lent Term, with enthusiasts coming from other stations to make up teams to play against Highgate School, St Edward's School, and the Common Room. Lively three-a-sides took place up Fields, with larger scale games being played on astroturf at Battersea, as they are still.

The 1992 match against the Common Room had been a spirited affair, a no-score draw: that of 1993, in the Election Term, was no less lively, but resulted in a Common Room win by three goals to one. Fiona Freckleton's first-half follow-up to a smothered shot was answered by a fine breakaway from Anthony Jagger-Aziz; good goalkeeping from Gideon Bartfeld kept the predatory staff forwards at bay, but second-half goals from Jeremy Kemball and the Head Master put the issue beyond doubt.

RUGBY

The season got off to a good start; we finally obtained legal permission to play at Battersea, the players were enthusiastic and we had become the second largest station in the school. The level of fitness was poor, but Danny Gill's cunning training scheme soon saw off all but the most sturdy and dedicated players, leaving about half a dozen within a couple of weeks. Things were no longer looking promising and, as the date of our first match against Eton drew closer, drastic measures were called for.

By introducing the actual playing of rugby into the station, rather than the previous approach of seeing how many times players could run around the pitch in an hour, attendance figures, surprisingly, began to grow once more, with the obvious exception of Stefan Haller. The day of our first test arrived, but we were ready for it. With renewed vigour, replenished numbers and our captain, Sam Geddes, foaming at the mouth in anticipation of the grudge match against his former school, we fought gallantly.

We won, 12-5. Westminster, after playing rugby for only five years had beaten Eton, one of the best and most dedicated rugby schools in the country. It was no surprise that in the heroic tales that followed the match, the fact that we played their 5th team rarely came up. But what the hell, it seemed good for station publicity.

It was now, in our moment of victory, that the blow came. Our beloved captain fell ill. Well, let's be honest, I didn't really mind too much. After all I was vice-captain, this was my moment to prove myself, or at least it was in theory. Our next match was against St Ignatius, one of the few teams we beat last year. I had hoped it was in the bag. It wasn't. We lost 17-5, but played a good match with particular effort from Ben Thomas, our try scorer.

Trying to put the loss behind us we ploughed head first into our next challenge, the Harrow 6th XV. We lost again. A little closer this time at 17-12, but what was going wrong? Our bed-ridden captain could see a pattern forming, but what did he know, he was too ill to think. I couldn't really be dragging the team down, could I? I mean what does a captain really do anyway? (Not that I'm bitter you understand). In all fairness the match should have been a draw, but a bad decision in the last few minutes which would have evened the scores and given Tim Kellow the chance to kick us to victory deprived us of this result.

The days went by, our fitness improved, and our captain returned, just in time to win our next victory against the Charterhouse team, a very tough 12-5. This is always a good indication of the strength of our team as Charterhouse began playing rugby about the same time as Westminster. One try was scored by Nick Roycroft in his debut match. It wasn't his last. He has scored in every match since, bar one.

This was the golden age of rugby station, we were on a winning streak, Mill Hill 8-7 and the Reading Oratory 5-0 soon followed. We had become the most successful rugby team Westminster had ever produced (not that that means much, given our past records). Things had gone so well that the team was treated to a female coached aerobics session, in order to improve levels of fitness you understand. It turned out to be the most popular and widely attended training session ever. Personally I found the 'step' exercises fairly dull, but then again that wasn't the only

attraction . . .

After a much needed rest we began the next term in the manner to which we had become accustomed, another win, this time over the American College, 10-0. The new term hadn't encouraged our wayward centre Stefan to come to training, but this didn't stop him scoring a try in the match. He has an amazing way of staying fit through regular attendance of SEP.

The coach ride down to the Bradfield match, our most recent fixture, was much the same as all the others. Let's face it, you get a group of rugby players together and eventually things will turn to, let's say the 'personal habits' of team members and coaching teachers, accompanied by spirit-raising, team building, songs of good will . . . sort of. So amid Ben Loring's public airing of Grant Steadman's most intimate details, there was an air of over confidence and complacency about us.

Unfortunately this proved to be our downfall. Bradfield were a very strong and well-organised team and it didn't help that we weren't really playing as one. The 12-3 defeat could have been closer, but whatever it was we had captured earlier in the season had managed to escape. There is always a light at the end of the tunnel though. This defeat has burst our bubble and taught us a valuable lesson for our fixtures still to come. But, most important, I can no longer be blamed for captaining the only losing matches of the season.

Rugby at Westminster, though under-developed, is a fun and friendly station, with a lot of commitment from both staff and pupils (despite my exaggerated tales earlier). I know that when I leave at the end of this year it will be one of the fond memories that I take with me. I hope it will be around to give others the same enjoyment in years to come.

J. White

ATHLETICS AND CROSS-COUNTRY 1993/94

Though the regular Athletics and Cross-Country Station afternoons habitually attract modest numbers only, the numbers get no smaller and, as both Mark Tocknell and I have often noticed, we tend to get the same names. A welcome innovation this year was a coach (shared with the squash players) to take us to Battersea running track or, when it was unavailable, to Tooting. In 1993, we were able to welcome Kris Spencer to assist in training. For the first time, we were able to give equal weighting to field events as well as to the track.

I had near heart failure last Easter holidays when it became apparent that we were not going to be able to use Battersea for the annual school Athletics Sports and spent an unaccustomed amount of time in strange parts of south London trying to book a track at an alternative location. We were ultimately lucky (it didn't feel like it, at the time) to get hold of Wimbledon Park which nonetheless required the bussing of all competitors down through lunchtime traffic. I had attempted to exorcise my embarrassment with some very thorough planning but somebody up there, however, had it in for us: the coaches were late, the starter's pistol refused to fire, and as a superb consummation to the day's woes, an electricity cut removed all power from the PA system.

Yet somehow we still had a very good day: sweet tempers in abundance, and some very good results: Dryden's won the

Junior competition. Hakluyt's the Intermediates and Grant's the Senior. Adam Park (GG) set a new record for the Long Jump and Steadman and Rushbrook easily surpassed old shot records. Next year, we are back at Battersea, thank goodness.

As we began recruiting for cross-country in September, the station settled down to a hard core of about a dozen – a good number, and a reassuring familiarity about many of the faces. In the Play term, we went out to either Hampstead or Richmond virtually every station, and the cumulative improvement in fitness was undeniable. Sebastian Smith (DD) has proved an energetic captain, serious-minded but good-natured and determined to lead by example. Karim Wali keeps him up to the mark, but his running pre-eminence is now regularly challenged, and sometimes usurped by Richard Edlin, whose ferocious determination and training has turned him into a formidable rival.

The Long Distance Races in October saw Wren's win the Senior (Campbell with the winning time of 18.22), Dryden's the Intermediate and Rigaud's and Busby's tie the Junior. In the Old Boys' Vincent Square Relay, we came third and fourth against a chastened but radically improved team of OWW after their defeat at our hands last year. Of particular note was Fred D'Arcy's split times of 1.54 and 2.11 – the first a remarkable performance from a fine natural runner. In January, through the usual combination of whining and intimidation I press ganged eight unfortunates to run the annual Knowle run at Sevenoaks – six miles of steep hills, deep mud and humiliatingly superior competition in appallingly cold and wet conditions. Well over three hundred runners take part: the organisers never in fact sent me the final results but the boys have not pressed me to chase this up.

Consolation however came hard on its heels. In the Highgate Under 14 Relay, we came seventh this year out of thirteen schools, and in the London Schools fourth in the Juniors (out of over forty schools) and runners-up in the Intermediates. There were many good performances, notably that of Alexei Calvert-Ansari (BB) who went on to represent the London Schools in Liverpool. He is a dedicated and excellent runner of whom we will undoubtedly hear more in the years ahead.

Clashes with other school fixtures this year unfortunately prevented us from taking part in both the Ranelagh Harriers race in Richmond and the Bruinvels Trophy at St John's, Leatherhead. But we had a fine school Bringsty, as usual. Dryden's came first (again) with an overall time of 47.16 but it was a College boy who recorded the fastest time – Jo Suddaby with 5.23, followed very shortly thereafter by RMT as a member of the Staff team, whose willingness to compete in this event is much appreciated by our pupils. A particular word of thanks goes to the two Girls teams whose debut appearance was to be – judging by the huge enthusiasm they generated from all spectators and participants – only the first of many. On 6th March, closing the cross-country season, a somewhat reduced Staff and Boys Team competed against the Old Boys in the annual towpath fixture. Richard Short (AH) took the fastest pupil time of just over twenty minutes – a fine achievement from a gifted sportsman who has given of his time generously to the Station over the last years.

David Hargreaves

Odds & Ends

RIFLE SECTION

The past year has seen two competitions take place – the annual Tankard and Fletcher Trophy competitions – and the completion of a third, which was in progress this time last year – a three way handicap competition between the School, the Centre and the Elizabethans. For the first time since the competition began, we finally managed to beat the Centre to win the Lamb Trophy with a score of 48 to the Centre's 53 to the School's 81 (best four out of six shooters to count). The Tankard itself was won once again by the Centre. A single five person team was entered for the BSSRA veterans match to compete for the Fletcher Trophy, last won by the Elizabethans in 1984. We improved on last year's 8th place and finished 6th. The three-way handicap competition was a success with a four person team from each of the School, the Centre and the Elizabethans competing. Centre were overall winners, both on gun and handicap scores, with the Elizabethans in second and the School in third. It is hoped that we will run this competition again, if possible with more teams, as it gives the opportunity for everyone to compete on even terms.

DEBATING SOCIETY 1993–94

The year began with one of our best debaters, Matthew Guy, sending his parting shots when he and Tommy Karshan reached the final of the 1993 Observer Mace Schools' Debating Competition opposing the motion that 'This House regrets the end of the Cold War', which was won by Durham Johnston School. School debating enjoyed an injection of new blood during the Play Term as a greater number of Sixth formers and Upper Shells attended the regular school debates. They provided a lively and critical floor on motions, such as: 'This House believes that public figures deserve public scrutiny' 'This House believes that science merits more public spending than the arts' 'This House believes that there should be no international intervention in civil wars' 'This House would ban television as a medium' 'This House regrets the undermining of the British police' which gave those attending the chance to debate topical and universal issues.

Umar Ebrahimsa

NATIONAL YOUTH IN TRANSPORT ESSAY COMPETITION 1993

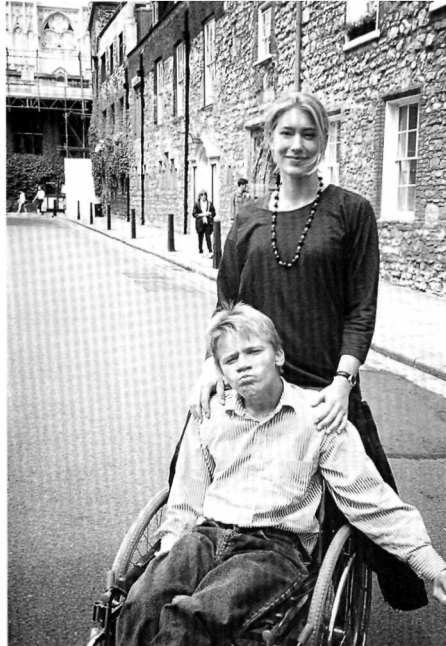
Working right in the centre of London, commuting Westminsters face the problems of severe congestion caused by an inadequate public transport system. So, in January 1993, I entered the Chartered Institute of Transport's 'National Youth in Transport' essay competition with a piece addressing some of these urban headaches.

In this essay I suggested that the most effective way of fighting congestion was to encourage a swing to public transport involving two essential features: drivers must pay for using (and congesting) roads and there must be co-ordinated, integrated investment into public transport. Only then can city life become tolerable.

My essay won the National Competition; I received a prize of £250 presented at lunch held at the Park Lane Hotel. In addition Westminster Geography Department received £400. The second part of the prize consisted of a bizarre trip

around 'The Seven Transport Wonders of Europe' during the summer holidays. The seven day trip took myself and three others to Paris and Cologne and a number of UK sites. We visited airports, seaports, the Channel Tunnel and we even experienced a footplate ride on Intercity 255. Some parts of the trip, in fact, were great fun, and it was certainly a valuable insight into how Europe is moving!

Refik Gokmen CC



*Olivia Selby and Adam King
During PHAB 1993*

PHAB 1993

The seventeenth Westminster PHAB course was one of the busiest ever, with record numbers taking part. PHAB stands for Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied. For one week in July, volunteers from the Sixth form and Remove and disabled young people from all over the country, including Scotland and Northern Ireland, set up residence in College and engage in a programme of workshops (drama, art, music, film making), sightseeing, shopping and expeditions, culminating in the PHAB Show. This performance takes place Up School at the end of the week and is the result of the week's efforts and is attended by an audience of over 200 people – family members, friends, neighbours and old Phabbers.

On PHAB everything is shared. ABs and PHs sleep in the same rooms, eat together, take part in the same activities. The experience is intense – sometimes difficult, sometimes harrowing, but more often absorbing, exhilarating and fun.

The spirit of PHAB is hard to define, but the following typical incident comes close to expressing it. A profoundly disabled boy, with no speech, again with useful movement only in one thumb, was determined to travel round London on a sightseeing bus. The difficulties of achieving this were great, but thanks to his determination and the enterprise of his able bodied companions his ambition was realised. When he returned I asked if he had enjoyed his trip. With his one good thumb he spelled out on his word board the simple sentence "I was free".

C.M.

BUSBY SOCIETY

This year the Committee was anxious to give the activities of the Society something of a lift, and it was decided to make every effort to attract as many Old Busbites as possible to the Annual Dinner. This was arranged for Wednesday 17th November 1993 in College Hall, with drinks beforehand in Ashburnham. We were delighted to attract a total of 46 Old Busbites. The most senior present was John Hayward who was at Busby's from 1931 to 1936, and whose birthday fell coincidentally on the day of the Dinner. His son Charles was up Busby's from 1967 to 1971.

Inclusive of guests, we numbered 82 persons altogether. To the best of the Committee's recollection this more than doubles the largest previous attendance.

From the Art Master Andrew Bateman, the Society commissioned a composite painting of all 7 Busby House Masters going back to 1925 when the House was opened. All 5 living Busby House Masters were present, going back to 1953.

The painting was unveiled by the Head Master in Ashburnham and following that a speech was made by Francis Rawes. In view of his presence at the Dinner, it was noticeable that the decade best-represented on the evening was the 1950s.

After Dinner, speeches were made by Richard Woollett and Geoffrey Shepherd. During the Dinner music was played by boys from Busby's, including songs by Suzie Kane.

Also attending at the Dinner was Anne Dunn, who was Matron at Busby's from 1964 until 1990.

The evening was a great success, attended by a number of Old Busbites who do not normally come to school functions.

Enquiries regarding membership of The Busby Society should be directed to The Treasurer: Michael Harrison, 133 Ebury Street, London SW1 9QU. The subscription is £10 per annum.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EDUCATIONAL IDEALIST

I have come to the reluctant conclusion that private schools are very primitive organisms: the kind that initiate nothing themselves and only faintly quiver in response to a prod from an outside agent. 'Functional autonomy', things going on because they always have, tends to be strong in organisations where there is a high degree of repetitiveness and where both adults and pupils find both security and an argument in precedent.

Common sense says that things ought to be done, in schools as in all organisations, because they meet a need. 'Meeting a need' – not meeting a demand, note, and not simply on the utilitarian ground of functionalism. We don't run our private lives on the barren premise of functionalism, and I don't see why that reductive standard should ever be waved over organisations either; I suppose because in some way it sounds efficient. This piece is about how we identify our needs.

My conclusion is a reluctant one because for years I have bumbled quixotically along with a set of beliefs that pointed in quite the opposite direction. That schools, as communities of energetic and reasonably like-minded people, should set a lead to society at large rather than passively reflect it; that the first task of a good school was to subvert parental expectations in the

interests of a broader vision of education than that defined by 'market forces'; that schools should be outwardly turned rather than navel-gazing places, towards both compassionate service to people who do not share our privileges and active interest in the wide territories of politics, the arts – in short, the life of the whole mind – for which Westminster is so excellent a base.

Yet in recent years it seems to me that the focus has narrowed. Steadily rising levels of fees, the publicity surrounding league tables, Westminster's somewhat mysterious emergence as a 'high status' product for customers, as we, together with British Rail, must now call them, have produced a seemingly irresistible drift towards results. Results, displacing for many the intrinsic interest of the material studied, which just becomes more stuff on the syllabus; results, which force teachers into taking short cuts with their teaching as if they were employed at a crammer; results, which prompt the institution into continuous monitoring of its own academic blood pressure through exams, orders, reports; results, which imprison many pupils sullenly on a joyless treadmill.

Of course there are other energies, and they provide a necessary therapy for many. Art, drama, music, sport, often of high quality given the frantic ways in which they have to be conducted. But academic demands increasingly have priority over them; they are the froth at the edge of the whirlpool. And in any case, would it not be as well to try to carry these activities more often to the outside world rather than keep them trapped within our own vortex?

I hope somewhere there is a think-tank of wise men and women asking questions about Westminster in the 21st century, because here on the spot we have lost ourselves in machinery and minutiae, and cannot 'push our heads out of the grey waters and see the universe.' What a place this could be if it were bold enough to take control of its own destiny: a school neither mindlessly dismissing its own rich, turbulent history, nor slavishly adhering to it, but constantly aware of it as a necessary mode of self-definition; a fully co-educational, 5-day week school, with little or no boarding, with a larger proportion of pupils on scholarships or bursaries; a school with a broad base of non-academic interests and activities, directed outside the narrow spaces of Dean's Yard and Little Dean's Yard; and with adults and pupils who, given adult responsibilities and the trust of independence, might find working alongside one another mutually agreeable. Oh God, there's the idealist at it again. But it might just be a saleable product too.

John Field

DINNER FOR JOHN FIELD'S STUDENTS

John Field, who is leaving the school in July 1994 has arranged a dinner in College Hall on Friday June 10th, at 7.30 for any past pupils who would like to be there. Please let him know, by letter or telephone, before the end of May if you intend to be present.

THE ANTI-MATTER

The Elizabethan would like to take this opportunity of wishing *The Anti-Matter* every success for the future. Its eagerly anticipated first edition – already a collector's piece – was witty, controversial and contemporary and didn't contain a

single obituary. Astutely its editors had already impeded their wing to our sister paper *The Elizabethan News-Sheet* in order to call former Angry Young Men to their aid.

We were, of course, saddened that their maiden voyage was overcast by their unprovoked attack on our editor, as well as the unfortunate aspersions cast by their noisy publicity material. We do not seek an apology. *The Elizabethan* – with its enormous task of keeping its greater parish fully informed – does not see itself in competition with these entertaining eruptions, but must quietly go about its very serious business.

No doubt *The Anti-Matter* is a much needed live wire and aims to give us all a shock or two. Salutory were its attacks upon the monitors (who only care about the content of their bellies and treat College Hall as if it were part of a failing fast-food chain) and its exposure of sexism in the work place which turned out to be a joke misunderstood by the politically correct (we hope).

The philosophy of its editors is to give the punters what they want, but have they carried a single article on Punting? No! Hypocrisy is too light a word to describe such an execrable approach. *The Sun* and *The News of the World* share their philosophy of course, as does Channel Four's *The Word* where guests will sink to any depths in order to gain publicity. I'm not suggesting that *The Anti-Matter* has yet embraced any of these tackier tactics, but we must be on guard during The Naughty Nineties of any century.

The Anti-Matter joins a proud tradition of subversive magazines stretching back to the 18th century, all of them a testament to Westminster's unbroken tradition of . . . tradition. (*That's enough. Ed.*)

PIE IN THE SKY

The crowded conditions on the staircases of Ashburnham House have led to speculation about the creation of a new suite of classrooms and day house in the ever-burgeoning school.

One proposal made by a member of the Lower Shell was for a Louvre-style pyramid to be erected in Yard with escalators leading down to underground language laboratories and games rooms. However this would clash with a Fifth Former's designs for the new District Line Extension (via Abbey) to 'Yard Central', though no doubt these warring schemes might be combined.

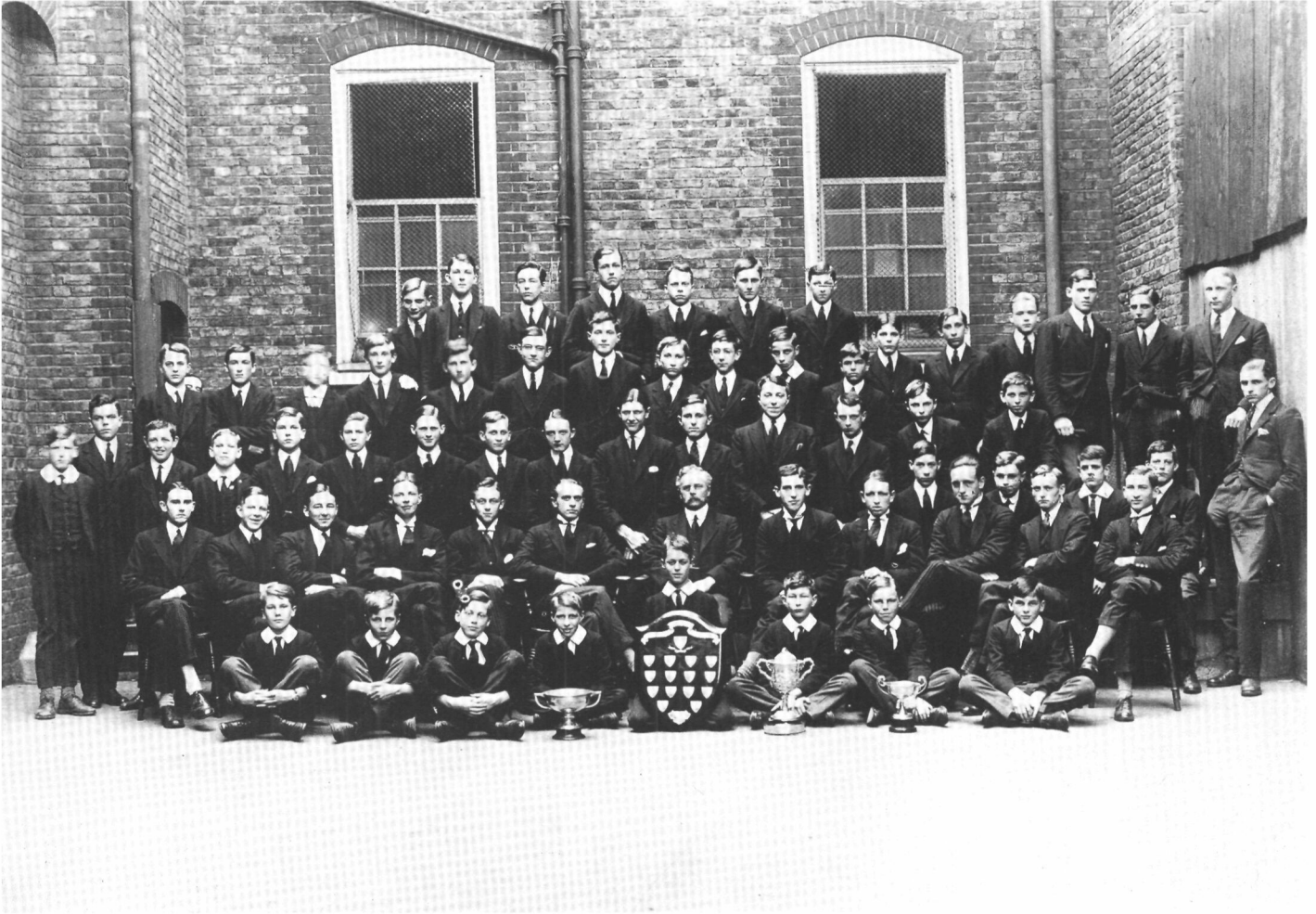
Then there is the problem of names for new houses. 'Hakluyt's' was accepted in 1987 because of its difficult spelling, making it much more distinct than the suggested 'Vincent's' (no doubt waiting in the wings). Old Westminsters have chalked up some bizarre creations over the years and pupils have turned their attention to these for prospective House nomenclature. *Viz* would become 'Viz's' and be sited somewhere near the present toilets in Yard, while 'Pogues' or 'Les Miserables' could be squeezed in behind the present Rigaud's.

Others have been busy working on the time lag problem experienced by those moving between the Robert Hooke Centre and the School Proper. The Upper Shell have been working on a moving pavement for Tufton Street, while the Design and Technology students (when not making chairs out of old newspapers) have been working on a wonderful overhead monorail link, snaking its way across the rooftops of Sutcliffe's and spiralling down over St John's Smith Square to the science centre. Yes, cost and planning permission are a problem, but we are all hopeful that the Arts Council, the Thames Improvement Scheme (if it exists) and the European Union will all come to our aid.



Jeremy Kemble explains the joys of science to supine pupils in Yard. Photo: Patrick Dickinson

Letters



See Oliver Wingate's letter below

The Corner Cottage
Walpole, Halesworth
Suffolk IP19 9AP

15 April 1993

Dear Sir

With great regret, I write to inform you of the death in February 1993 of my father, Peter Charles Fenton Wingate (R 1923–1928).

My father held the school uniquely in affection for it was virtually his home and family during his school years. His father was in the RAMC in India all his life; my father and his older brother, Michael Melvill Fenton Wingate (R 1921–1926) were sent to London to school and saw little of their parents.

Curiously – to my generation, at least – they were admitted as day boys and lodged with a Westminster teacher somewhere in the East End. My father actually walked to school on the day of the General Strike in 1926, wearing Eton Collar and top hat, a feat of nerve I greatly admire even now.

In the holidays, they continued to lodge with the teacher, although it's anybody's guess what they got up to – I don't remember his referring to it very much. Occasionally, his parents would make it to the UK for the summer holiday and more often than not they would travel as a family to France – Normandy or Brittany – to take lodgings for a brief spell. Later on, my father and his brother would go by themselves; once I know Peter went

on a trip to play football for the school. Such excursions no doubt explain why so much French was spoken in our household – my father's enthusiasms were infectious.

But otherwise, both boys were very much Westminster inhabitants and to judge from the way my father would speak of his time there, the school occupied a place very close to his heart.

He went on to study medicine at St Mary's Paddington, which provided him another sort of home after Westminster. His brother, who died in 1955 and whom I don't remember, practiced as an architect in London: the only building I know him to have designed is the rather splendid Sloane Avenue Mansions in Chelsea.

My additional purpose in writing to you is to include a copy of a photograph taken in 1925 in the yard of Rigaud's, which I found in my father's papers, meticulously noted, and which I thought the readers of *The Elizabethan* might find interesting. All the boys have been recognised and named except for two – both in the front row, third from left and last on the right; there is also a pencilled question mark against the boy in the second row, 7th from left – is this R.K.G. Blaker? I wonder how many of the boys photographed are still alive.

I also have the photograph from the following year, but not well noted. If anyone would like copies of the photographs, I would be only too happy to have them contact me.

Yours sincerely,
Oliver Wingate (R 1967–1970)

4 Settlers Steps
Bluewater Bay
Port Elizabeth
R.S.A. 6210

21st June, 1993

Dear Sir,

When my father made me a life member of The Elizabethan Club some fifty-six years ago, I doubt whether he could have imagined that I would be residing in South Africa some years later. Our world perspective was somewhat less in those days.

My reason for writing this letter however is that I wish to record my personal appreciation for the contact which you and your committee has managed to maintain with past members of the school wherever they may appear to be found.

I derive much enjoyment paging through the *Elizabethan* and recognising old names which I had long lost in the annals of time.

Although accepted into school by the paternal kindness of the Rev Cyril Costley-White and placed in Ashburnham House under the guidance of Housemaster Mr Bonhote, I regret that I never achieved great scholastic skills, but nevertheless I did enjoy my school days.

I have vague memories of being asked to look after the son of the German Ambassador at the time, Joachim Ribbentrop, (Westminster had a name for

such a task) and how I took an instant dislike to him. When he gave the Nazi salute to his chauffeur at the entrance to the school yard each morning, that was the limit.

Shortly after leaving Westminster I joined the Territorial Army and for the next seven years saw the major portion of my service in the Far East, ultimately in the 14th Army.

Civvy life was mostly connected with computers, and now I am retired and living on a stretch of beautiful beach which overlooks the Indian Ocean where I train German Shepherd dogs.

Please keep up the good work of the Old Westminster Club and accept my very best wishes for the future.

Yours sincerely,
David Sturges

Paul Castle
Unterbaselweg 54
D-79576 Weil am Rhein
Germany

Dear Editor,

How cruel to raise my hopes and then to dash them! (And yes, how slow of me to get back in touch). I received a letter in reply to my complaint that OWW news seemed – broadly speaking – to feature nothing but endless very British art reports, and thought that perhaps the next number might consider activities in industry worthy of comment, and possibly even look beyond the Thames Estuary. But no. Of course I glow with inner pride to learn that Rupert Upsqule-Shagg (1957–62 LL) has been on the Beeb again, but do we really need 10 almost pictureless close-set pages of cultural triumph?

Unkind contemporaries will say that my complaint is the result of simple jealousy. And, up to a point, they'll be right. No great thespian or biblioproductive laurels for Castle, this century or next, I suspect. What moves me more to write this letter, however, is a worry. I am concerned that either Westminster is not stimulating the able to enter industry (secondary or tertiary), or that those who do, don't consider their movements there worthy of report, or (!) that *The Elizabethan* is of this opinion . . .

Perhaps the wealth-generators just need a kick. If this letter is the right one, I hope it will be published, read and acted on. So let me start: **Paul Castle** (1976–80, QSS) moved from Marketing at ICI Pharma in Heidelberg to Communications at Ciba-Geigy in Basel in 1989. In July 1993 he joined the computer Multimedia company HQ Lern-und Informationssysteme in Sissach, Switzerland as Head of PR.

So come on, industrialists. No need to be scared, just because you haven't had a watercolour exhibition yet.

P.D.B. Castle

26 Westbere Road
London NW2 3SR

Sunday 20 June, 1993

Dear Sir,

I was sorry to read in *The Elizabethan* about the death last year of my contemporary Michael Cherniowsky, particularly as I was

associated with him in the foundation and activities of the "Uffpuff" (UFPF – United Front of Progressive Forces) in the Thirties.

As you point out Brian Urquhart was wrong in saying that it was "active in Schools". It was restricted to Westminster, and I think Brian was confusing it with *Out of Bounds*, a magazine circulating in schools. This had been founded by Esmond Romilly, who had run away from Wellington at the age of 15. It was "against Reaction, Militarism and Fascism in the Public Schools".

However you were wrong also. Michael Cherniowsky was not the founder of the UFPF but the joint founder. I was the other one. As you will see from the enclosed documents, he was the Secretary and I was the Chairman. I was also the editor of the weekly news sheet *Yours*. To quote from Brian Urquhart's autobiography *A Life in Peace and War* (p30), referring to his Oxford days: "A friend from Westminster, Michael Dean, had already been a dedicated Marxist at School, where he had organised the United Front of Progressive Forces."

Again, not quite right; I was only the joint organiser! I don't know about being a "dedicated Marxist", though I certainly supported the Communist Party, believing that they were the most vigorous opponents of Baldwin and Chamberlain.

I enclose photocopies of the documents which have been gathering dust for more than 50 years. Please make any use you wish of them.

I used to type the weekly edition of *Yours* on what you can see was a pretty battered old typewriter. We found a sympathetic printer in Victoria Street, who agreed to duplicate the copies at cost price.

We were prudent, I think in getting an 'Advisory Committee' of masters. This gave us the sanction of legality. There were certainly some Old Westminsters who would like to have seen us banned and me expelled, but I was always impressed by the decency and sense of justice shown by the Westminster masters. I doubt whether Esmond Romilly would have found such tolerance at Wellington. I remember the outrage openly expressed by masters whom one had assumed to be Conservative – about the Hoare-Laval pact, appeasing Mussolini's aggression in Abyssinia (as it was then called).

The UFPF did indeed try to include pacifists and those who thought that Fascist aggression had to be fought. We may have been naive – at 17 years old is that surprising? – but surely we were right about the appalling poverty and inequality at home, and the brutal aggression abroad; some of what is said in these 1936 documents still applies in 1993!

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
Michael Dean (KS 1931–1936)

MORE COMMENT ON THE 1930s
31A Test Street
Oamaru
New Zealand

14 July 1993

Dear Sir,

I have found issue No 712 most interesting and I congratulate you on the fund of OW information. But I find the letter from David Engleheart somewhat disturbing. He lights

into Francis Hanrott intemperately, and then gets his own facts wrong. David and Francis did not even overlap at Westminster. Activity in different houses could vary considerably, even at any one time, depending on the influence of the Monitors.

"Handing" Up School in front of the whole school did indeed occur in the 30s. At Latin Prayers one day in Play Term 1934 this humiliating, but scarcely brutal, ritual was performed. I believe the following was what happened, but my memory of detail may let me down. I hope this is correct. The Captain of the School went down to fetch the culprit who was seated at the end of a row and escorted him to a table where he knelt. The "dear old Costley" then administered 3 strokes with one of the "rods" to the back of each hand. I think the blows were straight down, which was probably not all that painful. It would have been different if he had given a downward and dragging blow causing a graze. The "rod" used was a bundle of birch twigs rather than rods about 27 inches long. Rumour had it that the culprit also had to endure a Head Master's tanning, but I have no confirmation of that.

As the culprit left a term after David and at the end of Francis's first term, I confidently assert Play Term 1934 for this event. For a boy in his first term, to witness a "handing" could be a rather alarming experience. However, though the ceremonial birch "rod" was used, I would not call the event a "birching".

David not only wrote unwisely for the decade of the 30s but he invoked with probability the whole century. My father H. Leslie Geare in College 1900–05 discussed accurately the ceremony of "handing" before I went to Westminster, so I infer that in his time it also was actually used.

Moral: if you are going to be rude, get your facts right. And take note that Francis brought credit to his School with a CBE.

Yours sincerely,
John Geare (HB 1932, KS 1933–37)

Robert E. Nye, Jr
P.O. Box 260
Norwich
Vermont 05055
U.S.A.

1 October 1993

Ladies and Gentleman:

"Twaddle", "sententious rubbish" fulminates David Engleheart (KS 1930–34) in a letter in the most recent *Elizabethan* (No. 712, 1993). The description of Westminster in the 'thirties by Francis Hanrott (Homeboarders 1934–38) in the previous issue (No. 711, 1992) could only have been written, according to Engleheart, by a "wreck".

Actually, I can verify some of Hanrott's recollections and point out that some of the apparent contradictions between your two correspondents results from contrasting definitions of terms.

First, about the birches in the King Charles II rod table Up School. It is true that boys were no longer birched, that is beaten, with these, but handing was a reality and not "an apocryphal story" as Engleheart asserts. For the record let me describe the event as I saw it taking place.

One day as we gathered Up School for Latin Prayers, the Head Master (I think it was still in Costley-White's time, but I am

not absolutely sure it wasn't Christie) said that he very much regretted to say that there was a boy to be handed for "disgraceful conduct". We were not told what that conduct had been. At that, the Head of School arose, walked down the aisle to where the boy was sitting, and escorted him up to the step at the edge of the dais. The boy knelt down on the step, without the comfort of one of our kneeling hassocks, and extended his hands. The H.M. took one of the birches (or perhaps it was given to him by the Head of School – I can't remember that detail) and touched the boy lightly with it on the palm first of one hand and then the other. Then the boy got up and went by himself back to his seat. Somewhere in this – again I can't remember exactly when – he had to remove his gown, being a non-resident KS. Then for the remainder of the term, whenever he appeared outside his House, he had to carry his gown over his arm. We considered that handing was the worst punishment the school had to offer, short of expulsion. I did not see the two punishments administered in sequence, as Engleheart suggests.

The other use that I saw being made of the birches was at the installation of a new Head of School. The H.M. held one of the birches by both ends. The monitor took it by the middle, one hand underneath, palm up, and the other hand on top, palm down. He turned it over, through 180 degrees, and gave it back, after which it was returned to its place sticking out of the drawer in the rod table at its usual rakish angle.

Second, about monasticism: your two correspondents are plainly talking about different things. It was monastic, says Hanrott, because there weren't any girls, and if you didn't have sisters at home you might not get any practice at being at ease socially in mixed company. I couldn't agree more; I had the same experience. It wasn't monastic, says Engleheart, because we were in the middle of London and could easily get out from time to time to take advantage of the rich opportunities it offered. I couldn't agree more.

An aspect of monasticism, of course, is homosexuality. "Of course homosexuality existed", writes Engleheart, but Hanrott is not so sure. People thought and talked about it, but not much really happened. My memory is in accord with Hanrott, but most likely there is room for different experiences.

Your correspondents have mentioned their favourite teachers. May I close by saying that I am especially grateful to J.S. Rudwick ("Beaker", physics) and C.H. Fisher ("Preddie", mathematics, and also my House Master Up Busby's) to both of whom I attribute most of whatever ability I have to think rigorously and still enjoy the process.

Yours sincerely
Robert E. Nye, Jr (Busby's 1935–39)

32 Arlington Drive
Ruislip
HA4 7RL

14 June 1993

Sir,

At the risk of encouraging a forum for boring OWW to correct each other's failing memories, I feel I must protest about Mr Engleheart's deplorable attack on Francis Hanrott, whose article I had so much enjoyed that I wrote and told him so,

although we had not met since 1938. The Westminster he depicted very much coincided with my own memories. Whilst I accept that others may see it differently, I can see no justification for sneers about day boys, the use of words like "wreck", "whingeing" and "twaddle", or for snap judgments on what he might have put into, or got out of, the school. Although a boarder, I have always thought the mixture of boarders and day boys (about 50/50 in my time) was one of the school's great strengths.

As to one's inevitably subjective views of masters, this depends on the amount of contact and the age at which it took place. For instance in my first term I was terrified by an ogre in a brown lab. coat who presided over Occupat. up Lib. This was "Uncle" G.C. Claridge, of whom Donald Swann and others write so warmly that I regret never having experienced his teaching or seen him write on the blackboard in 18 languages. (Are school masters still larger than life, or did they merely loom so large in our impressionable years that it seems that way in retrospect?)

My first ever hearing of Rossini's Largo al Factotum was from T.E. Bonhote. He seemed amiable but almost to have abandoned the effort to pump some French into V and Shell forms. (One should remember that in those decadent days a sizable number of boys went to public school and university for the social and sporting advantages, and therefore only did enough work to escape punishment. There was almost no danger of being thrown out provided parents could pay the fees!) However some of it stuck; I can still hear his "car elle etait tous-euh petit-euh" and remember the French construction for "Ours is a Nice House, Ours Is".

Similarly I did some harmony with Arnold Foster at 16 and can still hear "in an interropted ca-adenice in a mi-inor key you moost dooble the thi-ird no-ote", though my recollection of what the terms meant is hazy!

Harold (not Cyril) Costley White never taught me classics but he did take V for Divinity. "Good morning my friends, sit you down", he would beam. Then he would call the roll. If anyone was absent he would take a vote on whether the absentee was shamming or genuine. On a good day this considerably curtailed our scriptural studies. I never heard of him caning anyone (he scarcely looked capable of it) but I saw him "hand" two boys: four audible strokes of the birch Up School across the extended knuckles followed later, it was alleged, by a monitorial beating up House. (KSS who were put on drill automatically received a beating in College).

J.T. Christie imported the more drastic methods of his Repton predecessor, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, as described by Roald Dahl in "Boy". After the urbane and fatherly Costley he seemed curiously uncouth, almost as if he hailed from the antipodes rather than Winchester and Oxford. I believe he was a gifted teacher, but my only experience was doing Macbeth with him for Higher Certificate. We all knew him as a powerful personality, and he must have been a considerable administrator as well to have held the school together when scattered across Herefordshire during the war.

Of John Bowle (who was at Marlborough, not Eton) enough has been written by Sir Brian Urquhart and Betjeman's biographer Bevis Hillier ("ock for breakfast, 'ock for dinner, 'ock for tea, and 'ock for supper", said their

long-suffering landlady). Suffice to say that no-one in the history VIlth 1930–40 can have failed to appreciate his brilliantly unorthodox teaching and wide-ranging interests, which he actively encouraged us all to follow.

To put the economics in perspective, the £60 fees for a KS amounted to the starting annual salary of a female bank clerk in 1938.

Finally I should like to congratulate you, Sir, on the modern *Elizabethan*: a most interesting read. I particularly enjoyed the article on Michael Cherniavsky and the "Uffpuff". I remember all that very well and have subsequently wondered whether it could have had anything to do with Costley's failure to get the expected bishopric on leaving the school?

Yours truly
T. Bryan Nicholas (KS 1934–39)

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held at Vincent Square on Thursday 22nd July 1993 at 7.15pm.

Sir Paul Wright, as President, took the chair. A quorum of members was present.

1. A motion to approve the Minutes of the 1992 Annual General Meeting was proposed by Michael Baughan and seconded by Jonathan Carey.
2. The President spoke to the Annual Report of the Committee, which was circulated to those attending, and a vote of thanks was given to the Committee.
3. The motion to accept the Report was proposed by Tony Rider and seconded by Jonathan Carey.
4. The President thanked the Officers of the Committee and Victoria Brocklebank-Fowler for their efforts during the year. He referred to future events, including the Elizabethan Club dinner on the 14th October.
5. The Hon. Secretary read the audit report, in the absence of the Hon. Auditor.
6. The Hon. Treasurer tabled the audited accounts and gave a detailed explanation of the pertinent features. Both he and the Hon. Auditor were thanked for their efforts. The accounts were accepted on a motion proposed by Michael Baughan and seconded by Robin Hillyard.
7. The Chairman assumed the chair to propose the re-election of the President for a further year. This was unanimously approved.
8. Michael Rugman, Alastair Lauder and Nicholas Brown were unanimously re-elected as Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary, respectively, of the Club.
9. Tim Brocklebank-Fowler, Isobel Nyman, Alexandra Perricone and David Roy were unanimously re-elected as members of the Committee.
10. Bernard Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as Hon. Auditor. The meeting thanked him for his hard work.
11. (a) The President reported the death of two Vice-Presidents, namely John Wilson and Frank Hooper. There was a brief moment's silence in their honour.
(b) The Chairman displayed the proposed Old Westminster baseball cap.
(c) The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the President for his major contribution to the Club's success during the year and for chairing the meeting so graciously.

OLD WESTMINSTER NEWS

Nigel Lawson (1942–50, WW) was granted a life peerage in the 1992 Dissolution Honours, becoming Lord Lawson of Blaby. **Gordon Menzies Macwhinnie** (1935–39, HH) received a knighthood in the 1992 New Year Honours "for public and community services in Hong Kong."

John Boyd (1949–54, BB) and **Andrew Lloyd Webber** (1960–65, QSS) were both knighted in the 1992 Birthday Honours. **Richard MacCormac** (1952–57, BB) and **Raymond Monbiot** (1950–55, WW) were both made CBE in the 1994 New Year Honours.

Michael Hamburger (1937–41, BB) received an OBE in the 1992 New Year Honours.

Jonathan Fenby (1957–60, LL) has been appointed editor of the Observer.

Colin Stuart Cullimore (1945–50, BB) has been appointed chairman of Naafi.

Dr Michael Samuel Neuberger (1967–70, WW) has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Sir Peter Ustinov (1934–37, B/AHH) is Chancellor of the University of Durham, which has conferred on him an honorary D Litt.

Sir Richard Doll (1925–31, G/KS; Hon. Fellow of the School) has been made one of the first Honorary Fellows of the United Medical and Dental Schools of Guy's and St Thomas's Hospitals.

Ian Cameron (1949–54, GG) retires in October as Professor of Medicine, United Medical and Dental Schools of Guy's and St Thomas's Hospitals, and as Hon Consultant Physician at St Thomas's.

The Rev Canon A.M. Allchin (1943–48, KSS) has received his fourth honorary Doctorate of Divinity, this time from the University of Wales.

Richard Macrory (1963–68, LL) is Denton Hall Professor of Environmental Law at Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine.

Edmund Weiner (1964–67, LL) is a Supernumerary Fellow of Rewley House, Oxford.

Cyprian Broodbank (1978–82, WW) has been appointed Lecturer in Aegean Archaeology at University College, London.

Lord Adrian (1944, GG) has retired as Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and been created a Deputy Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire.

Sir Ashley Bramall (1929–30, AHH) is Chairman of Westminster Further Education College.

Sir John Caines (1945–50, KSS) is Director of the Investors Compensation Scheme and serves on the Councils of Southampton University and the Open University; the latter has awarded him a doctorate.

Tim Gardam (1969–73, GG) has been made the BBC's weekly news and current affairs editor.

Matt Frei (1978–81, RR) is the BBC's Southern Europe correspondent.

Matthew Cocks (1971–75, AHH) has been appointed First Secretary (External Relations) at the UK Permanent Representation to the EC in Brussels.

Christopher Garnett (1959–64, GG) is commercial director for Eurotunnel.

Chris Huhne (C.M. Paul-Huhne) (1967–71, AHH) has resigned as Business Editor of the Independent to join IBCA, a credit rating agency, where he will set up a division advising on the risk-ratings of various countries. (Fun fact: he drives a BMW with the numberplate H1 HNE.)

Jim Woodhouse (Staff 1957–67; Master of the Queen's Scholars 1963–67) is Director of the Independent Schools Information Service, East.

Sir Roger Young (1937–42, KSS, Captain of the School) retired in November as Chairman of the Council of Cheltenham Ladies' College.

Hugh Pagan (1958–63, QSS) is now Vice-President of the British Numismatic Society, having served for several years as President during the Eighties.

Michael Thompson (Abbey Chaplain 1985–88; friend of the School) has resigned as Rector of Lowick (with Sudborough, etc.) in the diocese of Peterborough.

Alistair Service (1947–51, HB) was appointed Chairman of the Wessex Regional Health Authority (NHS) by the Secretary of State for Health on 1st November 1993.

APOLOGIES

We wish to apologise for a number of mistakes in the last edition's "Old Westminster News". **Richard MacCormac** (1952–57, BB) was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects and not, as we had it, of the Royal Academy. The title of Special (Visiting) Professor of Law at Nottingham University belonged to N.N. **Graham Maw** (1946–51, GG) and not to **Nicholas Bevan** who is quite busy enough at the Houses of Parliament. Bevan's dates at Westminster were 1955–60, B/QSS, and not as we previously reported. (On the other hand, he did get the privilege of having his new job announced twice, first in these pages and then all over again six months later in the so-called "Elizabethan Newsletter".)

Michael Joseph Fitz Taylor was deprived of any dates at all. In fact he was up Rigaud's between 1985 and 1988.

We will try to do better in future.

THE ANNUAL REPORT

The Elizabethan Club Committee

The Annual General Meeting was held on 23rd July, 1992 Up Fields during the Old Westminsters Cricket Club's fortnight. The meeting was followed by a buffet supper.

The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall on 17th September, 1992. The toast of "Floreat" was proposed by the American Ambassador, Raymond Seitz and was responded to by the Head Master.

Liaison between the School and the Club has continued to increase over the last year or so and the Liaison Committee between the Club and the School Common Room has met on several occasions.

During the year, the Club sponsored several dramatic productions at the School.

The J.I. Stirling Prize for innovative computer graphics was initiated and sponsored by the Club and attracted a number of presentations from pupils involved and awarded two prizes to each age group of entrants.

The Club has been actively involved with the School in helping to obtain a new Organ Up School.

The Old Westminsters held a City Dinner for those working in the City. The dinner was held on 25th February 1993 at the Institute of Chartered Accountants. The main speaker was Anthony Hawser.

E.N.W. Brown Hon. Secretary

ANNOUNCEMENTS

APPOINTMENTS

Humphrey John Lloyd QC (1952–57, BB) has been appointed a Circuit Judge.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW YEAR HONOURS

CBE: **R.C. MacCormac** (952–57, BB)

R.G. Monbiot (1950–55, WW)

OBE: **J. Porteous** (1947–52, KS)

BIRTHS

Paul J. B. Hooper (1968–72, GG) and Mary (née Taylor), a daughter, Grace Ursula Dorothy, a sister for Jonathan. On June 27, 1993.

William Mark Ransford Dawkins (1970–75, BB) and Jeanne (née Elliot), a son, Ivo James Ransford, a brother to Laura, Sophia and Lucinda. On December 7, 1993 at Aiku Hospital, Tokyo.

Paul Kitcatt (1971–75, WW) and Cathy (née Bowden), a daughter, Eleanor Rose, a sister for Alice. On February 24, 1993.

Hugh Corbett (1971–75, LL) and Jane (née Luckock), a son, Charles Edwin Hugh. On March 3, 1993.

Simon George Harry Barker (1964–68, BB), a daughter, Anya Alice Marie, on April 27, 1993.

Johnathan Oliver Cullis (1974–78, BB, hon.schol), a son, Henry Charles, on June 21, 1993.

Jocelyn Michael Francis Newberry (1975–79, RR) a son, Dominic Rex William, on June 27, 1993.

Leonard Constantine Louloudis (1969–72, LL), a daughter, Theodora Catherine Lily on July 6, 1993.

MARRIAGES

James Louis Lasdun (1971–75, RR) July 10 1993

to Pia Davis in Woodstock, New York.

Thomas James Metcalfe Knowles (1966–69, WW) to Miss C.M.G. Sullivan 4 September '93 at St Luke's Chelsea.

Robert Bruce, 12th Baron Balfour of Burleigh (1940–45, GG) to Dr Janet Morgan August 29, 1993 at Duddingston Village, Edinburgh.

Charlotte Samantha Bogard (1981–83, DD) December 1993 to Mr H.R.B. Macleod at the Unitarian Chapel, Rosslyn Hill.

OWW LODGE

The Lodge is now in its 106th year and continues to attract Old Westminsters of all ages including some who left the School in the last ten years. Our youngest member is 23 years of age, whilst Humphrey Berman (1917–29, CC) is now 90 and joined the Lodge in October 1928.

To celebrate his 65th year in the Lodge, he presented it with two silver goblets to be used by the Wardens at dinner in College Hall.

In April 1993 Graham Illingworth (1949–1954, GG) installed his successor Henry von Blumenthal (1974–79, GG) as Worshipful Master. Jeremy Burnett Rae (1967–71, CC) and Jonathan Croft (1947–52, GG) were appointed Senior and Junior Wardens.

As usual, Members of the Lodge, their guests and members of other Public School Lodges took pre-prandial drinks in Jerusalem Chamber before dining in College Hall.

Fathers, who are Masons, of boys and girls in the School and who would like to attend the Lodge should contact the Secretary. The Lodge meets in February, April, June and October.

Membership of the Lodge is open to all Old Westminsters. Enquiries are always welcomed and should be addressed to Peter Whipp at 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT.

Ex Libris

LOS ANGELES, BYZANTIUM, ETC

Two younger Old Grantites have brought out books about their adventures in America. *Bum Jobs* (Sinclair-Stevenson £14.99) is a collection of early vicissitudes by **Simon Mayle** (1975–78, GG). "After attending Westminster School and disliking it, he went to a girls' school and was expelled for using the facilities." Next stop California and New York, where he "spent most of his important formative years on the bum, drifting from job to job in the vague hope of the rent, a pay cheque, a good time and no responsibility." *Educating William: Memoirs of a Hollywood Correspondent* (Simon & Schuster £16.99) by **William Cash** (1982–84, GG) is slightly more upmarket: Cash dances with Madonna (well, we did say "slightly"), is arrested in Disneyland for trying to crash Liz Taylor's birthday, lunches with Jackie Collins and parties at Hugh Hefner's mansion while Los Angeles burns. "Thoroughly enjoyable," the *Literary Review* decided.

Another OW was heading in the opposite direction. P.J. Kavanagh explained in the *Spectator's* Christmas Books: "Young **Jason Goodwin** (1977–81, AHH), fascinated by Byzantium, decides to walk there, to Istanbul, and with fine perversity chooses the most uncomfortable route, from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, across Eastern Europe. A travel book is only as good as the traveller, and Goodwin is so engaging, his observations so just and well-expressed, that in *On Foot to the Golden Horn* (Chatto £15.99) we willingly follow him every step (mostly painful) of the way."

From junior OWs to one of the very oldest. Acute arthritis, which has largely confined him to a wheelchair, failed to stop **Richard Frost** (1919–24, GG) from writing *Enigmatic Proconsul: Sir Philip Mitchell and the Twilight of Empire* (Radcliffe Press £19.95). Mitchell was a noted colonial administrator, governor at various times of Tanganyika, Fiji and Kenya, and left fifteen volumes of manuscript diaries which have proved a rich seam.

EXCELLENT, SCURRILOUS

Other recent biographies include *Rider Haggard and the Lost Empire* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £20) by **Tom Pocock** (1938–39, GG) and *Marie-Antoinette: A Portrait* (Sinclair-Stevenson £20) by **Ian Dunlop** (Chaplain 1960–62). Pocock's book was praised by Paul Johnson: "A thoroughly good read . . . an evocation of a splendidly single-minded imperialist who was much more than just a gifted writer of adventure stories" (*Spectator* Christmas Books). Sean French's account of the novelist **Patrick Hamilton** (1918–19, GG), heralded last time, duly appeared from Faber at £20. Julie Burchill called it "an excellent, scurrilous book", but its coverage of Hamilton's schooldays is almost non-existent – in Westminster eyes the rival volume by Nigel Jones is a much better buy.

Anthony Pagden (1959–62, LL), Fellow of King's College Cambridge, has written *European Encounters with the New World: From Renaissance to Romanticism* (Yale University Press £21.35) and is joint editor with Jeremy Lawrance of the *Political Writings of Francisco de Vitoria* (Cambridge £40). **John Crabtree** (1964–68, LL) took time out from his role as Latin American Editor for Oxford Analytica Ltd to put together *Peru under Garcia: An Opportunity Lost* (Macmillan/St Antony's College Oxford £45). Garcia's Peru (he was in charge from 1985 to 1990)

"defied the international financial community and evolved novel and heterodox methods to try to stabilise a highly inflationary economy." Still with South America, the American Express guide to *Mexico* (Mitchell Beazley £9.99) has a Yard-intensive history. The original version was the work of **James Tickell** (1970–74, QSS), an architect who worked in southern Mexico on farming improvements and housing projects for the Tzeltal Indians and is now well known in London's voluntary housing sector. It was revised for the second edition by his sister **Oriana Tickell** (1978–80, C) who writes for Mexico City's *Tiempo Libre* magazine. Third time round, the job was done by their brother **Oliver Tickell** (1971–75, QSS), a freelance writer on travel, science and the environment. The latest version – revised, expanded and updated – is credited to both brothers, aided by Oriana in the section on Mexico City.

EVERYTHING YOU DIDN'T KNOW

The three young Tickells have a (doubtless wicked) uncle by the name of **Tom Tickell** (E.N.T.-M. Tickell, 1956–61, RR), the man behind *Quiz of the Century: Everything You Didn't Know about the Twentieth Century* (Warner Books £7.99), "a quiz book that will entertain and inform; a compelling work of reference – and a fun read." Tickell has compiled many quizzes in his time – notably for the *Guardian* and the *Spectator* – but is probably best known as a financial journalist. He claims he understands people's blocks on finance because he himself managed to fail O maths on five separate occasions.



The Library 1993

Photo: Patrick Dickinson

TRAVELLER AND PILGRIM

The Road to Santiago de Compostela (Penguin £8.99) is the first guide in English to the remarkable architecture along the main pilgrim route through Spain to Santiago de Compostela in the north-west, "an invaluable companion for both traveller and pilgrim". Its author **Michael Jacobs** (1965–70, WW) has written numerous books on art and travel including (jointly) the *Phaidon Companion to Art and Artists in the British Isles*, guides to Provence and Andalusia, and, more recently, the *Blue Guides to Czechoslovakia and Barcelona* (A. & C. Black, £13.99 & £8.99). He has since been at work on a travelogue covering the whole of Spain. **Richard Kemp** (1962–67, GG) is series editor and co-writer of the OUP's *Access to Geography* books (prices vary), editorial advisor to the *Collins Longman Atlas for Secondary Schools* and the *Collins Longman Mapskills Atlas*, and author of the text for *The Picture Atlas of the World* (Dorling Kindersley £9.99).

GREEN BOOKS

Charles Clover (1972–75, LL), Environment Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, is co-author with HRH the Prince of Wales of *Highgrove: Portrait of an Estate* (Chapmans £20). A "self-declared agnostic" about organic farming methods, he agreed to co-operate, indeed, to write the bulk of the book – only on condition that he would have free access to the land, the people and the records which would allow him to produce an honest and balanced account of the Prince's approach to agriculture. **Robert A. de J. Hart** (known at school as **R.A. Jauralde**, 1926–30, AHH) has been "a pioneer of the principles of agroforestry" and won acclaim for his *Forest Farming* (co-written with James Sholto Douglas). Now, in *Forest Gardening* (Green Books £7.95), he tells how and why to create a tiny imitation of a natural forest (his own forest garden is in Shropshire) and "shows its potential value for countering environmental devastation both in the West and in the Third World." *The Longman Illustrated Dictionary of Botany*, written by **Andrew Sugden** (1967–71, LL) and first seen in 1984, has been reincarnated as the *Longman Botany Handbook* (Longman £5.99). Sugden has been editor of the monthly review journal *Trends in Ecology and Evolution* for most of the past decade.

Which reminds us of what that journal had to say about *Measuring Behaviour: An Introductory Guide* by Paul Martin and **Patrick Bateson** (1951–56, W/BB): "a major contribution to the study of animal behaviour . . . an introductory guide that is destined to become a classic". After that sort of welcome, it's no surprise that the book has reappeared in a second edition (Cambridge £32.50 hbk, £9.95 pbk). *The Birds of the Philippines: An Annotated Check-list* (British Ornithologists' Union, price unknown) has **Edward C. Dickinson** (1951–55, GG) as joint author. Dickinson lived in Manila for most of the Seventies and was one of the writers of Collins's *Field Guide to the Birds of South East Asia*. The Nineties have seen him as a Director of the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust, Slimbridge, and a Research Associate at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. For Wayland Publishers' young people's series, "Wildlife at Risk", marine biologist **Vassili Papastavrou** (1973–77, RR) has provided *Turtles and Tortoises* (£6.95). "He has studied turtles in the Sultanate of Oman . . . visited the giant tortoises in the Galapagos Islands and encountered turtles at sea in the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic Oceans." He gave the series its earlier volume on *Whales and Dolphins*.

PERSONNEL

Personnel professionals can only gain influence in the boardroom if they show they can understand and control the costs of their decisions. So argues **Hugo Fair** (1967–71, RR) in *Personnel and Profit: the Pay-off from People* (Institute of Personnel Management £12.95), "an essential weapon in every personnel manager's armoury." Fair is Development Director of Percom, a leading provider of computerised personnel information systems. He helped develop the first computer systems at the Stock Exchange and later managed a European project for American Express aimed at decentralising financial management – to recount but two of his feats.

SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE

So prolific an author is **Robert Van de Weyer** (1964–68, BB) that he could probably fill the Ex Libris section all on his own. A lecturer on economics in Cambridge, he is also founder and pastor of the Little Gidding community (a name known to readers of T.S. Eliot) and vicar of four rural parishes. In *The Health of Nations: Political Morality for the 21st Century* (Green Books £5.95) he “brings together in a single volume all the essential aspects of human life on earth, including education, health, enterprise, politics, community and religion” and seeks to provide a clear philosophy for a healthy society. *The Way of Holiness: A Guide to Living with Spiritual Discipline* (Fount £4.99) shows how to incorporate the classic Christian disciplines into everyday life. *The Country Church: A Guide for the Renewal of Rural Christianity* (Darton, Longman & Todd £6.95) suggests that country churches “must go back to their roots and rediscover there the traditions that made them so powerful in previous years.” Van de Weyer is compiler of *The Fount Book of Prayer* (HarperCollins £16.99), a wide-ranging and unusual compendium – not so much an anthology of prayers, as a collection of people praying.” Not content with all that, he has edited and introduced volumes of *Selected Readings* from Augustine of Hippo, Kierkegaard, Luther and Pascal (Hunt & Thorpe £2.99 each).

Christopher Catherwood (1968–72, AHH) has been editing the writings of his grandfather, the noted evangelical thinker Dr D. Martyn Lloyd-Jones. “Probably no other Bible teacher has had a greater influence on today’s evangelical preachers and writers.” *The Best of Martyn Lloyd-Jones* (Kingsway £8.99) is a good place to start; *The Heart of the Gospel* (Crossway £6.99) addresses the question of “who Jesus is and why He came”; *Enjoying the Presence of God* (Crossway £5.99) examines the Psalms; *The Kingdom of God* (Crossway £6.99) includes Lloyd-Jones’s response to the Profumo scandal, which Catherwood calls “a model of Christian forgiveness”.

Richard Sturch (1949–54, KSS) has written *The Word and the Christ: An Essay in Analytic Christology* (Clarendon Press £35). **Richard MacKenna** (1962–67, RR) contributes to *Fundamentalism and Tolerance: An Agenda for Theology and Society* (edited by Andrew Linzey and Peter Wexler, Bellew Publishing £13.99). *A Fearful Symmetry?: The Complementarity of Men and Women in Ministry* (SPCK £3.99) is the report of a group of five men and five women, drawn from four Christian traditions, who met for three years in Oxford to explore the deeper implications of the question of women’s ordination. Two of the group are **Dr A.M. Allchin** (1943–48, KSS) and **Bishop Kallistos of Diokleia** (T. R. Ware, 1947–52, KSS). Bishop John V. Taylor called their report “a model of what should have been taking place in every diocese . . . in place of the campaign approach to decision making” and said it should be required reading. Allchin is represented in *Critical Writings on R.S. Thomas* edited by Sarah Anstey (Seren Books £12.95) and, with Esther de Waal, edited the prayer book *Threshold of Light: Prayers and Praises from the Celtic Tradition*, now translated as *Ar drothwy goleuni* (Cymdeithas Lyfrau Ceredigion, price unknown). **Christopher Walter** (1939–43, B/KS), chaplain to the French embassy in Athens, has put together *Prayer and Power in*

Byzantine and Papal Imagery (Variorum £69.50). Walter is an expert on Byzantine iconography and his book is a collection of articles, written over twenty years, on such topics as the *Dextrarum junctio* of Lepcis Magna (it says ‘ere).

ART GOODIES

Images more secular and abstract were seen when the Tate staged a big exhibition of the work of Ben Nicholson. The catalogue (*Ben Nicholson*, Tate Gallery £25) was assembled by **Jeremy Lewison** (1968–72, AHH), Deputy Keeper of the gallery’s Modern Collection. Another Lewison product is *Brice Marden: Prints 1961–91* (Tate Gallery hbk £30, pbk £15.95) – Marden is one of America’s leading painters and printmakers and Lewison’s book is the first catalogue raisonné of his prints. **Dan Klein** (1951–57, AHH) is head of the Twentieth Century Decorative Arts Department at Christie’s of London, and author jointly with Nancy McClelland and Malcolm Haslam of *In The Deco Style* (Thames & Hudson £15.95), a plump and glossy tome full of art deco goodies. We have also come across a small book about a Japanese artist, *Tsugumi Ota: Woodcuts & Sculpture* (Wrexham Library Arts Centre, price unknown). The text is by **Nicholas Usherwood**, who we assume is the OW of that name, up Liddell’s from 1956 to 1961. *The Record of Old Westminster* follows his career only as far as 1976, taking him from the Courtauld – via a couple of art school lectureships and the *Pelican History of Art* – to the Royal Academy and the British Museum. He left the Museum in 1978 and has since been a freelance writer, critic, lecturer and exhibition organiser and curator.

WAR MEMORIALS

The Second World War (£3.50), one of the Historical Society’s “New Appreciations” pamphlets, was seen through the press by J.M. Bourne after the death of its author, **Richard Shackleton** (1957–62, RR), who was senior tutor in modern history at Birmingham University when he suffered a fatal heart attack in July 1990. The editor “hopes that it will serve as a fitting memorial to a good colleague and a brilliant and much loved teacher.” **Jeremy Noakes** (1954–59, GG), best known as a historian of Nazism, is editor of *The Civilian in War: The Home Front in Europe, Japan and the USA in World War II* (University of Exeter Press £9.95). This is part of the “Exeter Studies in History” series, in which Noakes is sole or joint editor of four earlier books. **Rudolph von Ribbentrop** (1936–37, AHH) is inevitably one of the cast in Michael Bloch’s biography of his father, *Ribbentrop* (Bantam £20), although Bloch received no help from the Ribbentrop family. One of the Westminster stories is worth re-telling: at the coronation of George VI in 1937, the dignitaries were required to be in their places several hours in advance. “If any of them wished to yield to a call of nature, they were to raise a hand, whereupon they would be escorted out by boys of Westminster School acting as sidesmen.” Among the dignitaries was Ribbentrop père, Hitler’s ambassador, accompanied by his wife. Unfortunately for them, Ribbentrop fils “had made himself unpopular by giving Nazi salutes and extolling the glories of the new Germany”, and the Westminster boys “decided to ignore the gesticulations of the Ambassador and his wife on the grounds that those too could be interpreted as Nazi salutes.”

MUCH-NEEDED RIPOSTE

John Raymond (1937–40, BB) is recalled with affection in *Tricks of Memory: An Autobiography* by Peregrine Worsthorne (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £18.99). “After a comically undistinguished war in which he never progressed beyond the rank of a lance-corporal he somehow wangled a job . . . as *Daily Sketch* assistant drama critic, in which capacity he distinguished himself by walking out after the first act of Agatha Christie’s *The Mousetrap* on the grounds that it was not worth reviewing”. On Worsthorne’s first day at the *Telegraph* Raymond took him to El Vino’s, the legendary Fleet Street watering hole, for a lunchtime with **Anthony Sampson** (1939–44, R/KS) and others. “Never before had I enjoyed myself so much.” At another point the duo go for a meal in Soho. “At a nearby table was the great **Hugh Massingham** (1919–22, HB), the *Observer*’s political columnist, entertaining Aneurin Bevan and Michael Foot . . .” Raymond wrote leaders on the *Times* before he flowered at the *New Statesman* as a literary critic. A heavy drinker, with the “bad habit of addressing strangers in pubs in the angry style and manner of Churchill pouring wartime scorn on Hitler and Mussolini”, he was sacked by the *Statesman* only on becoming a Catholic as well. At his reception the famed Jesuit Martin D’Arcy announced that “the conversion of so eminent a man of letters was . . . a red letter day for Rome and a black letter day for Canterbury.”

Two years ago this column wrote-up *The Victorian Railway* (Thames and Hudson £28) by **Jack Simmons** (1928–33, G/KS). We have only just noticed that the book is dedicated to Simmons’s contemporary in College and fellow railway historian **Michael Robbins** (1929–34, KSS, Captain of the School) and his wife Elspeth.

On 22 February the *Times* reported the publication in France of a Brit-bashing primer, *Pour en Finir avec l’Anglais*. The pseudonymous author, a senior Paris university teacher, explained that it was meant as a “much-needed” riposte to such British efforts as the *I Hate The French Official Handbook* by **Malcolm Bowden** (1967–71, RR).

Robert Davis (1964–69, GG) argues in *Death on the Streets: Cars and the Mythology of Road Safety* (Leading Edge £11.99) “that the official road safety establishment has colluded with the roads lobby in order to enable faster and, it follows, more dangerous use of cars and roads.” “This is a powerful book. I wish I could believe it will shatter official complacency”, the *New Statesman* reviewer wrote. *The Ecologist* said: “Every group campaigning against a road scheme will need this book” (obtainable direct from the author at PO Box 2944, London NW10 2AX for £13.44 inc. p&p).

The dramaturge at the English National Opera, **Nicholas John** (1965–69, QSS) has edited *Violetta and her Sisters: The Lady of the Camellias, Responses to the Myth* (Faber £8.99). The *Spectator* said this “breathtakingly varied” collection would interest not only fans of opera or Dumas “but also readers in 19th-century social history and issues of gender and sexuality.”

Art historian **Cecil Gould** (1931–36, A/G) has just had his book on *Parmigianino* published by Zwemmer at £65. **Charles Wightwick** (Staff 1965–75) is author of the *Berlitz German Grammar Handbook* (£4.95).

Lovers of Shakespeare and/or bridge will find amusement in *Shakespeare at the Bridge Table* (Password Publishing £4.95) by

Michael Wylie (1939–44, RR) in which the numerous Shakespearian references to kings, play, tricks, unkind cuts, etc, are put to uses the Bard would never have dreamed of. Wylie is a retired headmaster and schools inspector and says this book (dedicated to **George Warburg** (1942–45, RR)) is probably his last as well as his first.

We have just heard that **Ernest Sanger** (Staff 1949–75) has published two books *Englishmen at War* a social history in letters 1450–1900 and *Letters from Two World Wars*, a social history of English attitudes to war 1914–45. His former pupils are urged to obtain and peruse these!

GRIMLY FUNNY

Yet another familiar name (alongside Goodwin, Pocock and Rae) in the *Spectator's* Christmas Books was **Adam Mars-Jones** (1967–72, QSS). His novel *The Waters of Thirst* (Faber £14.99) – noted briefly in the "Elizabethan Newsletter" – was judged by Margaret Forster to be "funny even at its most sad, and it is a sad love story". A monologue by a small-time actor stricken by kidney disease and other disorders, the book was commended too in the *Sunday Times*: "a grimly funny meditation on survival . . . worth raising your glass to." **James Lasdun** (1971–75, RR) has published a volume of fiction, *Three Evenings and other stories* (Secker & Warburg hbk £13.99, Minerva pbk £5.99). **Edward St Aubyn** (1973–77, WW) collected a Betty Trask Award for his first novel *Never Mind*. Its sequel *Bad News* (Heinemann hbk £13.99, Minerva pbk £5.99) shows the drug-crazed protagonist going off the rails in New York. "Brilliantly written . . . darkly humorous . . . St Aubyn's descriptive powers are awesome", the *Daily Mail* observed; the *Sunday Telegraph* compared him with Waugh and Wilde. Those sturdy old warhorses **Tim Sebastian** (1965–69, LL) and **Tom Holt** (1974–78, RR) are still at it, with five new titles between them. Sebastian's *Last Rights* (Bantam hbk £14.99, pbk £8.99) has sinister Russians and Yanks still stalking each other, Cold War or no Cold War; in *Special Relations* (Orion £14.99) the US President and the (female) British PM are ex-lovers, giving a dangerous *frisson* to an international crisis. Holt is now seen by the *Daily Telegraph* and others as a rival to Terry Pratchett in comic fantasy. In *Overtime* (Orbit hbk £14.99, pbk £4.99) a wartime pilot finds himself in the Middle Ages; *Here Comes the Sun* (same details) deals with mechanical and design defects in the universe; *Grailblazers* (Orbit £14.99) reports on the current state of the Quest for the Holy Grail.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS

N.J. Barton (1948–53, BB) tells us that his book on *The Lost Rivers of London*, first published in 1962, has been reissued in new and more attractive form by Historical Publications at £16.95. In his non-watery manifestation Barton is a distinguished surgeon, past President of the British Society for the Surgery of the Hand. Two contrasting books from **Andrew Lownie** (1980, RR): *The Edinburgh Literary Guide* (Canongate Press £8.95) and *North American Spies: New Revisionist Essays* (edited jointly with Rhodri Jeffreys-Jones, Edinburgh University Press £39.50). Lownie's own life explains the contrast. He specialised in American History at Cambridge (as well as being President of the Union in 1984), did an MSc in American Espionage and writes regularly for the *Times* on intelligence matters. He did the MSc in Edinburgh and

is now a literary agent both there and in London. (Fun fact: Chairman of Canongate, publishers of the Guide, is **Lord Balfour of Burleigh** (Robert Bruce, 1940–45, GG).)

GOODBODY

The aptly-named **John Goodbody** (1956–61, LL) is co-editor with George Kirkby of *The Manual of Weight-Training* (Stanley Paul £14.99). "It is a source of satisfaction to the editors that, since the original edition of this book in 1967, weight-training has become one of the most widely practised physical activities in Britain." Goodbody himself has been weightlifting since the age of sixteen and broke two national junior records. He was a light-heavyweight member of the British judo squad in 1970. He now largely practices long-distance running – completing the London Marathon in 3 hours 24 minutes – also swimming. In 1991, at the age of forty-eight, he became the oldest Briton for twelve years to swim from England to France. Since entering Fleet Street at eighteen he has covered more than fifty sports at international level and won several awards as sports news correspondent of the *Times*. Readers are advised not to mess with this man.

INNER GAME

Sport of a more cerebral kind occupies **Dominic Lawson** (1971–74, BB) in *The Inner Game* (Macmillan £14.99), a study of the British chess superstar Nigel Short. "A remarkable book," the *Spectator* opined, "perhaps the most intimate portrait of a chess genius ever written . . . *The Inner Game* has all the compulsion of a good thriller." The reviewer suggests Short might never have been able to make his challenge for the World Chess Championship had not Lawson used his contacts in the City to find sponsorship money. Lawson again edits *The Spectator Annual* (HarperCollins £20). **Sir Peter Ustinov** (1934–37, B/AHH) unleashes more essays from the *European* newspaper in *Ustinov Still at Large* (Michael O'Mara Books, £13.99). Dramatist **Simon Gray** (1949–54, WW) is among contributors to *The Pleasure of Reading* edited by Antonia Fraser (Bloomsbury £17.99).



Coming back from Ashburnham
Photo: Angus Ray (AA)

MEDICAL LORE

The Record of Old Westminster describes **Aidan Macfarlane** (1952–57, GG), consultant community paediatrician and clinical lecturer in Paediatrics at Oxford, as "author of several works on child health" – an opaque phrase which hides the fact that he wears two hats. In one hat he's a heavyweight medico, whose *Child Health*

and *Surveillance* (with Judith Moreton, Blackwell £14.95) is now in its second edition; in the other he's co-writer of comical books in which medical lore comes in bite-sized chunks. Best known of the latter is *Diary of a Teenage Health Freak*; the latest is *The Virgin Now Boarding: A Globetrotter's Guide to Health, Sex and Survival* (Arrow £3.99), which follows teenager Jim Fogg as he lurches round the world. Macfarlane's collaborator on both books is Ann McPherson. Another medic who writes for audiences both popular and professional is **Jonathan Brostoff** (1947–52, GG), Reader in Clinical Immunology at University College London. Co-editor of *Immunology* (Mosby, price unknown) and principal editor of *Clinical Immunology* (Gower Medical Publishing £25.95), he has made his name known to a wider public by writing *The Complete Guide to Food Allergy and Intolerance* (with Linda Gamlin, Bloomsbury £9.99). One expert called it "the best popular book on the subject"; the *New Scientist* said it "explains comprehensively, elegantly and simply how certain foods can cause problems for some people and how identifying and eliminating the culprit(s) can transform their lives . . . should be compulsory reading." Another Brostoff opus is *Hayfever: The Complete Guide* (same publisher, price and collaborator).

A distinguished quartet of OWs can be found in *The Spice of Life* (Royal Society of Medicine Services £25), memoirs of that ubiquitous medical potentate Lord Walton of Detchant (Sir John Walton as was). He was linked closely with **Sir Andrew Huxley** (1930–35, A/KS, Hon Fellow of the School), the renowned physiologist and Nobel Prize winner, through their mutual interest in the Muscular Dystrophy Group, and writes warmly of Huxley's chairmanship of the group's Research Committee. At one point Sir Andrew gets him out of a tight corner, assuring the Regional Hospital Board in Newcastle that Walton's request for some pricey equipment (for neurophysiological research) is legitimate. Later Walton succeeds **Sir Richard Doll** (1925–31, G/KS, Hon Fellow of the School) as Warden of Green College, Oxford (the post now held by **Sir Crispin Tickell** (1944–49, KSS), father or brother of all Tickells previously mentioned). He tells how the college was conceived and born and says it was largely the brainchild of Doll who, as Regius Professor of Medicine, saw the need for a new graduate society focusing on clinical medicine. "Without Sir Richard's energy, persistence and diplomatic negotiations the college would never have been established, and his wife Joan . . . also played a crucial role." Walton was President of the BMA at the start of the Eighties; he expected to be replaced in that office by **Lord Smith of Marlow** (1927–31, A/KS), former President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and was disturbed to learn that Smith "had unfortunately suffered an illness which had severely affected his speech. After much thought and consultation, he and the BMA chief officers decided that it would not be possible for him to assume the Presidency, to which he was much looking forward." Smith was nonetheless one of the medical peers who contributed alongside Walton to the 1990 Lords debate on the National Health Service and Community Care Bill; the physiologist **Lord Adrian** (1944, GG) was another. (Lord Smith is immortalised in the mighty, multi-volume *Rob and Smith's Operative Surgery* (Butterworth, prices vary), though the ongoing work of revision seems now to be in other hands.

THE MIND AND ITS DEPTHS

Richard Wollheim (1936–41, KSS) has been described by Lord Annan as “one of the most radical of the philosophers of Our Age.” Now Mills Professor of Philosophy at the University of California, Berkeley, and Professor of Philosophy and Humanities at the University of California, Davis, he has spoken again in *The Mind and its Depths* (Harvard University Press £19.95), a batch of interdisciplinary essays. His *Freud*, hailed by the *Times* as “one of the best available introductions to Freud’s life and work”, is back on the scene with a new introduction (Fontana £5.99). **Humphrey Palmer** (1943–49, B/KS, Captain of the School) is translator/adaptor of *Kant’s Critique of Pure Reason: An Abridged Translation for College Students* (Studies in the History of Philosophy Vol 29, Edwin Mellon Press £29.95). This is not a partisan selection but “the whole work, with just . . . stylistic obstacles lessened or removed” – “a text of the *Critique* with which beginners can begin.” **Jonathan Wordsworth** (1946–51, GG) is Lecturer in Romantic Studies at Oxford and has edited a grand facsimile edition of William Godwin’s *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* for Woodstock Books (2 vols, £150). The text is that of the original 1793 edition, tougher and clearer than subsequent revisions but, until now, not reprinted and almost unread.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Fergus Fleming’s life of his aunt, the cellist *Amaryllis Fleming* (Sinclair-Stevenson £20), draws an amiable picture of conductor **Sir Adrian Boult** (1901–08, GG), who “seemed the antithesis of anything modern. With his English reserve, his handlebar moustache, his custom-made batons and his polished turn-out, Boult was one of a dying breed.” “My dear,” he remarked, *apropos* of Måtyàs Seiber’s *Tre Pezzi*, “you have to remember that when I was a young man Brahms was still alive, and you can’t really expect me to know what this piece is about.” But he did his best, punctilious and “unwaveringly supportive”. In fact he comes across as absolutely sweet, cramming himself and his wife into the lavatory so the cellist could entertain friends in private in their tiny dressing room. He is said to have been “a perfectionist – even in his sleep: when a barge hooted outside his Thames-side apartment . . . he was reported to have mumbled. ‘Ah, my dear! F sharp.’” Another figure in the story is **John Engelheart**, a friend of the music scholar Arnold Goldsbrough. This is presumably the eponymous OW (1926–31, KSS, Captain of the School) who in his time has been concert pianist, conductor and (for twenty years) chairman and artistic director of Orchestra da Camera. Engelheart let the author use interview material from a forthcoming memorial to Goldsbrough; we look forward to hearing more of this.

Viva la Libertá! Politics in Opera by Anthony Arblaster (Verso £13.95) records the suggestion of **David Lloyd-Jones** (1948–53, GG) that the Prelude to Mussorgsky’s *Khovanschina* depicts not only the dawn over Moscow but the dawn of modernity represented by the young Tsar, Peter the Great. *The Oxford Companion to Musical Instruments* (OUP £25) is both written and edited by **Anthony Baines** (1925–30, KSS), conductor, teacher, Oxford lecturer and ex-curator of the Bate Collection of Historical Musical Instruments. We can boast two further

Oxford works of reference: **Edmund Weiner** (1964–67, LL) is joint editor of *The Oxford Dictionary of English Grammar* (OUP £15.95) and compiler (with Andrew Delahunty) of *The Oxford Guide to English Usage* (OUP £9.99), “intended for anyone who needs simple and direct guidance about the formation and use of English words – about spelling, pronunciation, meanings, and grammar.”

LANGUAGE OF LUVVIES

There’s a new book by theatre guru **Peter Brook** (1937–38, HB). *There Are No Secrets: Thoughts on Acting and Theatre* (Methuen £12.99) “admits the outsider for the first time into his processes, through the case study of his *Tempest*.” From the Folio Society comes a predictably beautiful edition of the play *Sakuntala* by the Sanskrit poet Kalidasa (price unknown). **William Radice** (1964–68, LL) supplies the introduction, plus his own translation of the 1895 children’s version by Abanindranath Tagore. **Peter Khoroché** (1960–64, L/QS) adds a translation of the original tale in the *Mahabharata* from which the play derives. In July the *Times* selected, as one of its hundred best summer books, *I, An Actor* (Pan £4.99) by Nicholas Craig, the *alter ego* of **Nigel Planer** (1966–70, WW). This “scrumptious little serendipity”, readers were told, is “a thrillingly spontaneous pot-pourri of aperçus into the ‘lore and language of luvvies’.”

CONSERVATISM, PARASKOS, ETC

John Locke (Westminster 1646/7–52), **Nigel Lawson** (1945–50, H/W) and **A.A. Milne** (1893–1900, QSS) are all represented in *The Faber Book of Conservatism* (Faber £17.50) edited by Kenneth Baker, father of **Amy Baker** (1981–83, LL) and **Oswin Baker** (1983–88, BB). The controversial *Diaries* of ex-minister Alan Clark (Weidenfeld & Nicolson hbk £20, Phoenix pbk £6.99) showed us Conservatism in quite another light, but one OW emerged with flying colours. **Matthew Cocks** (1971–75, AHH) ran Clark’s office at the DTI and is praised throughout: “very good news . . . high IQ, pleasant sense of humour, unshockable . . . quite markedly handsome . . . full of sense, as well as fun.” At one point Clark is tipped to be Trade Secretary and dreams of getting Cocks to run that office too. **Tony Benn** (1938–42, BB) has combined with Andrew Hood to write *Common Sense* (Hutchinson £8.99). “The menu of reform proposed in this book is of course thoroughly radical . . . The writing is full of gusto, the lines delivered with brio and panache” (*Independent*). Benn recounts his first solo flight in *High Flyers* (RAF Museum/Greenhill Books £15.95), a collection of airmen’s reminiscences marking the seventy-fifth anniversary of the RAF. “If you think the EMU is a bird and EUFOFED a brand of cough syrup, you need this book!” say the publishers of *Introducing the European Community: A Young Person’s Guide to European Union* (Northcote House £8.99) by **Ski Paraskos** (Staff 1986–92). **David Sawers** (1947–50, AHH) asks *Should the Taxpayer Support the Arts?* in a pamphlet (£3.95) from the Institute of Economic Affairs. On the whole, nope, he says: “no substantial subsidy to the arts in Britain is either necessary or desirable.” Sawers is a writer and consultant specialising in industrial economics. Eighteen years a government economist, he has also been a journalist and an academic.

A HEADMASTER’S LIFE

Another pamphlet commanded wide attention in the broadsheets. In *Testing Time: The Dearing Review and the Future of the National Curriculum* (Centre for Policy Studies £3.95), **Dr John Marenbon** (1969–72, WW) called for the national curriculum to be reduced to a bare minimum of requirements to teach basic reading, writing and numeracy skills, along with elementary science and a modern language.

The tributes to **Christopher Martin** (1952–56, BB; Staff 1963–78) in “Where the Fat Black Canons Dined”: *A History of Bristol Cathedral School 1140 to 1992* by Jane Collard, David Ogden and Roger Burgess (Bristol Cathedral School £7) have a vividness which goes far beyond the usual plaudits to a departed Head. This “dynamic figure with boundless energy who left all but the most vigorous trailing in his wake, envying his sheer ebullience and attention to detail”, was in charge at Bristol between 1979 and 1990 (he succeeded David Jewell, who a few years later replaced **David Summerscale** (Head Master 1986–) as head of Haileybury). Said to have spent “an eventful and impressive period of National Service with the Gurkha Rifles in Malaya”, he acquired his “passion for intellectual excellence” while teaching at Westminster (not as a pupil, apparently) and introduced at Bristol a scheme whereby ex-pupils “spend a period in Africa . . . making a tangible contribution to the development of that sad continent.” “For the staff there was no place to hide from Christopher Martin’s all-seeing eyes and single-minded determination to get the best out of everyone.”

Delusions of Grandeur: A Headmaster’s Life 1966–86 (HarperCollins hbk £16.99, pbk £6.99) by **John Rae** (Head Master 1970–86) was selected by the Book Trust for the Royal Family’s summer reading, and continues to attract tributes. Sir James Cobban in *Conference & Common Room* said Dr Rae “writes (of course) like an angel and is scrupulously honest . . . He throws new light on what makes one particular school tick. He is sometimes provocative, occasionally exasperating, always stimulating” and has “the qualities of a good headmaster, possibly a great one”. John Grigg in the *Spectator’s* Christmas Books commended the admirable candour and light, ironic touch of this “excellent memoir”.



OLD WESTMINSTER LATE EXTRA

Athelstan Long (1932–37, HB) is Deputy Chairman of the Public Service Pensions Board.

Mark Marshall (1950–55, KSS) has retired from the Diplomatic Service after six years as Ambassador to the Republics of Yemen and Djibouti.

David Pratley (1962–67, RR) is Director of Leisure and Tourist Services for Bath City Council.

The Very Rev George Earle SJ (1938–39, GG) is Co-ordinator of Seminaries for the South African Bishops’ Conference.

William A. Cooper (1936–41, AHH) is Chairman of the Royal West of England Academy.

Miscellaneous

MISCELLANEOUS

Tom Pocock (1938–39, GG) retold his experience of mixed-sex wards in “Nurse, there’s a woman in my ward” (*Daily Telegraph*, 13 April 1993). This wry, thoughtful article – based in part on his emergency admission to Westminster Hospital with an undiagnosed duodenal ulcer, and his later trip to Charing Cross for a cataract op – saw more failings than merits in mixed-sex treatment. As biographer of Nelson he took part in the relevant episode of Channel 4’s *The Great Commanders*. On 30 January he wrote in the *Observer* about his visit to Belsen with Mervyn Peake.

In the *Independent* (25 April 1993) Lynn Barber hailed the magazine *Fortean Times*, published by **John Brown** (1966–71, GG), as a model of elegant English, worth commending to foreigners. “Unfortunately its subject matter is crop circles, vampires, freak toads and suchlike, but its style cannot be faulted.”

Sir Edward Marsh (Westminster 1883–91), civil servant and patron of the arts, was recalled with affection in the *Times* obit of his protégé John Carroll. “Marsh’s volumes of anthology, *Georgian Poetry*, had played an important role in defining the public taste in poetry from 1912, when the first one appeared, and throughout the first world war. Arguably, they perpetuated Victorian values at a time when those could no longer be sustained”; but that hardly mattered by the time Marsh met Carroll in hospital decades later. “Marsh’s kindly benevolence towards the arts made him warm to the young enthusiast and he took Carroll under his wing” (as he did so many others over the years) and launched him in literary circles, where he made a name organising poetry recitals.

Edward Enfield (1944–48, RR) writes a column in *The Oldie* magazine, “The World According to Enfield Senior” – Enfield Junior being Harry the comedian. On 1 October he mulled over the claim that the Royal Family’s marital troubles can be blamed on the headmaster of Gordonstoun, who “never taught the boys about women.” “The curriculum of Westminster School in the 1940s . . . was innocent of any lessons about women. I expect this was true of every public school in the country at the time, not just Westminster and Gordonstoun, so we must all be a bit strange on the subject. They may have had such lessons at Bedales or Bryanston, but these are schools for people who are strange already.”

UNIVERSITIES

The London University archeologist **Dr John Nandris** (1951–56, WW) wrote to the *Independent* in July rejecting the idea that degree classification can be crude and a matter of chance. “Explicit written criteria exist in my subject for every sub-grade of the honours degree . . . Standards in our universities are now defined more vigorously than ever in my lifetime.”

In December in the same paper **Professor Luke Herrmann** (1945–50, BB) wrote on student fees and loans. “It cannot be good that most graduates should start their careers in debt, and that they should consider being in debt a normal state of affairs.”

Owen Matthews (1985–90, DD) wrote the notorious “John Evelyn” gossip column in the Oxford student paper *Cherwell* during Trinity Term last year.

BATTLE HONOURS

H.E. Pagan (1958–63, QSS) writes:

M.G. Farquharson (KS 1913–17), who was very probably the oldest living King’s Scholar at the time of his death, may also have been the last survivor of the 126 OWW who won the Military Cross in the First World War.

It may come as a surprise to the average determinedly unmilitary OW of today that in that war OWW won two Victoria Crosses, 53 DSOs (4 with bars), 126 MCs (8 with bars, 1 with 2 bars), 5 DFCs, 2 AFCs and 3 DSCs, as well as receiving numerous awards in the military divisions of the Order of the Bath and the Order of the British Empire.

GLOBETROTTERS & OTHERS

The by-line of **Julia Llewellyn Smith** (1985–87, DD) seems to appear every day on almost every page of the *Times*. (Earlier this year she raised some hackles with a frank tale of fare-dodging on the Tube.) One day last spring she shared the limelight with **Loll Lowrey** (1991–93, GG) and **Nick Mansour** (1988–93, QSS) when she roped them in to talk about how they would spend their year between school and university (“Mapping out the teenage gap”, 1 May 1993). Watercolour portraits showed Loll beaming and tousling her hair while Nick hugged an English-language textbook and looked intrepid.

“Loll’s plans for self-improvement would not shame a Victorian lady: she intends to end her year with an extensive list of newly acquired accomplishments. First, she plans to take a City and Guilds course in word processing, and then take a temp’s job in the City. Next she will go to Paris, to work as an au pair and attend courses at the Alliance Française . . . Lastly, she has signed up for a month’s course in Siena on the history of art. She is slightly worried that her projects are not adventurous enough, but says: ‘I don’t really feel ready for those great trips to Nepal and India.’”

Nick admitted to no such qualms – his preferred destination was China. But first he had to earn some money, and before doing so he was sloping off to Italy “to drink beer in the sun” and recover from the rigours of A-levels. On return he planned to look for manual work, preferably a night job: “That way I can earn more money, and it’s a good excuse to sleep in for as long as I like, because morning television is no good and I can watch *Neighbours* in the afternoon.”

The money would help pay for a post-Christmas TEFL course (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) to qualify him to teach in the Far East. “I don’t feel particularly immature at the moment, but when I come back I’ll be a man with stubble and everything . . . I’m not sure what degree to do and this year off will give me time to think about what I really want to do, and maybe gain some experience.”

Another Llewellyn Smith extravaganza was an interview with Sir Stephen Spender (24 February 1994) to mark his eighty-fifth birthday and his latest book of poems, *Dolphins* which, she wrote, displays throughout “the enriching presence of his family” including his son **Matthew Spender** (1958–62, LL). Perhaps this is as good a moment as any to mention that **Sabine Durrant** (1980–82, C) has much the same

role on the *Independent* as Julia Llewellyn Smith has on the *Times*.

FILMS

Century, the latest film from writer-director **Stephen Poliakoff** (1966–69, WW), was reviewed in the *Independent* by **Adam Mars-Jones** (1967–72, QSS) on the last day of 1993. “Intelligent and imaginative . . . *Century* deserves to be celebrated for its effortless integration of contemporary issues – immigration, genetic engineering in the broadest sense of that phrase – with a convincing historical story.”

Also contributing to the *Independent*’s film coverage has been **Laurence Earle** (1978–83, GG).

Corin Redgrave (1952–57, GG) played a crooked policeman in the film about the Guildford Four, *In The Name of the Father*.

MUSIC

Martin Duncan (1961–66, WW) writes to say that he has been “an actor/writer/composer in theatre” for the past 24 years and now finds himself directing opera. Last year alone he directed Rossini’s *The Thieving Magpie*, Offenbach’s *Orpheus in the Underworld* and Tchaikovsky’s *Yolanta/Nutcracker*, all for Opera North, plus Mozart’s *The Magic Flute* for Scottish Opera and Haydn’s *La Vera Costanza* in Dublin. In November he re-staged his production of *The Magic Flute* for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. In 1966 he was Head of School Music and Head of Abbey Choir – an apt presage of all that has followed.

“The South Bank’s first ‘Meltdown’ festival must be counted a success”, the *Times* decided on 27 July. Credit goes to the “canny programming of its artistic director **George Benjamin**” (1973–77, RR) who himself directed the London Sinfonietta and its *Voices in the British* première of Boulez’s reworked *cummings ist der dichter* – a performance of marvellous refinement.”

Ian Bostridge (1978–82, QSS), tenor, sang Schubert’s *Wintereise*, accompanied by Andrew West, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in October.

MUSEUMS

The 1962 government papers reveal a bizarre attempt by the Foreign Office to persuade the British Museum to return the Elgin Marbles to Greece (*Daily Telegraph*, 7 January). The FO was brushed off by the Museum’s Keeper, **Bentley Bridgewater** (1924–30, G/KS), who insisted the trustees “have neither the power nor the desire to return the Parthenon Sculptures to Greece, and they are therefore not prepared to enter into discussions on the subject.” The result? Merely a bleat from the FO that the Museum’s response need not have been “quite so rude”.

A slight hitch last year at the Imperial War Museum’s “fashion show” of seventy wedding dresses for military brides, from the First World War to the Gulf. Most modern women are a size or two bigger than their grandmothers and, as director-general **Alan Borg** (1955–60, BB) explained, “Some of the dresses are made of parachute silk. After fifty years the seams are liable to split.”

THEATRE

Peter Wilson (1964–69, RR) is Chief Executive of the Theatre Royal, Norwich, a touring theatre seating 1300, presenting over 450 performances of 80 productions each year. When he wrote to us in March his London company, PW Productions, was presenting *An Inspector Calls*, *The Woman in Black* and *April in Paris* in the West End, and *Absurd Person Singular* for Mobil Touring Theatre.

Prime movers behind Moving Theatre – a new company based at the Bridge Lane Theatre, Battersea – are **Corin Redgrave** (1952–57, GG) and his sister Vanessa. All 26 members, Redgraves included, are paid the Equity minimum of £200 a week. Corin Redgrave directed and starred in the first production in March.

Festival-goers at Edinburgh found the vampire-like features of **George Dillon** (**George Usill**, 1977–78, DD) screaming down at them from every wall, advertising his performances in four shows, three of them solo, drawn from Dostoevsky, Poe and Steven Berkoff. "Unapologetic virtuosity . . . not to be missed on any account!" the *Guardian* enthused. More recently Dillon has been directing another remarkable solo artist, Guy Masterson, on a nationwide tour of *Under Milk Wood*.

Latest work of **Peter Brook** (1937–38, HB) is *L'Homme Qui*, inspired by Oliver Sacks's case studies of psychiatric patients. John Peter in the *Sunday Times* thought it "an extraordinary 105 minutes of clinical magic . . . complex and moving." On 17 November a highly-coloured interview with Brook appeared in the *Independent*.

"Trucking with a troupe of mummies through West Africa, staging a Sixties season exploring Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty, establishing in Paris a multi-racial polyglot group of actor-disciples to create an international theatre language which would transcend Western conventions . . . are the deeds of a visionary, but one who insists that he is, above all else, 'an artisan'."

Rowan Joffe (1986–90, LL) was writer and director of *Accidental Colour*, a play about an "intense and incestuous relationship between a painter and his sister" staged at the Old Fire Station in Oxford, where Joffe is presently reading English.

Helena Bonham-Carter (1984–86, LL) continues her triumphal progress. She was chosen in August to front an international campaign by cosmetics firm Yardley and lauded by Barry Norman as "a role model for British women." Her efforts to break away from posh period roles have had some acclaim: reviewers liked her as a seaside stripper in the TV play *Dancing Queen*. One patch of darkness: last February she had to obtain a court order against an obsessive fan after five years of harassment.

This edition of *The Elizabethan* should coincide with the ninetieth birthday of Sir **John Gielgud** (1917–21, G/KS). The *Times* reported (10 March) a bid to re-name the Apollo Theatre in honour of this grandest of theatrical grand old men. "The actor himself wants a quiet birthday with 'little fuss' but would be 'thrilled' if the plan went ahead." May the fuss, though little, be of the very highest quality!



ART & ARCHITECTURE

The new Garden Building at St John's College, Oxford – the work of **Richard MacCormac** (1952–57, BB) – was given an all-singing all-dancing welcome in the *Independent* (26 January) by Jonathan Glancey, who thought it as revolutionary as the Pompidou Centre or the Louvre Pyramid; it "should have a powerful impact on the development of contemporary British architecture." In the wake of last year's Bishopsgate bombing, MacCormac told the press of his doubts about rebuilding the flattened church of St Ethelburga: the result might be a costly but lifeless copy.

Simon Jenkins, enthusing in the *Times* about a retrospective of the architect A. Beresford Pite, referred to a biographical essay (newly written?) by **Alastair Service** (1947–51, HB).

Bruno Wollheim (1966–70, GG) was producer of the BBC2 series *Artists' Journeys*.

David Ekserdjian (1969–73, B/QS) has been writing on art for the *Times* and the *Spectator*.

The *Independent* (date unknown) reproduced an impressive portrait of Archbishop Trevor Huddleston painted by **Jonathan Yeo** (1984–88, BB).

A picture of **Donald Swann** (1936–41, KSS) by Binny Matthews was included in the 1993 BP Portrait Award exhibition at the NPG. (The *Daily Telegraph* on 29 June broke the unwelcome news that Swann has cancer, but said he was planning a stage comeback with *Swann Among The Sirens*, a show about his experiences on a Greek island as a young man. Sadly he died on 23 March 1994, age 70.)

Gray Watson (1961–65, QSS) contributed to Oxford's Michaelmas series of lectures "Sightlines across the History and Practice of Performance Art".

Gallery owner Leslie Waddington (letter, *Independent*, 1 November) praised **Andrew Graham-Dixon** (1974–77, RR) as one of Britain's few worthwhile art critics.

Editorial cock-up department: we intended to cover an interview with the painter **Colin Hayes RA** (1933–38, HB) by **Richard Wollheim** (1936–41, KSS) but expertly mislaid it and forgot its source. Can anyone send us a copy for next time?

TELEVISION

Malcolm Brinkworth (1972–76, WW) produced "The Great Benefit Robbery", a BBC1 *Inside Story* documentary in September which examined the large-scale misuse of the benefit system by criminal gangs. Back in the Seventies, Brinkworth earned a footnote in the history of Oxford: urging disinvestment from South Africa, he was the first undergraduate to address a meeting of Hebdomadal Council.

BBC2 marked the 25th anniversary of the killing of Martin Luther King by re-showing his 1961 *Face to Face* interview with **John Freeman** (1928–33, B/KS) on 3 April last year.

William Cran (1959–64, L/QS) was overall producer of BBC2's documentary series on the oil industry, *The Prize*.

Roland Keating (1974–79, RR) is series editor of the same channel's *Bookmark*.

Stephen Garrett (1970–74, LL, Captain of the School) produced *Come on Down and Out*, a controversial Channel 4 game show in which homeless people competed to win a home.

HTV chairman **Louis Sherwood** (1954–59, QSS, Captain of the School) spoke soothing words to the press in June when

his chief exec was abruptly replaced by a new man who, like Sherwood, has a background outside television (Sherwood was boss of Gateway supermarkets). Three months later the *Independent's* "Bottom Line" column told of an upturn in HTV's fortunes – for the right reasons, Sherwood said: "advertising revenues are stronger and costs are under control."

KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

As the world marked the thirtieth anniversary of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, the shadow of his presumed assassin Lee Harvey Oswald fell across several OWs. **William Cran** (1959–64, L/QS) was producer of the BBC2 documentary *The Mysterious Career of Lee Harvey Oswald*, which sifted through his life from his troubled childhood and his Marine service to his dramatic defection to (and return from) the Soviet Union, offering new evidence and aiming, in Cran's words, "to enable the viewer to make the right decision about who was responsible for Kennedy's assassination". **Nicholas Katzenbach** (1934, AHH) appeared in *As It Happened: The Killing of Kennedy* on Channel 4, talking about his own unavailing efforts, as US Deputy Attorney General at the time, to make sure that Oswald was kept safe while in custody. (Katzenbach rose to be Attorney General and Under-Secretary of State before becoming one of the biggest wheels in IBM.) And it was announced that **Helena Bonham-Carter** (1984–86, LL) was to take the lead role in NBC TV's movie *Marina Oswald's Story*, which will chronicle the life of Oswald's Russian widow.

POLITICS

Lord Carr of Hadley (1930–35, GG; Governor 1978–90; President Elizabethan Club 1978–85) joined Lord Whitelaw and other unlikely rebels to attack the Police and Magistrate's Courts Bill in January. He looked admirably spry as he told the Lords he would have resigned as Home Secretary (under Heath) rather than take on the new powers to appoint police authority members, "a stumbling block to my giving my support to any part of the Bill". The government beat a hasty retreat.

Dr John Marenbon (1969–72, WW) caused a flurry in John Patten's empire by resigning last May as chairman of the English committee of SEAC, the School Examination and Assessment Council. After playing a key part in developing the new English tests for fourteen-year-olds he was forced to agree with their detractors. The timetable had been "impossible"; the grading system was "unsuitable"; one of the papers was "largely unacceptable"; his protests had been sidelined. He cut a magnificent figure for the cameras: bow-tied, baggy-trousered, rumpled, bespectacled – the sort of don we're fighting for.

The role of **Anthony Steen MP** (1952–57, AHH) as a Lloyd's underwriter has been much harped-on by opponents. They should beware – the *Times* had to give him a front-page apology on the subject, accepting that any losses he has suffered "are not substantial and are not significant within the terms of his overall financial position." His impressive record of charity work made it unusually apt that the paper compensated him by paying a sum to charity. In February he denounced the Local Government Commission for its plan to abolish shire counties.

Alan Howarth MP (Staff 1968–74), according to the *Mail on Sunday's* "Black Dog" column, is remembered by OWW as "a somewhat stentorian beak". If so, he's been putting his vocal power to use, calling for disabled people to have greater choice in domestic and personal help, denouncing as "facile, patronising and offensive" the idea that teenagers get pregnant to jump the housing queue, and slating the removal from the National Curriculum of information on HIV and Aids. He is also a paid consultant for Virgin Atlantic.

In February the *Times* said Britain was backing **Lord Lawson of Blaby** (1945–50, H/W) for the post of secretary-general to the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development. Last autumn he rebutted the "cock and bull" charges against him in the Thatcher memoirs.

At the Labour Conference **Tony Benn** (1938–42, BB) got a standing ovation after losing his seat on the National Executive, held for more than thirty years. In August he presented his political archives to the nation. "Five sheds is what happens when you file all your waste paper. You build a public library by accident."

Former Welsh Secretary **Lord Crickhowell** (R.N. Edwards, 1947–52, BB) has called for national parks to be run by "independent, accountable authorities" and, as chairman of the National Rivers Authority, says water consumers have been misled into thinking they have a choice between smaller bills and environmental improvements.

Christopher Booker in the *Sunday Telegraph* on 2 May 1993 quoted **Raymond Monbiot** (1950–55, WW): "If the EC Commission had to rewrite the Ten Commandments, the chances are that the present 150 words would swell to 29,000 – they need that number for the regulations on the importation of cauliflowers."

Late news: **Lord Williams of Elvel** (C.C.P. Williams, 1946–51, KSS, Captain of the School), Opposition spokesman on Defence and Environment in the Lords, has found time to write *The Last Great Frenchman: A Life of General de Gaulle* (Little, Brown £25).

PERSONALITIES

"To be this good takes Sega," runs the slogan. Let's be precise: to be this good takes **Nick Alexander** (1968–72, WW), boss of Sega Europe. Would that space allowed us to quote in full the *Observer's* portrait (7 November) of this flowing-haired former Branson sidekick who now rains video games on the defenceless youth of a continent.

Briefly: PPE at Christ Church; a few months of horror at British Rail; escape to EMI; rapid rise; handed the job of revamping the HMV record shops. "Within 18 months he had helped shake off the fuddy-duddy image, and had lifted market share from 3 per cent to 5 per cent" (aetat 25). Branson tried to head-hunt him c.1980; instead he set up international sales and marketing for Thorn-EMI's video games unit, just as the market took off.

Branson tried again, gave him Virgin Games to run. "I had an empty office, an empty desk, and I remember thinking: What do I do now? What he did was build a business that by the end of the year [1983] had more than 15 per cent of the exploding computer games market." Thence to Virgin Atlantic: "I found myself marketing director of an airline, a business about which I knew sweet FA." Disagreed with Branson; back

to Virgin Games; bought up French, German and UK distribution rights for the (then) little known Sega. "In 1991 Virgin sold the entire business to Sega for £35 million, since which time turnover has rocketed from £100 million to £600 million. 'Obviously we do not expect to sustain that kind of pace, but I am looking for 20 per cent growth next year.'"

Starting production in the UK; pressing to have all computer games classified into age groups; working for Enterprise Europe, bringing east European youngsters to the UK for training. Now aged 38. Phew!

"What is it that so infuriates people about 27-year-old **William Cash** (1982–84, GG)?" the *Sunday Times* Style & Travel section inquired on 31 October – this after Melvyn Bragg went ballistic during Cash's visit to *Start the Week*. Well, he "has all the intellectual arrogance one associates with an education at Westminster and Cambridge", apparently, and is thought by some to be satirising celebrities while trying to become one. "Cash says he doesn't mind the aggravation he causes because: 'You can judge someone by the quality of their enemies.' Cash claims to take pride – slipping in the fact that his great-uncle was editor of the *Spectator* – in the 'radical streak' that has run in his family for generations." His father is the Eurosceptic MP and name-tape mogul of the same name; the family lives "in baronial splendour" at Upton Cressett in Shropshire.

William junior was until recently the *Times's* man in Los Angeles; works now for the *Mail*; writes also for *Harpers & Queen* and the *Spectator*; has made a splash with his Hollywood memoirs (see "Ex Libris"); and has a two-book deal with his publishers, so the First Novel impends. Even the *Sunday Times* knife-job concedes that Cash "is a vivid observer, industrious, enterprising and brave." Says his friend Toby Young of the *Modern Review*: "He gives a terrible first impression, a Pythonesque parody of an upper-class twit. But beneath the vanity and pomposity, he's an innocent soul." Gawd bless 'im.

Tom Hooper (1988–90, HH), subject of an admiring profile in *Oxford Today* magazine for Trinity Term 1993, is clearly no ordinary undergraduate. He "burns around Oxford" partying like a madman and sleeping no more than three hours a night. "His stamina is legendary and has earned him the nickname 'the human Aga'". Not only that: the *Evening Standard* proclaims him "the great white hope of the British Film industry". A snap of him leaning intently on a movie camera underlines the point.

It all started with *Painted Faces*, a film he wrote, produced, directed and edited when only eighteen years old – "a noir and claustrophobic 18-minute intrusion into the mind of a painter who has lost his inspiration . . . (It) transfixes its audience." Premiered at the London Film Festival, shown on Channel 4, it had distributors hounding him and left sponsors impatient at his wish to finish his English degree before turning pro. "But the Aga has not cooled down completely – the last 18 months have seen him direct two corporate films and a test commercial for the advertising agency WCRS." And he's turned his hand to student theatre. One reviewer thought his *View from the Bridge* "the best piece of student drama I have ever seen" – Hooper brought in Alan Ayckbourn as adviser – and the Oxford Playhouse gave him the only student slot in its winter

programme. "Tom's open ambition is coupled with remarkable talent and energy, so we should not be too surprised if, in a few years time, the British film industry sees its 'great white hope' come good."

Same issue of the same magazine had an eightieth-birthday celebration of **Sir Richard Doll** (see "Ex Libris" and "Radio Fun", and "Miscellaneous" last time): "upright, incisive, humorous"; "the living embodiment of the benefits of giving up smoking."

One of the joys of compiling the OWW section is keeping tabs on **Peter Bottomley MP** (1957–62, GG). "They say that I usually have five ideas, four of which are good and one of which is mad; the trouble is I don't know which one it is." Other Tory MPs are reported to "look on him benignly although they say his 'obsessions' can get 'well, frankly rather boring'" (*Independent on Sunday*, 11 July). His crony Auberon Waugh observes: "He's a terribly clever man, but most of his ideas are jolly mad . . . His conversation generally doesn't always have much relevance to anything else . . . he's always pursuing his own ideas and bursting out with illogical additions to the last thought."

There's a serious side – as employment minister he fought for the rights of ethnic minorities, as transport minister he helped cut the casualty rate, in relation to distance travelled, by about 40 per cent. In the past year he has helped to launch New Consensus in Britain, a British-Irish cross-party peace group, and when there was talk of secret contacts between the government and the IRA he was alleged to have acted as go-between. "He revels in being the one-time IRA target worried about injustice to Irish Catholics; the former Tory employment minister anxious to preserve workers' rights; the ex-transport minister alarmed about roadbuilding and the husband of a Cabinet minister willing to dispute hospital-building decisions." The word "maverick" tends to recur.

Then again, so does the word "mad". When he was at Transport he had a bet with colleagues on the amount of extraneous information he could slip into his parliamentary replies. One day in 1986 he managed to touch on the following facts: frogs sleep with their eyes closed; Anne Boleyn had six fingers; Burkina Faso, the land of the wise men, is in Upper Volta; and 18 per cent of people share their baths. This year he was claiming that "if people start supporting what the government is trying to achieve then we will see a sharp reversal in the fortunes of our soccer team" and bombarding the *Literary Review* with articles under his own and other names "at the rate of about three a week" (the *Review* is bi-monthly). "When I get to 50 I'm going to become a motorcyclist, if I can find a motorcycle with leg-protectors; I'm going to become an intellectual, and if I can't become an intellectual I'm going to become a literary pseud. Writing for the *Literary Review* and being a member of the Academy club makes me feel I'm on my way." So how does he see himself, all in all? "I'm a vitriolic supporter of a return to basics, to reasoning and rationality . . ."



OLD SCHOOL TIES

Patchy, fascinating and full of Old Westminsters. This is a description, not of the British penal system, but of *Old School Ties* (Sinclair Stevenson £17.99) by Tim Devlin and Hywel Williams. Devlin and Williams hit on the idea of writing to today's best-known British personalities and quizzing them about their days at school. What patterns would emerge? What great truths would be floodlit?

Well, not a lot, to be honest, especially where we're concerned, though the authors do risk the generalisation that OWs are less inclined than Old Etonians to voice "unsolicited enthusiasm" about their school. Westminster's links with the theatre are noted ("Sir John Gielgud (1917–21, G/KS) and Sir Peter Ustinov (1934–37, AHH) head a cast including Peter Brook (1937–38, HH), Simon Gray (1949–52, WW), Andrew Lloyd Webber (1960–65, KSS), Nigel Planer (1966–70, WW), Stephen Poliakoff (1966–69, WW), Imogen Stubbs (1977–79, C) and Donald Swann (1936–41, KSS). We suppose some might add Tony Benn (1938–42, BB) as well") but the school is not mentioned in the chapter on acting and all this thespian effervescence is put down to coincidence. (No room here for the shrewder views of John Field (Staff 1964–, Archivist) in *The King's Nurseries* (James & James £14.95): "The idea and the fact of 'performance', in plays, in the great Schoolroom, in valedictory orations, in epigrams on given themes before the College, in the challenge up to 1855, in end of term Orations up to the 1970s, reinforced from without by the proximity of great public events, of Parliament and, until 1834, by the law courts, and by the popularity of London theatres and pantomimes, accounts entirely naturally for the theatrical character of the School's everyday life, its sense of style, and the professional preferences of its pupils, as marked today as at any other point in its history.")

The book may be short on rigorous analysis; it scores high marks as a compendium of entertaining nuggets. Anthony Howard (1946–52, BB), the former editor of the *New Statesman*, recalls being warned by his Head Master, John Christie, "that if I did not pull myself together he could perceive a definite danger that I would end up as editor of the *New Statesman* or something unsatisfactory like that." Dan Topolski (1959–63, WW), the traveller, writer and rowing coach, who worked at the boating pool in Regents Park from the age of eleven, talks of the salty characters he met there who "stopped me becoming a little public school creep by showing me this earthy part of British life." And the long-serving Economics Editor of Radio 4, Dominick Harrod (1953–58, BB) – now City Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, says he acquired his "taste for journalism" by editing this very magazine! (The present editor, by contrast, has acquired no more than a nervous twitch.)

It's noticeable that OWs who replied to the authors' questionnaire have less to say about how they were taught than about what one might call the school's fringe benefits. Visual responsiveness led Alan Borg (1955–60, BB), now Director General of the Imperial War Museum, to become a historian: "Daily attendance in Westminster Abbey led to my interest in medieval architecture." Alastair Service (1947–51, HB), whose notable career has straddled both architecture and family planning, felt something similar. "The buildings started my interest in Parliament and love of

architecture and old buildings." The authors add that an "associated feel for public life led to his work as a legal reformer." Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber spread his net wider – "he says he can still name all the important Victorian buildings in the City – a product of his wanderings through the streets on games afternoons!" The wandering bore fruit: he won a scholarship to Magdalen on the strength of a paper on Victorian architecture. David Lloyd-Jones (1948–53, GG), until recently artistic director of Opera North, was another who roamed abroad. The school's location enabled him to see "many top-quality musical and theatrical performances."

It seems the only Old Wet who avowed a direct academic debt to the school was the late Lord Havers (1936–40, RR), who said, "It awoke my interest in the benefits of study". Even he was not able to name a particular member of staff who had influenced him. When Westminster teachers raise their heads, they tend to do so as masters or pupils elsewhere – at Sherborne, for example, where the young David Summerscale (Head Master 1986–) was "acclimatised to institutions". The schoolboy memories of Dr John Rae (Head Master 1970–86) were mentioned last time. That grand old leftie Tam Dalyell MP was taught at Eton by Walter Hamilton (Head Master 1950–57) who imbued him with his own high standards of prose composition. Hamilton went on from Westminster to be head man at Rugby and found himself in charge of the infant A.N. Wilson, whose second lesson was "Hamilton teaching *The Aeneid*. We were given scissors by the headmaster's secretary and had to cut the glossary out of the back of the book."

One Westminster beak makes a touching cameo appearance right at the end. Alastair Service again: "One essay I wrote was picked out and read out by Jumbo Wilson (Staff 1946–75) as an outstanding example of atmosphere given in writing about a place – that little incident gave me ambition to write and the realisation that I had some talent for it." This little tale, the authors say, is "a typical illustration" of how "one chance remark, one word of praise, has changed the ambience of a school for a pupil and often pointed them (*sic*) towards a particular career or life interest." True enough. We can only urge any OWs with a lifelong interest in alcoholism or the white slave trade to keep quiet about their debt to those who taught them.

CHURCH NEWS

November last year saw the Very Rev David Stancliffe (1956–61, GG), previously Provost of Southampton, installed as Bishop of Salisbury. At a press conference when his appointment was announced he said the Church of England "should pray more and talk less". A former organ scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, he conducted the first "authentic" English performance of Bach's B Minor Mass and reportedly nurses the ambition to conduct a period performance of Brahms's First Symphony in his newly acquired cathedral. He was much involved in the production of *Celebrating Common Prayer*, a new kind of office book with different services of matins and evensong. "Many have said how their pattern of Bible-reading and prayer has been enhanced by using the book" (*Church Times*, 2 July 1993). He is the first OW Bishop of Salisbury since Robert

Hay-Drummond (adm. 1718), who was briefly Bishop of Salisbury in 1761 before becoming Archbishop of York.

He joins two other OWW on the bench of bishops: the Rt Rev Michael Adie (1943–48, KSS) and the Rt Rev John Oliver (1948–53, B/KS), bishops of Guildford and Hereford respectively. This is the first time since the 1860s that there have been three OW diocesan bishops of the Church of England at the same time. (We also have a Greek Orthodox bishop in the form of Timothy Ware (1947–52, KSS) who since 1982 has been Bishop Kallistos of Diokleia.) Bishop Oliver last year chaired an inquiry into the Church of England's theological colleges, deciding which should be preserved and which shut down. Bishop Adie was involved in controversy in December, when he outlined in the House of Lords the moral case for dropping the police inquiry into alleged British war crimes during the Falklands Conflict. His speech gained less media scrutiny than it deserved; it coincided with the Downing Street Declaration on the future of Northern Ireland.

By coincidence, both Adie and Stancliffe have cathedral chapters headed by OWW: the Very Rev Alexander Wedderspoon (1945–49, HB) is Provost of Guildford and the Very Rev the Hon Hugh Dickinson (1943–48, KSS) is Dean of Salisbury. (Stancliffe arrived at Salisbury just too late to work with the Rev Canon Ian Dunlop (Chaplain 1960–62) who retired as Chancellor the previous year.) Dean Dickinson – who used to be Chaplain of Winchester College – got a pasting from the *Sunday Telegraph* in February for his defence of the outgoing Bishop of Durham, and for spelling out the implications of traditional belief: "If the Bible says the angels burst into song over Bethlehem, then you have to believe that a tape-recorder would have picked up the tune. If it says Jesus converted 120 gallons of water into wine, then Chateau Lafite it was."

The new bishop's brother Martin Stancliffe (1957–63, GG) also bulks large in church affairs. A noted ecclesiastical architect, he has been serving as a member of the Archbishops' Commission on Cathedrals and the Cathedrals' Fabric Commission for England, and is Surveyor to the Fabric at Saint Paul's Cathedral. In the last role he was all over the papers in November when the crumbling cathedral launched a 12 million appeal to pay for vital repairs.

When a bishop called for air strikes against Serbian targets in Bosnia, the *Independent* (9 August) mused on the parallels with Hitler's annexations in the Thirties. "Bishop George Bell (1896–1901, QSS) of Chichester was then virtually alone among leading churchmen in condemning the Nazi rampage."

In June 1992 (up-to-the-minute news here) the *Daily Telegraph* reported that Dr Harvey Thomas (1952–56, AHH), chairman of the Fellowship of European Broadcasters, was among representatives of Christian groups who had protested to the Independent Television Commission about Morris Cerullo's plans for televangelism in Europe. He viewed Cerullo as "everything the Broadcasting Act tries to prevent". Thomas is best known as a PR consultant, image-maker to Mrs Thatcher and adviser to Norma Major; we failed to report his CBE in 1990.

Our thanks to H.E. Pagan (1958–63, QSS) for supplying many of the bones of this article.

OW RADIO DAYS

The multi-purpose author **David Wade** (1943–48, KSS) cooked up the script for the admired six-part Radio 4 drama series *Alexander*. Broadcast last summer, this traced the life of Alexander the Great. Other OWs contented themselves with one-off radio plays. *A Great Gulf Fixed* by **Jonathan Myerson** (1973–77, LL) was on Radio 4 in September, and two weeks later **Simon Gray** (1949–54, WW) returned to the medium: *With a Nod and a Bow* (Radio 3, 16 October) concerned the spy George Blake and the man by whom he was “sprung” from Wormwood Scrubs. On Radio 5 **Tom Holt** (1974–78, RR) wrote *Prize-giving*, second play in the *Schooldays* series, in tandem with the Thatcher impersonator Steve Nallon (some years ago they wrote the book *I, Margaret* together).

Also heard on Radio 5 have been **Daniel Topolski** (1959–63, WW) presenting *Topolski's Travels* and **Nigel Planer** (1966–70, WW) reading *Ghostly Tales for Ghostly Kids*. A ghostly kid of yesteryear was conjured up in the *Daily Telegraph* (16 June) by David Davis, 84, who for twenty years was the BBC radio producer in charge of the Jennings and Darbishire stories. “The only difficult actor we ever had was **Peter Asher** (1957–61, LL), who played Jennings in the 1950s. He had lots of beastly little toy cars which he persisted in playing with in the corridor. It was quite a battle persuading him to act.” (Perhaps a bolshy childhood is no bad start for a successful career in the pop world. To judge by his tally of gold and platinum albums, Asher managed to overcome his reluctance to enter the studio.)

Tony Benn (1938–42, BB) had his own series on Radio 4, as did **Tim Sebastian** (1965–69, LL). *The Benn Tapes* (Summer 1993) was an absorbing patchwork, the raw material of the MP's published diaries, while Sebastian's *Blind Eye* (Autumn 1993) delved into the work of criminal entrepreneurs around the world. The *Independent* called it “a fine piece of investigation, knitting together familiar news stories to create a novel and worrying picture.” Yet more on Four: **Dominic Lawson** (1971–74, BB) was one of the regulars on *Kennedy's Connections*; the guest on *Eureka* on 11 October was **Professor Sir Richard Doll** (1923–31, G/KS; Fellow of the School), “one of Britain's greatest living medical scientists, best known for showing the connection between lung cancer and smoking”; and **Donald Swann** (1936–41, KSS) was interviewed at length one evening in May. He told, *inter alia*, how his songwriting partnership with **Michael Flanders** (1936–40, GG) began after Westminster was evacuated to Exeter University in 1940. Swann was the pianist for school hymns and Flanders, hearing him, apparently thought: “If he can extemporise hymns he can probably extemporise a chorus or two.”

Swann was the subject of a Radio 2 tribute on 4 September, *Hats Off to Donald*. The speaker on that network's *Pause for Thought* on 23 and 30 December was the **Rev Patrick Forbes** (1952–56, WW), “broadcasting officer of the Church of England and member of a group called the Holy Fools” (this is not thought to be a code-name for the Elizabethan Club). **Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber** (1960–65, R/QS) was saluted, in four instalments, by the same network over the summer. In June the *Times* reported he was backing “Radio Barking, the ludicrously titled group of comedians and celebrities which has

submitted an application to start a 24-hour comedy station.” In Spring 1993 **Piers Gibbon** (1980–84, LL) took part in *Mr Finchley Takes the Road*, a six-part Radio 2 drama about a man and his horse-drawn caravan touring 1930s rural Kent, and in December **Matthew Byam Shaw** (1976–80, LL) was the male lead in another Radio 2 series, *The Queen of Romance*. On 16 December you could have switched over from Byam Shaw and found **Chris Barlas** (1961–65, BB) *Talking to Trees* on Radio 4, among the giant redwoods of California.

Imogen Stubbs (1977–79, C) starred in the Radio 4 version of Zola's *La Bête Humaine* in April 1993. **Helena Bonham-Carter** (1984–86, LL), “the woman without whom no classic drama is complete” (*Independent on Sunday*) played Nina in that network's production of Chekhov's *The Seagull* in November.

On 15 August Radio 3 re-broadcast *Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves*, a work commissioned by the BBC from composer **Justin Connolly** (1947–51, G/KS; known at school as **J.R. D'Arcy-Dawson**). Another Radio 3 attraction was Kenneth Branagh's star-encrusted *Romeo and Juliet*; the Friar Laurence of **Sir John Gielgud** (1917–21, G/KS) was described by Sheridan Morley as “a master-class in Shakespearian verse-speaking all by itself”. Sir John was back on 10 December when *Mining the Archive* focused on the spectacular poet-eccentric Edith Sitwell – he offered a memoir of the Sitwell family, while **John Freeman** (1928–33, B/KS) was heard interviewing Dame Edith on his celebrated programme *Face to Face*. Conductor **Roger Norrington** (1947–52, BB) was on Classic FM's *Classic Reports* one autumn evening, talking about his “Purcell Weekend” on the South Bank.

Oh, and on Radio 4 in April there was a four-part serial entitled *The Head Man*. It was all about “the life of a successful headmaster of an independent school in London . . . a popular media figure and a charismatic leader” who is nonetheless “under enormous pressure in both his public and private lives.” Er . . . sound like anyone we know . . . ?

MURMURING JUDGES

In his days as a barrister, **His Honour Judge Michael Argyle** (1929–33, GG) defended the Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs. As the Old Bailey's longest-ever serving judge, he presided over the trial of the underground magazine *Oz*. In the Nineties he seems no more afraid of controversy than ever. The *Independent* talked to him on 30 April last year, on the eve of his speech – alongside Ann Widdecombe – to a rally at Westminster Central Hall opposing women's ordination to the priesthood.

Argyle, the writer noted, “has a good record in championing women's causes: he fought for women to be allowed to practise on the Midland circuit just after the war . . . and, perhaps even more remarkably, he persuaded the Kennel Club to admit women members.” It was hard to infer his exact position on women and the priesthood – both he and the writer were keen not to pre-empt his speech next day – but it was clear that few bishops would escape condemnation. “In particular, and these are Argyle's words, George Carey will never be forgiven for accusing those opposed to women's ordination of heresy: ‘In doing so, he is accusing my parents and my grandparents of heresy, and I won't have it.’”

Here the writer felt he glimpsed “the man beneath the wig, the judge who was reprimanded by **Lord Havers** (1936–40, RR), the then Lord Chancellor, after he suggested judges should be allowed to hand out the death penalty in cases carrying penalties of more than fifteen years.” He was glimpsed again in October at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, when Argyle was principal speaker at a dinner on the subject, “Is It Too Late To Reinroduce Capital Punishment?” Five months earlier he pounded the dispatch box at the Oxford Union on behalf of the House of Windsor, opposing the American biographer Kitty Kelley. He told the press: “I'm absolutely disgusted with the endless and relentless attacks on the Royal Family.”

His Honour Judge Morrell (P.R. Morrell, 1957–63, AHH) had a letter in the *Times* on 2 March, concerning acquittals in rape trials. He argued: “the likely consequences of any relaxation of the standard of proof in criminal cases will be an increase in the numbers of miscarriages of justice.”

After two killers broke out of Broadmoor, confidential reports on the subject were leaked to the media. The *Daily Telegraph* (date unknown) reported the failure of a High Court bid by Broadmoor managers to force the journalist involved to reveal his sources. The ruling that such disclosure “was not in the interests of justice” was apparently made by **Sir Peter Pain** (1927–31, GG) – a slight surprise, as we understood Sir Peter had retired in 1988.

The Palace of Westminster's many OW ghosts must have let out eldritch whoops of “What a team!” on 2 December when **David Neuberger QC** (1961–65, WW) and **Erica Foggin** (1973–75, RR) persuaded the House of Lords to find unanimously for their clients, Wilde Sapte & Co, and against the Corporation of the City of London, in a case which concerned the liability of an original tenant to pay rent owed by a subsequent tenant to whom the lease had been assigned.

KIM PHILBY

In May last year the *Sunday Telegraph* published extracts from the secret autobiography of the Soviet spy **Kim Philby** (1924–29, KSS). They included the claim that his father, the Arabist **H. St J.B. Philby** (1898–1903, QSS) made a resolution on the day of Kim's birth “that I should get a scholarship to Westminster and another to Trinity, just as he had done” – a resolution which, of course, bore fruit. Philby also wrote, “My education at Westminster had fitted me for nothing in particular” – this with reference to his plan to enter the Indian Civil Service, a scheme soon abandoned in favour of Fleet Street. Much more spectacular than these stray remarks is the extraordinary tale of how Philby tried to assist the triumph of Communism by joining the Old Westminster Fives Club.

The focus of his interest was **Tom Wylie** (1923–29, A/KS), Private Secretary to the Permanent Under-Secretary for War, Sir Herbert Creedy. Wylie, who “had achieved some distinction as a classical scholar at Oxford”, was, according to Philby, “given to heavy drinking and tried to counteract its effects by violent exercise at weekends. To that end, he played fives regularly for the Old Westminsters.” Philby's Russian controller, Otto, thought this was a contact that ought to be exploited, so Philby joined the team – easy enough to arrange as he had played for the school a few years earlier.

Three weeks before his death at the age of 28 in May 1993, Adam Johnson delivered the typescript of this, his only full length collection, to Carcanet.

The Playground Bell by Adam Johnson

Price £6.95 ISBN 85754 064 6
Published September 8th 1994

This title is available from all good book shops or direct from Carcanet at 208 Corn Exchange, Manchester M4 3BQ

His aim was not to recruit Wylie – no question of that – but to get him drunk and pump him for information. “After the matches we would settle down to convivial evenings and I would tempt Wylie into indiscretion.”

Just one problem. It was hard to get Wylie to talk about politics, or, for that matter, the War Office, as he had no interest in either. “He was good at his job, not because he was interested, but because he combined a good mind with practical sense.”

Clearly, more nefarious methods would have to be tried. Blackmail? Otto suggested. No, Philby said. “Wylie was not a person to be pushed around.” Bribes? No chance – “he had private means and was comfortably off.” All right, then; it’s pills and potions time. Philby was equipped with a knockout pill and deputed to escort Wylie home after one of their post-match celebrations – “home” being a flat on the top floor of the War Office building, with a mysterious safe in the living room.

No pill needed, if we are to believe Philby. One more whisky and Wylie was dead to the world. Philby broke into the safe. It contained nothing of any importance.

Otto threw a wobbly, convinced that Wylie must have been faking unconsciousness. Philby, who was getting fed up with this caper, suggested Guy Burgess take over. That didn’t get far, either – Burgess and Wylie quarrelled at first meeting and Burgess was left fuming, “Who is that pretentious young idiot who thinks he knows all about Proust?”

Philby’s Russian widow Rufina was in the papers in July, talking about her life with him in Moscow. They lived in a

guarded apartment behind Pushkin Square and had to call Philby’s controllers each time they wanted to go out. Philby drank heavily – “it was awful to see how an intelligent man could lose his senses before your own eyes” – and was depressed to find that the KGB had no use for him. Rufina considers that without her he would have drunk himself to death. “He felt superfluous and it hurt him desperately.” In the end a job was provided, but Philby’s performance was constantly imperilled by drink.

It has since been announced that Rufina Philby is to write a book about their years together.



Photo: Patrick Dickinson

O.W. Sport

OW ATHLETICS

The OW’s Athletic Club enjoyed one of its most successful years in 1993. In the Inter-Old Boys cross country race over five miles, the first team, despite some late absentees, finished sixth overall and the veterans team won their section convincingly. The OW veterans were Nick Harling, Robin Hoar, Jim Forrest and Charles Doxat, who last August was the first Briton aged over 50 to finish in the World Triathlon Championships in Manchester.

Chris Huntley won the annual Towpath Race in March, outspringing Martin Robinson from the Common Room. 32 people, including pupils at the School, ran in the handicap event. In the relays round Vincent Square, the OWs fielded a strong team of Huntley, Neil Bennett, Richard O’Hara and David McKee to defeat the School, winners in 1992. Bennett, Forrest, McKee and Stephen Instone were among the OWs to complete marathons in 1993.

OWs, both male and female, interested in athletics are invited to contact: John Goodbody, 55 Rosebery Road, Muswell Hill, London N10 2LE. (Tel. 081-442 0841)

FIVES

Last Season’s performance (runners-up in both of our League Divisions) was always going to be a hard act to follow, but none of us expected what was by our standards such a poor 93/94 (P 24, W 10, D 5, L 9). It all started just a couple of weeks before the season, when First Team captain Neil Margerison suddenly announced his ‘transfer’ to divisional rivals The Heath, thus breaking up the virtually invincible King/Margerison pair. It soon transpired that other regulars weren’t going to be available either, and we had to cancel a quarter of our fixtures and scrap the Second Team altogether. Even with this reduced list, injury and illness, combined with the perennial OW reluctance to play anywhere that isn’t Westminster, took a further toll, and by Christmas we had suffered a string of bad defeats.

However, lest this sounds like the familiar tale of British sporting woe, in the final month, when we were at last able to field first choice sides, there was a dramatic improvement and we took ten points from a possible twelve. So the season ended on something of a high note, with our rebuilding well under way. Giles Coren has definitely ‘arrived’, and another of the younger players, Chris Watts, has improved immensely this season. With Chris Cooper, still under 30, turning in some impressive performances, these three have major roles in a rejuvenated First Team. Next Season we plan to re-instate the second League side, basing it on the formidable squad of over-35s (Old Wet Vets?).

Sadly, it looks as if Mike King may have to hang up his gloves, though only in his early forties, due to crippling hip trouble. Mike has been a key member of the Club over many years, as by far our classiest and most perceptive player, not to mention his entertaining legal anecdotes in the pub afterwards. The final match this season saw another immaculate display – although the responsibility of not letting him down in his last (?) game almost turned partner Giles Coren into a nervous wreck.

Andrew Aitken

52nd WESTMINSTER SCOUT TROOP REUNION

September 1993

The twelfth re-union of the 52nd Westminster Scout Troop took place over the weekend of the 10th to 13th September at Dunchideock House, the home of Archie Winkworth, who has hosted all the re-unions of the school troop.

The eighteen members present covered the years from the early '30s to the mid '50s marking both the formation and the closing down of the troop, so that much conversation and discussion took place about the school, both the headmasters and all the other masters concerned in these years, because one's memories recall school days more clearly than last week.

Many of you reading this will wonder what the devil we do when we get there: do we wear shorts and go through any Boy Scout routines? The answer is no we don't. We dress normally and casually and the whole weekend is full of meeting those you have not seen for some time and discussing those pleasant years we spent at the school. The only exception to this is John Ridley, who for years has arrived on his motorcycle in his shorts and leather gaiters. This year he came by train. He alone, therefore retains the tradition of bare knees which we experienced many years ago.

The organisation is simple. Archie asks his staff to leave the house and all the cooking etc., is left to us. It is amazing how willing people are in these circumstances. The chief in charge of all the cooking is John Hooper; although doing a lot of the work himself he has learnt the marvellous art of delegation, and the other meals that he does not cook are all done by other people with their own specialities. Those who don't cook do the washing up.

There were two newcomers this year, namely George Mitcheson and Robin Denniston, the former covering the end of the '40s and the beginning of the '50s, the latter covering the war years. On leaving the re-union they both seemed happy to have been there, and we all hope that they and many more old Westminster Scouts, will come again for many re-unions to come to continue this sentimental and fun-loving weekend.

Well, what did we do? Having arrived on the Friday night and the Saturday morning, we left before mid-day for Dartmoor. The weather was stupendous; anybody who had not seen Dartmoor before was suitably impressed and those who had seen it before were reminded of its beauties. We met at Dartmeet, which was an appropriate place to meet for a picnic lunch. Needless to say, this is where the two branches of the River Dart meet, both in very full flood and a fantastic sight near a small open space. This apart from being occupied by about 100 other people, allowed us to find a small space with rocks where we could place our picnic, which had been arranged by John Hooper and others. Many cans of beer, cider etc., were consumed and some of the other picnickers around must have been quite envious of our apparent and genuine enjoyment. In fact, one or two questions who we were, but we kept this a secret. I think most of them thought we were a branch of MI5! After lunch we went our own ways, some to Princeton, some to Castle Drago and some to Widdicombe, not for the fair, which was not on, but for a welcome cup of tea. We all then returned to Dunchideock for another fantastic evening meal.

That was the only good day of the

weekend, because Sunday and Monday were dull and miserable. The only excitement on Sunday was the Church Parade at 10 o'clock, which was well attended. Afterwards we were invited to the home of a local Church Warden for coffee and biscuits. This Sunday party is hosted each week by different supporters of the church, and it was nice to be so well entertained by local people of the area. Sunday afternoon saw the departure of some, and the rest on the Monday, in quite touching farewells as we never know when the next re-union may be.

The only disaster of the whole weekend was the newcomer George Mitcheson's being shown in error by John Ormiston into the bedroom of Archie Winckworth. One can imagine Archie's feelings on retiring to bed to find someone else's suitcase etc., in his bedroom. This was duly put right and Ormiston, who happened to be the first Troop Leader of the Troop in 1930, and thought he knew it all, was suitably sorry for the mistake; Mitcheson had to move out and use his camp bed in a downstairs room. There are never quite enough rooms to house everybody but some like to keep to the old Boy Scout tradition by sleeping on couches or on camp beds according to their taste.

Altogether a delightful weekend, and if any other ex-members of the 52nd Westminster Scout Troop are reading this, it is hoped that they will join us at future re-unions.

All they have to do is to drop a line to Archie Winckworth, Dunchideock House, Nr. Exeter, EX2 9TS (Exeter 832429) to ensure they will be included in the next circular, which could be in one, two or three years time.

Sir Roger Young



Photo: Patrick Dickinson

Attendances at 12th Westminster Scout Reunion held at Dunchideock House, Near Exeter. 1993.

John Hooper (HB 33-38)
Desmond Farley (GG 35-39)
Ted Bindloss (BB 28-33)
John Ridley (HB 28-34)
Jackie Tasker (RR 32-37)
Dick Hogg (HB 31-37)
Brian Greenish (GG 34-39)
Harry Tasker (RR 33-38)
Richard Batten (CC 34-39)
Peter Bosanquet (GG 33-38)
Mac Knowles (HB 32-38)
Robert Rich (GG 33-38)
John Ormiston (AA 29-32)
George Mitcheson (AA 48-52)
Walter Steven (HB 30-36)
Roger Young (CC 37-42)
Robin Denniston (CC 40-45)
Archie Winckworth (GG 31-35)

BORED ??

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Accounts

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB INCOME AND EXPENDITURE 1992

		£	£
1991	INCOME		
8340	Subscriptions (80%)		9200
3978	Investment Income (Tax deducted)	3853	
2032	Bank interest (gross)	975	
(508)	Less Tax due	(244)	
(169)	Less Net interest allowed to Sports Funds	(226)	
164	(1991: Add CGT over-provided)		
13837			4359
			13558
	EXPENDITURE:		
124	General:		
1396	Bank charges	99	
13	Secretarial	2496	
	Sundry expenses	112	2707
6044	Publications:		
467	The Elizabethan Newsletter	5828	
	1991: Reprinting Club brochure	1835	7663
896	Social Events:		
(241)	Garden Party (Profit)	(350)	
	Annual Dinner (Profit)	(38)	
	City Dinner 1992 (Profit)	(144)	
	1993 Room Hire	275	
50	AGM Buffet	65	
	Common Room Dinner	387	195
250	Special Events:		
(26)	Sponsorship "As You Like It"	250	
	Less Profit on Buffet	(58)	
	(1991: P.G. Whipp)		
	N McKay Retirement Dinner	126	
	Presentation	250	568
3355	Sports Funds:		
1485	Annual Grants	3430	
	Football Pitch Hire	1105	4535
			15668
	Balance being Excess of Expenditure over income		(2110)
22	(1991: Surplus)		
13837			13558

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB BALANCE SHEET as at 31st December 1992

		£	£
1991	CAPITAL FUND		
74,888	Balance as at 1st January 1992	77,027	
2,085	Add 20% Annual Subscriptions	2,300	
	Gain on Investment sales	98	
54	(1991: Add C.G.T. overprovided)		
77,027			79,425
	INCOME FUND		
13,658	Balance at 1st January 1992	13,680	
22	Less Excess of Expenditure over Income	(2,110)	
	(1991: Add Surplus)		
13,680			11,570
	SPORTS FUNDS		
2,710	General Fund	2,772	
1,822	W. Attwood Fund (Cash £1629, Loan £300)	1,929	
169	Net Interest Allowed	226	
4,701			4,927
95,408	Represented by:		95,922
78,423	FIXED ASSETS as at 1st January 1992	78,423	
	Less Investments sold - at cost	(19,293)	
	Add Purchases	20,655	
78,423			79,785
	CURRENT ASSETS		
500	Balances held at Barclays Bank Current Accounts	725	
20,923	Balances held at Barclays Bank Premium Account	11,080	
558	Sundry Debtors	12,262	
(4,996)	Current Liabilities		24,067
95,408			(7,930)
			95,922

Note 1: The Market Value of the Club's investments at 31st December 1992 was £132,639. (1991: £144,00).

Note 2: Sports Grants: Cricket £950; Football £600; Water £900; Athletics £30; Golf £950. Water received also a loan of £300 from the Attwood Fund.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the Accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My Audit has been carried out in accordance with auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at 31st December 1992 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B.C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH, Chartered Accountant. J.A. LAUDER, Hon. Treasurer.

THE ELIZABETHAN

The Elizabethan is 'drawn together' by Barrington Publications who at other times publish various art and antique journals among which are numbered *Galleries* (Fine Arts) and *the Collector* (Applied Arts). The publisher would be happy to forward a copy of either magazine free of charge to anyone quoting *The Elizabethan* for their further edification and possible interest.

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Obituaries

OBITUARIES – February 1994

Amherst - On March 13th, 1993, William John (1915-19, G) aged 90.
Arnold - On May 6th 1993, John Phillip (1958-62, A) aged 48.
Barker - On July 24th 1993, Charles Albert Horrox (1935-36, A) aged 73.
Beard - On April 13th 1993, Dr Arthur John Wells (1921-25, A) aged 85.
Boyle - On November 25th 1993, Walter Julian Algernon (1932-37, KS) aged 74.
Bremner - On October 21st 1993, Cecil James (1910-12, R) aged 97.
Burke - On February 15th 1993, Janine (1982-84, C) aged 27.
Cates - On January 21st 1994, Joseph Elmhirst (1927-28, H) aged 79.
Cashell - On January 21st 1994, Geoffrey Thomas Willoughby (1919-24, A) aged 88.
Chalk - On January 14th 1994, Philip Henry (1925-30, R) aged 82.
Colyer - On July 3rd 1993, Charles Ernest (1916-19, A) aged 91.
Cook - On April 21st 1993, John Arthur (1922-27, G) aged 84.
Corbett - On November 9th 1993, Hugh Andrew (1971-75, L) aged 35.
Corbett - On July 21st 1993, Richard Frank (1971-72, L) aged 35.
Cory - On March 25th 1993, Rachel Ann (1987-89, B) aged 22.
Croft - On January 3rd 1993, Clifford Hamilton (1925-29, A) aged 80.
Evans - On February 12th 1994, Geoffrey Alan (1937-42, B) aged 70.
Farquharson - On May 14th 1993, Maurice Gordon, CBE (1913-17, KS) aged 94.
Franklin - On December 29th 1993, Edward Leslie (1922-27, KS) aged 85.
Fraser - On April 8th 1993, Tammy William (1960-65, R) aged 46.
Fryzer - On November 19th 1993, John Francis (1932-37, R) aged 74.
Grundy - On April 24th 1993, Francis Estlin Christopher, MBE (1931-34, A) aged 76.
Hare - On January 4th 1993, Robert William Powell (1927-31, H) aged 79.
Hooper - On June 25th 1993, Francis Barrington (1926-31, H) aged 80.
James - On September 30th 1993, Peter Maude Coram (1936-39, R) aged 71.
Jessop - On December 12th 1993, Peter Hugh Hammond (1932-37, R) aged 75.
Kerensky - On July 9th 1993, Oleg (1943-48, R) aged 63.
Koelsch - On June 4th 1993, Philip Carleton (1934-38, R) aged 72.
Labertouche - On March 7th 1994, Peter Neil (1926-31, G) aged 80.
Lawton - On December 8th 1993, Philip Charles Fenner, CBE (1926-29, G) aged 81.
Lonsdale - On September 11th 1993, The Rev. Christopher Edwin (1924-29, G) aged 83.
Manby - On October 26th 1993, John Edward (1927-31, G) aged 79.
Matcham - On August 12th 1993, Anthony Hugh Warton (1929-34, R) aged 77.
Newton - On May 20th 1993, Douglas Anthony, CB (1929-33, R) aged 77.
Oliver - On August 16th 1993, Jocelyn Taunton (1919-20, A) aged 89.
Peattie - On September 3rd 1993, David Maxwell (1938-43, R) aged 68.
Pimm - In September 1993, Arthur Drummond Williams (1924-27, A) aged 83.
Popper - On April 1st 1993, Claude Norman (1922-26, H) aged 83.
Richardson - In May 1993, Charles Arthur (1935-39, R/KS) aged 70.
Shattock - On June 6th 1993, John Swithun Harvey, CMG OBE (1921-26, A) aged 85.

Simpson - On August 13th 1993, John Home (1952-57, QS) aged 54.
Skeffington-Lodge - On February 23rd 1994, Thomas Cecil (1920-22, H) aged 89.
Skrender - On May 20th 1993, Erik Neil (1933-38, H/KS) aged 72.
Straker - On April 7th 1993, Henry Palmer (1925-30, R) aged 81.
Stratford - On July 24th 1993, Dr Martin Gould (1921-26, G) aged 85.
Thomson - On May 26th 1993, Richard Charles Gilmour (1957-60, R) aged 49.
Turberville - On June 23rd 1993, Geoffrey (1912-14, H/KS) aged 94.
Wickham - On August 30th 1993, William Giles (1938-41, G) aged 68.

DONALD SWANN

Donald Swann was the piano-playing half of the double act Flanders and Swann, which was formed in 1956 and which thrived for the next decade or so on a witty repertoire of songs and monologues. On stage, Swann provided the perfect foil to the large and genial Michael Flanders, who was always sophisticated and professionally assured despite being confined to a wheelchair. Swann, on the other hand, played the willing stooge and the complete amateur – peering through his National Health spectacles, revelling in his rare moments in the limelight and, for much of the time, being forced to listen in rapt silence to Flanders's ingenious monologues.

The songs they performed – “I’m a Gnu”, “The Gas Man Cometh”, “The Hippopotamus Song”, “Have Some Madeira M’Dear” – typified a certain strand of gently satirical English humour. Flanders’s lyrics, though sharp, were never bitter or heavy handed, Swann’s sprightly tunes were larded with musical jokes. “Everything in the programme is as well made as a piece of carpentry, and this includes the ensemble balance between the two partners,” wrote *The Times’s* drama critic of their first musical revue, *At The Drop of a Hat*, in 1957, “Mr Swann boyishly subordinate, uttering inaudible protests and hogging the stage whenever he gets a solo; Mr Flanders urbanely conversing with the audience and keeping his colleague (‘the Enid Blyton of light music’) firmly in his place.”

Although he always seemed to be the quintessential Englishman, Donald Ibrahim Swann was actually born in Llanelli to Russian parents who had fled the revolution, and grew up speaking Russian as his first language. His mother sang Russian gypsy songs and accompanied herself on the guitar, a paternal uncle was a composer and a maternal uncle played the balalaika. Swann was never far from a piano and composed his first piece at the age of 13 on the day his mother died, as an antidote to grief. Like Flanders he was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. The two became friends and first collaborated when Swann was 14 on a school revue. Flanders recalled him as “small and beetly”, but said he was the best pianist in the school.

Swann went up to Christ Church in 1941 to read languages, but the war interrupted his studies. Although he had been brought up as an Anglican, he had by then become a Quaker and felt obliged to register as a conscientious objector, but he still saw an active war in the Friends

Ambulance Unit. Afterwards he returned to Christ Church to read Russian and Modern Greek, and not long before graduating in 1948, he had a song accepted by the director Laurier Lister. Encouraged by this professional endorsement, he decided to set himself up as a freelance composer and accompanist.

Flanders, who had by this time been stricken with polio and was confined to a wheelchair, was also freelancing as a lyric writer. The two teamed up again and contributed songs to revues and shows.

Up until this point, performances of their own comic songs had been limited to enthusiastically amateurish private shows for friends. Gradually news of their double-act spread, and they were encouraged to assemble the best parts into a two-hour revue. Against all their gloomy predictions, *At the Drop of a Hat* received ecstatic notices. It clocked up 808 performances and played to everyone including the royal family and Harold Macmillan, then Prime Minister, who went twice. They returned to the West End in 1963 with a sequel – *At the Drop of Another Hat* – which successfully repeated the winning formula.

Through all this Swann had continued to work on other material. In 1958 he performed *London Sketches* with Sebastian Shaw and in 1961 wrote an opera, with a libretto by an old Oxford friend, David Marsh, based on C.S. Lewis’s Christian allegory *Perelandra*. Amicably enough in the circumstances, he and Flanders went their separate ways, Swann turning his attention full-time to more serious musical pursuits.

He set poetry to music, including Greek narrative verse and works by Tolkien, Betjeman, Cecil Day Lewis and Sydney Carter. He was an active churchgoer and collaborated with Dr Donald Coggan, Archbishop of Canterbury, on a new musical version of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. If none of these later works had the hummability or popularity of earlier tunes, then Swann expressed no regrets about moving on.

Swann’s reflections on Christianity were contained in *The Space Between the Bars* (1968). Other books of his were *Swann’s Way Out* (1975) and the autobiographical *Swann’s Way: A Life in Song* (1991).

From The Times

Donald Swann died while the magazine was going to press, hence his absence from the obituary list.

HENRY PALMER STRAKER

Henry Palmer Straker, who has died aged 81, was an Empire announcer and planner for BBC Radio, responsible for such programmes as *The Dales* and *The Archers*. When he retired in 1966 he was Assistant Head of the then Light Programme, his boss being Denis Morris, later to become wine expert of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Educated at Westminster, he went on to Christ Church Oxford, where his tutors were Noel Myres and J.C. Masterman. He was a founder member of the One Over the Nine Club and joined the Student Christian Movement, working with the late Mary Trevelyan at Student Christian Movement House.

He, like many contemporary BBC announcers, had studied singing, and was with the Bach choir, his tutor being Arthur



Henry Straker, Portrait by Honor Diehl

Cranmer, and this stood him in good stead when, having become an English and History master at Bishops Diocesan College, Rondebosch, in 1935, he became a well known singer with the Cape Town Orchestra in South Africa.

In 1938 he joined the South African Broadcasting Service and became a local celebrity with his radio programme *Young Ideas*. He was pleased to receive a fan letter last year from one of his young South African listeners, now a septuagenarian grandmother, who still remembers his programmes more than fifty years later. When in Cape Town he attended the meeting organised by Bertha Solomon at the Town Hall to protest at the vote being taken away from the black population by General Smuts.

On his return to the UK in 1939 he joined the Empire Service of the BBC and was responsible for the training of announcers till, on the outbreak of war, he volunteered for active service with the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry and was surprised to find himself sent to Kenya for the duration. There he ran a leave centre for the troops and formed an entertainment unit, the orchestra of which comprised Italian prisoners of war.

He returned to Broadcasting House after the War to work under the leadership of the revered J. Beresford Clarke, the Director of External Broadcasting, and because of his organisational and educational credentials he was seconded to the then Colonial Office, doing tours of duty in such far flung places as Nigeria, Ghana, Sierra Leone, Cyprus, Malta and British Guyana and three years in Jamaica in educational broadcasting. He helped to start the first educational radio station in British Guyana and on his return to England in 1954 the Colonial Office wrote to J.B. Clarke saying: "It is abundantly clear that Straker once again did a first-rate job. British Guyana comment that his brief stay was of great value in placing Government broadcasting on a firm footing. His energy and ability made a most favourable impression locally and he was particularly successful in establishing friendly co-operation in places where relations had previously been indifferent."

He was head of the BBC Paris and New York offices and, being half American (his mother was the Virginian born pianist Clara Palmer) it was appropriate that he was responsible for some of Alistair Cooke's earliest editions of *Letter from America* from

1946 to 1951, a fact which is mentioned in the published collection. At the time of the Dewey-Truman election campaign one of the earliest Gallup polls had foretold a Dewey triumph and Alistair Cooke's pre-recorded broadcast included this. Henry advised him to leave the last two minutes of the broadcast unrecorded and, as it turned out, Truman was elected President. Henry was the proud owner of one of the few recordings of *An Evening With Alistair Cooke* in which he plays and sings jazz at the piano.

His big disappointment was not to have returned to the New York office and instead was appointed to the Light Programme, but, with typical loyalty, he helped to launch the early careers of The Beatles and Cliff Richard when he would have been happier in the world of politics and classical music.

On his retirement from the BBC the Director General, Hugh Carleton-Greene, wrote of the "Corporation's great appreciation of his long and distinguished service and his unusually varied contribution to broadcasting both in this country and overseas".

His generosity will be remembered by the recipients of loans and gifts he made to a wide variety of people and organisations needing financial and moral support. He was a life member of the English Speaking Union.

INSIGHTS INTO STRAKER

Mr John Warner, executor of the late Henry Straker (1925–30, RR), has kindly sent *The Elizabethan* a bundle of Westminster documents which were found among Straker's papers. They include this (page 2) handsome photograph, dated 1929 and credited to the Sport & General Press Agency, of the school staff streaming through Burlington's Arch, flanked by a brace of deferential pupils. Straker is the boy on the left of the picture – can anyone identify his opposite number? and would any older OW like to help us by pinning names on the various masters?

Perhaps the most evocative items in the bundle are the references written for Straker in 1934 by his former housemaster J.S. Rudwick (Staff 1914–50) and by Dr Harold Costley-White (Head Master 1919–37). Slips of yellowed paper, with archaic letterheads that give them an almost Victorian air, they speak of Straker with touching admiration. Costley-White, writing rapidly in a hand more authoritative than legible, says Straker had "a distinguished career" at the school. "I cannot speak too highly of his influence for good here; his quiet manner combined with his power of mind and personality and his strength of character made him a trusted leader to a remarkable degree." Rudwick, who preferred to type (in a painstaking but inept way), had "formed the very highest opinion" of Straker, who was Head of Rigaud's when Rudwick took over in 1929. "At all times he showed a degree of sympathy and understanding seldom possessed by a boy of his then age and I have found these qualities have ripened in him more and more as he has grown older." The mutual liking lasted; Rudwick died in 1952 but Mr Warner tells us his widow Olivia remained one of Straker's oldest and most valued friends (another of whom was the late Dr Gerald Ellison (1924–29, HB)). Mr Warner has sent her a copy of this reference, sixty years after her husband wrote it.

Straker's Oxford and Cambridge School Certificate (awarded in 1928, with six

credits) is chiefly of interest for the account of his curriculum on the back. "List of Subjects studied at the School: Group I, Scripture, History, Geography, English; Group II, Latin, Greek, French; Group III, Elementary Mathematics, Chemistry; Group IV, Drawing." Honor Diehl's portrait of Straker is reproduced opposite.

FOSTER CUNLIFFE

The death of Foster Cunliffe (1932–37, GG) on 25 March 1992 at the age of 73, briefly reported in the last issue of the *Elizabethan*, deprived the School of one of its staunchest supporters among the more recent alumni. He manifested loyalty, dedication and zeal to a high degree and once he was assured of the propriety of the claim of any cause upon him it could be assured of his unremitting and vocal support.

The School won an early place in his affections which endured for a lifetime and even strengthened with the passing years. Although it has become fashionable in certain quarters to decry the standards and virtues that such establishments sought to instil in the '30s and to maintain that the years spent under their aegis were unhappy and unfulfilling, Foster totally rejected such a view. He entered zestfully into every aspect of life at the School and the House of which he was a member and wrung from it the maximum return.

His war service which commenced very shortly after leaving School was exemplary, recognised by the award of the MC for notable leadership during the D Day landings. In 1947 he transferred to Parachute Regiment AAC of the Territorial Army, retiring in 1956 with the rank of Lt. Colonel and the Territorial Decoration and Bar.

For the next 25 years he pursued a successful commercial career and on his retirement in 1982 devoted his time even more assiduously to his adopted causes, with the Westminster School Society and the Old Grantite Club claiming much of his attention in spite of increasing infirmity in the latter years.

J.H.

JOHN SHATTOCK

John Shattock had two lively careers – first with the Indian Civil Service, then in the Foreign Service. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the ICS in 1931. He served first in Bengal (becoming assistant secretary to the Governor) and moved in 1936 to be under secretary in the defence department of the government of India. He joined the political service in 1939, and spent the next five years in the Kathiawar, Baroda and, subsequently, the Kashmir, residencies. After a couple of years in the political department in New Delhi, he was a chief minister of the state of Chamba, 1946–47.

He joined the Diplomatic Service, and became head of the Far Eastern department and then of the China and Korean department (with a spell at the Imperial Defence College). He went to Belgrade in 1953 as councillor at the embassy, and in 1956 to Cyprus as political representative with the Middle East Forces. Here a bomb tore apart his bungalow but fortunately he was out. He was in Paris, 1959–61, as UK deputy representative on the North Atlantic Council. This was followed by two years in Geneva as minister on the delegation to the disarmament conference.

His last four years in the Diplomatic Service were at the Foreign Office.

From The Times

OLEG KERENSKY

Oleg Kerensky, journalist and author, died of melanoma in New York City aged 63. He was born in London on January 9, 1930. For a journalist with nothing but a schoolboy's background as an actor to be offered a feature role in a Hollywood film is unusual. Oleg Kerensky's delight in the experience was the greater, since the invitation came from Warren Beatty, who directed and produced the film *Reds* as well as starring in it. The role in question was that of his grand-father, Alexander Kerensky, Russia's last prime minister during the 1917 revolution before the Bolsheviks seized power.

Born and brought up in London, Oleg Kerensky's early ambition also was to go into politics. Although younger than most of his contemporaries at Oxford (he went straight to Christ Church from Westminster School, being excused national service because of poor eyesight) he became both treasurer and librarian of the Union and was disappointed when he failed to be elected president.

On coming down from Oxford he joined the BBC where his first job, with the diplomatic unit of the World Service, combined his political interests with the journalism that gradually took over his life. He was amazed, thanks to the privileged relations with the Foreign Office which kept the unit well informed, to find an unlocked wall safe full of papers which were the subject of D-notices. Gradually, however, Kerensky decided that journalism offered a happier life, partly because he was made miserable by the need within a political career to conceal his homosexuality.

After ten years he moved within the BBC to become deputy editor of *The Listener* and when he did not get the editorship, which he reasonably felt should have been his on Maurice Ashley's retirement five years later, he left to become a freelance. His chief interests were the performing arts: ballet above all, but opera, plays, musicals and concerts too, and he spent the rest of his life writing about them. His appointments included being dance critic of the *Daily Mail* (1957-71), the *New Statesman* (1968-78) and the *International Herald Tribune* (1971-78). He was active in the Critics Circle and held its rotating presidency for a year.

As a reviewer, Kerensky's great virtue was an ability to communicate his own enjoyment and enthusiasm. Not for him the long polishing of a thought or a paragraph; in his days on the *Mail*, when overnight reviewing was still the norm, he would walk straight out of the Royal Opera House to the telephone boxes in Broad Court opposite and dictate his review impromptu without having written a word first, as if he were telling a friend about what he had just seen. On one occasion, he confessed, this caused embarrassment when he realised afterwards that he had forgotten to mention the name of the ballet he was writing about, and had to ring into the paper to add this. However, he was capable of patient research, as shown by the most important of his books, the biography *Anna Pavlova* (1973). This was the fruit of questioning a vast number of her former colleagues, although some of them took exception to his inclusion of comments by others about her private life: to suggest that their goddess had any sexual life, let alone that it might be at all unconventional, upset them.

He wrote a study of some post-war British playwrights, *The New British Drama*, (1977), and his two popular expositions of the dance world *Ballet Scene* (1970) and *The*

Guinness Guide to Ballet (1981) were lively and well-informed. He also contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

When his parents separated (his father, also Oleg, was a civil engineer of great distinction, the designer of many bridges and motorways), their son remained closer to his mother, and a bequest from her later enabled him to spend an increasing share of his time in New York, eventually moving to a small apartment in Greenwich Village where he found the life both congenial and economical. While still supplementing his income with some lecturing and writing, especially for papers and magazines back home (including *The Times* and *The Stage*), he was able to indulge his love of travel, within the United States, frequently to Britain, and often further afield.

On these trips, he took in one or two shows almost every day, and kept up with a vast number of friends in many walks of life. He had a great love of gossip and must have spent hours each day on the telephone, but was never malicious; he was proud of having never consciously hurt anyone in his life.

Entertaining and well informed, genuinely and warmly interested in other people, he combined a modern informality with exemplary old-fashioned good manners.

From The Times

The editor very gratefully received an account of Oleg Kerensky's school days in May of last year, which contain many references to former pupils and teachers. These are now in the school archive.

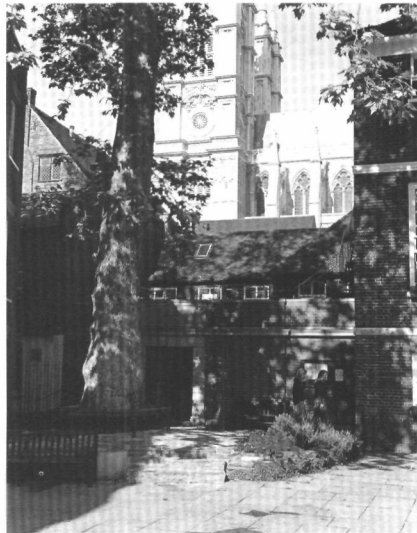


Photo: Patrick Dickinson

JOHN HORRY

John Horry was in his time described as "Mr Squash". It was an era that spanned the period between 1955, when he began 17 years as the first full-time secretary of the Squash Rackets Association (SRA), and 1975, when he ended eight years as inaugural secretary of the International Squash Rackets Federation. Horry found his *métier* late in life. When he started, on a navy pension, as a one-man band in a series of small offices in different parts of London, squash was still largely an esoteric game, understood by few. When he retired it had become one of the biggest participatory sports in Britain, had acquired almost cult status amidst a health-and-fitness movement, and was spreading fast to nations in all continents.

From The Independent

T.C. SKEFFINGTON-LODGE

T.C. Skeffington-Lodge, former Labour MP and leading Christian Socialist died on February 23 aged 89. He was born on January 15, 1905.

An Indefatigable political campaigner, Thomas Skeffington-Lodge was also an ardent writer of letters to newspapers. He exercised his epistolary talents in frequent contributions, usually in un-measured if not lyrical terms, often praising the leadership, of the likes of Harold (now Lord) Wilson or of Arthur Scargill, whom he once described as being "a Christian and firm believer that Jesus was a Socialist". Thomas Cecil Skeffington-Lodge was educated at Giggleswick and Westminster Schools. He was a born and bred Yorkshireman and as a young man worked in advertising and public relations in the North of England and in London. He later had a close association with the mining industry when he was northern area organiser for the then Coal Utilisation Council.

In the Labour landslide of 1945, Skeffington-Lodge was elected MP for Bedford, which he represented for the next five years. He was a member of the parliamentary delegation at the Nuremberg Trials, undertook a lecture tour of America in 1949 under the auspices of the Anglo-American parliamentary group, and served on a number of post-war parliamentary delegations. From 1950 to 1952 he was personal assistant to the chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation. Skeffington-Lodge was a veteran of several campaigns.

During his spell in parliament and in subsequent campaigns, he was a trade union-sponsored MP. At a time of controversy over such sponsorship he pointed out that some constituency parties felt obliged to choose a trade unionist because often they were in a position to contribute to election and other expenses.

One of the major activities of his life was associating politics with Christianity in the hope, as he put it, "of erecting fairer national and international living conditions for mankind". He had been vice-president of the Socialist Christian Movement, a member of the parliamentary ecclesiastical committee, a former chairman of the Socialist Christian League and the Parliamentary Socialist Christian Group, and was a veteran of the German-British Christian Fellowship.

In 1969 a West German television company featured him in a documentary film as an exemplar of the Christian in politics.

Skeffington-Lodge was an extensive traveller and a man of varied interests. He was active in many organisations, including the Sussex branch of the Council for the Protection of Rural England, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the Georgian Group, and Friends of the Lake District, as well as Amnesty International, the British-Soviet Friendship Society and the Anglo-German and Anglo-Belgium Associations.

From The Times

FRANK HOOPER

Frank Hooper (1926-31, HBB) died in his 81st year on 25 June 1993 and his passing was mourned by many to whose varied activities he had brought the benefit not only of his administrative wisdom and soundness of judgement, but a substantial and unselfish enthusiasm for such causes as he chose to adopt.

In the fortunes of his preparatory school, Orley Farm in Harrow, he retained a lifelong interest, and was chairman of the Board of Governors from 1979 to 1985, during which period he oversaw, and in large measure, inspired, a substantial growth in population and facilities.

Shortly after leaving Westminster he joined the family firm, Industrial Newspapers Ltd, producing trade and technical journals. On the outbreak of WWII he joined the Intelligence Corps, retiring in 1946 with the rank of Major. Industrial Newspapers which he rejoined as Commercial Director was acquired in 1958 by Argus Press, a subsidiary of BET and on the death of his father in 1960 he became managing director, moving on in 1962 to managing director of the holding company, a position he held until he retired in 1974.

His retirement gave him greater time and opportunity to apply himself to his manifold extra-mural interests. He continued to play Eton Fives and to involve himself in the affairs of the Eton Fives Association of which he served a term as President. He also regularly played real tennis even after advancing years had put Fives beyond his capacity.

His earlier association as a publisher had brought him into close contact with a small group of members of the tobacco industry who were seeking to obtain a new grant of Livery for the lapsed Worshipful Company of Tobacco Pipe Makers and Tobacco Blenders, an enterprise which was successfully accomplished in 1954, so Frank was installed as the 21st Master of the New Company in 1975.

The greater part of his energies however was divided between his two schools – Orley Farm and Westminster. He served on the Council of the Westminster School Society for 26 years, a period of substantial and exciting growth and development for the School. He also played a significant role in the affairs of the Elizabethan Club, being an active member of its committee for many years and Chairman from 1975 to 1979.

He also at the time of his retirement became a Freemason, an activity which he supported with customary enthusiasm and was installed as Master of the Old Westminster Lodge in 1981.

Much of what Frank did for the various organizations and interests with which he was concerned was known to and appreciated only by the small number of individuals with whom he was in direct contact, but the value of his contribution is perhaps well summed up in the concluding words of another obituary notice, published elsewhere – “He was a giant of a man”.

MAURICE FARQUHARSON

Maurice Gordon Farquharson was educated at Westminster School, where he was a King's Scholar. He enlisted in the Grenadier Guards in 1917 and joined Lord Gort's 1st Battalion of the regiment as an ensign in France in the area of the Canal du Nord in September 1918. He was just in time to win the Military Cross leading part of No 2 Company of the battalion in some of the last battles of the first world war, as when in October General Torquill Matheson's Guards Division pressed hard on retreating German troops and recaptured the linen town of Solesmes, east of Cambrai, after four years of German occupation.

After the war Farquharson went up to Christ Church, Oxford, and then to teach French at Bedales School. He left there to

become an actor, working for the Old Vic and the Northampton Repertory Company and having parts in several radio plays on the BBC.

Farquharson stopped acting to become the assistant secretary of the National Council of Social Service, a job that involved him in much letter-writing. He also served on the committee of the Carnegie Trust, which administered dramatic and musical festivals in small towns and villages in England and Wales. In 1935 he was taken on by the BBC as an assistant in the Empire Service. But Stephen Tallents, who was then the BBC's controller of public relations, soon brought Farquharson over to his division of the BBC to be head of its information department. By 1937 he had risen to be director of home intelligence and was responsible for home intelligence under Oliver Whitley; listener research under Bob Silvey; and programme correspondence under Jim Thornton.

By 1942 he had become director of secretariat, with Jim Thornton as his deputy. And it was in that job that Farquharson made his reputation as a minuter and organiser, which included setting up the first BBC duty office and generally co-ordinating various BBC committees: fidgety work at which he was not only painstaking but both sensitive and sensible.

Farquharson held this post all the way through the reconstruction and expansion of the BBC after the war. By 1950 he had been redesignated head of secretariat, and appointed OBE in 1951. From 1953 and for the next ten years Farquharson was secretary to the BBC's board of management and also head of secretariat, initially with Richmond Postgate (brother of Raymond) as assistant head. In 1957 he became in addition secretary to the board of governors and, therefore, bore the proud title of Secretary of the BBC. He retired in 1963 and was advanced to CBE.

From The Times

PROFESSOR PETER JAMES

Peter Maunde Coram James was born in London, the only son of a general medical practitioner. He was educated at Westminster School and at the University of London, qualifying in dentistry from the Royal Dental Hospital. After working in various clinical posts in that hospital he served for three years with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve as a surgeon lieutenant (D). He then made the decision which was to shape his future, and that of many others, to pursue a career in public health and preventive dentistry. As a first step to this end he joined a postgraduate course at the University of Dundee at that time the only institution offering a programme in this subject.

After graduation from Dundee, James joined the clinical academic staff of the Institute of Dental Surgery in London, and eventually became Reader in Children's and Preventive Dentistry, and Assistant Dean of his Alma Mater, the Royal Dental Hospital. At that time the major emphasis in dental care was still on the treatment of disease. The relatively small amount of attention paid to the prevention of disease was mainly focused on children, the logic being that preventive measures have their main impact on the young. There was still very little being done at a community or public health level. James was about to make his move to remedy that state of affairs.

He was appointed to the chair of

Dental Health at the University of Birmingham in 1966, the first such appointment in that establishment.

A tireless committee worker, James was inevitably appointed to numerous local and national bodies related to his interests. He was director of the Birmingham Dental School from 1978 to 1982, and, among many other responsibilities, consultant adviser in community dentistry to the then Department of Health and Social Security. But the appointment which probably gave him most satisfaction was that of chairman of the Specialist Advisory Committee in Community Dental Health. In this capacity he was finally able to see the establishment of his own subject as an accepted speciality in the National Health Service. He was also influential in the formation of a new learned society, the British Association for the Study of Community Dentistry, of which he was founder president. For the last nine years of his life he edited and guided the development of that society's international journal.

From The Times

RICHARD SHACKLETON

Richard Mark Yelverton Shackleton (1957–62, RR) went from Westminster to University College, Oxford, graduating in 1966 with first class honours in PPE. From 1970 until he died at the age of 46 he taught at the University of Birmingham, latterly as Senior Tutor in Modern History. He was also President of the SCR at one of the halls of residence, Wyddrington, and his sudden death from a heart attack occurred after he was called from his bed at 2.00am on the report of an intruder. No intruder was found.

His colleague Dr J M Bourne, for whose help we are most grateful, explains: “The circumstances may have provided the occasion of Richard's death, though not the cause.” After a stern warning from his doctors two years earlier, Shackleton had made great efforts to get his weight and blood pressure down. “But he could not really defeat his genes. His grandfather died at the age of 52 and his father at the age of 48, both of the same heart trouble.”

In his funeral oration, Professor R.C. Simmons said: “Richard's chosen career – or rather his vocation – was in education in its broadest sense – not only in the classroom or the study but in continuous contact with young people within the University, and with the wider adult education movement. In fact he had two outstanding vocations. First he was a pastor, a guide, adviser and friend to his students, a good shepherd. Second he was a superlative teacher and an excellent researcher.

“I hope that we shall always remember and exalt Richard Shackleton's dedication, his infectious enthusiasm, his strong moral public concern (Dr Bourne points out that the memorial service took place the day after the fall of Mrs Thatcher, ‘a conjunction Richard would have appreciated!’), and always seek to sustain these human qualities in our places of teaching and learning.

“He worked unceasingly to aid, encourage, teach well, and guide wisely many young people at the beginning of their adult lives. I can't think that he would have wanted any different words of tribute or eulogy than these from us today.”



PHILIP CARLETON KOELSCH

Philip Carleton Koelsch, retired attorney and Rear Admiral U.S.N.R., died Friday, June 4, 1993. He was born March 29, 1921, in London, England, the son of Henry Augustus Koelsch, Jr. and Beulah Anne Hubbard Koelsch. His father, an American banker, was for many years in charge of the European operations of the National City Bank of New York (Citicorp) with headquarters in London where Admiral Koelsch attended Westminster School. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy in June, 1942. He participated in combat on destroyers in the South Pacific for three years during World War II. Among his citations are the Legion of Merit, Navy Commendation Medal with Combat "V", the Purple Heart, in addition to various Campaign Medals with eight battle stars. From 1945-49, he served as an aide and Flag Lieutenant to the Commander of the Western Pacific Force. Following a brief period in the Judge Advocate General's Office and as an aide at the White House. He was released from active duty in September 1949 to attend law school. He was re-called to active duty in October, 1961 as Commanding Officer of the destroyer USS Wren (DD568) and assigned to the Sixth Fleet. Admiral Koelsch retained lifelong association with the officers and men who were also called to duty on the Wren to protect the interest of their country. At one time he was Division Commander for all reserve destroyers in the Gulf of Mexico. He also was a former Commander of the Naval Reserve Readiness Command Forces in Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas. The most recent of his many honors was bestowed in January, 1993, when the Houston Military Affairs Committee awarded Admiral Koelsch the "Pro Patria Vita" for exceptionally meritorious service to his country.

Adapted from Houston Post, Monday 7 June 1993.

The School is most grateful to Francita Stuart Koelsch for supplying this obituary.

PHILIP LAWTON

Philip Lawton, who has died aged 81, was a night-fighter pilot in the Battle of Britain and went on to become group director and chairman of British European Airways.

Philip Charles Fenner Lawton was born at Highgate on Sept 8, 1912, and educated at Westminster and London University.

He was admitted a solicitor and flew at weekends with the Auxiliary Air Force.

In August 1939, he was called up to the RAF and on the outbreak of war the next month was flying the fighter version of a twin-engined Bristol Blenheim with 604 (County of Middlesex) Squadron.

Radar equipment at the time was so primitive that night-fighters had little chance of detecting, let alone hitting, their target. Early in 1940, No 604 was selected to try out an experimental air interception radar set, which was returned to the laboratory when it began to give off burning smells.

In July the squadron was equipped with several radar fitted Blenheims, but neither Lawton nor his young fellow pilot John Cunningham met with success in the summer and autumn of 1940.

In 1941, however, No 60 was re-equipped with Bristol Beaufighters, with radar which enabled the pilots to see their targets at night. Lawton shot down two Ju88s and probably an He111, while Cunningham's success earned him the sobriquet "Cat's Eyes".

On April 4, 1941, Lawton was flying a Beaufighter on night patrol when the weather turned foul. No airfield was available, and he was obliged to bail out. The next year he was posted as a staff officer to HQ Fighter Command.

He then took up station commands at Predannock, Portreath and Cranfield, and in 1943 joined the staff of the Inspector-General of the RAF. He ended the war as a group captain.

In 1946 Lawton became an executive of BEA, recently established to re-open Britain's domestic air services and short-haul routes to the Continent.

As commercial and sales director, Lawton was involved with the introduction of the Vickers Viking (based on the wartime Wellington bomber) and with the airline's move from Croydon to Heathrow.

He also helped to supervise the introduction of the Elizabethan-class Airspeed Ambassador, the Vickers Viscount and the De Havilland Comet IVBs. On April 1, 1972, BEA's activities were combined with those of BOAC under a British Airways board. Lawton was appointed group director and chairman of BEA and a director of BOAC.

From 1969 to 1972 he chaired BEA Airtours. When BEA merged fully with BOAC in 1973 he left to join the board of Stewart Wrightson Aviation.

Lawton was awarded the DFC and mentioned in despatches in 1941, and appointed CBE in 1967.

He married, in 1941, Letty, younger daughter of Lt-Col Sir Henry Stephenson, 1st Bt. They had a son and a daughter.

TONY NEWTON

Tony Newton started working for the High Court straight from school and worked his way up past highly qualified barristers doing the same job, to head the registry of the Family Division. Then, at 60, he retired to do what he liked doing best: brewing beer, rebuilding his house and messing about in boats on his beloved River Thames.

He was born at Teddington, Middlesex, and went to school at Westminster where he was an enthusiastic oarsman and grew to be the tallest boy in the school at 6ft 5in.

He sat the civil service entrance examination and was accepted in 1934 as a High Court registry junior executive in what was then the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

He enlisted in the Honourable Artillery Company in 1939 and served with it during the early part of the war. Bored with waiting for something to happen in this country, however, he then volunteered for a transfer to the Indian Army. As a major in the Artillery, based in Assam and then in Burma, he saw action until VJ-Day.

With the coming of peace he was transferred to the military police - no doubt partly because of his intimidating presence - and became the assistant provost-marshal for Ceylon, based in Colombo. There he met his wife Barbara, who was serving in the Wrens and they were married in the following year.

On returning to this country, Newton resumed his upward climb through the principal registry of what was to become known as the Family Division of the High Court. He became a registrar's clerk, then was made the registry's secretary, with responsibility for administration. Then in 1959 he became a registrar in his own right, dealing mainly in his chambers at Somerset

House with the details of divorce settlements - particularly the financial arrangements. Registrars were officially classed as "minor judiciary" and the work is in fact now performed by district judges.

Tony Newton was promoted senior registrar (in effect the head of his department) in 1972, and held the post for three years, frequently travelling round the district registry offices in the provinces on administrative business.

He retired in 1975 and was made CB in the following year. He then turned to his unusual special interests, which he listed in *Who's Who* as "beer, boats and building".

From The Times

GEOFFREY THOMAS WILLOUGHBY CASHELL

Mr Cashell was educated at Westminster School, London University King's College and qualified at King's College Hospital and became House Surgeon there. Because of family connections with it he took up Ophthalmology. He received his ophthalmic training at London, Edinburgh and Reading, and in 1933 became a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ophthalmology. In 1933 he became Honorary Ophthalmic Surgeon in the Reading and District Hospitals. In 1935 he founded the Reading School of Orthoptics. From 1942 to 1946 he was Ophthalmic Consultant to the Royal Air Force Medical Services, with the rank of Wing Commander. From 1948 when the Health Service began, until 1970 he was Consultant Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Reading and District Hospitals and Consultant and Advisor in Ophthalmology to the Oxford Regional Health Board. From 1970 to 1975 he was District Clinical Tutor.

His Academic Distinctions included: 1930 Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London. 1933 Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ophthalmology, Edinburgh. 1952 Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. 1976 An Honorary Fellow of the Royal Australasian College of Ophthalmologists. 1976 he received an Honorary Doctorate of Science from Reading University.

Those organisations which recognised him are: The Order of St John of Jerusalem of which he became a Knight in 1970. Reading Pathological Society of which he was President 1958-59. The Oxford Ophthalmological Congress of which he was Master 1967-68. The Worshipful Society of Apothecaries of which he was Master 1970. The Oxford Regional Health Board of which he was Chairman of the Medical Advisory Committee for many years. The Reading and District Hospital Management Committee for which he was Chairman of the Medical Advisory Committee again for many years. The British Orthoptic Board of which he was Chairman. The Faculty of Ophthalmologists of which he was Treasurer. The Ophthalmic Society of the United Kingdom of which he was a Council member. The British Medical Association. He was a Member of the Ophthalmic Group Committee.

He travelled widely and in 1959 he was the United Kingdom Representative at the New Zealand and Australasian Ophthalmological Congress. He also travelled to many European and North American Eye Meetings, representing his country at them.



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OLIVER BERNARD'S 'GETTING OVER IT'

Old Westminsterers are hardly a conventional lot. **Oliver Bernard** (1939-41, HB) is unusual even by OW standards. A Communist street orator who volunteered for the RAF, an avid heterosexual who tried to become a rent boy, a notable translator of Rimbaud and Apollinaire who shovelled coal in New Brunswick, stowed away on North American freight trains and slogged his guts out at East Greenwich gasworks, he has led a life that was well summed up in the early Eighties when he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Poetry Society for verse speaking and jailed shortly afterwards. Say what you like about him – in writing his memoirs he has no shortage of material.

That's one of the problems with *Getting Over It* (Peter Owen £16.50). At a hundred and sixty pages the book is too short for the life its author is trying to squeeze into it. The story gets blurred, with hundreds of characters given little chance to come alive. Moreover Bernard is less concerned to write a lucid autobiography than "to spit out and try to make sense of a great deal in my past that I couldn't digest." The result is a book that is often ruminative to the point of dithering. "These memories," he notes with his usual candour, "are not so much confused as disordered."

But not to worry. There are sapphires in the mud – and the ten or so pages devoted to Westminster will strike a chord in the minds of many. The usual suspects are rounded up: **Tony Benn** (1938-42, BB), **Michael Hamburger** (1937-41, BB), **Donald Swann** (1936-41, KSS) and **Freddie Hurd-Jones** (1935-40, BB); Hurd-Jones connoisseurs may find themselves laughing aloud. Bernard has fond memories of

canoeing on the Adur (he knew only the evacuated Westminster) and of sloping off to Brighton with his only close friend at the school, **Michael Nesbitt** (1939-40, HB). His account of their closeness is touching, though also odd: he says Michael was the son of the actor Tom Nesbitt and merely the nephew of the famous actress Cathleen, beloved of Rupert Brooke. *The Record of Old Westminsterers* says Cathleen was Michael's mother and his father was the barrister Cecil Ramage, long the oldest living ex-President of the Oxford Union. Be that as it may; pedantry pales beside this account of early estrangement from a loved friend.

Like his infamous brother Jeffrey, Oliver Bernard could claim that his real university was Soho, and he writes with energy of Soho denizens famous and obscure, including the critic **John Raymond** (1937-40, BB) whom he found "impossible to dislike". His teachers at Westminster get no such unequivocal praise. He recalls with pleasure the way **John Carleton** (1922-27, HB; Staff 1932-41, 1945-70; Under Master 1949-57; Head Master 1957-70) "cheerfully greeted one with Cockney-derived urbanity: 'Mwotcha!'" but mutters darkly about his "later corporal punitiveness". **J.T. Christie** (Head Master 1937-49; Staff 1967-69) beat him not only for stealing ten shillings (fair enough) but "for eating toffee in his divinity lesson", and presented everyone with a copy of his book *The Personality of St Paul*, the cost of which may have been added to the term's bill.

Bernard's time at Westminster ended in a welter of punishment, diphtheria and shortage of money. "I was never quite sure whether I'd been expelled or asked to leave." His memoirs end just as abruptly

with his incarceration in Norwich Prison, his CND beliefs having led him to commit criminal damage at a number of RAF bases. Probably no two readers will feel the same about what David Wright in the *Spectator* called "this lucky-dip of a book . . . all told with easy humour and in easy prose", but more than a few Old Westminsterers may find their bosoms returning an echo to one of Bernard's musings: "Life at school seems . . . to have lasted far longer than it did . . . My few terms at Westminster seemed like years and years."

The Editor is very grateful to all his contributors and hopes that all OWWs, wherever they are, will keep his post bag plump and overflowing!

– LATE EXTRA –

THE 1st XI TOUR TO AMSTERDAM 1993

In August 1993 Jeremy Kemball and Colin Staplehurst led a squad of fourteen prospective football players to Amsterdam, hoping to weed out a team for the forthcoming season. After an eventful ferry journey, during which we lost the skipper and Jeremy enchanted us with his saxophone anecdotes, we arrived at our hotel at 10.30am and caught two hours of well-earned rest. Fitness problems aside, training that afternoon went well and, after a quiet night out, we went to bed buzzing with excitement at the prospect of the next day's big match.

The next day, after sampling a few of the local attractions, including art galleries and the tram system, we set off to the first match. Conditions could not have been better: the grass was perfect and the goal-mouths unblemished, remarkable considering it was half-way through the Dutch season.

The match however, was a different matter. D.C.O., a burly Dutch side, put five past our experimental defence, much to the dismay of the joint managers. Disappointment was due more to the injuries to four key players, than to the performance. Even with a makeshift ten man team, "Hammeey" Hammeed managed to score late on, which at least gave everyone something to smile about on the way back to the hotel. That evening, despite disabling injuries, we still managed to take in a music festival and an enjoyable meal.

At midday a severely depleted team departed for the Ripperda ground for a match against a local men's side. As we rolled up in the coach we expected a draw at best, if that. Fortune was to smile on us however, and a Kemball injected team went on to record a dramatic 4-3 victory. Goals from Godfrey and Hammeed gave us an early lead, but after our keeper made a hash of dealing with two crosses, Godfrey and a late Venini strike finally clinched it. Celebrations ensued, marred only marginally by skipper Karmali's inability to climb the stairs to the club bar.

After a sparkling dinner at one of Mr Kemball's favourite haunts and a final fling on the town, we retired late to the comfort of our hotel. The next day we returned to England full of hope for the season to come. Many thanks to Colin, Jezza and the insatiable wit of Tony the coach driver. A good trip was had by all.

