

The Elizabethan

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The Elizabethan *July 1978*

Editors Derek Freedman, Sebastian Secker Walker, Edward Smith.

Advertising Manager Duncan Matthews *Photographer* Vivian Woodell

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Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

Assistant Editorial

Though many of us at the School do not realize it, *The Elizabethan* as it appears today is substantially different from what it has been like in the past. The great innovation perhaps came with the break from a standard front cover (depicting the School's Coat of Arms) to ones designed by boys for each issue. The introduction of creative writing, discussion, play reviews and the drawings has been equally recent. This meant that the annual changing of Editors was more apparent than in the past: for now, each new magazine presents a different blend of the creative and the critical, at the same time as simply recording events at the School. Whereas previously the form of the publication was so precisely defined that no individuality could significantly emerge.

While we at the School may be in favour of the more liberal format such as exists today, we must bear in mind that our creative and artistic talents might not justify the priority that they have been given in recent issues, when viewed from the considered stance of the Old Westminster. That portion of our readership, the O.W.W.'s (incidentally outnumbering the readership in the school in the ratio six to one), have increasingly questioned this role of creativity in the school magazine. Many felt that a more consistent editorial should exist. So to meet their demands a master has been appointed permanent Editor, and we are merely his 'Assistant Editors'. Again, in this issue we have been asked to give more priority to articles of interest for O.W.W.s: such as the 'Profile of an Old Westminster' (which we hope to introduce as a regular feature) and the 'History of Cricket'. And indeed, in the past two issues our predecessors included similar articles extolling the golden days gone by . . .

But this is really as far as we can be expected to go. The School should look to the future, not merely bask in past

glory. We hope in this issue to have answered the requests of the Old Boys and remind them that for almost a century from its first issue their opinion was simply not taken into account. Effectively the magazine has become infinitely 'richer' as far as Old Boys are concerned. Between the Scylla of 'What's relevant for me?' from the O.W. and the Charybis of 'How do I benefit from this?' from the current Westminsters, we hope we have found articles of interest for everyone.

However we cannot subscribe to the Old Westminster view which has reached us about creativity in this magazine. Creativity, in any form, must be encouraged; the best deserves to stand as an example to others. In this respect if the Old Boys wish to present any criticism, if they are unimpressed, let them make some contribution, let us have some positive reaction, they need only send in their articles and pictures. But the magazine is an attempt to represent the attitudes and ideals of Westminster as it is today. We, as Editors, can only attempt to keep as closely to these principles as we can. We cannot hope to please everyone. Our only hopeful line of approach is to include as much variety as possible with the belief that somewhere everyone will find something to his taste. With this in mind we have searched for articles on school policy, short stories and poems, play reviews and other criticism as widely as possible. Some were forthcoming, some were not. But in the very brief time we have had to compile the magazine, it has somehow 'fallen together'. If we have, in it, failed your expectations as a reader, we would like to hear from you. Only in this way is it possible that, with time, the structure, layout and contents can change to cater adequately for the demands both in and out of the school.

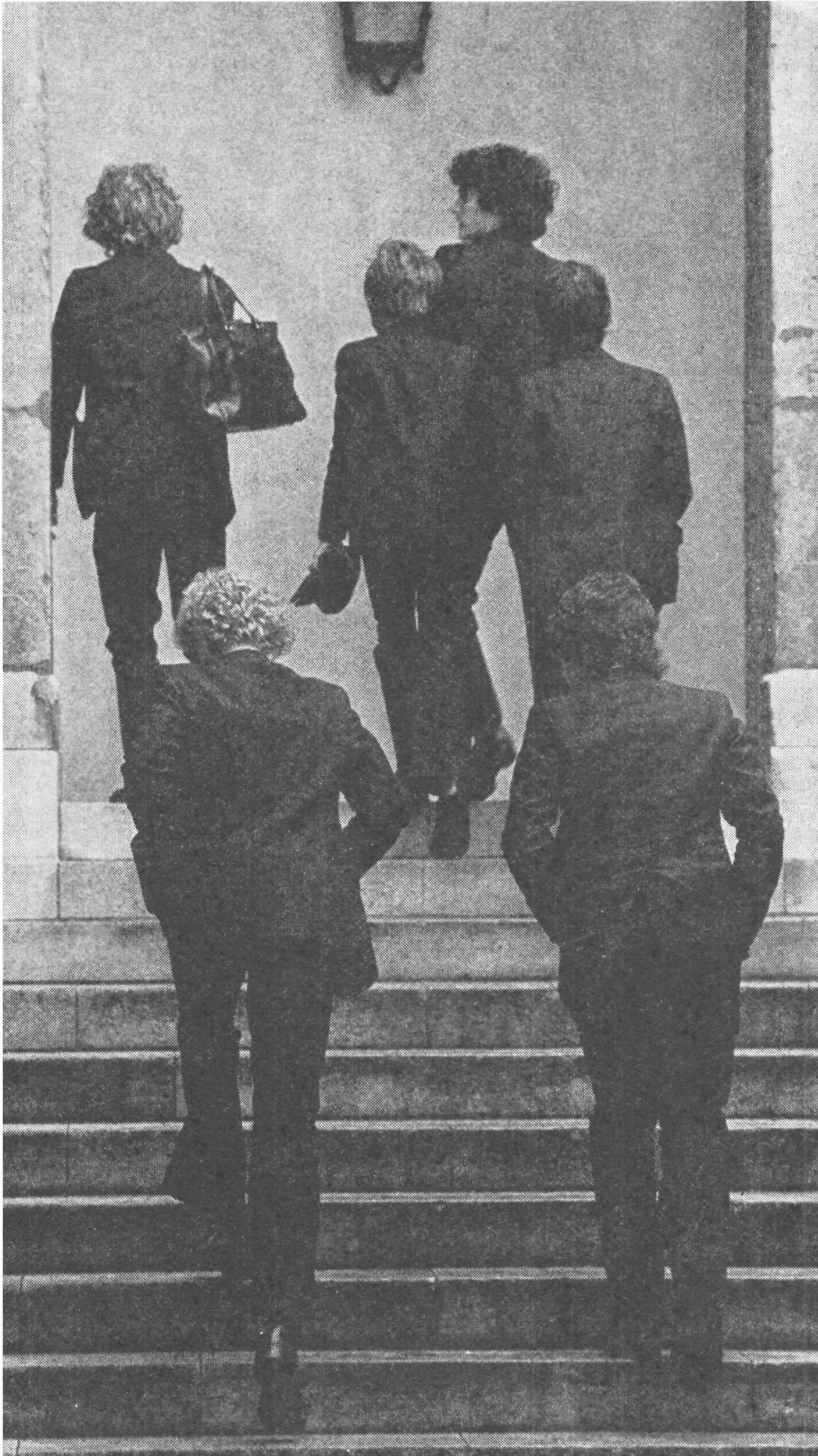
Derek Freedman
Sebastian Secker Walker

It Depends Where You Stand . . .

To the boys in Dean's Yard, Westminster is the School: to the tourists in Victoria Street it is the Abbey or the Houses of Parliament: to the Irish community it is the Cathedral and to the chap rushing to catch the 5.25 it is Victoria Station. Pimlico is one stop down the Victoria Line, where one gets off for the Tate. It is also the exit for hundreds of boys and girls who go to Pimlico School. This school is on the tourists' map too, as an educational establishment of arresting character. 'That greenhouse?' asks the taxi driver. An unknown growth, perhaps, to the boys of Westminster, peopled by rude youths who jeer as the 'snobs' leave Dolphin Square after a game of squash. From where I stand the reality is different.

Pimlico is a comprehensive school for some 1660 boys and girls who span the whole secondary age, the whole range of ability and the whole socio-economic gamut. Its youngest children are just 11, and the oldest 19. It is immediately easy then to recognize one difference: Pimlico has 600 boys and girls younger than the boys at Westminster. But when we talk about ability what do we mean? What kind of ability? Is it the ability to play the trumpet superbly; is it the ability to gain as in a clutch of Advanced level subjects; is it the ability to play soccer well enough to be chosen for Chelsea; is it the ability to paint a picture that is exhibited at the Guildhall and bought by the Queen Mother; is it the ability to teach younger children to read more fluently and with more understanding; is it the ability to win an Exhibition to Cambridge, or to dance at Sadlers Wells? At Pimlico it is all these things. No one boy or girl has all these abilities, but certainly everyone is likely to discover and cultivate skills and excellence in one way or another.

Speaking of excellence encourages me to look at Westminster through rose-



J. Beeston

coloured spectacles. I see its peaceful precincts under the wing of the Abbey, the elegance of its houses, the serenity of the Library. I admire its concern for a liberal education and I respect its pursuit of academic excellence in a relaxed, civilized achievement. I take it that the boys (and girls too now, in the Sixth) who go to the school are expected to respond to teaching and learning in an environment that takes the goal of aca-

demical achievement for granted. If a boy does not so respond, or indeed, if he prevents others from responding, he can be asked to pursue his education elsewhere. The young men and women leaving Westminster confidently expect to take their places at University, and use the resources of Oxford and Cambridge to live good, pleasant and interesting lives.

Pimlico, though as crowded as Picca-

dilly Circus on its concourse at break, is also marked by its relaxed atmosphere, as well as by its concern for individual achievement and development. For many Pimlico pupils, the route to adulthood, via University, is the same one. For others, individual enhancement lies in other directions. The comprehensiveness of a comprehensive school accepts that just as the world is peopled by men and women of every kind of skill and ability, so the school is organized to accommodate boys and girls from all backgrounds, of all abilities and attitudes. This means that there are some who do not, and cannot, respond to the kind of traditional teaching and learning that lead to recognized academic achievement. These boys and girls develop their independence, autonomy, awareness of how to lead good, pleasant and interesting lives a different way. This, of course, is what makes teaching and learning in a comprehensive school a demanding and rewarding kind of experience. We all gain insights into how people of different upbringing think, feel and act. We learn to take more than a cursory look at other points of view. We learn to accept difference and reconcile indifference. I suppose we begin to understand with our hearts, as well as our heads, that all human beings are human.

Pimlico started life in 1970, formed from 4 local schools, two of them grammar schools (Sloane for boys and Carlyle for girls); a technical school for boys (Ebury) and a secondary modern school for boys and girls (Buckingham Gate). It is hard for a school with a long and hallowed tradition going back hundreds of years to imagine what upheaval is caused when schools are uprooted and transplanted. It takes more than a greenhouse and a good gardener to get growth going again. 300 11 year-old boys and girls have joined the school each year since 1970. Of the present 220 in the Sixth Form, 130 pupils came to Pimlico in 1972 and 70 in 1971. Because Sixth Form numbers are rising, we shall have a smaller entry at 11 this September, when 255 children will come to the school, 15 of them incidentally children of particular musical talent. There is a waiting list, but unlike your Headmaster, I have no say in who comes (apart from helping to select the music entrants). Parents of children at primary school make a first (and second) choice of secondary school, and in the Westminster area roughly 90% get into schools of their first choice. All the pupils at Pimlico have named it first choice. This 'intake' is carefully proportioned to reflect the ability range of children of 11 in the whole area. For example, in September 1978, there will be 66 children of 11 in the top 25% of the ability range, 128 in the middle 50% and 61 in the remaining 25%. You will quickly gather how rough and ready these categories are when the so-called 'middle' range is as wide as 50%. The important thing is what we do with this entry, and what happens to

everyone as they move up the school.

First, we divide them into mixed-ability groups of 30, taking care to keep friends from the same primary school together and establishing groups that look as if they will work and play together well. The children are taught in mixed-ability groups for all the subjects on their timetable at this stage, though the group size varies from 16 or 17 for Design and Craft, and Art, 20 for Science and 30 for Humanities (English, History, R.E. and Geography), French and Maths. These groups are far too large, and we are reducing them yearly as space permits. Even now French and Maths, at least, have 4 teachers for each group of 90 children. Further, individual children are withdrawn from Humanities for coaching in reading, writing or general language. During these 2 years too, boys and girls go both to the Design and Technology workshops as well as to the Domestic Science and Needlecraft rooms. They do not have to choose between these pursuits until the third year, when they must make their minds up about taking Woodwork and Metalwork, or Home Economics and Needlecraft. The choice, incidentally, is not now based entirely on traditional sex preferences—some girls are choosing to go into the workshops and some boys are cooking and running up clothes on sewing machines. In the third year, too, English, French and Maths are 'setted' in teaching groups related to ability. Music and Drama join hands in half classes too, so there is good opportunity for theatrical performance and Music Theatre. For the 4th year and 5th year, all pupils build up an individual timetable. There is, of

course, a compulsory core of English, Maths, Community Education (a personal development programme taken by the form tutor), and Games or other activities. The 'options' programme then adds five more subjects. 3 languages or 3 sciences can be picked up now, and the subject combinations are endless. It is here that the curriculum, that is, what is on the timetable, reflects the variety and richness of a big school's programme. Apart from all the traditional academic subjects familiar to you, there are new subjects, such as Sport and Society, the Media, Child Development, Theatre Arts, Dance, and so on, all able to be taken to examination level. These certainly help to encourage the interest and commitment of youngsters for whom school at 16 could be a penance rather than a pleasure. A Communications Workshop helps support those 20 or so Fourth Formers who may still need very skilled imaginative teaching to help them achieve competence in English and general communication.

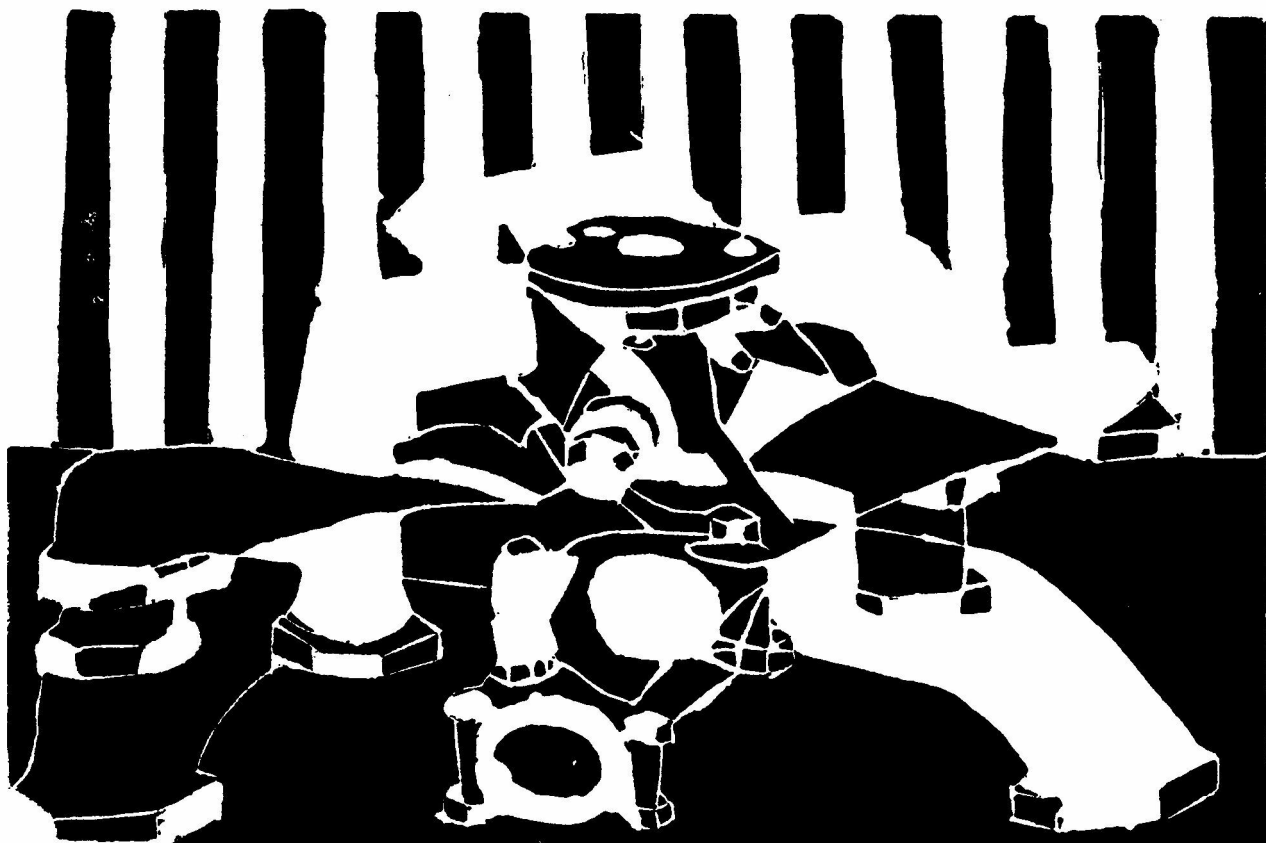
It is perhaps also worth saying here that more than twice the original 'top' 25% successfully take a full range of 'O' levels. In fact, very few pupils leave school without some success in public examination, either at 'O' or 'CSE' (that is, Certificate of Secondary Education) level, or a mixture of both. The Sixth is entirely open to pupils over 16, and again reflects the comprehensive nature of the school. At present, over 100 pupils are engaged in 'A' level studies, in a variety of combinations, from the 23 subjects taught. Further 'O' levels, the C.E.E. (Certificate of Extended Education!), vocational courses, some of them linked

with Colleges of Further Education, general and liberal studies make up the rest of the programme.

What then could these two schools learn from one another? What could they offer one another? The one well protected, long established, academically esteemed and fee-paying: the other open to the winds of Heaven, young, academically enterprising and a State School. Moving, as I did, one day from a Sixth Form group at Westminster who were studying *Paradise Lost* to a Sixth Form group at Pimlico reading *The Return of the Native*, was to join two groups of young people who are virtually indistinguishable, apart perhaps from the studiously casual dress of the Pimlicans. To walk along the Pimlico concourse is certainly an altogether more adventurous experience than walking through the Westminster cloisters. But could we do more than suggest casual visiting? Pimlico's orchestra, choirs and ensembles could perhaps stimulate the Westminster composers and instrumentalists. Westminster could perhaps invite to tutorials one or two 7th term Oxbridge candidates. Westminster boys could join the Advanced level Design and Technology group. Pimlico and Westminster pupils might learn Russian together and form joint audiences for visiting speakers.

I should like to hear what you think. In the meantime, remember that some pretty strong and exciting plants are growing in 'that greenhouse'.

Kathleen Mitchell,
Headmistress
Pimlico, May, 1978



D. J. Hoare

John Locke Society

Maread Corrigan:

The Ideals of the N.I. Peace Movement

Maread Corrigan questions the patterns of behaviour that often seem to have been sanctioned merely by their frequency; she does not believe that violence can be justified by its continual use throughout history. She sees its origin today, across the world, in the incompatibility of separate cultures. The tragedies of Northern Ireland are to her a specific and bloody case of an international conflict. The hate and mutual fear of Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland, and the violence which these produce, are repeated elsewhere; in the Middle-East, for example, or in South Africa and Rhodesia. Traditional divisions of cultures in countries such as these lead to traditions of violence, because neither group can communicate with the other and thus hope to understand the other's true motives. In Northern Ireland her organization brought traditionally hostile groups together to work out a dialectical analysis of the conflict; by talking, and recognizing the other side's right to its beliefs, a genuine and lasting compromise can be achieved. She argues for allowing and loving variety of cultures, each preserving its identity but willing to set up open relationships with others.

If violent conflicts arise through insufficient communication (which powerful governments, such as the American and Soviet, preserve), she openly admits that not only are conflicts of interests between groups or individuals inescapable, but may be desirable. Given communication and dialogue, the opponents will find a happier solution to their problems than an armed power struggle would create. A problem need not have one complete answer; most likely it will have several partially right ones. The violent men on both sides sought one solution, the subordination or extinction of the other. But the Peace Movement looks for as wide a range of answers as possible, which will satisfy all sides. In their governing council, which draws its delegates from small village organizations, former Unionists and Republicans, rich and poor, skilled and unskilled mix on an equal footing, they respect one another's right to exist, and look towards a society in which unity can peacefully be made from diversity. Such an aim is noble and worth striving towards, and the fresh, strong idealism of Maread Corrigan belittled those sophisticated members of her audience who said 'naive and impractical'.

Since we are brought up to believe in the validity of our system of party politics we tend to regard a group that contains a multiplicity of beliefs suspect and eccentric. But if we look closer, we find that a party may be a harsh cram-

ming together of different opinions. These may extend across traditional party barriers, but the system tends to thwart coalescence. The Peace People are sick of the false divisions in party politics; they seek to find the 'authentic Northern Irish voice', which can carry out what the people really want. Maread Corrigan is a revolutionary who wants to create peace by using peaceful means. For her, ends do not justify means, but rather of the means will determine the end; violence leads to more violence, but peace can only bring peace.

Francis FitzGibbon

A Letter

Sir,

In the last year, Green has been the subject of numerous discussions, in particular as to how far our privilege of playing on it extends. My point was made some little time back, so it will not be out of place to quote a few lines from the November number of the Elizabethan for 1907: 'It will not be out of place to quote a few lines from the October

number of the Elizabethan for 1875: "One grand advantage which Westminster now possesses, and has possessed from time immemorial over other schools, is the privilege of playing in Green, to which may be in great measure attributed the reputation we enjoy in the football world, and the success of several individuals."'

I hope this privilege is seldom removed from us as frequently as it sometimes is.

Best wishes,
Six Foot Ben

Dear Six Foot Ben,
Thank you for your letter, but don't think you're so smart. We editors, looking through our back issues have come up with another relevant quote from the Elizabethan of December 1874. 'Ancient myths point out that all football matches are said to have been played in Green till very recent times; so we may regard it as certain that there was once grass in Green'. Surely in these times of uncertainty and change, we should cling to at least this one aspect of our heritage and ensure that the grass grows on for ever.

The Editors



C. Duffell.

Interview with Simon Gray—(OW 1949-1953)

We talked to Simon Gray, one of Britain's leading contemporary playwrights, in his study at Queen Mary College in East London where he is a lecturer. Born in 1937, he moved to Montreal during the war to live with his grandparents, but returned to England some years later to receive a prep. school education. He entered Westminster in 1949 and studied at Cambridge before taking up his present post at Q.M.C. in 1965. He now lives with his family in Highgate and commutes to college every day. His most successful play to date is *Otherwise Engaged* which swept most of the available theatre awards of 1977, he also wrote *Dog Days*, *Butley*, and his most recent play *Rear Column*. The latter terminated its London run after only a few weeks.

Q: How did you spend your time at Westminster?

A: Well I was in Wrens, and studied History in the sixth form with Charles Keeley—I believe he's still there isn't he? History was considered a more disreputable version of Classics: but those were the only choices in those days. Apart from that I wrote the usual poems, and played a lot of soccer and cricket. My great achievement was that I broke the Under 14½ long jump record, which I still take pride in. On the other hand, I never acted at school—or since for that matter. I didn't write plays either until much later, after University in fact.

Q: Tell us a little about your life before you came to Westminster.

A: Well, when I was 4 or 5, the war started, my brother and I went to live with my grandparents in Montreal. We went to a state school where we were pretty systematically beaten up, and so in our turn, we, my brother and I, joined a gang—I was smoking cigarettes pretty heavily at the age of 8 or 9 and beating up other kids. When we finally got back to our parents, I think they were pretty horrified. After this rather shady background, Westminster was an excellent school to go to. I was extremely lucky in my Housemaster, Stephen Lushington, whom I know has left: an extremely sympathetic, imaginative man.

Q: Is there any particular incident which stands out among your memories of Westminster besides winning the long jump?

A: Oh well that, of course, was one of my golden moments. Well, one thing I remember was being involved in a series of daring robberies on the underground. What happened then, you see, was that if you put in a florin and ha'penny for a sixpence ha'penny ticket, you got one and sixpence change, you see. Very cumbersome. But three of us discovered, quite by accident, that if you put in a Georgian penny and a ha'penny, you still

got one and sixpence and a ticket. And you could buy Georgian pennies for tuppence . . . so on the way to school and on the way back in the evening, we used to feed these machines with Georgian pennies and ha'pennies. When we were finally nabbed we had about £20 in sixpences.

Q: What happened to you?

A: Well, we had to appear in the juvenile court and that stuff, you know; and the school took an extremely sympathetic line, in fact it was never mentioned—pretty remarkable, since I would have thought that at 98% of schools in those days one would have been expelled.

Q: What were the key problems the school faced in those days: alcohol, smoking, or what?

A: Well, there was a bit of drinking, I suppose the main problems were the traditional public boarding school ones—homosexuality and over vigilance. Generally the atmosphere was extremely nice: it was a very relaxed school.

Q: How did you start writing plays?

A: Well, one of my short stories, which I wrote just after I left University, was bought by the B.B.C., and they asked if they could adapt it. I found that whoever adapted it would get more money than I got for selling it, so I said I would

adapt it myself. It was very easy, because most of it was written in dialogue anyway. I then wrote several plays for television, one of which was considered blasphemous and unsuitable, and instead it was bought by a theatre producer. Everything followed from there.

Q: How do you set about writing plays?

A: I start with a line of dialogue, and just carry on from there. Either the subject matter evolves or it doesn't. Generally I write about 60 or 70 versions of a play. As soon as I have finished one play I feel that I have to start another one. It's a habit.

Q: What is the greatest problem about writing a play?

A: Finishing it in my case: it takes me a long time to finish a play. But there is a lovely moment when it's finished which lasts a couple of days. It's a golden moment, when the play's finished, and you know that it's as good as it'll ever be . . . but then one realizes that one has to start writing another. It is compulsion, like my smoking.

Q: How important are 'dramatic moments' in your plays—such as in *Otherwise Engaged* when the young writer takes off her top? Do you think a play needs 'eye-catching' moments like

V. S. Woodell



this to sustain it?

A: No, I simply thought there was something quite funny in the idea of a girl taking off her top and then acting precisely as she would have done if she hadn't—I thought it presented a very interesting challenge to the central character. The play was basically about the way he coped with different situations, and I thought that was quite an interesting one for him to deal with. I'd no idea what he was going to do—in fact, I didn't actually think: 'Christ! I must write a scene in which a girl takes off her top'. What actually happened was that I wrote a sentence in which it became quite clear that she had taken her top off, which meant that he was as surprised as I was.

Q: Does any of your own character or those of friends from Westminster come out in characters in your plays?

A: No, not my own character, but I suppose characters I have known in the past must be in there somewhere. I'm not aware of any, though.

Q: Do you ever find that you're working on several plays at once?

A: Yes, I had five plays going at the same time once: *Otherwise Engaged*, *Dog Days*, 2 T.V. plays and *Rear Column*, over a period of 6 or 7 years.

Q: Do you feel that your time at the College is getting in the way of your writing?

A: Yes, sometimes. I don't know whether it's a good discipline to be forced to break it off: it depends whether I'm enjoying it that week. If you're going to go on writing a play you have to keep at it, so it means that I spend 4 or 5 hours a day writing and it's quite nice to get out and meet people. One of the boring things about writing is that you're quite by yourself for long stretches of time. I've got a family, but one still likes to see others.

Q: Have you ever considered devoting your life to the theatre?

A: Occasionally, but I'm staying here out of habit, I suppose. When I left school I went to University in Canada, then in France, and then to Cambridge. Then I got the job here, another University.

Q: Do you think theatre depends, to some extent, on 'whom you know'? Is there the problem of contacts when getting a play on?

A: No, not really. I think it probably is in certain areas of the theatre, but it's not in what you might call the central, commercial line, because no producer's going to risk money and backing, and no actor's going to risk his career with a play unless he wants to do it.

Q: *Rear Column's* failure was clearly a disappointment. Do you feel tempted now to revert back to the more successful style of, say, *Otherwise Engaged*?

A: One goes on writing plays. The fact that *Rear Column* was a failure was inevitably a great disappointment to me, as it involved a lot of hard work; it also meant that five extremely fine actors

found themselves unemployed. But you don't have much control over the way you write; the way you write is the way you write, from within yourself. I can't change that.

Q: But *Rear Column* was to an extent an experiment—I mean it was different in style to your other plays, wasn't it?

A: It wasn't experimenting: it was just another play. People don't remember very far back actually in the theatre, and just because the last two plays I had written—*Otherwise Engaged* and *Butley*—were sort of successful West End semi-comedy, this was therefore what people thought I wrote. This isn't in fact true. If anyone were to investigate what I'd written they'd see that there are ten other plays of mine, and they are all to some extent different from each other.

Q: Then what went wrong with *Rear Column*? Was it an injustice that it should fail?

A: Yes. It's by far my best play, to the extent that I don't think I'll ever write another play quite as good. I mean, I know there's nothing more boring than writers whining about reviews, but I think that the reviews were, on the whole, quite scandalously inept and slovenly (with one or two very honourable exceptions) and I think the production was actually hurt by that. I think it was a play that the public had to be encouraged to go and see, since there's nothing immediately appealing about five men stranded in the Congo: and they were positively discouraged. I mean the directing was scrupulous, absolutely faithful to the text. So was the acting. What more could one want?

Q: Reviews are obviously very important to a play.

A: They're very important to the plays' immediate life. I think *Otherwise Engaged*

was extremely lucky in its reviews, and I think *Rear Column* was extremely unlucky. You have finally to assume, however, they've killed the *Rear Column* off now, in five or ten years someone may want to do it again.

Q: Are critics becoming more powerful?

A: Well, yes, as the cost of productions has gone up, they have got more powerful in England. It means producers are nervous about productions, since they have to take into account the possible effect of reviews. In New York, the situation's much worse. The trouble with critics is they can't actually keep a show going, they can only stop it. Their influence to that extent is almost entirely negative.

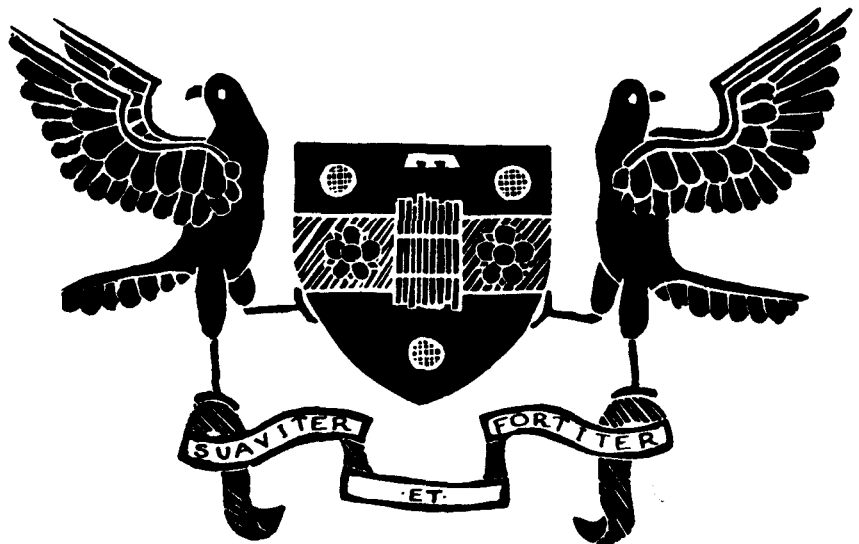
Q: Is any kind of criticism worthwhile?

A: Well yes, such as you get from genuine friends, those who are prepared to face you out over something you've done that they don't like. There are critics who can ponder and actually deliver a view that strikes you as being, however painful, to some extent right. But reviewers aren't critics. They offer opinions as news, and it's always easier to pull a play apart. As Churchill once said about the Hun: 'Either they're at your feet or at your throat'. Those are two very simple postures aren't they: I think it's equally true of some critics.

Q: Finally, have you any further ambitions? Are you happy to stay here at the college?

A: Well, as long as life flows continuously and interestingly. If you mean: am I quite happy to carry on being a lecturer and writing plays, just as long as I can go on writing plays, I'll be happy.

P. B. Rathbone



The Expansion of the School

An Introduction

In the two articles that follow, the Registrar and the Director of Studies discuss the reasons for and the implications of the expansion of the school. They are expressing a personal view but they touch on all the important aspects of the question. My task in this short introduction is to place the expansion in its historical and contemporary context.

The Registrar rightly reminds us that expansion is nothing new. Contraction would be nothing new either. Over the centuries the numbers in the school have risen and fallen as such factors as war and inflation, popularity and mismanagement have dictated the size of the intake. It is a myth that Westminster has always been a small school. In 1760 it was one of the largest schools in the country with 434 boys, larger than Eton and six times as large as Winchester which was in the doldrums. Yet by 1841 there were only 80 boys. It took 120 years for the school to recover from that nadir and reach again the figure for 1760. When one reads of this ebb and flow in Westminster's fortunes one is struck by an obvious fact that it is as well to remember to-day: whatever the difficulties posed by expansion they are as nothing compared with the problems of decline. We should at least be thankful that popular demand and economic pressure coincide.

In the contemporary context Westminster's recent expansion is not abnormal. Schools without endowment, faced with sharply rising costs have expanded when they could find the pupils. Harrow, for example, has expanded in recent years from 653 to 736. But of course the Director of Studies is right to point out that at Westminster there are restrictions of space so that we cannot continue to expand without making new space and facilities available.

I have no doubt that in the short run expansion puts pressure on the teaching staff. I say in the short run because the staff/pupil ratio does not adjust immediately to each increase in numbers. But it *does* adjust and in September 1978 it will be almost exactly the same as it was ten years ago. The reason for this delay in adjustment is that it is necessary to wait a year or possibly longer to see which academic departments are most in need of new staff. It is perhaps worth adding that the increase in teaching periods experienced by Westminster masters in recent years has also been experienced in comparable schools, whether they have expanded or not.

With these few introductory points I commend these views of the Registrar and the Director of Studies which I am sure you will find interesting and which highlight an important aspect of Westminster's development.

John Rae

Interview with the Registrar

Masters and boys are worried about expansion. What are your views?

I can understand that people are worried at the idea of expansion in the school. Since 1950 numbers have gone up by nearly 200 and in the last four years, by 40, from an average of 490 in 1974 to an average of just over 539 in 1978. If we put the expansion into perspective, it is clear that there has been a steady rise in numbers since the war, with one or two big jumps either way, and in the last few years this rise has accelerated. We are following the post-war trend but at a slightly faster pace. What is different now is that, whereas in the past, ten or fifteen years ago, a large increase in numbers, say fifteen, would pass un-noticed; such an increase now knocks against the present framework and structure of the school and we feel it: masters have a larger work load: the sixth forms on some sides are larger; some houses have more boys and girls in them. But this needs to be qualified. We have not reached the work-load of some state schools in terms of teaching periods and numbers in forms; looking back over the years at the size of houses, there has been a decrease in the number of boarders and in some cases of total numbers. It was not unusual then to teach a modern language A level form of 20, which

was unsettled, nor to have a corps of nearly 300 boys run by four or five masters, and in the lower school, records show some classes of 27.

I ought to add that parents often comment on the spaciousness of the school as I take them round—there is a quietness and peace about the place which is impressive, especially when we are in search of classes. A recent survey of all the buildings in the school revealed some empty or little used areas.

In spite of this, it is probably true to say that we have reached, or will reach, in a year or two, the 'crunch' point, physically and psychologically. I mean by this that some parts of the present framework (which defines our quality of life), will not stand an increased pressure of numbers, and that to face expansion, we shall need to adapt, to be flexible and face change, some of which will be uncomfortable compared with the past.

Is there any need to change, need we expand numbers? Why can't we stop still with our present numbers or even fewer? What is wrong with the past?

There is nothing wrong with the past, but we do live and move in time. I must point to significant inflation and a gradual shift from boarders to day boys, limited opportunities to cut expenditure in a time of inflation and not enough capi-



Ruth Mace

tal to buy time—on the last point, some people would consider it dangerous to buy time with capital on a once only basis as you may more than double the amount to be made up in the following years—these facts explain our situation.

We are a school that takes 95% of its income from fees—only a tiny part from other sources—therefore a rise in the cost of things hits fees and numbers directly. The increased costs will approach £100,000 if inflation continues at over 7% this year. (Recent statistics and forecasts suggest that the government is perhaps optimistic in its view that it will hold on to 7%.) Now, to cover this extra sum, which increases annually, we could increase the fees and nothing more—but we face competition in the London area, particularly from day schools. If we increase the boarding fee too much, we shall accelerate the decrease in boarders. There must be a compromise between increase in fees and increase in numbers.

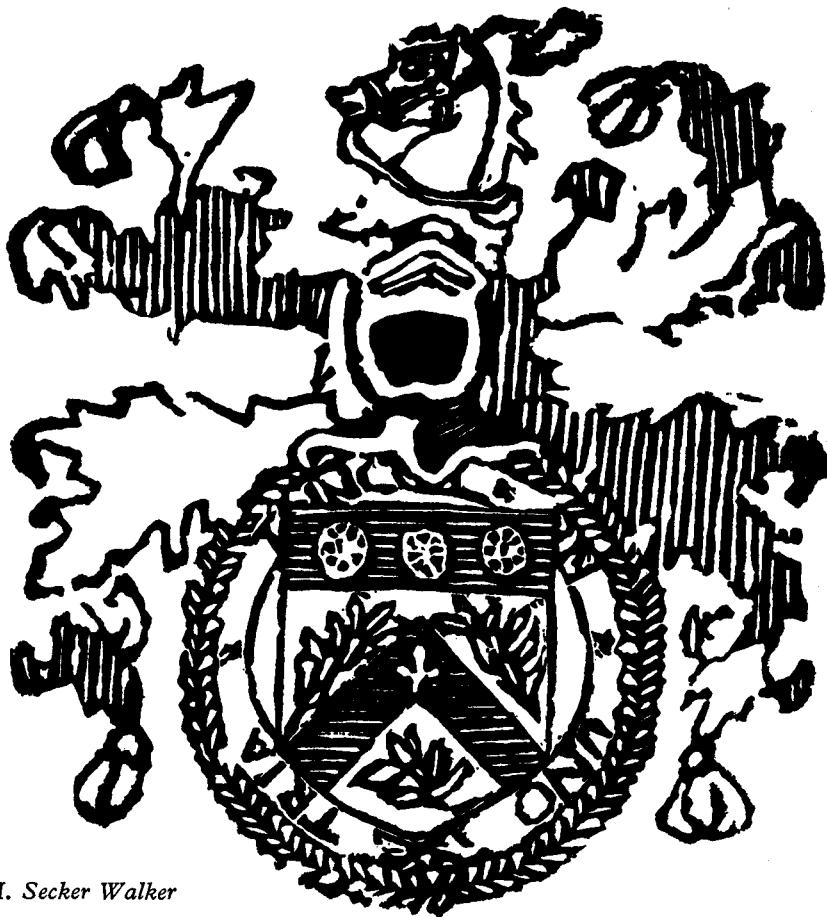
The decrease in boarders provides problems. A balance such as we now have between day boys and boarders, is very desirable, but it is a costly business. More serious is the fact that to bring in the same income that two boarders provide we need slightly more than three day boys. We are bound to increase numbers just to stay where we are, to stand still, but we have to cope with inflation as well. If there were no inflation at all, we could not stop still. To counter a loss of boarders and inflation increases, we need to put up fees and take in an extra ten to fifteen boys and girls a year (a yearly average).

You mention girls. What part do they play and why cannot we expand the number of girls?

They play an essential part. They keep up academic standards—there is no doubt about this. We would not have been able to expand and keep up these standards by concentrating on the 13 plus entry. Not only do they give us fresh energy and a fresh approach, but also they will do us proud in the academic world. I hope they do not feel in a minority. We cannot increase the number without running up against the Sex Discrimination Act, as far as it applies to education. This seems to be a thorny problem and we feel we must play safe at the moment, that is the expert advice.

Are there other forms of expansion the school is considering?

We are always looking for fresh 'pools' of intelligence and one obvious area is the 11 plus. We shall find boys here, caught between the state and the independent systems with nowhere to go. We do not wish to rob prep. schools but to encourage boys who have been at primary schools and have to leave at 11. Most London independent schools have an 11 plus entry. There is a lot to be said for having some of these bright boys under our wing, to teach them for two years at our pace, to enable them to use our facilities. I am told the demand on day prep. schools is



S. M. Secker Walker

considerable. Without being unfair to others, there should be a market for the 11 to 13 year-old for whom there is simply no room in prep. schools, or for those who cannot fit easily into the prep. school system from primary schools and yet are very intelligent. I have talked to some of these children with very high I.Q.'s indeed and delightful children they are. They, too, would do us proud.

Another area is abroad, most of all in our Common Market. To have boys and girls from Europe is surely essential if we are to build a better understanding of each other than we have now. Surely we must move away from an insular outlook and an insular education. I do not mean that we should be an artificial or superficial international school—but that there should be room and a welcome for children, with different roots, whose intelligence will stimulate us in many ways. Such forms of expansion will make demands on us, because we will have to rethink our attitudes and our values. Personally speaking, I have not taught 11 year-olds for the last 25 years. I would think it exciting to start again, even in middle age!, even if it were to be very demanding. Such expansion of effort seems worthwhile.

Finally, what about the future? What do you see happening in the next few years?

Boarders may come back, inflation may go down, we may be able to cut expenditure significantly. I hope so, but there are no signs of this, so I must put forward what I think is more likely to happen.

Controlled expansion, a balance between a rise in fees and a rise in numbers,

an attempt to cut expenditure without cutting quality too much, introducing new ways of bringing in revenue, the most interesting one being the use of the school during the holidays. A school in the 600 plus range, a school looking for new areas of intelligence, particularly in the 11 to 13 range and from Europe. A thorough and expert examination of space and its use. The purchase of a building to expand the Under School, helped by an appeal. Much more use to be made of I.S.I.S. (Independent Schools Information Service), to give a better service to parents. Closer working relationships with our brother and sister schools in the area, with an information service working in Europe).

But all these suggestions are merely probings and skirmishes to buy us time, to give us a fatter belly, ready for the real battle to come. Changes in the state system have helped us, too, but if the state system does not work, there is no fruitful future for any of us. The comprehensive system will have to work, and there is the strong possibility that it *will* in the next ten years or more, when young level headed and strong masters and mistresses move up to the top of the educational world. The question is then—What place has the independent school, when the state system works? What are the positive reasons for independence? Is independence more important than anything else? What practical measures must we take to ensure independence? We may criticise a state system, when it is young and weak. What happens when it is strong?

The Director of Studies' Point of View

'Wine maketh merry, but money answereth all things,' says the preacher in Ecclesiastes. Any merry-making that goes on in private education these days is necessarily attended by the question: 'How much does it cost?' Money is inexorable. Both the idealist and the gentleman, types abundant in independent schools, who have tended always either to dismiss money or to consider it not decently mentionable, have had to settle for a new frankness and admit its primacy.

Westminster is an interesting and unusual entrant in the survival stakes because its strengths and weaknesses are curiously superimposed. First, we have little in the way of property and endowments. While this is a happy protection against crooked or incompetent bursars or headmasters and rapacious governments, it means that there is no nest-egg for lean times, and no subsidies for fees. Secondly, the balance of boarding and day education, which many find one of the school's chief attractions, is dependent upon our ability to preserve the ratio pretty exactly, and so is vulnerable to comparatively small economic and fashionable pressures among the parents who are our patrons. Thirdly, our site and buildings, which it is both a privilege and a pleasure to occupy, severely restrict our ability to expand, adapt, or compete with other schools in the provision of amenities. Physically there is no more space to be had—economically, re-development of our own buildings or acquisition of new ones in the area are punitive in relation to the gain.

This, then, is the general context in

Jackson



which the future of the school must be seen, and though my purpose in this article is to look at the issues that most concern a Director of Studies, academic organization and use of space, they are not fully intelligible in dissociation from that wider context.

'Expand or perish' seems both to sum up present policy and characterize general expectations for the future, so habitual has inflation and its practical consequences become. In ten years the school has grown by 25%. So far, this expansion has been absorbed within the bounds of the existing academic structure. In the Lower School, we work on a basis of 5 form or set units, each with a theoretical capacity of 24. In practice we aim for an average of not more than 22, in order to be able to take 30 Sixth Form entrants, mostly girls, rather than only 20. In the Upper School, we find that a year total of 135-140 enables us, in most cases, to restrict A Level sets to a maximum of 15, beyond which we feel it educationally undesirable to go. With 550 now in the school, continued expansion would cause considerable problems. If we add one more Lower School form, every academic department would need more manpower simultaneously—if we increase the size of the Upper School, either sets must rise above 15, or several more members of staff would again be needed (and they are VERY expensive).

Expansion in recent years has also had a number of observable consequences, regrettable in themselves and harmful to the quality of academic life. Staff are working much harder (a good thing too, you will say, especially since they are so expensive). In the good old days, 24 teaching periods a week was, in a gentlemanly sort of way, regarded as a reasonable work load. Increasing numbers in the school have, proportionately, outstripped increase in staff, so now the normal load is about 27 periods, and many are teaching 29 or 30. Larger forms, more marking and more preparation of lessons combine with more lessons to teach to place pressures on staff which makes it difficult for them to do the job as well as they would wish. There is less time and energy to devote to the needs of an individual pupil, or to the many non-academic areas of school life, the health of which is an important part of the health of the whole community. We find ourselves trying to do too much and doing it imperfectly; we find ourselves talking to people on the move: both a discourteous and a desperate sign.

Paradoxically threatened by expansion too are minority subjects. As the mainstream subjects—Maths, English, the Sciences, History—come under pressure of numbers, those subjects which are very properly integral to the curriculum of an



Kate Stebbens

academic school—Classics, German, Spanish, Russian—still do not attract a large following. We have learned that expansion in the Sixth form does not, alas, help to redress the imbalance of choice within the school, but only reflects and accentuates it.

A few reflections on space-local, that is, not cosmic. As numbers rise, it becomes harder to keep a balance between 'bread and butter space' studies, classrooms, day rooms, lavatories (every institution worries about lavatories)—and 'chocolate eclair space'—musical, theatrical, artistic, recreational, social, therapeutic. Now it is obvious that if parents chose schools only for their facilities, the bailiffs would be in at Westminster tomorrow. But I hope it is also obvious that to become obsessed with providing basic requirements for growing numbers at the expense of 'amenities' would seriously impoverish our lives. It is both a necessary and an opportune moment to challenge the endemic territorial and habitual instincts of an institution to discover if we can make better use of the space we have. Can we use house space during the teaching day? Classrooms in the evenings? Day boy space by boarders, when the day boys have departed? Can we make more versatile use of School? More ingenious use of cellars and attics?

Westminster's obvious limitations lead to the familiar conclusion that its flourishing now and in the future, depends upon its academic achievement and a more indefinable 'quality of life', something to do with cultural richness, individual attention, and decent human relations. It is my view that recent expansion continues to mount a serious challenge to all these highly prized possessions. Further expansion may, of course, be forced upon us, but I believe that, rather than accept it as inevitable, we should seek every possible means of holding the 13-18 structure of the school to its present size, by taking a very close look at how the money is spent, by trying to find ways of increasing our income from sources other than fees, and by expanding the 8+ and 11+ entry to the Westminster system. Other growth, I fear, will be degeneration.

Westminster Notes

We were indeed privileged to welcome Esmond Knight back to Westminster after some 50 years, when he returned to perform *The Archer's Tale* in the Lecture room one Wednesday in May. In a truly staggering hour of monologue he sustained great energy, freshness and magnetism while vividly recreating the battle of Agincourt. Mr. Knight who is 78 and is almost blind has toured England with this one man show among other achievements in his long and interesting career.

*

Nothing more has been heard from Mary Rose Richards, the lady from the B.B.C. who stayed at the school for a week in February. She was here to study the Westminster way of life as the possible centre of a documentary on an English Public School. She also visited Marlborough and Bryanston, although it seems that they know nothing more about the final outcome than we do.

*

Probably for the first and only time in their lives, the boys and girls in the school were called upon to take the place of bishops and archbishops in Westminster Abbey, one drizzly morning in May. The school was taking part in a practice run of the procession into Abbey, which will actually take place in August during the Lambeth conference, held here every ten years.

(Updated from the Elizabethan of July 1968)

*

Hurry, hurry, hurry!
Now is the time to take Oxbridge!
By the beginning of next year, 22 out of Oxford's 27 colleges will have become



fully co-educational, which constitutes a major swing in favour of places for girls. However there will be plenty of places for boys in the previously all-girl colleges, and we're told that it's well worth taking the risk of being one of the first.

*

The vicinity of the Pink room, along with four of Liddell's studies in the Hilary wing, is being rebuilt to accommodate a new school music centre. The builders are moving in during the summer holidays and will be out again in time for the start of the Lent term '79. The Housemaster of Liddell's will no doubt view the proceedings with some anguish as half of his House's single studies are demolished.

*

Grove Park in September 1977

No more happy coach trips
No more happy football games
No more happy hockey games
No more happy volleyball games
No more happy teas
No more Grove Park.

R. E. Ball (R, 1924-27) was awarded the C.B. in the January 1977 Honours' List.

*

David Barber (R, 1971-76) qualified for a short service commission in the 9th/12th Lancers, passing out at the R.M.A., Sandhurst this year.

*

In January 1978, David Macbeth Moir (1930-33, KS), was given the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws.

*

Rodney M. Barker (B, 1947-52) was earlier this year elected an Alderman in the city of Newton, Massachusetts.

*

Howard Chase (W, 1968-71) has been elected to a three year Research Fellowship at St. Johns, Cambridge, in Biochemistry.

*

Michael Dowding (KS, 1932-37) became President of the Metals Society in May.

*

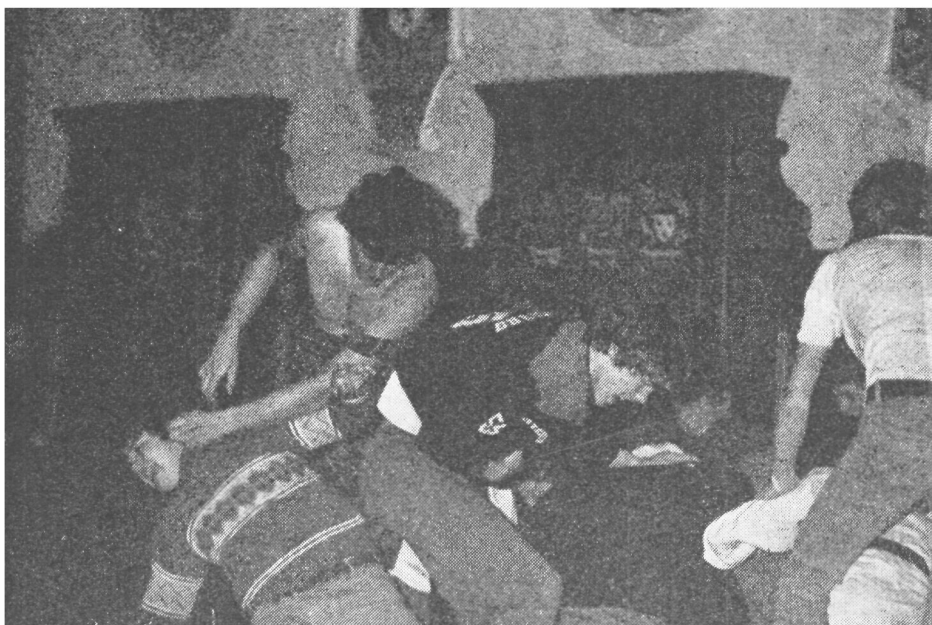
Lt. Julian Lyne-Perkis, R.A. (B, 1969-72) has been sponsored by the Army as an In Service Degree Officer to read Anthropology and Psychology at Durham.

*

Dr. Martyn Poliakoff (W, 1961-65) shares the Meldola Medal and Prize for 1976 awarded by The Chemical Society. He is currently Research Officer in the Department of Inorganic Chemistry, University of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*

David Seddan (A, 1969-73) was awarded the Quarrel Reade Prize in the summer at Exeter College, Oxford.



V. S. Woodell

The Editor would be pleased to hear of any news of activities of O.W.W. for possible inclusion in forthcoming editions. Any correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, The Elizabethan, Westminster School, 17 Deans Yard, London SW1.

U.S. Drama Tour

For us, the U.S.A., like their inimitable bubble gum, never lost its 'flavour': though on occasion we did find it slightly unpalatable. Our very first hour in N.Y. showed us plenty of the classic big cars and cool cops, and also the depressing, ragged, littered outer suburbs of the city. The last hours in N.Y. found us quietly eating our farewell in the shadow of Madison Square Gardens—a final hamburger and all the beer you could drink for \$2.50. Our three weeks in America, staying in some of the most privileged establishments in the country, taught us many things about this vast country, and produced in us a mixture of regret and relief on our return to England.

The aim of our visit was, primarily, to perform our four short Chekhov plays at various schools in New England. We were accompanied by a large group from Uppingham School, a mixed band of actors and technicians, students and teachers, who had four plays of their own. The initiator of the trip was Christopher Richardson, the director of drama at Uppingham, who, like Rory Stuart, our Master-in-charge, had spent a year teaching at Taft School in Connecticut—our first venue. One weekend late last term, the four of us had driven up to Uppingham to meet our fellow travellers and perform our British première before them: but as it turned out, a lack of publicity resulted in an almost empty auditorium: little encouragement at such a critical stage. Nevertheless, all thoughts of English apathy were forgotten when, one early morning in March, we met at Gatwick Airport, all prepared for our storming of the States.

Our view of American Schools was strictly limited; we visited the Etons, Harrows and Westminsters of their educational system: namely Taft, Milton Academy, Phillip, Exeter Academy and Hotchkiss. Our immediate impression was that of awe, at the million dollar theatres, sports complexes and libraries, not to mention the food. We were also struck by the friendliness and warmth of the pupils within these lavish surroundings, seemingly detached from the hardship and realities of life. Exeter, reputedly 'the best in the country', was the supreme example of the 'prep school' educational dream: a drama complex of 3 theatres, 30 tennis courts, 2 ice-hockey rinks, 3 gyms, a library outstripping most English Public Libraries, as much as you wanted of any kind of food at meals . . . It was also a highly academic, very pressurised place where sleep was one of the few luxuries not easily available. But the choice of courses did include painting a mural of a subway-train—an art graduation project—and a drama group which moved from experimental

workshop exercises to very professional productions.

Such courses did seem very successful and practicable except that they must be extremely difficult to grade in any real sense. However, they were a bold example of the forward looking atmosphere we found at all schools: at Taft, where a scholarship scheme has been successfully introduced, financed by old alumni, which enables a high proportion of poorer children to attend; at Hotchkiss, where school news is recorded on video tape and run continuously in the hall; or at Milton Academy where what used to be two separate schools is being gradually phased into a single, co-ed school. At Exeter students run an internal radio station with such success that record companies subsidize it on the grounds of good publicity; and parties and dances that are organized out of school hours are

was simply to be a leisurely glimpse of southern drawls and tobacco plantations, we were quickly told otherwise. A cool '7 performances in 3 days' had been laid on for us, and before we knew it, we were jolting around in the back of a pick-up truck, along with our various props. By the end we had become so versatile that we could have performed on the counter of a waffle bar and so tired that we literally fell asleep whenever given the opportunity! But our time in the south was, without question, the most memorable. Bill Carr, who took charge of us throughout, managed to occupy every spare moment of our stay with visits to local sights or the theatre or dinner parties. In the south, we sensed the existence of a real community: with the Reynolds family (founders of Winston and Salem cigarettes) at the top, living in unashamed luxury, surrounded by great



not plagued by the apathy or cynicism that they would be if attempted here. One difference in school regulations was the attitude towards alcohol: a drinking offence could lead to expulsion, while smoking was positively endorsed (butt rooms at all schools and smoking in studies at Hotchkiss). On the other hand, since all you can drink is coke, is it surprising that most of them smoke hash regularly?

We got a very different view of American life when we split from the Uppingham party and left the cold grey skies of Boston (where lumps of snow were still heaped on the ground) for the fragrant warmth of North Carolina, which was in the height of spring and blossom. This fantastic detour was kindly financed by the drama committee at Wake Forest University, Winston Salem. However, if we had imagined that this 4 day excursion

art, and dominating local Government posts; a broad, contented span of middle classes below that; the black community at the bottom. But in the timeless setting of beautiful southern houses and flowers, who was to dispute justice and equality? All too soon, it was time to catch the plane back to Boston, and rejoin the Uppingham contingent.

Everywhere we stayed we met unfailing hospitality: whether in families connected with the school, or actually in the dorms, with students. Around the schools, friendly smiles of acknowledgment greeted us; audiences rose to standing ovations; we were given presents when we left—it made us wonder how well such kindness would be repaid if Westminister were ever to play host to a corresponding party from the States . . .

This, of course, led to the question: 'Would I like to live there?'

Only at this stage did we really begin to question our enthusiasm about the many attractive features of the States: not least the blatantly high standard of living. Firstly, we realized, they do not enjoy nearly the level of entertainments we are blasé about in London: theatres, concerts, art galleries, historic buildings . . . Even 18 channels on T.V. (most of which is cartoons, game-shows and commercials anyway) can hardly compare with all this. The only professional play we did see (*As You Like It* in Boston) seemed to focus around some cuddly toy shop, brought on to amuse the audience during the long speeches.

The principal recreation is eating, in the numerous coffee shops, ice-cream

parlours and hamburger joints (few pubs, remember): obesity is widespread . . . outside school, there is not a lot to do. Life could, we saw, become very dull.

On the other hand, we saw our share of sights: Boston, Yale and Harvard, New England villages, the cigarette factory in Winston Salem, Salem, Mass. where the 'witches' were burnt, and of course New York. All this, combined with a genuine insight into American lifestyles in and out of school, was a most enriching and memorable experience. Our thanks to Rory Stuart and all those in America who made it possible.

Nicola Shaldon
Sebastian Secker Walker
Alan Phillips

Easter in Russia

This March, Westminster's Russian 6th Form (Robert Lemkin, Jonathan Kampfner, Philip Lowe and myself) and our teacher Ann O'Donnell joined another twenty-three students from all over Great Britain, on a two week educational tour of Moscow, Kalinin and Leningrad.

Our first sight of the Soviet Union was the Moscow (Sheremetivo) airport after a 4½ hour journey by Aeroflot. The airport was similar to those of the 1950 films where defectors step off the plane 'behind the Iron Curtain'. Powerful spotlights were reflected off the shiny wet ground and guards stood sternly around the buildings. We had to go through the usual formalities of customs and we had to fill in a declaration form. As we were in a fairly large group, our luggage was not checked.

Our hotel turned out to be no different from any European hotel. It was situated in the outskirts of Moscow, in Lenin Hills, but it was easy to get to the centre by Underground.

Throughout the six days we stayed in Moscow, we kept to a fairly regular pattern: in the morning, we would have a two hour Russian lesson, taught by one of the Russian tour leaders. After lunch, we would go sightseeing and in the evening, we sometimes went to meetings with young Russians, and occasionally, to the circus or to a play.

In the afternoons we managed to visit Red Square, St. Basil's Cathedral, the Kremlin, Lenin's tomb where his preserved body is visible to the public, the Underground system, the park of National Economic Achievements of the Soviet Union, an Art Gallery and the famous Gum Department store which is really a very busy crowded shopping arcade. As far as shopping is concerned there were only delicatessens or the tourist shops where the Russians are not allowed in, as everything is paid for in foreign currency. Also, things that can be bought in Russian shops cost about four times there as much as these tourist places.

The most fantastic sight in Moscow is probably the Kremlin. Within the walls, there are churches with the typical Russian golden domes, which did make up for the cold wet weather we had there. Leningrad, we thought was much more beautiful, and our feelings about this were influenced by the improvement of the weather.

Our next stop was Kalinin. This is an industrial town on the river Volga some hundred miles north of Moscow. We had originally planned to stay here for a week, but this was cut down to only three days, as it was thought that we should see more of Leningrad.

As far as history is concerned, Kalinin is not fascinating, and is only worthwhile because of its XVIIIth century architecture. The main purpose of coming here was to get away from the tourists

Chekhov Farces—A Review



Perhaps the most polished production of the past two terms has been the collection of four Chekhov farces which was presented up School early in the election term. The high standard was, however, to be expected, as these were the plays which, throughout the holidays, had been touring schools in New England, and this was, after all, their fourteenth performance. Furthermore, they had the advantage of an adult director in Rory Stuart, and three of the school's best actors; so small and versatile a cast cannot have faced many of the problems that hamper pupil-run productions.

As to the individual performances: Sebastian Secker Walker was certainly energetic throughout; though in *The Proposal* one sensed that his farcical characterization was a little under ambitious. However, he played his rôle as *The Bear* with far greater feeling, and was genuinely impressive. Alan Phillips was highly entertaining, first as a nervous hypochondriac, and then during a brilliant piece of mime which held the audience entranced for a full 10 minutes during *Tragic Role*. Nicola Shaldon

managed to portray some real twinges of tragedy amidst the wild humour of *The Proposal*, and also provided a magnificent contrast to Sebastian, later, as the aloof widow in *The Bear*. It can only be a mark of the standard of acting in this play that one should be tempted to look further and question the realism of the plot.

We also witnessed Rory Stuart, making his debut on the Westminster stage as an ineffectual flunky in *The Bear*; and that of Tim Montagnon, a visiting master from Uppingham, who had taken part in the American tour, and delivered a memorable monologue at the end called *Smoking is Bad for You*, in which he wavered, spellbindingly between extremes of comedy and tragedy.

Whether the energetic style of Chekhov appeals to one or not, these plays must surely stand as an example of how much more satisfying a small, well directed, and polished production is than many of the more diluted forms of drama we have grown accustomed to at Westminster.

Simon Target

and to meet more Russians, which indeed we did. We also went to a Russian play called *Natalia* by a modern playwright; it may well have been very good but none of us understood very much.

When we visited a printing factory of children's books, one of the books we saw being printed was A. A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*.

Our final stop was Leningrad. We stayed here for six days. Of the three cities we stayed in this was the most beautiful in our opinion. Leningrad, 'The Second Venice', is indeed very similar to Venice except that the former gave the impression that it was far more rich. The buildings are more majestic than in Venice. We visited as much as we could in the time: the Peter and Paul Fortress; Nevski Avenue, the main shopping street, a war museum; and finally, the Hermitage, the famous Art Gallery. We were told that it would take 7 years to look through the whole collection, studying each painting for five minutes. We found one slight problem with the Hermitage; the architecture and decoration inside the actual building itself is so fantastic, that it was difficult to concentrate on the paintings.

At last, on the morning of the 7th of April, we returned to London by Aeroflot, via Copenhagen. It was interesting to notice the different opinions of the others on the trip. About half, mostly the 'O' Level students were not keen to return, whereas those who were studying at 'A' level could not wait until the next holiday.

Brook Horowitz

'Hey look, there's a car . . .'

'Over there, there's someone actually smiling, fancy that . . .'

'Where are the K.G.B. with their guns?'

Those were a few of the remarks made by an obstinate minority in our group of 30. They entered a totally new and vastly different country, full of scepticism and above all with a cynical approach to their stay, having made up their minds even before descending from the plane. But the majority of our rather wealthy group did not know what to expect and resolved to tour the Soviet Union with open eyes.

Obviously there is scope for much improvement in this vast land. The standard of living is so low, there is no vote, there is extremely little freedom of speech and there is harassment of dissidents. Everyone knows that. But I believe that the Soviet Union has started to improve politically and is now granting the people more opportunities, this probably since the 60th anniversary (last year). Personal freedoms are increasing, however slowly, foreign infiltration and involvement in Soviet affairs, especially the number of tourists in Moscow and Leningrad, is mounting incredibly and they have a great deal of scope to observe everything in the city. (We were allowed to go where we liked, when we liked, by any form of transport, and our Soviet guides showed interest but never asked too many questions.)

Another startling change observed by a member of our group, who had been

on a similar trip two years previously, was the rapid increase in all different types of material goods for everyone to purchase—but there were special shops for tourists, called 'Benoska shops', which displayed goods of higher quality and low prices. As one could only pay in foreign currency, it is very difficult and dangerous for a Soviet to purchase anything. These, I imagine, do cause resentment among Soviets, although the authorities deny it.

And with regard to the good points in this society, I have never been to a country where individuals' respect for each other is so great. People will come up to you in the street just wanting to be friendly and talk—about anything. They will go out of their way to help and even make you go in front of queues! We were entertained for coffee at theatres (by the actors themselves), at a House of Culture after a musical performance, at a school, at a book factory, at a circus—an endless list of hospitality, which I have never experienced here or anywhere else all within two weeks.

Although I do admit that there is an élite of party politicians who do enjoy special privileges, there is on the whole no class structure. The word 'employer' as against 'employee' is unheard of. A top musician will stop and talk to an old woman sweeping up the street. Most people there have had an equal opportunity to gain high positions and those with the drive and intelligence have succeeded. Phenomena, such as getting into a public post 'through the back door'; easily being able to enter Law School as an old Etonian; public schools; private health clinics and many other forms of unfairness do not, generally, appear in the Soviet Union.

However I would not like to live there—this is simply because there is, as I have explained, not enough personal freedom. But I am optimistic and I do think that those necessities in any society will exist there soon. The Government is clearly setting out to improve such values.

It is only after having visited this nation, and seeing the reality myself that I now realize how biased our opinion of it has become. For example, in *The Times* (allegedly such a fair and unbiased paper) we read such biased reports as: 'Only if we do consider what Soviet Communism has done will we be prepared to face this continuous and probing threat to the liberties of every nation.'

Perhaps if we were a little more ready to criticize the atrocities that do exist (though are always brushed over) within our own society—we have been taken to the Human Rights Court three times in 18 months—might we be more prepared to make concessions about the fact that the Soviet Union really does hold many laudable ideals, and is now striving to correct its fundamental problems.

We might be wise to do the same.

John Kampfner

The Kremlin



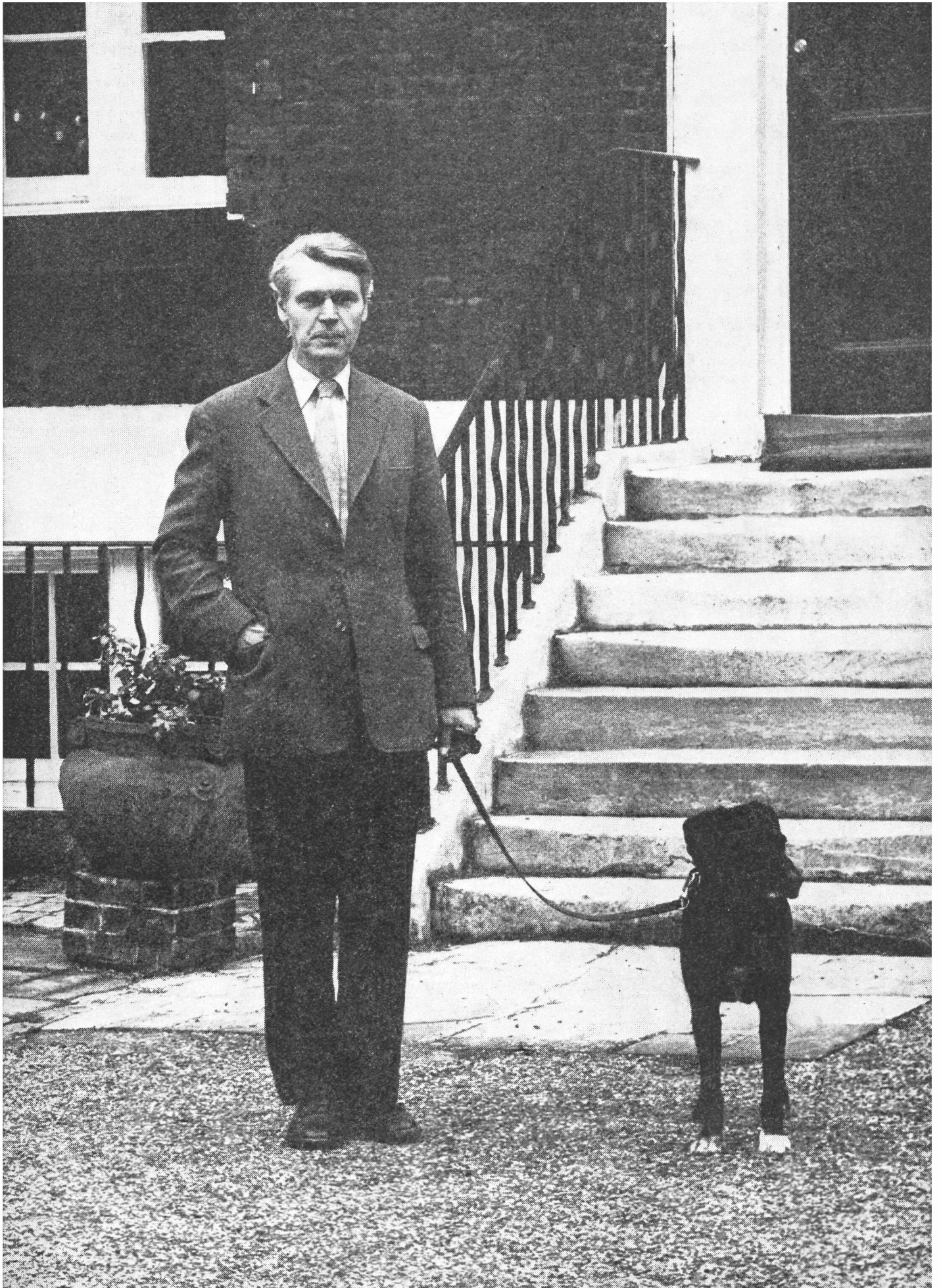


Photo: W. O. C. Pearson-Gee
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Denny Brock

Like most good things in life Denny Brock's return to Westminster contained an element of chance—and providence. With Trinity, Royal Marines, the War and Greenland behind him he was walking, as so many Old Westminsters do, through Little Dean's Yard (and, no doubt, idly surveying the Notices with inward critical comments that things were not what they used to be), when the then Head Master, John Christie, met him and suggested his joining the Staff.

The invitation was accepted—this was in 1949—and immediately he was deeply involved in a range of school activities, Fencing, C.C.F., Athletics, as well as being a House Tutor and establishing himself as an outstanding teacher of Mathematics and Geography. From the outset his involvement was marked by that thoroughness which has characterized his whole career. Not a pedantic, inhuman emphasis on minutiae but the establishment of order, the creation of a framework within which the working elements fall into place, and while himself an uncompromising master of detail he never allowed that to predominate. His presentation was always of the wood and not of its constituent trees.

His running of Athletics, the Naval Section, planning of Night Ops., Arduous Training Camps, his marshalling of State Occasions, the preparation of his teaching material, all were stamped with this unobtrusive thoroughness. Unobtrusive, too, were his many acts of kindness and help to others in times of trouble or tragedy: so unobtrusive that only by the recipients of his unassuming generosity are they fully known and recognized.

This quiet appraisal of the needs of others was allied with a penetrating appreciation of the foibles of his col-

leagues. He always knew how best to approach the more touchy members of the Common Room in order to secure their support. Many and varied were his manoeuvres; always tactful, never devious. Perhaps his devotion to Military History and Strategy played its part here but it would require a pathological distortion of character to present him as militant. To do an injury of any sort was something from which he recoiled and in even the most tiresome and unrewarding of pupils there was always some good to be found, some redeeming feature.

It was inevitable that he took over Ashburnham when the Housemastership fell vacant in 1953; and even more inevitable that in 1963 he should return to Grant's where he had previously been Tutor. What was not so inevitable was his leaving Grant's after only six years, but he had by then been a Housemaster for sixteen years, was not in the best of health and allowed an over-modest assessment of his own effectiveness to combine with a lack of sympathy for contemporary trends to expedite his retirement.

Do the same factors contribute to his decision to retire from schoolmastering and leave Westminster for good? Who can say? What is certain is that, apart from the loss to teaching, the closing of his contribution during the latter years as Senior Master to the present well-being and future fortunes of the School will be a sore bereavement. Equally certain is the part played by the lure of Scotland and his attachment to the Western Highlands and Nab Camas. It is a long way from Westminster but anyone who completes the journey will experience another facet of Denny's thoroughness in his untiring hospitality.

His many friends will wish him a long and happy retirement there with his garden, his dog, his rod and his paint brush. With the wish goes an earnest plea for frequent returns to the South.

J.M.W.

Martin Rogers, Geoffrey Shepherd, Ronald French, Francis Rawes and Denny Brock



David Munir



Photo: D. Lennard

It is the saddest of tasks to say good-bye to David Munir. He will be greatly missed both as a person and as a colleague.

As a person he is far more complex than at first sight appears. Because he is always so pleasant, so courteous and easy-going in manner, it is easy to remain unaware of his deep love of music and poetry. He is never heavy or laboured in his own cause, and it is possible to be insensitive to his extreme sensitivity and reliability.

As a master at Westminster David is certainly irreplaceable. He has been a devoted participant in a wide range of school activities. He was House-tutor of Ashburnham for six years, has been a back-bone of the Squash station since time immemorial, has joined in expeditions, helped with make-up for many plays, has been in charge of Golf, has appeared in Gilbert and Sullivan and—not least—run Backgammon Soc!—a pursuit at which he enjoys all but international fame. Among my first editions I have just proudly placed one signed by the author—Concise Modern Maths. by D. G. Munir. I have no doubt that it will be a best-seller like its predecessor.

David is to become an Educational Consultant, and will still do some teaching at the Under School. It is good to know that he will still be in contact with boys we shall be teaching here. It is not for me to write of his contribution to the life of the Under School, but from what I have seen of him at many a Tea Classica, I have felt the same as I feel here, which is that in losing David, we are losing one of those rarest of teachers, who can be on intimate terms with boys of all ages without any hint of condescension, in that natural and civilized manner which has endeared him to generation after generation. He takes with him our warmest wishes and hopes that we shall be constantly seeing him again.

T.L.Z.

Easter Camp

Ealand Skianach

During the Easter holidays sixteen boys, four girls, four masters (one with family) and an Old Westminster (Roger Lazarus) camped and climbed for ten days in the south of the Isle of Skye. After an unpromising day and a half of low cloud and rain, Mr. Cogan, who had climbed halfway up Skye's highest mountain with a baby on his back, abandoned his attempt to get his name in the Guinness book of Records and took his family off to the other side of Scotland. As his car disappeared into the distance the sun broke through the clouds and shone almost continuously for the rest of our stay. Mr. Field announced that in all his twenty years of camping on Skye (can he really be that old?) he had never known weather like it. Some of us actually came back with a faint, but definitely bath-proof, sun-tan.

Sunday was the highspot (in more than one sense) of the camp. Alison Carey, Alastair Jakeman, John Dean and Kate Stebbens stayed near sea level to supervise the drying of our socks and the convalescence of Giles Gittings, who had had 'flu. Mr. Harben took a group up Sgumain and the Dubhs. Mr. Smith and Mr. Field joined forces to take another party up Bruach na Freith and Roger Lazarus took the rest up Gobhar and a long ridge. Bruach na Freith had already been 'attempted' by Roger Lazarus and Mr. Harben, but they had been blown over when within 300 yards of the summit, thus losing their stature in the eyes of those mountaineering giants, Mr. Field and Mr. Smith,

who set out to show them how it should be done. Our party consisted of Ian Ridley, Konnie von Schweinitz, Francis Hare, David Cohen, Tom Custance and myself. We drove in perfect weather to the foot of the mountain and had a long 'bog-trot' (slog over marshy ground). Even in shirtsleeves we were very hot by the time we began the ascent. We went along the ridge which gave us better views than the alternative route through the Fionn Choire. We waded in the direction of the mainland, where a small cloud of smoke could be seen, marking the position of Mr. Jones-Parry on the Torridon Hills. Mr. Field mentioned several times that the small cluster of buildings which we could see was a whisky distillery.

(Warning: Mothers of a nervous or overprotective nature should stop reading here.) As we passed above the snow-line the masters, like King Wenceslaus, kicked steps for us in the softer snow, or cut them out of the ice on this very steep slope. (20 degrees from vertical with a thousand foot drop onto a boulder field if you missed the steps). To avoid the prospect of being dashed to smithereens (or fieldereens) we were taught how to use the ice axe as a brake. A difficult ice-covered rock had to be tackled with the help of rope, and we were soon at the summit, chipping ice off the triangulation point and photographing each other, mainly to convince Mr. Harben that we had really made it. We walked a short way down to escape the chilly wind which was whipping the snow off the summit, and after lunch (Kit-Kat, Primula cheese and pineapple spread, and an orange) went to inspect the spectacular Am Basteir tooth, a rock that appears about to topple off the

ridge.

Some of the descent was made by the exhilarating technique of sliding on our back-side down a steep snow covered slope. I thought I was going fast when I was passed by Mr. Smith, who gave me a friendly kick as he went past, just before losing control, trying to use the rope round his neck as an emergency parachute. The speed of our descent was sufficient to make our ears pop. After walking part of the way Tom Custance gave a graceful, if inadvertent, demonstration of ice ballet as he slipped and slid spread-eagled down another slope, slowly rotating as he went. Inspired by his survival we slid after him, using the ice axes to control our speed. Konnie von Schweinitz proved his theory that if you put your ice axe into someone else's recently made furrow, not only do you follow the same course, but you do so at a much greater rate. We fortunately managed to leap out of his way, and he stopped safely only a few yards further on. Here we found Miss deWardener's bright purple hat, luckily empty, since it had blown off her head (devilish, these exploding hats) the day before. We then walked and drove back to the camp site where in true traditional explorer style we drank Earl Grey tea and thought of England.

If this account has whetted your appetite for the mountains, why not sign up for the hundred mile west Highland 'Jaunt' (Mr. Harben's description) this summer? No snow but enough midges for everyone, guaranteed.

If nothing else, we managed to disprove the old Scotch proverb: 'If there is cloud over Skye, it is raining; if it is clear over Skye, it is about to rain!'

Paul Youlten



Drama

Black Comedy

James Gardom's production of *Black Comedy*, early in the Play term was, all in all, one of the most entertaining, if not the most polished pieces of drama I have seen at Westminster. Perhaps the best thing was the choice of play: Peter Shaffer's highly amusing script is worked around the idea that when the lights are on for the audience, the characters on stage are supposedly in darkness, and vice versa. This leads to innumerable dramatic possibilities when, early on in the play, a fuse blows . . .



S. Segnit

However, there are problems in a farce of this kind, because the characters are virtually caricatures, and the situation we encounter them in is totally absurd. Thus there is a great tendency for the actors to overact, or at least let small details drop, which ultimately, though more fun for actors in a small school production, detracts from the comedy of the play. This was most noticeable in Christopher Loveless's over-dramatization at certain moments: these momentary lapses into mere 'playing for laughs' were enough to make lost some of the genuine humour of the scene at several points. I also became aware that he was basically too frenzied too early on, and could not, therefore, heighten his exasperation proportionately during the important climaxes towards the end. But, in his favour, he certainly sustained the momentum of the play in a strenuous and major rôle.

The figures around him coped better: Nicola Shaldon, as the debutante fiancée, never slipped from her rôle, or attempted to upstage others: she thus attained a much higher level of credibility and was

funnier as a result. Bobby Maslen was highly amusing as Christopher's gay flate-mate, and yet he also accomplished the awkward feat of seeming genuinely upset at one important stage—hard to do in a comic rôle—and thus contributed much to the tensions in the play. Jason Morrell played his drag-rôle as an eccentric, drunk old woman, with unfailing audacity, and succeeded, deservedly, in being very funny. Neil Deucher gave the rather stereo-typed 'retired colonel' he played some individuality and Mark Giffin did all that was required of him in an amusing part. The final member of the cast, Daisy Goodwin, was type-cast as the sensuous Clea, and hence her capacity as an actress was perhaps not explored to the full.

Yet within this framework of a well cast and well chosen play, there were some noticeably amateur features about the production: the telephone falling apart, the 'valuable bowl' refusing to break at the right moment, or Daisy Goodwin absent-mindedly delaying her entry for 30 embarrassing seconds. Also, the idea of 'light and dark' was underplayed: much of the potential for humour went amiss because the directors Bruce Isaacs and Matthew Smith had not seriously thought what each character could be doing during each moment of supposed darkness.

But the set was good, the lighting technicians managed to remain unflustered by what must have been slightly bizarre lighting cues, and the overall shape of the play, while it did become ragged at some points, was sufficient to create a sense of unity and direction. Perhaps it is enough to point out, as a measure of the play's popularity, that on the last night it drew as large an audience as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. High acclaim for a minor production.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Ashburnham Play

Erpingham Camp

In *Funeral Games*, one of his last plays, Joe Orton writes, 'All classes are criminal today. We live in an age of equality.' Orton was a realist, and so having put aside all basic human values he was free to write about anything he wanted in any way he wanted. He saw only violence and the disintegration of people in the modern world so he chose the farce as a way of making man look like an idiot even while attending to normal business. There is always a degree of panic in Orton's plays, and it seems that his ideal life would be one composed of utter chaos rather than of perfect order.

All these factors can be traced in *Erpingham Camp*, a play written for television, whose satire focuses on pride. Mr. Erpingham runs a holiday camp which operates under his firm rules. His employees consist of a padre (who has been previously indicted for some mysterious crime), an Irishman whose sole aim is to organize Saturday night entertainment, a professional musician who can play the squeezebox, and finally a strange character who acts only as a means of relaying news.

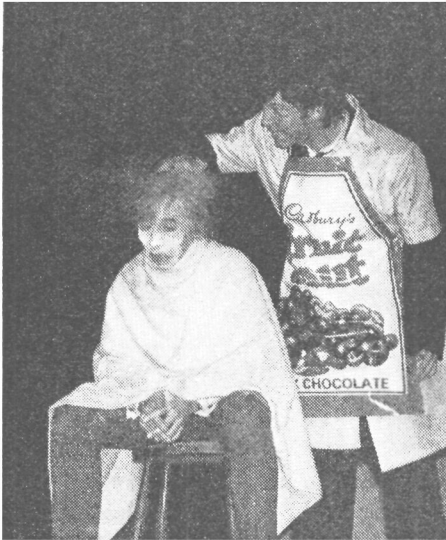
William Rollason put across Mr. Erpingham's apparent dominance over staff and guests in a clear and convincing manner; Nick Viles and Sarah Bennett (representing the Church and the Arts respectively) were well-suited to their parts as Erpingham's aides. Paul Newcomb, with his nervous gestures and a remarkably consistent accent, was fine as the scheming Irishman who initiated the confusion because of his desire for fame on the stage. It was a subtle piece of directing to firstly cast Mark Bostridge as Erpingham's fourth assistant as his presence alone seemed to raise laughs, and also to put him on roller-skates so that he stumbled around the stage, keeping clear of the main action.

The holidaymakers who challenge Erpingham include Steve Hickmore, who I felt provided the most enjoyable acting of the evening, with his once-in-a-lifetime uprising against society, strongly supported by Tessa Ross who portrayed his pregnant wife. A contrast to these two are the middle class couple who prefer to reason than to take action, played by Dominic Ffytche and Juliet Rix—'we met outside the Young Conservatives'.

The acting was solid and controlled, two aspects that were necessary to earn laughs and keep the audience's concentration, because the basic structure of the play is very weak. There are too many scene changes and the action switches back and forth a lot, presumably so that no one character stays on stage too long. So it was wise of Daisy Goodwin to direct her actors to take advantage of their weakly-drawn characters, by exaggerating their inadequacies. The unlikely events were then produced by

even more unlikely people, whereas it seems that Orton had some more serious ideas in mind when he created his original characters. The more technical side of the directing had a few blemishes, but with the vast problems that Orton creates with his contradictory ideas and impracticable staging, Daisy Goodwin managed to leave the play with some respectability as a comedy and even, as Orton himself hoped, a satire.

Derek Freedman



V. S. Woodell

Twelve Angry Men

One American who had seen the film of *Twelve Angry Men* and was himself called up for jury duty subsequently, was so impressed by the idea of one man swaying the 11 others on behalf of justice that he decided to attempt it himself. He was dealing with an extremely minor case, and yet, so the story goes, he clung to his verdict for some 2 months, despite the enormous waste of money and time he incurred!! In the end he had to give up... Now, it is doubtful as to whether Jon Kampfner and David Giles' production of the same play was capable of any similar motivation: but this does serve as an example of just how good the script of Reginald Rose's play is, before I analyse the actual production of it.

It was reassuring from the start to see that Dickie Banenberg had certainly taken care over the surprisingly realistic set. Jon Weaver's lighting also added to the tremendous atmosphere the play sustained. Thirdly, the arrangement up School really brought the audience close to the action, and the involvement rarely flagged.

All this would have been irrelevant however were not such attention to important production details to be borne out by the direction. The major characters, Matthew Smith and Simon Clement-Davies, were outstanding, maintaining difficult rôles with total conviction and, in the case of the latter, portraying violent emotion with great credibility. Yet

sadly, high emotion was, in the case of too many minor characters, of rather secondary importance to the actual problem of remembering their lines: for example Gregory Besterman's rather wooden portrayal of anger hardly allowed Donald Sturrocks awkward cries of 'calm down' to sound spontaneous. Perhaps it was right to play down the emotional involvement of the minor characters and thus better define important climaxes: but when Tony Graff suddenly laid into Simon Clement-Davies for no apparent reason, the play lost some of its credibility.

The accents were varied: David Bendix abandoned his after a watery five minutes and stuck to concentrating on his part; yet at the same time Keith Weaver's flowed naturally and was a valuable asset to the humour he generated. Also, it was sometimes hard to distinguish between dramatic pauses and awkward silences. But the play had its moments: the wild brandishing of flick knives was dramatic, if a little foolhardy, and the focus shifted successfully, giving a firm structure to the play.

Simon Brocklebank-Fowler certainly commanded respect as a 'Wall Street Gentleman', Alistair Gill was funny, if little else, and Thomas O'Shaughnessy put energy into his occasionally gabbled rendering of long speeches. So overall, there was some good acting, and some genuine atmosphere in the performance of this powerful play. It was pleasing to see that a serious play like this could be so successful on the Westminster stage.

Sebastian Secker Walker

Two Farces

Cinderella: Actors Workshop and Drama Group

She's Done It Again: Liddell's Play

John Field had the extremely original idea of putting on a pantomime just before Christmas. His decision to stage it in the Lecture Room meant that the audiences were bound to become involved and therefore that the success of the pantomime did depend a great deal on the audiences. Luckily the audiences were large, jovial and good natured, and so there was a great atmosphere at every performance.

The pantomime, which was based on the story of Cinderella, was performed largely ad-lib around a small written outline by Christopher Loveless. All the actors responded to this admirably. Because the pantomime relied on comic situation rather than plot, there was great opportunity for really spontaneous acting, and it all came off very well.

Bobby Maslen and Matthew Smith played the two ugly sisters to the delight of the audience and Charles Humphris acted hilariously as a butler, Imogen Stubbs and Claire Oerton were very good as Prince Charming and Dandini. In fact every member of the cast made something original of their part without making the whole pantomime too loose.

It was a brave experiment and a great success.

Liddell's also staged a Farce in the Lecture Room. This was a play by Michael Pertwee called *She's done it again*. Its plot, like that of the pantomime, was weak and predictable and the humour was a good deal less spontaneous and most difficult to get across. Yet all the actors made their parts as amusing as was at all possible. At times the audience was in hysterics at the brilliant characters of Mark Gibbon and Noni Stacey. Nick



V. S. Woodell

Holbrook kept the play together and the plot running with an inspired performance, thus allowing the other actors to make what they wished of their parts. At times they did find it difficult to disguise the weakness of the plot, but the general impression created was one of raucous humour.

Christopher Nineham

Grant's Plays

Every member of that unfortunate brand of human—the Westminster House Play Producer—is faced with the same problems. The feeling runs among the cast that 'Oh it'll all be over in a week so we needn't try', and frankly the E.C.A. grants are so small that a producer could not be blamed for spending the money on a new leather jacket and reporting that the business manager accidentally burnt the forty quid's worth of brand new props. Obviously reasonable care should be taken over allocating money; the cast must be well chosen and hard-working; the producer, director and stage team must be enthusiastic and original. The fact that Grant's decided to put on not one but three plays effectively trebled these problems.

The production kicked off with an unbelievably farcical effort called *Two Gentlemen of Soho*. The farce was continued, presumably unintentionally, in the next play, *A Separate Peace*, by Tom Stoppard. The hilarity commenced a

minute after the beginning, when David Heyman, as John Brown (good name), a healthy man desirous of a private hospital bed instead of a hotel room, demanded a restart because he had forgotten his lines. Amanda Gould, Emily Tomalin, and Imogen Stubbs were almost serious as nurses, whereas James Gardom, as an insomniac doctor, was so serious about being tired that he seemed never to get anything done.

A Marriage has been Arranged, by A. Sutro, completed the trio, and was the best of the three simply because it used only two characters (Victor Lavenstein and Miranda Mizen), though the predictable happy ending unfortunately subtracts from the impact.

A lesson is to be drawn from the Grant's plays, which directors Timothy Catlin and James Gardom could not foresee. If it is decided to produce more than one play at a time, the plots should contain similar themes, otherwise the combined impact will be small. The main actors must appear in each production, because one good hard-working actor is better than a dozen mediocre ones. Finally, the director must be prepared to put almost as much effort into each short play as he would into one long play so that the characters can be developed until they carry conviction. If these points are ignored, the production will not succeed.

I must confess that the only enjoyment I got out of the evening was from the actors' foul-ups, from which another moral may be drawn, this time for the audience's benefit. If you suspect that a serious play will not be well acted, then go on the first night when at least you can laugh at the wrong moments.

Paul Herrmann

Other Drama

In early October N. F. Simpson's bizarre farce of dubious dramatic merit *The One Way Pendulum* was put on up School by Charles Humphris. It was well acted with commendable performances from Matthew Smith, Tom Holt and Mark Gibbon.

Titus Andronicus, one of Shakespeare's less known tragedies drew the laughs that *One Way Pendulum* lacked. Under Bill Hammond's direction College made more than might have been expected of a difficult play. Stephen McDadd was outstanding.

Busby's play, *The Dutch Courtesan*, was the first restoration comedy ever to be backed up by rock music. 'Originally' directed, it came across quite well, with Bob Maslen, Sara Foster and Chris Loveless holding it together.

Murder for the Asking written by no one special (Derek Benfield) was a thriller with an ending so predictable that the author need not have finished it. Nevertheless Gregory Bestermann, Caroline Cattell, David Bendix and Emily Tomalin acted well. Jon Kampfner's directing, so good in *Twelve Angry Men*, left a little to be desired in this play.

Spilt Milk

Well, it was an odd experience watching several hundred teenagers sitting transfixed while an epileptic singer, robotic guitarist and others jerked around slightly out of time with the music they were trying to play. The music consisted of attempts to sound like the originals of various rock standards: a rather redundant exercise as Johnny B. Goode, Jumping Jack Flash etc . . . have been played to death a thousand times already. The moral is that schoolboys should not pretend to be rock stars unless they intend to parody the perverse ego-trip of a Jagger or Bowie.

So far, so bad. Like the equally inept *Thunks*, *Spilt Milk* managed to play half the concert without thinking once. Suddenly they rather nervously started playing their own songs which, in an understated way, were better and more enjoyable than the old three chord wonders (with the exception of '42nd Street', the most naive, contrived and clichéd song I've ever heard).

The standard of playing was adequate

although the rhythm guitarist and the bassist seemed to be giving monotony a new definition, with their amazing ability to play the same notes at the same speed whatever the song. However Sid Cranleigh-Swash and Robert Lemkin were good, as was Costa Fafalios on drums (although no-one should have let him play a drum solo); the less said about Dave Heyman's singing the better.

Considering the expense and time it takes to organize a rock concert at the school, it is a pity that all the school groups manage to sound exactly the same. Is it shyness or laziness which prevents such groups as the *Thunks* and *Spilt Milk* from experimenting? It may be that the Westminster audience enjoys hearing the same songs again and again. But if this is true it is sad comment on the intelligence and individuality we claim to have.

Any group which is starting at Westminster should at least ask itself whether or not it is worth risking the alienation of the audience by trying to be different. They might even find the experience of using a bit of imagination and taking risks quite fulfilling and enjoyable.

Geoffrey Mulgan



Sports Reports

Football

From the start of the Play term 1977 it looked as if we were going to be able to put on a very strong team, due mainly to the large number of experienced 1st XI Footballers who were staying on to take Oxbridge, and also to a number of promising Colts. Even so, the season got off to a poor start, Westminster losing their first three matches, albeit narrowly. The team found its rhythm in the fourth game, winning 1-0 at Aldenham. Then followed an encouraging series of performances. We went on to win the next four matches against some of our toughest opponents, Lancing 5-0, Winchester 3-1, and Repton 2-1. During this run of five victories, Westminster scored sixteen goals and conceded three, with hat-tricks coming from A. Graham-Dixon, C. Cranleigh-Swash, and D. Clague. Another contributing factor in our success was a solid defence backed by the sure goalkeeping of the Captain, F. Hodgson. At the end of the Play term Westminster had won 7 games and the school record of 11 wins in a season by a 1st XI was within our grasp.

Unfortunately at the beginning of the last term we had to rebuild the team after losing five important players—F. Hodgson, C. Cranleigh-Swash, A. Graham-Dixon, N. Barrett, and D. Clague. We were left with half of the old team, now captained by M. Patrick, and we were faced with the task of replacing the great goal-scoring power we had lost, finding another strong mid-field player to partner the hardworking pair of C. MacVeagh and C. Lake, and producing a replacement goalkeeper. However, by February, it looked as if we had solved some of our problems by introducing two Colts in the team, in T. Walker and R. Wood who, although young, were very skilful players. But disaster struck at Sevenoaks where T.

Walker was taken to hospital with a fractured cheekbone after a collision, and was unable to play for the rest of the season. His departure forced us to experiment with a new forward line selected from J. Briginshaw, R. Wood, T. Graff, and T. Broadbent, while the mid-field vacancy was filled by S. Hamilton. Inexplicably, the defence upon which we had relied and which still included three out of the four original players, M. Mackenzie, M. Patrick and T. Bailey, were unable to stem the tide in the early Lent games which were all lost.

Luckily we found a good replacement goalkeeper in C. Croft, who performed valiantly for the team during the remaining matches, creating a total of seven victories against other schools, with the overall record for wins during a season still in our grasp. After two fine victories over City of London (3-0) and St. Johns Leatherhead (4-2), injury struck again in our penultimate game against Christ's Hospital where the captain, M. Patrick, was taken off after a cut above his eye. Even so, Westminster still managed to draw 0-0 under the leadership of T. Bailey, and finally went on to win the last game of the season 1-0 against U.C.S. at Vincent Square.

P 23 W 10 D 2 L 11

Matthew Patrick

victory in seven matches with a weakened team. Playing at Dolphin Square, apart from the good courts, also has its hazards, as several boys found out when they were beaten up by boys from Pimlico School. This meant a further increase in journey time, as Pimlico School then had to be avoided on the way back. But in spite of the seemingly depressing outlook, there is a great amount of optimism for next season's 1st V, with the players' greater experience from the Colts matches last season. Toby Jones



Fives

The last two terms have proved to be not as successful as we would have hoped, especially for the seniors who only managed to beat Emmanuel and pull off a very pleasing draw against the Oxford Peppers, the latter in the absence of the captain, Justin Byam-Shaw. He, together with Richard Ray, proved to be the mainstay of the team, winning 7 of their matches. The second was led by Torsten Behling and either Christopher Ledger or Nivad Shah, very determined players, but unfortunately they never really managed to form a concrete pair and consequently were rather inconsistent. John Hall and Robin Platt provided a good third pair, although lacking in the vital experience essential to winning senior matches: yet they did win a number of matches against formidable opponents. Paul Sofer and Jason Streets also played very well, helping the juniors to complete a rather successful season, in which even the 'professional' from Wolverhampton had to submit to being beaten by one of our junior pairs!

Finally, many thanks to Rory Stuart and Tristram Jones-Parry, who were very patient and helpful over the last two terms in 'supporting' the Fives teams so well with so much enthusiasm.

Senior Results:
School Matches: W 1 D 3 L 12
Club Matches: W — D 1 L 6
Junior Results: W 4 D 1 L 3

Torsten Behling



Squash

During our Squash matches for the last season, we certainly did not obtain the results the station really deserved for the effort put in by the players. Morale was shattered in the three matches in the Christmas Term, when we were defeated by Eton, Dulwich, and Mill Hill. Players blamed a lack of match experience, the long journey to Dolphin Square, and the short two-hour-a-week station for the lack of success. However, despite sparkling performances by Fergus Clague, Ben Dillistone, Marcus Manuel and Tim Crook in the Colts, and Danny Newman, Duncan Matthews and Francis Fay in the 1st V, we were hit by the 'flu in the Easter Term, and never produced a 1st V of full strength, produced only one clear



Cross-Country

The Olympic ideal (of caring about taking part, rather than winning) suits this Westminster sport exactly. But most of us like to win sometimes, and this season's shortage of success may have contributed to the low morale of some of the runners. Another factor was the loss of Michael Brown's enthusiastic leadership. Only one senior match took place, at Winchester, and our team was annihilated in the absence of school captain Stephen Page, who missed the train: he did win an Oxford scholarship however! The intermediates just lost to the hosts but defeated Abingdon. The St. Alban's team proved too strong also, but in championship events we made some impression.

Determined running from Tom Madge and Lloyd Lambie helped the team to sixth in the Highgate Harriers race, and John Vickers and Madge placed in the first twenty-five in the London Schools' Championship where Westminster won third-place certificates. The young team did not really rise to the challenge of the King Henry VIII, Coventry relay, but at least stole 42nd place from Denstone.

To turn to domestic competition: the Long Distance Races on the towpath are run in three age-groups. Nick Barrett and Tony Joyce won the senior and intermediate events, also leading their house teams to victory, and promise for the future came in the junior race from Oliver Bowes-Smith and a close-packing Busby's team which broke Wren's five-year stranglehold on the event. Bad weather and 'flu caused the postponement both of this and the Bringsty Relay, but a closer finish could not have been asked for. After the lead had changed four times, Wren's finally overcame Grant's in the last two hundred metres.

R. P. K.



Judo

At the beginning of the year Westminster Judo Club was in a weak state. Mark Griffiths and the 'heavy mob' had all left, leaving a competent but young club to sustain Westminster's excellent reputation in Judo competitions.

Today under the forceful command of Dr. Davies and organized by our new secretary Mark O'Neill the club shows promise of regaining its former level.

Once a week the club travels to the London Judo Society in Stockwell where black belts instruct us and home matches take place. Last term we arranged four matches; we lost to Eton and Tonbridge, but won at Brighton and Winchester. The juniors (under 16s) have fought impressively this year and gained high belts in grading sessions.

Anstruther (blue) and Oakley (brown) are both capable of becoming black belts before leaving the school and have helped considerably in winning matches. All the seniors are grateful to Antoniou and



Lemos as this pair always face the largest and most disconcerting members of the opposing team—often gaining the necessary victories.

This term has started well with a decisive win at home against Dulwich. Westminster won 50-30 with one of the Dulwich team not present at the victory tea as sadly he was in hospital with a broken collar bone.

The club is steadily increasing its skill and the day will arrive when few will dare to challenge the Westminster Judo Club.

Mark Giffin

Golf

Mr. Healey may have cut taxes, but this unfortunately did not alter the School's decision to close down Golf Station, due to the high costs of running it. This was coupled with the sad fact that Mr. Munir will be leaving at the end of the term.

Though elsewhere in the magazine there is a tribute to Mr. Munir, we would like to pay our own tribute, as little is known about the great amount of work he has put into organizing Golf Station. Its smooth running has been due entirely to him. He has arranged packed lunches (enabling a full round to be played in one afternoon), concessionary fares from London Transport, and his



invaluable moral support in matches and everyday problems in the running of the Station, were much appreciated by all. Mr. Munir's presence will be greatly missed, as will the Station which has been going for over twelve years.

The Station is much the same standard as last year; we have exceptional talent in the captain, M. Cooper, who is also leaving this term, and a lot of young talent in A. Jay and N. Croft, who both won matches last year. We had our disappointments in the Aer Lingus School's competition not even getting into the top ten places, but we made up for this by drawing our match against St. Paul's, the next day. The team comprised M. Cooper, T. Bailey, S. Hamilton, A. Jay and N. Croft who all played very well.

Although as I have said, Golf Station will be much missed, it has left a lasting mark on Westminster and will be long remembered.

Charles Croft



Photo: J. Beeston

The Elizabethan Club

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

Old Westminster Notes

On Tuesday, May 9th, 1978, the Committee of the Old Westminster Cricket Club held a Dinner to mark the 150th Anniversary of the Club. The Honourable Sir John Stocker was in the chair. Over 115 members and guests attended. The principal guest was the Right Honourable The Lord Home of the Hirsel, P.C., K.T., who proposed the health of the club. Sir Rodney Smith replied for the Club and proposed the health of the guests. Oliver Popplewell, Q.C., replied on behalf of the guests.

The other guests included: D. G. Clark (President M.C.C.), H. D. Read (Captain of the Butterflies), the Dean of Westminster, The Head Master, The Under Master, The Master of the Under School, J. A. Bailey (Secretary M.C.C.), E. W. Swanton (*The Cricketer*), J. Woodcock (*The Times*), A. E. D. Smith (Umpires Associations), J. Dunbar, J. S. Baxter and D. E. Brown.

* * *

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on February 7th at the Athenaeum Club. Sir Thomas Lund, C.B.E., was in the chair and thirty-one O.W.W. were present.

The guests were the Head Master and Mr. Hume Boggis Rolfe, C.B.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner of the Ashburnham Society will be held in Ashburnham Dining Room on Monday, December 18th, 1978. Any Old Ashburnhamite who is interested in attending should contact The Housemaster, No. 6 Dean's Yard, S.W.1, or The Hon. Chairman, tel. 943-1357.

Cricket at Westminster

In the 150th Anniversary year of the O.W. Cricket Club, Charles Keeley, the School Archivist and Librarian reviews the history of Cricket at Westminster.

Westminster Cricket history, already outlined by our historians, has several features surprising perhaps to Westminster of the 1970's. Like Rowing and Football it was a low pursuit at first, indeed accompanied by betting. The second Duke of Dorset captained a Kent eleven against all England in 1735 for a thousand pounds a side: at any rate he learned his cricket at Westminster. Lord Chesterfield, hoping in 1745 that his son would keep his end up in school amusements, felt cricket and pitch-farthing to be divided by no gulf of esteem. Amusements up Fields at this time were personal tastes, and ranged from duck or badger hunting to beagling and shooting: perhaps zeal for cricket threw by opposition from others wanting to use the less marshy area south of developing Rochester Row, from which our fellows were driven, after all, in the famous affray of 1744 Charles Hotham described. The genial Westminster Dean Vincent ensured us at least this area, in view of

the outcry against the chapters leasing the surrounding land for building: yet Westminster play had at times had to give way to the exercising of the trained bands, to fairs with booths, or to donkey and pony races. Dr. Freind, who visited the wounded and dying Sir Cholmondely Dering, might have included among the hazards a stray shot from duellists. Matches against another school or club, generally dangerous excitement, might be condemned, at wicket as well as on the water: after the first match between the schools the Eton players, already beaten by the Westminsters, were beaten by their headmaster, who had forbidden it. The idea of recreation up Fields as station would strike our eighteenth century predecessors as a contradiction: having a single station, as it would now be put, came late. Granville Leveson-Gower 'could row and bat' better than most of his fellows: early Boat Club ledger entries lament the effect on performance of people going off to play Cricket.

Perhaps most surprising to modern Westminster is the continuous place in cricket and in other sports of lamprobatics, the matches between the Queen's



Lords and Commons Match, 1949

Suholars and all the Town Boys. Yet with the forty foundationers the largest boarding unit and of course the central one, until late in the last century, the contest was more than equal. Between 1806 and 1862, B. Preston, Head of Fields, records in the latter year, the Scholars won at cricket thirty-nine times, the Town Boys eighteen. Preston, a Town Boy, played cricket for Cambridge against Oxford in 1869, and was a maltster and wine merchant with Youngman, Preston and Co. at Lowestoft: his elder brother rowed bow against Eton in 1845 and was curate of St. Helen's Norwich, between 1875 and 1882. Lord William Pitt Lennox, a famous casualty in lamprobaties, and thus unable to take part in the subsequent dinner to which he had subscribed, was in a hat and jacket decorated with the Town Boys' blue ribbons when the Scholar in pink ribbons struck him down with his ball. He was with the Duke of Wellington in his 1814 embassy to Paris, and attended his mother's Ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo: devoted to the turf and to private theatricals he wrote *Hamilton, or the Adventures of a Westminster Boy* in 1851. Old Fonhall, who commemorates so piously the most critical period for Westminster in the mid 1840's, records opinions that *λαμπρός* and *βατος* form the word, and may mean 'illustrious bat', or 'glory easy of attainment', or refer to the special bats used in the match, marked like a lamprey's neck.

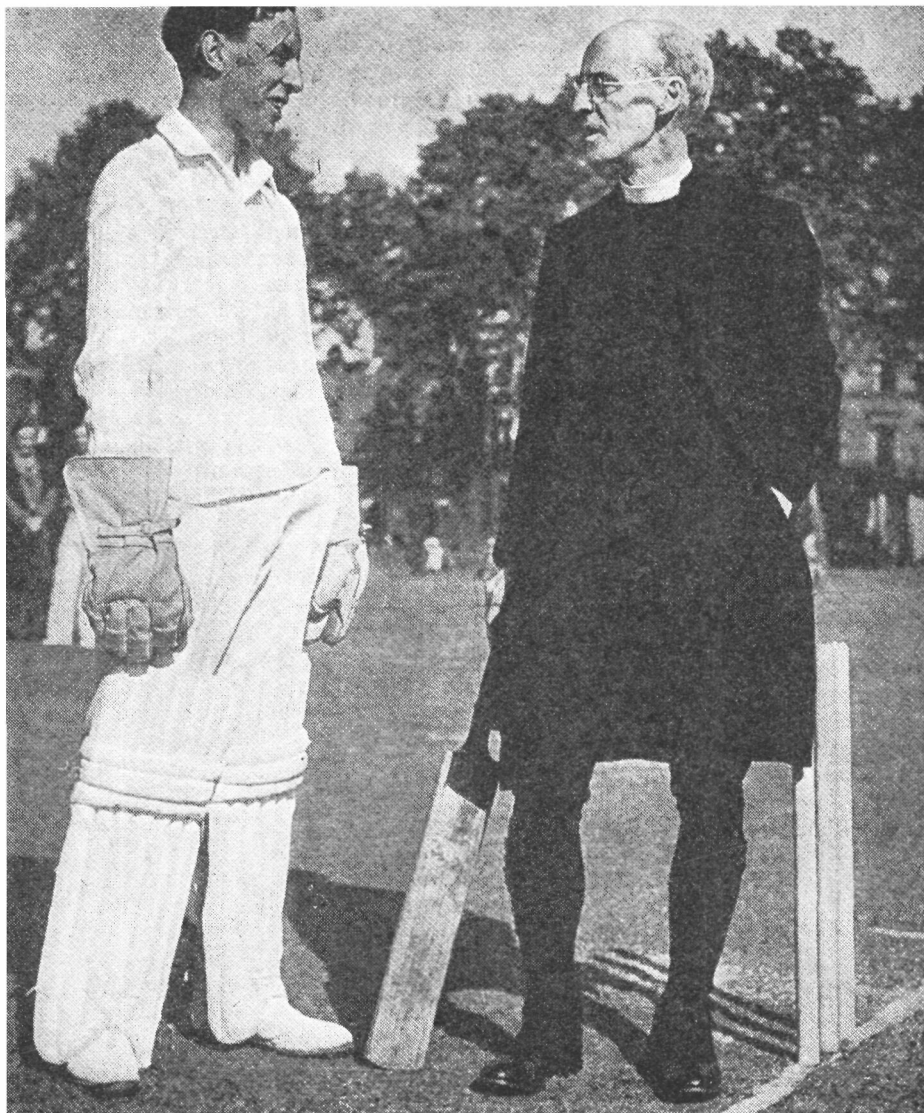
Sargeant warned us not to forget the Dorset family, or John Loraine Baldwin, or Herbert Mascall Curteis. Baldwin, staunch supporter of Canterbury Cricket Week and a founder of the Zingasi, and even Keeper of Tintern Abbey, parallels Curteis, who played for Oxford in 1841 and 1842, for Sussex between 1846 and 1860, and was President of Sussex County Cricket Club from 1869 to 1878.

Yet a start in Westminster cricket history may be made at random in the pages of the *Record*, as here with that of Arthur Henry Winter, elected to Trinity in 1863. He played for Cambridge from 1865 to 1867, for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1866 and 1867, and ended as a Cambridge-shire rector at Gransden Parva and Papworth. His elder brother William, remained a Town Boy, went up to Trinity in 1862; he became a solicitor in the family company of Winter and Co., Bedford Row. They were both in the eleven from 1860 to 1862. Arthur played in the 'next ten' with Wiggell, the professional, against the first seven in 1860; Wiggell was evidently formidable, because in a match between North and South in which he bowled on both sides, he took ten wickets altogether for the North and nine for the South. Arthur was caught off Harrison by Swale for one in the first innings, and bowled by Harrison for two in the second. Against the Colts eleven from Cambridge Arthur made 38; Westminster made 139, the visitors 85, so that 'Westminster did beat by 54 runs'. In a match against the second eleven he

was not out for 0 in the first innings; he caught S. Cockerell for four off Bull. This was Samuel Pepys Cockerell, later an artist, seventh son of C. R. Cockerell, the designer of Play scenery, surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral, designer of the Taylorian, architect of the Fitzwilliam and of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. In 1861 Arthur played for the Queen's Scholars, and did not break his duck in either innings, though he caught Borro-daile off Walker for 2. The Queen's Scholars won 'with three wickets to go down'. In 1862 he played for the Westminster against 'the Houses' (of Parliament), and was caught and bowled by Carnegie for 8. Viscount Palmerston was to have played, but in both innings was recorded as absent. In a match against Christ Church Walker was caught by Arthur off Osborn for 25, while Cameron he bowled for 2 in the second innings; in the Westminster innings though he was caught by Cameron off Walker for 4 and caught by Reade off Walker for 0. In a Trinity match his brother records that he bowled well: he took Pretyman's wicket for 19 and

Booth's for 2, and caught Wynne off Walker for 20, though he was run out himself for 0. In fact though Arthur had a cricketing future, William was the more conspicuous cricketer at school, and was Head of Fields in 1862. Did William's patronage bring him in, and did he develop after his brother's departure? In 1864 both brothers played for a Cambridge eleven against Westminster. Arthur made 24 to his brother's 39 in the first innings, and in the first Westminster innings took seven wickets. In the second innings William made 55, but Arthur was 6 not out.

Winters' colleagues in the 1860 eleven are a fascinating group. The captain, Henry Edward Bull (T.B.) was the son of the great Henry Bull, Under Master from 1821 to 1826, such a frequent writer of Prologues and Epilogues and an editor of the *Lusus Alteri*, and played for Oxford against Cambridge in 1863 and for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1864. Alban Henry Harrison (Q.S.) ran in the hundred yards and in the quarter mile for Cambridge in the first inter-University sports of 1864. He was



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, Dr. A. C. Don, talking to Westminster School's wicket-keeper, David Steward, during the drawn game between the School and the Forty Club. Dr. Don had presented the headmaster, Mr. J. T. Christie, with a gilt key at the ceremony which returned Vincent Square to the School after its use during the war as a balloon site. The ten-acre Square, which is the largest in London, was named after Dean Vincent, headmaster from 1788-1802, who ensured the sole use of it for the School when the district was being marked out for building

chaplain of Maidstone Prison from 1874 to 1882 and Vicar of Cranbrook from 1882 to 1898. His father, who rowed number 3 against Eton in 1831, was Curate of Goudhurst and Vicar of Kilndown: the grandfather was Vicar of Goudhurst. When Bull is keeping the Town Boy ledger, Harrison keeps the College Ledger: the Town Boys are 'peremptorily dismissed' or 'most unfortunate' according to the point of view. John Lambert Swale, Captain of the eleven in 1861, became a Captain, 7th Hussars, in 1870, married a Major General's daughter from Tenby and, we are glad to here, was alive there in 1876. Charles Mylue Barker (Q.S.), son of a London surgeon, was the first honorary secretary of the Elizabethan Club, founded in 1861, practised as a solicitor in Bedford Row (like William Winter), and was President of the Law Society in 1905 and 1906. G. F. Russell Barker, editor of the *Record*, to describe him too briefly, was his brother. Ashley Walker (Q.S.) played for Cambridge against Oxford from 1864 to 1866, and for Yorkshire from 1863 to 1870: he taught at the Royal College, Colombo, became an inspector of schools out there and finally acting Director of Public Instruction in 1894. George O'Brien (Q.S.) rowed number 5 against Eton in 1862, gave evidence before the Public Schools Commission in 1863, and was elected head to Trinity that year. By coincidence perhaps, his career too was in the Ceylon Civil Service: he became Colonial Secretary, Cyprus and Hong Kong, and Governor of Fiji and Consul-General of the Western Pacific Islands, by that time Sir George O'Brien K.C.M.G. His father was bishop of Ferns and Leighlin in the Church of Ireland, and his maternal grandfather a Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. William Claypon Lane, elected to Trinity in 1864, was a son of the Revd. Charlton Lane, Vicar of Hampstead. As W. C. C. Lane-Claypon he became a banker with Garfit, Claypon and Co. at Boston, Lincs., and Master of the Mercer's Company in 1900. His elder brother C. G. Lane, who in an old tradition was admitted pensioner at Trinity in 1854 but in fact went up to Christ Church in 1855, played against Cambridge in 1856 and from 1858 to 1860, rowed number 3 against Cambridge in 1858 and 1859, played for the Gentlemen against the Players from 1857 to 1861. He was Rector of Little Gaddesden from 1870 and Master of the Mercer's Company in 1890. P. R. Worsley (Q.S.) had an Old Westminster father who became Canon and Sub-Dean of Ripon, and himself became a Lincolnshire clergyman. R. B. Lockwood was Captain, 3rd Punjab Cavalry, in 1873 and died in 1879. The occasions for reform discussed by the Public Schools Commission and the anxieties of Marshall and Fuller-James about getting some members back into the school (in 1860 it numbered 120, with 54 Town Boy boarders) do not seem to have clouded their lives.

Election of Members

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on February 15th, 1978.

College

Tina **Beaconsfield**, 28 Hans Place, London, S.W.1.
 Jeremy John **Erde**, Friendly Acre, Wormley, Godalming, Surrey.
 William Amadee **Hammond**, The Warren, New Way Lane, Hassocks, Sussex.
 Jeremy **Liesner**, 213 Hills Road, Cambridge.
 Stephen Mark **McDadd**, 7 Acacia Road, Hampton, Middlesex.
 Stephen Scott **Page**, 85 Fountain House, Park Lane, London, W.1.
 Guy Howard **Weston**, 11, Upper Phillimore Gardens, London, W.8.
 Jonathan Fletcher **Wright**, 30 Smith Street, London, S.W.3.

Grant's

Edward Charles William **Adams**, Hollisters, Upton Cheyney, Bitton, Bristol, BS15 6NH.
 Nicholas James **Barrett**, 7 St. Aubyn's Avenue, London, S.W.19.
 William James Moncrieff **Carr**, Tree Tops, St. Catherine's, Woking, Surrey.
 Colin Anthony **Cranleigh-Swash**, Bramble Hill, Balcombe, Sussex.
 Arthur Morville **Marris**, 50 Broom Close, Teddington, Middlesex.
 Adrian Rhodes **Parnwell**, Woodlands Manor, Mere, Wilts.
 Stratis **Porfyratos**, 36 Campden Hill Gate, Duchess of Bedford Walk, W.8.
 Guy Jonathan James **Rackham**, 77 Alley Road, S.E.21.
 William David **Upton**, 11 Woodland Rise, Oxted, Surrey.

Rigaud's

Sally **Barber**, 81 Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1.
 Edward Thomas **Bullmore**, 39 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.
 Ian Peter **Fairclough**, 7 Connaught Square, London, W.2.
 Francis Henry **Graham**, Westcombe Stables, Evercreech, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.
 Andrew Michael **Graham-Dixon**, 31 Hereford Square, London, S.W.7.
 Toby William **Keynes**, 16 Canonbury Park South, London, N.1.
 Shane Terence Robin **MacSweeney**, 5 Diamond Terrace, London, S.E.10.
 Vassili Alexander Dimitrios **Papastavrou**, 4 West Wickham Road, Balsham, Cambridgeshire.

Thomas Martin Harwood **Reid**, 43 Carson Road, London, S.E.21.
 William John **Selka**, Ash Cottage, Thurstonland, Huddersfield, Yorks.
 Andrew John Baird **Tyson**, Reed's School, Cobham, Surrey.

Busby's

Mark Patrick Hay **Davison**, 53 Lee Road, London, S.E.3.
 Martin John **Derx**, 40 Raymond Road, London, S.W.19.
 Graham Balfour **Jackson**, 36 Redington Road, London, N.W.3.
 Graham Charles **Richardson**, Cutts End, Cumnor, Oxon.
 Edward **St. Aubyn**, 10 Irene Road, London, S.W.6.

Liddell's

Benedict Asheton **Critchley**, Patmore Lodge, Albury, Ware, Herts.
 Edward Stewart **Hasted**, 12 Chesterfield Street, London, W.1.
 Paul Anthony **Holland**, Tall Trees, Kent Hatch, nr. Edenbridge, Kent.
 Jonathan Scott **Myerson**, 8 Sloane Court East, London, S.W.3.
 Matthew James **O'Shanohun**, 24 Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.
 Charles Simon **Phelps-Penry**, Romanella, Dartnell Avenue, West Byfleet, Surrey.
 Thomas Philip **Porteous**, 52 Elgin Crescent, London, W.11.
 Roland Mark **Renyi**, 21 Astell Street, London, S.W.3.
 Charles **Ward-Jackson**, 12a York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.

Ashburnham

Mark Charles **Cumper**, 57 Westgate Road, Beckenham, Kent.
 Mark Vivyan **Eban**, 60 Wynnstey Gardens, London, W.8.
 Andrew Joshua **Golding**, 12a Welbeck Street, London, W.1.
 David Jeremy **Hillelson**, 34 Chepstow Place, London, W.2.
 Cameron David **Horne**, Flat 4, Roebuck House, Palace Street, S.W.1.
 Adam George **McLean**, 31 Dalmore Road, London, S.E.21.
 Patrick Desmond **Miller**, 116 Rivermead Court, London, S.W.6.
 Christian Bay **Preston**, 18 Mount Street, London, W.1.
 Thomas Henry **Prowse**, 45 Burgh Heath Road, Epsom, Surrey.
 Julian Mark Tangye **Williams**, 7 Brunswick Gardens, London, W.8.

Wren's

Daniel Baxter **Clague**, 32 Morden Road, London, S.E.3.

Dominic Martin **Freud**, 7 Boundary Road, London, N.W.8.
Francis James Samuel **Hodgson**, 7 Collingham Gardens, London, S.W.5.
Justin Michael Spencer **Jenk**, 12 St. James's Gardens, London, W.11.
Guy Frederick Noel **Martin**, 20 Vineyard Hill Road, London, S.W.19.
Colin Anthony **Mason**, 76 The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.
Alexander Guy Campbell **Ross**, 35 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10.

Dryden's

Justin Richard **Summers**, 3 North Several, Orchard Drive, London, S.E.3.

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on 27th April 1977.

Rigaud's

John Peter **Barkhan**, Copper Beech, Oak Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Charmian L. **Hughes**, 4 Pembroke Road, London, W.8.

Busby's

Patricia **Hitchcock**, 75 Ladbrooke Grove, London, W.11.
Michael Allan **Richards**, Dill Hill Park, Wokingham, Berks.

Liddell's

Victoria **Andrews**, 80 Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W.8.
Justin David Elliott **Byam Shaw**, Checkley Farm, Checkley, Nantwich, Cheshire.

Wren's

Judith **Chain**, 9 North View, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
Janine **Ulfane**, 12 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

Obituary

Balfour—On December 15th, 1977, Harold Ivor Collingwood, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (1915-18, H), aged 76.
Balfour-Smith—On December 13th, 1977, Charles Roy (1919-22, G), aged 72.
Blakstad—On March 11th, 1978, Eric Clark (1923-25, R), aged 69.
Clarke—On April 14th, 1978, John Hugh Leigh (1913-17, A), aged 78.
Davis—On April 6th, 1978, Edward Arthur (1916-18, A), aged 75.
Deller—On October 30th, 1977, Dr. Peter John Ralph (1930-35, A), aged 60.
Eyton-Jones—On December 30th, 1977, Frederick Mortimer Maurice (1916-20, KS), aged 74.
Fisher—On October 20th, 1977, Lt-Col. John Greenwood, M.B.E. (1921-25, A), aged 70.
Fletcher—On September 29th, 1977, Eric Longsdon (1932-38, H), aged 57.
Grewcock—On December 31st, 1977, Douglas Derek (1934-38, H), aged 56.
Hammerson—On November 18th, 1977, Anthony Robert (1970-73, G), aged 21.
Harrod—On March 8th, 1978, Sir Henry Roy Forbes, F.B.A. (1913-18, Non-Res.KS, A), aged 78.
Hart—On April 6th, 1978, Louis Albert (1918-21, A), aged 72.
Hook—On February 9th, 1978, Christopher (1917-23, H), aged 75.
Hulbert—On March 25th, 1978, John Norman (1906-8), aged 85.
Jacomb-Hood—On January 23rd, 1978, Stanley Frederick Percy (1916-21, G), aged 75.
Johnston—On October 28th, 1977, John Lawrence, M.B. (1896-1903, G), aged 92.
Johnston—On February 26th, 1978, William Franklin (1921-24, R), aged 71.
Leishman—On March 17th, 1978, Austin William Drevar, F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (1920-25, G), aged 70.
Lindner—On January 17th, 1978, Charles Frederick Harold (1914-17, H), aged 76.

Parkyn—On January 29th, 1977, Roderick William (1925-29, R), aged 65.
Porterfield—On November 17th, 1977, William James (1964-68, QS), aged 25.
Rambaut—On November 25th, 1977, Hugh Calder (1908-13, KS), aged 82.
Rawnsley—On November 18th, 1977, David Willingham (1922-24, H), aged 68.
Rayner—On April 13th, 1978, Eric George Ewart (1926-29, G), aged 67.
Reitlinger—On March 8th, 1978, Gerald Roberts (1913-18, G), aged 78.
Waechter—On March 5th, 1978, John D'Arcy, Ph.D., F.S.A. (1929-32, R), aged 62.
Worthington—On March 8th, 1978, Harold (1903-6, H), aged 87.
Jeffreys—On September 28th, 1977, Rev. Jeffrey Graham, aged 84, (Science Master, Master in charge of Water, 1921-23).
Williamson—On March 6th, 1978, H. S., O.B.E. (Art Master, 1922-30).

C. R. Balfour-Smith

Charles Roy Balfour-Smith was born in the Wirral, son of Wallace Herbert, a chartered accountant of Liverpool; he was admitted up Grant's in 1918 and left in 1922. He shewed much talent in the drawing school under William Kneen, and was soon regarded with respect as a boy of high ethical standards and reliability, traits which never lessened but developed throughout his life. He always reflected the typical liberality of view for which Westminster has rightly been renowned. He became a member of the Liberal Party to follow its finest traditions. On leaving school he entered his father's business, but never took up accountancy. Later he joined Associated British Foods where he served for 35 years, becoming a Group Director. But whatever were his business commitments and responsibilities, he never failed to play an active part in community life. In his neighbourhood in Sussex he upheld the interests and rights of 'foresters', local residents and the general public alike; he stood as Liberal Candidate in the Rural District Council elections. He was elected to be one of the Conservators of Ashdown Forest, and at the time of his death was their Vice-Chairman. In a valedictory address the Rural Dean of Uckfield referred to 'Roy's uprightness and strength of principle, his religious conviction and practice from which nothing could move him' and to his help in diocesan causes.

A year ago Roy Balfour-Smith underwent a remarkable operation on his heart and soon he was to continue his activities, but after attending a meeting he died suddenly, a man of gratitude towards God and life who was ever 'ploughing a bit back . . .'

Married twice, there survive a daughter from the first marriage and a wife and son from his second. P.D.

British Public Schools' Association New South Wales

The B.P.S.A. (N.S.W.) was formed in 1931 when few Public Schools then had (or, indeed, have now) sufficient former members living in New South Wales to run their own School's Association. For a very modest entry fee and annual subscription, the B.P.S.A. is a means whereby former members of Public Schools in the United Kingdom may keep in touch with each other. Women are also eligible for membership and are most welcome.

The Association holds a lunch every month with an interesting speaker and, throughout the year, runs social functions at members' homes, theatre parties, barbeques, harbour cruises and block bookings for sporting events—all of which are family occasions. There is also a formal Annual Dinner.

Those who are interested should write to the Honorary Secretary, British Public Schools Association (N.S.W.), University and Schools Club, 70 Phillip Street, Sydney N.S.W. 2000.

F. M. M. Eyton-Jones

Dr. F. M. M. Eyton-Jones, who was in general practice at Brighton, Sussex, died on December 30th. He was 74.

Frederick Mortimer Maurice Eyton-Jones was born at Ealing on March 19th, 1903, the younger son of the vicar of St. Paul's, Hounslow. His parents had both been missionaries in China. He gained entry to Westminster School as a King's scholar in 1915, studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's, and qualified in 1927. Before entering practice Freddy Eyton-Jones was assistant medical officer of health and schools medical officer for the borough of Heston and Isleworth, and medical superintendent at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases, Endsleigh Gardens. In general practice he moved from a partnership in Littlehampton to Brighton in 1944 and was in practice on his own until the time of his death. He was an honorary physician to the Brighton and Lewes group. For many years he was a consultant in physical medicine at the Royal Sussex County Hospital.

Adapted from the
British Medical Journal

Eric Fletcher

Eric Fletcher was the son of C. E. L. Fletcher, C.B.E., of Streatham Hill and was educated at Westminster School (H) and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he obtained a degree in Modern Languages. During the war years he was commissioned in the Royal Corps of Signals, serving for 6 years including four and half years in the Middle East and Northern Italy with Air Formation Signals.

He entered the Civil Service in 1947 and, after a short spell in the Ministry of Civil Aviation, joined the Customs and Excise, following in the footsteps of his father, who was also serving in the Department at that time. As Assistant Principal, he held the post of private secretary to the Deputy Chairman and subsequently to the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Customs and Excise. As a Principal he served in a variety of administrative areas but for the past twelve years he had responsibility for all aspects concerning the importation of goods by post and recently took a leading part in the revision and simplification of customs postal procedures. He represented the Department at international meetings and was a prominent member of the joint Customs Co-operative Council—Universal Postal Union Committee.

He was elected a Council Member of the Hampstead Garden Suburb Residents Association in 1973-74, then he became Vice-Chairman in 1974-75.

In 1975-76 he was appointed Chairman of the Association and was serving his third year at the time of his death.

E. W. Myring

Sir Roy Harrod

Sir Roy Harrod, the eminent economist, who has died, aged 78, was one of the outstanding young dons of his generation. His mother was a sister of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the actor, and herself a painter and novelist.

He was educated at Westminster, a non-resident K.S. up Ashburnham, Captain of the School in 1918, he left with a Triplett exhibition to study at New College, Oxford, and later under John Maynard Keynes at Cambridge, before going as economics tutor at Christ Church, Oxford. His notable biography of Keynes was published in 1951.

He was at one time described as the Oxford Keynes, occupying in that university much the same position in the world of economic teaching as Lord Keynes did at Cambridge.

His first and most important contribution to this theory came in the *Economic Journal* in 1939 as 'An Essay in Dynamic Theory'. Here he published the fundamental equation of growth that was rediscovered independently some seven years later by Professor Domar and which every economist now knows as the Harrod-Domar equation. All these ideas he subsequently expanded and developed in *Towards a Dynamic Economics* (1948), *A Supplement on Dynamic Theory* (1952), and *A Second Essay in Dynamic Theory* (1961). His 1948 book became the starting point of a vast literature and much of the modern theory of growth economics originates from it.

Early in his career he preached on the dangers of a falling birth-rate.

During the 1939-45 War he was for some time at the Admiralty, serving under Lord Cherwell on Churchill's private statistical staff, was in the Prime Minister's office, and was statistical adviser to the Admiralty.

Sir Roy retired in 1967 after 43 years at Christ Church. Other posts he held included Nuffield Reader in Economics, 1952-67; president of the Royal Society, 1962-64; joint editor of the *Economic Journal*, 1945-61; economic adviser to the International Monetary Fund, 1952-53.

He was made a member of the Council of the Royal Economic Society as early as 1933, and was President 1962-64; he was President of Section F of the British Association in 1938; he was elected to the British Academy in 1947; he was knighted in 1959.

In 1966 he received the Bernhard Harms award of the Institute for World Economics at Kiel University for research on international economics and money systems.

Sir Roy's books included 'The Prof.', a personal memoir of Lord Cherwell, 'Reforming the World's Money', 'Dollar-Sterling Collaboration', 'Sociology, Morals and Mystery' and 'Economic Dynamics'.

He married in 1938 Wilhelmine, daughter of the late Capt. F. J. Cresswell

and of Lady Strickland, and had two sons.

He became a student of Christ Church in 1924, was Junior Censor from 1927-29 and Senior Censor 1930-31. Christ Church remained the centre of his whole working life and to his college and university he devoted much of his energies. In the university, he sat on the Hebdomadal Council from 1923 to 1935, and from 1930 to 1939 was concerned with the rebuilding of the Bodleian Library, as a member first of the commission which visited and studied the principal libraries of Europe and America and later of the building committee.

Harrod's interests were by no means confined to economics. In Christ Church he reverted to the artistic interests of his childhood as curator of their great collection of pictures, starting a campaign of cleaning and the compilation of a new catalogue. He had been deeply interested at school in philosophy, but found himself out of sympathy with contemporary Oxford philosophical movements. He published besides articles a substantial volume in 1956 entitled *The Foundations of Inductive Logic*. He left it on record that he regarded this as his most important achievement—greater than anything he achieved in economics. Basing himself on the British tradition, he claimed that, without introducing unwarranted postulates, he had refuted the scepticism of Hume. The book evoked little contemporary interest: Harrod himself was prepared to rely on the verdict of posterity.

Christopher Hook

Christopher Hook (1917-19, R), inventor of the hydrofoil died on February 9th, aged 75. He invented the first fully submerged and incidence-controlled hydrofoil in 1942, but then spent 35 years vainly trying to interest the British Government in his invention.

After demonstrating his design on Kensington Park pond in 1946 he moved to the Côte d'Azur and sold several hydrofoil craft as pleasure boats. In 1951, after the French Naval authorities had confirmed that his ideas were superior to rival designers, he took his hydrofoil to the United States where his plans were backed by the American National Advisory Committee for Aviation.

Returning to Britain, following further rebuffs, he was advised to work with the German hydrofoil expert, Gottand Sachsenberg, who had been responsible for the German Navy's wartime hydrofoil development. He worked with him until his death. Meanwhile America had taken advantage of his lapsed patents to forge ahead with hydrofoil programmes.

Hook also designed the Flying Broomstick, a revolutionary catamaran with hydrofoils, looking somewhat like a trampoline. This he entered for the 1972 World Sailing Speed Record event at Weymouth.

Adapted from *The Daily Telegraph*

Mr. Jack Hulbert

Mr. Jack Hulbert, the English stage and screen comedian, and also, in his time, author, manager, film director and producer, died on March 25th at the age of 85. With his wife, Dame Cicely Courtneidge, he formed a team which was internationally famous in entertainment over 60 years.

A comedian of versatility and energy, Hulbert remained vigorous throughout his acting life, but it was to the comedy world of the 1920s and 1930s that he really belonged. This was his period and his background. The cheerful, friendly and uncomplicated musicals of the day ideally suited his breezy good humour and genial manner, and he belonged to that type of comedy in which the hero had neither the pathos or sentiment of such as Chaplin, nor the vague inconsequentiality of his younger brother, Claude, but was a down-to-earth, straightforward fellow whom fate could not subdue.

He was born at Ely on April 24th, 1892, and educated at Westminster School and Caius College, Cambridge, where he interested himself in every aspect of the theatre and the world of entertainment. He sang in concerts, organized revues, and in December of 1911, when still an undergraduate appeared in the New Theatre, Cambridge, in the name part of a comedy called *Jack Straw*. He was also something of an athlete, and rowed for his college during his three years' residence. But at no time in his life did he seriously consider any other profession than the stage.

Just before leaving Cambridge, he appeared as Algy Vere in *Cheer Oh! Cambridge*, which was shortly afterwards transferred to the Queen's Theatre, London, where he was so successful that he was at once engaged by the well-known theatre manager Robert Courtneidge. His first professional appearance was made in September 1913 at the Shaftesbury Theatre in *The Pearl Girl*. Thus he was indebted to Robert Courtneidge for providing him first with his start in the theatre, and secondly with his wife, for he married his first leading lady, Courtneidge's daughter, Cicely. She was made C.B.E. in 1951 and D.B.E. in 1972. He served in the Army from 1917 to 1919, and resumed his stage career at the opening of the Palace, Paris, in April, 1919, in *Hullo, Paris*.

From then on, throughout the 1920s, he enjoyed almost uninterrupted success, in plays and musical comedies far too numerous to mention. *Clowns in Clover*, *Follow a Star*, and *The House that Jack Built* are but a few of the titles which come to mind. But the coming of sound to the cinema, and with it the birth of something of a golden era of British film comedy, brought him to the screen in company with such talented artists as Will Hay, Will Fyffe, Gracie Fields, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, the Crazy Gang and

many others. Jack Hulbert and his wife and stage partner, Cicely Courtneidge, formed a team as well known as the Crazy Gang. Later he acted in character roles in such films as *The Spider's Webb* (1960).

His film career largely monopolized his activities from 1931 until 1938, but he returned to regular stage in November, 1938, at the Palace Theatre, as Jack Millet in *Under Your Hat*. During the war years he was seen in *Full Swing*, *The Hulbert Follies* and *Something in the Air*.

He appeared several times on the American stage, and was a frequent broadcaster for the B.B.C. on radio, as well as producing for and acting on television.

But a love for the stage remained and as the years went by the seemingly inexhaustible duo of Hulbert and his wife continued to appear in production after production. In 1960 they appeared together in *The Bride Comes Back*, a rare venture into straight theatre for him.

Adapted from *The Times*

H. C. Rambaut

Mr. Hugh Rambaut died on November 25th at Kenninghall, Norfolk. He was nearly 83.

Born in 1894 at Dunsink Observatory, Co. Dublin, he was the youngest son of Arthur Rambaut, F.R.S., then Astronomer-Royal of Ireland. In 1897 his father became Radcliffe Observer at Oxford, so he spent the rest of his childhood at the Radcliffe Observatory (now about to become the nucleus of the new Radcliffe College). He was a day-boy at Lynam's, later the Dragon School, and went on to Westminster as a King's Scholar. In 1915 he was commissioned into the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, and served three years in France, mostly with the Eighth Hussars. He qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1922, and spent almost his whole working life as Managing Director of E. M. Denny, the bacon manufacturers. He retired in 1955.

He married in 1934 Stephanie Rambaut, from a distant branch of the same Huguenot family. They had three children.

David Rawnsley

David Rawnsley, who died in November last year on the island of Anacapri, had a most unusually varied career. After leaving school in 1924 he attended the Architectural Association's London school, and was duly elected A.R.I.B.A. Instead of following this profession he joined the Rank Organization on the art direction and production design side of their film operations. His work there was interrupted by the war, when he and a colleague immediately volunteered for service with the Royal Navy. They served for all too short a time aboard H.M. Yacht *Princess*, sunk by enemy action in the Bristol Channel in January, 1940.

Rawnsley then joined the Merchant Navy, sailing under the flag of the Blue Star Line. After a time he was invalided out of the service and rejoined the Rank Organization. He was the Art Director of the films *In Which We Serve*, *49th Parallel* and *The Rake's Progress*. After the war he pioneered, in the face of strong trade opposition, a new technique of film photography known as the 'Independent Frame' method, using electronic cameras for the first time.

After a violent disagreement with the management Rawnsley left Rank to establish a pottery in Paris (in the Impasse de l'Astrolabe) which still operates there; he did the same in Chelsea, when he came back to London in 1952, and again in Nassau, Bahamas—this too is still a going concern. His interests now centering on ceramics, sculpture and painting he and his wife Phyllis bought a house on Anacapri where they both worked till his death—she is herself an artist.

Clues to Rawnsley's versatility may be found in his parentage. His father Noel was, with David's brother Derrick, a co-founder of Federal Union, and his mother a distinguished painter and poet under her married name of Violet Rawnsley.

Mr. Gerald Reitlinger

Mr. Gerald Roberts Reitlinger, who died on March 8th at the age of 78, carved for himself a special niche in the history of art sales, and became regarded as the father figure of art market analysts. Between 1961 and 1970 he published three volumes under the overall title *The Economics of Taste*, the first two being studies of the rise and fall in prices of pictures and *objets d'art* respectively over two centuries from the middle of the eighteenth, and the third a history of the art market in the 1960s.

Reitlinger, who was the third son of Albert Reitlinger, a prominent banker, and a brother of Mrs. Philip Guedalla, who died recently, was born on March 2nd, 1900. He was first educated at Westminster School, with his exact contemporary Sir Roy Harrod, who died on the same day as Reitlinger. He went on to Christ Church, Oxford, the Slade School and Westminster School of Art and in the 1920s and 1930s he exhibited his paintings in London and elsewhere. After war service and a period of lecturing to the Forces, he became a frequent contributor to periodicals and newspapers on art and antiques.

He wrote a number of books, beginning with *A Tower of Skulls* (1932), on journeys in Persia and Turkish Armenia; *South of the Clouds* (1939), on the remote Chinese province of Yunnan; *The Final Solution*, a record of Nazi persecution of the Jews which came out in 1953 and was brought up to date in 1967; *The SS, Alibi of a Nation* (1956), and a book on German war-time policy towards Russia.

Gerald Reitlinger, who had been in

poor health, survived only a few weeks the sad destruction by fire of his remarkable manor house at Beckley, near Rye, which contained his splendid collection of Oriental porcelain.

Adapted from *The Times*

W. Turner Lord

Bill Turner Lord was a non-resident King's Scholar, up Ashburnham from 1915 to 1920. He coxed the School Four from 1917 to 1919 and became Head of Water. After matriculating to Trinity College, Cambridge, he rowed for Third Trinity gaining his oar. He qualified as an Architect, but relinquished his degree to join the firm of Interior Decorators founded by his grandfather.

During the Second World War he served in the R.A.F.V.R. and was a Squadron Leader in Intelligence. He was responsible for producing several models of vital enemy targets for briefing bomber crews for which he was mentioned in Despatches. He was a gifted cartoonist and published a volume of caricatures of fellow officers in No. 2 Group, the proceeds of which went to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. In 1933 he married Katherine Bice (née Hitchcock) who survives him. They had one son Simon.

Dr. J. d'Arcy Waechter

Dr. John d'Arcy Waechter, who died on March 5th, was born on November 16th, 1915, the second son of Sir Harry Waechter, Bt.

He had been a member of the London University Institute of Archaeology since 1953 and at his death was a Senior Lecturer there. He was probably best known for his field work on Palaeolithic sites in the Mediterranean, the Near East and Africa. After leaving Westminster School (R) and before serving in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War, he excavated with Sir Flinders Petrie, Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Professor John Garstang, and directed his own excavations in Transjordan.

After the war, under the aegis of Dr. (later Professor) Dorothy Garrod, he studied for a Ph.D. at Cambridge. His wide interests and affiliations were acknowledged by the presentation to him of the Rivers Memorial Medal of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and the Henry Stopes Memorial Medal of the Geologists Association of London.

Adapted from *The Times*

The Rev. J. G. Jeffreys

The Rev. Jeffrey Graham Jeffreys, founder of Bryanston School and Otter-shaw College, afterwards run by Surrey County Council as a Local Authority boarding school, died on September 28th, aged 84.

He was for a short time an Usher at Westminster, teaching science between 1921-23 and was in charge of The Water

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Fourteenth Annual Report covering the year to December 31st, 1977.

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

Lord Adrian, O.M., Cdr. J. G. Arnold-Jenkins, Dr. H. I. C. Balfour, C. R. Balfour-Smith, Lt.-Col. E. A. Barclay-Smith, B. H. Bourke, J. R. Brandon-Thomas, Dr. P. J. R. Deller, F. M. M. Eyton-Jones, Lt.-Col. J. G. Fisher, M.B.E., E. L. Fletcher, A. R. D. Gilbey, C.B.E., D. D. Grewcock, Dr. R. F. Guymer, T.D., A. R. Hammerson, Sir Ronald Howe, C.V.O., M.C., J. L. Johnston, A. R. I. Mellor, C.B.E., M.C., W. J. Porterfield, J. S. Potter, F. G. Pulman, H. C. Rambaut, D. W. Rawnsley, A. C. F. Russell, Sir Alexander B. Spearman, Bt., Dr. W. G. Walter.

Forty-two new members were elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 5th, 1977, the Rt. Rev. Gerald Ellison was elected a Vice-President; Mr. Frank Hooper, Mr. M. C. Baughan, Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively. Mr. R. J. Grant, Mr. R. L. Paniguan, Mr. F. M. B. Rugman and Mr. A. J. T. Willoughby were elected new members of the General Committee.

Mr. P. J. Morley-Jacob was re-appointed Chairman and Mr. J. A. Lauder Hon. Treasurer of the Sports Sub-Committee for 1977-78.

At a Special General Meeting, immediately following the Annual General Meeting, approval was given to amendments to the Rules of the Club providing for the admission to membership of girls who have been educated at the School, together with certain minor alterations to other Rules as tabled by the General Committee.

This year saw a change in the financial year-end to December 31st and the period under review, therefore, covers the nine months from April 1st to December 31st, 1977. This was agreed to by the General Committee on the Hon. Treasurer's recommendation as the former year-end barely gave time for the Accounts to be audited and approved and meet the deadline for inclusion in the July issue of *The Elizabethan*. The Accounts of the Sports Committee also fell into line with the new arrangement.

In September 1977, the Club relinquished its responsibility for the upkeep of the Crimean Memorial; in future, this will be undertaken jointly by the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey and the Governing Body of the School. The Club, as a final gesture, agreed to defray the cost of cleaning the lower part of the Memorial.

A successful and enjoyable Annual Dinner was held on October 5th 1977, in College Hall, by kind permission of the Head Master. The principle guests were the Dean of Westminster, the Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Havers, Q.C., M.P. (O.W.) who proposed the toast of *Floreat*, and the Head Master, who responded. The President's health was proposed by Colonel Stuart Horner, O.B.E.

On behalf of the Committee

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary



R. Keating

Sports Reports

Football

After a season of friendlies we started the season back in the Arthurian League Division 4 with Paul Bevan as Captain and Robin Brown as Vice-Captain. Unfortunately due to business commitments Paul Bevan had to resign in October and he was replaced by Graeme Hinton.

Our aim was promotion to Division 3 but our results were very mixed and with Chigwell III seemingly unbeatable, we had to wrest second place from the Wellingburians II who were at that stage 7 points clear of us. In our eleven league games since Christmas we dropped only 4 points and ended the season in second place, one point clear of Wellingborough, and hence gained promotion.

Our full league statistics were P. 16, W. 10, D. 3, L. 3, F. 46, A. 19 and it must be said that a great part of our success was due to the influx of new faces who turned out week after week to create a balanced side. This augurs very well for next season when we intend running two regular teams.

Perhaps the least expected success story was the Jim Dixon Memorial Six-a-Side competition which is open to one team from each league side but excluding those who played this season's Arthur Dunn Cup. We were represented by Marcus Campbell, Colin Cranleigh-Swash, Tim Kerr, Adam Kinn, Alastair Machray, Ben Rampton and George Wells and they only succumbed in the final to the Old Chomeleians.

In our other matches we were beaten in the 1st Round of the Arthur Dunn Cup by the Old Reptonians (at Repton) after putting up a tremendous fight. We beat Old Foresters II in the 1st Round

of the A.F.A. Intermediate Cup before being knocked out by Kew Association Reserves. We also played our usual round of friendlies and had a very enjoyable Easter Tour in Suffolk.

For 1978/79 Season we will start training on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from the latter part of August at Vincent Square and anyone wishing to play for us should contact the Hon. Secretary. We are particularly interested in those who will be able to play on a fairly regular basis as a balanced side invariably produces success. We have entered our 2nd side for a cup competition next year.

Golf

With an increase in matches against other Societies it is to be hoped that this trend is the start of greater support for the O.W.G.S. It still remains a fact that the major support rests on too few shoulders. Despite this, some new faces have been seen and it is to be hoped this will continue.

In the Halford Hewitt the Society had a good win against City of London by 3 matches to 2 in the first round. In the second round against Malvern we were up against some very tough opposition. Eventually the match was lost 3-2. Unfortunately, in this round the 3 pairs, at least one of whom was expected to win, all lost while the 2 pairs initially thought to have no chance against their opposite numbers, each produced a victory. Thus the result was somewhat disappointing. The 1977 Halford Hewitt performance was, therefore, rather typical of the Society's performance in the Halford Hewitt as a whole, in that yet again, the full potential was never realized by the whole team at the vital moment.

In the Bernard Darwin we lost a very close first round match against Charterhouse by 1 match to 2.

In the Grafton Morrish, we failed to qualify for the knockout competition in the Autumn due to some rather inadequate golf by some of the team members. For some unknown reason, the O.W.G.S. representatives for this qualifying competition seemed to be unable as a team to produce even an adequate score which would enable the Society to qualify for the knockout competition. This year the team managed only 49 points from 3 pairs. To stand a chance of qualifying, at least 60 points are needed. So far, the Society has only qualified once for the Finals since the competition was introduced several years ago.

In the Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition despite tremendous efforts by 3 of the 4 team members and a last minute replacement, we just failed to qualify for the Finals. Failure to qualify was entirely due to the fact that one team member failed to turn up and made no mention beforehand of his not being available. This sort of approach is, of

course, totally unacceptable, since it ruins the efforts of the other team members and means, of course, that the Society monies for entrance fees are totally wasted.

The inter-Society matches produced somewhat better results than in 1976, details of which are set out below:

- O. Uppinghamian W 11-9.
- O. Cheltonian D 4 all.
- O. Canfordian L $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- O. Reptonian W 5-3.
- O. Radlian L 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

As regards to the Society meetings, attendances were down, particularly at the Spring and Autumn meetings. No clear reasons for this can be found, particularly as those who attended all had an enjoyable day's golf. The new location of Seaford Golf Club for the Summer meeting proved a success and it is hoped that more support will be given to this meeting in 1978.

In 1978 it is hoped that a match against the school can be arranged and that as in the case of inter-Society matches, a manager responsible for raising the team can be found. Golf at the school, although actively supported by some 10-12 boys, is not at a very high standard. This, of course, is no reason for not giving them the maximum possible support.

B. Peroni

Fives

The club had another enjoyable season playing each week at the school courts and this year entered three pairs in the Kinnaird Cup.

Lawn Tennis

The club had a very good season winning eight of the ten matches played. They were successful in one round of the D'Abernon Cup but were beaten in a disputed second round game. Next season the club will be playing at both Vincent Square and Queen's Club on Wednesday evenings.

Real Tennis

The club only managed two matches last season but this year more matches have been arranged and the club is very keen that new members join the club.

Athletics

The club had another enjoyable season but it is also keen for more Old Boys to participate in its meetings.



Sports Committee

Chairman:

P. I. Morley-Jacob
Messrs. Slaughter & May, 35 Basinghall Street, London E.C.2

Hon. Treasurer:

J. A. Lauder
54 Latimer Gardens, Pinner, Middlesex
(tel. 866 3370 or 629 7282)

Hon. Sec.:

D. A. Roy
49 Pebworth Road, Harrow (tel. home
422 2878, office 606 7711)

Elected Members

A. J. T. Willoughby
13 Winsham Grove, London S.W.11
(228 1364)

P. G. Whipp
22 Boileau Road, Ealing W.5 (office
628 3232)

N. Margerison
14 Stanford Road, Dalston N.1 (249
6218)

T. Jones-Parry
Westminster School Common Room,
17 Dean's Yard, London S.W.1

Hon. Section Secretaries

Cricket: J. Carey
16 Iverna Court, W.8 (937 0807)

Football: M. Samuel
26 Amity Grove, West Wimbledon,
SW20 0LJ (tel. 946 8421)

Golf: B. Peroni
c/o Norman A. Peroni Limited,
Stancress House, 16 Hill Avenue,
Amersham, Bucks. (tel. 024 03 4254)

Fives: R. Grant
Pendle, 17 Stone Road, Bromley, Kent
(460 8050)

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

Lawn Tennis: R. Balfour-Lynn
66 New Cavendish Street, London W.1
(637 9711)



Real Tennis: M. Tenison
 Shortmead, Village Way, Little Chalfont,
 Amersham, Bucks. Little Chalfont 2107
 Swimming: E. Gavin
 180 Kennington Park Road, S.E.11
 (735 8351)
 Athletics: J. Forrest
 Ashburnham, High Road, Chipstead,
 Surrey. Downland 55258
 Fencing: E. Gray
 Old Croftan, Camtref, Brecon.

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 4th, 1978, at 7.30 p.m.

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 5th, 1977.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the nine-month period ended December 31st, 1977.

4. Election of Officers*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:
 President: Dr. D. M. M. Carey
 Chairman: Mr. F. B. Hooper
 Hon. Treasurer: Mr. M. C. Baughan
 Hon. Secretary: Mr. F. A. G. Rider
 Hon. Sports Secretary:
 Mr. D. A. Roy

5. Election of General Committee*

Under Rule 13, Mr. R. J. D. Welch, Mr. E. R. D. French and Mr. J. H. D. Carey are ineligible for re-election.

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:

†1937-40	Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison
†1936-38	Mr. P. G. Whipp
†1931-37	Mr. C. M. O'Brien
†1964-69	Mr. M. W. Jarvis
†1951-56	Mr. M. J. Hyam
†196-771	Mr. R. J. Grant
†1963-67	Mr. R. L. Paniguian
†1955-60	Mr. F. M. B. Rugman
†1959-62	Mr. A. J. T. Willoughby
1959-64	Mr. P. N. Pinfield
	Mr. J. S. Baxter
1975-77	Miss T. Beaconsfield

6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.

7. Any Other Business.

*The name for any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. G. Rider, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1, so as to reach him not later than September 25th, 1978.

†Members of the 1977-78 General Committee eligible for re-election.

Special General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 4th, 1978, at 7.31 p.m. (or so soon thereafter as the Annual General Meeting convened for the same date shall have been concluded or adjourned) to consider and, if thought fit, to approve an increase in the number of Vice-Presidents (excluding those who have been President) that they be not less than three or more than ten.

Note: The present Rule 11 provides for 'not less than three or more than five.'

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary



V. S. Woodell

The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet 30th December 1977

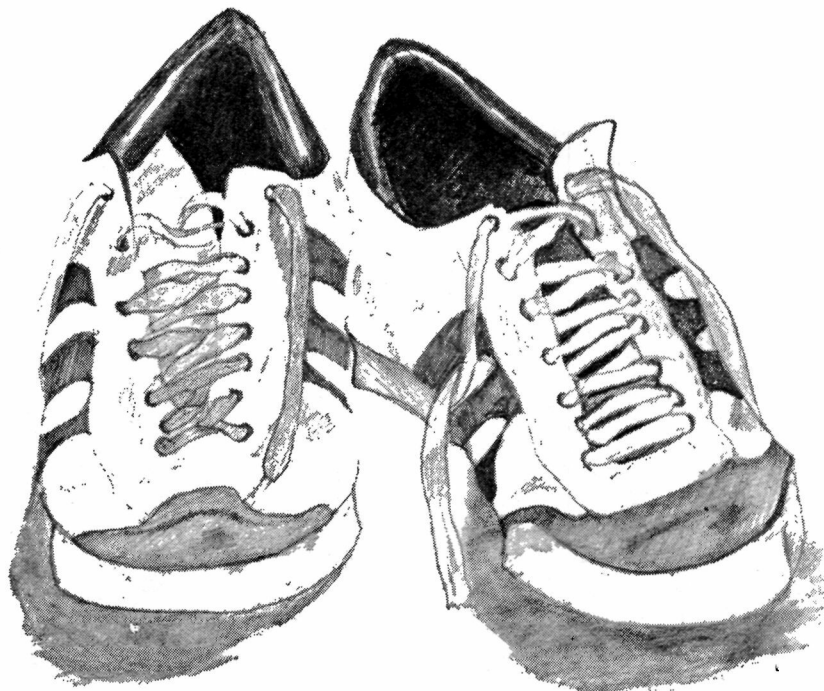
1976			£	£
	£			
		GENERAL FUND		
		Balance at March 31st, 1977	13,208.26	
		Termly Instalments (Proportion)	453.50	
		Profit on realization of investments	278.52	
			13,940.28	
		<i>Less: Tax</i>	33.42	
13,208			13,906.86	13,906.86
		218 SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (see below)		112.57
		INCOME ACCOUNT		
		Balance at March 31st, 1977	2,590.69	
		Excess of Income over Expenditure	786.99	
2,591			3,377.68	3,377.68
16,017				17,397.11
	£		£	£
		14,009 INVESTMENTS at cost		15,786.50
		Market value at December 30th, 1977 was £21,343		
		CURRENT ASSETS		
		Balances at Bank	2,321.86	
		<i>Less: Sundry Creditors</i>	711.25	
2,008			1,610.61	1,610.61
16,017				17,397.11

M. C. Baughan
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at December 30th, 1977 and of the Income and Expenditure for the nine months ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Honorary Auditor



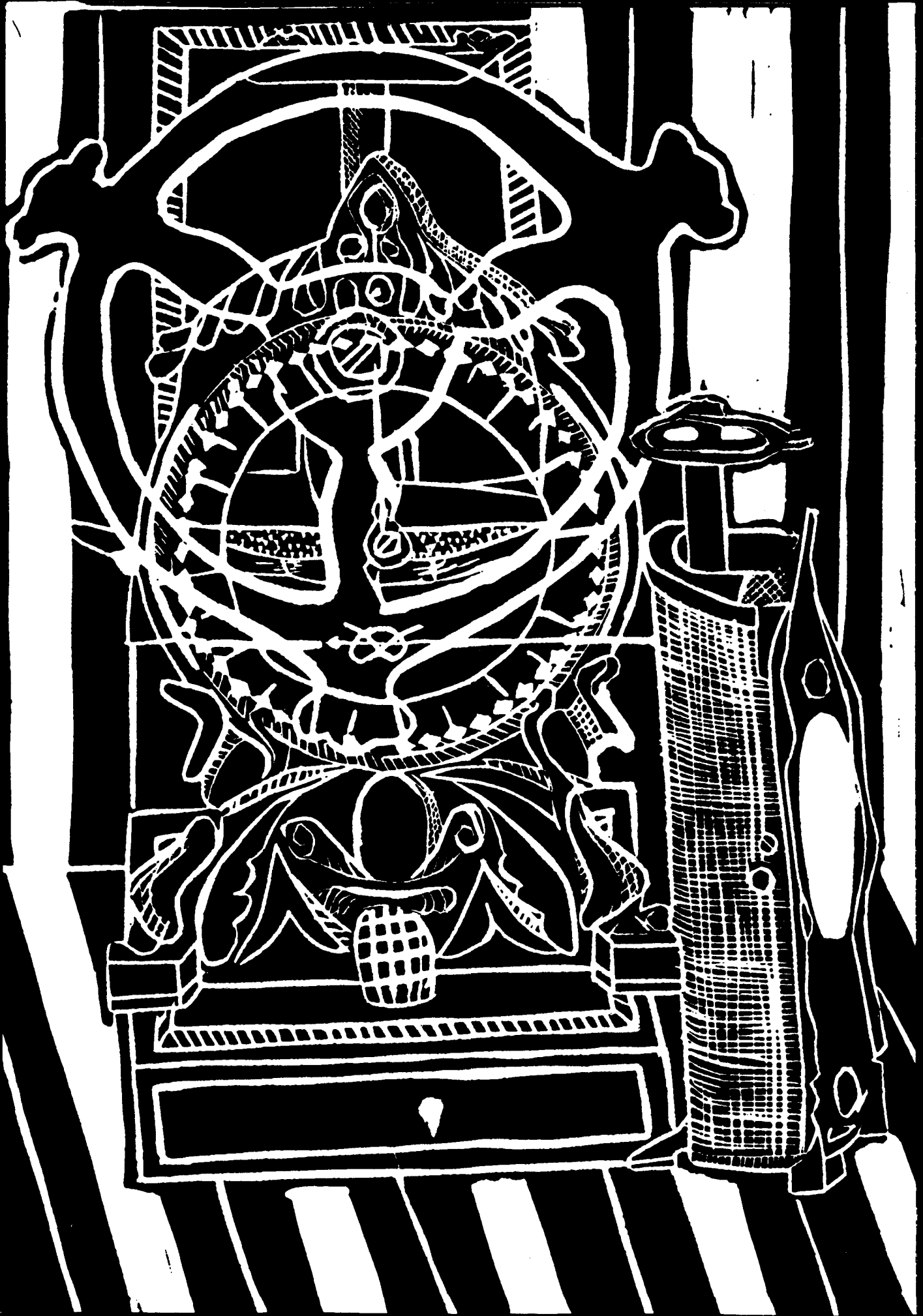
Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 30th December, 1977

4 Grays Inn Square
1976

	£	£
172	Administration	45.20
100	Honorarium	125.00
539	Taxation	456.62
50	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant	—
1,250	Sports Committee	950.00
1,000	<i>The Elizabethan</i>	500.00
175	Loss on Dinner	83.45
686	Excess of income over expenditure	786.99
<hr/>		
3,972		2,947.26
<hr/>		
	£	£
1	Annual Subscriptions	1.00
2,622	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	1,814.00
1,349	Income from investments (Gross)	1,132.26
<hr/>		
3,972		2,947.26
<hr/>		

Sports Committee Funds

	£	£	
Balance as at 31st, March 1977		217.76	
Gross income	16.43		
Less: Tax	6.62		
		9.81	
Grants		950.00	
		<hr/>	
		1,177.57	
Grants paid		1,065.00	
		<hr/>	
Balance at 31.12.77		£112.57	
		<hr/>	
The Grants allotted were:		£	
Cricket		370	
Golf		175	
Rowing		10	
Lawn Tennis		100	
Fives		70	
Real Tennis		40	
Athletics		35	
Football (part)		265	
		<hr/>	
		1,065	
		<hr/>	





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Your school's careers adviser or Royal Navy Liaison Officer is the person to talk to.

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