THE ELIZABETHAN

January 1974 Vol. xxxi No. 4 Issue No. 680

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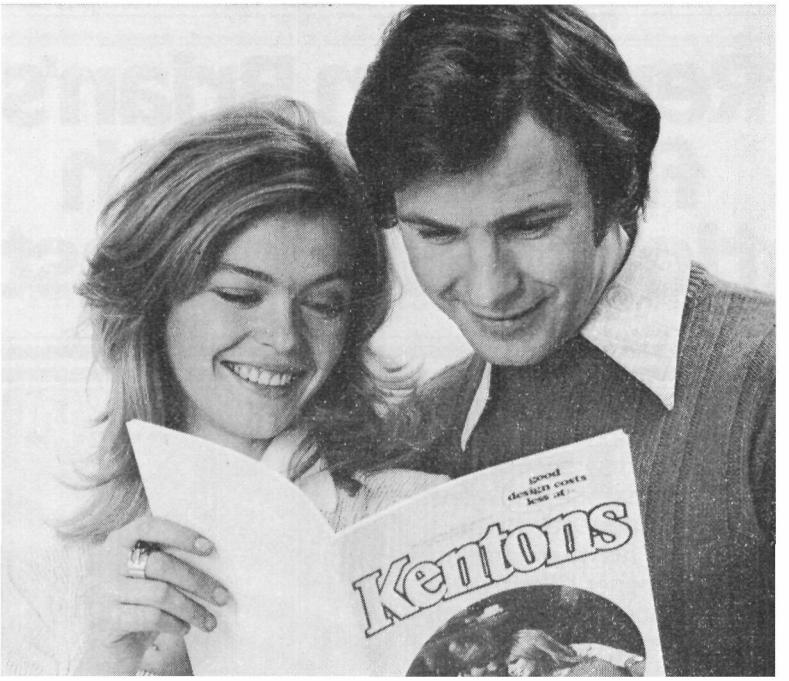

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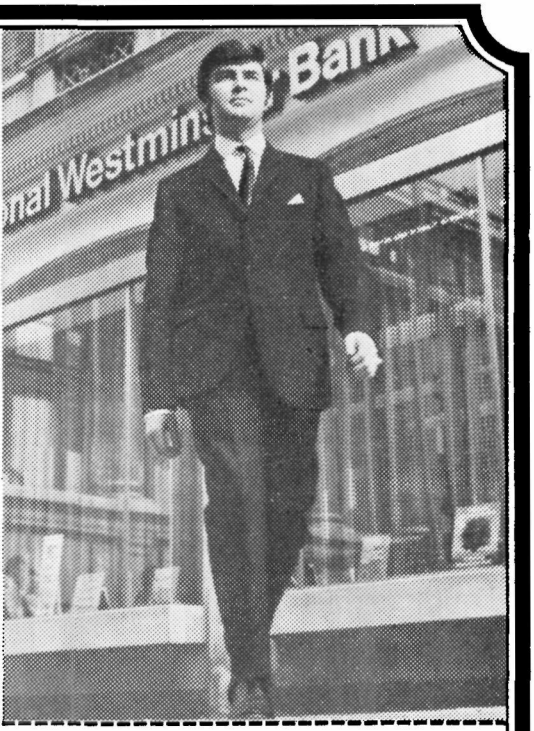
Brian is now number 2 in the Accounting Section at his large branch. He has also attended a special three-week course in London. Brian has benefited from National Westminster's general upscaling in salaries. And has collected a merit rise, and birthday increase into the bargain.



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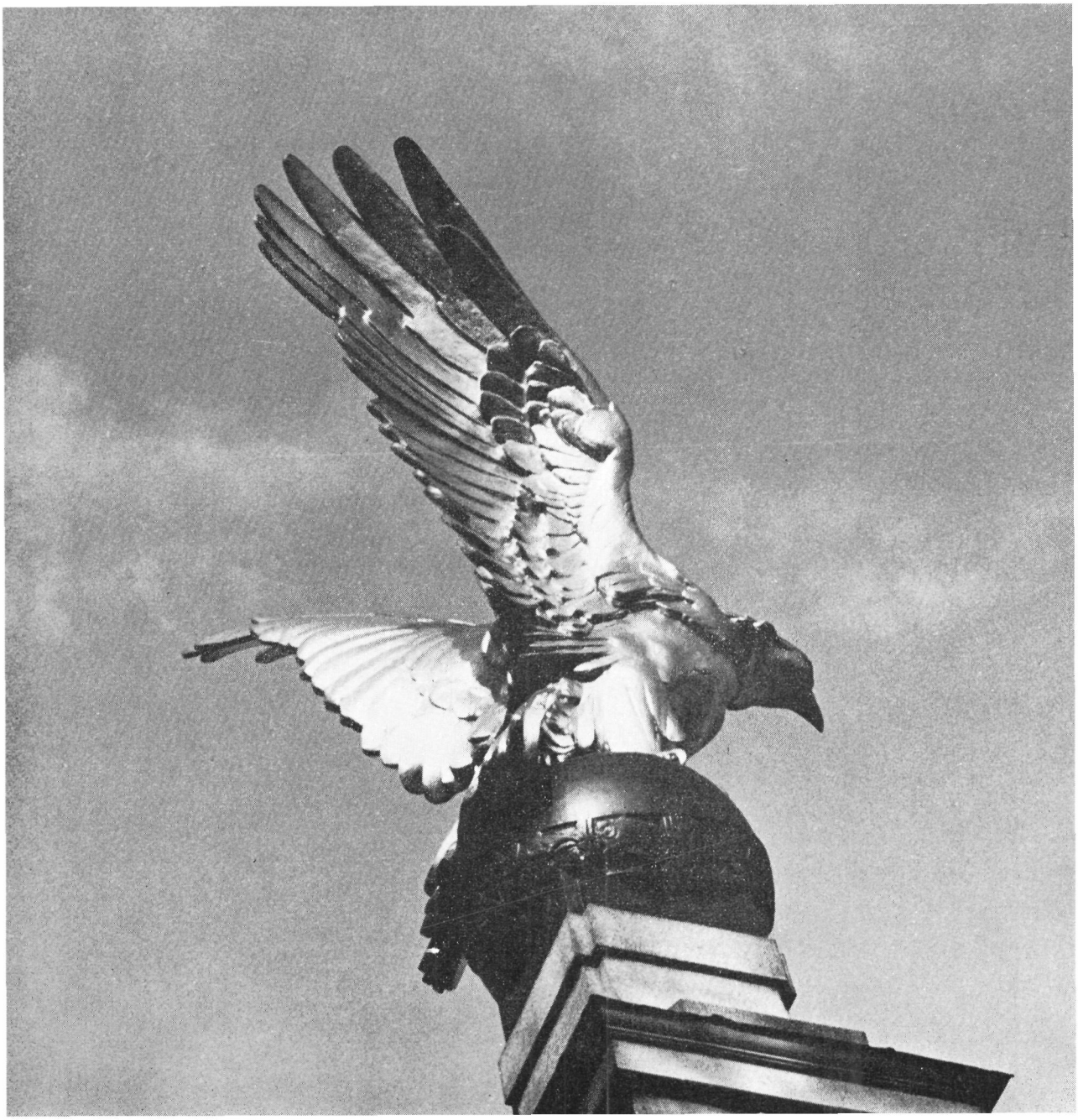

Photo: Miles Evans

The Elizabethan

Editors:

Timothy Gardam and Robin Griffith-Jones

Advertising Manager:

Bruce Hyman

Editorial

The unacceptable face of Fashionablism

or: Why Westminster School has less chance of being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize than President Nixon.

No definite news has yet substantiated unconfirmed reports of the bugging of *The Elizabethan* offices earlier this year. There also, alas, seems little chance of an investigative committee being set up. This is because no eligible people can be found to sit on it, since they are already involved, for the greater part of their spare time, on other such institutions. (See *The Elizabethan*, last edition, *passim.*)

However, this revelation is unlikely to cause much disruption at No. 17, as the populace quite sensibly takes much more notice of the more important decisions of Government, which have received little attention in recent months. Apart from important moves in foreign policy and public relations with the outside world (to wit an article in *The Times* on Public School Education), little attention has been paid to the great advances made in the alleviation of social distress in underprivileged areas. (Grant's have, and Rigaud's are trying to have, new baths put into their basements.) In Foreign Affairs however, a promising year did not live up to expectation. This was mainly because of the unfortunate postponement of Dr. Sanger's trip to Moscow and Peking.

During the August recess, all was quiet. Not surprisingly. There were no demonstrations about the Head Master's holiday in Portugal, probably because the Westminster dissident clique had all bought Inter Rail Cards and were in Spain. But in September all peace evaporated. Questions concerning College Hall food or compulsory Station, which somehow did not seem all that relevant at the Hotel del Sol, Costa del Sol, España, suddenly came to a head. Autumn had come, the tourists were gone, Ashburnham House was closed to the public, and the parochial bickering returned.

* * *

The Summer holidays are one of the few occasions when Westminsters can stop being Westminsters. At Easter, exams loom rather close, and one's

spare time is occupied with the somewhat disagreeable feeling that one should really be doing some work. At Christmas, a sizeable chunk of the School goes one step further than being a Westminster, they become Old Westminsters. In the short term, this involves a choice between going overland to India or working in Harrods for six months; in the long term that twice a year for the rest of your life you will be plagued with a copy of *The Elizabethan*, seeking you out in whatever part of the world you try and hide, until at the age of ninety-four death comes as a welcome release (perhaps as a result of an injudicious Commem.; unless, of course, Royalty intervene).

So only in the Summer holidays do Westminsters become ordinary people. They make clandestine visits to Granny or Auntie Ethel, or go for a family holiday with sister and baby brother at a quiet Dutch holiday resort and come back with stories of the "heavy" time they spent in Amsterdam. In late August, this peaceful sanity is shattered for a large slice of the school by the arrival of mysterious postcards, posted, for some equally mysterious reason, from Haverfordwest, containing O and A level results. Soon after this, formidable mothers send their sons off to their coiffeurs for a haircut and perm. Immediately afterwards they haul their little ones off to Marks and Spencer and invest in new pairs of underpants (navy blue, orange, or pink, according to taste). A quick visit to the shoe shop across the road for a £15 pair of boots with five year guarantee and platform heels ("He'll have grown out of them in six months, but it doesn't really matter.") and mid-September has arrived. Pack the trunk, suffer a last embrace, wipe the lipstick off your face and, sporting the remains of a Mediterranean suntan, you are ready to begin. Only three more months of making snide remarks about everything to everyone and it will be time for a December visit to Harrods and Father Christmas.

Timothy Gardam

Complaints

Complaints: the one, perennial, never-changing theme of *The Elizabethan*; complaints about bureaucracy, complaints about jam, about our immoral way of life, and about *The Elizabethan*; veiled complaints, open complaints, jocular complaints, world-shattering-if-anyone-would-ever-actually-read-them complaints. A wide range of topics, a wide range of approaches, but one constant underlying theme—ourselves, Westminster School, London, S.W.1. This issue is no exception; the Transitus, our apathy, our lack of humour—all come under attack, and largely (*pace* the last) with such devoted seriousness that all sense of proportion sinks without trace. Occasionally we make a concession to the great wide world, and to prevent ourselves from becoming too parochial (to quote present editorial policy) we interview Mr. Hattersley—on Public Schools, of course.

"But why should we not be concerned with ourselves?", the cry goes up; after all, these are our formative years, we must be formed correctly. If we are being misdirected, we must change the direction (not that earlier articles in *The Elizabethan* have ever done that). There is nothing more healthy than this concern for ourselves and our fellows (if the latter ever come into our considerations). We must strive to improve the school, for ourselves, each other, and posterity. After all, why should any parent spend £1,002 (and soon to be more) p.a. to send his son here, if he will not emerge five years later brimming over with maturity, sterling qualities, and intellectual arrogance? The school is seriously hampered by restrictive features that we in our precocious percipience have analysed to the last detail; shorter hair will deprave us for life, Music in Abbey befoul our souls for ever.

And consider officialdom on this. Our four boys' committees meet in ever more lengthy and serious discussion, and all presupposing one fact; that their respective spheres of interest are actually worth talking about. But then an undercooked boiled egg for breakfast does give one a severe mental and physical shock (I suppose). Yet there is another side to the coin. The school, theoretically at least, prepares us for "life". And "life" does not depend on whether we can wear our pinks-in-season tie on non-match days. Perhaps we would do better if the focus of our attention moved away from Little Dean's Yard, if only as far as Parliament Square. We are frightfully proud of great names coming to speak to us; perhaps on occasions we should go to them instead.

In this issue two peeves in particular are giving us bellyache. The one is emblazoned on the front cover. The other is liberalism, that great white hope of education; liberalism, urging us on to non-conformity and radical independence of mind. The powers-that-be are leading a crusade for it; some boys at least have joined the enemy forces. The attacks launched against it in the following pages verge on the vitriolic, even personal. The liberals may be offended; perhaps rather they should be gratified. They are putting forward a view; we are not conforming to it. We are asserting our independence.

Robin Griffith-Jones

Photo: Martin Parnwell

Westminster Notes

If it matters to The Elizabethan, *it matters to you.*

As you may have gathered from the Editorial, Royalty have been a great nuisance this term. To start off with, they took away the Abbey. The Royal Wedding, for the rest of the country a tear-jerking pageant, was to us a bit of a bore. Owing to a slight misunderstanding between the Palace and No. 17, we came back on a Monday morning after the Exeat to find that Wednesday's school had been cancelled by Royal decree. In true Republican spirit, this was ignored. (Dr. Busby must have turned in his grave.) Those boys who wished were allowed to go and stand for three hours in the cold and cheer when instructed to do so. The Head of School and one of his henchmen were enrolled as Royal flunkies. The Police wanted as many boys as possible to cheer as it would save them infiltrating that part of the crowd with plain clothes detectives. Otherwise movement was restricted to a minimum with a complicated system of Police passes. One touching note: the Science Block was sealed off in case of bombs.

* * *

Scandal is a thing of the past, it seems. *Number 18*, the controversial organ of Wren's dissidents, is rumoured to be revamping past issues to fill up its graffiti column in Wren's corridor.

* * *

Television has again reared its ugly head. Despite an assurance from the Head Master two years' ago that television crews would be restricted to a minimum, we have been screened both on B.B.C. and I.T.V. Even the Dalai Lama's visit was recorded for the benefit of millions for a Sunday religious programme. No doubt this is all very good publicity but, perhaps surprisingly, a lot of people object to what they consider a recurrent irritation.

* * *

Globetrotting is all the fashion. Dr. Custance has left us for two years to study the life style of jellyfish in Malta. Mr. French leaves for a term in the New Year to go to Katmandu. We hear he plans to play "Count the Westminsters" as he goes overland across India. In 1975 Mr. Michael Brown leaves for a year to go to Australia. An exchange from the Antipodes is coming to replace him. Rumours that Mr. Brown was planning to run all the way have been officially denied. Meanwhile, the question remains: "What will happen to Athletics?"

* * *

A hole has been dug in Rigaud's Yard. This operation was a result of tremendous effort. Two men arrived with a pickaxe and sledgehammer and after a time the hole materialized. They then built a wall along the edge and went away. A month later they came back and knocked it down.

* * *

Societies are holding meetings! Younger boys still play soldiers at War Games Soc. The E.C.A. Committee have helped Photographic Society buy a new enlarger and have contributed £3.4p to Catholic Society's official organ *Counterblast*. Alas, this magazine has been indulging in irresponsible personal abuse, not only against members of the Common Room, but also against *The Elizabethan*. Debating Society is under new management. With Mr. Howarth as Chairman, a debate on education has been arranged, between Mr. Jack Straw and the Head Master. The new Second Hand Society is rumoured to be threatening the School Store's economic stability.

* * *

We have a new timetable. This consists of having five lessons of forty minutes each on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. Though shortened lessons may mean that it is easy for masters to hold the Junior School in check, the general feeling in the Senior School is that there is hardly time to get going before the next lesson begins.

* * *

Athletics station is very busy. A hedgehog caught in the traffic on a road running through Richmond Park was rescued by a band of runners and removed to a safer part of the Park where it was later seen very happily trying to hide under a heap of leaves.

An interview with Mr Roy Hattersley, M.P.

In October, Mr. Hattersley, the Shadow Cabinet's spokesman on Education, made a speech in Cambridge emphasizing the Labour Party's intention of abolishing Private Schools when next in office. The Elizabethan *went along to interview him.*

Press Association Photos

Q. You were educated at Sheffield Grammar School and at Hull University. Do you think this in any way affected your political views?
A. No, I don't. My political views were very much conditioned outside school and university. I came from a Labour family, one deeply committed to Socialism. I had really two choices; one was to become as enthusiastic a Socialist as my parents were, the other was to reject it totally and become a violinist or a billiards player. I chose the former.
Q. Has education been a great interest of yours for a long time?
A. It has not been a major interest for the last ten years. It was, when I was in Local Government and on the Sheffield Education Committee. But when I came to London I got diverted into other things, defence, foreign affairs, unemployment; and it was a great joy to get back to it a year ago.
Q. How important does the Labour Party think education? Mr. Wilson spoke soon after your Cambridge speech, and appeared to tone it down slightly.
A. I don't think it is possible to produce a league table of social problems. I think we've got to regard four social areas, housing, health, pensions, and education, as having the first claim on our time and resources. In fact, I have had a marvellous response from the Labour Party—indeed my office is in a major administrative crisis because we can't reply to all the letters of goodwill. Now Mr. Wilson was attacked, or complemented, whichever way you look at it, for taking a different view from me because he took word for word from my Cambridge speech a sentence which was concerned with priorities.
Q. Do you see education in general as something purely academic, or as more generally conditioning people's attitudes to their society?
A. Both. But in terms of a mixture of these, more the latter than the former. I don't like politicians who produce what I regard as pleasant answers and don't admit the hard truth about politics, and I think that every honest politician for the last one hundred and three years has said that you can't dissociate educational policy from the general political policy of your party. I believe in equality and I believe in the promotion of equality and obviously my education policy has to be consistent with that.
Q. But do you think the aim of education is just academic success, or is it to prepare one generally for later life?
A. There are two related aims. One is to give individuals full opportunities for maximum prosperity and happiness. This means different things for different people, but it always means the opportunity to fulfil oneself. That's what education basically ought to be—individuals pursuing their own abilities as far as they can go. Of course, the second aim is that, by allowing individuals to develop their talents,

we should become a better educated and better qualified society. Thus we encourage the high fliers to fly high and to get Open Scholarships and become Nobel Laureates; those who can fly moderately high are encouraged to do a bit better; and those who are by nature and environment never likely to get any O levels are equally encouraged to fulfil their potential. I think all these things have to be mixed together.

Q. You oppose the idea of selective education. How do you see entry into universities being controlled?

A. Over the next ten or fifteen years most people will go to the universities because they have got the minimum entrance requirements. I think we will have that meritocratic/élitist system, and I don't in the short term complain about that or think it can be changed. What I hope we can begin to do is encourage British universities to follow the example of the American ones, where there are people who do not have the proper qualifications but who seem to have the character and ability to benefit from a higher education course. Twenty per cent of Harvard University's intake are people with no formal qualification, but they get good degrees. And I'm rather in favour of that happening here.

Q. Do you see exams becoming outdated, to be replaced, perhaps, by continuous assessment?

A. No, I don't see them becoming outdated before early adulthood. There's one exam, O level, which is ridiculous; I don't know why we hang on to it. I want to see most people taking or bypassing C.S.E., and like the idea of everybody in Comprehensive Schools, both the very clever and those with slow reading abilities, doing C.S.E. As for A levels, the universities make it essential that they or an equivalent are taken, to demonstrate ability to do an undergraduate course.

Q. You have spoken of the added freedom of choice for parents in the Comprehensive system. Exactly how much more freedom is there going to be for the parents themselves?

A. Well, for a start, it's impossible to think of a situation that does not give more freedom than the one we've got at the moment. Of the parents in my constituency, where the Comprehensive scheme has been turned down, 85 per cent have just one freedom—to send their son or daughter to the nearest Secondary Modern School. First of all there will be this freedom of choice between schools. Our new Articles of Government require local authorities not simply to say, "You live in Westminster, you go to the local Westminster Comprehensive School," but to say, "You live in the Inner London Education Area No. 4, where you can choose single sex or co-education, choose an 11 to 18 school or an 11 to 16 school and then a Sixth Form College", and so on. I want that sort of choice. Secondly, my parents resent being allocated to the local Secondary Modern School because there's no choice actually inside it. They can't do a foreign language, they can't do metalwork, they can't play games. In the Comprehensive system you should have the choice of what you want to learn and do.

Q. Do you in fact envisage this sort of facility being available in the Comprehensive system?

A. Yes. A new government will lay down pretty specific rules as to how Comprehensives should be organized. Certainly we will not allow Local Authorities to have a "take it or leave it" policy. And, if we have large Comprehensive Schools with better facilities, then by their nature those people who are teaching maths in Grammar Schools will teach maths to more people, and that will extend the choice.

Q. As for the freedom of parents in the Comprehensive system, the Labour Education Committee in Leeds went Comprehensive, and tried to run a fairly flexible system so that parents could have some choice, but because of organizational difficulties they were forced onto a zonal system. Do you think this will happen all round the country?

A. No, I don't. Leeds has special problems; a number of schools have not been included in the Comprehensive system. Many of the problems disappear if there is a genuine Comprehensive system rather than a partial one. On the other hand, all sorts of things are happening in some Comprehensive schools which I disapprove of; my job is to decide on the best basis for organized education, and then try to persuade people to profit from it.

Q. You mention large schools, large units. Do you think large schools not split up into houses

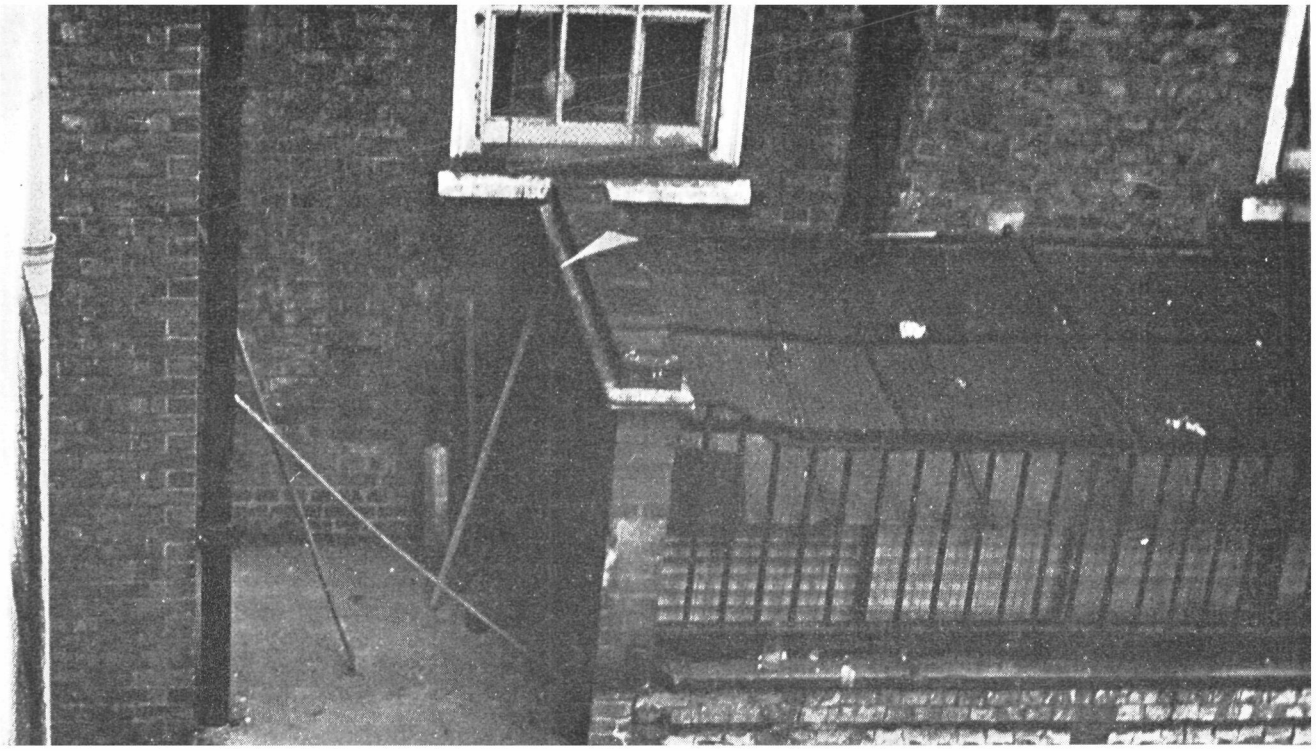

Photo: Robin Brown

can be a disadvantage?
A. No, I don't. Some of them are actually divided into houses, though not necessarily physically. I think the administrative task of running a school for 1,400 to 1,500 pupils is not half so bad as the detractors of Comprehensive Schools make out.
Q. You talk of the Independent Schools as being socially divisive. But do you think the Comprehensive system demolishes class divisiveness? In the U.S.A. richer people move to areas with better schools with the result that things are as bad as they were before.
A. Not quite as bad. Comprehensive Schools will not abolish divisiveness on their own. The classes will be less divided when we redistribute wealth, clear the slums, and do many other things. You were right, in the short term, in saying some parents will go to Banbury in Oxfordshire, as it is a good school in terms of money poured into it. The other half of our educational priority policy is to get the maximum amount of resources into those areas of special educational need. That will equate the thing up a great deal.
Q. You have said it is the Central Government's duty to make sure educational standards are kept up. To what extent, if at all, do you feel the Central Government has a right or duty to intervene in local schools?
A. There is a rather ambivalent relationship between Central and Local Government at the moment, and I hope my Government will clarify the situation. This means that the National Government must lay down some rules about the type and quality of education. I hope we will reach a healthy honesty when we have a partnership with Local Authorities, making it very clear that we are laying down some of the rules.
Q. You don't think that might lead to the old

bogey that the Government can start dictating what shall be taught?
A. No, I don't think that is a risk for a moment. You see, I'll get into great trouble for saying this, but, if I'm squeezing anybody, I'm squeezing the people from whence I came, the Local Authorities, whose powers will be slightly, not grossly, reduced. The freedom of governors and staffs in schools thanks to our new Education Bill will be increased. And the freedom of an individual Headmaster, as long as his governors agree, will be greatly extended.
Q. You say that English education in the past has been aiming at social mobility. Do you think that in depressed urban areas Direct Grant Schools might have been helping towards this?
A. No, I don't think that for a moment. The Direct Grant Schools have done a great job for, frankly, people like me. I am the son of a white collar lower middle-upper working class father with a determined, articulate and enthusiastic mother, who cajoled and bullied me into working hard and "doing well". If you look at the six per cent most depressed and disadvantaged children in this country, a competitive system that gives them the chance to fight their way out of the slums is, for them, a bad joke. Because of what has happened to them before they are five, it is absolutely inevitable that they are not going to get a place in a Direct Grant School.
Q. You don't think that competition is a natural thing?
A. Of course I do; one of the strange things in Parliament is that we all believe in competition of one sort or another. There is in human nature a competitive instinct just as there is in human society a tendency against equality. However, the fact that it is natural does not mean that it is right. Whilst people go on competing, I suppose I will; but I don't want that competition to be institutionalized any more than I want inequality to be institutionalized.
Q. A lot of people make the comparison between every man's right to justice and every man's right to a free education. Is this an analogy you would go along with?
A. Yes. But I don't believe the people who say that, as we have an equal access to justice, there should be no private education. There are very many things wrong with the system of justice in this country. It is still possible for some people to invest in extra legal time and effort.
Q. Yes, you can buy a better Q.C. On the other hand, many people who would go along with the nationalization of teaching, would think twice before making the lawyer a Civil Servant too. For then justice would come under the State, and this would be considered an infringement of individual liberty.
A. I honestly don't know about that. I ought to have thought about the analogy. The only analogy about which I do know my position is the Health Service. I certainly want to see an end to Private Medicine. Whether I extend the parallel to the law, I'm not sure.
Q. What about people who could afford to send their children to Private Schools and yet take up places in the State system? After all, in the legal aid system, someone who is rich is not allowed to take legal aid but has to pay up in proportion to his income.
A. I don't think that is a fair or accurate analogy. I actually want to encourage people into the State system and therefore wouldn't want to penalize parents who chose that option. I really don't think there is a very precise parallel there.
Q. You say you are opposed to one Act that would wipe out Public Schools, but you see no objection to several small ones amounting in the long run to the same thing. Why?
A. Well, it is not several small ones and it is not the same thing. My personal view is that I am against any Act that forbids anyone sending his child to a specific school. That is an infringement of private liberty. But whereas one ought not to be legislating for what individuals do, I think it perfectly reasonable to legislate for what is organizationally possible in the State. It is possible to say, "We are not having this form of institution".
Q. Could it not be said that you are limiting a parent's choice to do what he wants with the money he has earned?
A. Of course, and this is perfectly right. But the nature of civilized society is such that, in promoting some freedoms, you have to prohibit others, and the

problem can't be solved by the venerable device of describing privilege as if it were freedom. The five per cent who enjoy the freedom to spend their money to buy education cruelly limit the prospects of the other ninety-five per cent; and that is the wrong sort of freedom in a civilized society.

Q. Why will the freedom of choice for the other ninety-five per cent be increased? Will it help when five per cent are added to already overcrowded schools?

A. Well, I hope there won't be overcrowding. It will help, I think, because it will produce what I call the "head of steam" behind public education. I have absolutely no doubt at all that the Government has not been enthusiastic about providing the right degree of money for education. Now, if their supporters also included people who went to a State system of education, I think the Government would want to adjust what they were providing for their supporters in these schools.

Photo: Martin Parnwell

It's no use calling a plebe a goof-ball

"I want it to be Victorian neo-plebeian," said the queen; and the commissionaire looked blankly at the foot-servant.

"She's getting old, she's going funny," he said.

Mr Laudanum, head architect of Quinine, Morphine and Smith, Qualified Architects, sat up. "Oh well," he said. "It's all for my country, I think."

"Dear Madam," he wrote. It didn't look right, but there it was. "Dear Ma'am, following your entertaining letter of the twenty-fifth, I cannot hesitate to take up your delightful offer. I too am interested in Vict. neo-pleb. (!), as we call it in the trade, and will contact a reliable building firm immediately. . . ."

It was but ten minutes later that Mr. Laudanum signed his letter with a flourish that even he didn't think he was capable of, grunted proudly, and sent it on its way to the Palace.

The queen replied, filling Mr. Laudanum's head with whirls of non-existent words—"It must have ringulets, and Serbo-Croat plebes, and gothic gooves in the sledging," and Mr. Laudanum painfully added them into his plans.—"It must be discreet, yet triumphantly massive. I shall call it the Royal Elizabeth Concert Hall," she wrote. "Yes," he said, "I agree." He chartered a builder and a surveyor, imported tins of Italian engineers, and finally the contract was signed by all concerned and the building work launched. Houses for miles around were demolished to make room for an eight by eight corrugated shack for the builders not to arrive at. It was autumn when the builders arrived. The queen came to drop the first brick but tripped over a Louis Quinze reinforced steel girder in gilt and went away.

As time wound on, the construction began to take shape. The builder looked at the plan, drank a double gin, and rang up the architect.

Mr. Laudanum's office was waiting for the telephone to ring. Mr. Laudanum's office picked up the phone. "Mr. Laudanum's office here," she said, and handed the receiver to Mr. Laudanum.

"What, for instance," said the builder, "is a goof-ball?" It is sweaty telephone calls like these that are the real answer to why Britain's empire was there at all. "A goof-ball," said Mr. Laudanum,

Photo: Martin Parnwell

full of hope, "is a polyurethane cushioning holder; I'd have thought that even you would have known that, Mr. Miller. A plebe is a piece of hollow piping with turtle-tip corners and I want them pink all the way round."

"Oh," said the builder. Mr. Laudanum's office cut off with a click. "Help." He looked round to his foreman. "Write off for three tons of pink plebes wiv' turtle-tips."

Two poems

"Sorry mate," said the foreman, "I'm on anuvver job." And went off for an ever-increasing-in-popularity double gin.

It was January when a magnificent, solitary, medieval-looking, open-plan brisket was uncertainly offered up towards the spiral staircase on Agro-bars. It wobbled, tippled, and finally overbalanced as the queen gave up her second attempt at brick-dropping and left with her bleeding head in a bandage. The press took up the story, with front page features as to her refreshing new breakaway in "French Impressionist" hats.

But finally, on October the thirteenth, the last twenty-five foot high neo-Jacobite buttressmented goof-ball was planted in the roof, and the whole unbelievable construction was completed. It looked like a cross between the Brighton Pavilion, Westminster Abbey and the Great Pyramid. And that, as all reasonable architects know, is what "Vict. neo-pleb., with goth., gfbls." is all about.

The queen came to the opening concert wearing a suit of armour from the Battle of Bosworth and a Nazi helmet. A polystyrene obelisk landed on her head and bounced off, greatly impressing the Press; "Queen naturalizes with new concert-hall atmosphere in clothes-with-a-purpose."

It was only three hours later, when the last bouquet had left the building and the world was filled with a dark and meticulous silence that the most original structure in the world sank, like the Pequod, but into the ground.

Nobody noticed, not even the Queen, except for the head builder and the architect.

"It was built on a bog," said the builder.

"I'm afraid it was you, Mr. Miller," said the architect silently. "I hear you ordered three tons of goof-balls from Ferrari, Rome. You should, of course, have ordered plebes."

"Plebes?" said the builder, "you're mad."

"My dear man," said Mr. Laudanum pompously, "It's no use calling a plebe a goof-ball."

Harry Chapman

Pernel in Brabant

Fantôme qu'à ce lieu son pur éclat assigne

Incarnate in the wood's pattern
Pernel stalks himself this night.
Like two open arms a tower window
Sparks him; bars block its fullest light.

At the window there's a female form;
His breath quickens, but she's alone.
Unseeing and human she cannot know
Her movement is divine.

His eyes are sightless on her gaze
And his face illuminates the dark.
The night around him is his maze.

As dawn behind him dims the picture
Her form fading in his smile
Lights the tower's foot,
Casts a ray on his sleep.
All light is born to fade,
All humans to search,
And only one gleam beckons the world.

The fields behind Pernel are moving with him,
Moving circles in his mind.

Nicholas Rothwell

"Life is fun,"
  says the dead man,
for it is only he
  that knows.
Too late; ah, poor dead man,
  if you were alive,
would you feel the same?

Stephen Caplin

History VII: 1950s

It may be remarkable that the experiment had been tried at all, in what was still in many ways an old fashioned community. We were a way of life, a conscious and perhaps provocative exemption from system: we owed this to Head Master Christie's encouragement of my great predecessor Monk, and much, though it was even then remote in time, to our Bede, Laurie Tanner. In our rhythm as I met it in 1950, there were occasionally lessons in something else, and one always hoped for and usually got a bit of Latin and French, mandatory for educated men: Stephen's English was always tonic, especially as Election drew near. Otherwise one just breathed an atmosphere of history, either round the table in the history room, or in an arm chair, or in arguments in yard or up house, sometimes quite heated ones, with blows and tears of wounded historians' self-esteem. It may be legendary that Monk considered such work could not profitably be done in form before ten in the morning or after lunch. People would slink off and get scholarships: I was rebuked early for descending from Monk's standards by mentioning examinations in form. We did occasionally dally with theories of the purpose of history or its place in academic life, and enjoyed particularly those of Pound and Ford on the subject, and "historicists" and "metahistorians" we on the whole abjured: but there was a recoil from the idea that one somehow justified what one did. Rather there was Giotto and his circle; if you did history well there could be no need to justify it, and if you did it badly justifying it would only earn the greater derision. Perhaps our real posture was that enlightened young men of fortunate background, belonging in general terms to the liberal establishment, would be keenly concerned with at any rate one or two creative fields, with politics and the issues of the day, and that history was the specialization appropriate to that purpose: I was once allowed to argue this in these columns. Thus for instance we made provision for those specially interested in English or in economics: it did not occur to us that such things needed a specialization of their own, any more than it occurred to us that there could be any school society of standing other than Deb. Soc. and Pol. and Lit. Soc., both of which were a historians' thing and both of which were protected by the captain and the monitors, when in solemn or not so solemn session, against the slightest disturbance within miles.

At any rate people had time to be constantly reading, writing and talking in their own language at a mature level on subjects that really concerned them, and thus to "leave behind their native barbarism", as Monk put it. The needed personal, intellectual, imaginative standards were rightly felt to require eternal vigilance, and this had another advantage in making for purpose and unity within the group, because the rhythm released and developed differences and individual qualities, and we were often a comprehensive circle, ranging from the academically very able and the cultivated to the not very able and the philistine, and the whole point was that the beginner and the scholarship candidate worked together. Our rhythm seemed a threat to more rigid ones, and it was even still strongly felt in some quarters, as it had not been in my own grammar school fifteen years before, that private reading was a Trojan horse of radicalism for the encouragement of idleness and temptation. If allowed at all, it could only be if chapter and verse could be given for the use made of every moment. There was that scene when a senior historian was found actually reading the *Times*. The dispute was perhaps a successor to the nineteenth century one when the use of written work as distinct from "saying lessons" was thought of as a device of idle masters for the encouragement of idle boys.

Housemastering drew me partly because of the chance to bring our rhythm inside the school establishment, and subvert what seemed the powerful view that we were somehow treacherous and radical: yet even as I became in 1957 one of those that take the sword, and at least my first of many great heads of house was also a distinguished historian, historians warned me. "Charles, you have changed: like Peel, you are Judas." "You can't expect to join the establishment and still be treated as a friend." It had taken time for such comments to be possible. My appointment to the History VII had been an evident case of Paddington to Monk's London: reconciled to it by Monk's wise letters from New Zealand (I too received some wise ones from him), those 1950 historians began tuning,

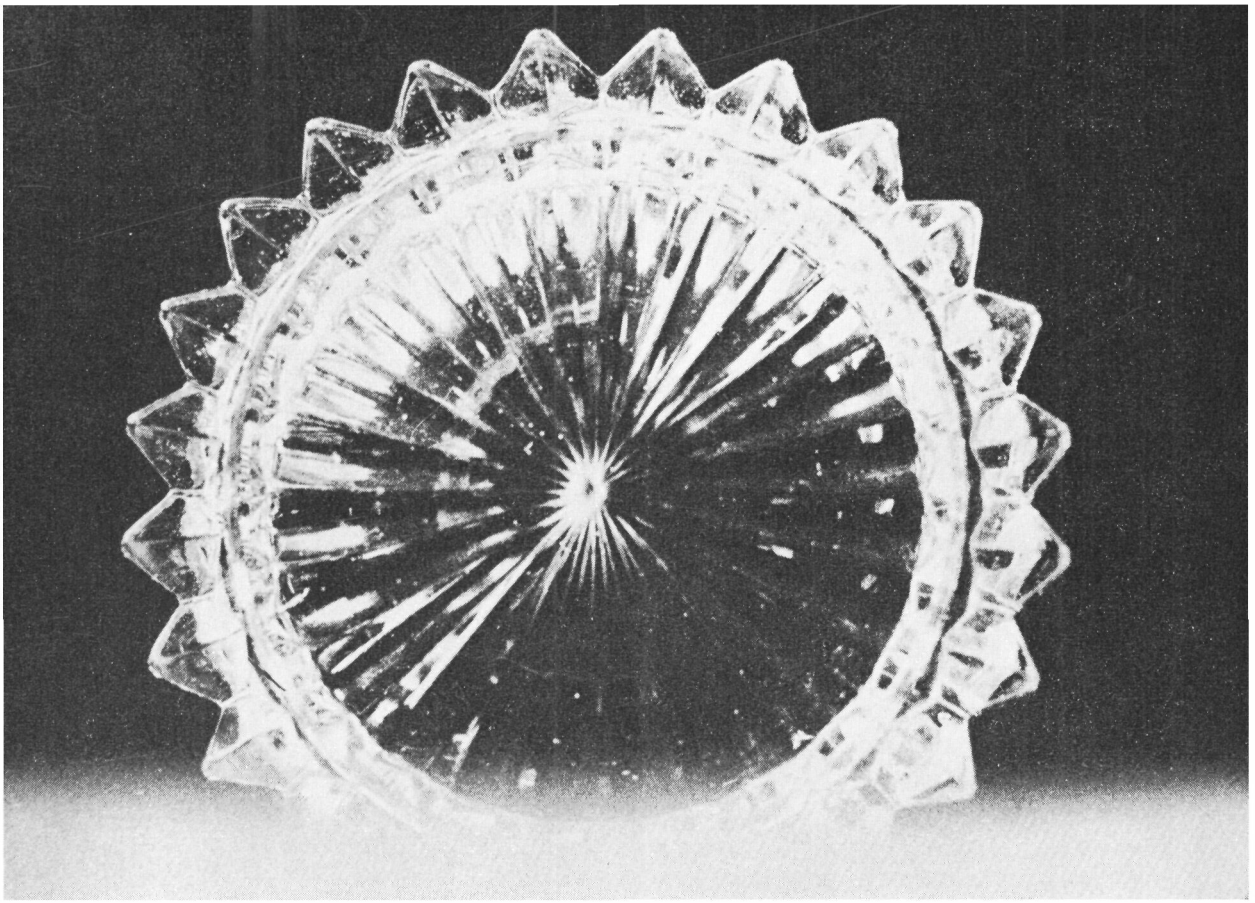

Photo: Robin Brown

informing, debunking me, bringing me up to scratch. The opinion slowly gained ground that I was willing to learn. Since it was assumed that I read, annotated thoroughly and discussed in form a full length essay from each member every week, and some were always better essays than I had ever seen, let alone written, perhaps I was bound to learn; the discussion was very much a two-way one. Sometimes people let me see that they were grateful and even warm towards a young adult whom they could impress and bewilder: one told me later he had "made damned sure" I never realized I was teaching him. One who also browbeat me quite a lot told his family, though not me, that I had taught him to think. A more mature personality might have solved some problems that defeated me and might have handled some relationships better, have responded more diplomatically to other interests in the larger community. Yet situations are possible to which diplomacy is not the best response, and maturity, like alcohol, can increase the wish to communicate while reducing the power.

It was a specialization in non-specialization. There could be, too, those collective crazes in which

days were given to Donne, Cezanne, Joyce, Bach: once it was even Einstein, thanks to Adolf Prag, though I could not retain what he had taught me more than above ten days. When I once told Hugo Garten our pleasure in finding *Röslein auf der Heide* was a Goethe lyric, "What," he blinked, "you did not know this?" In retrospect at least, I came to enjoy that profound essay by a son of the L.S.E. on the thirties poet MacSpaunday. During these crazes the general level of the history essays always rose. The great thing was that we had time to share interests like this outside formal history: we were, may I say, our own minority time. Many a term ended in a reading aloud of Mann's *Magic Mountain*: one could say, though one would not, that it would see off a great many general papers.

Of course what can survive of that ethos survives as far as circumstances allow, and if Elizabeth I could say "Know ye not that I am Richard?", Richard can say "Know ye not that I am Monk?". But the old setting was Crowtherized, and more than Crowtherized. There was the pressure for everyone to do two A levels, and then three, and the canonization of A level by calling the first year VII the "Remove". Everyone wanted to do the right thing, of course: Oxford and Cambridge descended to making two A levels a matriculation requirement, and was it not a statistical fact, perhaps as deceptive as many such facts, that the majority of all candidates entering all universities in the country had three A levels? The time came when such pressures were irresistible: the arguments for our possibly rather Gadarene surrender convinced people who had never understood the History VII rather more easily than those who had.

Old members are widely flung now: the examples are random and do not imply a claim to special success or a specially close relationship. One old member's son goes up and down our stairs today exactly as his father did and has the same gift of directness. Poetry which I learned from a historian I now teach to people from other *sides*, if the anachronism may be permitted. There are lecturers in art history, even in history, a rising playwright, an authority on Chinese law, an enthusiastic doctor, a widely serialized sports correspondent, at least two painters whose work I enjoy and hope will become an investment, several of those names that appear on television lists of producers, directors, advisers, the editor of the literary magazine *Agenda*, and of course the editor of the *New Statesman*. A clergyman whose ordination I was recently allowed to witness was taught philosophy by another rather more senior old member. One has been interviewed on radio as an authority on the movement of beef prices; the Task Force movement was started by an old member, and most people hear and see "our economics correspondent". There is the composer of the music to *Jesus Christ Superstar*. An old member wrote successively substantial parts of *Time and Tide*, the *Evening News*, and the *Daily Mirror:* he was married in my shirt. What history I may be said to know I learned in that circle, and a great deal of what besides; I recovered my faith there, though some who helped to do this for me would be more surprised to hear it than others. The gist of their lesson was that the personal attitudes which had led me away were not part of a courageous love of freedom: they were unimaginative and ill bred. The History VII experience prepared me in several particular ways for Liddell's, though only Liddell's friends will be able to construe this fully, they and that friend of Westminster historians who sent me there.

Charles Keeley

Poem

Trickling softly on my tired face,
Can all my tears ever
Wash away the multitudes of sand?
Or must the inevitable glow of life
Dry them into impotence,
As a starry night outside my closed window,
Full of ghastly laughing fun,
Is unable to quench the desire
To release.

Paul Schwartz

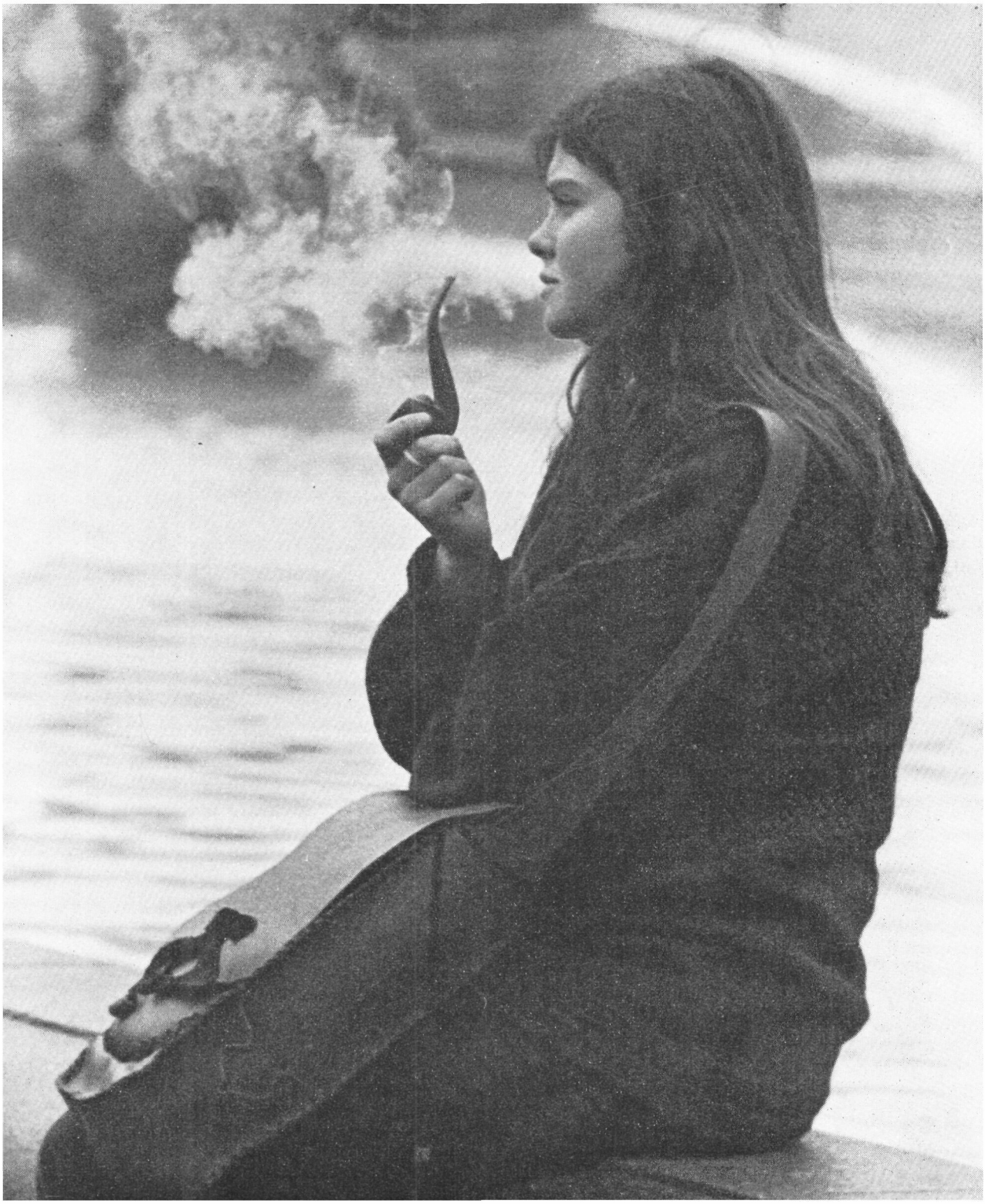

Photo: Martin Parnwell

VIIth or Transitus

For the Play '64—Election '65 new boys, the time spent here before entering the VIth varied from 3 terms (11 boys) to 7 terms (6 boys); the average was 5 terms. Of the Play '72—Election '73 new boys, the time will vary from 5 terms (30 boys) to 9 terms (10 boys); the average will be 6.4 terms.

In Play '65 there were 66 boys in their fourth term in the VIIth; in Play '73 there are 27; in Play '74 there may be as few as 10.

The time spent here, then, before entering the VIth is increasing; the development of the Transitus adds up to a year to this period, as it has for almost 27 per cent of the Play '72—Election '73 intake. At the same time, the four-term VIIth is decreasing. The addition of up to a year at the bottom of the school has taken a year off the top—the year in the VIIth. Boys can only be in both forms during their stay here if they leave when almost nineteen years old, and after six years at Westminster; neither of which, judging from the feelings of the present senior VIIth, seems very popular. What I intend to discuss here is whether this change is necessary or desirable. I will concentrate on those boys who stay on a year not to retake A Levels, but, if anything, despite them. At the moment only the Classical department encourages all boys to stay on; outside this there are only a few individuals in the various faculties, and these small numbers cause problems of their own as regards teaching and timetable facilities, as we shall see when discussing the academic side of the question. But let us start with the other main sphere, that of enjoyment and benefits outside school hours.

One of the chief features of a year in the VIIth is release from immediate pressure of work; this may seem incompatible with the ideal of academic advance that will be proposed below, but it is rather the freedom from set syllabuses to be completed by a set deadline, and related aspects of the VIIth form work arrangements, that give one the liberty to do what one wants, and when one wants, out of school. The increased flexibility from the masters, the increased number of private studies, the lessened restrictions on one's bedtime, etc.—all these make one's day longer and one's arrangement of it more adaptable. With this increased time available one can engage more freely in non-academic activities within the school such as music, sport, and drama; and outside the gates all London's entertainment and culture are at one's disposal, as indeed, throughout one's career here, but now at an age at which, it might be argued, one can enjoy them more fully than when in the VIth, when last the pressure of work was not too great. "Maturity" may be a dangerously intangible notion, but its growth with age and experience and its value in promoting enjoyment will not, I think, be questioned.

A few years ago a survey was carried out into the activities of junior boys out of school hours. The figures themselves reveal little conclusive; "nothing in particular" featured heavily in boys' answers, and 27 out of 72 Vth formers complained of boredom between 4 and 7 p.m., whilst 44 mentioned the freedom from organization during this period with approval. But discussions with boys led the researchers firmly to the conclusion that boredom and lack of activities were major problems. The boys in the junior school, then, who are those with most leisure time, even when in the Shell, do not, it would appear, take advantage of the opportunities open to them. Indeed, it was suggested that the increase in drug-taking in the junior school that came to a head in the summer was due partially to a boredom amongst the boys involved both in and out of school hours. This "doing nothing in particular," far from cultivating enjoyment, is only exacerbating frustration. On the other hand, in the senior VIIth there is no sign of this boredom; there may be less leisure time, but what there is is not spent in front of a television.

Now it will be argued that this boredom in the junior school stems not from the boys' form but from their age, and that, although they will be spending longer in the junior school, those in the Shell will be as old, and so as able and mature, as those in the present VIth. But, although age should perhaps be the chief criterion of mental development, there is in the junior school an atmosphere of frustration, not in the general terms that might be expected of a "difficult age group", but aimed at specific aspects of school life—particularly, perhaps, lack of interest in their work. And can we be sure that the causes of this boredom

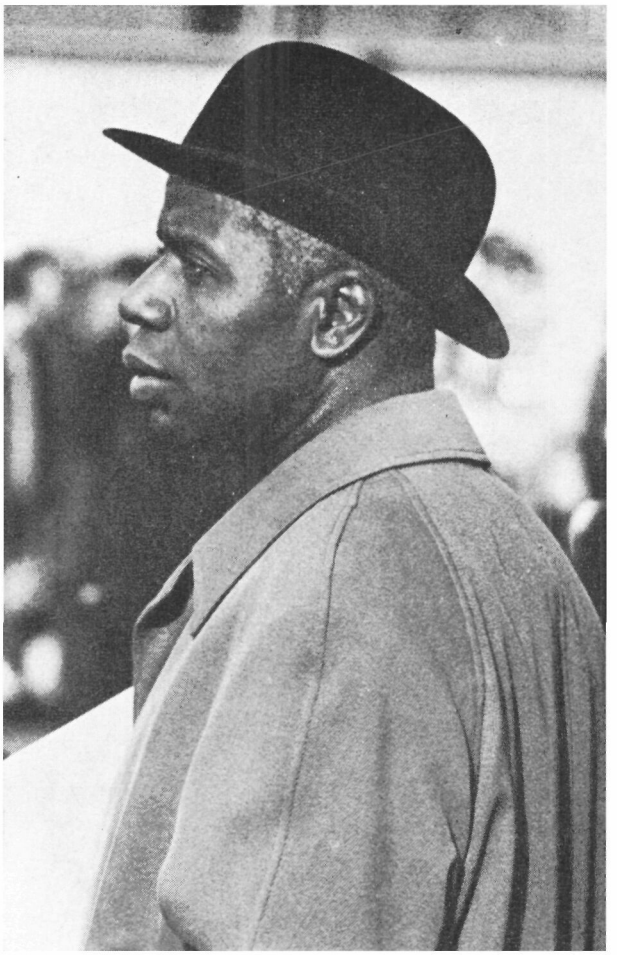

Photo: Charles Clover

will disappear because they are doing similar work for an extra year? Might we not rather see this boredom extended, with its accompanying shadows of bolshiness and immaturity? But whatever the effect of an extra year in the junior school, whatever the greater mental development of the future VIth, the school is neglecting the opportunities offered by a year in the VIIth freed from immediate academic pressure, in which boys would have knowledge, ability and maturity far greater than will be possible in the VIth, qualities that could be employed with correspondingly greater enjoyment and benefit.

Of the Spring '69 new boys, 6 went into the equivalent of the Transitus; in '71, in their 8th term here, they passed a total of 33 O Levels (an average of 5.5 each); in their A Levels ('73) there were no "F"s, 4 "O"s, 8 "A"s or "B"s.

Another 6 new boys of that term were thought good enough to go into the Vth; in 1970, their 5th term here, they passed 21 O Levels (3.5 av.); in their A Levels ('72) there were 2 "F"s, 1 "O", no "A"s or "B"s.

The figures for these years are the first available for the effect of the Transitus; they suggest clearly that the Transitus helped those who started there. The trend continues: of the Spring '70 intake 7 went into the Transitus, and in 1972 passed 41 O Levels (5.8 av.); another 7, who started in the Vth in '71s passed 30 (4.3 av.). From the few figures we have then, the Transitus would seem thoroughly desirable. Boys were coming up to these examinations too young; they were not mentally mature enough to understand and take in the more complicated knowledge and ideas needed for success. To counter this, more boys went into the Transitus on arrival, until it became clear that this was desirable, if not necessary, for almost all. And the University entrance results have shown no decline as the VIIth has diminished. On these grounds, then, the four-term VIIth may appear to be redundant.

But before looking at the VIIth's advantages in this sphere, we might consider this need for more time before the VIth. I have already mentioned the boredom of some younger boys with their work. The standard demanded by the Westminster Entrance Exam is exceptionally high: boys looking back have thought it comparable with O Level; and yet it is now up to nine terms before that standard of knowledge and ability is required again. Certainly revision may be necessary; but is it surprising that boys become bored in school, if they have attained a high degree of competence that is then allowed to rot away again? Such regression does not encourage maturity; it sends a boy back to his preparatory school. And this is reflective of only one of several such causes of boredom; thus the compulsory learning of subjects that do not interest one, coupled with large forms

and masters who would much rather be teaching more enthusiastic and advanced pupils, lead to a vicious circle of mutual annoyance. And now another year of it. Might age again be not the only cause of the discontent? Might it be rather that the teaching here is so greatly geared to the higher forms that the lower school is neglected? And will it help to prolong the boys' stay in these conditions? Is the solution of a problem to feed the cause?

When we turn to the advantages and disadvantages of the VIIth in itself, we can to some extent ignore the Transitus question. Those who, like the scholars, miss out this stage form a significant proportion of each year, and will continue to provide a nucleus of boys with good A Levels still too young to want to leave. But whilst the number of these remains small, it is difficult to justify asking parents to contribute in school fees towards the tuition of so few, tuition that also takes up teaching time that could otherwise be devoted to the majority. But, with any year's whole intake staying on, the unfairness would vanish. As we have seen, the university entrance results do not seem to be affected by the decline of the VIIth; it is in other ways that this year can help. One can broaden one's academic interests; thus the Classicists and others take Ancient History A Level in the summer of this year, and some have changed subjects completely, as from science to economics. Within the context of one's old specialist subject the advances are of a slightly different nature. On arrival in the VIIth one has for the first time both the ability and the opportunity to study one's subject profitably by oneself. This holds particularly true in the Arts; the A Level courses teach one the languages and the critical technique, and in the VIIth one can use them by oneself in any sphere of particular interest. When the call of A Levels was pressing both boys and masters the syllabus had to be adhered to; each part of it had to be learnt, and there was little if any time for aspects that were not immediately relevant or unnecessary depth in those that were. But, without in any way decrying the A Level syllabuses, they aim rather at width than at depth of knowledge. This is indeed an essential basic training, but it is only the basis. If languages, literature, and history are worth studying at all, they are worth studying thoroughly. And it is such a study that can be achieved in the VIIth form year. It is for this that the flexibility mentioned above is needed; different boys will be interested in different aspects of the subject, and relatively free rein is given to their inclinations. In this year's senior English VIIth, what to study, for how long to study it, and whether (and if so on what particular aspect of it) to write an essay at the end of this study—all these were determined as much by the boys as by the masters. And the resulting output of written work was greater than it had been for three A Level subjects in the Remove. The boys have the time, competence, and inclination to write twenty sides on Tintern Abbey, the master has time to read them.

Two objections may be raised; that boys, having mastered their necessary techniques for A Level, can, if they wish, pursue their interests in the subjects without staying on at school; and that this flexibility may indeed lead in some cases to independent work of some depth, but in others to no work at all. For the former, the basic techniques do not comprise all there is to learn; the French and Latin proses still need to be corrected, the twenty sides on Tintern Abbey to be read, by a master. The second point is more serious. With the reduced pressure from masters there is a temptation to do even less work than is asked of one, and to devote one's time to other activities, and not always very profitable ones, by the school's standards, at that. Of course this danger exists; but by this stage the onus is more on the boy than on the school; and for every boy that stays on in the full knowledge that he is bored with his work and wasting his time, how many are there that appreciate and utilize the potential offered by the school for fulfilling their interest in their work, unhampered by time, unrestricted by syllabuses, unpestered by insistent "you-only-have-forty-five-minutes-in-the-exam so-don't-go-into-such-detail" pleas from masters heard all too frequently in the Remove?

It is often maintained that one behaves like an adult when treated like an adult. On entering the VIth one became an adolescent by this standard, rather than a child. But in the VIIth, for the first time in one's career here, one is trusted; trusted to do one's work, trusted to behave responsibly,

trusted not to waste one's time. At last one is treated like an adult, in school and out of it. The VIIth is not just the time to benefit from one's maturity, it is also the time to develop it, in both general and intellectual terms. Such might be the VIIth's claim; such is its achievement.

Robin Griffith-Jones

Presentation

On their retirement from Ashburnham, Mr. and Mrs. E. Craven wish to thank all boys and parents, past and present, for their very generous gift of a portable colour television set, which has already given them great pleasure both in their holiday cottage in Cumberland, and in Barton Street.

Letters

Dear Sir,

I have been shown the typescript of Robin Griffith-Jones' article on the VIIth form. He praises the VIIth on both academic and general grounds. He is clearly thinking of those going to a university; but can Westminster rival any university, let alone Oxford or Cambridge, in either of these spheres? Does the school's library rival the Bodleian? Debating Society the Oxford Union? And, after all, in another year we will be yet older, yet more mature, for the reception of "culture". Let the universities give us depth of academic study, width of non-academic activities; these are the functions they perform. And let Westminster perform its own—getting us to the universities. If the Transitus will help us towards this, the VIIth not, let us encourage the former, not the latter.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Philips

Dear Sir,

Perhaps one should be glad that Mr. George Lemos's article on academicism was published in the last issue of *The Elizabethan*, if only because it illustrates the dangers of the cause that it adopts. He tells us that "extra-curricular intelligence is one of the hallmarks of our society"; yet thereafter Mr. Lemos makes no mention of any of the other hallmarks. But Westminster is famous for its football and rowing as well as for its Classics. Mr. Lemos's implicit assumption that without "extra-curricular intelligence" Westminster is a "mummy" demonstrates all too clearly the exclusivism that has, one fears, been raised as a bulwark of defence by the intellectual set at Westminster. Academicism is not the only hallmark of Westminster, intellectualism not the only purpose. If Mr. Lemos would have better treatment given to that aspect of the school, he would do well to give the same to the others.

Yours faithfully,
Nicholas Rothwell

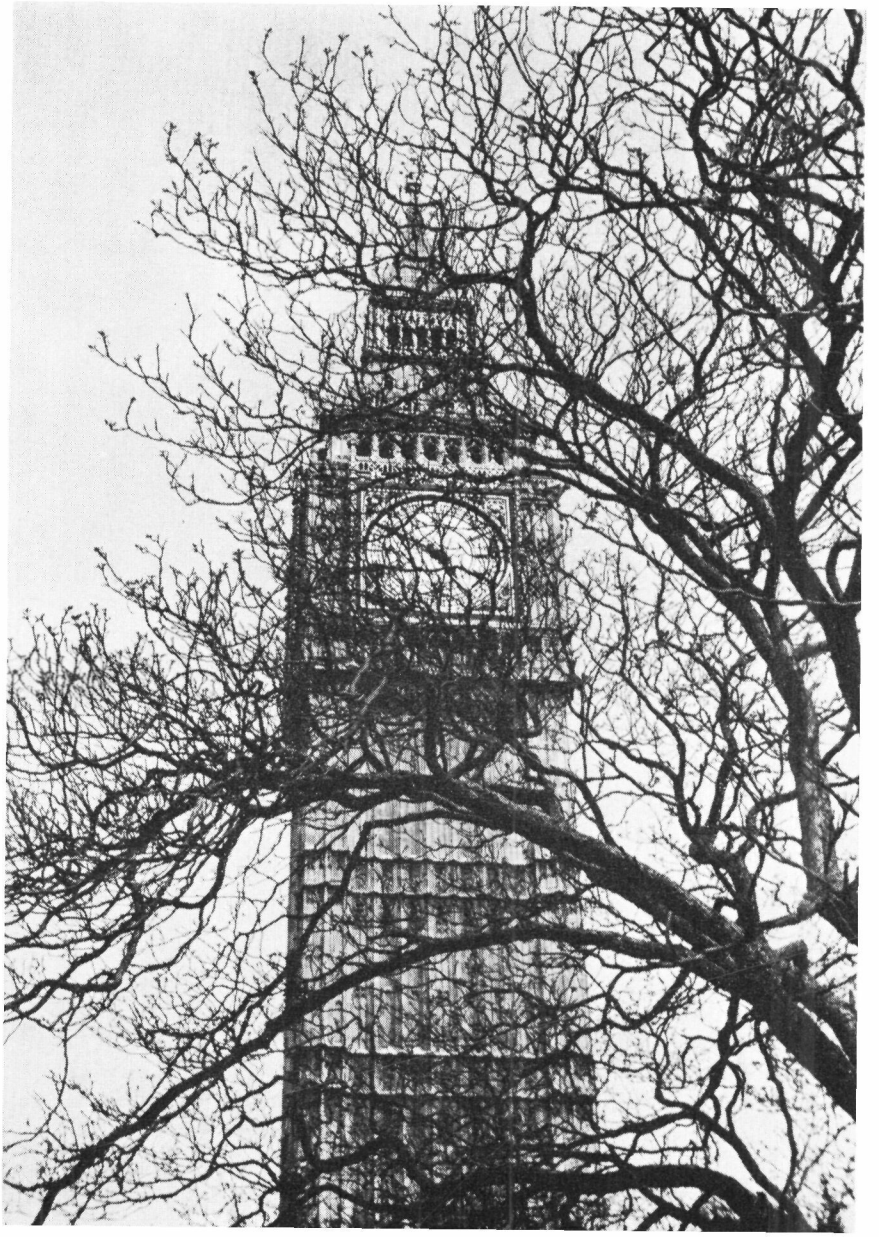

Photo: Charles Clover

Just for fun

Why isn't there anyone who is just plain funny any more? Wits abound by the barrel-load, one making a nasty comment to the other, each more cutting than the last. Of course, it does stop people being serious:

A: I'm going to join the Divine Light movement.
B: Not the Ji! He's got a pot belly. How can you stomach anyone like that?
A: Seriously. . . .
B: (Hysterical laughter).

But what is missing is the traditional Funny Man, someone who can take on the audience and leave them in hysterics, not because they are making a conscious effort to be unsophisticated, but because they haven't any choice. The quick repartee works to a certain extent, but, as it is always aimed at someone, it has a certain nasty superiority, which inevitably separates it from simple silliness:

A: Is ———— a boarder
B: No, he's overweight.

A year ago a brave attempt was made to put on a pantomime. It didn't work. Not surprisingly. It was not so much the fault of the acting, of the amateur ad-libbing, or even of the script, which was somewhat labouredly pantomimic. It did not work, it was impossible that it should work, because the audience went along in a mood that was guaranteed to destroy it. Before they went they had consciously decided, "Today we shall be juvenile." They automatically assumed an intellectual superiority over the performers, with the result that when Aladdin or Wishee Washee, slowly pronouncing each syllable, came out with "Oh no, he didn't", the audience replied "O yes, he did" in a way that made nonsense of the whole pantomime idea. They replied, not because they so accepted the scene that it seemed the natural thing to do, but because they thought, "Well, I suppose we'd better humour them."

Another case worth looking at is the Grant's Play of a year ago. A song in the text of a Restoration Comedy put to modern music was, according to a review in *The Elizabethan*, "interesting, but of dubious comic value". What the reviewer painstakingly forgot was that to a great majority of the audience the whole episode was uproariously funny. Such an impression however seems destined to be ephemeral, and the incident will no doubt be recalled as an "irritating interruption".

Humour then seems designed either to destroy or itself face destruction. It can demolish any attempt to be earnest, if anyone is rash enough to present himself as a lamb for the slaughter:

A: I still cannot quite grasp the full implication of the question. God help us if we get anything like it in A level. I mean, what is Hamlet's relationship with his mother? (Enter C).
B: Well, Bradley gives the impression of. . .
C: Sausages.
A: Sausages?
B: What about them?
C: We had them for lunch.
A: Are you trying to be funny?
C: No.
B: What are you doing, then?
C: Succeeding.
A: I fail to see at what.
C: Being funny.

Now, whether or not A shudders and, with a mild flutter of his eyelids, expresses his disapproval, one thing can be left in no doubt: the original conversation is not what it set out to be. Let us suppose the aesthetes make another brave attempt. . .

A: But surely Bradley is outdated in the light of post-Freudian criticism?
B: Well that's where. . .
C: Sausages come in.
A: Ignore him.
B: What on earth are you on about now?
C: Freud—sausages—the implications are staggering.

Without doubt. End of conversation.

But despite this, there is little original talent about any more. There may be eight proficient imitators of Eddie Waring, six of Bruce Forsyth, and twenty-nine of Edward Heath; but it is a long

time since anyone has stood the test as himself.

Why? Perhaps the most likely answer one would receive is, "It's much safer to be nasty to someone else and bring the house down than run the risk of being laughed at yourself." True. But occasionally a performance does work. The Wren's Play, *Rehearsal*, was obviously being enjoyed so much by the cast (all seventy-two of them, or so it seemed) that the audience felt that, if they didn't enjoy it too, they were in serious danger of being laughed at themselves. In one Busby Play, *Arms and the Man*, the illusion created by the Covent Gardenesque scenery and the elaborate costume was suddenly broken by the immortal line: "You gave me your roof to kiss, your hand to sleep under." That really did bring the House down, actors included, but it didn't spoil the performance in the least and left everyone in a very good mood at the end.

Orations should provide an ideal excuse for people who feel that way inclined to make fools of themselves. Recently, however, instructions were issued that a more sober air should pervade this ritual. We had had two successive terms of hilarious silliness owing everything, or so the judge religiously reminded the perpetrators each time, to Flanders and Swann, "those famous Old Westminsters who first performed on this very occasion". Of course no Westminster is capable of doing anything new. It is a commonly accepted fact that every winner of the Gumbleton Verse Prize owes everything to John Dryden (K.S. 1645-50). So the sobering edict hardly mattered. The older members of the school are usually suffering from the night before and so find it impossible to attend, the younger members are too busy being intense: "Letusgothenyouandi (Pause to gasp for breath) whentheeveningisspreadoutagainsttheskylikeapatientetheriseduponatable." (Collapse).

Still however we can find no trace of the old time Funny Man. He doesn't fit into any of the nauseating categories painstakingly elucidated in the Clarion: "The cynical air, the elitist air, the rebellious air, the drugged unenthusiastic air, the pseudo-intellectual air, the blase (evidently there isn't an é on the Clarion typewriter) indolent, insolent air . . . ". The list is endless and gets more and more boring as it continues (just like this article), but it doesn't get us any nearer our Funny Man. According to the Clarion then, his existence is impossible; but before we can forget about him there is one difficulty to overcome. He does exist, in bits, everywhere. Glimpses of him can be seen in Ashburnham House, on stage, even if only occasionally, in the form room. He is obviously in our presence but, like yoghourt at lunchtime, we are only treated to him on odd occasions.

Timothy Gardam

Sunday

London sweats.
The dirt clinging to the city buildings
With a lecherous kiss
Extends its fingers.
And the walls of the Central Hall
Float slowly in their own grease.
It fills the furrows of the old man's cheek,
As thick as a cup of cooking fat.
Nothing moves.
Only a fly drowns slowly
In a cracked cup of tea
Alone on the broken pavement.
And as nobody notices a lost afternoon
Quietly blend with the evening sun,
London is pressed flat;
Its nose rubbed in the gutter of a damp street
By a bullying sky.
And the leaden daylight offers nothing but
A headache to the contented,
A park bench to the unheard.
London sweats
Everywhere.
It will only stop when the clouds break.

To what extent is the school justified in intervening in the lives of boys and girls?

I am no lawyer, and I am not speaking for the school, but it seems there is no real case to answer, if I may put it like that. There is no justification required. A school has certain legal and moral obligations to its pupils. A parent delegates responsibility to a school and in some cases to a particular master, and the school has the rights and duties toward a child that a parent has: it is responsible for a child's welfare (in the French sense of the word), and in this way should act as a careful, perhaps even a loving, father or mother would act towards their child. The parent hands over his child to a school to be educated, and the school accepts responsibility for his education. In some cases the school acts in every way for a parent, if this is the parent's wish; but generally speaking I do not think a school can override the parent's authority, unless it is a matter essential to the child's education. The parent signs a contract, and should be aware of the atmosphere of the school, its attitude to education and to formation. By signing this contract, they accept rules and attitudes in the name of their child and in good faith, I would hope. If obedience to certain rules is an essential part of the formation and education of a child, then the child should obey, whether in or out of school, as long as it can be shown that this particular form of obedience is an essential part of education, fits in with what the parents were lead to believe on entering their child, and is not harmful to him. A school has, I think, therefore, the authority and the duty, handed down by the parents, to intervene in the lives of children both while they are at the school and outside it, as this is part of the contract made between them. A school should consider itself bound to decide or recommend much that has to do with a child's life, from the most trivial to the most serious, if these things are considered to be an essential part of his education, and it would not be doing its duty if it opted out.

These are the "dry bones", the basis of understanding between parent and school. They assume that parents and schools are the main instruments in a child's formation, and that a child has little or no say in the matter. I am not saying that this is right or wrong, but it is the case. "We do not obey the laws because they are just, but because they are the laws; this is their mystical foundation and the basis of their authority", said Montaigne. We assume it to be right that the family and school should be responsible for a child and his formation and that this is justified by tradition, seeming to be the natural way, the natural law; that parent and teacher are acting in good faith for the well-being of their children, that love and obedience go together, that children are too young to know what is good for them. This way of looking at things is very convenient for parents and is, I think, probably the law of the land. But what about the so-called child and the adult of 18 or 19 in the schools? Should not the child learn independence in a school, learn to break away from his family, learn to think critically, be "bloody-minded" at times? And after all, don't the good schools, the ones that should be preserved from the chop, preach independence, radicalism (again in the French sense of the word)? So, why should a school act like a parent, if its aim is to make the child grow into an adult? Gide, that wise and experienced old man—I should know; my aunt was his secretary—talked about the vice of education (in the French sense, I hasten to say), meaning just the opposite, that education tears the children away from the intimate warmth of their homes into the vice of strange and attractive things. (I am not sure that we should accept Gide's view on this, in the light of his own works.) But we are getting slowly to the problem. There have been times when generations, for instance, the Public School boy and the German youth of the thirties, seemed to accept the Public School code and the National Socialist Youth code, both of which were invented by their elders. The two generations seemed enmeshed, of one mind. The code laid down was accepted with enthusiasm as being fitting or just, or just accepted. The school boy was proud to imitate his father, and the father his son. And this attitude was linked to something much larger, a certain ideal. (One must say that the beginnings of the Hitlerjugend were idealistic, and Arnold has much to say about boys and hills (this time not in the French sense).) "Tout est bon, tout est bien, chacun à sa place", as the great French revolutionary poet said to his servants in a faultless alexandrine.

But this harmony cannot be said to prevail at

present. There is much mistrust and misunderstanding between generations. I am told, now that I am over thirty or so, that the old are too materialistic, hypocritical, and corrupt, too class conscious, too "arriviste", to use a good Westminster word. There is a marked increase in the degree of consciousness among children about rights, freedom, their say in things. Parents may think they have a right to guide their children—and teachers may think so too—because they have had more experience, have suffered, know what is right and wrong because of their experience, have had to take the good with the bad, have faced war, death, love, have to some extent overcome the extreme passions of young people, are able to look with a certain mocking and loving (Molière) smile on their young and so have the right to be protectors, law-givers, providers, and counsellors. The young generation may well say that this is nonsense and point to broken marriages, divorce, broken promises, inadequate adults; and think, or better, feel that there is something especially magical about themselves, something idealistic, something that makes it right that they should go their own way, do their own thing, have their own say. This heady, fizzy lemonade is, of course, very sweet to the taste, and in my French lessons, I hear and read of "individualisme, liberté souveraine, magie expressive, génialité, violence éruptive, chaos créateur", and I can't tell you what I hear in German, as my typewriter does not do that sort of thing, I'm afraid to say. All this is a sort of drug language, the language of non-communication, and is very different from radical language, which seeks to communicate truth and make it clear. I would think it right therefore to interfere radically where young people in my care are being exploited, where the headiness of the drug language (and I mean this in a very wide sense), its mystery and its attraction, are used to enslave. I would think more money is made in more corrupt ways from the young than is realized, and usually in the name of freedom. Young people are exploited politically, and there is ample evidence of this, say in Germany, where, in the name of truth, power over children's minds is sought. Again, the image that the young have of themselves is so often blown up by fawning language and fawning adults on the fringes. Surely young people have the right to be put in their place and to have justice done to them?

I do not think that I can get out of my job or change my role, as long as I am a teacher, or a housemaster. I really do think I must hammer away at what I think is harmful to people in my care, wherever it may be. In some cases, I would feel I had to forbid something—drugs, if you like; in other cases my interference would amount to trying to persuade someone for whom I am responsible that his action would harm him or someone else. I think probably positive and negative interference balance out. And, of course, gradually and slowly, I adapt to the general adaptation of the world around me. So do parents. How many conventions have changed recently, how many taboos have been removed, how many new freedoms have been granted, not because of druggy, fizzy words, but because of dry discussions? It is a question of respect, and sensible compromise. What is handed down, what is contracted, is always a bit out of date—some new furniture has been added, some old taken away—and provided this is understood and we do not use the language of non-communication to each other, nor think heaven is round the corner, there is a chance for us. So up to the age of 18, the school has the right and duty to intervene—that is the law. How it intervenes depends on the two individuals concerned and their relationship with one another. Each lawyer interprets the law in his own way, I would think.

Once over 18, it is another matter. The law says, I think, that an adult must not have his rights taken away from him without just cause, and his rights are considerable. Yet it is clear that a school would find it very hard to accept such a situation; and universities are finding this out too. Nor can parents delegate authority to a school, because they have no legal authority over another adult. The school and the adult pupil make a compromise or sign an agreement, which is really to the advantage of both. This is natural in life; experience teaches us the bounds within which we can work and live, be independent and yet be protected. Common sense is often very sad, because it is not

glorious or heroic; it usually implies give and take, and you cannot feel very proud, or humble for that matter, if you come to some agreement based on it. Common sense, in fact, is quite common; and the more common the better.

Geoffrey Shepherd

For a flower

His glasses reflected the wind
As it rushed towards him from the trees.
He had only picked one flower,
Only one . . . . . .

A pin fleeing from a magnet
Tumbles backwards in its flight,
And an anti-clockwise motion
Drags him, struggling, into night.

Mound of dead, brown leaves
Lies still.
The wind died
For the man who had cried . . .
for a flower

The breath of wind
Took breath from life,
Then passed on:
And the cracked glasses in the nettles
Reflect no pain . . .
for a flower.

Stephen Garrett

Photo: Martin Parnwell

Two views of Westminster

"Trailing clouds of glory . . ."

Most little boys ignore the obvious reason why they are at Westminster. Their parents sent them. They take for granted the fact that their fathers are among the richest five per cent in the country, and after surrounding themselves with enough houses, colour televisions and au pair girls spend the residue on their children. True, we are told some make sacrifices. Not every family at Westminster owns two cars. (We wonder if this is to some extent because the mothers, to combat boredom, have started courses on Ecology at the Open University and have joined some trendy group of environmentalists.) However, we digress. What we want to discover is not so much the real reason why they are sent, but more why they think they are sent.

We can illuminate the problem by looking at some essays written by boys as a prep on first coming to the school. Out of a class of about twenty, half were illiterate, most mentioned O and A levels, and one was vaguely amusing. He at least sees that, as far as his own future is concerned, he is a mere pawn in the game: "Westminster was my parents' choice. They decided to educate me here when I was two years old. I knew nothing about it and was not considered old enough to be consulted."

More generally the authors were more aware of other possible schools which were rejected in favour of Westminster. Half of them appeared to have arrived at the school by accident. The clever ones had found that their alternative school's Scholarship Exam was at the same time as Westminster's, and so by a toss of a coin ended up in Little Dean's Yard. Some of the reasons which are dreamt up are farcical. Most of the boys saw the school as a means to earning £15,000 p.a. Some appeared to have higher ambitions: "Westminster also uses no lesser building than Westminster Abbey as its school chapel! The school also has a strong connection with the Houses of Parliament." No doubt Mummy and Daddy decided thirteen years before that their loved one was to be either Archbishop of Canterbury or Prime Minister.

Such an attitude is at least more original than that of the majority. Some were either revoltingly complacent or equally idealistic. One can only hope that they have been suitably disillusioned. "By the time I leave Westminster I hope to obtain without difficulty"—lazy into the bargain—"a number of O and A levels in order to secure a place at university, then to find myself a good job"—leaving half a million unemployed in the gutter—" preferably to do with languages, and thereby gain a place in society." Yet another commuter to join the rush hour train from Notting Hill Gate, Epsom or Hampstead. The same child showed a quality which no doubt Westminster would help to cultivate. He was utterly, viciously, ruthless. "Perhaps the most important reason for my coming to Westminster was the school's great reputation; not only for producing the brilliant young men of tomorrow"—Kim Philby, Anthony Wedgwood Benn—"but also for its high standard of work. It has for example one of the most difficult entrance exams in the country."—No one who earns less than £10,000 p.a. has a hope of passing; as one Governor blandly stated, "Money buys privilege; it's as simple as that".—"The Challenge is indeed a challenge." The author, needless to say, is a scholar. He no doubt would also approve of the Governor's original policy over lame ducks—"Shoot them."

Another reason which repeatedly cropped up was the facilities Westminster has to offer: "The school itself has great and numerous facilities, the two most important of these being Westminster Abbey and Vincent Square." One wonders what kind of a facility the Abbey is; hardly one we can make extensive use of. The other obvious facility was London; Westminster "is in a very historic setting and surrounds". (A Ministry of Works brochure could not have put it better.) Others were more jingoistic. One feels that short of reconquering India it will be difficult to find employment for some of them: "Westminster is within a quarter of a mile of the centre of one of the largest Empires the world has ever known."

A question one always asks when viewing generation after generation of new boys is, "What is it about Westminster that makes apparently normal spoilt boys pseud?" The answer is that a lot of them come here already affected. One can see their comments as either sweet and innocent or plain silly. "It is not just an efficient teaching machine but

a beautiful and human place." No comment. "So close to the Abbey—heart of English civilization. I love to wander there and feel the past all around me." (This could be a case of innocence destined to be corrupted. Last term we heard of scholars showing Americans round the school at £5 a time.) "I hope to find myself a much more advanced person in four or five years' time." (Adolescence rears its ugly head?)

But perhaps such silliness is pardonable when one compares it to a remark such as this: "In the realm of sport I have, as most boys must have,"—speak for yourself—"a desire to represent the school in at least one of the many sports the school caters for." One hopes repeated traffic jams on the way to Grove Park by coach have killed that ambition once and for all. This tedious child even speaks in the language of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*: "If at this stage, after collecting three good quality A levels, which most acknowledge to be difficult, I have not dropped out of my self-set race"—you would think life was one never-ending athletics match—"I hope that I will have reached a sufficient level of perefection (*sic*) to be able to go up to either the University of Oxford or that of Cambridge." The language is reminiscent of a literal translation of a Latin unseen.

Well, there you have it. One hopes the cumulative effect of reading the word "apathy" in *The Elizabethan* will mellow such enthusiasm. Failing that, vote Labour at the next General Election.

Sweet nostalgia?

Many, many years ago, when there wasn't colour television, when there was a Labour Government, when man had only just landed on the moon, and when the Americans had a President they could trust (he was called President Nixon and had only been in office three months), I came to a little corner of Old England just behind the Army and Navy Stores (soon, alas, to be a fond memory). People were superstitious in those days. They still believed Concorde was something that worked, that rising prices could be cut at a stroke, that the Government of the day were committed to the E.E.C. One could buy a Penguin book for half a crown (relic of a by-gone age!), and read in the *Daily Sketch* that England would win the World Cup, again.

January is a remarkably horrid month to go anywhere, let alone to a new school. At nine o'clock one Monday evening, one was confronted with a whole lot of MEN! Huge figures, all about six foot eight, towering above me in weird garments and ominous silence.

Next morning I existed in a whirlwind, eventually ending up in Westminster Abbey, a place I had only previously visited (in blazer and cap) in a crocodile led by Miss Macgilchrist, Form Mistress of Lower Three. First hymn of the morning, "Christ is made the sure foundation". "Oh well," I thought, "here we go again. Only five more years to go."

Now Westminster could hardly have been a greater change from the ultra-normal existence I had led before at a "safe" suburban Prep. School in Kingston. It was one of those schools where Art was stopped at the age of seven to allow more time to concentrate on Latin, and where Music was regarded with deep suspicion. If one made more than three mistakes in a French verb test, it was Detention that night; and, if you were caught putting your lunch down a little hole in the floor boards in the corner of the Dining Room, you were put on Manual Labour. This, I think, involved being put in a field at the back of the school with a pick-axe and a shovel to dig holes. If English literature ever produces its own Solzhenitsyn, I have little doubt where he will have commenced his education.

Well, one of the first things I welcomed about Westminster was the absence of any equivalent to Manual Labour, or indeed any type of Forced Labour Camp. London was open to you from tea to supper, Prep. was not taken very seriously, though it was quite a change having to work in a room with twenty-five others after the quiet entombment of one's bedroom at home. All Houses other than mine were allowed to wear whatever they liked after school; but we were stuck in our suits. This did not matter, though, as the other new liberties were numerous. You did not have to

finish what was on your plate, so there was no need of a hole in the floor. The slightly unimaginative boiled cod or meat followed by rice pudding gave way to the haute cuisine of steak and kidney pie and ice cream. The standard of living had increased ten-fold.

The novelty lasted for a time. Two-thirds of your 7/6d. a week pocket money went on sweets at break. Various lessons were a revelation. English was no more a sort of Mathematics. "Parse the following sentence and point to an example of alliteration, litotes, chiasmus." You actually read books and plays and the like. Latin was even more extraordinary. After a diet of diluted Caesar and Ovid combined with English into Latin sentences, we were suddenly thrust into a terrifying room surrounded with ancient pots and dusty old books. Here we were introduced to Lucretius, someone who for a change didn't kill Gauls; instead he didn't believe in gods. There was also Catullus, who kept on writing about women, whereas all the poetry I had ever met before had either been Romulus and Remus by Ovid or "tum ti-ti, tum ti-ti, tum". Nowadays the general trend is to ignore Latin. You do a fancy kind of Geography called Environmental Studies instead. Nevertheless I remain extremely glad I came to the school in the "bad old days" when we "wasted our time" enjoying ourselves no end with a kind of Latin none of us had ever known existed.

O levels didn't really matter. Why should they? Some of the masters were never sure what the syllabus was, which made the prospect of the exam all the more exciting. Again I was one of the last products of the "bad old days" when O levels were got out of the way as quickly as possible, preferably in five terms. For the most part they were ignored anyway.

Novelty was one thing, boredom another. After five terms one was guaranteed to be sick of all work. Half the subjects aroused no interest whatsoever. Those I did enjoy were hampered by those who found them boring. The only thing to do was to get very nasty towards each other. Whatever the other effects may have been, it all helped to pass the time. After school, once London had ceased to be exciting and when the Houses of Parliament revealed just how boring they actually were, what could one do? Luckily authority had provided an answer. Impositions were set by the dozen. One of their chief attractions was the insight they provided into the minds of the monitors who set them. The intelligent ones thought up quite interesting subjects. "The influence of neo-Platonism on Renaissance thought." A more common subject, "Turnips".

When life was becoming intolerable, as it did at the end of a long term (also, quite often, at the beginning), suicidal tendencies could only be controlled by an endless list of coffee bars. From four to seven "Micks" would supply a never-ending conveyor belt of bacon sandwiches or chips. The Metro, now engulfed by the Ministry of the Environment, provided similar delicacies. The end was nowhere in sight, the beginning left so far behind that it was a forgotten blur. Westminster School had always been part of one's life, Westminster School would always be part of one's life. It was all getting slightly monotonous.

Then suddenly something happened. Late on in the Summer holidays O levels results arrived. These had been thought about a few weeks before the exam, passed or failed, and equally quickly forgotten about. The result: you were in the Sixth form, you were doing the subjects you enjoyed. Everything was appearing much more sane. In my case, it meant the only time I had to face the Science Blocks was for Divinity lessons. Others no doubt escaped equally gladly from Latin and English to disappear into test tubes, never to appear again. Masters too began to change. They appeared human, they treated you as human. We read for fun and pretended it was work. We found there were such things as plays to be acted in, which actually had been going on all the time. They seemed to envelop you in their machinery. We were working for A level, but that didn't matter. We were working because it was fun. One warning on the first day of this new existence: "A levels may seem rather remote at present. June 1972 may seem a long way off. It will be here overnight."

It was. But so much had happened in the meanwhile. Life had become fun, because people became alive. Only occasionally did something unpleasant happen, despite the fact that life carried on from one crisis to another, each more gloriously chaotic

than the one before. But little boys, however big they feel, cannot resist showing off. After my first "proper" end of term celebration, the room seemed to be revolving round and round and I was conscious I was not feeling very well. Hours later, I awoke in bed with a worried Housemaster looking over me. "Timothy, take my advice. Never have more than two of anything."

So A levels were over and in the natural course of events the next step would be university. But why so soon? Most of us were only just seventeen, some still sixteen, and there seemed little hurry to do yet another exam. A year of enjoyment lay ahead. Westminster in the middle of London served remarkably well as hotel-cum-bedsitter and the metropolitan delights were there for the tasting. There was also another advantage. You had been bored stiff for the first five terms, now there was presented a chance to bore everyone else whether they liked it or not. You could edit *The Elizabethan.*

Timothy Gardam

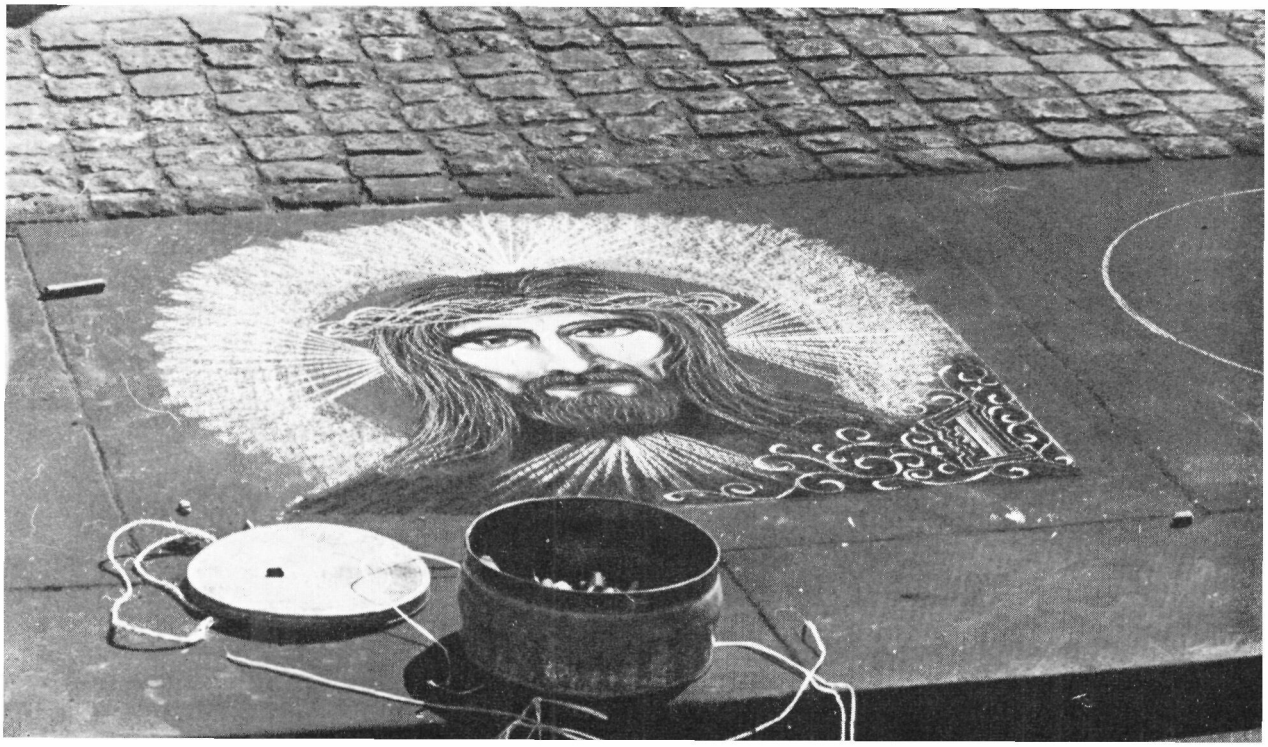

Photo: Stephen Garrett

Education and Liberalism

All posterity seems to have remembered Rousseau for is his vindication of the freedom of the individual from the chains imposed by social injustice. All too lightly do we pass over (or forget) that his theme was of a social covenant by which man made a voluntary surrender of his liberty. "To be governed by appetite alone is slavery; while obedience to a law one prescribes to oneself is freedom." Rousseau's freedom then does not imply an abnegation of the demands of society; instead it implies an attitude of mind by which the individual can impose restrictions upon himself from within. In other words, if the individual can govern himself by a rationalized and premeditated self-discipline, he will become a mature human being capable of fulfilling his proper rôle in society. If not, he will be governed at every turn by idle passions and hence incapable of disinterested or discriminating judgement. Moreover, since a democracy demands that each of its members should be capable of disinterested judgement, it will be found desirable that this notion of freedom be cultivated in their education.

The application then that posterity has given to this concept of individual freedom may be seen to be the practice of liberalism, which, regardless of its appropriateness, holds pride of place in all modern thought. The name of liberty is sought rather than its practice. The rights of freedom are demanded for those to whom to give the name of individual (in Rousseau's sense of the word) were a very abomination.

But how does this practice of liberalism relate to the field of education? Now that thought on education has escaped the clutches of Dr. Arnold, a radical change of direction has been effected. No longer is the pupil's mind something to be moulded and shaped by rigid disciplines; no longer are doctrinal or propagandist notions forced upon defenceless innocence; no longer are impositions made upon the nature and development of his intellectual activities. No; liberalism could not hold with such breaches of the inalienable rights of individualism. Instead, it is held that education should give pupils the ability to doubt, rather than the inclination to believe; though, of course, it would be wrong to suggest that contemporary educationalism is a mere negation of the tradition of Dr. Arnold. Doctrinaire authoritarianism has given way to the belief that the independence of a child's mind is a sacred thing, not merely something to be nourished or cultivated, but even imposed. Nor is even independence enough; a vigorous training must be given to induce the most critical scepticism, for it is considered above all healthy that an informed, adolescent mind should be discriminately suspicious of all creeds and doctrines and should find all opinions that are not his own sincerely abhorrent.

But here the newly-fledged science of educationalism is seen to come into conflict with the more traditional canons of common sense, and the irrefutable evidence of observable phenomena. For who after Freud would dare to suggest that the period of adolescence is anything but the most impressionable in the life of man, or, to use Anselm's phrase, that the nature of youth is as the wax heated to take the print of the seal? But, all the same, instead of directing the child towards the disciplines that will, as we have seen, contribute to, if not constitute, his true freedom as an individual, education chooses to withhold these from him in accordance with the theory that, if he is made suspicious of all beliefs, he will be capable of choosing the right one for himself. This argument, it need scarcely be pointed out, is specious in the extreme; no one will maintain that in any ultimate analysis one belief is right, true, or even superior to any other, so that, for the purposes of this present argument, there are no two sides to any question of belief but only the side which any particular individual will choose to promote.

None the less, liberalism appears to demand from teachers, as though by a profession of faith, that they should pamper their pupils with the empty flattery that their opinions are even fit for consideration, and the pupil, confident in his specious precocity, adopts an arrogant attitude of a sort that hardly accords with his own intellectual capacities, which have become, as it were, stultified and benumbed through avoidance of self-criticism. Moreover, a serious appendage to the creed of liberalism is the notion that independence is capable of being imposed or enforced, as though non-conformity, by the argument of opposites, were to be classed as

a discipline.

Finally, it may be inferred that the rejection of intellectual and moral disciplines will favour only those who indeed have, without this façade of liberalism, sufficient intellectual or moral motivation to secure their own disciplines. For the others, however, in accordance with their mental capacity the course of either cynicism or apathy is inevitable. The more intelligent adolescent, when shown that any one form of discipline is inadequate, will choose to deprecate them all with the sharpness of his tongue. For those of duller wit, on the other hand, there remains to reject all disciplines and all the intellectual labour that accompanies a search for them. Liberalism, in short, is not enough, and, what is more, is harmful in its very inadequacy. "Schools are not microcosms of society" is the well-known cry of the liberalists, and yet their greatest fallacy is to regard adolescents as fully formed social beings.

Simon Ubsdell

Photo: Charles Clover

Do we get the

The Elizabethan—July 1973

The kind bequest in the will of A. A. Milne could bring the school £15,000 a year in Royalties. What about an ever-flowing Honey Pot at tea, so that Westminsters eating their toast would for ever have their benefactor's name on the "tips of their tongues"?

Evening Standard—July 19th, 1973

Idea Pooh Pooh-ed

THE JOKEY spirit of Pooh Bear lingers in the Georgian precincts of Westminster School, which stands to gain some £15,000 a year royalties from the estate of author and playwright A. A. Milne. The boys suggest in their school magazine, The Elizabethan, a most appropriate memorial to him.

"What about an ever-flowing Honey Pot?" They say "so that Westminsters eating their toast would for ever have their benefactor's name on the tips of their tongues?"

But the school's bursar Mr William Lyons, was not too impressed when I broached their suggestion. "Boys come up with some pretty hare-brained schemes sometimes," he said.

"The bequest is indeed a windfall and very much appreciated by the school. It will go on general administration."

Mr Milne died in 1956 aged 74 leaving the copyrights of the Pooh books to his widow Dorothy. On her death two years ago they were to be divided equally between his old school Westminster, his former college Trinity Cambridge, The Royal Literary Fund and his only son, West Country bookseller, Christopher Robin Milne.

The manuscripts of the same works were bequeathed to Trinity library or failing acceptance, to Westminster.

The Elizabethan—July 1973

No. 20 Dean's Yard, which has been vacant for three years, is still a touchy subject between the School and the Abbey. The School having repeatedly offered to buy it with a view to using it for, chronologically, the Head Master's House, a Library, a temporary Science block. The Abbey have consistently rejected all approaches. Meanwhile the fourteenth-century frescoes inside have increasingly mouldered, the costs of repair have, we hear, risen to over £40,000, and the building is in a dangerous condition. At least the Conservative Government didn't have to deal with the risk of Centre Point falling down.

Evening Standard—July 25th, 1973

Act of Parliament

AN EMBARRASSING situation in the precincts of Westminster Abbey has finally been resolved by the Dean and Chapter. For three and a half years No. 20 Dean's Yard, formerly the residence of Canon Michael Stancliffe, rector of St. Margaret's Westminster, has been empty.

This arose when Canon Stancliffe was made Bishop of Winchester and his successor, Canon David Edwards, preferred to live nearer his church in Little Cloister.

"Unfortunately our hands were tied by a 1934 Act of Parliament which decreed that the property had to be occupied by the rector," said the Abbey's receiver-general, Mr William Pullan.

"But last month a new Act was passed transferring St Margaret's from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London to the Dean and Chapter. And we added a special clause to change the user of No. 20."

After structural alterations the Abbey intends to move the Chapter House, at the moment divided between two buildings, to the renovated premises. Planning permission is being sought to pull down an outbuilding and provide extra room for the vergers, choirboys and honorary stewards. But the historic 14th-century facade and frescoes will remain untouched.

The news will bring little joy to Westminster School who occupy a large part of Dean's Yard. They were hoping the Abbey might have allowed them to use it for much-needed classrooms.

ess we deserve?

The Elizabethan—December 1972

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

The Guardian—April 5th, 1973

Benn keeps up revisionism in Who's Who

Mr Howard frankly lists his education at a public school, Westminster. Writing recently in the New Statesman he took to task a fellow Westminster School pupil, Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, for suppressing this élitist detail in his 1972 Who's Who entry. The new edition discloses that Mr Benn has taken his exercise in populist revisionism even further.

His 1968 entry — a long-standing one since MPs get into Who's Who automatically —recorded his education as at "Westminster School and New College, Oxford, MA, Oxford, 1949." In 1970, he changed this to "MA (Oxford), 1949."

In 1972 it became "MA (Oxford), 1949 and since leaving University." And the 1973 draft reads simply: "Education: since leaving University." An experienced student of Mr Benn's deletions said yesterday: "This is a systematic purging of his praeceptors."

tote news

JULY 1973

No. 1

Even schoolboys were at it. The St. James's Chronicle of July 26, 1796 reports:

"Yesterday a cricket match was played on Hounslow Heath between the Westminster Scholars and those of Eton for 100 guineas aside, which was won by the Westminster Scholars."

Cui bono?

Man is a social animal. Hardly an original statement, perhaps, but even less to be ignored on that account. At school and throughout life we must live with other people. To make this tolerable certain codes and conventions have grown up, standards of behaviour, some laid down by law, others, more important here, just tacitly accepted. But society is not sufficiently unified for one such code to be acceptable to all, and we have a certain degree of freedom in choosing which code we are going to accept—from that of the hippie to that of Belgrave Square, S.W.1. A school is faced with this diversity in two ways; as it is itself a form of society some standard is needed to make life tolerable within it, and as a preparation for later life it should, one might argue, at least acquaint us with the codes which we may meet later on. The school's reaction to these problems can vary between two extremes; it can indoctrinate us with just one code; it can present us with a variety of codes, and leave us to choose; or it can be liberal, and attempt no involvement in this sphere at all. Let us relate this to Westminster. We claim to be on the liberal end of the scale, learning frantically how not to conform—to what is left unclear. But if such is the ideal, such is hardly the application. We must not conform, but we must attend lessons, we must turn up at station, we must not go into pubs. Presumably these rules are not enforced as ends in themselves; presumably there is some purpose in them. In some cases it may be maintained that boys enjoy the activities concerned, and the school should give full rein to their inclinations; thus school plays and concerts, school expeditions and camps, school societies and even a school E.C.A. Committee to help all the others along. In encouraging such things the school is not imposing, directly or indirectly, any standards of behaviour.

But boys enjoy other things too; boys enjoy smoking, boys enjoy drinking, boys enjoy drugs, boys enjoy having girls in their studies at night, boys enjoy the Vitello D'Oro as much at 10.00 a.m. as at 4.30 p.m., some boys even enjoy trying to burn down the school. But are these encouraged? In some cases the law of the land forbids them, but by no means in all. Some standard is being brought to bear here on what is desirable in the school and what not. But what that standard is remains a mystery. Moreover, the powers-that-be acknowledge that these prohibitions cannot be enforced when the boys go home. The rules in the school have no effect on the boys' standards of behaviour outside it. At which, of course, the liberals cry out that in that case these rules are not excessively formative, that the school is liberal after all. Why then, we cry back, are the rules there at all? Why repress a boy's desires for 36 weeks a year in the knowledge, nay, hope, that for the other 16 he will indulge them to the full? Strange world... Or is this the whole purpose—that by repression these desires will grow stronger and so be fulfilled yet more fully during the holidays? Is the whole affair a double-bluff, forming a boy's character, in fact, by encouraging non-conformism to repressive rules? Strange world indeed. Are we being subjected to a subtle process of inverse psychology that is in fact fostering our radical independence of mind? Alack the day when liberalism has to invent rules as a red flag for the bull to charge at. And what is this non-conformism? What, if not itself a form of character being taught to us, indirectly imposed upon us by the whole system of liberalism? One can create a non-conformist just as one can create a gutty Christian gentleman. The liberal reaction is not a new freedom, it is a different servitude under a different master, the more insidious as it is less open and direct. But whereas the old system was positive, the new is negative. The old values at least stood for something, aimed at some end; the new stand against everything, aim against every end. We are taught to criticize before we are taught to appraise; to destroy the citadel before looking at the beautiful and excellent inside it. One last possible reason for these rules remains in the liberal context. I mentioned above that the school as a form of society in itself faces this diversity of codes. It may be that the prohibited activities are anti-social in a community as close-packed as ours. Well, one could always restrict smoking and drinking in communal places, if the more tender nostrils amongst us would otherwise be offended, and presumably boys would want to entertain girls at night in their own studies anyway.

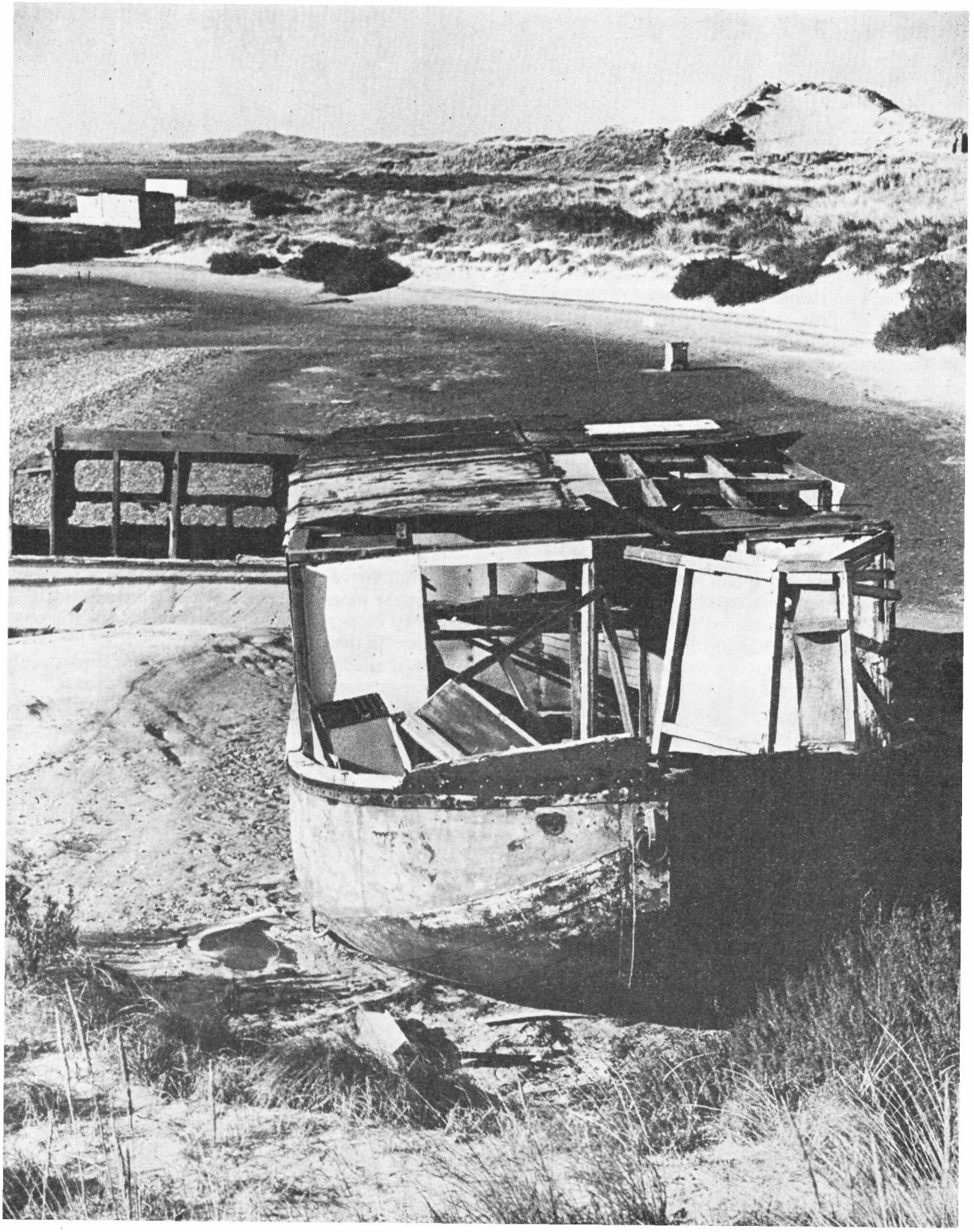

Photo: Justin Krish

After all the liberal verbiage one basic principle emerges in the running of the school; that the authorities know the boys' best interests better than the boys do themselves. This applies to all aspects of school life, from compulsory attendance at breakfast to compulsory attendance at lessons. And when these are infringed in our great liberal society, is the boy concerned praised for his non-conformity? Now once this principle is acknowledged, the standards upon which these rules are based may still be unclear, but at least their existence will not itself of necessity be inconsistent with the ideal of the school. The rules of attendance at lessons and prep. are clearly aimed at the boys' academic welfare; the compulsory attendance at meals and bed times at physical and so, perhaps, mental health; the limit to hair length at some standard of appearance. Now in this last example one may not accept the implied standard, but at least the school has the right by its own ideas to enforce the rule. Boys may try to have the rule changed, to persuade the authorities that the standard is a specious one. If they succeed, the rule is indeed changed; if not, the authorities claim again that they know the boys' best interests, and that they are employed to act in accordance with those interests.

Now this approach may appear to be either that of a neo-Fascist reactionary or an attempt to provide internal consistency in the theory of the school's administration at the cost of desirable progress. It is rather an exposition of the facts as they stand, designed to show up the hypocrisy in announcing liberalism in the school as at present organized. Of course the rule book has become less pervasive in our school life over recent years; shag, to take one minor example, can now be worn by all boys after 4.00 p.m. But the basic principle upon which the more stringent rules, now defunct, were imposed remains with us. Indeed this is also becoming less so; greater leeway is allowed to senior boys as regards pubs, for example. But, whilst it is employed in any rule, our much-vaunted liberalism will remain a sham. And one is hard pressed to find a rule in which it is not employed. The whole idea of education as progress in academic, mental, and physical terms is based upon the principle that this progress is desirable, and this principle in turn is accepted and enforced by the State. One may try to introduce elements of liberalism into this background, but so long as we are assumed to need the development provided by education we must obey the word of the educators. One does not call in the doctor to neglect his advice, and we are not competent to prescribe treatment for ourselves. Such is the basis of our educational system, and Westminster is by no means in the forecourt of any battle to change this. Certainly even the liberals might think we need control and guidance in academic matters, but if our minds and characters are to be left independent, why Standing Orders?

Thorough liberalism is inconsistent with education; only when we acknowledge this will we be able to make full use of the partial liberalism that is possible. But for the moment the authorities are confident that they know what course they are steering, confident in their view of the school; we are liberal; we are assured of the school's noble aims towards our non-conformity and independence. But at the same time we are cluttered with a host of restrictive rules and some (apparently) constructive ones. Presumably, to the authorities' minds, these rules have a place in the ideals of the school, presumably they are helping us towards our radical indpendence of mind. But will nobody tell what is that place? Or does nobody know?

Robin Griffith-Jones

Gap in the Clouds

The sulky sky
Revealed an eye
To chase the blues away.
I'd felt the blues all day,
To quote the man
An "azure tan"
That would not go away.
Duke Ellington, the sky, and Lucy
Are made to edify the moody.

James Chatto

The Dream of Love and Death

I drank from wild waters
When I grew tired of sleep,
And I wept in pools of shadows
When the light began to creep.

I caught the morning breezes
And I blew them through her hair;
I shattered a thousand dew-drops,
But the dawn had left us there.

So I took her hand and showed her
Where Love and Death were born,
Beyond the melting sunset,
Beneath the pale dawn.

I led her through my dying dream,
Laid her ashes in an urn
Where the aged writhe in innocence
And wrinkled children burn.

There, where Love is flaked and grey,
I left my death behind,
For I tortured her soft loving face
In the furnace of my mind.

She could not dream forever
In the shadows where I wept,
For cruel dawn awoke her
From the pools in which I slept.

I did not want to see her
Wondering at the light,
But the darkness could not keep her
In the hollow of the night.

So I took her hand and showed her
Where Love and Death were born,
Beyond the melting sunset,
Beneath the pale dawn.

John Bevan

Photo: Philip Wilson

On Teaching Independence

The New Statesman *published an article by the Head Master with this title on September 21st, 1973.*

When shorn of all elaboration and subtlety, and very largely of interest, Dr. Rae's argument stands as follows: "radical independence of mind" is an essential prerequisite of a real democracy; only an independent school (it is implied) can foster such "radical independence of mind"; hence (this is left to the reader's imagination) independent schools are an indispensable part of a real democracy. Criticism, then, of the Head Master's main thesis must rest on two related questions: first whether this "radical independence of mind" is a real foundation of democracy, and second whether any school can foster this quality of mind. It is not therefore inappropriate to begin with an examination of the basic concept, "radical independence of mind".

We read: "Radical independence of mind implies that the individual has become himself, that he has developed the ability to rely on his own capacity to think out where he stands in relation to the opinions of others and which gives him the strength of will to maintain his stand in the face of hostility." Radical independence of mind, then, consists of two elements; first, a critical ability to argue cases down to ultimate convictions, and second the strength of will to maintain these. It goes without saying that ultimate convictions do not admit of rational examination, for they are just whims. The Head Master recognizes that a school should not impart such whims: "The school does not give people their political ideals or religious faith but the means to discover both for themselves. Above all it gives them scepticism so that they leave with the ability to doubt rather than with the inclination to believe." In short the Head Master has admitted that it is not the business of schools to foster one of the elements of radical independence of mind. For he has said, in so many words, that the impulse to conviction, that which made Francis Burdett become his radical self and not one of many conservative Westminsters, is the concern of the individual alone, and it is the school's task, if anything, to dampen conviction. In a very real sense, then, schools should not foster radical independence of mind.

Considering whether a democracy like ours demands radical independence of mind, we argue as follows. Convictions, as many have said, are ultimately not open to question. If we all held differing convictions and all had the strength of will to maintain them, then at best nothing in our society would ever get done, or at worst we would be fighting constant civil wars. It would seem, therefore, that a liberal democracy does not presuppose so much a radical independence of mind as Dr Rae has outlined it, as an unquestioning acceptance of, or tacit acquiescence in, certain irrational convictions among the majority. This is a far cry from radical independence of mind.

Dr. Rae might object that our description of a democracy does not differ much from that of a tyranny, if not of one man, at least of the majority. This is indeed the case in a liberal democracy. But we must ask whether his radical independence of mind, which we have gently rejected as a working prerequisite for our democracy, would in fact prevent a slide towards tyranny in an ideal state. Radical independence of mind implies will. Will implies desire of fulfilment. This implies that a sufficiently strongly willed individual can override the wills of others if they threaten to debar him from fulfilment. Therefore radical independence of mind implies no less the seeds of tyranny than the foundation of democracy that we have given.

To three conclusions have we come about radical independence of mind. Schools should not foster it. Our democracy does not depend on it. It is no better a bulwark against tyranny than the principles on which our democracy in fact rests.

George Lemos

Obelisks

Common Experience and Revelation

In the past couple of terms a strange society has made its appearance in Westminster life. Of little interest to the school in general, it carries on its affairs eccentrically and to no practical purpose. The Catholick Society grew from a gathering of fanatical Anglicans into a collection of Christians of different denominations who wished to congregate to discuss their faith, examine their differences,

and spread the Word throughout Little Dean's Yard. Of course all human agencies—setting aside the question of the Holy See—are neither infallible nor perfect, and this is particularly true where the Catholick Society is concerned; denominational barriers get even more entrenched and little success can be claimed in evangelization. The Society's meetings are disrupted by the occasional cry of "No Popery", nostalgic regrets over the disappearance of the Inquisition, and concentrated attacks on members who have the audacity even to mention Pantheism, scientology, or weird oriental sects. Any really concerted efforts always seem to have negative aims—attacks on the religious life of the school, howlings against the Establishment, and constant denunciation of blasphemy and irreligion.

However, the society has had some positive success, even if only for its members. To start with, the whole Society has been completely disillusioned of any starry-eyed view of Christian unity; the near insurmountable obstacles are plain to all. Then the importance of dogma, a disciplined basis for faith, has been established. However, once differences are recognized, one can achieve an understanding in the common essentials of belief; the attempt to comprehend another approach to Christ enriches one's own. There have therefore been spiritual benefits, as well as a tendency to withdraw from an aggressive into a more contemplative and mystical approach to Christianity. Then again at least some Christian activity has been quite spontaneously manifested, an independent movement within Westminster youth.

The sharing of one Faith, though split by sectarian differences, has stressed the uniqueness of the Faith. The importance of preserving its purity is obvious: the satisfactory path through this world to peace in the next, which the Christian Church provides, is unquestionable. As Dame Julian of Norwich tells us:

"All we need to know and understand our Lord will graciously show us, both by this means (Revelation) and by the preaching and teaching of Holy Church. For it is His Holy Church. He is its foundation, its being, its teaching. He is its teacher, and the end and the reward for which every normal soul is striving. This is known and shall be known by every soul to whom the Holy Spirit declares it. And hope indeed that all those who seek this He will speed on their way: for they seek God."

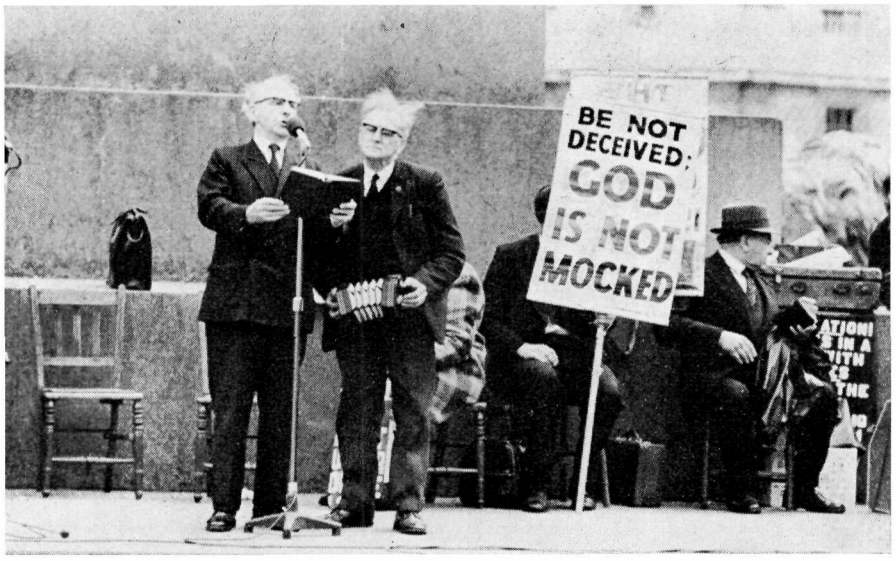

Photo: Martin Parnwell

Photo: Charles Clover

Story

Sunday Last

That morning a thin, reedy filter of light pierced the red curtains and fell icily onto his face. Through a blur he caught glimpses of his room, the sunrays and the white, blank walls merging and slowly settling, separating. It was at that moment, as always, that the knowledge awoke in his brain. As always he shut his eyes in total despair and died for a few seconds. He had woken up.

Before he could think further he rustled the sheets aside and swung his legs out of the bed in one, swift movement. He felt the cold, unwelcoming chill of morning.

Everything was ice; from the gaping white window to the little metal clock on the bedside table. They all shrugged him off disdainfully, impudently ignoring him. He told them to shut up and felt better after that. But the footsteps had started now, the mumbled creaks which heralded every Sunday, down the stairs, on the landing, accompanied by mutterings, unintelligible mutterings between his parents, yet connected with him, always connected with him. At last the bath started running, the tiny bathroom began to fill with a sweaty, steamy feel which would hang around it for another hour. As his father began to climb up the stairs into the steam, he knew that the day had properly begun, that that one sound had triggered off the whole empty, barren twelve hours.

He turned back to his room. Again it rejected him, ordered him to leave. Angrily he dug his feet into a pair of woollen slippers, and pulled open the door. The door didn't shut properly; one could pull it straight open without turning the handle. Somewhere inside him that single, trivial fact bit hard. With the cold scraping his body and the slippers cosseting his feet, he went downstairs.

The vinyl floor in the dining-room flowed in harmony with the bare stone walls. The pots, pans, cupboards of the little kitchen were half-dead in the dark. He switched on a light, clumsily blinked at the glaring falseness of the new daylight, shuffled to the fridge.

Yesterday's milk was there, half a dismal pint, urging "Throw me away, forget about me", and it was with reluctance that he pulled it out from behind its plastic bar.

Next was the bowl.

Then the cereal packet.

He slammed them all on an empty table, threw himself on the chair, tossed the cereal morsels into the bowl and the milk onto the cereal morsels, began shovelling the things into his mouth. His palate felt the pieces of dehydrated cornmeal turn from crispness to a nasty sogginess as they were scrunched around by his teeth. He tasted nothing.

The predictability of every minute disgusted him, yet he could not even try to escape from it.

He looked at his watch, realized it was upstairs. The clock in the living room was fifteen minutes fast; but no matter, he would look at that.

Seventeen minutes later he entered the church. Through the green-brick light holy figures loomed, hands clasped but eyes empty, looking helplessly up at a plastic heaven. Three altars, silent, glorious, side by side, and row after row of empty seats.

He had met a girl here, but she wasn't there, hadn't been for too many weeks. She probably didn't exist. So with a soft ringing the service began, sacred words floating past the Victorian Abraham above the arches.

"Lord have mercy upon us."

"Christ have mercy upon us."

"Lord have mercy upon us."

It was the signal for him to switch off his mind, to repeat the printed word, to reply obediently to the priest's mutterings. As the service went further, his thoughts and Cranmer's text drifted slowly apart and the first fantasy of the day was dancing in his brain: he was against the golden altar, eyes glaring insanely, a beautiful steel knife in his hands, arguing, shouting at the congregation. He saw his mouth form the words "I don't care! I know nothing!" with the diamantine blade moving through his wrists.

He had gone through the litany by the time he had crashed to the floor. Maybe Satan's got me, he thought; maybe I'm evil. So I'm evil and I'm in a church. Fine! Rejoicing in this brief emergence of devilry he refused to join in for the remainder of the service.

It was with relief that he hooked the little plastic knee-cushion underneath the chair, that he made a token genuflexion towards the giant crucifix, that he strutted to the back of the church, his parents

following behind.

There followed a polite series of one-sided smiles to the other six members of the congregation and he was whisked home in silence after a negative, unrewarding, and blasphemous hour. The house didn't welcome him back. It was eleven-fifteen. There was work to do. The city was dead.

Slowly, he threw the heavy brown jacket he'd worn for church on the banister rail. As he stood there, sluggish boredom crept around his lifeless figure, its ugly fat fingers hovering over his mind until their pudgy little forms sank ruthlessly into his brain tissue. He could feel the sick carelessness work over each individual cell, draining them all of every emotion, every feeling, every sense they had ever possessed. The sky greyed over, the room fell into its gloomy coffin. With infinitesimal slowness his life, his past, his future, all the millions of scenes that made up himself died. Drowning in a still, heavy ocean of numbness, he remembered the collection of pencils on a corner of his desk, the great, grim view of brick and cement from his window, a sunny sky free-wheeling through misty glass.

But when they had passed, they left an empty desert. A desert of dark stone and pale grass where he was trapped; trapped in a platinum cage with a gas oven. Upstairs a fifty feet drop was waiting and nothing was worth anything anymore. The light refused to come through the glass, it plunged the upstairs into a welcome smog, beckoned him up hissing: "There's one way out of a cage. Go to it." He saw his room as a place apart, unfamiliar, and cold.

It dawned on him that every object, every atom of the desk, the books, the basin were against him, didn't want to know about him. The wind sifting through the trees outside, the little stone yard below, all were barren and futile, and they in their turn made him feel worthless, a failure as an adolescent, dead, stark, unrebellious, and stupid.

In a haze he scrambled for the window, scraped it open, flung half his body into the cold fresh air of a winter noon, his senses careering in a crazy spin above his head, until he found a grain of rationality in the mess, steadied himself. Twelve blank, rigidly geometrical, square stones stared up at him, saying nothing, transmitting nothing. His eyes focused on them, studied them carefully, and in their concrete faces he saw the only answer to an insoluble problem: total ignorance.

Nearly throttled by self-detestation, he collapsed on his bed, sickened, a growing fear gnawing at his side like a dead rat. The fear subsided, the whole ritual of suicide appeared to him now as something ridiculous and shameful. Having solved nothing, having put himself through a confusing and humiliating act, he buried his face in his hands and started to think about lunch.

Three o'clock in the afternoon, and he was again in the bedroom, standing, a lunch of roast meat and potatoes slumped in his stomach. He was trying to size up his work for the afternoon. He knew he had to write an essay on "Pollution", calculate a formula for maths first lesson on Monday, translate some Latin. He wasn't going to bother. Everything around him restricted him as if he couldn't move without clashing with his case on the floor, or a corner of the desk, or the foot of the basin. The reason that everything should be normal began to escape him, and very slowly his arm moved to a flask of talcum powder on a green side-table next to him; he twisted open the cap and threw the metal container to the opposite corner of the room. He saw the talc vomit from its gaudy cage. He felt he was going insane.

All that was reasonable, all that looked in order, was under suspicion. In a crazy, addled spin he brushed off everything from his tables, saw the little oddments cascade like a rainstorm to the carpet; he jerked the chair upside down and flung himself against its irregular points, absorbing the pain, grunting like a movie horse, breathing hard, gasping.

The books—the books are all the right way up. They must be . . . must be, decimated, liquidated—they too hit the floor. He found he had to be a beast. Beasts growled. He started to growl. He curled himself into the foetus position and growled. Growl, grooble grooble. Get out. Get what? Get out, get out getout getoutgetout. Grunt. Door squeaks. He kicked the door, stumbled into the hall, burst into his parents' bedroom.

Gleaming whiteness hit the pupils of his eyes, on the bed an innocent blue pair of trousers

slouched, his Mother's trousers. They clicked in his brain, sexual ugliness. Shrieking quietly he thrust his head into the trousers, put his head in the crutch, arms down the legs, the waistline plucking his eyebrows. He looked eagerly in the mirror. It looked good, it looked mad. He had an essay to write, maths to calculate, to be handed in on Monday, ticked, crossed, two more hours of work put into the great mechanical combine which churned out exam passes and failures from the efforts of people stupid enough to feed it.

It didn't really exist that Sunday, for he was tearing up each section, bolt by ridiculous bolt, as he lurched awkwardly out of the room. With every book that fell, a bit of the monster vanished into the sky, until he was gurgling helplessly on the carpet, the wooden ceiling reeling above him, the master destroyed by the slave. Or the slave destroyed by the master. By despising the creature that enslaved his mind from Monday to Saturday, he had now been imprisoned by a new tyrant.

Slowly, his body relaxed. Normality crawled back into his head like the parasite it was. Tomorrow, he would go back to work, the monster would pick itself up again, and he would feed it relentlessly.

From the corner of his eye he saw the little window frames of the flats opposite, held in a great futile lattice. The sun had given up long ago and the air was greyer than usual; the red curtains were brown.

He got up, walked to his desk, and got his schoolbooks ready.

Seven days later it was Sunday.

Matthew Tree

From the Pine Forest

From the ramparts Pernel scans the fields;
My mind views the world around my head;
Centuries separate us but the view's the same—
Bleak and dead.

There's no sound stirring, no wind;
Only humanity besets mankind;
And like mine, Pernel's eyes
Encounter in his woman's gaze
A symbol of the dead divine.
Life turns sick, the whole tapestry
Unwinds itself thread by thread.

Our eyes will soon recede into our minds.

The minstrel twisted on his lyre
Is the last mover, though not even he
Can do more than smile his manic smile,
Struck silent by the world's bleak eyes,
And the waves on the wind claim us
For a lifelong dance.

Waves, the horror that man is,
Waves, the loneliness,
We are alone but for two kirghiz eyes
Moving on death.
Together we gaze down the void
Seeking a minstrel who will play—
All the minstrels are bound.

Nothing greets us. The last scream
From the semi-dark heralds silence.
The world is ours for what it's worth,
A twisted mocking smile.

Nicholas Rothwell

Poem

If you could sweep away all that you hate,
my friend,
You would shatter the universe in your arrogant
anger,
And spit out the earth like a sour pip, and snarl---
In discontent.

You would crush the sun in your fist
Like a fleck of fire, now gone,
And with your scorching breath
Burst the cities into a dust of sparks.
You would fling the oceans into a splash
Of steam under your feet.

When the blackened dust that was the world
Swirls in your grotesque face
And you like dust wander into oblivion
In deathless silence;
When you have destroyed your arrogance
Which you call your universe,
My friend,
In that vast emptiness
You will find the Truth;
Nothing but the Truth.

William Dawkins.

Thoughts and Ideas

These are the remnants
of the older generation;
who sit and yawn and sleep and snore
of fantasies unknown—
of whirling thoughts
reducing past events
to merely memories;
these are the founders
of the new civilization.
These are they who placed the first stone,
built the first house,
raised red-brick monuments
to long forgotten times.
Heroes of decaying fans,
pensioners by modern man.
These are the actors
in the one-act play of Time.

Stephen Caplin

Alone

Thousands of people, walking quickly and running; all had umbrellas, protecting them from the steady, penetrating rain. The men strode briskly along, no time, work would not wait. They had no faces, they were just dreary mackintoshes with patent leather feet grinding the pavement. They were governed by their watches and by traffic lights.

Up the steps from a tube station came an old man and a small dog. He was the only distinguishable figure among the milling crowds, he stood out like a light among shadows. He moved as if his legs were shackled to concrete blocks, his shoulders sagged and the dark rings under his eyes merged with the downward lines coming from his taut mouth. In contrast the sharp head of his little dog looked up at the commuters, bewildered by the steady, unfeeling feet. The old man painfully sat down on some steps and opened a pocket containing two sandwiches; he gave one to his little friend and started to eat the other.

A sudden screech of brakes, a shrill squeal; the old man raised his sad eyes slowly and registered the body of a child and a frantic mother; he looked back to his sandwich; he had seen it all before; he had too much time.

The floodlights in Trafalgar Square came on, people hurried home, the cafés played music, the old man did not hear. Night life was at its peak, lights and music all around, but the old man did not participate. Instead he turned to his dog. Wait! Where is he? He has gone! The man's only friend had left him. With face tucked into coat he went back down the steps into the tube station and along a passage; his footsteps receded into the distance; then silence.

Daniel Clague

John Locke Society

The Dalai Lama

To many Westminsters, living in a situation where political isolation is possible, the concept of Communism is a more intellectual than practical one. Comparative studies of the life-styles of our country and those of the U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China have, of course, been hazarded, but inevitably, living comfortably and easily in a Capitalist world, our views are tempered by bias as well as ignorance. And yet recently this ignorance and even part of the bias has tended to be dispelled. The increase in diplomatic and social liaison with the People's Republic has resulted in some quite strong ties being made; while the American involvement in South Vietnam has certainly thrown most sympathies away from the "Great West", if not actually onto the Communists.

The British Government's consistent non-participation in the East has also been such as to promote potential links between China and Britain; and not only in Vietnam. In 1950, when the People's Republic "liberated" Tibet, the British Government's reaction had been to refuse to receive the Tibetan delegation and thereby possibly antagonize the Communist nation. The reaction of the United States and the U.N. had been similar—not to risk world peace. Tolerance then can be harvested today; Concert Tours and International Table Tennis Tournaments take place, which could never have happened had the West interfered with the genocide which was the Tibetan situation in the fifties and sixties.

All in all it is a powerful example of the Buddhist belief in forgiveness that the Dalai Lama should be able to come to London now and smile.

James Chatto

Photo: Charles Clover

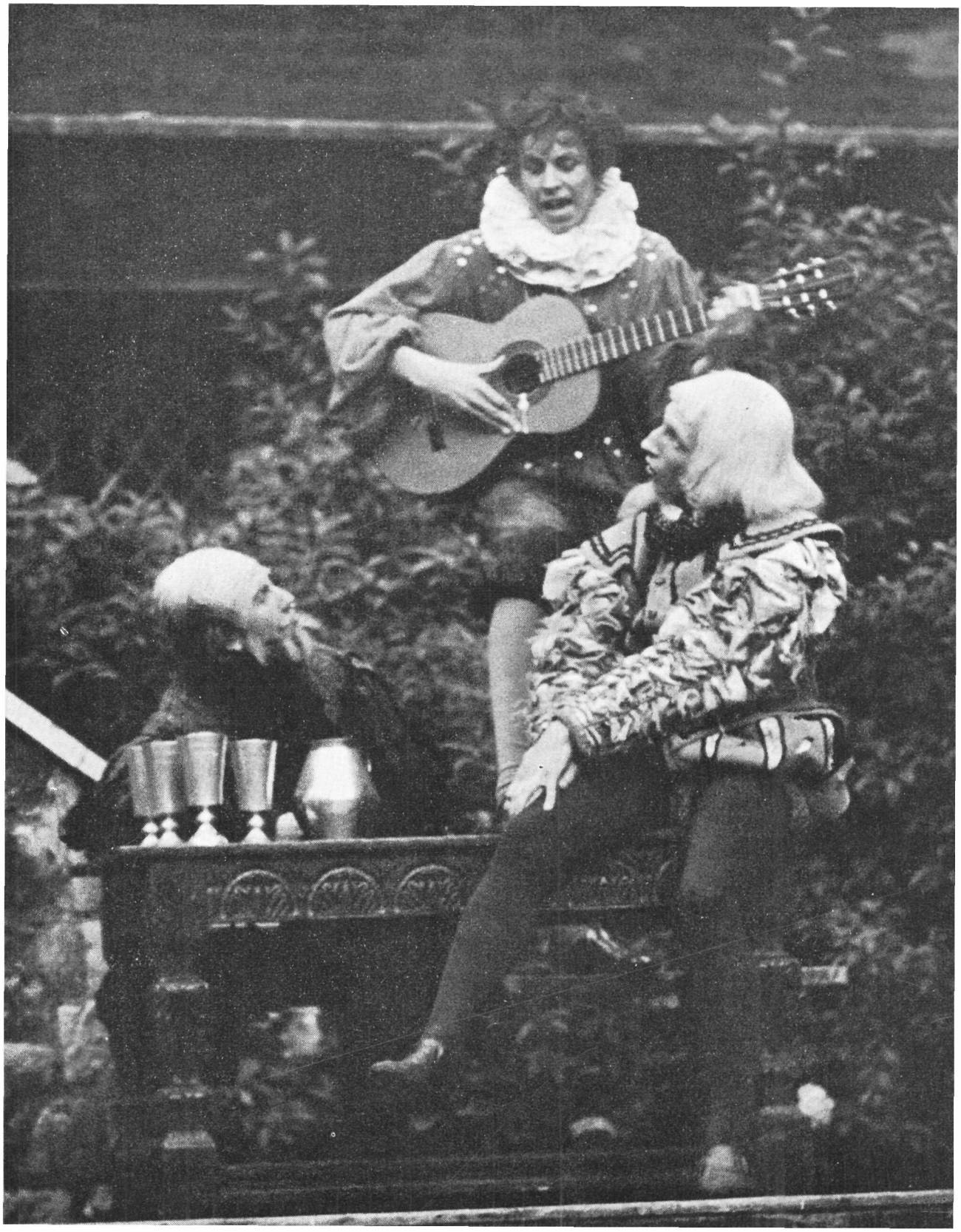

Photo: Martin Parnwell

Drama

Twelfth Night

The visual impact of this production was stunning; not only is the garden quite the most delightful location for a play, but also the quality of the props, costumes, and make-up was of the highest order. The standards established by David Harding in *Richard II* were certainly here too. He spares no expense to ensure a tasteful and accurate representation of period and style; his stage management and general organization are impeccable; he is not satisfied until every detail is just right. The set itself was a little unimaginative, but then he relied, quite rightly, on the general texture of the environment to provide all that was needed in this direction, though the vista-vision effect of such widely separated entrances was quite wearing on those otherwise fortunate enough to be near the front. The main criticism, and this is really levelled at the British Airports Authority, must be of the aircraft noise. We have reached a point at which our enjoyment of the production is periodically so seriously impaired, our concentration so totally interrupted, that it is idle to pretend that the din is but a minor irritation. We must question very closely the wisdom of future outdoor productions.

The triumph of the evening was surely Adrienne Thomas as Olivia, a fine performance sensing, even anticipating, the mood of each moment; here the grand lady there the coquette, responding with great control to her producer and to the other actors. Not so her would-be lover, the rather dreary Orsino. Oliver Slater has a well-modulated voice with good carrying power but no sense of occasion, and I was not really surprised that Olivia had rejected him. This is a basic question of interpretation, for, at its simplest, *Twelfth Night* is not a heavy play. It was, after all, originally an after dinner entertainment for the Middle Temple, a body of men who demanded wit, but also by that stage of the evening required something rather silly. So, what with everybody rushing around adoring everybody else, the whole spirit of the thing is one of fizz and fun—a spirit captured entirely by Maria and, to a lesser degree, by Viola and Sebastian. These last two, played by Jane Myerson and Peter Hirsch, were both delightfully fresh, naïve, young, even beautiful, as indeed they should have been—Viola being a particularly astute piece of casting. The cautionary

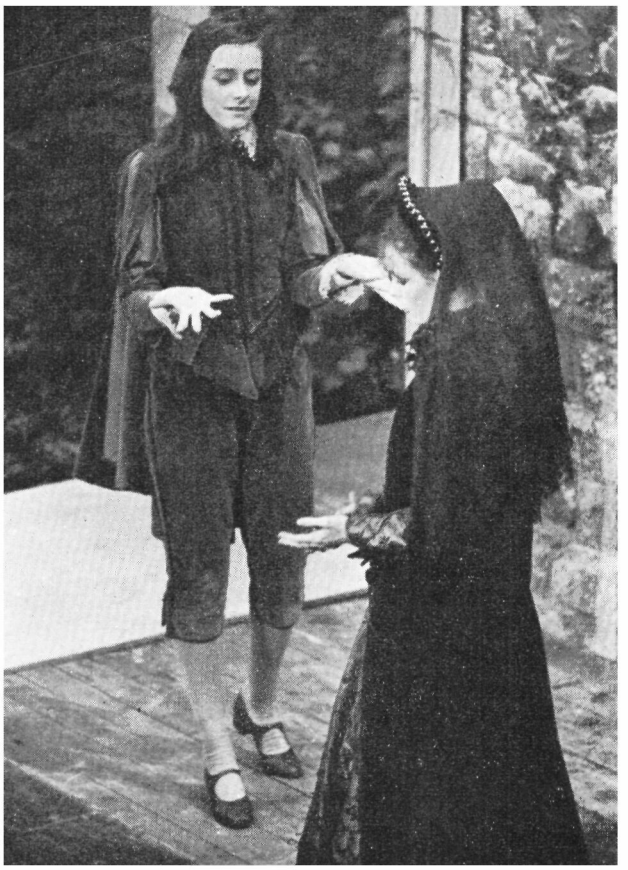

Photo: Martin Parnwell

note put in by Robin Griffith-Jones as Malvolio was pitched at just about the right level. It is so easy to make him a dominating distracting "character" part and I was pleased that his portrayal was integral rather than subjective.

Now I must confess to being disappointed by Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek, though this is not to diminish the individual stature of either David Bernstein or Tim Gardam as actors; but, as a credible double-act, it didn't get off the ground. They were conscious of doing a famous set-piece and, as a result, seldom reacted to each other convincingly or with the audience for that matter; there were no great moments when we, the audience, were invited to share some ribaldry. I got the

impression our presence was partly embarrassing and partly incidental, whereas Maria exploded onto the stage with such energy and vitality, acting with every ounce of her being. Julia Swift has the ability to be bawdy without being smutty. Her sense of outrageous fun included everyone, though I felt she really ought to have been a little more deferential to her employer!

One point certainly worthy of compliment was the performance of Nicholas Freeth as the fool, reminiscent—visually at any rate—of Harpo. He may have been only just in touch with the textual situations, but there was a haunting quality to his songs; I didn't feel the usual neck-tingling anticipatory tension in any of them; he had complete control of himself and the audience—quite an extraordinarily uplifting experience. He was helped a great deal by the music itself, which was of a high standard, and very discreet, perhaps even too coy?

This production had all the qualities of an "old master", rich in texture, colour, and composition, but, unfortunately above all, it was static. An insistence on detail and precise grouping stifled the possibility of spontaneous and intimate reaction between actors. It was very attractive to look at but rigid in execution.

Mark Griffiths

Harold

It was significant that *Harold* came out of Wren's, the House which combines the independence of a Day House with community feeling and the resources of a Boarding House for getting stage events off the ground. However, the credit must go, not to Wren's, but rather to James Chatto and Julian Evans, whose talent and imagination were much more than just the nucleus of the production; they constituted the whole thing, not forgetting the musical contribution from Al Furber and Paul Schwartz.

The production was, above all, professional. The music, on which it relied enormously, was tight enough to cover up some less accomplished acting, and the details, notably the lighting and costume, were sophisticated and imaginative. The basis of the band was the three members of "Tube", Al Furber, Ollie Clarke and James Leney; but the addition of Paul Schwartz contributed greatly to their performance. Johnny Eagle, yet another James Chatto pseudonym, played brilliant sax., but this time under the more basic and universal stage name of "God". Considering they had put all the tracks together in four weeks, and had also blended in Paul Schwartz, they played with remarkable confidence.

Much of what *Harold* took on was difficult: continual changing of lighting, music, and characters on stage. The smooth flow of the whole performance was crucial. It could easily have broken down into a series of badly connected sketches, but the trouble that had been taken over the linking gave it the particular ease and flow that was essential. There were minor flaws in the production, perhaps inevitable in any school event: the contrast caused by a mike being used in a song before a quick cut to unamplified speech was at times confusing; and the dancers on stage should have frozen on Ollie Clarke's drum solo (which was good, though better in rehearsals), instead of trying to dance to the syncopations and cross-rhythms. The script was well written and very funny, much of the unity being supplied by Rory Stuart's impressive and well controlled narration from the side of the stage. He had the audience hanging on every word.

Part of *Harold's* appeal was the psychological relevance of the subject matter. Harold himself was the perfect representation of the adolescent schoolboy, complete with progressive upbringing and "understanding" parents. In the course of the action he is stripped of all his self-confidence, and his defences against the outside world collapse to reveal a vulnerable innocence.

This vulnerability to the cruelty of the world is forced upon us during his first trip to the disco, at the Church Hall. He is pushed off by his first love's boy friend. Then the more general fears are evoked, such as working class violence; Harold is knifed before his journey to Hell. The action is set in America, not so much so that we can laugh at the caricature accents, but to make us feel sufficiently detached to gain a sense of superiority. It was all very funny, as long as we could stand back from what was going on. We did not want to become too involved, lest our own peace of mind became disturbed. Hence the sense of relaxation during

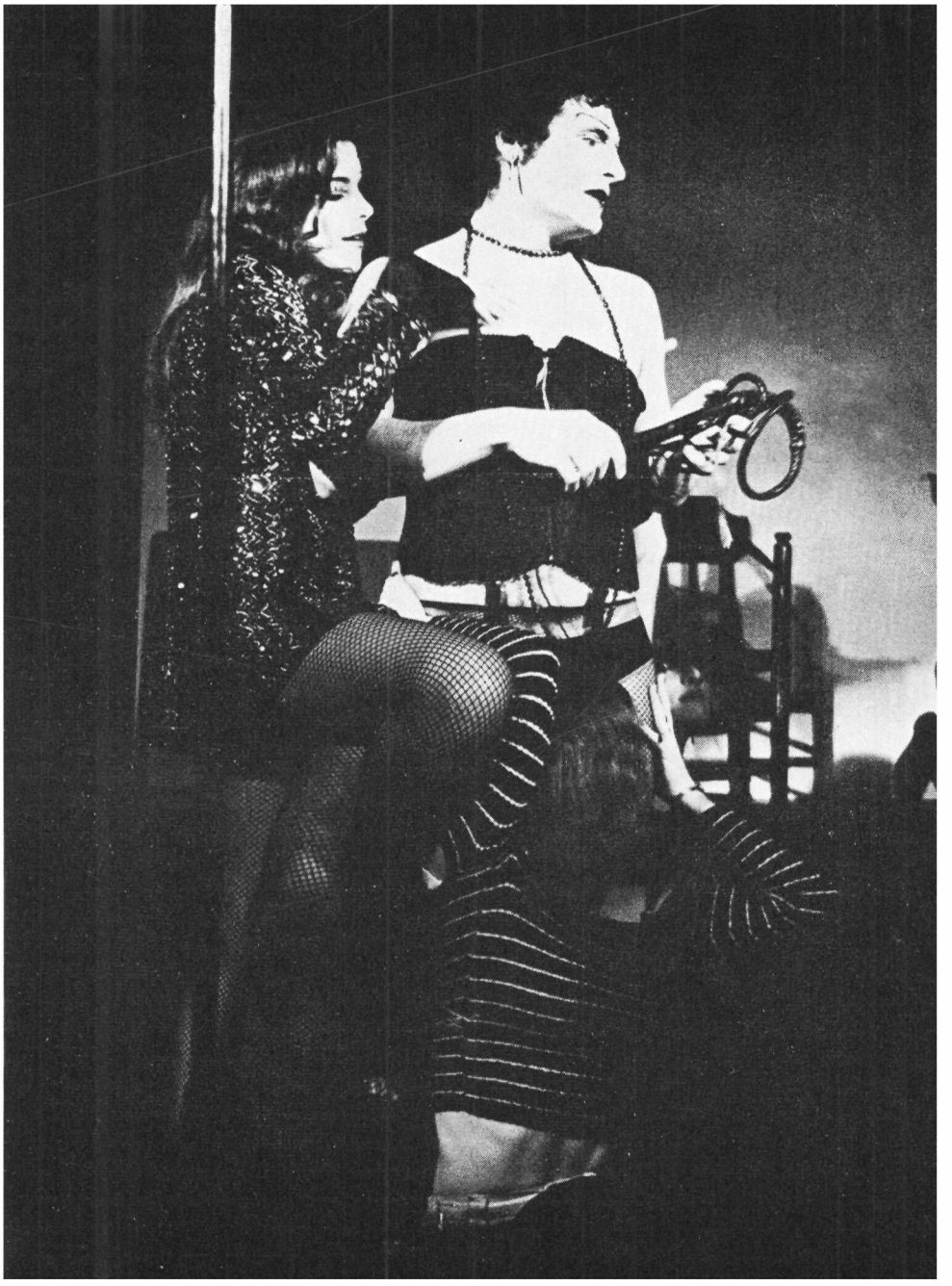

Photo: Charles Clover

the second half of the performance: the fantasy in Heaven and Hell was a slight relief.

As a postscript, James Chatto and *Harold* have aroused the interest of the writer of *The Rocky Horror Show*, which itself had considerable influence on *Harold's* conception. He is also owner of a new recording company, "Dude Records", and intends to record some of the music and perhaps give Chatto a saxophone contract for the coming year. Whether anything of the nature of *Harold* can be repeated in Westminster after he and Julian Evans have left remains to be seen, because their talent is obviously unique, but, whatever happens, *Harold* has turned out to be one of the best pieces of entertainment seen at Westminster for a very long time.

Jo Kerr

Amédée

It was perhaps unfortunate that this production had earned itself extensive advance notoriety as the first play to be supported by the E.C.A. Committee. One feels the audience expected a particularly excellent evening. This, let us be frank, they did not get. On the other hand, as an experiment in a type of theatre previously unseen here it was undoubtedly impressive, and deserved more credit than the restless audience was prepared to give it. The play itself had great potential, as serious and thought-provoking. But it presented basic problems for the producer that were not really overcome. Thus for most of the play the two main characters had to sustain our interest and attention completely by themselves; in this Anthony Murphy and Gill Foot did not completely succeed. And it was unfortunate that in the last scene, when, in contrast with the rest of the play, the stage was crowded, the effect was marred by a chaos that was not, one felt, the organized disorder of a good production. The play's other great difficulty was its very seriousness; one could only enjoy it by a constant close attention to the dialogue, and then some intellectual effort was needed to grasp the symbolism. Neither was to be found in the audience. But whilst Bruce Hyman may be criticized for his choice of a play involving such great emphasis on just two actors, it would be a sad reflection if in future boys with enough energy and enthusiasm to stage a play here must avoid all those that contain any element of seriousness. Certainly in this case the practice did not live up to the ideal. But an ideal it remains, and we thank Bruce Hyman for presenting us with a view of its potential.

Rigaud's House Play

Sergeant Musgrave's Dance by John Arden, with a predominantly male cast, was a sensible choice for the Rigaud's House Play, which was seen by audiences lacking in size and tolerance.

The success of the play depends almost entirely on the performances of the four deserting soldiers, who arrive in a frost-bound colliery town claiming to be recruiters. Fortunately in this production they were sufficiently contrasting characters for their dramatic incompatibility to appear realistic. Michael Reiss, as Sergeant Musgrave, gave a consistent but scientific portrayal of a human character, although his interpretation during the last act failed to give the impression that he believed himself to be God's agent, who had come to this town in order to expose war's horrors. Piers Mizen was capably cynical and bloody-minded as Private Hurst; Ewan Macmillan captured the bitterness of Private Attercliffe; and Barnaby Hoskyns gave a sympathetic performance as the irritating Private Sparky. He was the only member of the cast to overcome the problems of maintaining a consistent accent.

As well as taking the part of the mischievous bargee, Josh Dick produced the play with the conviction that enthusiasm was an adequate replacement for technical knowledge. This claim was shown to be valid, despite his total ignorance of the dramatic possibilities of the scene in which the skeleton is produced and strung up in the market place.

But the play had reached a sufficiently high level by the final performance to be able to silence those who argue that plays can only be produced by members of the Common Room. It also revealed the self-indulgent state of the upper part of Rigaud's—the cast contained only three actors from above the Shell.

Graham Whittington

Music

Election Term Concert

I think we would all agree, however unwillingly, that there is usually about a school concert an atmosphere of unease resulting as much from the apprehension of the performers as from the embarrassment of the audience at their apprehension. What is more, this unease very largely tends to interfere with the quality of the performance and the readiness of the audience to accept what they are hearing as an authentic musical experience. I am very gratified to be able to say of this summer's concert that such feelings were markedly absent, so that if I seem to speak with candour it is because the quality of performance was so high that the concert as a whole cries out for objectively valued criticism.

Following last year's pattern, we were treated to the cream of the day's Music Competitions, though fortunately the choice of performers was somewhat more selective, and whether by chance or design the order of the programme was such that each item perfectly complemented its neighbours. It would be invidious, to use the school magazine reviewer's favourite expression, to single anyone out for special praise. The two pianists, however, impressed themselves very forcibly on our attentions by playing two very virtuoso pieces, Anne Tyson playing Mendelssohn's great showpiece, the *Rondo Capriccioso*, and George Benjamin Debussy's famous *Jardins sous la pluie*. It is a common misapprehension on the part of youthful and amateur musicians that virtuoso music is merely a display of fireworks and hence they hammer through as many of the notes as possible in a hectic race to the end of the piece. But, in fact, quite apart from artistic considerations, the most basic element of a musical performance is control. Hence my criticism of these two pianists, and similarly of Alistair Sorley who stormed through some passionately melodramatic nonsense for violin by Suk, is that their mastery of the music was not sufficient to convince us of their mastery of the notes.

In contrast, Simon Ubsdell's performance of Debussy's *Rhapsody for Clarinet and Piano*, another virtuoso piece, showed much thought, especially in the considerable problems of ensemble, for which all credit to his accompanist Callum Ross.

A valuable diversion from the intensity of these pieces was Nick Freeth's perfectly measured performance of Coward's *London's Pride*, a choice which, while not making too great musical demands, enabled him to give an eminently appropriate rendering. Another excellent choice was the madrigal *Fair and Ugly, False and True*, which was exquisitely sung by a well-matched male voice quartet from Wren's consisting of Alex Scott, James Chatto, Tim White and Chris Graves.

The first half was brought to a close with a performance of the first movement of Mozart's ravishing *Clarinet Trio*, in which the soloists were Simon Ubsdell (Clarinet), Ian Pearson (Viola) and Callum Ross (Piano). The ensemble was generally good, although the perennial problem in this work of allowing the viola to be heard was not always overcome. However, the performance showed considerable sensitivity and musical feeling.

The second half of the concert contained one work only, namely Schumann's *Introduction and Allegro for Piano and Orchestra.* The soloist was Callum Ross, who implemented to the full the fine lyrical moments in the work, notably the dreamy introduction. He displayed in abundance, as we have come to expect from him, that quality of control to which I referred above; for, while his technique was not always quite equal to the demands of the work, none the less he managed to convince us of the musicality of his interpretation. His performance finally confirmed our opinions that we had really been to a concert. Many thanks are due to Mr. Byrt for his excellent organization of this memorable occasion.

Music Scholarships

Last year Westminster's first Adrian Boult Music Scholar entered the school. The Westminster School Society has now received three donations, amounting to £1,050, towards a capital fund for a second Music Scholarship. The existence of two scholarships to attract musical boys will be of great value to the school; and the Council of the Society invite donations from Old Westminsters and others towards this second scholarship, so that an award may be made as soon as possible.

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

Book Review

The Public Schools

by Brian Gardner. (Hamish Hamilton, £4·25.)

In this book we have an eminently readable account of the history of each individual Public School, seen in the context of the Public School system as a whole. The order in which they are discussed is determined by the dates of foundation, starting with "Ancient Schools", through "Early Schools", "Elizabethan Schools", and so on, to "The Twentieth Century". This method has the advantages that we have the whole history of each school in one place, and that we can see how its development has been similar to or different from those of others founded in the same period. The author makes extensive use of quotations from charters, Headmasters, Old Boys, and the like, from Henry VI to Bernard Shaw, and the text is supplemented by many excellent illustrations, all of which features greatly increase the vitality of the accounts. The book is far more than just an encyclopaedia of the Public Schools; it is rather a picture of a major aspect of British education through fifteen hundred years, seen as much through the eyes of the people involved as through the dusty pages of the history books.

Mr. Gardner does not often enter the controversy of whether Public Schools are socially justifiable; perhaps wisely. Where he does he shows a very favourable attitude, based, one feels, as much on sentimentality and pride as on sociology. He has a long appendix on the public positions held by Old Boys of Public Schools, at the end of which he notes (in case we had not noticed) that in most spheres "the Public Schools are overwhelmingly represented"; and at the end of a stirring passage on "the greatest school in European history" he writes, "Besides, the British people rather like Eton." One wonders. But perhaps for a work like this such an affection is appropriate; it may lead him to dangerous statements on the lack of class-consciousness in Public Schools, but it also fills the whole book with an infectious enthusiasm for the system, its continuity, oddities, characters, and achievements, which again makes the book most pleasantly interesting.

Photo: Stephen Garrett

SOCCER STAR WALKOUT SHOCK CRISIS

From Jim Macchatto

"Makkers" Macwhinnie, Westminster controversial Soccer Supremo, last night announced that he was quitting Football for good.

PRESSURES

"Pressures" on him to give up the lucrative posts as Television's Man on the Ball and in Radio which have made him one of the personalities of the game were behind it, he said.

AGGRO

"I just could not take the Aggro." Leaving with him will be WFC right hand man Romily Jones. In a statement this morning he said, "I expected this for some time now. They've been getting at Mak about his absences from the Changing Rooms and I knew it couldn't last. Football's been good to me—but the time has come to hang up my boots at last."

IGNORANT

WFC chairman, Sir Derek Saunders, was unavailable for comment yesterday, but General Manager Stewart "Malcolm" Murray told reporters that he had been ignorant of these developments. He emphatically denied rumours that Westminster would be buying Lancing Midfield dynamo Butch Bagfugerry to replace Macwhinnie. Murray is 59.

WFC P 18 W 1 L 16 D 1

Police stand by at Ground in case of trouble.

Photo: Martin Parnwell

Sports Reports

Cricket

Pl 13 W 3 D 6 L 4

The past few years have been quite successful as regards Westminster cricket, and last season was no exception, though this is not reflected in the results. The batting was strong; the main problem was the bowling, which was very weak, though the emergence of W. Gandy as a fine young bowler did go some way towards improving the position. The first five batsmen were capable of scoring well, and for the most part they did. It was the middle and late batsmen who were somewhat disappointing, and there was invariably a collapse after the first five.

After winning the toss and batting first against Bradfield, we lost heavily; so it was decided that our tactics henceforth were to bat last and thereby play to our strengths. The plan did not always come off, for we were often left with a large total to chase, and sometimes the target was impossible. Our first win came against the Lords and Commons—not a great achievement, though T. Rider and A. Yuille had a fine unbroken century partnership. We then went seven matches without a win, drawing against St. Edmund's Canterbury, U.C.S., Ardingly, and Butterflies, and losing against Tonbridge, Sherborne, and the M.C.C. We lost easily to Tonbridge, unnecessarily to the M.C.C., when the middle order batting collapsed, and rather unfortunately against Sherborne. We then won rather shakily against the O.WW., where A. Yuille, with a 50 and 5 wickets, excelled. The match against Battersea, the London school champions, was the highlight of the season, when taking advantage of good bowling conditions we won very easily by 8 wickets. Continuing this successful run we almost won against Charterhouse, when we were 3 runs short with two wickets left. All the major batsmen scored runs, particularly T. Rider who made 50. The final match against Free Foresters turned out to be rather a boring draw. We almost lost, but an innings of 67 by A. Macwhinnie ensured a draw.

The opening partnership of N. Brown and G. Kirk was a reliable one, both batsmen making over 250 runs and Kirk two very impressive fifties. T. Rider, who also made two fifties, made 290 runs, and A. Yuille, with three fifties, made 330 runs. The Captain, A. Macwhinnie, with two fifties (including 99 not out) was the top scorer with 350 runs. W. Gandy and T. Cooper took most of the wickets, with support from Yuille, Macwhinnie, and Brown. The fielding was up to the usual Westminster standard, the close fielding being at times excellent with some fine catches from Simon and Edwards. Rider was a reliable wicketkeeper, especially in the last part of the season. Mr. Baxter, in his first season in charge, did an admirable job and, despite an apparent dearth of talent lower down the school, there must be some hope for the future.

Fencing

Yet again I have as Captain the task of bidding farewell to another Master-in-Charge. Dr. C. E. Evans has left us, not sheathing his weapons, but taking away his joyful and energetic personality. I must thank him for all he has done and extend a warm welcome to Mr. E. A. Smith, now facing the task of taking over a thriving station. I say thriving, since we have been joined by a total of four girls—sufficient attraction to most—resulting in one of the largest stations for years.

The School matches held over the past year have shown our variability in form. The early successes, notably an away win v. Winchester, produced a handsome series that was not consolidated later in the year. Once again we suffered our periodical defeat by St. Paul's, but I am tempted to say that it was not as easy a victory as usual.

The team all deserve a mention for valiant effort, but especially the pair, Anthony Hammerson and John Rockfelt. Both fight well and have put in good work as secretaries, aided by Adam Pappworth. Elsewhere in the field are Jonathan Flint and Timothy Gardom, both with promising futures. Finally a word for the small but courageous Caroline Arup, who has fought her way into a secure second team place.

One competition produced a few surprises and good results. In the National Westminster Bank Competition, Anthony Hammerson was 6th in the Men's Foil, Caroline Arup won the Women's Foil, and Jenny Law was 3rd in the Women's Junior Foil.

Andrew Wilson

Water

Sculling as usual predominated during the Play Term; Andrew Hudson was outstanding, winning the Demerara Cup at Weybridge (Fastest Junior), and the Colts at Marlow and Hampton, where he recorded the fastest and second fastest Junior times respectively. An VIII was selected from the senior squad at the beginning of the Lent Term. The Trent Head was entered more for training and experience than anything else; nevertheless the VIII came third overall and won their Division by a clear three minutes. Encouraged by our efforts at Nottingham, we entered the VIIIs' Head at Bedford, and despite mishaps we came sixth overall and won the Schools' Cup. The following week was the Schools' Head, where we started eighth, caught up three crews, and recorded the third fastest time behind Eton 1 and 2, who dominated regattas for the remainder of the season. Our Colts A VIII came thirtieth, finishing fourth in their Division, a substantial improvement over recent years. On the last Saturday of term, we won the Senior C Oar at Kingston and embarked on training for the Tideway Head the following week. On the day, however, our previous form deserted us, the VIII finishing thirty-sixth overall and second in our Division. Andrew Hudson continued training through the holidays and was rewarded by a remarkable eighth placing in the Scullers' Head of the River Race.

The beginning of the Election Term was spent trying to decide whether to rely on an VIII or small boats (with a view to crews for the National Championships). During this period, a fairly scratch VIII won the Senior Division at Putney Amateur Regatta, and a Novice IV won their Division at Barnes and Mortlake Regatta. After an unsuccessful attempt at Coxless and Coxed IV's at Nottingham City Regatta and the Inter-Regional Championships, it was decided to re-form the VIII and to replace Robert Crawford with Paul Schwartz. This proved successful and we won Senior C's at Walton and Senior B's at Putney Town and Reading. The VIII ended the season as a Senior A crew, being narrowly beaten at Marlow in the semi-finals. During the summer, Andrew Hudson won the Inter-Regional Championships and the Junior Sculls at Putney Town. After A levels, a Coxed IV, Andrew Hudson, and Colts Coxed and Coxless Pairs went into training for the National Youth Championships. The Coxed IV boated from Kingston R.C., from whom we borrowed a Stampfli, while the others remained at Putney, so that our coach, Mr. Barratt, spent most of his time rushing between the two! Hudson, as expected, walked away with the National Junior Sculls. The Coxed Pair also won (Stroke: William Dawkins, Bow: Charles Target, Cox: Hamish Reid), while the Coxless Pair (Thomas Taylor and Peter Woodruff) reached the Final, to finish sixth. The IV (Stroke: John Hare, 3: David Newman, 2: Paul Schwartz, Bow: Julian Lyne-Pirkis, Cox: Philip Gumuchdjian) after showing very promising form, coming first in their eliminating heat and semi-final, came fourth. It remains only to mention that Hudson went on to the F.I.S.A. Junior World Championships, where he came twelfth, and to thank Colin Barratt for his long-suffering and excellent coaching. (The members of the 1st VIII were as follows: John Hare, Julian Lyne-Pirkis, David Newman, Andrew Hudson, Patrick Bolton, Ian Ray, Robert Davies, Robert Crawford, Paul Schwartz and Andrew Hutton).

John Hare and Julian Lyne-Pirkis

Squash

A Blueprint for Survival

Grove Park operations underwent a change at the beginning of this term. This had two immediate impacts on squash. First, boys are now selected to play squash as an option, and without exception change to a different option after one term. Secondly, the station numbers have diminished, so that the twelve full-time players now play for two hours a week instead of one as formerly. This should provide a more competitive spirit in squash. In the hope that the possibilities of this new arrangement would materialize, several matches

were arranged. To date we have played against Mill Hill and Eton Senior and Junior teams. Both matches were lost but not catastrophically. But these results do show that as yet Westminster does not give to squash the opportunities given by other schools. We have matches against Charterhouse and Aldenham to come, as well as rounds of a National School Competition to play.

The increased availability of squash courts for full time squash players has laid the foundations of a serious station; but there are as yet not enough bricks. In the minds of all, if not on paper, squash is a minor sport. For a school facing the problems of a metropolitan existence one would have thought that squash was one of the solutions. The increase in the popularity of squash in all walks of life is due to the difficulty of getting exercise and the relative ease of finding a squash court. When the present generation becomes conscious of its pot-bellies, it is unlikely that the open spaces of Vincent Square or the polluted waters of Putney will provide them with the opportunity of sweating off "expense account lunches"; much more probable will be a game of Squash in a room in or near the office. In the light of these facts the present classification of squash as a minor sport seems inapposite. Westminster has a duty to train its pupils in the art of weight control.

As it is, squash has twelve full-time players who arrive on the squash court through luck rather than design. It attracts the "would be's if they could be" of the football field or rowing station. Such a situation means that ability varies from year to year; once a standard has sunk, it ceases to radiate enthusiasm and potential players are not attracted. It is a vicious circle which ought to be broken, especially when the Head Master has decided to give full-time squash players more time on the court. To achieve full success squash (and other minority sports) must have an equal status with major sports. If you are not convinced that squash is the sport for you as an antidote to pot-bellies, a convenient form of exercise in a city, then perhaps the news that the female section is in full swing and is as flourishing as it is attractive will entice you to display your abilities. Squash needs what you can give and you need what squash can give.

Nicholas Denniston

Golf

A state of near-autonomy in Golf station has come to an end after two and a half years. We would like to thank Mr. Murray for keeping an eye on the station while being heavily committed to football, and we welcome Mr. Munir as the new Master in Charge. Golf is now to be granted official status. As a result, the existence of the station will be recognized by the Pink List, colours will be awarded, and Golf will find a space among the other station notice boards.

The few years since the founding of the station have seen a gradual increase in numbers and in overall ability. We now number ten; Simon Williams, who plays off 7 handicap, Stephen Bate, William Gandy, Mark Batten, who will be taking over as Captain next term, and Tom Cooper, who will be next term's secretary, have all performed consistently well in matches. Chris Hunt and Stephen Gaastra promise much for the future. For the sake of the record book, and hopefully the good name of the station, I list here all the matches that have been played in the past two years:

1972	Election Term	Dulwich College	(Away)	lost 1-5
		Old Boys	(Home)	halved 2-2
	Play Term	K. C. S. Wimbledon	(Away)	lost 2½-3½
1973	Lent Term	St. Paul's	(Home)	won 4-0
	Election Term	St. Paul's	(Away)	won 3½-½
		City of London	(Home)	lost 0-6
		K. C. S. Wimbledon	(Away)	halved 2½-2½
		City of London	(Away)	halved 2½-2½
		Old Boys	(Home)	won 4-0
	Play Term	K. C. S. Wimbledon	(Home)	won 5-1

Despite the problems posed by the length of time required to play a golf match, and the large number of schools which only indulge in sporting activities on Wednesday afternoons, I am confident that our fixture list will increase in scope and length.

Progress has recently been made in the providing of occasional group lessons with the Royal Mid-Surrey Club professional, and we are very grateful to the Golf Foundation for the financial help which it has given us. The high degree of enthusiasm for the sport in the school at the moment is well demonstrated by the party of boys who spent a very enjoyable Expeditions Day watching the Piccadilly World Match Play Championships at Wentworth.

Guy Johnson

Tennis

We tennis players are simple folk; we have no great desire to intellectualize our game; we have no need to question dubious stratagems (because they don't exist); we have no need to make jokes, for the jokes are already there in the shape of our young, precocious and extraordinarily cocky little tennis players. All that matters is that we enjoy our game. We are happy and we are free: free to be bad tempered (but not to show it); free to be more contemptuous of our partners and team mates than of our opponents (but not to show it); and, lastly, free to leave if we want to play cricket, which we do not.

The 1st VI, captained by the capricious Sam Harding, and secretaried, for all that matters, by the sometimes subtly effective Stephen Garrett, had an above average season, winning 7 games out of 13 and getting practically nowhere at Wimbledon. Josh Dick and Matthew Bennett, when not being shouted or squeaked at respectively by their partners were also permanent members of the team, as indeed were Tim Cawston, the other half of the first pair, and Mitch Reese, who squeaked, nevertheless playing consistently throughout the term. Our two battles with Girls' Schools (Queenswood and St. Paul's Girls) provided St. Trinian-like amusement: Queenswood, because their chubby little team were far from superb; and St. Paul's, because their first pair proved too much for Sam and Tim, neither of whom, I might add, was amused. Of our all-male (shame!) fixtures, Lancing, Eltham and Tonbridge were our best victories at 6-3 while at the other end of the scale a rather excellent Haileybury side, to put it as euphemistically as possible, crushed us $8\frac{1}{2}$-$\frac{1}{2}$. I would like to thank Mr. Harris for his enthusiasm and encouragement in his new role in charge of tennis. He shares our hopes that a rather undistinguished display at Wimbledon will be surpassed next year.

The 2nd VI promised much, but gave little. Could that have been due to a surfeit of Adams (Brett-Smith, Kinn and Zeman)? Anyway a large pool of competent players manifested their talents in an average season, winning two games and losing three. To be fair, an inconsistency in the pairings had a definitely unsettling effect.

The Colts was not a successful side; possibly due to the couple of young players being snatched from their cradles by the 1st VI and there being also only a small pool of young talent in the tennis club. I hope the coming year sees the arrival of more precocious youths.

The prospects for next season are promising. Only Sam Harding has left, and he will be replaced by Lionel Stanbrook, who spent last summer in the United States winning the tennis tournament at his large school. It will be said in 1975 that 1974 was a very good year for Westminster tennis.

Stephen Garrett

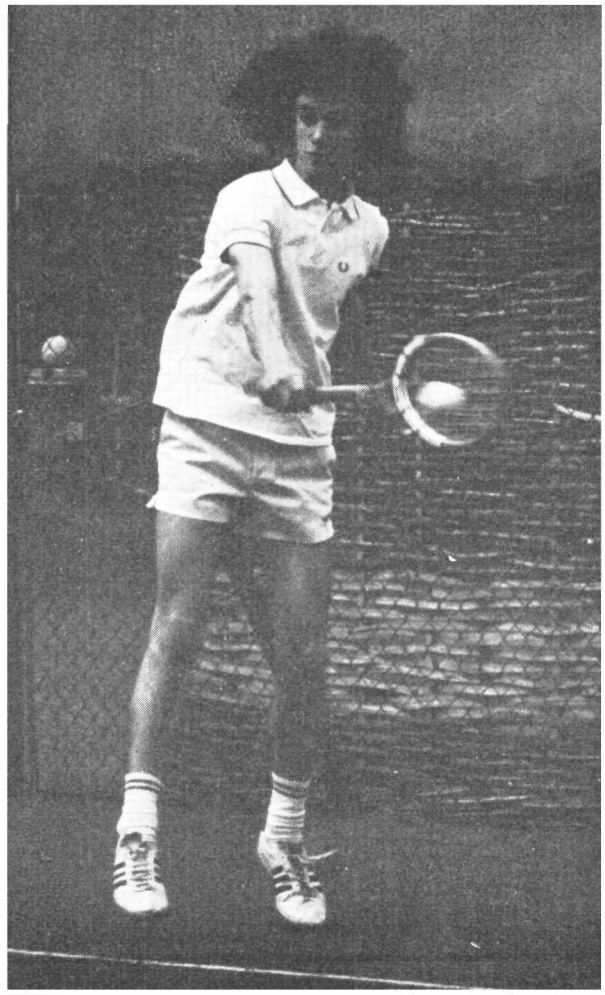

Photo: Stephen Garrett

Athletics

Way back in March of last year, School Sports were held for the first time for several years. After a long and gruelling cross country season, the performances were not outstanding, but Zachariades, a very promising new boy, broke the under 14½ 100 yards record in 11.3 seconds. Rigaud's took the Points and Relay Cups, though Grant's maintained the tradition of winning the Bringsty.

The summer season was one of success. There were many more boys in the station, Mr. Tristram Jones-Parry O.W., now a master, was there to coach the sprinters, and we have also had the assistance of Mr. Ron Murray, coach to the British Women High Jumpers in Munich.

In view of the small number of competitors in the Open age group free from injuries incurred on and off the track, the Senior team did extremely well to gain their one success (v. City of London). Waldman ran the 200 m in 23.2 seconds and showed himself our best Senior sprinter for some years. Gardam also performed notably, gaining many points in the middle distance races despite having to run twice in the afternoon. The most successful meeting was definitely the Herne Hill Harriers Inter-School Trophy, where we came third equal out of ten schools competing.

The Under-Seventeen team was by far the most successful, defeating Berkhamstead, St. Paul's and Highgate, and only narrowly losing various other matches. Macmillan was the "star", running the 100 m, the 200 m, and the 400 m in the same afternoon, and is to be congratulated on his two records. Slater was his equal in the sprints and emerged as the strongest long- and triple-jumper we have had for some time. Of the middle-distance runners Vigne is an exciting prospect with many memorable performances, especially his last lap in the 1500 m at Cranleigh, when he caught up 100 yards to win the race. Other people who showed particular promise in both Field and Track events were Fenton, Campbell, Mason, Ray, Heggs, Heinemann, Wareham and Reiss, who even added walking to his range of events.

The Under-Fifteen team began the season with a convincing victory over Berkhamsted and enjoyed a reasonable success throughout. Zachariades provided the highlights, never being beaten in the 100 m in school matches and regularly winning the 200 m and long jump. Mizen ran well in the 80 m hurdles and 400 m, often winning. Dean was the outstanding middle-distance runner in this team, ably backed up by Bowers, Smith, Davison, and Reid. In this age group there were few "butch" characters capable of competing in field events, so Knapp, Macsweeney and Robertson were borrowed from other stations.

The most satisfying match was a combined age-group relay fixture against Winchester, which we won by five events to three with the captain, Woods, now recovered from injury, making his only appearance of the season.

BEST PERFORMANCES 1973

	Under 15		*Under 16*		*Under 17*		*Open*	
100 m	A. Zachariades†	12.3* (record)	E. G. Macmillan†	11.9	C. G. Meggs	11.9	S. M. Waldman	11.4
200 m	A. Zachariades	25.8	E. G. Macmillan	24.1 (record)	O. J. Slater†	24.2	S. M. Waldman	23.2
400 m	A. J. Newman	61.5*	E. G. Macmillan	53.5 (equals record)	O. J. Slater	53.5	N. E. Wates	57.8
800 m	C. P. Dean	2m 19.5	O. A. Wareham	2m 16.8	P. J. C. Vigne	2m 9	T. D. Gardam	2m 10.1
1500 m	C. P. Dean	5m 1	E. G. Macmillan	4m 55	P. J. C. Vigne	4m 35	T. B. C. H. Woods	4m 30
Hurdles	P. M. Mizen	13.4	D. J. Ray†	16.3	—		D. J. Seddon	21.6
High jump	R. A. Knapp	4′ 7″	D. J. Ray	5′ 2″	—		N. E. Wates	5′ 5″
Long jump	A. Zachariades	18′ 2½″ (record)	A. T. Mason	17′ 10″	O. J. Slater	19′ 10″	N. E. Wates	18′ 1″
Triple jump	P. M. Mizen	32′ 4″	E. A. Heinemann	34′ 9″	O. J. Slater	38′ 8¼″	—	
Weight	S. T. R. Macsweeney	32′ 3″	M. J. Reiss†	30′ 2″	J. P. C. Fenton	37′ ½″	P. A. Schwartz	36′ 4″
Discus	S. T. R. Macsweeney	73′ 5″	M. J. Reiss	85′ 6″	J. P. C. Fenton	92′ 8″	P. A. Schwartz	116′ 5″
Javelin	T. M. Robertson	89′ 11″	B. R. G. Campbell	98′ 6″	J. P. C. Fenton	122′ 7½″	P. A. Schwartz	117′ 1″

*Denotes conversion from imperial units to metric measurements.
†A.A.A. 5-star award winner.

The Elizabethan Club

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

O.W. Notes and News

Faber & Faber have published *Philby of Arabia*, Elizabeth Monroe's biography of H. St.J. B. Philby (Q.S. 1898-1904 and Captain 1903-04).

Dom Anselm Hughes O.S.B. (1901-05, G) celebrated in June the Golden Jubilee of his religious profession in the Anglican community of Benedictine monks and received a personal message of congratulation and blessing from the Pope.

I. J. Croft (1936-41, H) has been appointed Head of the Home Office Research Unit.

The marriage took place on June 24th, 1973 between Lord Raglan (1941-45, R) and Miss A. E. Bailey of Great Whittington, Northumberland.

P. M. P. Hall (Q.S. 1960-64) has been appointed a Lecturer in French at King's College, London.

The following gained First Class Honours in the degree examinations at Oxford and Cambridge in the summer:— A. C. F. Clarke, C. A. Howe Browne, G. D. Jones, H. T. Marsh, N. H. G. Mitchell, J. J. M. Monroe, M. S. Neuberger, C. P. Naylor, I. C. Prentice, J. Vernon, and P. S. Wilson.

The Old Rigaudite Dinner will be held up Rigaud's on Wednesday, May 22nd, 1974 at 7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m. As numbers may have to be limited, applications for tickets at £3·60 each (inclusive of wines) should be made as soon as possible to the Hon. Secretary, 29 Great College Street, S.W.1.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the Army & Navy Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1 on Monday, October 15th, 1973, with the President, Sir Henry Chisholm, C.B.E., in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1973, were adopted.

Mr. Raymond Plummer, Mr. C. M. O'Brien and Mr. F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively, and Mr. H. K. S. Clark was re-appointed as the Hon. Auditor.

Mr. E. S. Funnell, Mr. P. W. Matcham, Mr. P. J. Morley-Jacob and Mr. R. J. D. Welch were elected new members of the General Committee.

Annual Dinner

The Club's Annual Dinner was held at the Army & Navy Club on October 15th with the President, Sir Henry Chisholm, in the chair. The guests included the Rt. Hon. Robert Carr, M.P., the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master.

After an excellent dinner, "Floreat" was proposed by Mr. Carr and responded to by the Head Master in two most entertaining and pertinent speeches. Mr. Carr clearly welcomed the presence of girls as whole time members of the School at VIth Form level and above; he wondered how long it would be before they attended the Annual Dinner: an intriguing prospect! Turning to the future of the Public Schools, he thought it unlikely that the proposals, propounded recently by Mr. Roy Hattersley, for the integration of the private within the public sector of education would be implemented. Nevertheless, the independent schools had to state their case convincingly: they must "eschew like the plague" the old image, so beloved of the caricaturist. Their continued existence must be justified by the excellence of their academic and altruistic standards and the promotion of a sturdy independence of mind. Dr. Rae, in reply, said it was foolish to think that the opponents of private education had no case. He agreed with Mr. Carr that the Public Schools had an important part to play but they must convince the public that this was so. Their future lay in their own hands; it was not enough to rest on the achievements of the past or to invoke the help of the United Nations's Declaration of Human Rights to support their self-determination. From his lively exposition, it was clear that Westminster itself continued to flourish and progress, both in and out of school.

To conclude the evening, the Dean proposed the health of the President and spoke with great regard of Sir Henry's considerable service to the School as a most active and hard-working member of the Governing Body.

Election of Members

At a meeting of the General Committee held on October 31st, 1973 the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B):

House	Date of entry	Name and address
L	1969[1]	**Abson, John Michael** 89, Murray Avenue, Bromley, Kent.
G	1969[2]	**Bell, Julian Arnaud** Springfield, Pangbourne Hill, Pangbourne, Berks.
L	1969[1]	**Binswanger, Paul Alexander** Villa Eva, 2, via Della Ligia, S. Ambrogio 16035, Rapallo, Italy
B	1969[2]	**Bolton, Patrick Farrar** Hallborough, Penshurst, Kent
L	1969[3]	**Cambalios, Nicholas Constantine** Park House, 24, Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.
W	1969[1]	**Crichlow, Vangh Charles Aubrey Jon** 5, Wimpole Street, London, W.1.
C	1968[3]	**Frew, Anthony James** 6, The Greenway, Wickford, Essex.
R	1969[3]	**Green, Andrew Peter** Edgehill, Succombe Hill, Warlingham, Surrey.
L	1969[3]	**Hemans, Jeremy Willoughby** 14, Prince of Wales Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, S.W.11.
B	1969[3]	**Marshall, Adam Whitehorn** 27, Woodside Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.
W	1969[1]	**Middleton, Humfrey Hugo Sebastian** 46, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11.
R	1969[3]	**Moncrieff, George Craven** 7, Eliot Place, London, S.E.3.
B	1968[3]	**Pascall, Charles George** 15, Chancellor House, 17, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7.
W	1969[1]	**Phillips, Vaughan Llewellyn Churchill** 35, Deansway, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N.2.
B	1968[3]	**Robertson, Angus Frederick** Tudor House, Richmond Green, Surrey.
A	1968[3]	**Robson, Nicholas Valentine** 34, St. John's Wood Terrace, London, N.W.8.
W	1969[1]	**Romanos, Michael Anthony** 1, Lowndes Court, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.
W	1969[1]	**Simon, Hugh Adam** 44, Platts Lane, London, N.W.3.
W	1969[1]	**Taylor, Richard Charles** 34, The High, Streatham High Road, London, S.W.16.
R	1969[1]	**Walker-Brash, Robert John Munro** Hernewood, Gracious Lane, Sevenoaks, Kent.
L	1968[1]	**Walley, Robin Jon** Stone House, Penn, Bucks.
G	1969[3]	**Wates, Nigel Edward** 4, College Gardens, London, S.E.21.
R	1969[1]	**Wildblood, William John** 39, Manor Way, Beckenham, Kent.
A	1969[1]	**Wilks, Howard John** 6, Foxgrove Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.
W	1968[3]	**Yuille, Alan Loddon** 4, Bacon's Lane, London, N.6.

Obituary

Austin—On June 30th, 1973, John (1921-24, H), aged 64.
Barlow—On July 13th, 1973, Evan Firth (1922-27, K.S.), aged 63.
Cobbold—On June 19th, 1973, Reynold Chevallier (1914-16, R), aged 72.
Collon—On August 3rd, 1973, Alexandre Oscar Auguste Gabriel Constant (1916-19, H), aged 70.
Croome—On September 1st, 1973, Group Captain Victor (1913-17, G), aged 73.
Dams—On May 30th, 1973, Cyril Theodore Henry (1920-25, A), aged 66.
Fearnley—During 1972, Michael Edward, D.S.C., M.D., F.R.C.P. (1936-39, A), aged 47.
Garrard—On August 28th, 1973, Norman Arthur, F.R.I.C.S. (1912-18, G), aged 73.
Gordon Jackson—On May 29th, 1973, Robert Stewart (1927-30, H), aged 60.
Harris—On June 15th, 1973, Charles Gordon (May 1916-December 1916, H), aged 72.
Maclean—On May 5th, 1973, Anthony Hugh (1956-61, W), aged 30.
Parish—On July 16th, 1973, Andrew Graeme Spotswood (1968-72, L), aged 18.
Peattie—On July 16th, 1973, Jonathan James (1969-72, R), aged 18.
Phillimore—On May 26th, 1973, John Hugh Bouchier (1925-29, H), aged 61.
Slaughter—On August 7th, 1973, Leonard Lansdell M.B.E. (1906-10, H), aged 81.
Spry—On August 3rd, 1973, Richard Daniel Evan (1957-62, G), aged 29.
Stoker—On May 30th, 1973, Graves Ernest (1926-29, R), aged 60.

Bevan—On July 26th, 1973, Roger (School Doctor 1948-55), aged 62.

Major R. F. Traill, D.S.O.

Robert Francis Traill, whose death at the age of 91 was recorded in the last issue, had a distinguished career in the Army during the First World War with the Worcestershire Regiment which he had joined in 1902. He was awarded the Légion d'Honneur in 1914, the D.S.O. at Lys in April 1918, and was mentioned in despatches later the same year. He retired from the Army in 1920. He was also an extremely good tennis player and between the wars played with most of the great names in England and on the continent.

Reverend C. T. H. Dams

Cyril Theodore Henry Dams, born 1906 died 1973, was Precentor of Westminster Abbey for twelve years, from 1951 to 1963. He belonged to a very musical family, several of whom have sung the Services of the Church in various Cathedrals. Cyril's uncle, the Reverend W. B. Dams, was not only Minor Canon of Westminster Abbey but also taught Mathematics at Westminster School. Cyril Dams was a fine singer, a scholarly musician, and a most efficient Precentor, and was so devoted to the Abbey that when he did leave it he was never really at home. After a short incumbency at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, he came to retiring age, and then after a very short period of residence at Barrow-on-Soar his last illness came upon him with great suddenness. His mortal remains were interred in the Islip Chapel of the Abbey. Quiet and reserved in manner he was nevertheless deeply attached to the School and unswerving in his loyalty to it and to the Abbey.

Mr. N. A. Garrard, F.R.I.C.S.

Arthur Garrard had, like his father A. N. Garrard, a distinguished career as a surveyor. After some years in his father's firm, he managed from 1938-49 the Duchy of Lancaster estates in Cheshire and Yorkshire, becoming their Surveyor-General in 1945. From 1949 until his retirement in 1967 he was Fellow and Estates Bursar of St. John's College, Oxford. This involved the management of more than 9,000 acres of agricultural land and of the College's estate in North Oxford.

He was greatly interested in the welfare of the old, and in 1962 was created Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur in recognition of his services to the Maison Francaise in Oxford. Arthur was a delightful companion, with a keen sense of humour and a fund of good stories. He had definite opinions on most subjects and was a man with strong likes and dislikes, but he was saved from being intolerant by the endearing quality of being always ready to laugh at himself.

(abbreviated from *The Times*)

Dr. Roger Bevan, B.M., B.Ch.

Roger Bevan, though not himself an O.W., was the son of Arthur Bevan who was up Ashburnham from 1889-93 and sent two of his sons to Westminster. He was School Doctor from 1948-55. He was a first cousin of Arthur Garrard.

Masters in the photograph published in November 1971 issue

Sir Roy Harrod's comments in our last issue have aroused considerable interest, and the Editors have received the following letters:—

Major C. A. A. Robertson, M.B.E., (1911-16, H), writes:
Perhaps I may be permitted to add some notes of possible interest concerning those against whom Sir Roy placed a question mark, and on one or two whom he mentioned.

References can be found in the Appendices to Vol. III of the Record of Old Westminsters. The photograph was taken *circa* 1909.

H. S. H. Read. Should be H. L. Reed. He was known as "Dolly". Taught Maths on the Modern side. Became an officer in the O.T.C. and was an excellent teacher of Map Reading. I knew him quite well.

J. Tyson. The Bursar. He was known as "Ti-Ti". He did not encourage familiarity from pupils!

S. H. Day, O.W. Master of "the Fields". He taught a lower form on the Classical side. He was known as "Sammy". He played soccer for England in 1906 and cricket for Kent. At soccer he maintained the traditional form of the game as set out by that expert (perhaps forgotten or never now mentioned) S. S. Harris, O.W., who played for England against Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and France from 1904 to 1909.

B. F. Hardy. He was known as "Basil", in spite of the fact that his first name was "Benjamin". He took a lower form. Very quiet and reserved.

Much as I regret to contradict Sir Roy, the tall Master in the middle is not **A. T. Willett** but **H. A. Wootton,** who at that time was Commander of the O.T.C. I suspect that A. T. Willett, O.W. was away on a "Course". He commanded after Wootton, who was known as "Plum". I think he took the top form on the Modern side in Science.

A. H. Forbes. He taught History to a few selected senior pupils "up Lib". He was seldom seen by the general mass of pupils.

J. E. Michell. He may have been the master of the lowest classical form but he was a hell of a personality!

G. H. Nall. I think few pupils got to know what lay behind that "highly affected parsonical voice". He had an immense sense of humour and, on visiting him after the 1914-18 War at his home in Hertfordshire, I discovered that he was the keenest of salmon fishers, which activity he practised mostly in Norway.

J. Gow. Head Master; known as "Jimmy". A very kindly man. I feel that Sir Roy might have given some credit for his close observation of the atmosphere prevailing amongst the pupils. Amost every day he could be seen in Yard, discussing with the Captain of the School.

A. G. S. Raynor. Master of College and known as "Pee Wee"! Took the Classical V. Agreed. He was a hard taskmaster but I think he has been reported a bit over brutal! I was for some time in his form and was very glad to move out of it. Later I learnt that he was quite a brilliant Bridge player!

J. J. Huckwell. Taught Maths and was known as "Bill". Yes. Highly mathematical, and, I would agree, "very fat and somewhat eccentric"; but, though perhaps "not enough to be amusing" to Sir Roy, he was terribly amusing to those with lesser brains! He had a habit of scratching his ear with a bunch of keys! At week-ends he was a farmer—or so was thought.

Mr. Henry D. Myer (1904-09 A), writes:
The group of Masters published in last November's "Eliza" brought back many memories. I was up Ashburnham 1904-09 and can verify most of Sir Roy Harrod's attributions.

However in the middle row is: P. T. Etheridge, Tyson (otherwise Tie-Tie, whose son, Eric, was above average at games and I fancy was killed in the R.F.C. in World War I), Sammy Day—a great character and Games Master (he was a double Blue, I think) and left soon after I did and became Head of a leading Prep School. The fact that he is in the group dates it around 1910-11. Next is "Basil" Hardy. Then we have H. A. Wootton—another great character. He had done post-graduate research on mineral oils and gave, voluntarily, to those who wished to attend most entertaining and instructive lectures after school hours on the subject of internal combustion engines, their fuels and lubrication systems. That was an absorbing subject in the early days of motoring. Perhaps because under him, as Commander of O.T.C., I was awarded a swagger-stick for commanding the best kept tent at annual training camp and passed my Certificate A, he was one of my heroes. He subsequently became Head of Perse School, Cambridge.

The third man in the back row may have been Willett, who came soon after I left.

To return to the middle row, Sir Roy Harrod's attributions are correct regarding the last three, but I can add that Forbes took the History Sixth. He was a shy man, but encouraged the writing of good essays and, for me, the study of the Dark Ages.

I shall always have the greatest admiration for James Gow. He was in many ways a pioneer and ready to

consider sympathetically unorthodox ideas and approaches.

As my career at Westminster began in the Fourth, I will close by referring to Old Mike and his collection of huge pencils and his war cry to the dullard or sluggard "Boy! I'll give you such a crack!" But, in fact, all loved him and respected his knowledge of French.

Mr. A. S. Clark (1908-12 G), writes:
Roy Harrod's comments on the 1910-11 masters:
Willett. This should be **Wootton, H. A.** (Plum), Science Master. I enjoyed his Friday science lectures immensely. Willett came about 1911. I was in his matric. form. He is in the 1936 masters on the Head Master's right.
S. H. Day. "Sammy". Kent County cricketer. I was in his Classical Remove in 1908.
Huckwell. Could be very amusing.
Fox. I had one term with him and hated it and him!
Nall. I agree every word Harrod says!
Tanner. I was in his form and up Grants. Dear old Buck!
Gow. I had an enormous respect for him—I had one term in his German form. He was a really great Head Master.
Read. Taught Maths in the Science Block in Great College Street. Nice but rather ineffectual.

I hope you won't mind these comments, but Willett is absolutely wrong. It is Plum Wootton.

Volume III Record of Old Westminsters gives the names of the masters under their photograph following page 421.

Mr. D. W. Service (1913-17, H), writes:
Oddly enough I have felt for some time that the nicknames, at least, of the masters in the 1909 photograph should be recorded.

Idleness has prevented me from doing it before, but stimulated by Roy Harrod's contribution, here is, I think, the completion with one exception, Forbes, who left before my time.

I hope you can read my writing but arthritis in the hand and old age have contributed to the wrecking of what "The Buck", always courteous, once referred to as the writing of an intoxicated domestic servant.

H. S. H. Read, at the right hand end of the back row, was a science master and was commonly known as "Dolly". He was an officer in the O.T.C. and left at the beginning of the 1914-18 war. He had distinguished service in, I think, the Rifle Brigade and returned temporarily in 1923.

Second from the left in the middle row is the Bursar, J. Tyson, generally known as "Ty Ty". Then S. H. Day (Sammy) who played football for England and cricket for Kent. He was in charge of Fields and left in 1913 to be Headmaster of a Prep School. Next to him B. F. Hardy (Basil). Rumour had it that he and "Ba lamb" (F. F. Burrell) were the opposing middleweights for Oxford and Cambridge, though which represented which or who won we never knew; for the relevant page had been torn out of the Record Book up Lib.

Next W. A. Wootton (Plumb). He also left in 1914 to serve in the First World War and returned temporarily in 1919. The next, A. H. Forbes, had left before I arrived in 1913, but I daresay somebody senior to me can supply details.

On the left of the front row is G. H. Nall (Holy Herbert), whose quiet voice was said to be due to the fact that he had a silver windpipe, a repair to an injury caused by someone stamping on his throat while playing rugger. He was a first rate fisherman and a great authority on sea trout, on which he wrote the standard book.

The Head Master was normally referred to as "James".

Games

Old Westminster Cricket Club

Played 11 Won 1 Drawn 2 Lost 7 Tied 1
Yet again our results make dismal reading and yet again they fail to do us justice.

Funnily enough, despite our lack of success, the Club Secretary has found sides easier to raise this season than for many years past. The club is going through a transitional stage. A few years ago we had a very strong XI but a playing membership of little more than 15-20. How, many of our more experienced players have either put themselves out to pasture or committed themselves to league cricket with other clubs, yet our playing membership has risen to 30-35. This large and very welcome influx of younger players means that it will be a year or two before we can expect to emulate the successes of earlier years, but nonetheless assures the club of a bright future.

Our early demise in the Cricketer Cup was not wholly unexpected (our opponents were the Rugby Meteors, the eventual winners) but was particularly disappointing in that the bowlers, normally our strength, consistently failed in both length and direction. The Meteors scored 239 (Desmond Perrett and Tony Willoughby taking 3 wickets apiece relatively cheaply) and we replied with 188 (Desmond Perrett 50).

The game against the School turned out to be a game against a Wrenite by the name of Alan Yuille. We batted first and with one notable exception (Michael Hall 61) proceeded to disgrace ourselves, raising a paltry 123 (Alan Yuille taking 6 wickets very cheaply). The School made a cautious start (38 runs off the first 23 overs) and never looked like reaching their target until the arrival of Mr. Yuille at No. 5, who polished off the balance in no time at all with a personal tally of 58.

The Cricket Week followed at the end of July. Rain stopped play early on in the game against the Incogniti, but not before Richard Pain had taken 5 of their wickets for 31 runs in a fine spell of bowling. The game against the Enigmas was a disaster that does not merit further discussion beyond two very fine close catches by Alan Yuille.

On the Monday we met Aldershot C.C. in a very exciting game, which we lost in the last over by 2 wickets. Although we only managed to score 116, our bowling and fielding very nearly proved equal to the task. Alan Yuille (again!) and John Baxter distinguished themselves close to the wicket with two catches apiece.

The Eton Ramblers match was drawn largely due to a fine last-ditch innings of 48 by Richard Wright.

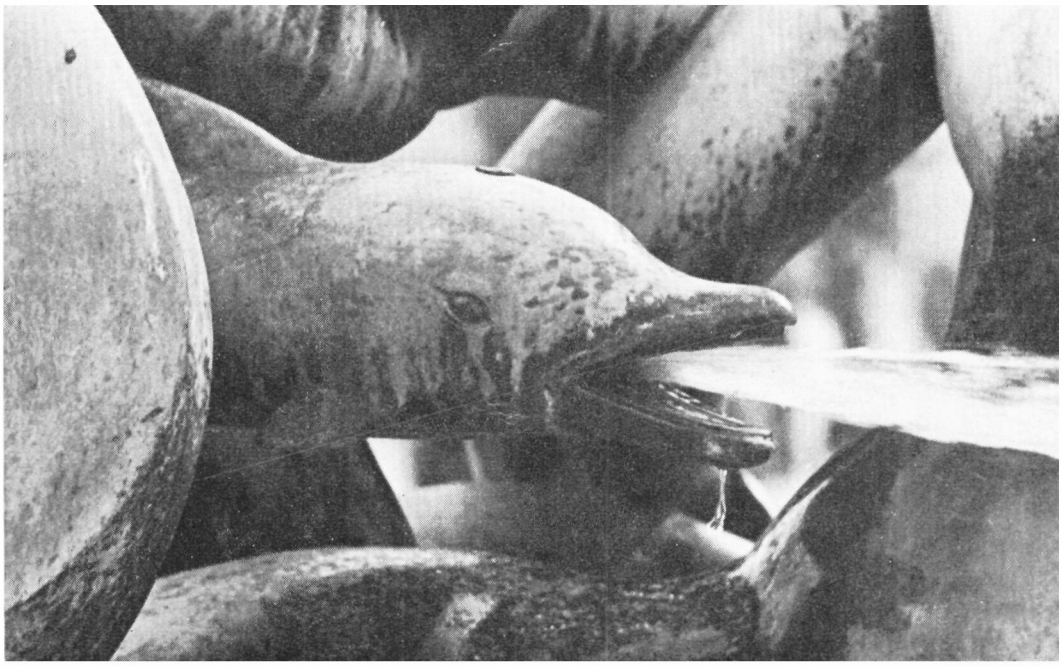

Photo: Martin Parnwell

What was particularly encouraging about this game was that we were able to acquit ourselves honourably against a strong Ramblers side despite the fact that the average age of our side was no more than 20.

On the Wednesday we played the Adastrians. Unfortunately this was another match that does not bear too close an inspection; suffice it to say that six of our batsmen failed to score and only two managed double figures. Next year we shall aim to give them a little more of the "ardua" and correspondingly less of the "astra"!

Both the Dragonflies and the Old Citizens beat us, but considerably less easily and both games produced noteworthy O.W. performances. Against the Dragonflies Alan Yuille took 3 for 12 and Jeremy Broadhurst scored 74; against the Old Citizens Tony Willoughby took 7 for 59 and Jeremy Broadhurst scored 63.

The climax to the week came in the game against the Free Foresters, who by now must have a very different opinion of our abilities from the rest of our Cricket week opposition—each year they come down with a stronger side and even so seem unable to beat us. This year they turned up with a side including an ex-Captain of Yorkshire C.C.C. and at least three ex-Blues. They batted first and scored 190, the wickets being shared by six of our bowlers; Michael Hyam, our Captain for the day, making a welcome come-back and taking 4 for 39. We replied cautiously at first, but Tony Willoughby (64) and Geoffrey Lewis (46) showed scanty respect for the opposition bowling in a blistering partnership of just under a hundred, which helped us to victory in the last over by 4 wickets.

The final game of the season at Beckenham was full of surprises. We batted first, and shortly after lunch were 62 for 6, with one recognized batsman at the crease, a "regular No. 11" at the other end and three "regular No. 11's" waiting in the pavilion. The one remaining recognized batsman, John Mortimer, played true to form with a magnificent innings of 98 and David Roy (17) and Richard Pain (35) provided much needed support in stands of 40 and 74 respectively. We were able to declare at 176. Beckenham's innings went through a number of ups and downs before we arrived at the last over with Beckenham requiring 2 runs with 2 wickets in hand. They managed one run off the first ball and lost their remaining wickets on the second and third balls. A tie! John Mortimer ran off with the man-of-the-match award following up his 98 with 2 run outs, 2 catches and 3 wickets for 4 runs.

Once again our thanks are due to the Head Master for the use of Vincent Square and to Derek Saunders both for his work on the wickets and for his invaluable assistance behind the bar.

A. J. T. Willoughby, Hon. Sec.

Old Westminster Football Club

The Annual General Meeting for Season 1973/74 will be held in the Busby Library at Westminster School on Tuesday, May 7th, 1974, at 6.15 p.m.

AGENDA

1. Chairman
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Report by Hon. Secretary on Season 1973-74.
5. Accounts for Season 1973-74.
6. Election of Officers for Season 1974-75.
7. Any other business.

D. A. Roy,
Hon. Secretary,
49, Pebworth Road,
Harrow, Middlesex.
Tel. 01-422 2878

The start of this season has not been very successful for the Old Westminsters. It is the old story of lack of players; so, anybody wishing to play, please contact the Hon. Secretary.

Photo: Charles Clover

a date for your diary . . . . .

THE

WESTMINSTER BALL

will be held at

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB
LONDON S.W.6

on

FRIDAY JULY 19th 1974

9 p.m. — 3 a.m.

✦

SUPPER
THREE DANCE FLOORS
FULL ORCHESTRA
DISCOTHEQUE

✦

Full information, ticket application forms etc. will be sent to all Elizabethan Club members in May.

✦

Hon. Ball Secretary:
F. A. G. RIDER, 2 BRECHIN PLACE, LONDON SW7 4QA
Tel: **01-373 9987**

Have you ever thought of becoming an RAF Officer?

Give us 2 minutes' reading time and we'll give you something to think about

As an RAF officer, you'd belong to one of the finest professions in the country. You'd travel. Wherever you went—at home or abroad—you'd enjoy the company of your fellow-officers, people of your own age, with similar interests and experiences. Every two or three years you'd move to a new job in a new environment. For aircrew or engineers, it could be new equipment and a new challenge. In the administrative Branches, your mind could be stretched on anything from computers to personnel management. You'd emerge with a wealth of management experience.

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An RAF Cadetship sponsors you through your degree course for 3-4 years at £1,201 a year plus tuition fees. And entry into the RAF as a graduate gives you extra seniority.

That's our 2 minutes up!

If we've said anything to interest you, find out more. Your Careers Master has full information, and he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer—quite informally.

Or you can pick up some free leaflets at your nearest RAF Careers Information Office (address in phone book) or write to Group Captain W. D. Rooney, OBE, RAF, Adastral House (25ZE1), London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications.

Royal Air Force

How to make the most of the hard work you've done at school.

There's ample scope in the Navy for young people who want to make the most of themselves.

For Boys. If you're bright at Maths, and Science or English, you can apply for an engineering apprenticeship that will make you a top technician earning over £2,450 p.a. after training.

If you're good with your hands, we can train you to be a skilled mechanic with a trade for life.

Or you might prefer to be concerned with seamanship. Or communications. Or a more administrative job, like stores accountancy or office management. While, if you're interested in medicine, we can give you a three-year specialist training as a radiographer, physiotherapist, or S.R.N.

In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

For example, with five 'O' levels (or 2 'A' levels) you can try for a commission as a Naval Officer.

And of course, you can now join us for a much shorter period, if you wish.

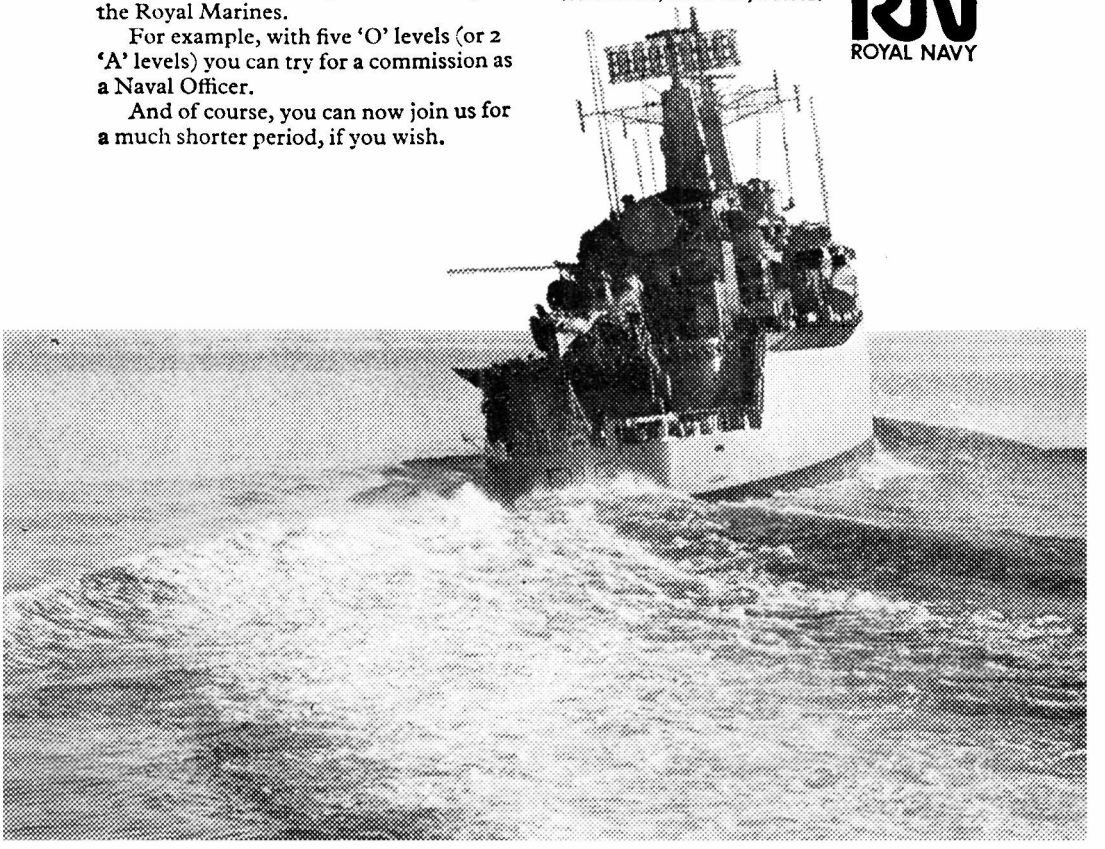
For Girls. If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

For someone keen on nursing, the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service is a career that offers excellent training, travel, variety and an active social life.

For full details of any of these careers, talk to your Careers Master or Mistress. Or write to the address below giving your name, age and any examinations you have passed, or hope to pass.

The Royal Naval Careers Service (25 FD), Old Admiralty Building, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

RN
ROYAL NAVY



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