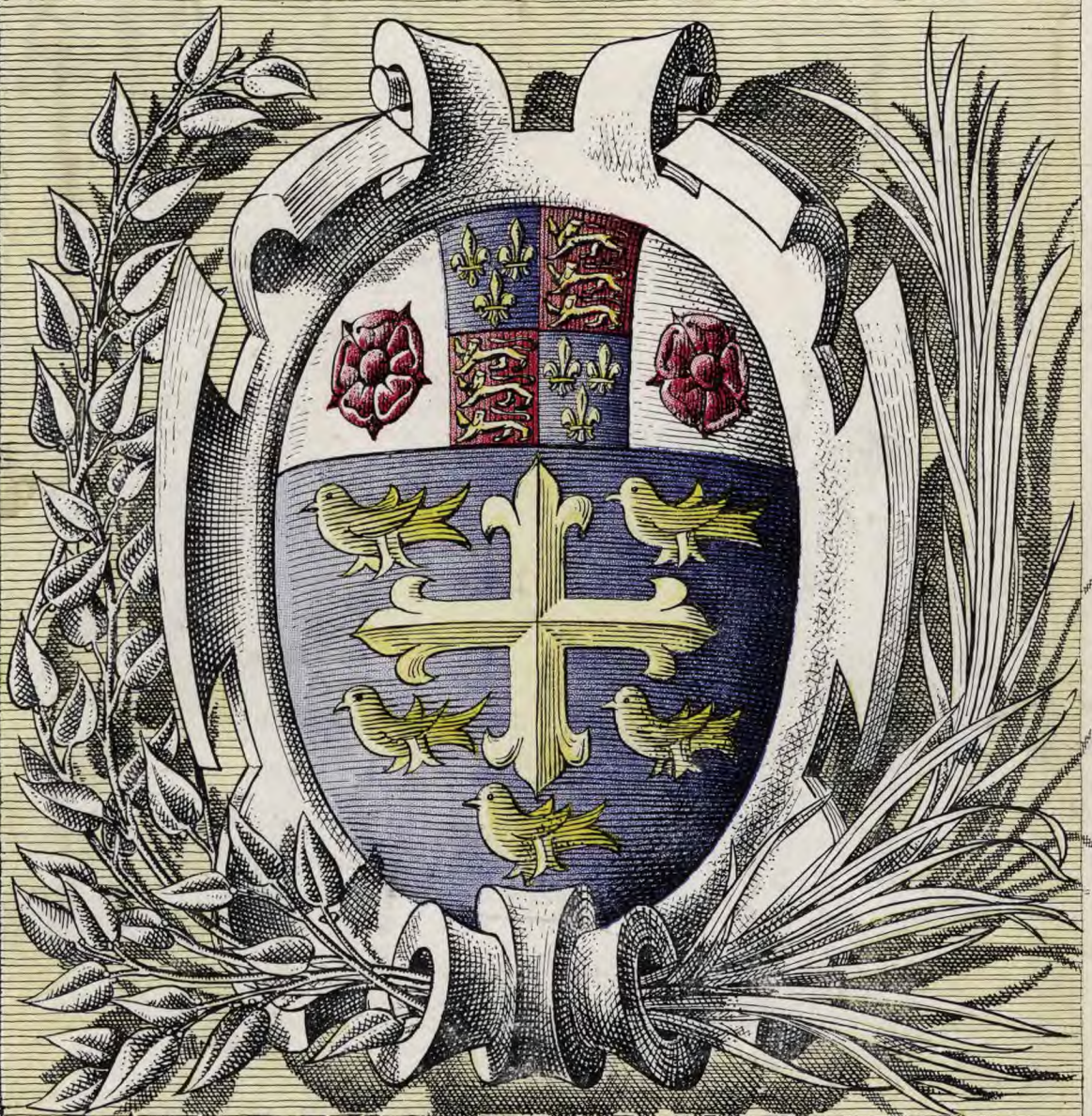


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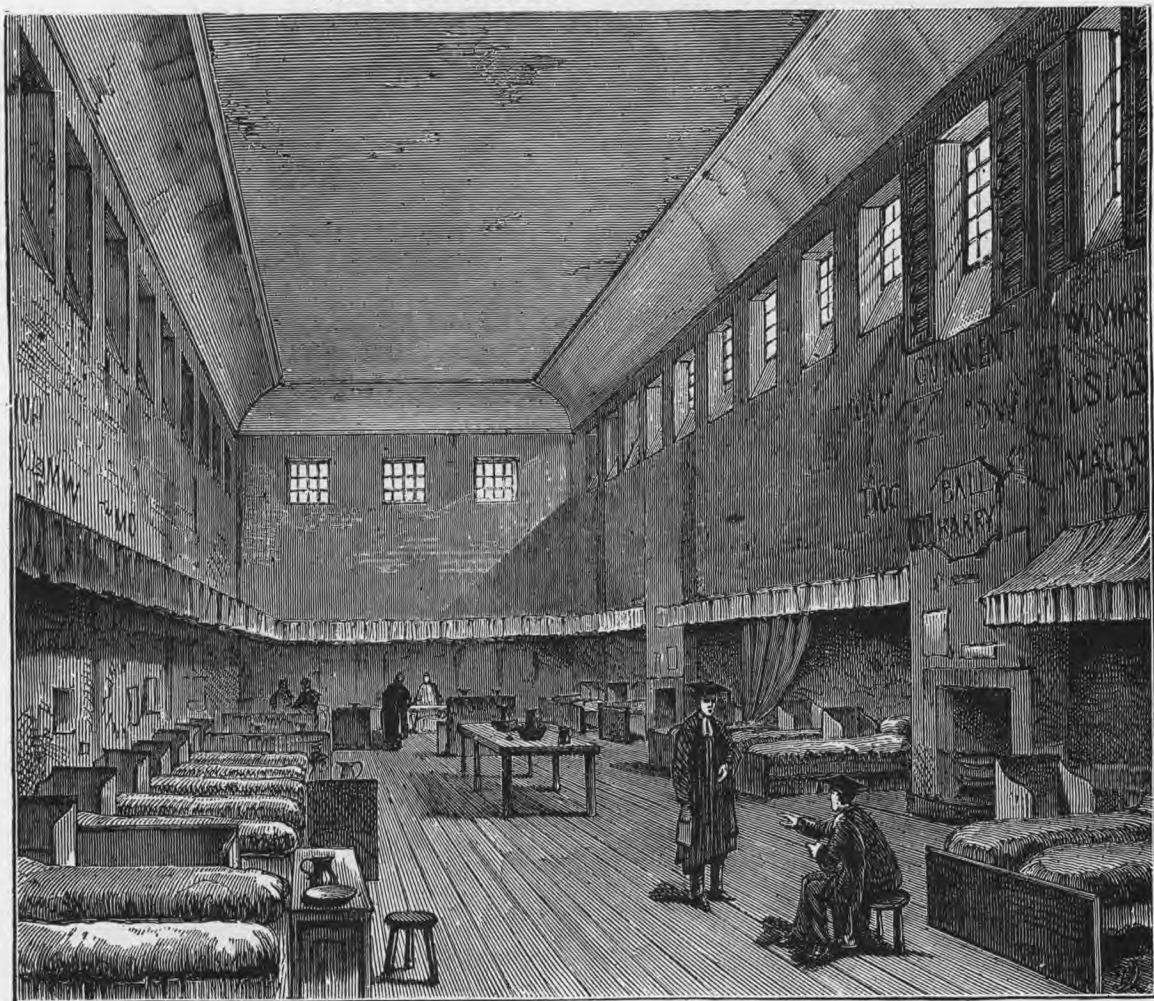
# THE ELIZABETHAN

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## VICTORIAN WESTMINSTER



COLLEGE DORMITORY

*(The following is an extract from the unpublished reminiscences of Colonel C. J. Markham, who was at Westminster from 1876 to 1879.)*

AT the end of my first year at Westminster, I competed in the school Examination for admission to "College", and just missed getting in, but was "waiting man" in the event of another vacancy occurring, a very unlikely thing to happen.

But on my return to "Rigaud's" next term I found the unexpected had actually happened, some boy was unable to take up his vacancy, and to my great delight and that of my father I was appointed to fill it. I then became a Queen's

Scholar, and one of the Elect for we Q.S.s. fancied ourselves enormously and looked down with unlimited contempt on a mere "Town boy". There were 40 Queen's Scholars divided into four Elections. The first or newly joined election was known as "Juniors". Then came the 2nd and 3rd Elections and lastly the "Seniors". All the fagging was done by the Juniors. The 2nd Election could neither fag nor be fagged; the 3rd Election could fag any boy who was free at the moment, but had no special fag of their own. But the Seniors all had their own fag and could do pretty well what they liked. Each of them was a little King.

There was a regular roster of duties kept by the "Lag" junior, in this case by me, which had queer names: but generally speaking comprised the ordinary routine of the College, such as lighting fires, calling the Seniors in time for school, tidying up and so forth. Each duty had to be performed with meticulous care and precision, and any trifling breach of the recognized and long-established forms was sufficient excuse for one of the seniors to administer a "tanning".

This was laid on with a cane and with right good will; you got the order "touch toes", and in that convenient attitude received four strokes of the very best. But no disgrace whatever attached to this: on the contrary an official record was preserved of the number of tannings to each junior's credit and the boy, who at the end of his year had most, was legitimately proud of the achievement and received the congratulation of the others. I may say it fell to my lot to win this success!

Out of school and apart from games, we Queen Scholars led a mysterious existence quite apart from the town boys. No town boy was allowed into College, or had the remotest idea what the place was like, or of the queer old customs that guided our lives and our daily routine. I never heard of any town boy trying to get inside, but I am quite sure that anyone caught in the attempt would have had a very rough handling from us. We had a master of our own, viz., the Reverend Mr. Ingram, known to us by the name of "Bunk", and I think, but I am not sure, that he was an old Westminster and an old Q.S. He was in any case very jealous in preserving our ancient rights and privileges; he was the embodiment of dignity, and never was seen unless fully dressed in cap, gown and bands.

We all slept in the great dormitory, an immensely long room with grey stone walls, upon which were painted countless names of former Q.S.s. There were forty cubicles, twenty on each side with a

passage down the middle, and near one end was a narrow gangway between two cubicles that led to a door communicating with old Bunk's house. This enabled him to come promptly on the scene in case of any disturbance.

One night there was a carefully organized scheme to draw him. A number of baths were collected and disposed in three groups, one group at each end of the dormitory, and one in the centre: each being hidden from view in a cubicle. As soon as we began to beat the baths we knew Bunk would open his door and approach via the gangway. It was therefore decided to put an obstacle in his way: so with that object a useful article of bedroom equipment was taken from each cubicle filled with water and placed side by side in the gangway so as to completely block it. This done, the centre group of baths was ordered to commence operations and we awaited developments. We did not have to wait long, for in a very few minutes old Bunk appeared, fully dressed in every detail, but how he got over the obstacle in the gangway none of us, alas! was in a position to see. He went straight for the centre group which was making night hideous with the most appalling din, and speedily silenced it. No sooner had he accomplished this, than the baths at one end began to do their bit. Off he rushed and suppressed them too. Then the baths at the other end crashed out and produced if possible even more ear splitting sounds than any that had been hitherto achieved. Half mad by this time poor old Bunk dashed off once more—and here, I fear, I must draw a veil over the painful scene. I think we were all fond of the old boy and respected him, for he was such a gentleman. Many years afterwards when he had left Westminster and had a country parish, I think near Lewes, I ran across him on the steps of the Army and Navy Stores and eagerly greeted him. I told him who I was and I could see he was pleased to be remembered by an old Queen's Scholar.

Football was played at odd times in the Square of Dean's Yard, known as "Green" but as will be supposed there was not much green about it, and in damp weather boys emerged from the enclosure with extremely muddy garments. The regular playing fields were then, as now, at Vincent Square, a few minutes walk from, the School. We were playing football there one day when a balloon suddenly descended from the heavens and landed in the Square, the signal for an invasion by all the "Skis" in the neighbourhood who swarmed in large numbers over the railings. We could not submit without protest to such an intrusion on our domain, and so headed by one of the younger masters, Mr. Grey, a powerfully

built athletic man, we set to work to clear them out, Mr. Grey and the bigger boys performing such prodigies of valour, that before long we had driven the last intruder over the railings and were once more in undisputed possession of our own territory. It was a most exciting adventure while it lasted, and formed a theme for discussion for many days.

Personally I was never very good at games, and the very highest I attained at cricket was admission into the "22", that is to say the 22 players next best after the 1st Eleven. I recall one incident which occurred in a School match, the Eleven v. the 22 that I fancy must be rather an unusual one. In the Eleven was a very fast bowler named Wilks, one of whose balls caught a bail and sent it flying through the air towards longstop. It fell such a long way behind the wicket that out of curiosity one of the Eleven stepped the distance and found it to be 37 paces. My ambition as a cricketer was satisfied with the modest position I had now attained, and next summer I devoted myself to rowing and joined "Water".

The days were long past when Westminster boys could have their boat house near the school, and row between Westminster and Putney, so also was the annual race against Eton. But in Seniors

Room in College was carefully preserved an old picture secured to the wall in an oak case, representing the last boat race between the two schools. We were immensely proud of this for on it was inscribed a legend which stated that Westminster won by 1 min. 20 sec. Whether this is correct I do not pretend to say, it represents a good many boats' lengths, and one would think some dire calamity must have befallen the wearers of the Light Blue, to account for such a defeat.

At the time of which I write—viz., the summer of 1875, rowing was still carried out though under difficulty. Thanks, I have always understood, to the generosity of the Elizabethan Club, a steam launch was provided to take the boys to the boat house which was at Hammersmith or thereabouts. It started from the Parliament steps 15 minutes after school was over, which gave one precious little time to catch it. Still, by running hard to one's bedroom, doing a lightning change, and running all the way to the steps it was just possible to do so. The trip on the river was most enjoyable, and though there was only time for about an hour's rowing, it was well worth it. I certainly never regretted giving up cricket and gaining an insight however limited into the art of pulling an oar.

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## A WESTMINSTER NOTEBOOK

TO the two Westminsters recently commemorated in London, Hakluyt and Henry Mayhew, has now been added a third, James Anthony Froude, the historian, on whose house in Onslow Gardens the London County Council has affixed a plaque. Froude disliked Westminster, and with some reason if his *Shadows of the Clouds*, published in 1847, is to be taken (as his biographer asserts) as a picture of his own schooldays. In it he tells the melancholy story of Edward Fowler, who "contrary to the advice of several friends was pushed upon the Foundation, where . . . the life was as hard and the treatment as barbarous as that of the Negroes in Virginia". "The older boys, stalking round College at midnight, would pause as they passed him: one would hold him down while another would hold a lighted cigar stump against his cheek." Fowler complains, is promptly removed from the school by his father for telling lies, and (after falling into evil ways at Oxford) dies of consumption. *Shadows of the Clouds* was published eleven years before Canon Farrar's *Eric*, but the two books have much in common, and in particular both owe

much of their success to the fact that they are caricatures. Was it perhaps the realization that things were not quite as black as he had painted them that led Froude later to send his only son to Westminster?

\* \* \*

NOT even the weather tried to mar Queen Elizabeth II's first State opening of Parliament, and the sunshine managed to be warm as well as bright throughout the ceremony. When the school came out it was marshalled into a position much nearer the press stand than in previous years: a circumstance which gave many a Westminster his film debut in the following week's newsreels. The Guards and the cars of the distinguished provided the usual preliminary interest, till at last the cavalcade arrived. Preceded by the splendid household cavalrymen the coach passed far too fast to give more than a glimpse of the smiling Queen before it plunged through the

archway in the Victoria Tower. The school displayed its customary initiative in the matter of cheering during the National Anthem ; but the royal pair, who after all had never before witnessed the sovereign's arrival, were seen to show some surprise at it. To those outside the ceremony seemed long, but for the Captain of the School and the Head Town Boy who enjoyed the colourful scene in the House of Lords it was an occasion to be remembered, as much for the confidence with which the Queen delivered her address as for the charm which is her best-known quality. A criticism that might be levelled at the organization of the ceremony is that the interval between the departure of the royal party and the moment at which spectators are allowed to move is unnecessarily long. Westminsterers who noticed this defect should, however, feel gratified to know that they got away some time before most of the diplomats could reach their be-flagged cars.

\* \* \*

ON November 15th, the Head Master and a party of four boys representing the School went to Nunhead for the Opening of the premises of the Westminster House Boys' Club (formerly the Westminster School Mission) by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

At the beginning of the proceedings, the Dean of Westminster (President of the Club) welcomed the Duke of Edinburgh and read a telegram from Lord Aberdare, President of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, wishing the Club a good future. The Duke then thanked the Dean for his welcome, and after expressing his sincere hope that the club would flourish and successfully fulfil its purpose, he cut the tape stretched across the platform and declared the Club open. Col. Horner, the Club's Chairman, next briefly outlined the Club's history and proposed a vote of thanks to the Duke of Edinburgh. This was seconded by the Mayor of Peckham.

Eric Chamberlain, the Club leader, then showed the Duke round the various rooms. Besides rooms for games and rather more athletic recreations, there are at least two very pleasant rooms reserved exclusively for reading and working.

It was stressed by those connected with the Club that more help is still urgently needed in running and organizing its activities. The hope was several times expressed that some Old West-

minsters, especially those who have only just left the School, might find time to go down and lend their assistance. The Club leader especially, and all those connected with the Club, would value and appreciate such help very highly indeed.

\* \* \*

"THEY'RE . . . They look like . . . They must be . . . No ! They *couldn't* be !" Such were the mutterings heard from Westminsterers when, shortly after the Exeat, activity of an unidentified nature began in the formerly peaceful Milling Green. It was a well-known fact that the Abbey was to be "remodelled" for the Coronation, but few could see any purpose in these the first preparations. Within less than a fortnight, prefabricated huts of all conceivable, and many quite inconceivable, sizes, shapes and colours had been crowded together where once there had been pleasantly green grass. The purpose of the huts was now obvious to all, or at least all who had had any experience with British labourers : the workmen had to have somewhere to have their tea.

Shortly after the huts had sprouted, scaffolding began to grow like a strange genus of ivy along the sides of Westminster Abbey. More and more, Westminster was realizing that it was Coronation year.



Photo: M. J. Kafetz.

THE water scene nearly always reflects the weather. Apart from a few hardy enthusiasts, the majority of people who might normally be found sculling, huddle around the radiators or the stove at the bottom of the stairs awaiting their outings with trepidation. But those watermen who are fortunate enough to be coached by Eric Phelps cannot fail to have noticed the new sculls that have recently been made for the double scullers and new best boats. Each tub four has also been equipped with a new set of oars.

Now that Mr. Hamerton's Rolls Royce has gone away to be overhauled, those who have been accustomed to travelling to and from Putney in it have been brought up against such stern realities of life as the underground and the rush hour at St. James' Park Station. We can but hope that it will soon be seen occupying its familiar position in Yard.

\* \* \*

As part of the celebrations to mark his eightieth birthday *The Times Literary Supplement* for November 21st paid Sir Edward Marsh the unusual compliment of devoting a leading article to his services to literature, and elsewhere in the same issue his editorship of *Georgian Poetry* is discussed at length. It is of course not only in literary circles that Sir Edward has won a name for himself. As a patron of the fine arts, and as a supporter of the theatre (for sixty years he has been an immaculate and critical first-nighter) his place is secure; and Westminsters will remember his affectionate and pithy reminiscences of the school in his autobiography, *A Number of*

*People*. He has also a claim to be remembered as a man of action, for in his time he has served in turn as private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill.

Here, in the words of the *Literary Supplement*, "we must be content with a salutation to the biographer of Rupert Brooke and to the translator of *La Fontaine*"; and the Westminster classicist will not forget him as an elegant translator of Horace.

\* \* \*

At the end of last term plans were made for the revival of the Natural History Society, which had not been active for nearly three years. Through the agency of Mr. French, the school became re-affiliated to the London Natural History Society, and at a general meeting at the beginning of this term Mr. French was elected President, with R. T. Fowler-Farkas as Secretary. During the winter months, activities have to be restricted mainly to visiting meetings of the London Natural History Society, although several outings have been arranged, and the Society has visited Rickmansworth Chalk Pits. Among next term's activities will be a lecture by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth on his travels in the Antarctic. Membership is at present confined largely to boys in the Lower School, but this is considered to be a promising sign for the future. At a time when some concern has been felt about the lack of interest in School Societies as compared with that shewn in the past, it is indeed encouraging to see such a renewal of enthusiasm.

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## JOHN SMITH'S CASH-BOOK

THE issue of the *Elizabethan* for December 1950 contained a report of the discovery of a cash-book kept by John Smith (K.S. 1780) while an usher at the school during the years 1788-1802. This cash-book was formerly part of the Spencer-Stanhope family papers at Cannon Hall in Yorkshire.

A further part of the family papers is now temporarily deposited at the City Library, Sheffield, and, in the course of sorting and listing them, Miss R. Meredith, of that library, came to the conclusion that an account-book endorsed "List of Forms" must, from internal evidence, relate to Westminster School. Mr. C. Lamb, the

City Librarian, very kindly notified the editors of *The Record of Old Westminster* of the discovery, and, with the consent of Mrs. Spencer-Stanhope, the owner, the book has now been examined and transcribed.

The book contains half-yearly lists of the four divisions of the Upper Third and Under Third from the second half of 1798 to the first half of 1805, with, at the end, a list of all new boys admitted into those two forms from September 14th, 1798 to June 12th, 1805, with the dates of their "placing", i.e. their admission. In every case the boys' Christian names are given. It is certain, both from the contents and from the handwriting, that it is the work of the same John Smith.

A full assessment of the information to be gained from this new discovery will take time, but it is clear that out of the three hundred boys named in it we have a few entirely new names and the full names of over fifty boys for whom we have hitherto had surnames only.

More than half have already been identified, and we are able to add several names to the long list of O.W.W. who fought in the Napoleonic Wars, including Montague Lind who was killed in one of the charges of the Household Cavalry at Waterloo. Another boy was killed in the almost-forgotten American War.

Henry Rich, a new name, took part, as a midshipman, in Nelson's attack on Napoleon's invasion flotilla and was present at Trafalgar.

The discovery of Henry Rich and his identification, which followed from a note by Smith that he had gone to sea, led to the identification of Robert Rich, whose name had been recovered from Smith's cash-book. He was Henry's elder brother, and, like four others of the boys in the list, served in India, with the military forces of the East India Company.

Among other identifications "T. Ward" who appears in *The Record*, is now found to be

Thomas Watson Ward, the son of the usher of the same name; he was baptized in Abbey, and was buried, at the age of thirteen, in the North Cloister.

John Rodon and Henry John Ross probably continue our long connection with the West Indies.

Smith was careful to note when boys left from his forms, and often gives the reason: in a few cases he records that a boy had gone to sea or to Marlow, the contemporary equivalent of Sandhurst.

There are some pleasant touches in the notes to the lists; one boy is characterized as "idle and very helpless", another "did not see the necessity for being punished"; and there is a delightful valedictory notice of Lord John Russell on his leaving: it is worth noting that the date given in *The Record* for his admission is clearly wrong as he appears in the form list for January 1803, having just got his remove from the Second into the Upper Part of the Under Third.

The few details given above show how important the book is in helping to close the gap in the Admissions covering the years under Vincent and Wingfield and the early years under Carey, as the period it deals with overlaps Smith's own cash-book at one end and Page's account-book as Under-Master at the other, and the thanks of all Westminster are due to Mrs. Spencer-Stanhope for allowing us to transcribe it and to Mr. Lamb for calling our attention to it; our congratulations are due too to Miss Meredith for identifying the book as relating to Westminster.

If I may end on a personal note I would like to record my appreciation both of the facilities afforded me at the City Library, which enabled me to complete the transcript in the time at my disposal, and of the courtesy and friendly interest of the staff.

J. B. WHITMORE



## MR. M. F. YOUNG

WHEN Mr. M. F. Young retires from the Mastership of the Under School at the end of this term, he will take with him the good wishes of Westminsters of many generations. Those who were here in the early 1920's will remember him best, perhaps, as the Head of Rigaud's, or as a stubborn and dogged footballer (he enjoys the distinction of having been in both the Eleven and in the 1922 Eight—the first which Westminster ever sent to Henley); or they will perhaps call to mind the burly C.S.M. who used to walk backwards shouting the step as the Corps swung out of Waterloo station on its return from Field Days. To Westminsters of a later but still pre-war generation it is the Athletic Sports which will take first place when they picture him. He had been a notable runner himself, both at Westminster and at Cambridge, and when he returned as a master he lavished time and attention on trying to improve the standard of athletics and raise its status as a school activity.

In 1935 he took over the command of the O.T.C. (as the C.C.F. was then called) and here again he took endless pains to see that the organization under his control was efficient and smooth-running. In August, 1939, when all school camps were cancelled by the War Office in order to provide accommodation for the new "militia"—National Servicemen—the C.O. decided that Westminster should have a camp of its own. A site was found on land owned by Mr. Willett in Sussex, tents were hired, and the help of the College Hall staff was enlisted; and the result was that the Corps had the most enjoyable camp in its history.

A month later Mr. Young was at Lancing helping to move the school into its first war-time home, and at the beginning of term he took over

the duties of House-master of Home Boarders. In "Rutlands", a dingy villa in Shoreham, he and Mrs. Young coped with a thousand war-time problems, and in particular with the problems of Day Boys who had over-night become Boarders. In June, 1940, they moved with their House into luxury quarters at Exeter. By September they were back again at Westminster, sleeping in the gaunt vault under the Busby Library, in that extraordinary dormitory strictly presided over by Mr. Christie, where the school "garrison"—Masters, Matrons and school servants—dozed fitfully while the bombs whistled down. In November they were at Buckenhill, helping to make the derelict house fit for habitation, and there they remained until the Under School was started in 1943. The early years of the war were a difficult time for the school, and those who were then at Westminster will not underrate Mr. and Mrs. Young's services.

Until the end of the war the Under School was housed in No. 2 Little Dean's Yard (with a brief interlude at Bromyard during the flying bomb period). Then in September, 1945, Mr. Willett retired and Mr. Young became Master, and the school moved next door to No. 3, where it remained until the completion of College in May, 1950. It is never very satisfactory to occupy temporary quarters, but Mr. and Mrs. Young carried on cheerfully, even when for one term the Under School and College were forced to share the same building; and they have had the satisfaction of seeing the numbers of the Under School rise from 16 in 1953 to its present total of over 80, with a long list of boys waiting to enter. In their retirement in Somerset they intend to run a small hotel. We can hardly doubt that it in its turn will have a waiting list.

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## FIFTY YEARS AGO

*From "The Elizabethan" of December, 1902.*

"Sir Hubert Parry, writing to the Head Master about the Coronation Anthem, says: 'The boys acquitted themselves with rare spirit, and made just the sort of spontaneous unsophisticated noise that we wanted . . . I also felt that they loyally saved the situation by shouting

their "Vivat Rex!" when, owing to there being no "Rex" there, a catastrophe seemed imminent. I was really wondering whether they would not "jib", and was immensely relieved when I heard the shout go up. If you have a chance, please pat any of them on the back for me.'"

## HOW WE KEEP WARM

LONDON weather can hardly be called friendly. (Many hold that it can hardly even be called weather.) Cold?—yes. Windy?—often. Wet?—almost always. But friendly,—never. Yet, somehow, Westminster manages to overcome this weather. An election room, a dormitory, and sometimes even a classroom, are pretty comfortable places. Some will scoff at this statement. Others, those who would feel insecure at night unless all the loose clothing in their wardrobes had been diligently heaped on top of their blankets, and as much of their room-mates' clothing as they could appropriate thrown on top of that, will laugh outright. There are people, it appears, who could freeze to death on the equator. We feel sorry for them, but we cannot agree with them.

Westminsters of the nineteenth century had good reason to say it was cold. It *was* cold. The heat for College, for example, was supplied by three enormous fires—wood fires—which were kept alive by the juniors, and which, it was hoped, heated up the house enough by bedtime so that it would not be too cold in the morning, by which time the fires would long since have gone out. But we can be sure that it usually was too cold in the morning, and that the pitchers of water that each boy kept to wash up with in the morning were usually adorned by rather thick layers of ice. The story is told of how—not so very long ago—one ingenious if not especially studious student, having discovered that a pitcherful of water thrown on the floor froze on contact, and remained frozen, attempted to coat with ice the floor of his election room so that he could practise skating during prep. Whether he got his practice, or even whether he got all his ice down, we do not know. But we do know this: it was cold in that election room.

About the most dismal aspect of life at Westminster in the good, if perhaps cold, old days must have been the classes up School. It was cold, it was draughty, and it was damp. There wasn't a fire to be seen; and certainly not one to be warmed by. That anyone could have learned anything under such conditions seems fantastic; we are apt to decide that they would have spent all their time just trying to keep from freezing. The list of old Westminsters disproves us.

Nevertheless, Westminster in the nineteenth century had its compensations. Those who got through the seventh form were physically as well as intellectually fit. They had to be, or else they would have died long before. Even the coldest of us will admit that things are different now. Westminster burns eight tons of coal a week so that things will be different. Eight tons is a lot of coal. It means that there are ten furnaces burning continually throughout the winter. It means that at any time of any day in the basement of one of the houses one of these furnaces is being stoked. And it means that, throughout the winter, Westminster is warm.

In addition to the eight tons of coal delivered to and burnt by Westminster every week, there is a backlog of fifteen to twenty tons stored at the school and always on hand, just in case. At the close of the war, this backlog totalled sixty to seventy tons, but much has already been consumed in times when the school's ration wasn't sufficient to keep out the London winter. The ten furnaces, two in each of the boarding houses, one in Ashburnham—an oversized monster that supplies the heat not only for all Ashburnham but also for School—and one in the under school building, are usually started after the mid-term week-end, and kept burning throughout the winter. This year however, they were called upon earlier, for the autumn has not been one that will long be remembered for its mildness.

The only chilly note in the story of how Westminster keeps warm is the thought of what might be the effect of a general coal strike. The eight tons of fuel that are delivered weekly come almost direct from the mines; London distributors have no backlog. Westminster, once its own backlog had been used up, would have to keep warm by imagination and hopes.

But such a strike, it seems, is the only thing that could stop Westminster's furnaces from burning, for once started they have never yet stopped until winter had given up. Juniors need worry no more about supplying three hungry fires with logs, and water splashed on the floor in 1952 remains water. In a way, it's a shame—but in a way it's an improvement too, and a happy one.

# BUSBY'S PLAY: "THE FOURTH WALL"

by A. A. MILNE, O.W.



"The post, Sir."

Photo by M. J. Kafetz

TOWARDS the end of this Play term, Busby's produced *The Fourth Wall*, a detective drama in three acts, by A. A. Milne. This is the fifth play Busby's has produced since the war.

Now this is a detective story with a difference. The usual form these stories take is well known: one is told a crime has been committed, from there we are led back by various processes of detection to the crime, its motive, etc. Not so, with Mr. Milne; there is mystery about his tale.

We see and witness with our own eyes the murder of Arthur Ludgrove, a typical Englishman and a perfect gentleman, in his sitting room in Heron Place in Sussex. For the remainder of the play we watch the normal course of the detective story—the police investigation, and the efforts of Susan Cunningham, Uncle Arthur's ward, and his nephew Jimmy, to the successful capture of the two murderers. In manner, the play resembles the well-known Radio Programme

Twenty Questions—the audience knows the object of the team's investigation, and the team have to find that object ; their efforts to do this, and the situation which ensues, make for a well-contrived and amusing play.

If Mr. Milne has been original in his presentation of the sequence of events, he has had to conform to the familiar formula in other respects. There is for instance the inevitable house party, upon any member of which may be laid the blame. But instead of being told a crime has been committed, we watch from our unique position, the fourth wall of the room, the murder of Arthur Ludgrove by two of his guests, Carter and Laverick, and their seemingly perfect deception to produce the idea of suicide. And indeed we might believe it ourselves, like the police, had we not seen the murder. As Sergeant Mallet, who is investigating the case with his father, P.C. Mallet, explains : "Deaths, Madam and Sir, are divided into four classes, N.A.M. and S.—natural deaths, accidental deaths, murders, and suicides." He goes on to demonstrate that it cannot be either N, A, or M, so it must be S, and everyone is convinced that he is right. The reason for the crime is readily explained by Uncle Arthur's past in the African Police, when he captured and imprisoned for long sentences two criminals (i.e.) Carter and Laverick. The motive is therefore revenge.

Susan, Uncle Arthur's ward, is the only one who has any doubt about the verdict of suicide. She asks Jimmy to meet her that night, and together, they go over the evidence. Most of the house party were away from the scene of the crime, and therefore may be excluded. Then they examine closely the evidence of Carter and Laverick, who were the only people nearby all

the time ; there is a small slip in the otherwise faultless alibi of Laverick, concerning the chronological order of events. Once they are on the track, however, each piece of the jigsaw falls quickly into place. All our amateur detectives now need is concrete evidence, and this they manage to get by burgling Carter's room, while he baths next morning. The play then rapidly draws to a close with the arrest of the two murderers and leaves our happy amateurs, Jimmy and Susan, triumphant.

The actors were helped in their task by a realistic and well-designed set. J. F. Town as Jimmy rather failed to capture the levity and boisterousness of a young man just down from a university ; he was a little too serious. D. R. Ferney, who played the part of Susan, rather tended to hurry the longer pieces, but otherwise acted quite well. Uncle Arthur, who was played by H. P. Francis, would have done well to introduce more variety in his speech. The master criminal, Carter, was played by R. K. Franklin. He did not impress one as the cool and confident criminal that he might have been. J. M. Blume as P.C. Mallet played the part of a considerate but careless country policeman to perfection. His son, Sergeant Mallet, was very well portrayed by G. P. W. Cashell. In the smaller parts, P. Herbert as Major Fothergill, J. D. I. Boyd as Laverick, and D. B. K. Harrison as Jane West, a friend of Susan's, G. R. Elliston as Mrs. Fulverton-Fane, gave excellent performances as other members of the house party. It must be remembered though, that no elaborate characterization of the parts is attempted. But with this in view, let us congratulate the producer, Mr. Fisher, and Busby's, on another production of high standard.

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## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first two debates this term were disappointing, and the loss of last year's nucleus of speakers was keenly felt. The motions "That this house regrets that America was ever discovered" and "That East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" were defeated 15-10 and 16-4 respectively. A better meeting was the inter-debate at Christ's Hospital on the motion

"That the popular press abuses its liberties", which was carried by 60 votes to 35.

On Monday, November 3rd, the Society met for impromptu debates. Among the motions were "That this house approves of King Farouk", "That modern poetry isn't" and "That man lives for his stomach". The speeches were lively and amusing, and some of the best were made by

T. H. Stewart, J. L. Speaight, D. J. Van Rest and T. W. Meade, who was awarded the prize for the best speech.

The most successful and enjoyable meeting of the term was the inter-debate with Queen's College on the motion "That a man cannot get rich honestly". The Secretary (T. H. Beale), in proposing the motion, claimed that getting rich was morally and religiously wrong, as every rich man had acquired his wealth at somebody else's expense. The Opposer, Miss W. Hugh-Williams, rose in a determined manner to say that there were four honest ways of getting rich—gambling, investment, ingenuity and hard work. She pointed out that it needed no dishonesty to become rich in mind. Miss C. Williams, seconding the

proposition, quoted Milton as saying "Riches grow in Hell", and claimed that Midas was the only man who had become rich honestly. H. A. MacGibbon swaggered up to speak and persuaded the Society that there was really no need for him to say anything, as the motion would be obviously defeated. A. G. Cunnew said that taxes prevented anyone getting rich nowadays, while J. W. Madge waded into economics to prove that all profits are dishonest. Some of our guests spoke, generally showing more charm than confidence, among them Miss Jane Mander, who quoted Q.C.'s as an example of men who had got rich honestly. Three excellent speeches were made by J. F. Ormond, B. A. Agnew and T. W. Meade, and after the summing-up the motion was put to the vote and carried by 28 votes to 25 with 2 abstentions.

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## THE POLITICAL and LITERARY SOCIETY

AFTER such a preponderance of political figures in the Society's meetings, it was particularly interesting to hear two views on the present state of English literature by figures who represented two sides of the book trade which have a lot to do with one another, but do not necessarily take the same views.

Mr. Norman Collins, who spoke on "The Position of the Writer in the Modern World" on November 21st, is a man who has worked in spheres which run beyond that of an author. His thesis was that the period of the ascendancy of literature in England as exemplified in the stature of the Victorian authors has gone, thanks to the arrival and success of various "distractions"—the Cinema, the Radio and the rest. It was on his analysis of the effect of these distractions of which he incidentally has a working knowledge that our visitor based his talk. What he emphasized was that these institutions took up the time and more important the space in our minds which had hitherto been given to solid reading. For many, the film star took the hallowed position of the artist, while imagination goes in its more extravagant flights in the idiom of the screen rather than the novelette. The result, said the speaker, was to push the writer to an increasing degree into the cold.

The talk was discursive and entertaining more than enlightening, but it was when he answered

questions afterwards that Mr. Collins showed us the range of his knowledge and his views on specific writers and writing.

On November 28th, the Society was honoured in having as a guest Mr. James MacGibbon, a member of the least publicized side of the literary world, the publishing trade. It was as a trade that the speaker emphasized his business, and he showed how the aim of getting a reasonable profit conditioned a book's progress from start to finish. After describing the processes which go to make publishing, Mr. MacGibbon spoke of the questions of publicity, of diplomacy with the author, and of the sources where new writers were discovered, and here he mentioned the *Trifler* which he helped so much as the sort of magazine where the beginning of something good could be discovered.

The problem of publishing was, the speaker said, not the lack, but the enormous number of books—some 19,000 new publications a year—which the modern writer was producing, an output for which he mentioned Radio and its companions as stimuli. The conclusion to be drawn, it seems, is that the modern world has caused less a decline in the status of the author than a levelling process which encourages everyone, at Westminster as much as anywhere else, to put his ideas into print.

## FOOTBALL MIXED RESULTS

So far this season the 1st XI has not met with a vast amount of success. Admittedly, they started at a disadvantage, having lost their most seasoned players in Hornsby, Davies, Peroni, and Morley-Jacobs, and it seemed a well-nigh impossible task to fill the vacated places and to find players adept enough to compete with the strong club sides usually met with at the outset of the season. This, however, is a problem encountered by every succeeding generation of captains, and the task always appears equally herculean to those who have known the support of a host of veterans. Nevertheless, the team emerged from the chaos of practice games in its entirety to meet a strong staff side on Thursday, 2nd October. Surprisingly enough they were heavier than had been expected, and with 6 ft. 2 in. Anderson at centre-half, and a reasonably fast forward line, things looked promising.

"The Staff" seemed a somewhat ambiguous title for a side who's main strength was drawn from anything but scholastic sources, and the School did well to emerge with a draw, 3-3. The next match, against Westminster Hospital, which should have been won, was lost, 1-2. On October 11th, Westminster beat a good Old Bradfieldians side 3-2. The Metropolitan Police came up fields and were beaten 8-1 in a rather unbalanced game. The School lost to the Old Reptonians 2-5 in the final club game.

The first School match of the year was drawn 1-1 against Aldenham. As a side Aldenham had the advantage of weight if not of skill, and had the ball only run kindly for the School a win of at least three goals might have resulted. The XI played well considering that this was Aldenham's third school fixture, but owing to our taking up a defensive rôle in the second half the game ended in a draw. The Aldenham goal came after

a strong push down the left wing which left a tiring defence out of position and the goal-keeper flat on his stomach. Our goal came after fifteen minutes of the second half when Hillyard scored during a scrimmage in front of goal.

Over the match against The Army Crusaders it is perhaps best to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that neither the forwards nor the defence showed the least semblance of football knowledge or the least inclination to chase either their opponents or the ball.

By comparison the next match against Chase of Chertsey (Leyton Orient Juniors) a semi-professional side, was a vast improvement. The football was constructive, the play energetic, and a combination between attack and defence well established. The result might perhaps indicate a weakness in defence, but in fact this was not the case. A draw of 5-5 was very satisfactory, but perhaps with a little more luck Westminster might have won.

In our first encounter with Repton on November 6th at Repton the School lost 4-0 to a more experienced side. The inequality which the score might suggest was in fact not present, but Westminster, used to a dry surface, found the Repton pitch treacherous after a night's heavy rain, and the slippery ball hard to control. This coupled with long sweeping passes to the wings accentuated weaknesses which otherwise might have passed unnoticed. Henry made several fine saves, but although the XI had the better of play in mid-field they were unable to score due to weak finishing. All things considered the School played as well as their opponents would let them, and lasted the pace as well, if not better than some of Repton's earlier adversaries.

The matches against Victoria College, Jersey,



and Lancing were both lost 1-2. These matches might well have been won had there been more aggression and determination in attack and more intelligent kicking in defence. Such then were the results up till November 22nd, results which would hardly lead even the most optimistic supporter to predict a win against such a stormy side as Highgate.

Westminster beat Highgate 5-1 on a field of mud, after having won the toss and elected to play with the slope. At the outset both sides moved the ball quickly, considering the condition of the pitch, but Westminster, following the example of Hillyard on the wing, began to swing the ball from side to side. This interspaced with short passes to contract the defence allowed Hillyard to score and put the School one up. Following this early goal, a disastrous back pass to the Highgate goal-keeper put Westminster two up after only twenty minutes' play. Highgate, normally used to an early lead, became disorganized by the two-goal deficit and in consequence their play suffered badly. Combined with this, the XI settled down to good constructive football prompted in many cases by Crook playing at half back, and the result was that another goal was scored just before-half time, this time by Tourlmain who, after a pass from Griffiths, beat the goal-keeper with a good left foot shot. Although Westminster was three goals up, the end advantage now passed to Highgate, and the match was still in the balance. Westminster's defence, however, remained firm, brilliantly held together by Anderson, who saved two sure goals by prompt action on the goal line, and by Henry, who played faultlessly in goal. Highgate's only goal came from a good centre which was netted by their centre forward. Two more goals were scored before the end of the match, one by Garcia off an opposing defender and one by

Griffiths who shot on the turn after a long pass from Crook. That ended the scoring with Westminster clear winners and superior in almost every position of the field. As Highgate had not been beaten on their own ground by the School since 1934, this was surely the best performance given by an XI for many a long season.

On the Saturday following the XI's dazzling display at Highgate, Charterhouse, by means of a determined rally in the last twenty minutes, drew 3-3 with Westminster at Vincent Square. The visiting team kicked off, and as soon as both sides had settled down the play was vigorous and skilful. The scoring was opened by Tourlmain who's shot was deflected by an opposing back and put Westminster one up after only fifteen minutes of play. From then on until half time, the School pressed hard, several fine corners being taken, and Turner, Crook and Hillyard very much to the fore. Although the School had had the advantage of much of the play, Miller was always a worry to the defence. At the change of ends Westminster attacked with every ounce of energy and skill, and after some four minutes were rewarded with a goal by Hillyard. Shortly after followed another goal, this time from Turner who scored after a mêlée in front of the goal. With a three goal lead and only 20 minutes to play, the XI seemed in a strong position, but this in fact was not the case. Miller, who, as someone said after the game, seemed one minute to be on the wing to centre and the next in the middle to deflect the ball into the goal, rallied his team to the extent that they were able to score three goals in twenty minutes. Henry made many valiant saves, but could do nothing when his defence had become panicky. All credit should go to Charterhouse for their brilliant recovery, and consolations to Westminster who came so near to winning.

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## FENCING

STARTING the season in a half-hearted way, the first team lost to Eton, although as Clarke was unable to fight, this was not the full first team. In the next match, however, after a reshuffle of teams, we had a very exciting afternoon at Fenners, Cambridge. In this, the team made up for the lack of experience that had hindered it in its first match by great vigour and by refusing to acknowledge defeat. The foil was very close, although we lost, 4-5. The épée result was the

same, showing a marked improvement, especially in Boyd's fencing. With the score at 8-10, Westminster had to win the sabre 6-3 to gain the match, which was finally decided in our favour in the last fight.

The next week, against Lancing, the team narrowly missed losing to a much inferior side, mostly through over-confidence, the result being 14-12. The last match, against Imperial College, Westminster won easily, 19-6.

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The most important event of this term was the Junior sabre at the London Fencing Club in Hanover Square on November 15-16. R. S. Clarke, Croft and Makowere were entered. Croft and Makowere were dismissed in the first round with one apiece, but Clarke went up to the quarter final with five fights. Also in this round were Dr. Sanger and J. L. Lee, last year's captain, but although all three fought well, they went down on points.

Of the first team, only Clarke has maintained a consistently high standard of fencing, winning 21 out of 24 fights in all three weapons, though this is only to be expected, as he fought last

season. T. H. Stewart has improved steadily, and J. D. I. Boyd has fought well so far this term.

The second team have had three matches this term, in which they beat Alleyns and Eastbourne but lost to Aldenham. As their opponents were first teams with more experience, this result was quite satisfactory.

At the end of this term, the team loses T. H. Stewart. He has fenced for School teams during four seasons, and made a very competent secretary last year. It has undoubtedly been his experience as captain that has enabled Westminster to maintain her position in the fencing world.

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## COMMEMORATION, 1952

COMMEMORATION was held on Monday, November 17th, and was attended by about a thousand Old Westminsters and guests.

The service followed traditional lines. After the opening versicles and responses came two psalms sung antiphonally by the school and by two Cantors standing at a lectern in the middle of the Choir. The Lessons followed, read by the Dean; and then, while the hymn *O Gentes omnes undique* was sung, the Head Master, the Under Master, and the four College Monitors were conducted to the Sanctuary for the *Commendatio*. The recital of the long list of benefactors; name after name rolling out in sonorous Latin, is always extraordinarily impressive; and this year, as the name of King George VI was read out for the first time and the mind flashed back to a sombre day last February or to that sunny scene in College

Garden when he came to visit us two years ago, at least one of the benefactors was remembered with affection as well as with gratitude.

During the hymn *Gloriosi Salvatoris*, which was taken up by the whole congregation, the Under Master and the College Monitors went in procession to the tomb of the Foundress where they laid sprays of roses from an anonymous Old Westminster and from College. A solemn *Te Deum* followed, during which the clergy, in their rich copes, stood grouped in front of the High Altar and the Service closed with the Blessing, given by the Dean.

For the first time both Ashburnham House and School were used for the reception, and at the invitation of the Head Master members of the school were present together with Old Westminsters, parents and other guests.

# OLD WESTMINSTERS

Lt.-Col. W. C. H. Bell has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Wiltshire.

Dr. E. D. Adrian has been appointed a member of the General Advisory Committee of the B.B.C.

Mr. R. M. Rattenbury has been appointed Registrar of the University of Cambridge.

Mr. A. G. N. Cross, Q.C., has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor a member of the Standing Committee in Private International Law.

Mr. G. P. Pick has been elected Renter Warden of the Joiners and Ceilers Company.

The Rev. H. P. Hart has been appointed Vicar of Stapleford, Cambridgeshire.

Mr. M. V. Argyle has been chosen as the prospective Conservative candidate for Loughborough.

By his will Sir Maurice Gwyer bequeathed £300 to the Westminster School Society.

We have been notified that J. M. Johnston-Noad (H 1944-47) changed his name by Deed Poll in 1951 to HOWARD-JOHNSTON. He is now a Pilot Officer in the Royal Air Force stationed in Germany, where his address is: R.A.F. Fassberg, B.A.O.R.30, Germany.

## BIRTHS

CURLENDER—On October 10th 1952 at Pasadena, California, to Marilyn, wife of Robert Curlender, a son.

GOATLY—On November 9th 1952 at Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, to Elizabeth, wife of Peter Goatly, a son.

MILLS—On October 5th in London to Olivia, wife of C. Y. Mills, a son.

SPAULL—On August 6th 1952 at Ewell to José, wife of L. C. Spaul, a daughter.

## MARRIAGE

YEALLAND : SIMPSON—On October 4th 1952 at St. Mark's North Audley St., Michael Yealland to Susan, elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. C. M. Simpson of Wargrave, Berks.

## OBITUARY

We regret to record the death of the following Old Westminsters:

HORACE WILLIAM GATES, who died at Tunbridge Wells on November 3rd, was admitted in 1890. He entered the brewing trade and became head brewer to Messrs. Ind Coope & Company. Later he was with Messrs. Peter Walker of Warrington. He married Rosemary, daughter of Charles Ford of Clifton.

ERNEST DARYLL HINE was born in 1888 and came to Westminster in 1901. He was a surveyor in practice in London, and became a Fellow of the Institution of Chartered Surveyors. He was with the French Red Cross in 1914, and served with the London Regiment in France, Salonika and Palestine, attaining the rank of Captain in 1918. At the end of the first world war he was appointed commandant of the Aliens Internment Camp at Alexandria. He married in 1921 Phyllis, daughter of H. W. Lauder of Alexandria.

HERBERT GEORGE POWELL REES, who died at the age of 55, was at the School from 1912 to 1913. In 1915 he enlisted in the Royal Engineers, and later the same year took a commission in the R.N.V.R. He was transferred to the R.A.F. in 1918, and served on the North West Frontier. He became an engineer and worked in England till 1938, when he decided to go to South Africa. He became manager of the Durban branch of the Encyclopædia Britannica until the outbreak of war,

when he joined the South African Air Force. After the war he discovered that he had water-divining powers, and formed a well-boring company. He was a keen freemason, and was at one time Worshipful Master of the O. W. Lodge. He married Octobera, daughter of J. M. Edwards of Swansea.

DALTON WILLIAM TACEY entered the School in 1891, and went up to Cambridge in 1895. He then studied at the London Hospital and took his M.R.C.S. in 1906. He practised at Woodford, Essex. During the 1914-18 war he served abroad with the R.A.M.C. In 1906 he married Maude Louise, daughter of William Bell of Walthamstow.

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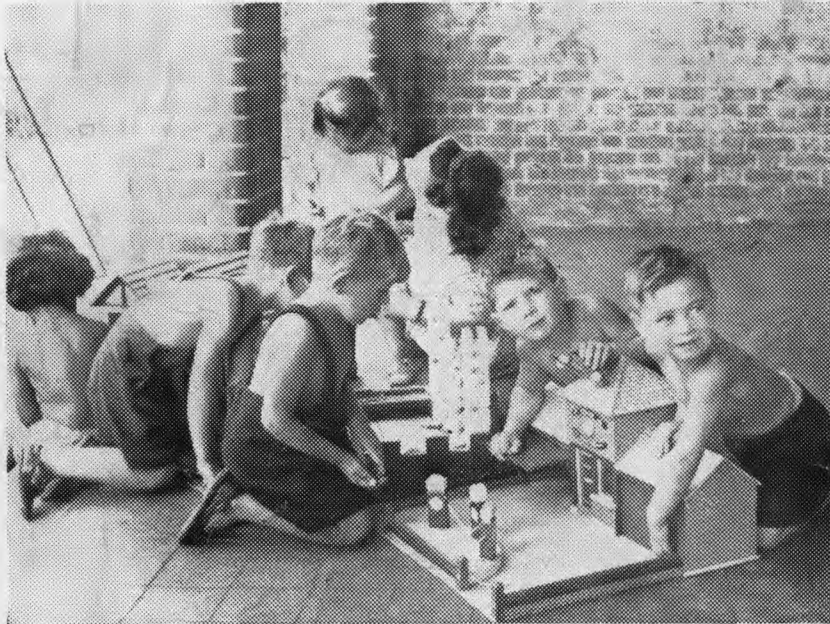
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