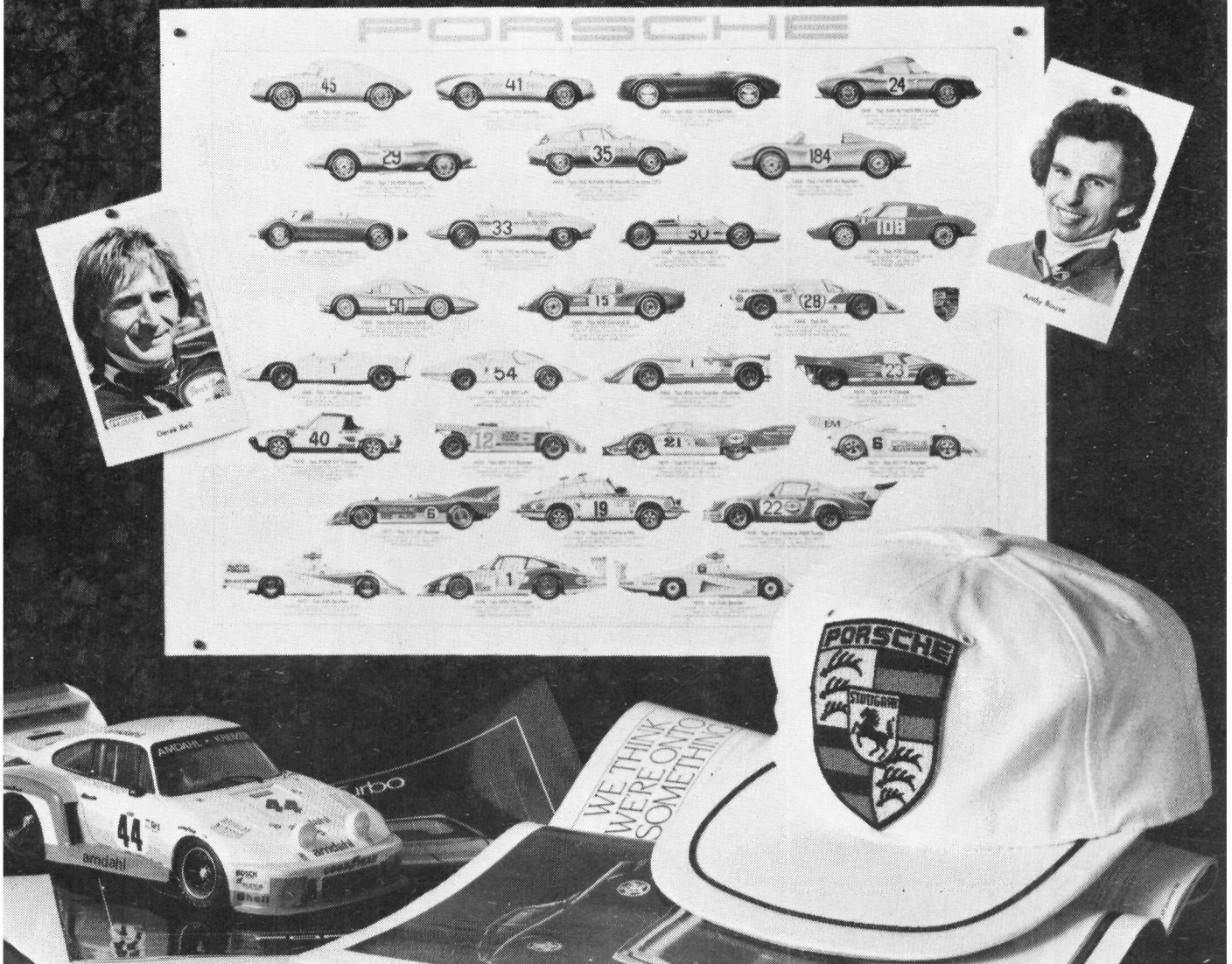




OUR SUBJECT CALLS FOR THE CLOSEST STUDY.



No education would be complete without an appreciation of the finer things in life.

So it should come as no surprise that the true Porsche connoisseur always takes his subject very seriously indeed.

Car magazines are scoured for every snippet of information. Press reports are dissected for the very latest news.

Racing successes are charted.

Specifications are memorised. Even the name is articulated perfectly (remember it's pronounced 'Portia').

In fact, there is only one task that poses any serious problems: studying the cars themselves at close quarters.

So allow us to help.

Since not all Porsche students' fathers have a fleet of Porsches in the drive, here is a rather attractive alternative.

A collection of Porsches you can stick on the wall.

Or to be more precise, two exclusive colour posters; one tracing the history of the production cars; the other illustrating Porsche's racing heritage.

Each one measures approximately 16½" x 12½." And whilst, fortunately, they are free, unfortunately there are only a limited number available.

So if you would like us to send you both posters, write now to Marketing Services, Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Richfield Avenue, Reading RG1 8PH telling us the name of your school.

Who knows? Soon our posters could be as sought after as our cars.

ONE FAMILY. ONE STANDARD.



The Elizabethan

Editors Catherine Bindman, Alexander Grigg, Catherine Croft, Paul Hollingworth, Anna Wachstein, Piers Gibbon, Michael Hugill

Cover Rachel Gundry

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

February 83, Vol. xxxiv No 6, Issue No 698

The Appeal

by
the Head Master

Contents

<i>The Appeal</i>	187
<i>Gandhi at Westminster</i>	188
<i>Drama</i>	
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	189
<i>Pygmalion</i>	190
<i>Preacher</i>	191
<i>Zigger Zagger</i>	191
<i>Tea and Tannin'</i>	191
<i>Le Défunt and Vor dem Gesetz</i>	192
<i>Bsurd</i>	192
<i>Music</i>	193
To board or not to board	195
Political awareness	196
The other bomb	196
Westminster in the twenties	197
Leapfrogging for the Turkanas	199
Sports Reports	201
Common Room Notes	203
Phab, 1982	204
<i>The Arts</i>	
Seurat's 'Baignade'	206
Christopher Wren	207
Nigerian Art	209
Sequence	211
Interview with Adam Mars-Jones	216
Short short stories	217
Community service	218
Miscellany	219
The Elizabethan Club	225

Two years ago in the autumn of 1980 the Governing Body decided that the School should launch an Appeal. Although the Appeal is continuing, the main phase is completed and this is a good time therefore to report to parents and Old Westminsters.

The gross sum raised at the time of going to press is £536,805. In addition to this a further £105,000 has been given or promised to fund VIth form scholarships. That is a very satisfactory result in the difficult economic climate and we are very grateful to all those who have contributed to the Appeal.

The first fruits of the Appeal are already being enjoyed by the school. One of the principal aims was to create a centralised library on the first floor of Ashburnham House. The new library opened for use in October and quickly proved to be a most valuable addition to the school's facilities. It now contains 10,000 books; and £10,000 has been set aside from the Appeal money to provide new books in those parts of the collection that need to be strengthened.

One feature of the new library deserves special mention. The former Modern Language Room has been refurbished to house the collection of books left to the school by the late Denny Brock. Now known as the Brock Room, it contains Denny's extensive library of military history.

Now that the first object of the Appeal has been achieved, we want to press ahead with the development of teaching and sporting facilities as well as with the purchase of accommodation for masters. The latter is a continuous process to which the Appeal has given a welcome injection of funds. On the teaching side, we need to create new classrooms to replace the rooms formerly used for teaching now incorporated in the library.

For many years we have wanted to extend our sporting facilities at Vincent Square. The problem has been obtaining planning permission. The Appeal has however given a new impetus to our efforts here. We must be sensitive to the legitimate concern of the Vincent Square residents but we believe that some development is possible in the area of

the pavilion, and this is the subject of a study that will be completed early in 1983.

What the Appeal has done is to help us meet our immediate needs, particularly in the form of the new library and to stimulate fresh thinking on some old problems such as the extension of the facilities at Vincent Square. Without the Appeal we could not have tackled any of these projects because the school's capital reserves have been spent on the purchase of Adrian House in Vincent Square as the home for our enlarged Under School. Adrian House should not need any major capital improvements for some years to come so that we can now concentrate on making sure that the rest of our facilities are as complete and up to date as possible.

The provision of VIth form scholarships does not extend the school's facilities but it will help to broaden the intake to the school at that level. A number of trusts and foundations have responded generously to the idea that they should help to finance the VIth form education of boys and girls who could not otherwise come to Westminster and who do not find the sort of A level subjects and teaching they need in their present school. The first VIth form scholars will enter Westminster in the Play Term 1983.

Two questions are frequently put to me by parents and Old Westminsters. How successful has the Appeal really been? And what steps is the school taking to ensure that future capital expenditure can be provided?

I have been associated with a number of Appeals and in my experience most people find it difficult to be objective about an Appeal whether it is for a school or college or for some great public cause. Some are determined to prove that the Appeal has been a success, while others—a small minority usually—are equally determined to prove that it has not.

There are however some objective criteria for measuring success. Westminster decided to use the services of fund-raising consultants who had also been retained by other independent schools, so that it is possible to make a comparison of—for example—the average gift per head or the proportion of old boys who contributed. A

number of us were disappointed at the low percentage of Old Westminsters who contributed to the Appeal but when we looked at the results of the other schools we found that the percentage was almost exactly the same. The method used by the consultants—personal interview rather than group meetings—tended to reduce the percentage who contributed but to increase the size of the average gift. As far as the latter is concerned, Westminster compared favourably with the other schools. One other factor that all the schools had in common was that in contrast to the Appeals of the past, it was the current parents rather than

the old boys who provided the larger part of the total sum raised. In view of the fees that they are paying, that is a remarkable tribute to the parents' generosity and support for the school.

Whether all this adds up to success is a matter of opinion. I think that it does and that the school has every reason to be very grateful to its parents and old boys for their support at a time when all families were to a greater or lesser extent affected by the recession.

We do not believe that the right policy for the future is to have a major Appeal every ten or twenty years. In common with many

other institutions, including universities and colleges, we are planning to appoint a full time officer who will be responsible for all aspects of the school's development fund-raising. In independent schools in the U.S.A. the Development Officer keeps the records, advises on communication with alumni and parents, approaches trusts and corporations and so on. The man we are seeking to appoint would have similar responsibilities. We expect to make an appointment in the first half of 1983. In this sense our fund-raising effort will not come to an end but will change its nature.

John Rae

Gandhi at Westminster

by Alexander Grigg

While engaged in the thankless task of researching for the Ashburnham soiree, I was lucky enough to come across traces of a visit to the school in 1931 by Mahatma Gandhi when he was attending the Round Table Conference. A most unusual occasion, one might think. Yet the editors at the time seem to have regarded it as a matter of course.

The visit, however, at the time aroused some opposition from more conservative quarters of the Common Room. Gandhi was generally regarded as a subversive and undesirable influence; even such an otherwise enlightened figure as Lawrence Tanner apparently was horrified by the proposed visit. Sir Angus Wilson says that he had already formed liberal views but, 'didn't seem to feel them at the time'.

The meeting was one of the first of the newly founded Political and Literary Society. It was organised by John Bowle (then Senior History Master, more recently Professor of Political Theory at Bruges for 17 years and author of many books), who recounts:

'Gandhi arrived scantily clad, in a November fog, with two white clad attendants in little square caps. He had a jaw like a pike, and though his head was smaller than it appears in the drawing I made at the time, such was the power of his discourse that it appeared much larger, as depicted.

It is no exaggeration to say that he hypnotised his audience, assembled in the big front room of the Ashburnham Library, his deep, vibrant voice radiating an extraordinary power. I don't think any of us had ever encountered an Asian prophet, comparable, I suppose to one of the early exponents of the great religions, and although he was physically frail and meagre, he was deeply impressive.

I had not myself arranged the meeting to propagate Gandhi's political views, but out of impartial curiosity and for the benefit of the newly founded society; but I got, as I think most of us got, more than I had bargained for.

He spoke of his vision of India, free and united, with primitive peasant industry as an example to a world over-shadowed by the abuse of economic and political power. With

hindsight, one knows that this vision faded; into partition, civil war and the pursuit of modern technology; but at the time it appeared convincing because Gandhi himself so intensely believed in it.

The occasion was not without its humour. The Head Master, Dr. Costley-White, made his usual courtly and uncommitted speech of introduction, Gandhi settled into a large armchair, the two little men in white caps took station behind him. The crowded room waited in tense silence; then Gandhi began to weave his spell. The essentials of the scene are in the picture: the Head Master wondering how not to commit himself; the Master of the Kings Scholars, or Master in College, the Rev. Pentreath, all goosey about Gandhi, young David Huxley, half-brother of Julian and Aldous, scientifically imperial, and, immediately behind Gandhi's chair, the large eyes of young Angus Wilson taking it all in.

I do not remember that anyone dared to ask any penetrating questions . . . ' Sir Angus Wilson however recalls that he did ask a question about the possible danger that an independent India might be invaded by Russia. To this Gandhi replied emphatically there was no such danger. So far his confidence has clearly been vindicated. Sir Angus also remembers the occasion as strange and impressive.

It had an incongruous conclusion, Professor Bowle continues: 'the Head Master's wife had an open square-nosed Morris Oxford four seater, with rather dilapidated talc screens under its wind resistant hood, and stowed away inside it, with the two little men in white caps, Gandhi was asked where he wished to be taken. "I will go," he replied in a deep voice and with iron will, "I will go to the Dorchester 'otel".'

*

*

The people indicated in John Bowle's drawing are (from left to right) the Rev. Pentreath, David Huxley, Angus Wilson, the H.M.'s wife, the H.M.



Drama



Yared Yawand-Wossen

'Twelfth Night'

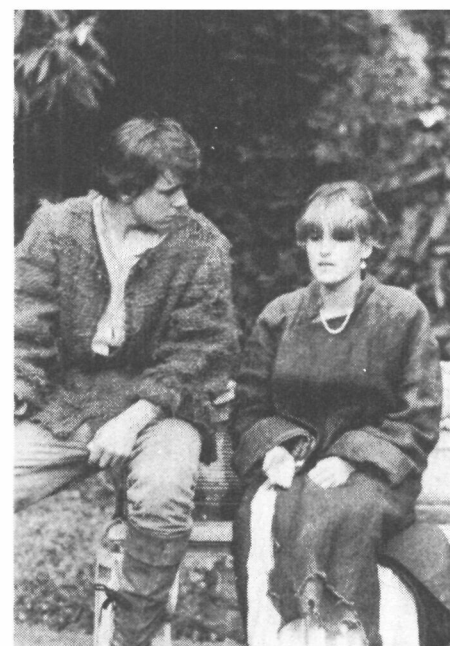
Reviewed by Robert Hannigan

'*Twelfth Night*' has for a long time been labelled as a safe and undemanding 'Golden Comedy' and seems as a consequence to have attracted a tradition of middle-class, middle-aged interpretations which ignore the emotional loose-ends and the blatant fragility of the play's happiness. The beautifully stylised romp round the maypole, pleasant as it may be, is simply inconsistent with the constant reminders that 'there is something in it that is deceivable' and the effect, for example, of Olivia's self-imposed age is far less powerful if she is played as aged or ageing. It was clear from the very beginning of Richard Jacobs' production, with John Graham-Maw's excellent rendering of 'O death rock me asleep', that the easy way out was to be avoided and the 'deceivable something' stressed. Moreover, the adolescence of the many characters who are 'sick of self-love' was highlighted by a cast that generally interpreted their characters as young and adhered to the common contemporary view of '*Twelfth Night*' as an 'Adolescent Play'. It was also clear that the production was to be no epic extravaganza, nor was the music as lavish and flamboyant as in many conventional productions, and the secluded corner of Ashburnham Garden provided an atmosphere of intimacy that suited the play perfectly.

One of the most striking aspects of the production was its extraordinary transformation from the rather predictably flat first night to a final performance that had acquired much of the necessary pace and vitality that balance the poise of the play.

This vitality is particularly important in that it provides a contrast with the self-pitying lethargy that is epitomized in the opening scene, and while Tom Purton (Orsino), attended by Julian Durlacher and Barnaby Jameson, conveyed an air of sustained leisure, he could have been even more self-indulgent and melodramatic in his somewhat superficial musings on unrequited love. He does, after all, have no less than four exclamatory 'O!'s in his first short scene! However, the lethargy was suitably shattered in the third scene by the arrival of Sir Toby, Maria and Sir Andrew, and these three characters worked successfully together throughout the play. Rachel Gundry showed all the vibrant enthusiasm for mischief that Maria requires and rose with the general air of extra enthusiasm on the last night to give an excellent performance. As Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mark Pennington prompted some of the most genuine laughs of the evening, alternating between melancholic reflection and naive joy, and if his hair was like 'flax on a distaff', his costume and Monsieur Hulot walk made him look like the distaff pole itself. Perhaps the most demanding part in this trio of revellers, mainly because so much is demanded and expected of it by the audience, was that of Sir Toby, played by Daniel Owen. While he was successful in the extremely difficult task of being drunk on stage, the slurring and stressing tended to obscure his lines.

However, it is the relationships between the 'lovers' and particularly Viola and Olivia that lie at the centre of the play and its 'problems'. As Olivia, Joanna Clyde managed to present both the imperious self-control of her household scenes and the remarkable passion that is revealed, perhaps unwittingly, in her encounters with Viola. Isabel Lloyd (Viola), responded to this with a helplessness that was very effective and



Yared Yawand-Wossen

although I had envisaged a Viola who showed more of a directing force and optimistic energy, particularly in her scenes with other characters, her interpretation was certainly appropriate to exchanges such as:

Viola: I pity you.

Olivia: That's a degree to love.

Indeed, Joanna Clyde's earnest and moving hope was thus matched by an anxiety on Viola's part that 'it is too hard a knot for me to untie', and 'she were better love a dream'. The dialogues between these two characters, particularly that of Act III scene 1, should have been, and were, some of the most memorable moments of the play.

Finally, the intimacy and eventual resolution of these relationships focus

Kate Miller



attention on those characters who are not members of this inner circle. For example, Sebastian is expected to appear out of the sea and suddenly be absorbed into Illyrian society and Olivia's love, and in this very difficult part Nicholas Clegg coped well, although Shannan Peckham was not totally successful in communicating the strength of Antonio's love and there was not enough evidence of any real emotional tie between the two characters. However, the most obvious 'outsiders' are clearly Malvolio and Feste and, as the former, Christopher Dangerfield gave an unconventional interpretation, playing a young affected, and at times almost foppish steward. Yet given this interpretation as opposed to the conventional view of Malvolio as an elderly and prudish ass, he was highly successful, particularly in the prison scene, where the effective use of light stressed the psychological rather than the physical torment and imprisonment. As his tormentor, Ned Jewitt showed great versatility in this scene and his 'Feste' kept him suitably distanced from the other characters, although he was perhaps not always sufficiently confident and pronounced in his deliberate foolery. His performance of the songs was also effective, particularly in 'What is love tis not hereafter', and he 'let the garden door be shut' on the closing scene with great poignancy.

If I have any general criticism, it is that the cast at times perhaps overstressed the



Kate Miller

precariousness of the play's happiness. Shakespeare surely meant the 'Midsummer madness' to dominate and prevail for the short period of the play and only wished to hint at the pretence and remind us of its presence in the background of all the merrymaking. However, that is perhaps merely a reflection of a wish that 'if it be thus to dream still let me sleep', and we can

only be grateful to Richard Jacobs for leaving us with a powerful and lasting image of an Illyria where events 'may rather pluck on laughter than revenge', while emphasizing the real world of the 'wind and the rain' which cannot accommodate Malvolio, or Antonio, or even Sir Andrew, and where 'the whirligig of time brings in his revenges'.

Pygmalion

Reviewed by Catherine Croft

Shaw's desire to convert the Theatre into a forum for ideas and discussion frequently conflicts with his strong comic sense. Whilst in 'Major Barbara' characters seem to fight for their own opinions 'Pygmalion's' characters are essentially too lightweight to support such debate and so the second half of the play appears somewhat halfheartedly tacked on. Shaw has assembled his audience and cannot resist the temptation to preach.

The directors of this production, Tristan Lawrence and Justin Albert, helped by Chris Hearne, obviously saw this problem and concentrated their efforts on the comic and dramatic possibilities of the first half, failing fully to confront Shaw's moralizing. Thus the production started excellently. Both Piers Gibbon (Higgins) and Helena Bonham-Carter (Eliza) gave confident, assured performances and Eliza's introduction into society was brilliantly handled as she achieved ample presence to overawe both stage and general audience. David Norland (Alfred Doolittle) lacked gusto and seemed to live a monotonously miserable life; perhaps through attempting to escape the patronizing he destroyed the character's sharp self-analysis.

Freddy's part fell victim to textual cuts and was left looking more than slightly silly, yet Edward Roussel struggled valiantly with the remnants. Daves Cook and Brown gave notable large performances. Many of the

more minor parts were particularly well played, notably Amy Baker, Lucy Moffett and Daniel Cellan-Jones, in a cast without any weak links, but surely any 'lady' who crossed her legs half as artfully as Clara Eynsford-Hill would have been totally ostracised by society?

Amazingly complex sets were carted on and off stage, in a large collection of laundry baskets, with great panache by David Chinn and Johnny Pearce, providing an intriguing play within a play! The small Lecture Room

stage worked best when filled completely with bodies sheltering at Covent Garden but also provided a convincingly cluttered Edwardian living room.

The whole production was suffused with good humour and seemed a genuinely successful corporate effort. It was a pity that still more people could not be crammed in to see it. Perhaps next time, however, the directors could tackle a play they feel more sympathy with, more comprehensively.

Janet Fischgrund



'Preacher' by Paul Hollingworth

Reviewed by Lucasta Miller

After seeing 'Preacher', I heard someone say, as I was leaving the Dungeons, 'It was such a bleak play.' That is a precise notion of what the play is like, if seen on a serious level. One aspect of 'Preacher' is its capability to be seen on different levels: it is an extremely amusing play, but it is also rather disturbing as it makes the audience question their own existence. The basic sentiment of the play is satirical, verging, at times on black comedy. However I had a slight feeling that the play was rather fragmented and almost confused. I wasn't sure whether it was making any particular point or just commenting—whether it was making moral observations or statements.

The outlook on life is indeed bleak. The very character Preacher is full of rather awkward pathos. He is self-righteous in a humble, but paradoxically self-satisfied manner. The way in which he so desperately and sincerely believes that his 'heaven tapes' really do 'prop him up' with their mechanical prayers and hollow commercialism is pitifully ironical. Preacher dies, breaking away from his phoney religion, having found self-confidence in the end. He realises that he has been deceiving himself, telling other people what to do and pretending to be a preacher. He has been through a relentless torture like the uncomfortable audience who never know quite how to react.

There are many painfully ironic elements in the play. When Preacher says 'We're proving the cynics wrong' it only encourages cynicism in the audience. Charlie Wiseman gave a very convincing portrayal of the egotistical Preacher, keeping up his part even when, for a brief and breathless moment, his tape-recorder (an essential prop) failed to work. His cracking-up under the strain was acted excellently. Eddie Hubbard, Emma Smith and C. J. Morrell as the three members of the ruthless Mama Pizza Syndicate (Franco, Lucia and Dino) were coolly evil. Emma Smith managed well with the least developed and possibly the weakest part in the play. She injected some feeling into a rather flat character. C. J. looked incredibly gangster-like, complete with dark glasses and sub-machine-gun.

Melanie Levy and James Handel played the elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Elsey, who were taken over by the Mama Pizza Syndicate. Melanie, before her untimely death at the hands of Franco, was charmingly 'grandmotherly'. James Handel's part was the most consistently humorous of all the characters. Mr. Elsey is a stereotyped, resigned crony from Suburbia, whose 'Don't worry, we'll only be in this cupboard for another couple of years' reflects his cheerful unconcern. James was 'a revelation' according to one impressed member of the audience.

Isabel Lloyd and Nick Clegg played a young married couple, Liz and David, friends of Preacher. This relationship seems

hollow and meaningless, though I doubt if either of them fully realize it. Nick, as David, achieved a kind of unaffected boredom, whereas Isabel, on the other hand, made you cringe with her precise affectation.

Another preoccupation throughout 'Preacher' was television and the media's false representation of and influence on normal people's lives. The actual idea for the video was unusual and ingenious and the result was competent and much more professional than I expected. The credit for this should go to Adam Shaw for his expert direction. The video captured the materialistic and commercial lunacy of TV quiz shows. It managed—but only narrowly—to escape over-done farce. Piers Gibbon was embarrassingly accurate as Miles Conman, the host with the shiny jacket and his heartfelt insincerity. Bruno Rost's and Amy Baker's performances as contestants in 'Word Game for a Rainy Day' were very much appreciated by the audience. Bruno sounded either stoned or mentally retarded and Amy was uncontrollably enthusiastic. Bill Brittain-Catlin's insane Abominable Snowman and Wendy Monkhouse's provocative continuity girl added to the ridiculousness of the whole thing.

The scene in the whole play which was the weakest, in my opinion, was the last one. The idea of 'Caught in the Act' and the invasion of privacy by the spying of TV cameras was very good. But as a conclusion to a 'bleak' play (though I mustn't start categorizing it like that) I found it unbearably inappropriate. The hilarity seemed (perhaps intentionally) somewhat forced. Perhaps the last scene was just to bring us back to the ridiculous, but I think a play like 'Preacher', with so many serious and important ideas about society, should have had an ending to suit its serious side.

Anyway, I was both amused and made to think by Paul's play, as well as being exceedingly impressed.

Zigger Zagger

Reviewed by Isabel Lloyd

A play such as 'Zigger Zagger' is ideal for any performance at a house level. For not only is there opportunity for all those who want to be involved—due to the inspired incorporation of a theoretically infinitely large chorus—but during the performance the entire cast can forget all about S.E.P.'s and detentions and legitimately be as rowdy and uproarious as they can possibly manage. Which, unsurprisingly, they managed to do very well for a large part of the time.

The play itself purports to tell the story of Harry Philton (played by Danny Owen), a teenager from the 'City-End' who leaves his local comprehensive with little or no qualifications and subsequently finds himself under pressure from two quarters: Zigger Zagger himself, leader of the football fans and Les, Harry's brother-in-law. While one represents a dubious freedom in the form of football hooliganism, the other

offers family life and suburban D.I.Y. security. Thus the play centres on Harry's decision between the two, neither seeming particularly attractive.

Before going into lengthy praise of the actual performance and the actors, the one real problem with the play as a whole should be mentioned. Unfortunately it was about fifteen minutes too long; by the end of the second half it was obvious that both audience and cast were getting tired and even the best performances suddenly seemed to flag a little. Apart from this however it rarely faltered, and on occasions even sparked a little. Particularly memorable were Dave Jeffries' brief cameo as the lunatic Medical Officer and Darren Shaw and Yared Yawand-Wossen's black drag act on a 'bus'. The larger parts were also unusually consistent in quality. Tom Horan was convincingly aggressive as Zigger, James Hall was scintillatingly dull as Les (although perhaps it was his brown flares that got the most laughs!), while Martin Waterstone showed remarkable versatility, quite apart from his comic sense. Ten out of ten for stamina also goes to Rachel Gundry and Fred Studemann for successfully both directing and acting in this play. But the performance that really stood out was Danny's as Harry—despite the fact that he was on stage practically continuously for two and a half hours, he rarely if ever lost the audience's attention and achieved a depth and interest of character that is difficult with a superficial script such as *Zigger Zagger*. The other good parts are far too numerous to mention—suffice it to say that they all combined to provide a thoroughly enjoyable evening, which is, after all, what house plays are all about.

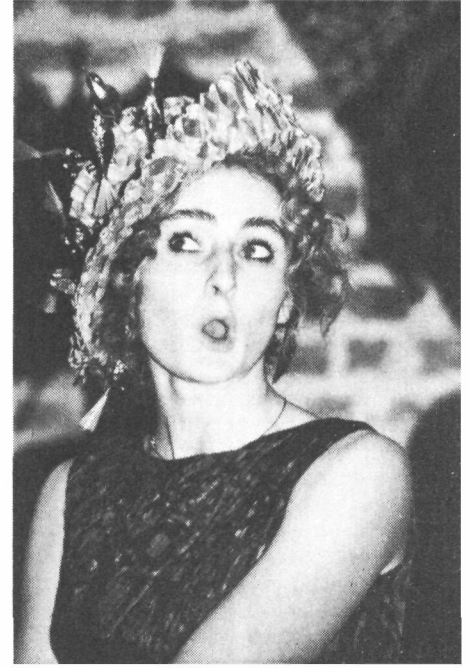
Tea and Tannin'

Reviewed by Joanna Clyde

For the first time since I have been at Westminster an effort has been made to give an account of its past. Ashburnham attempted to do so whilst celebrating its centenary. A revue, created from the house ledgers and transformed by Mr. Griffiths' humour, told us of the relish of tanning (beating) to the thrill of the 1891 football match against Grant's, sprinkled with the variety of personalities that have scribbled AHH on their books for a century.

The group of presenters tried to inject some of the 'advantages' of hindsight into the soirée with skill and humour. Jonathan Hearn, Charlotte Grant, Todd Hamilton, Lucy Aitchison, Tim Roberts and Henry Male tackled smoothly the tender task of delivering a half-dramatic, half-narrative, yet documentary script.

One learned of the 'malicious demon' that has dogged Ashburnham's fortunes and character for a century, right down to the once formidable power of monitors. However, one was quite clearly shown that Westminster now lacks the spirit and vigour of yore but retains the same isolation from the world outside.



Yarad Yawand-Wossen

Le Défunct and Vor dem Gesetz

Reviewed by Barbara Wansbrough

These two short plays demonstrated that it is possible for small-scale Westminster productions to be both theatrically successful and to achieve popular approval.

Obaldia is not well known in England; he writes short plays for small casts. It was not until the end of *'Le Défunct'*, that the audience were made aware of the fact that the two women were merely acting out a sexual fantasy about Victor—the demon lover—of whose existence one remains

★

'Bsurd' by Paul Edwards

Reviewed (?)

Frankly we can't make head or tail of this. It may be, just may be, a piece of really fine writing. But we are disturbed to find that internal evidence (the structure and certain verbal nuances) suggests that this review could have been written by Paul Edwards himself. This would of course be entirely unethical (was not Anthony Burgess once sacked for reviewing one of his own novels in a newspaper?) Where will it all end, we ask ourselves, despairingly. . . ? (Eds.)

The audience at *Bsurd* were left in no doubt that either a new theatrical talent of formidable proportions had been revealed, or that it hadn't.

The afternoon's dramatic entertainment/experiment caught a peculiar start as about half a minute of Monty Python's 'parrot sketch' exploded from a radio cassette recorder on stage. I am reliably informed that the concepts of death

uncertain. The director, Ian Huish, chose to represent the transition from fantasy to reality by his appearance on stage as a priest, thus clarifying the development. Both Madame de Crampon and Julie were brilliantly portrayed by Charlotte Ellison and Joanna Clyde, whose acting talents were thus confirmed.

'Vor dem Gesetz', an extract from *'The Trial'* by Franz Kafka, provided a strong contrast. Despite its brevity, it achieved the required impact through the powerful representation of the characters. The director reappeared, this time in the role of the narrator. A man from the country (Barnaby Jameson) comes to the ever open

★

worry and influence absurd playwrights, often to the point of breaking down and crying silly things in public. Our resident 'playwright and thing' (his own words), not wishing to so embarrass himself socially, dismissed those troubling notions of death by letting John Cleese get on with its various applications, insinuations and metaphorical (or metaphysical) parallels. Paul Edwards was then left quite unhindered to break down and cry silly things in public on stage. So you see, you cynics, it wasn't 'over-acting' at all; he's like that anyway. He's behind me right now, making sure I don't say anything rude (we reviewers have a pretty tough life). I'm fairly safe at the moment; he's eating selotape and amusing himself with his digital watch. He curls himself up in a ball, leaving his stopwatch running, thinks 'It's like real time', and pretends the world's gone mad and he's on 'warp speed'. I think he's off his nut.

Nevertheless I enjoyed *Bsurd* (also titled 'A slurb in the ever-frooping Zap of Kriktz'), but I cannot see how anyone but himself can fully understand the creations of his 'brain cum cesspit' (his own words).

This review is now going to leap into new

door of the Law, wishing to enter, but is refused entry by the doorkeeper whose part was convincingly executed by Fred Studemann. All pleas and attempts at bribery appear useless and eventually the man is told, shortly before his death, that this door was intended for him alone and for this reason, no-one else has sought admittance.

The characters in each of the plays were remarkably portrayed, aided undoubtedly by excellent direction, and so, the evening was not only a confirmation of previously discovered talent (in Charlotte Ellison and Joanna Clyde), but also a discovery of new genius!

★

dimensions. As the 'edible, vibrating rubic cube' (his own words) is here, behind me, in person, I shall attempt an interview.

Me: 'What's your play about?'

Him: 'Life, the universe and Everything.'

Me: 'But that's already been done. The answer's forty-two.'

PAUSE

Me: 'Hey, what's the matter? Hey. . . don't cry.' (Damn, I must remember that they are temperamental, touchy and very sensitive. I must not push too hard.)

Me: 'Ah, it's all right. I won't put that in the interview (oh, won't I; he he he?). Let's just say that you were more involved in the questions, not the answer. Everyone knows that the answer is 42, but you were one up on them, eh. There, there, You're far above all of them, aren't you, yes. . . , now dry your tears, yes, . . . , no, not on my shirt. Okay, Okay, on my shirt; it's all right, no need to do that at me. Put your teeth away. You can use my shirt if you like. My silk shirt. My rather expensive silk shirt from Italy. (Like I said I am patient. And I don't even get paid for this. All I get is a pat

on the head from Catherine Croft and a 'thank you for helping *The Elizabethan*', and that's it. No fame, no glory. Why can't I write absurd plays? Why can't I be like the pathetic mass at my feet, dribbling on my persian rug, with his national health specs and inferiority complex? Now, wait a minute, I think I'm better off, just where I am, thank you very much. You know, I think there's something deep and philosophical in this. Should I turn into an over-emotional, over-sensitive human artist or should I preserve my normality and stay unknown and unrecognised by the world? Who cares? 'Amee jimali slew abifnogi', as Confucius said, and quite frankly I agree with him. Edwards, like all the great classical humanists, is concerned with all that comes out of man: heroism, courage, sweat, puke, pus. . . . However, as the man said, 'All confusion is removed as soon as one realises that Zaphod Beeblebrox is no more than Xorbelbeeb Dohpaz backwards'. This may at first seem trivial, stupid and irrelevant, but don't worry, it is (though I would not dare to say such a thing to the temperamental freak hiding under my persian rug). (I'm investigating the logic of

space and time coordinates between the Galilean moving frames of reference'—his words). Personally I think he's picking his nose (metaphorically speaking).

'Edwards's play is *Oedipus Rex*, *Hamlet*, *Faust* and *Hedda Gabler* all rolled into one sticky, gooey, sweaty splodge. Periphrastically circumlocutional, compendiously terse, garrulous, verbose and prolix, and without a word wasted, no really, not a word too many, excessive, supernumerary or redundantly superfluous.'

Me: 'Now, Paul, I'm asking you this for a *very good* reason . . .'

Him: 'That's a *very good* reason.'

Me: 'How could know that?'

Him: 'You just told me.'

Me: 'So you've been listening?'

Him: 'Only by ear!'

Me: 'I accept your apology.'

Him: 'Good luck!'

(I think his weird personality is affecting me.)

Him: 'Smartifart blast!'

Me: 'Please use your handkerchief, not my silk shirt.'

Him: 'Grrrrrr . . . (snarl).'

Me: 'No really, it's all right, use my silk

shirt if you like.' (Phew, that was close. A moment later and I would have been a mere curse in one of his next plays. My only immortality would be through his insults. What a power has the playwright.)

Him: 'Have a gorilla.'

Me: 'Ha! Cliché, you fraud! You and your play, you're both the same. You find yourself in the constraints of absurdity, and you succumb to them.'

There at last, I managed to sum up his play in one sentence. I might also add that it was too long, though I kept laughing till the end. (I couldn't help it, that guy actually wore a teapot! His whole costume followed the architecture of Beaubourg in Paris. 'All that's on the inside, stick it on the outside'.) I think I ought also to say that Todd Hamilton and Jonathan Hearn were marvellously good; they really had their parts sussed to the last kneejoint. They cast themselves into their rôles brilliantly. Paul Edwards knew exactly what he wanted, but I found his acting more disturbing. I am reliably informed that he wanted to 'Zap his audience', not give them the usual 'bunk'. That's probably as much as I or you will get out of him.

Music

School Concert—June 9th, 1982

Reviewed by John Baird

A fine summer's evening, the promise of wine and song and the happy omen of a gracious monarch passing across Little Dean's Yard as the clocks struck eight. Your correspondent, anxious to make intelligent remarks on the entertainment to follow, took his seat up School, clutching a wad of paper and a green pen. Slightly tricky writing about an event you're part of—but I reckoned that if I kept off the wine in the interval all would be well.

The School Orchestra started the concert with Mozart's Minuet in C, K. 409 and George Butterworth's Idyll—*The Banks of Green Willow*. Beecham used to insert this minuet into his performances of the 34th Symphony, but it works well on its own. The Butterworth's attractive and rhapsodic style suited the orchestra very well, allowing generous sonorities without being technically over-demanding. The wind and brass, by making very little effort to tune before either piece, contrived their own undoing. A pity—as this marred otherwise well prepared and executed performances, stylishly conducted by Charles Brett, our Director of Music.

The Madrigal Group was exquisite; tone, tuning and phrasing were all superb. Percy Grainger's *Brigg Fair*, with a perfectly judged tenor solo from Ian Bostridge, was flanked by two sixteenth-century pieces—'Weep, O mine eyes', by John Bennet and 'To shorten winter's sadness' by Thomas

Weelkes, again directed by Charles Brett.

The Junior String Group, led by one of our younger music scholars, John Graham-Maw, did well and made up with vigour what it inevitably lacked in finesse. You could have wrung the concentration out of the second violins and the conductor, your correspondent, who has handed this particular baton over to our new man in the music department, string specialist Philip Burrin, who joined us this term.

The String Quartet was not quite at its best. These four have played together for some time now and this was their last school concert as a group. Ably led by Charlie Sewart, they have made considerable progress in the difficult art of quartet playing. The Andante from Schubert's Quartet in A Minor is a beautiful and familiar movement and there was much to enjoy. But to make a slow movement stand well on its own needs more concentration; as I heard someone in the audience say, 'Schubert's casual sense of other-worldliness was not present'. Every nuance must be carefully judged in all the parts, all the time. Nevertheless these four, Charlie Sewart and Andrew Patten (violins), Isobel Nyman (viola) and Miles King (cello) are clearly all very fine musicians.

The first half ended with excellent performances from Isobel Nyman playing the piano. She has been a student of John Barstow since 1975 at the Royal College of Music Junior Department where she won the Theresa Carreno Prize for pianists this year. She was amongst the finalists in the Schools' National Chamber Music Competition and she won a much sought-after foundation scholarship to the R.C.M. The first movement of Prokofiev's

Second Piano Sonata enabled Isobel to demonstrate her broad interpretative range as well as her considerable technical skill. Perhaps not quite as punchy as we have come to expect from this composer but still a mature and exciting performance. *The Pequeno Waltz* by Carreno which followed left me slightly wondering what it was doing there. If it had danced more perhaps it would have said more and sent us skipping joyfully to our wine in Ashburnham Garden. And what a good idea that was!

After the interval came Charlie Sewart's final School Concert performance. He is now continuing his musical career at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama with the celebrated David Takeno. Whereas Isobel is at the moment more interested in chamber music, Charlie wants to be a professional soloist and everything about this performance of the César Franck Violin Sonata suggests that he soon will be. The passionate excitement of the second movement following the poised lyricism of the first went very well indeed. The third movement's longeurs and mannerisms almost defy a successful interpretation and the finale's heavily underlined canon can, and did, irritate your correspondent. The notoriously difficult piano part was masterfully rendered by Charles Brett, whose tone, like Isobel's before him, flattered our crumbling concert grand outrageously. Thus ended one of the best concerts in years—well attended, great music mightily played and obviously much enjoyed. We went home to find out if they had invaded Port Stanley yet and whether the Queen had got safely back to Buckingham Palace.

Schumann's 'Dichterliebe'

sung by Ian Bostridge

Reviewed by Alexander Bird

In October a full audience in the Adrian Boult Music Centre heard what Westminster lieder buffs had been looking forward to for some time—a recital by Ian Bostridge. He chose Schumann's song-cycle *Dichterliebe* (op. 48), settings of sixteen poems from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, to which his voice and its temperament were well suited in that they are short carefully constructed settings of undeveloped poetic images.

The first song, *'Im wunderschönen Monat Mai'*, he approached tentatively. With a slight doubt, I suggest that rather than nerves this was due to the nature of the song, which is itself tentative, characterised by unresolved arpeggios and the fragmentary melodic line of the accompaniment. Nonetheless the phrasing and melody of this lyrical piece were handled perfectly. These aspects, Ian's strongest points I feel, were again beautifully employed in the fifth song, *'Ich will meine Seele tauchen'*. The dynamics, lacking in range in the earlier songs, were here finely balanced and carefully and effectively contrasted in the next song, *'Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome'*. However the well-known *'Ich grolle nicht'* lacked this and required more attack. Can he really mean that his heart is breaking? On the whole liveliness was sacrificed to lyricism, yet this is certainly the right side on which to lean, for what *'Ich grolle nicht'* and *'Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube'* may have lacked in vivacity (due among other things to their shortness) could be ignored compared with the sensitivity of the delightful rendering of *'Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen'*.

By contrast, the longer *'Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen'* was well shaped and thought out and the rhythmical aspect was carefully treated to good effect. The eleventh song, *'Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen'*, was imaginatively handled with dynamic contrast, which also improved in the last two songs.

The strongest overall impressions were of Ian's very rare vocal qualities and his nice sense of phrasing. The phrasing reflected the thought and consideration he had given to the music, present not only in the fine details but also in the presentation of the cycle as a coherent whole.

It is not often that one hears a voice of the calibre of Ian's—certainly I have heard no equal in my time at Westminster. His performances, this recital in particular, accompanied with great sensitivity by Charles Brett (not least in the all-important postludes), will remain for me amongst the most memorable of musical experiences at Westminster.

* * *



A. Foord

School Concert—December 1st, 1982

Reviewed by Philip Needham

The widely differing styles of music played in the Play Term School Concert indicated how much talent is available and just how successfully it can be marshalled to tackle such a variety of music.

The concert opened with a seasonal selection from Handel's *Messiah*. The Chamber Orchestra, with John Baird at the harpsichord and conducted by Charles Brett, sounded confident, the strings being particularly bright, clear and secure, maintaining in the overture a lightness and movement, in sympathy with the contemporary conception of Baroque sound, that enhanced the freshness and vivacity of Handel's work.

Ian Bostridge sang the tenor aria 'Every valley' superbly, his remarkably well-developed voice was finely controlled and clear despite a throat infection. It is sad to reflect that Ian was to leave this term; his performances will be greatly missed. Both Timothy Woolford (bass) and John Graham-Maw (treble) sang fine solos. Again we are unlikely to hear John as a treble for much longer and hope that his voice will develop well in a lower register. The choir performed with much feeling, bringing out the sense of awe and power in the subject that the music depicts to perfection. It would be impossible not to mention the tenors, whose sound was a perfect blend of delicate harmony, and of course the Common Room contingent, who, despite rumour, were reading copies of the score.

The resurrected Junior Orchestra deserves encouragement and praise for their performances, under the baton of Philip Burrin, of *'The Grand March from Aida'*, in

which the wind was particularly crisp and punchy, and Mussorgsky's *'The Great Gate of Kiev'*, whose solid dignified processional air seemed to add a topical note. The orchestra had been stiffened by a wonderfully ad hoc percussion section who seemed to enjoy themselves despite the strain of conscientious counting, and one might be forgiven for a vague sense of *déjà vu* during the Kiev piece.

The First Orchestra now took the stage with the first movement of Beethoven's C Minor Piano Concerto. The movement, *allegro con brio*, opens with a sense of urgency and reserved power in a quiet statement of the strings. A long ritornello gives both principal and second themes before the soloist, Oliver Rivers, enters. This entry dramatically follows some scale passages with a statement of the main theme, more fully developed than given by the orchestra. The movement continues with a princely discourse between soloist and orchestra of the principal material. The cadenza, Beethoven's own, though often not played in its entirety, is not totally convincing. A series of hurried chords, suddenly broken by a section of strange searched notes before the orchestra returns in a final coda which involves the piano heavily. Oliver Rivers produced an outstanding performance, well controlled if slightly mannered, yet showing a great sense of feeling for the music.

The concert closed with the outside movements from Debussy's *'Petite Suite'*. In *'En bateau'*, Kate Bolton produced a delightfully clear flute, admirably catching the haunting feel of Debussy's handling of the flute within the orchestra. The return of the ad hoc percussion added extra sparkle with unscored percussive capstan groans and an audition chance for the Salvation Army in the closing Ballet, which brought the concert to an end with the orchestra in full swing.

To Board Or Not To Board?

by Alexander Grigg

Foreigners, long before the days of Dr. Arnold, were struck by the strange way in which the well-to-do English sent their children to board in the establishments of others. At the beginning of the sixteenth century a Venetian diplomat reported: 'The want of affection in the English is strongly manifested towards their children; for having kept them at home until they arrive at the age of seven or nine years at the utmost, they put them out, both males and females, to hard service in the houses of other people . . . and few are exempt from this fate.'

This curious habit has since been institutionalised in the public school system; by which, until recently, the child of prosperous British parents was exiled from his home for at least two-thirds of the year throughout the most sensitive and vulnerable period of his life (to use the jargon of social workers).

Leaving aside the non-educational aspects, we might clear our minds and discuss the boarding principle from a strictly educational point of view. Boarding enthusiasts maintain that it is good for adolescents to live together in disciplined and somewhat isolated conditions, that the special pressures that they experience are at best constructive (the well-known process of 'character building') and at worst less damaging than those they would be subject to outside; making the assumption that the worst possible environment for a child to live in is his or her own home.

In a child, bound to such a limited and unnatural life, narrow-mindedness is not surprising. It is a life devoid of the variety of age, occupation and general outlook that the home might provide. Far from 'building' character it provides an effective slipway *in gurgie vasto* into an abyss of pop-culture.

The nearest analogy to the modern boarding school must be the monastery of the Middle Ages. The only difference was the fact that monks led such a life of their own volition. It was a step taken by adults of formed mind by their own choice.

Only those in real need would join the monastic ranks at such a tender age as the public school enlistment. And it was in fact for these children that Wykeham originally established his school at Winchester. With the Reformation all was overturned as social fads became bigotries. Now, as a social bastion, the public school was finally established, and the boarding trend set in. It was, however, less strange then than now, when the majority of rich parents did live in the country.

The Victorian age is most often hailed as the great age of the public school, and of all the virtues that its regime imparted. Paradoxically, however, many great figures of the period seem, by some means or other, to have escaped the boarding system: Dickens, Disraeli, Tennyson, Conrad, Ruskin, Hardy, Carlyle, Shaw and Elgar to name a few. Many of the great spirits of the age—ignoring Gladstone, of course—were

not public school wallahs at all.

Rhodes, too, was an eminent Victorian who evaded the dormitory. His two elder brothers were sent to Eton and Winchester, whence they fell into obscurity. Then their father ran out of money, perhaps opportunely for Cecil. Despite the connexion in the public mind between boarding schools and Empire one of the greatest of all imperialists was not a product of the boarding system. Part of the Empire at least was not founded on the playing-fields of any public school.

Nor do we owe the works of Trollope to the boarding system. A day boy at Harrow, he had a walk of four miles to school. To while away the time he would spin yarns, many providing the imaginative inspiration for his novels. Few, admittedly, make such good use of their commuting.

It does seem more than doubtful whether boarding facilitates intellectual development. Certainly at Westminster, in the light of recent figures, it seems that academic results of boarders—scholars here included—are at least no better than those of day people.

It would, however, be a pity if being a day boy were to become over fashionable. Boarding is clearly of some value in certain cases (i.e. children of broken homes or with parents abroad) whatever the financial background. But apart from these special cases, it seems that those most likely to benefit from boarding schools are those who now have least access to them.

Children who ought to be boarders are those whose homes are cramped, noisy and Philistine—but nearly all such children now attend day schools. Those who have least to gain, and may actually lose, by being boarders are those whose homes are relatively spacious and whose parents are educated—but nearly all such children now attend boarding schools. The whole system is topsy-turvy.

Unlike many public schools, which are out in the country and far from any substantial centres of population,

Westminster is ideally suited to be a predominantly day school. It is at the heart of Britain's largest metropolitan area, with a system of public transport which though deteriorating, is still probably the best in the country. If by a natural and relentless process the number of day pupils increases over the next ten years or so, and the number of boarders proportionately declines, there will be great benefit, surely in the accommodation, now pre-empted for strictly boarding purposes, which will become available for the general efficiency and amenity of the school. Such changes, under present circumstances, may be hard to imagine. But if they are not given consideration Westminster will sink into real and dangerous mediocrity.

* * *

A voice from the past

In 1775, Frederick Reynolds wrote home on his second day at Westminster:

My dear dear Mother,

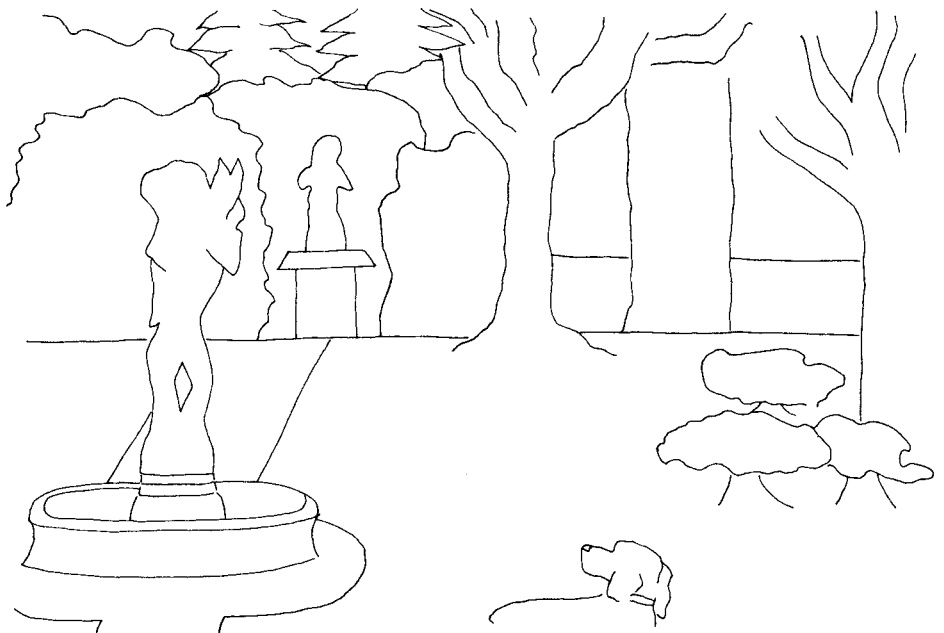
If you don't let me come home I die—I am all over ink, and my fine clothes have been spoilt—I have been tost in a blanket, and seen a ghost.

*I remain, my dear dear Mother,
Your dutiful and most unhappy son,
Freddy.*

P.S. Remember me to my Father.

* * *

Janet Lazarus





Matthew Ross

Political Awareness

by Henry Male

I was first prompted to write this article when the question of the School's taking *Hansard* for the library was raised in one of the Librarian's lessons. Most of those present immediately asked what *Hansard* was, and when that had been explained, greeted the proposal with astonishment. After all, parliamentary proceedings are reported in both *The Times* and *The Guardian*, I was told, and on television and radio. Every word revealed a lack of interest in politics, widespread today: the newspaper reports are highly selective and incomplete, as is the radio coverage; while the House has resolutely refused to appear on television. This particular debate closed when the librarian said that a school which took three computer magazines could not run to *Hansard* due to 'lack of storage space'.

It is all a far cry from the nineteenth century, an age of highly regarded statesmen. *The Times* contained 200,000 words, an indicator of the strength of the middle-class desire to be 'better informed', while *The Manchester Guardian* reported local council meetings at as great a length as Parliament. It was the culmination of a man's career to sit as an M.P.; Trollope describes thus the triumph of the self-made man: 'Brought into the world in a gutter, without father or mother, with no good thing ever done for him, he was now a member of the British Parliament, and member for one of the first cities in the empire. Ignorant as he was, he understood, the magnitude of the achievement . . . If they sent him to penal servitude for life, they would have to say that they had so treated the Member for Westminster.' Not even the corruption, widespread even after the 1832 Reform Act, diminished the prestige, as Trollope says of another election: 'The idea of purity of election at

Percy Cross made him feel very sick. It was an idea which he hated with his whole heart. There was to him something absolutely mean and ignoble in the idea of a man coming forward to represent a borough in Parliament without paying the regular fees'.

Today politics are left to a professional caste who excite disrespect rather than admiration. It is hard to imagine them speaking with as great an effect as John Bright on the Crimean War. Men of distinction avoid Parliament, and there are few members of individual importance. Membership of political parties is dropping: the Conservatives find themselves reduced to 1.5 million members, Labour to 0.5 million. For all the public interest in the S.D.P., fewer than 100,000 have joined the party. At the last General Election, the Conservatives won with a margin of 7% of the vote over Labour—but 25% of the electorate did not vote at all. In inner-city constituencies, the abstention rate is often 50%, rising to 60-80% in bye-elections. It is of concern that the most deprived sections of the enfranchised should no longer see parliamentary representation as a solution. The figures for local council and European elections are even worse. Despite the fact that corruption, incompetence and local government are closely linked in the public mind, people refuse to use the remedy available to them through the franchise, most local councils being elected on only 30% of the vote.

The present decline in interest in political affairs has a number of causes. There is little doubt that the nineteenth century's restriction of the franchise made its possession more prized. Politicians felt they were appealing to an educated élite: this made their occupation more pleasant, giving it prestige and going some way to ensure that politics attracted men of quality. In the effort to restore some interest to politics everything must be contemplated. The formation of the S.D.P., offering an outlet

to a wider range of viewpoints, is therefore to be welcomed. A system of proportional representation ought also to be contemplated: for all its faults, the Italian system does seem to ensure that fewer than 10% of the electorate abstain. But above all, we cannot expect all this effort to come from others: whatever their failings, politicians are our masters, and it is the voter's duty to see that they are good masters.

The Other Bomb

by Trevenen James (1929-33, G)

I am answering Isobel Bowler's 'cri de coeur' in the July issue. I feel more strongly about the Third World than I do about compulsory Abbey, and for the sake of her generation rather than mine. Let me briefly explain.

Hardly a day goes by without some reference in the media to the threat of nuclear war. Yet nuclear weapons have not been used in any of the wars that have raged—almost without ceasing—in some part of the world, during the past 37 years. Mercifully, countries capable of manufacturing nuclear weapons are equally capable of recognising them for what they are—suicide weapons.

Professor Shapiro—Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics—has pointed out that the Russian leaders recognised this fact a quarter of a century ago, since when the inevitability of war (between communist and capitalist blocks) 'not only disappeared as a dogma, but was decried'.

Meanwhile, however, the 'Other Bomb'—the world population explosion, has been increasing in power every day since the start of the century. By 1975, its explosive force had doubled: by the end of the century it will have quadrupled: this means that by the year 2050, there will be at least twice as many people in the world (8,000 million plus) as there are today.

My particular concern for the Third World stems from the fact that three quarters of all the people in the world today are in the Third World. Because nearly half of them are juniors, with all their reproductive years ahead of them, the world population will continue to explode until, at the earliest, the third quarter of the twenty-first century, in spite of the fact that the *average* birth rate in the world has started to decline.

Norman Borlaug, who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his part in the 'Green Revolution' in agriculture during the 1960s, has emphasised that, to feed the millions of people who will be added to the population of the world during the next 40 years, it will be necessary for the world to increase its food production by more than it has increased since the dawn of agriculture 12,000 years ago. Technically this is possible, but will it prove to be possible politically?

There are frightening similarities between the devastation that *could* be caused by nuclear weapons and that which is *already* being caused by the population explosion. For instance, the Global 2000 Report to the President points out that, if present trends continue, both forest cover and growing stocks of commercial-size wood in the less developed regions (Latin America, Africa, Asia and Oceania) will decline 40% by AD 2000. This fact has serious implications also for Great Britain, for 90% of our annual timber supply comes from overseas, and two fifths of it from Third World countries.

Damping down the world population explosion involves a complex process requiring improved standards of living, improved distribution and production of food, more education, greater equality of opportunity, and better health services

including family planning facilities. Populationists are sometimes accused of lacking respect for the sanctity of life. In fact the reverse is true. It is because they have a profound respect for life that they wish to do whatever they can to ensure that, wherever in the world a child is born, the new life is one of reasonable human quality, that the parents are capable of providing adequate food and care, and that the child has a reasonable prospect of surviving childhood sound in mind and body. In much of the Third World at present, these conditions cannot be fulfilled.

In the next century, however, the quality of everyone's life—in the Developed World as well as the Third World—will inevitably depend upon dealing successfully with the increasing impact of people upon the conservation of nature and all the resources

of the earth from food to energy. Resolution of this profound conflict presents an awe-inspiring challenge to the younger generation. To give them hope, therefore, I would recall the words of Robert McNamara when President of the World Bank. 'The industrial world,' he said, 'is now so rich, there is nothing we cannot do if *enough* of us *want* to do it *enough*.'

The future quality of all our lives—and of the lives in particular of the generation now at school—depends upon the world getting its priorities right. One example of what I mean will suffice. A single B1 supersonic bomber (of which 100 are on order for the United States Air Force) will cost about five times what it cost the World Health Organisation to eradicate smallpox from the face of the earth!

* *Westminster in the Twenties* *

by Jack Rendle (1921-26, A)

Looking back from the eighties, I can see the twenties as halcyon days between the end of the war in 1918 and the Wall Street crash in 1929. These years saw the solution, as it seemed, of many post-war international problems as well as great economic progress. The League of Nations would prevent wars in the future and the General Strike was but a nine days wonder. For a schoolboy close to the ground and growing up through the twenties there was nothing so 'halcyon' about the days. To him Westminster School with its special language and traditions seemed solid and unchanging. Yet some changes did take place. The older half of the boys remembered with affection Jimmy Gow who had remained as Head Master through the war, in spite of his increasing blindness, and retired in 1919. During my

time the new Head Master, Dr. Costley-White, made some changes, mostly of a minor character. The chief of these related to the school dress, catering in College Hall and the pronunciation of Latin.

All townboys wore 'toppers', 'tails' with black ties and stiff collars. Until about 1923 those who were not monitors, members of the VIIth forms, or 'Pinks' had to wear the old-fashioned 'jampot' collar with metal 'grappling irons' to prevent our ties from riding up. Small boys wore Eton suits with wide stiff collars outside their short jackets. After 1923 the Head Master allowed us to wear double stiff collars instead of 'jampots'. Travelling to and from School we had often to pretend not to hear the ribald remarks of some of our fellow travellers, amused to see boys wearing the formal dress which men no

longer wore, except at weddings and funerals. The only other relaxation of the dress rules which I can remember was in 1921. For several weeks we were allowed to change on arrival into white cricket shirts and grey flannel trousers in a heat-wave bringing temperatures of over 90° in the shade.

In my first two years the food served in College Hall to K.S.S. and Homeboarders was only just edible. On one occasion a deputation of about eight boys marched in single file to the Bursar's office in Little Dean's Yard. Each boy carried a plate reversed to show that the mince, grey and cold, stuck to the plate. In those days it was essential to supplement one's food with a milk flake or a twopenny bar bought 'up Suts'. In 1922 the catering in Hall was taken over by a Miss Ridge and the meals were greatly improved.

At first the Westminster pronunciation of Latin was still used in form, as well as for ceremonial purposes. As new boys, we had to learn it instead of the 'new' pronunciation taught to us in our preparatory school. In about 1923 the Head Master ordained that we must use the 'new' pronunciation in form, although the old pronunciation would be kept for Latin Prayers. For some of us this caused great confusion. About two-thirds of the School were on the Classical side. Those on the Modern side, who took Science and Modern Languages (taught as dead languages) were considered a little inferior by the Classics, to whom Science was a joke. In the bottom forms we had to go to New Buildings once a week for a single period of elementary science. When we had the chance we played the fool with any apparatus which had been left in the 'labs'. The more senior boys on the Classical side were not troubled with Science at all. Out of about two dozen masters only three taught the subject. Among the others were some venerable gentlemen of great character who had stayed on through the war in the place of younger men. These masters had

T. Funaki



nicknames such as 'Holy', 'Baa Lamb' and 'Mike' (who wielded enormous pencils to give 'a crack' to idle fingers).

The O.T.C. continued on a voluntary basis, but a junior could not resist the pressure from his house monitors to join. Apart from shooting on the miniature range behind Ashburnham, most boys disliked the Corps. They could see little point in receiving elementary military training after victory in the 'war to end wars'. The Locarno Treaty in 1925 showed how right they were—France and Germany would never fight each other again. Some of the unwilling cadets resorted to ridicule. Rifles became 'Corps bats', service caps became 'Corps hats', and a Field Day was a 'Corps Treat'. Yet those who gave up a week of their precious summer holidays to attend an O.T.C. Camp, and passed the tests for Certificate 'A' found in 1939 that they had not wasted their time after all.

In Sport the School stood high among the Public Schools. Success came to the Football XI and the Rowing VIII, both strengthened by the inclusion of some powerful boys of moderate academic talent—it was rumoured that as the war ended the standards of admission had been temporarily lowered. The Cricket XI, coached by the England batsman, 'Dolly' Knight, were also successful although of greater academic talent. In 1922 C. H. Taylor and 'Dicky' Lowe bowled Charterhouse out for less than 30 runs, and won the match off their own bats before the luncheon interval. Two years later W. N. McBride scored centuries and carried his bat

in three successive matches. The rest of the School were intensely proud of these feats. However, as 'rugger' was played by the great majority of Public Schools we had in the holidays to explain that Westminster and Charterhouse played 'soccer' because they had invented the rules of the game.

School discipline was believed to depend upon corporal punishment. Offences were divided into categories. Anyone in the 'Middle' or 'Under' could be 'tanned' on his behind by his House Monitors for minor offences, such as 'cutting' before the end of a School Match, having the collar of his shag turned down instead of up, making more than 'a three' round bounds, or failing to carry a stick or umbrella. Any master could report a boy to his Housemaster for idleness. A second report usually resulted in a 'tanning'. Offences reflecting upon the School could be dealt with by the Monitorial Council sitting 'Up School'. The procedure was terrifying. All boys had to stay inside their Houses, while the culprit walked to his fate across the empty Yard, up the empty School, to face the Council sitting in its semicircle of seats at the far end. About five minutes later he returned, biting his lip to keep back his tears, with the knowledge that he would be tanned again by the House Monitors for disgracing his House. In contrast, a boy guilty of a grave offence, but spared expulsion, was 'handed' with a birch by the Head Master up School in front of all the School including the masters. This was a rare occurrence, and I am not sure how many times he was tanned by monitors for the disgrace of being 'handed'. The fear

which all these punishments induced in most of the younger boys was balanced by the great sense of importance they felt a few years later when they became entitled to the privileges of the VIth and VIIth forms. In fact it was seldom that the small boys intentionally broke any rules. New boys had a fortnight to learn them from their 'substances'. If in that time the 'shadow' broke a rule his 'substance' paid the penalty. Most of the offences came from boys in the Middle School who had few responsibilities and resented discipline by boys a little older than themselves.

In the twenties the top forms at Westminster attained a high academic standard in Classics and History, taught respectively by the Head Master and Mr. Smedley ('Snogger'), and Laurie Tanner. It was common for O.W.W. to come back from Oxford or Cambridge to attend Latin prayers and ask for a 'Play'. Once a year we assembled up School to listen to the epigrams written by the candidates for Election. Most of these, spoken in Latin, did not stay in our memories. However, a few were written in English. I still remember Aubrey Herbert speaking his contribution, in ringing tones, as follows:

'Once bit twice shy—so runs the tag—we know there's truth in it:

For either one is very shy, or just a little bit.'

A further article, by Patrick Morrah, giving an account of Westminster personalities during the twenties, appears on p. 234.

Paul Edwards



Leapfrogging for the Turkanas

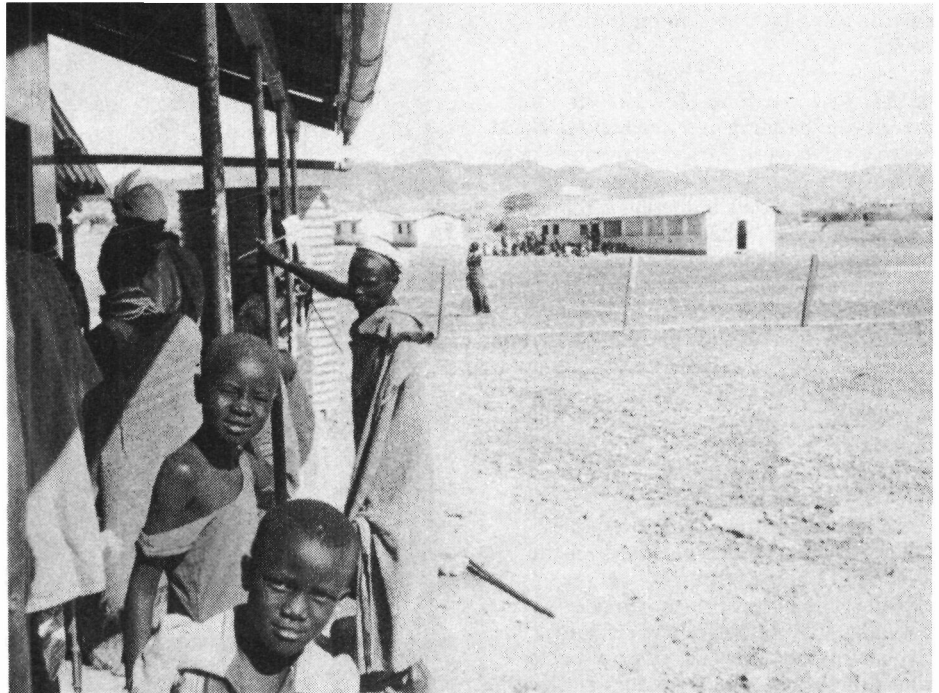
by Saskia Gavin and Alan Livingstone-Smith

'It was all Saskia's fault really . . .' Saskia Gavin (1979-81, A) went out to Kenya early in 1982 to help a Catholic Mission, which is in turn helping a tribe called the Turkanas. One day during June Ashburnham were to be seen leapfrogging all over Green. Saskia's modest account of what she was doing in a remote part of Kenya is followed by Alan Livingstone-Smith's postscript, which explains the connection between these apparently unrelated events—and a broadcast on the B.B.C. World Service.

Many people in Nairobi told me gleefully of the horrors of Turkana—corrugated roads, poisonous spiders, no electricity, and heat! After this they told me how envious they were of me, and assured me I would have an amazing, if not completely enjoyable experience. Nairobi seemed quite hot to me, and I don't believe people could actually do anything if it was very much hotter. However on the journey up, I shared a room for the night with a girl who had been up there for a year or so, and as I lay awake—too hot to sleep—I could hear her wrapping her blanket snugly round her.

After a journey of about five hours through semi- and not so semi-desert, seeing nothing but donkeys, a few camels, and even fewer wild looking people we arrived at Loarengak. It doesn't look very impressive—five or six whitewashed concrete houses very widely scattered and a few groups of little stick houses, and under any tree with enough shade a little group of men sitting chattering. The whole place seemed deserted, but the next day, after a very hot night, it sounded like a children's playground, and is continuously until May.

Waiting outside the health centre



View from the health centre towards the mountains

The Turkanas are a nomadic tribe, but since various severe famines, organisations are distributing food, but from fixed places only, so that many villages have become permanent, although the young men still go off into the mountains for months to fight other tribes and bring back cattle and goats. Their language is totally unrelated to anything I've ever heard and very hard to learn, some of them speak a little Swahili, which is much easier, and with that, and being able to understand a little Turkana,

and plenty of miming, I was able to communicate.

The first month I was there I was trying to run a nursery school, but the children spoke no Swahili and I didn't speak or understand any Turkana, so it folded. After that I helped in the health centre, which was run by two Danish nurses and has four or five Turkana dressers who had had about three months training. So much was done with so little. Hygiene was a problem sometimes, as water was very scarce if the pump broke or ran out of filter, which it did often.

The Turkanas normally worship one god only, so take to Christianity well. They also tend to love any kind of ceremony with plenty of song and dance, and the Salvation Army has a hut in all but the smallest villages. The Catholic Mission has been in Loarengak for about seventeen years and is therefore well established and the priests known. There is no pressure on anyone to be Catholic, and apart from running the parish Con Ryan is a sort of local administrator, in that money from Christian organisations is sent to him to distribute. He is respected, but the people are not overawed by him, and if they feel he is doing something wrong will tell him so. The money which Ashburnham sent out will probably be used for school fees if any of the children pass the C.P.E. (11 plus) and get called to secondary school, and may set up some self-help scheme for those who don't go on to secondary school.

Saskia Gavin

(continued on next page)

* * *

Postscript

'One partner bends down, supporting himself on his knees with his hands of elbows, and the other springs over his partner using his hands to push off his back.'

Just what you would have made of that at 0315 G.M.T. on June 14th, had insomnia driven you to tuning in to the B.B.C. World Service's 'Network Africa' is anyone's guess (the mating rituals of the greater horned toad? a Freemason's induction ceremony?). Or even more so, what did the 17.9 million inhabitants of Kenya who were the prime targets of the broadcast actually make of it? Sadly, the anticipated flood of listener's letters is being a bit slow in reaching us, but readers of *The Elizabethan* can be put out of their agony forthwith.

It was a pretty brave, off-the-cuff attempt by a 15-year old Ashburnhamite to explain to the Dark Continent that most homely sport of leapfrogging.

All right—before you dash off an indignant letter to Bush House over the wasting of limited resources—let me explain. The purpose of the broadcast was not didactic, it was purely explanatory. Explaining the somewhat bizarre spectacle which might have met your eyes had you been passing through Dean's Yard on Monday June 7th, as some seventy-plus members of Ashburnham: including one slightly out-of-condition Housemaster and one very out-of-condition House Tutor) hopped their way round Green in the Great Ashburnham Sponsored Leapfrog.

It was all Saskia's fault really. A guileless (?) sentence slipped into one of her letters from Kenya 'I was thinking that if you were raising any money, it would be very welcome, well spent and very useful if it came here', monitorial enthusiasm, "My sister once tried to originate a sponsored leapfrog at St. Andrew's—the bandwaggon was rolling, and it was downhill all the way. Being no physicist, the Housemaster had not calculated his $(Mv-Mu)/T$ too closely before it all started, but as the momentum built up he found himself much more in sympathy with the Sorcerer's Apprentice than ever before. And the outcome? 73 leapfroggers; maximum laps 17 (pre-leap estimate—5!!); heart attacks, nil; maximum number of sponsors 61; maximum amount raised by one leapfrogger £48; mugs of squash consumed 253;—and over £700 raised for 'Saskia's mission'.



Andrew Trappelides



While the initial aim had been to finance some self-help scheme, such as equipping the young men to fish in Lake Turkana, this has now been coupled with the sponsorship of an as-yet-unspecified number of young Turkana girls who have qualified for secondary education but whose parents would be unable to find the fees (though the money seems to be available for boys). But we all feel that it would be wrong for only one generation to benefit from this windfall, so Ashburnham is now looking to the future and planning to have an annual fund-raising scheme, with a regular commitment to helping 'Saskia's children' to what amounts to a minute fraction of the privileges of

education which we accept as normal, but which could have such a disproportionate effect on the future of a few young Turkanas.

A.W.L.S.

* * *

Water

The large number of regatta wins during the summer were virtually all the result of the excellent performance of the Junior under 15 crew. Their promise shown when winning the Schools Head was amply fulfilled during the season for they were never beaten at that age group and won more for the School than any previous crew of that age. Perhaps their greatest achievement was in a regatta that they did not win; that was at Marlow the top domestic regatta where they lost a thrilling Senior C final by a close margin.

Junior 16 rowing in the term produced only one win, for the four at Horseferry, whilst the Senior squad, though improving on their poor showing in the Head's, has only one regatta win themselves, although they contested many finals.

The prospects for the current season look excellent, with Cedric Harben continuing to coach his crew, despite his housemastership, through their J16 year and with the appointment of a new coach at Putney. Dr. Chris George has taken over J15 coaching and has already uncovered a nucleus of talent after a rigorous term of square-blade paddling and long outings, in the search for another Schools' Head win.

The Seniors are rowing exclusively in a coxed four, and will compete in this for the Head season next term and throughout the regattas to Henley, where the Junior 16's will compete in the eight.

J15 wins:

8—N Putney Amateur, J16 Putney Town, J15 Putney Amateur, Putney Town, Chiswick, Monmouth, Walton, Reading, Richmond, Bedford, Vesta Winter.

4—SC Worcester, Huntingdon

J15 Putney Town, Hereford, Walton, Richmond, Cam Autumn, Monmouth, Huntingdon.

J16 4 Horseferry

Seniors—Sc 8 Putney Amateur

In such a successful year it is a pleasure to be able to report that Mike Thorne, our boatman of 24 years, has been awarded an A.R.A. centenary medal for his services to rowing.

M. I. Williams

Shooting

Although some of us have had a rather slow start to the year's shooting, it seems now that we are on the road to recovery, thanks to the perseverance of our ever-tolerant coach, Mike Russell. By far the brightest stars of last term's shooting were Phil Reid with his marvellous shoots at Bedford and the Centre Rifle Club, and Julian Peck who maintained a remarkable average. There have also been very encouraging shoots from several of the beginners, including Henrietta Barclay, Antonia Sidley and Tom Horan, with some of the Lower School shooters also showing great promise.

Joanna Whiting

Sports Reports



The Junior 15 crew with their trophies

Cricket

Played 11, Won 1, lost 3, drawn 7.

These results do not do credit to what was a strong batting side. Three early draws could easily have been victories, and post-A-level rust was largely responsible for defeats at Charterhouse and Merchant Taylor's. Still, it was a happy side, sensitively captained by Richard Rutnagar, and this 'spirit' finally saw us through to a glorious victory in the last match of the season.

A fine first season for Nick Coleman, Ruper Levy and Owen Pennant Jones, who will form the basis of a strong side next season, but adieu and thank you to Richard Rutnagar, Simon Warshaw, George Weston, Dominic Martin and Simon Craft. Finally many thanks to Jim Cogan and Ray Gilson for remarkable patience shown often under the most trying circumstances.

George Weston

Tennis

Sadly Westminster is usually only renowned for its high academic standards, and thus the sporting side is often forgotten. This last tennis season, however, was an exception. 1982 was the most successful season for the first six in the school's history. The results read as follows:

Played 13 Won 9 Drawn 1
Lost 3 Unfinished 1.

The team was firmly led by Scott Donohue (DD), who through his ability and guidance contributed much to the team, and his partner Chris Torchia (GG) who is, without doubt, the most outstanding player the school has ever had. They were

supported by Gavin Rossdale (AHH) and Michael Sherwood (DD) and the strong, consistent third pair of Edward Roussel (LL) and Alex Michaelis (DD).

The other teams fared less well, though the Colts, led by Francesco Conte (AHH) and Nick Clegg (LL) showed promise. We also have an enthusiastic junior squad, which should be successful in seasons to come. The girls also did well: Sheila Ter Laag (GG), Joanna Clyde (AHH), Melanie Levy (LL) and Janet Lazarus (RR) led the team to victory in their only match.

Many thanks to Messrs. Stokes and Field, who spent much of their time at Vincent Square helping the team and members of the station.

Gavin Rossdale

Fencing

Fencing station has become much tougher this term with the introduction, for a trial period only, of a full programme of exercises preceded by a long series of fights, for which we are inspired by the example of Mr. Smith in full fencing costume. As this experiment has proved so popular this term it will probably become an integral part of fencing in the future.

Of our few matches this term we beat Cranleigh, winning all our fights, lost to the Cambridge University 2nd team, 'The Cut-throats', by eight fights to nineteen and in the Portslade foil competition, of our ten entrants, Adam Albion and Byron Harrison did best, together reaching the third round. Next term, with an abundance of matches, promises to be hard work for the fencers, but if their present level of training continues anything could be possible.

Philip Reid

Swimming (1981 and 1982)

In 1981 we won three out of seven matches outright (combined junior and senior results) and in 1982 we won two out of seven (against Harrow and Forest). These modest results mask the fact that the team as a whole was far stronger in 1982 than in past years, particularly in the junior half, where at last we had enough swimmers to be able to choose the best for each event. Patrick Caron-Delion was the strongest of them, but Paddy O'Hara and Pickering were also very good. The seniors were not as strong, with only three good swimmers, Yared Yawand-Wossen, Mike Hunt and Nat Dawbarn. At most there were only six senior swimmers and the results showed this, notably at Harrow, where the seniors only managed to draw level, after several years of victory. However the juniors were much stronger, particularly at the four-way match with Felsted, Aldenham and Bedford, where they doubled their previous score and moved from fourth to second place.

Despite winning fewer matches in 1982 our times were better, notably in the Otter Medley where we rose eleven places in the order of merit. This improvement was largely inspired by our coach Ray Merrell who, sadly, has had to resign because of other commitments from Christmas 1982. His enthusiasm has helped us overcome some of the disadvantages of not having our own pool.

This is the first Swimming report in *The Elizabethan* for five years. We now appear in the Pink List. At last our existence is recognised. All we need now is a swimming pool!

Nat Dawbarn

Riding

For some time Dr. Evans, having had experience of pony trekking during Expeditions, has been thinking of setting up a Riding Station. Thus my suggestion early in 1982 that we should recruit some riders and try to find a suitable stable was readily accepted. To my surprise, as I had

anticipated difficulties in central London, having only ever ridden in the country, it did not take us long to find somewhere. Situated on Hyde Park Corner, it had relatively easy access to the park itself and a sister stables in Ham which would take rides into the much larger and more open Richmond Park. So, at the end of April we started.

Since then riding has become a great success, more so than I anticipated, and the demand for places is very high. Perhaps it is the relatively informal atmosphere, or perhaps it is just that many people in the school, whether beginners or experienced, have very little chance to ride during the term unless they are lucky enough to own their own horse or pony. Nor is it, as might be expected, dominated by horsey girls in pony-club-ties, as the number of males involved in the station has risen dramatically over the last term, and at the same time members of the lower school have also joined.

The actual station itself involves an hour's ride along Rotten Row, which can either be taken as a riotously fast 'canter' (theoretically galloping is not allowed, but a blind eye has been known to be turned) or at a sedate walk, depending on your taste and, to a certain extent, your horse. Occasionally a minibus is free, in which case we all travel down to Richmond and are taken on a far more countrified and generally much more strenuous ride.

So, if you're interested, whatever your standard, contact either me or Dr. Evans. There is a possibility of some free places this term.

Isabel Lloyd

Women's Rowing

After a disturbing decline in our numbers at the beginning of the new school year, only four girls were seen to return to Putney to pursue their love—rowing.

Kitted out in track suits and leaving our summer gear in the boathouse, it was apparent that a more determined approach

would be needed if the girls' rowing was to be maintained.

Straight out onto the water went Sarah Briscoe, Jo Whiting, Sophie Chalk and myself, in a tub four, precariously trying to keep balance and stay in time. After several Tuesdays and Thursdays the crew's progress was undoubted, and under Mr. Griffiths' sound guidance our enthusiasm and proficiency mounted.

The strain of lifting the boats proved too much for Sophie Chalk's back, however, and Amy Baker was called in as a replacement. The boat-lifting is now aided by the boys, and although we have not yet gone in for weight-training we can sometimes be seen going for a jog to increase our stamina and strength.

Will we always be in the boys' shadow, or will girls' rowing be recognised as a serious station after our departure in the Summer?

Perhaps we have founded a new tradition. I hope so.

Emma Smith

Fives

Rather a disappointing term on the whole. Only three matches have been won. The first pair have played consistently all term, despite the pressures of Oxbridge. The second pair lacked motivation and effort in many of the longer and more testing matches, something which will no doubt be improved next term. The third pair was made up of colts and played very competently, especially Antony King, something which is encouraging for the next few years. This term sadly sees the departure of two great Westminster fives players, Simon Warshaw and George Weston, who have contributed greatly to the School's successes. They will both be greatly missed. Once again we would like to thank Mr. Stuart and Mr. Jones-Parry for their encouragement this term.

C. J. A. Morrell

The Junior 15 crew turning onto the start before winning the Schools Head



Common Room Notes

We congratulate **Bronwen Powell** on her marriage to Mr. Alan Barr during the summer holidays.

We welcome the following members of staff who have joined the Common Room since the publication of our last issue.

Mr. John Arthur to teach French and German. Mr. Arthur was educated at Victoria College, Jersey and Southampton and Warwick Universities. He comes to us from Chigwell School.

Mr. Frederick Martin to teach Modern Languages. Mr. Martin was educated in France where he took his first degree in French Literature and Classics and a Masters Degree in Music. His last teaching post was at Lancing College.

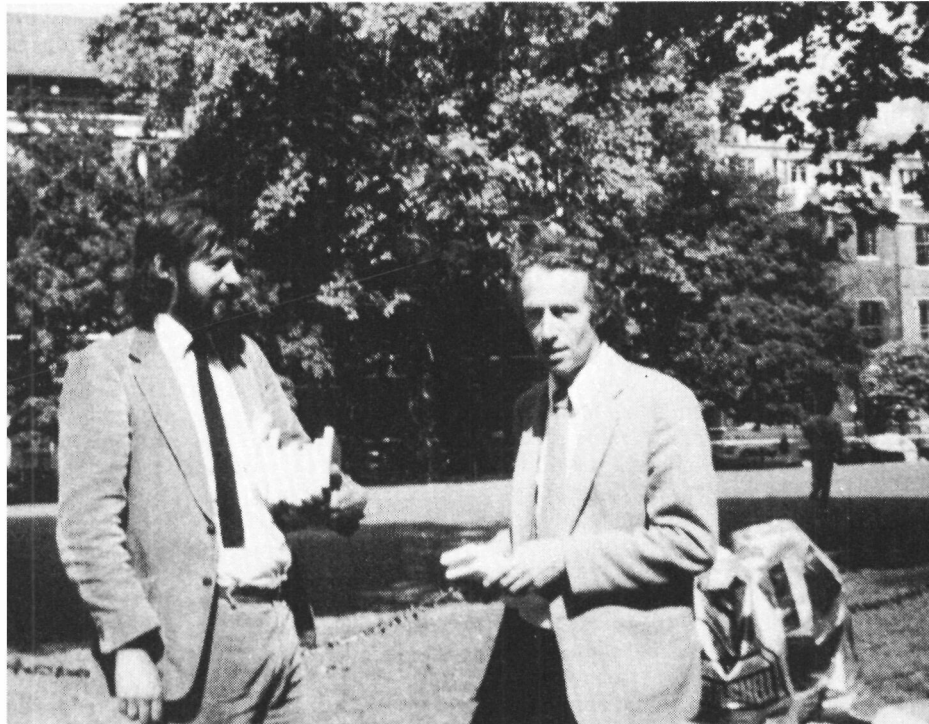
Mr. Philip Burrin to teach Music. Mr. Burrin was educated at Lancing College and the Royal College of Music. Until 1982 he was Director of the Bermuda National Youth Orchestra.

We also welcome our new Bursar, **Mr. Howard Fox**. Mr. Fox was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham and Birmingham University, where he took a degree in Economics. After a period in business, he became Deputy Bursar of the University of Birmingham. His last appointment, before coming to Westminster, was as Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Group Captain W. M. Lyons

Just before going to press we were saddened to hear of the death of our former Bursar, Group Captain W. M. Lyons. A tribute to him will appear in the next issue.

Yarad Yawand-Wossen



Yarad Yawand-Wossen

June Buxton

The School, and College in particular, regrettably said goodbye to June Buxton at the end of last term. A tribute to her by Jim Cogan follows.

My oldest memories of College—before I became Under Master—involve June Buxton—to my then youthful eye a distinguished and strikingly good looking figure inappropriately cast as Matron. But when we moved into No. 3 she became very much an extension of our family as well as a crucial agent in the running and control of College.

A Tasmanian by birth June, with her husband Pat, is now returning after a lifetime of travelling to her homeland. But despite long spells in South Africa, Switzerland and London June has remained—I think—a true Australian. Her direct no-nonsense dealing with scholars, her irreverent humour, her practical good sense, her self-sufficiency all come, I'm sure from her Colonial background but she is (at the same time) very English, very much at home in a London Art gallery or elsewhere sampling metropolitan pleasures.

But the vignettes of her that lodge in my mind—and I suspect many others'—concern June in her more mundane role as Matron—buried in laundry on Tuesday mornings, shouting without too much conviction at pillow-fighting juniors, tapering scholars' trousers to fashionable widths, lugging furniture around College because she always claimed scholars weren't up to it, or painting out wall stains before the American tourists arrived.

By dint of her easy nature and her double role as College Matron and holiday hostess for the visitors she has become an integral part of Westminster life—so I know I speak for many others, not merely for us in College when I say that she will be much missed but

particularly welcome when she returns on trips from Van Diemens Land—as I know she intends.

J.A.C.

Noreen Furlong

Noreen Furlong came to Rigaud's in 1968 and quietly but significantly became a force at Westminster. Her common sense, no-nonsense attitude was to shape developments both in the house and school. Trained at St. Thomas's where she later became a Staff Nurse, she was eminently qualified to deal with the medical problems—real or imagined—that the boys and girls presented. Not only on the medical front but in dealing with routine matters and the deadly boring laundry ritual did Noreen show hard work and patience. She quickly took the domestic staff to her heart by always working with them, waiting at table in house lunch and doing more than her fair share of domestic cleaning. She was ever able to listen to their problems and took with a good grace the early morning phone calls to say that Mrs. So and So was unable to attend for work that day.

She will be best remembered for her caring relationship with the boys and girls. For a Matron to be utterly loyal both to housemaster and the members of the house is not easy, but this is just what Noreen did and in so doing won the complete trust of both governor and governed. Never did she 'peach' on boys, though she could drop discreet hints that in certain areas of discipline there were grounds for concern. So often her advice on pupils' problems helped housemaster and monitors and her intuitive judgements on boys and girls characters were uncannily accurate. She combined the role of disciplinarian—and she could be a formidable force on that front if boys overstepped the mark—with the role

of counsellor. Her level-headed temperament and great sense of humour took us through many a difficult situation.

Matey, as she was known by all members of the house, was loved for her generous way of life, run from her cramped sick bay flat. Dil, her charming daughter, grew up as an honorary member of Rigaud's—often perhaps causing her mother more alarms and excursions than the boys. Dil's faithful Labrador Wooters defended the sick room from all intruders. On one occasion a small new boy was bitten on entry by Wooters who clearly thought that the boy was some new form of toy, but a quick stitch and a jab of tetanus injection ensured that he survived to become a distinguished member of the house. Even without Wooters it was difficult to become a sick bay patient for long, for Matey had a host of friends and relations who used the sick rooms as a staging post en route through London, or during their visits to the flesh pots. Nobody was more adept at packing boys off home if they appeared to threaten bed space in the sick room. A quick phone call to worried Mums ensured that parental cars soon conveyed willing sons quickly home and Matey's territorial waters remained intact. She was no less skilful at dealing with day boys who tried to get Leave Off games on her duty days—spotting the malingerer was her *forte*. However, if any member of the school was genuinely ill or in trouble, nobody could be more patient and caring than Matey. After lunch coffee with the housemaster and the house tutors—known to her as 'Tutes'—was a valuable time for all concerned when pupils could be discussed and her advice sought.

When Rigaud's was the first house to introduce girls to Westminster Noreen was quick to respond to the changing pattern of life in the house and her assistance with the Sixth form interviews revealed her shrewd assessments of potential girls. Also in the

wider school context she revolutionised the routine of Matrons. In 1968 when she arrived most matrons had to be on duty at week-ends thus a number of frustrated ladies used to wait in at week-ends waiting for the outbreak of plague or for a rash of sporting injuries. She pointed out that perhaps one matron was sufficient to deal with most emergencies, the system was changed, and she was to be seen slipping away in her fast VW after lunch on Saturdays. From the inception of the Rigaud's Society she took over the organisation of the domestic side of the dinners held up House and it was good to hear the heartwarming applause whenever her name was mentioned when she was a guest of the Society at the 1981 Dinner.

To the housemaster she was invaluable, not only in her routine duties. She was adept at choking off tiresome parents who dared to phone before 8.30 a.m.—the housemaster's official opening time. And more than once when the housemaster was expecting a long-winded parent, she was briefed to ring on the internal telephone at a pre-arranged time to call the housemaster away on urgent business. During the summer holidays she, with June Buxton, was largely responsible for the running of the holiday lettings when boarding houses accommodate visitors from Baylor University or elsewhere.

In July 1982 Noreen left Rigaud's for a well earned retirement in her delightful lakeland home. We know that she will never retire in the true sense of the word for the hospitality so evident up Rigaud's will be no less obvious in Cumbria where already many a Westminster has been warmly entertained. One can only speculate on how many hours she spent at the out-patients department at the hospital, or on how many pairs of dirty socks passed through her hands in fourteen years. What is not speculative is the warmth of the affection shown by parents and boys

alike, and which was so strongly evident in her farewell party in College Garden in the summer. Noreen will be long remembered for her restless energy, her occasional forgetfulness—where *did* she leave those keys?—and her genuine enthusiasm for life. We wish her a long and happy retirement and rest content in the knowledge that she will be a frequent visitor to London where she will always be assured of a warm and affectionate welcome.

E.R.D.F.

Béatrice Delaunay

Béatrice came to us from Dulwich College to teach French for one term at Westminster. During that time she has taught at all levels of the school from Transitus to the Seventh. Always approachable she has been ready to help any pupil at any time. Her work has been particularly appreciated by the Remove, to whom she gave conversation and essay classes, and by the Seventh (including the preparation for the translation paper for History and English candidates). During her short time with us she has become a popular and valued member of the Common Room and we shall miss her. We all wish both Béatrice and James good fortune and much happiness.

B.C.

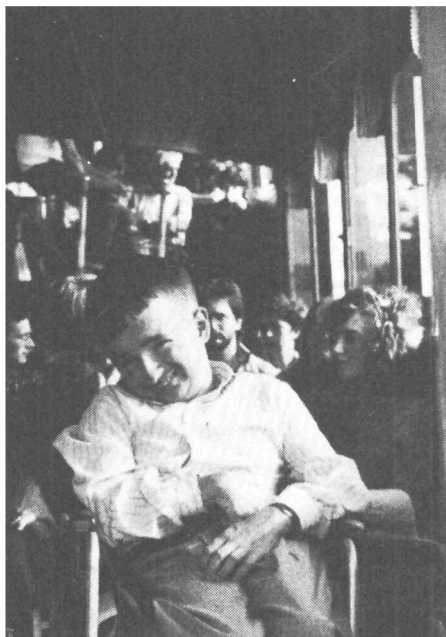
* * *

A former colleague, **John Morley**, who taught Art at the school during the seventies was much in the news during the autumn. His one-man show at the Piccadilly Gallery coincided with a B.B.C. television programme on him and his work in 'Omnibus' during November. Paintings and programme alike reflected the particular 'magic' (his own word) that he finds in his home, family and surroundings in the quiet Suffolk countryside.

P.H.A.B. 1982

Two views of last year's Phab course, one by a disabled member and one by a member of the School.

Robert Stern



by Michael Underwood

The P.H.A.B. course is a very interesting week-long holiday in the centre of London. Its main interest is to get people from all over the country and even from abroad to get together and socialise. Some of these people however are disabled and others able-bodied, which makes it far more interesting, as this way we can experience and learn some of each others' problems. How physically-handicapped people cope with life and vice versa.

The course is a lot of fun too. We do various activities such as swimming, horse riding, plays, music, art, photography, discos, outings and many games.

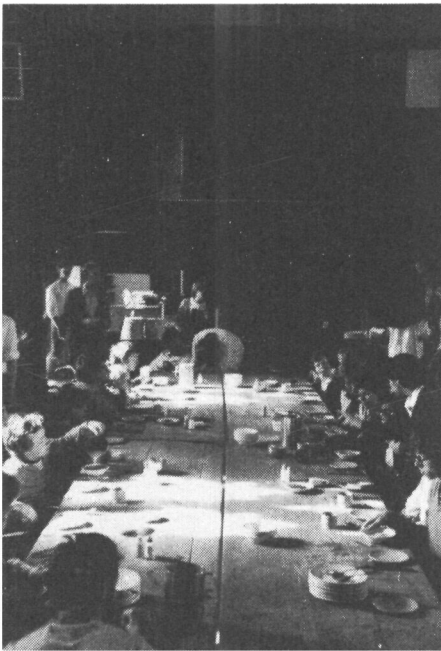
I myself am disabled and find it a welcoming change to some of the so-called holiday places disabled people often get sent to. Because on the P.H.A.B. courses most of us usually make good life-long friends, with

whom we still keep in contact.

All the work is done by the able-bodied who are students of Westminster college. Such as getting the wheel-chairs up the stairs to the dorms, where we share sleeping quarters and helping some of us with getting dressed and undressed. They also push the wheel-chairs of the badly disabled or those that get tired and need some help, around all day.

All this work is done voluntarily and without their help and cooperation it would not be possible to hold the P.H.A.B. course.

These have been my own personal views of the course, But I am sure other physically handicapped people who have been feel the same. It's a GREAT WEEK!



by Janet Lazarus

I have just spent seven days of my seventeen years doing something quite exceptional and very exciting. I participated on the P.H.A.B. course, taking place, here, at Westminster School.

I was certainly very apprehensive of what was going to happen and what I would have to do, yet I did not think about the course until Tuesday, July 20th—the morning it began. I was also worried about my contemporaries as I hardly knew them at all and felt if I did not know them after a year—what about those who I had never seen before?

But all my fears were dispelled as soon as I arrived on Tuesday morning—I was not allowed any time to think, as Mike (a real character 'born under the Bow Bells' as he told me) and Agnes, a French girl, arrived and so we sat and talked in yard, all settling down to the prospect of a week together.

By the time we went and watched a cricket match at Vincent Square nearly everyone had arrived and the atmosphere of apprehension had become one of joviality, hilarity (especially in controlling wheelchairs) and genuine happiness at being together—fifty or so people including the marvellous and never-tiring Willie, Heather and Joan, with Gavin and Chris helping in at activities.

The handicaps of our visitors were soon forgotten by the warmth and friendliness of their characters. Their being in wheelchairs made absolutely no difference in our relationships and we never had to remind ourselves of physical differences as we all seemed to get on perfectly.

Our first evening was spent with Jiri Stanislav, a mime artist, and because he communicated through action, vision and expression it showed us that if speech became difficult we need not despair, as if anything, one can say more without words—and how true that turned out to be, emphasised by Jacky Robert's eyes and Squidge's laugh.

I do not wish to write a programme of our week together as *every* moment was wonderful and the outings just complimented the week. Yet our trip to a West End theatre was rather special as some had never been before. I went to see *'The Pirates of Penzance'* and from the opening chord until the finale there was not one face minus a broad grin. To add a final touch we met George Cole, Tim Curry, Mike Praed and Bonnie Langford (a P.H.A.B. member) afterwards—a night for us all to remember.

Sunday morning Communion in Ashburnham Garden was also quite beautiful—the peacefulness and sunshine and general warmth summed up our feelings of togetherness. Yet what a contrast that same Sunday night; spent on green playing rounders with AB's pushing PH's round the course—myself ending up on Willie's lap—black and blue from bruises!

Our last day was totally depressing—as we knew what the next day meant. But first we had our 'Entertainment Evening'; *'The Tinder Box'*—a magnificent play; the

accompanying music was hilarious and the art and photography around school was of a very high standard—I had a great feeling of pride.

After our last disco, long, lasting and thoughtful talks took place throughout the night, as did bouts of tears; and so our last breakfast together arrived and all too quickly.

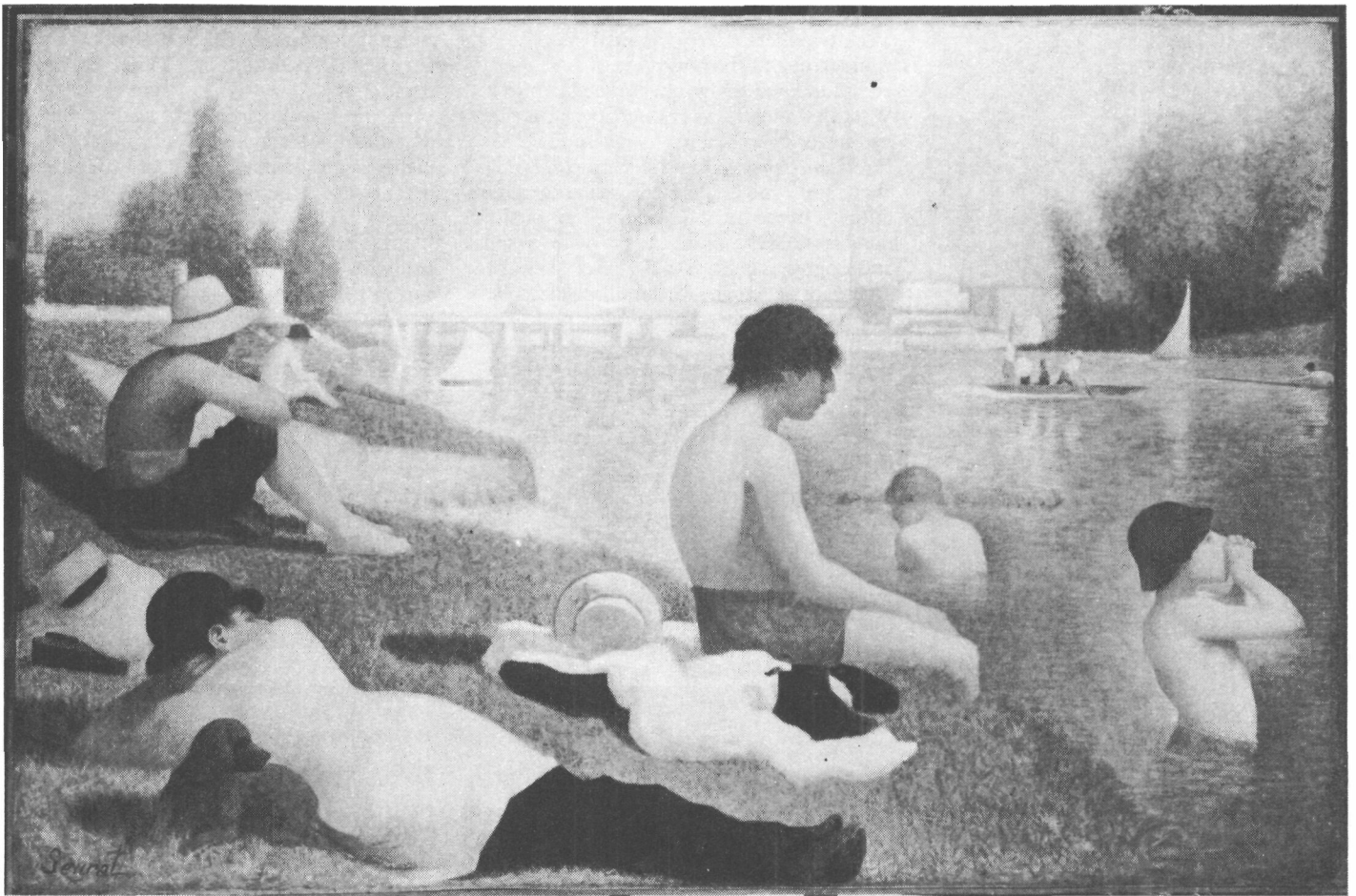
Efficiency at getting everyone up and ready for breakfast continued until the end; and so parents began to take away our visitors and our stay at Westminster was ending.

Tears, signatures and long-lasting looks took place and promises of letter-writing were made—and have been kept. A few AB's were left sitting in yard thinking of next year and its promises and desperately trying to think of the future and not of what had just finished.

A hug for everyone and the week had gone—all there is to say is, here's to memories and next year.

Robert Stern





The Arts

'Bathers, Asnières' by Georges Seurat (1859-1891)

London is fortunate in having several paintings by Seurat, in the National Gallery and the Courtauld Institute Gallery. Gavin Griffiths writes about the most important of these—the huge painting that dominates one of the French rooms in the National Gallery.

Writing about pictures is a difficult business. There are three avenues of approach, all of which are more or less misguided. Firstly, you can pretend all pictures aspire to the condition of abstract Art. This leads you into remarks about harmonious blocks of colour and pleasing circles and balanced patches of shade: this is alright, but does seem a bit odd if you're looking at a fresco of the Assumption of the Virgin. It tends to omit the obvious in order to stress the eccentric. Approach number two is to make up some kind of pretty fiction: 'Is that woman standing by the french window waiting for her lover lost at sea, or is she realising the pitiless atrocity of the human condition, etc.?' The last approach is the symbol hunt—that's a great game which involves mad assertions by half-mad scholars. This normally asserts that a broken pen-nib in late seventeenth century Dutch interiors was always emblematic of the Crucifixion. Hard to argue with that kind of thing.

Seurat's *Bathers* is unquestionably a masterpiece and a disquieting one at that. Seurat's fame rests on his use of the pointillist technique, lots of different coloured dots carefully applied to build up an impression of colour, light and shade: but if you look carefully at the *Bathers* the pointillism is only partial. The skill of the picture lies not in technical trickery but rather in Seurat's capacity to transform an everyday, 'slice of life', naturalistic subject matter into something rather chilly.

To begin with the reasonably obvious, the hat in the centre of the picture appears to be sitting upright on its rim—and the more you look at it the more uncomfortable you feel, the monolithic static quality of the painting cunningly undermined by that faint and deliberate hint of the absurd. In fact hats play a major role in the painting, transforming the individual figures into surprising sculptural shapes: the man lying down in the foreground becomes a sort of reclining torso, looking as if he might just have dropped off the pediment of a Greek temple. The boy in the water, who is calling, could be some classical statuette of a water-nymph. Even when people have hair, like the central sitter, the hair is moulded to look like a hat: and with the second boy in the water it is impossible to tell whether he is wearing a bathing cap or not. All the

people seem therefore oddly non-human, tensed between being a group of leisure-seeking Parisians and becoming geometric shapes. Seurat seems to love that ambiguity and plays it for all its worth.

The ambiguity also intensifies the impression that Seurat is engaged in a serious game with shapes. The yacht in the far right corner is teasingly a triangle: the sculler is bashing along the river in a straight line. The game becomes riotous with the ferry with its furred tricolour and lady with parasol which is merely a white circle. Riotous, but rather frightening too—frightening to have such instability where people threaten, all of sudden, to become things.

This contributes to the picture's pervading sense of sadness. For a picture of a lot of people having fun, it doesn't strike one as a fun picture. Think of Renoir: given the same subject matter it would have been all striped tee shirts and upturned moustaches and cocky straw boaters. With Seurat there is only the stillness and the isolation. The smoke from that industrial chimney in the background has cast its shadow in more than one way: as in most of Seurat's pictures nobody is looking at anybody else, nobody is even turned towards anybody else. The ferryman faces right, the top-hatted man faces left looking

at the white circle of a parasol—not at another person at all. Those on the bank face outward and the central figure with his knees amputated by the bank of the river is deprived even of eyes: his long curved nose giving his face an expression of mournful sobriety. Then there are the two mysterious figures in the water. The one on the left looks down and away from the viewer, as if seeing some answer to his unhappiness in

the water itself: or if not some answer, then some form of cure. The other figure with his eyes and slight uplift of the head looks, at least, slightly suicidal. He calls: to whom, to what we don't know. Perhaps to some hope that is beyond the edge of the canvas.

At the beginning I moaned about the pitfalls open to the person who attempts to write about art. Self-consciously, this analysis has fallen for all of them. At best,

writing about pictures is a dubious business. It is better to look hard, and having looked pass on. Certainly one would not like Seurat's *Bathers* around one all the time: It is too pitiless, too accurate in its revelation of the loneliness of urban pleasures. No, far better to pass on: 'human kind cannot bear very much reality', in the long run.

Gavin Griffiths

Sir Christopher Wren and St. Stephen, Walbrook

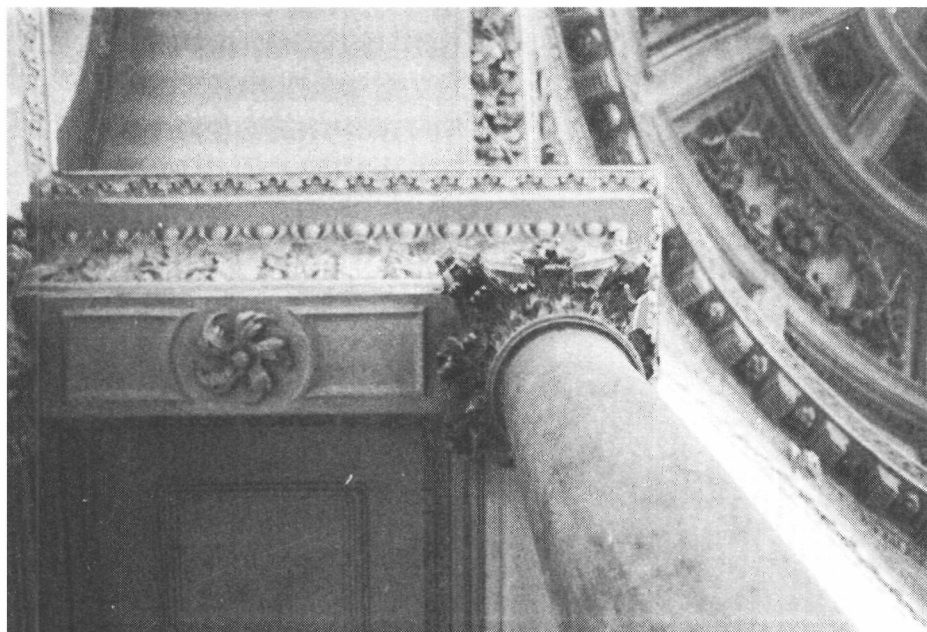
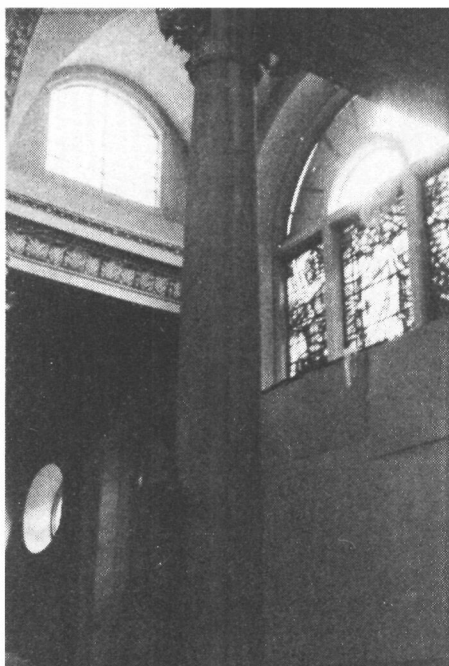
by Gregory H. Van Horn

Wren, the 250th anniversary of whose birth was celebrated in 1982, became, after leaving Westminster, one of the most versatile men of his time—demonstrator in anatomy, experimental scientist (John Evelyn called him 'that miracle of youth'), mathematician and astronomer (Newton thought him one of the best geometricians of the day), and finally, after the age of about thirty, architect.

His originality and inventiveness as an architect may be seen in many small churches—not least St. Stephen, Walbrook, which foreshadows St. Paul's.

In this article Gregory Van Horn, an English Speaking Union scholar from America who is spending a year at Westminster, writes about Wren and St. Stephen.

Seventeen hundred years ago, Roman soldiers bathed themselves in blood in the Mithraeum, by the banks of the Walbrook in a ritual designed to increase their virility. By 1090 foundations were dug on the site of the original temple of Mithras and a monastery of St. John was founded. The Walbrook turned from stream to street in 1428 as the parish outgrew the bounds of the monastery it now used as a church. The 11th century church was burned down in the Great Fire and by 1679 it had been replaced by one of the most beautiful churches in the world, St. Stephen Walbrook.



Charles II had appointed Sir Christopher Wren King's Surveyor in 1669, three years after the Great Fire. Wren not only had the task of supervising the rebuilding of the City but also of renewing the Cathedral and the parish churches as well. Yet St. Stephen Walbrook was the only church to be designed and started by 1672. The fact that the Church was in Wren's own parish—he lived at 15 Walbrook—must have had something to do with the masterpiece he created. There is evidence that 1672 was the year in which he began to envisage his designs for parish churches separately from his plan for St. Paul's Cathedral. Though the construction of the two buildings is on quite a different scale, the raising of St. Stephen's dome on eight arches could be described as practice for St. Paul's.

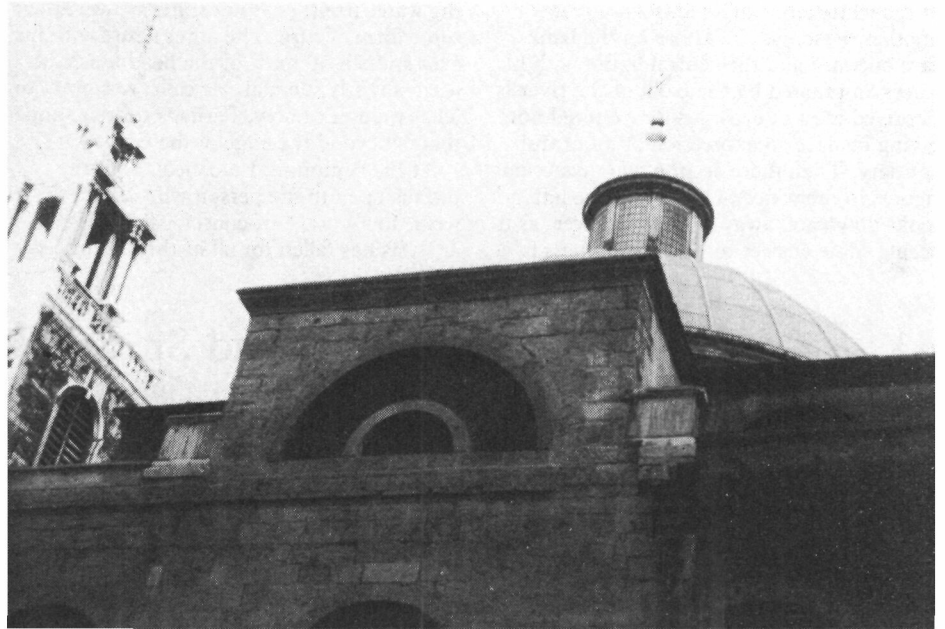
If one enters the church by the proper route, up a dark flight of steps leading off Walbrook, the effect is tremendous. The church is a perfect rectangle, framing a cubic space below the dome, the composition of which gives the building its own subtle feeling of infinite volume. One sees what appears to be a regular grid pattern of columns, four across by six deep, except that it misses out four under the dome. The dome rests on eight arches, supported by twelve columns. One of the

features of the design, and now a problem to St. Stephen's is light; light to enhance the wonderful interior. Wren made use of windows whenever he could, the window arches above the dome columns being his principal source. Because buildings surround the church, the oval side windows provide little light. Wren had intended a portico to be built on the north side which would have created an open square, thus allowing more light, but the stench of the Stocks Market and later the building of Mansion House prevented this from ever happening.

St. Stephen Walbrook is steeped in City history. Ever since its purchase for 350 marks in 1572, the church has been patronised extensively by the Worshipful Company of Grocers, the great London guild, second only to the Mercers. It was the Grocers who, after the Fire, gave the rich fittings which are so much a part of it. As every guild must have a guild church for the Election of Masters, St. Stephen's was shared with the Carmen, the Farmers, the Bakers and the Fruiterers. St. Stephen's was also the parish of Nathaniel Hodges, the only doctor to remain after the Great Plague of 1665 (which, incidentally, broke out on Bearbidder Lane, the street behind the church). Famous for his perseverance in

nursing many of his patients back to health, a memorial in the church commemorates him and his work.

Changes were made during the nineteenth century, the best of which was the presentation and placing above the altar of 'The Burial of St. Stephen' by the American painter, Benjamin West, in 1817. Unfortunately there were changes that did not improve the church. By 1850 all the windows were filled with Victorian stained glass, destroying the original lighting scheme, integral to the atmosphere of the church. In 1888 all the wonderfully high-backed pews that had contrasted dramatically with the white columns were taken out. The final blow was when the paving stones were replaced by a mosaic pattern which defined a nave, transepts and chancel in the form of a traditional Latin cross. This move, dictated by the fashion of the Gothic Revival, directly contradicted Wren's Baroque conception of the church.



Today St. Stephen Walbrook is boarded up. It has been closed for the past seven years, part of a programme of renovation that has taken place since World War II when the church was bombed out. The sanctuary is filled with dust and large boards, masking most of the work being done. The windows have been replaced with clear glass, yet it is still not light enough in the opinion of Wren purists. There is talk of replacing, once again, the stained glass east windows of St. Stephen, St. Paul and The Resurrection by Keith New (1963). The last service held in the church was over a year ago and the future remains uncertain. Months more of restoration lie ahead and funds dwindle as the work progresses: one third of the total cost, £66,000 still has to be met. Yet a church as beautiful as St. Stephen's, for all its present neglected glory, its stillness and quiet, must reopen and its history must be remembered. Its grandeur cannot be forgotten by those who have once had the opportunity to view it. St. Stephen Walbrook must live on so that people from everywhere will have the chance to marvel at such a magnificent church.

* * *

The dome of St. Stephen shown above, generally regarded as a trial run for St. Paul's, was an innovation in English churches. It is made of wood and plaster.

The grand dome of St. Paul's shown on the left is, like St. Stephen's, carried on eight arches. It presented Wren with a difficult geometrical and structural problem which he solved triumphantly.

* * *

Photo of St. Paul's by Paul Edwards

TREASURES of ANCIENT NIGERIA : Royal Academy of Arts —

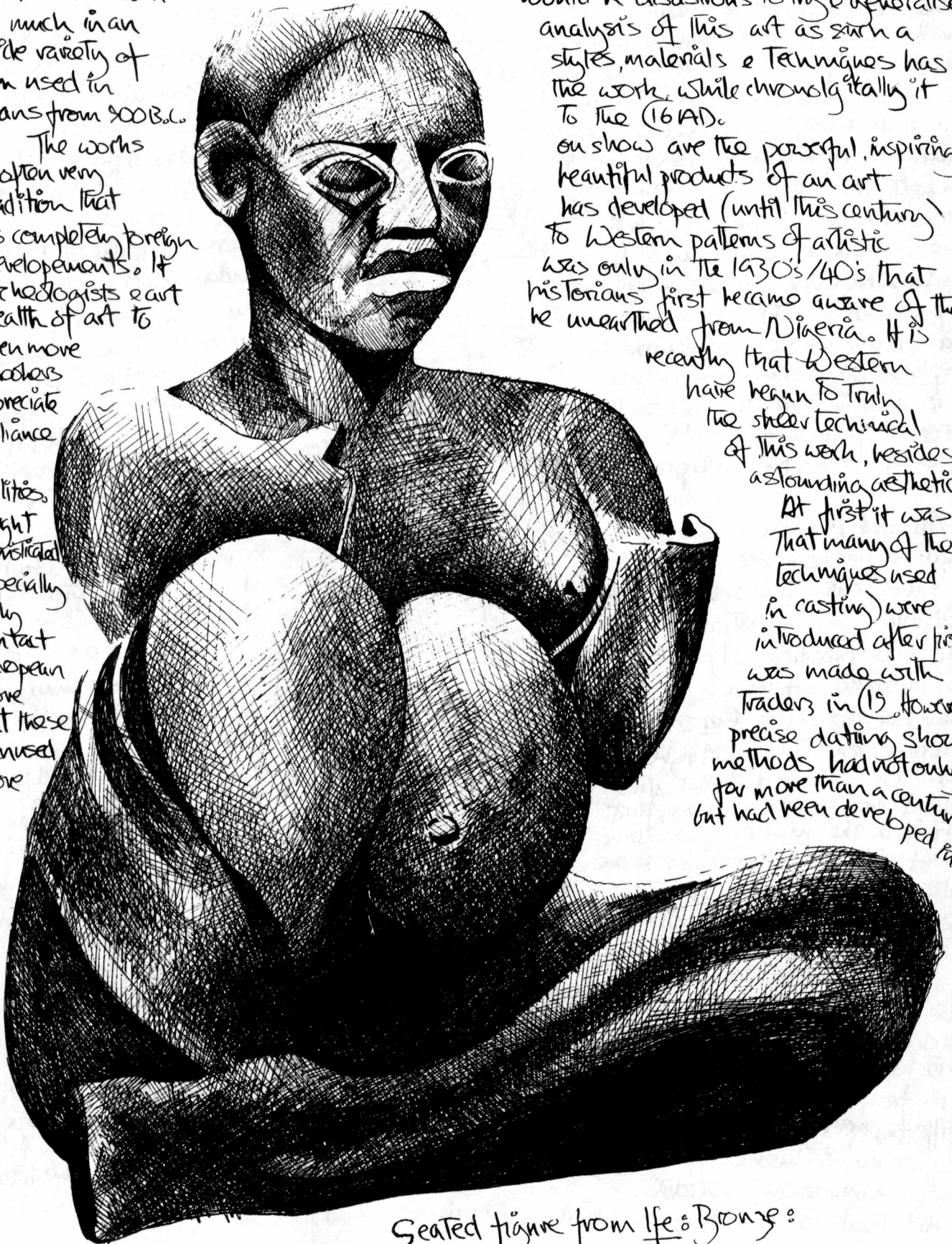
Treasure is certainly the right term to sum up this collection. — Though hardly preparing you for the art it contains. It too much in an wide variety of been used in spans from 900 B.C.

The works are often very traditional that as completely foreign developments. It archaeologists saw wealth of art to even more onlookers appreciate brilliance its qualities thought sophisticated (especially only contact European more that these been used before

impact made by the creative force of the would be disastrous to try & generalise analysis of this art as such a styles, materials & techniques has the work, while chronologically it to the (16 AD).

our show are the powerful, inspiring, beautiful products of an art has developed (until this century) to Western patterns of artistic was only in the 1930's/40's that historians first became aware of the he unearthed from Nigeria. It is recently that Western

have begun to truly the sheer technical of this work, besides astounding aesthetic At first it was that many of the techniques used in casting) were introduced after first was made with traders in 19. However, precise dating shows methods had not only far more than a century but had been developed into



Seated figure from Ife : Bronze :

a fine art at this point, & were therefore only a further stage in an already flourishing art development.

In this sense the term 'primitive' in connection with this art seems nonsensical (- consider the skill shown even in the earliest works @ 300 BC) - but an even more penetrating sophistication is shown in the development of visual concepts & aesthetic principles. The artists approach to their subject matter ranges from devastating naturalism to stark abstraction of human features & forms. Most of the work does concentrate on the human figure in 3-dimensions (though there are also many pots / relief panels / boxes), in materials ranging from bronze, stone, terracotta, ivory & copper. However, stylistic treatment of materials is very different - intricate mouldings & engravings & fine details of dress shown (often holes left for headwork / feathers). On some works surface detail is very flat, undercoated surfaces, a wonderful sense of volume & markings & fine details of artists understood far earlier that the action of the space as important as the form itself. use of three basic structural - conical, cylindrical & spherical - by European artists in the

This art is impressive for quality, perhaps because a specifically intellectual activity mainly centred religious practices. Being or illustrate, art had a - therefore the artist/master practical role to play. Maybe approach to their art that gives behind the creative energy that artists in the modern western invent elaborate theories, or become adequate justification for their therepre often lacks the internal strongly in the output of a less

While the art itself also fascinating to explore further background to it. It is interesting & techniques emerged in Art from the same period is different geographical regions developing influence from one

- An immensely rewarding art that is incredibly inspired & inspiring.



a natural, instinctive it was not related to tradition. Artistic around the court, or a means to communicate valid social function craftsman had a very it was this straight forward a feeling of purpose inspired its solidity. Many world feel pressure to commercially successful as existence. Their artwork conviction sensed so self-conscious society, is usually compelling, it the social & historical to see how different styles different parts of the country, often very varied as many is represented. A pattern of area to another can be traced. & exciting exhibition of

- Rachel Gundry -

Sequence

Poetry and prose

Dominic Martin: Realm of dreams

*I am a pilgrim in churchland
An ever-humming tribute in brick and sherry
To the sermon and to the youngest son.
The political parties are all here,
Along with The Mother's Union and I.C.I.
Deans have lent their names to streets,
Ryle, Bradley and Trench are bravely followed by
The Department of The Environment and The Westminster V.a.t.
office.
The cultural apex of this domain of dogma is St. John's Smith Square;
A whig welcome for the would-be utopia of Transport House.
So let us link arms and sing of Keir Hardie and be thankful that
T. E. Lawrence lived here
1888-1935.*

Julian Anderson: Conundrum.

*'Where is your Poetry?!' he
Yelled at me, as though
I had committed a deadly sin.
I stared (for a while . . .) then
Looked. Notes, letters, pens,
Compasses, tickets, more letters—
No Poetry. 'Where is it?!
Have you got it on you?'
'Shall I undress myself?' I thought,
'Or have I done that already?' He looked
Paralysed. Where is your Poetry?
Where is your Poetry? . . . Where is your life? God,
No, that was taken long ago.*

D. W. M. Lemkin: Trust

He sat there, at his lonely heart's content, in the wooden wreck of a chair which had weathered the ups and downs of this poor man's disastrous life.

He was a failure, a reject from human society. He had resorted to a life of misery, living in a disused bog. He would sit there all day looking, with his bloodshot eyes, through the windows, which were blind with age. All would be silent, as he and the dog would noiselessly think of the ghosts of the glorious past. One must not forget the dog, the long-haired, shaggy mongrel, who had a kind heart and always obeyed his master, whoever he might be. He was the main part of the old tramp's life; although he was often beaten and kicked by his constantly inebriated master, he remained faithful.

The dog needed the love of the old man and the man needed someone to make him feel wanted in this modern world.

The tramp would often tell the dog of his adventures in the 'roaring twenties', when he was young, handsome and the attraction of many young girls of his age. The dog would listen, conveying in its feminine eyes an expression of feigned consternation.

What would become of the dog when the old man died? He would wander the streets until he too would be freed and would drift into a kingdom of luxury and once more be at the side of his master, the one he trusted.

Shannon Peckham

*Man and the priests
Have calculated and considered.
Bishops have estimated and argued endlessly.
A precise moment has been given for the conception.
Now, (at last) unsolved problems
Of the creation and the flood are being settled.*

*Finally it has been proved that
The blood belonged to Christ.
When the questions have answers,
When the philosophers are content and agreed,
There will be absolutely nothing to dispute.
There will no longer be any point in reaching
Our hands out to God.*



Sarah Briscoe

Tom Horan: One of the boys?

*The tear clings to the receiver
As the words scythe his heart.
'Can we still be friends?' A silence.
Dumbed, he can only make mute appeal.*

*Click-purr and She disappears
The memories flood his mind: Beach
Field, Home, Saturday-Night-Street-Feeling.
She had filled everything. Blonde-smile.*

*In her arms he had matured like
A good wine. Sudden hatred flared up.
'Bloody slag.' But he knew how
He had adored her slightest move.*

*It was him. Despite the one of the
Boys talk, within him lurked doubt.
'Next time' he had always said. She
Had smiled but he sensed her scorn.*

*Drown his sorrows. Slap on the back.
One of the boys again. 'Still you got
Your oats, eh!?' He manages enigmatic retorts.
But his mind knows his failing.*

*'Sixteen's not so sweet, you know',
He tells his drink. There must be more
To life. Love is life, man! 'Huh!'
'I'll tell you when I find it.' Sip.*

Daniel Christianson: Parties

*At nine o'clock they seep inside
Young refugees from the cold.*

*They swarm around the alcohol
Their fermented image lies.
Then warming glows of whisky
Grow as timeless minutes fly.*

*Oh there you are . . . What's your name?
Where have we met before?
The questions change in pitch
Alone—a mechanical refrain.*

*The lights are dimmed, pure sight
Recedes; the tactile sense prevails.
In comes, hidden, half forgot
The little boys, with drunken poise,*

Enact their covert dreams.

Mark Scott

Nick Coleman: Fragment 1

*I drift—
It suits me to live
Uncorrupted, a peg
Patted no more by life.
I have no more memories—
Much. Ties are loose,
No devotions, affections
But to myself.
An untamed
Existence, unshackled.
No need for worry
No conscience.*

Mark Scott: Indian Sympathies

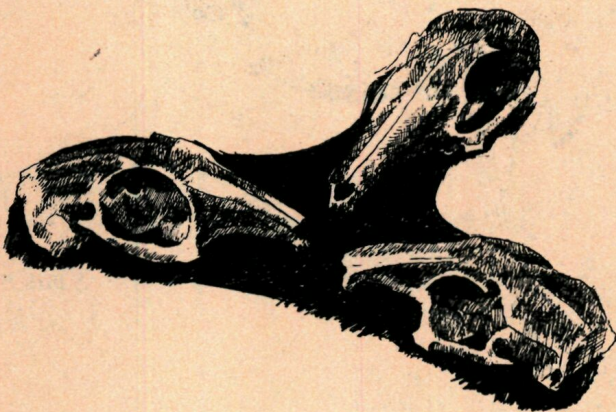
Then the babbling throng parted and grew quiet; the first dancer loped up into the ring, blackened, sombre, silent; every breath gasped short. Flecks of turquoise and silver winked shrilly down his slim, undefined frame; the ribs, thighs and forehead had a virile insistence, pregnant with explosion and his eyes were silver whites that burned. He might flare at any moment, you could smell the cordite like pepper and everyone was fossilised in a trembling expectancy, tensed to the marrow. The very intensity of silence was vibrant and the stars expanded; everything creaked and missed a long beat. Still the Indian stood, behind him his great world bled to see him. The cold, glassily infinite cerulean sky and the jet desert, its ebony sea razored a vast horizontal of horizon, and it bled to see him, a gash of impossible scarlet. Anglos had whistled and called it 'The most brilliant sunset imaginable' but the silent blackened Indian knew the earth, his brother, and the sky was bleeding fertility into the earth whom he loved as a brother and he, the Indian, would live from the parings of their courtship because he, the sky, and the earth were at one with another. That was all and no more. The Anglos could watch and smile like trees that ply double in winds, whispering but without the spirit to uproot and become one with their God.

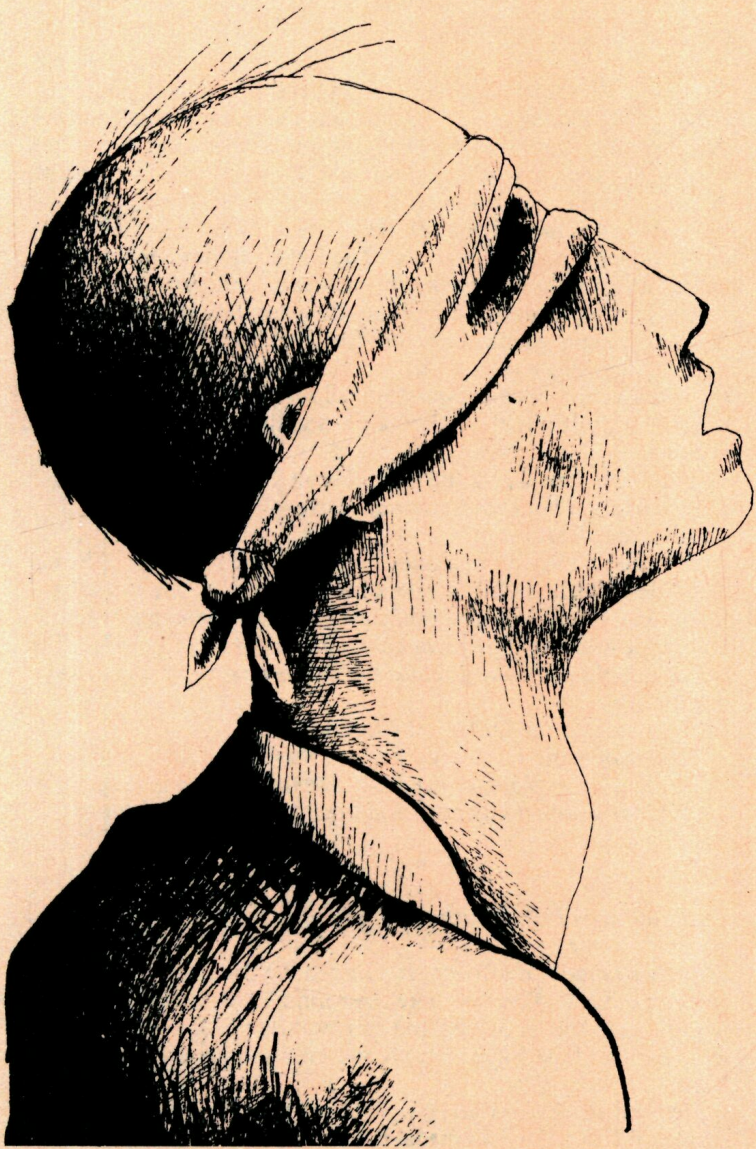
The sky stained the sacred mountains, that were so high and buttressed and yet oppressed, ground by a sky so much more vast and dimensionless. And the great range encircled the Indian, condensing a blue blackness above the desert floor, and the ancient mud of the pueblo pooled an atmosphere of primaevial pungence that God balked through sacrifices and spears. Along the flat roofs stood the Indians blanketed and silhouetted, immovable as the horizon, their hair licking like ebony flames in a wind, a life, that only they, the Indians, could feel. And they too sensed the dancer and their eyes volleyed quick silver, and the moment surged into an orgasmic climax of deafening silence. The Indian slid into a barely perceptible sway, forward; he stepped in silent moccasined feet. Then a thousand suns flared up and a thousand voices screamed 'Bell-oo-o-o-oo-o ay a-a-a-ah'; the night roared out and a deluge of vividness surged in, countless feet were pounding the sand granite and the dancers writhed to feel the earth again.

The dancers flitted among them like humming tops, wailing. The Indians on roofs drew their blankets tighter around bony shoulders. For the Indian this was everything past and future, where the perpetual, undampable flame of life seared up and rekindled the dry grains of the desert, with piñon, stocked lakes and forests with game; a bleeding of fertility and fecundity and instinct was his freehold, a pact of blood, sand and snakes.

'Well thank God for that. Thought we might be fiddling out there all night, eh Euan. Anyhow let's fix ourselves some drinks. What do you fancy, Mignon?'

Burbon relaxed his faint muscles from their grimace and the atmosphere loosened. Nancy lost her lockjaw with a slug and they bickered amiably for hours. Tink's voice had suddenly rediscovered its melodic joviality and jauntiness of mood (perhaps this was as it was before he married). They were not addressing anyone, merely laughing to live, forget the dance and remember the war. And all the while the long room was full of subtle greys and mottling pinks prinking the rug-hung walls. The adobe fireplace smoked and they fuddled on for hours whilst Euan dreamed.





Paul Hollingworth: Along those lines

*Caught up in the same old sound track
I ransack my mind for tame scraps.
Boosted by memories we glue
Uniform chat together again
(As long as it's along those lines)
And laugh together again in slow motion.
We chat again but don't say anything.*

*I am fascinated by your insensibility.
Your polished blue eyes are open,
Daydreams spiral lazily.
You're channel hopping today.
You're at the seaside today.
Your slamming eyes yawn and swim,
Your lips have no moisture.
The curtain is pulled right down.*

*The show restarts. Your turn now. I switch off.
I'm a dumb Post Box, mouth open, plug out of socket.
You're a Post Man, feeding me with babel-like mime.
I stare at your fillings and spots,
Your Oxfam overcoat with holes in pocket
To stash stuff in. (Different from your
Snazzy Fonzie leather phase.)
You're well away on your glazed trip—
Your freezing fingers ice loose change and*

*Grip a tobacco tin. Your eyes are cubes.
I shiver. There are ways I can con you.
I sigh, smile, shrug my icebergs and melt.
My heart didn't stay but my face did.
I find you very boring these days.*

Nick Coleman: Fragment 2

*I look about for a place to sit
Find no seat free—but one,
Single and offensive.
Torn at the side, one leg loose,
Rejected, unassociated,
Away from the commune, with their interlocking legs,
Inclining pleasantly in its direction,
Not accepting it to the live circuit
Carefully constructed, in jumbled sticks.
A chair is free. I sit at the end,
Back leg on another's, unlocked.
I think, I shall die of a broken heart,
I get so depressed, you see,
On Thursdays, about teatime,
It gets so on top of me.*

Bruno Rost: Do I drop my face and leave my heart?

*Do I drop my face and leave my heart
Shattered where Spring rain is fallen,
Dewdrops turning down a gutter over stones
Between the grills, or never put my passion out
Here on the icy neon street, with folded eyes
Like napkin cloths; habitual eyes that never meet.*



Mattias ffytche

Shannan Peckham: The Poet

Who are you, alone in your house?

*The blacksmiths are at work,
The carpenters and masons
Fortify the town.
The women are weeping
For the men who have left
To meet the enemy.
They are prepared for war.*

I am a poet; a philosopher.

*Are you then not prepared to suffer,
To share the fear of other men,
To take up arms for the things you love?
Are you special, different,
Do you not feel the same pains?*

No, said the poet, I am not different.

*Come then, fight, die with us.
But the philosopher would not move.
The men grew angry, they shouted aloud:
'This man is a spy'.
They seized him, spat, insulted,
And set fire to his house.
'Have you changed your mind?'
They cried together.*

*Yes, said the poet,
I have made a mistake,
I am different.*

Mat ffytche: The Immortal

*These strong arms that reach
Hauling in a net of gasping days,
Were gathered once from
The restless casting of a father's youth,
Tended with gentle spade-hands
This foot, this thread of hour,
From a woman's woven past have
Grown, like memories.*

*But now such fragments, washed up
From generations of voiceless features,
Have ploughed their own skilful wake,
Have sown their vague dreams—and
The children come again, threshing with
Questions, raking up smiles and brittle tears,
As if it were always the same person
Living over and over.*

*For life hammers forth from the womb,
Driving harder than a nail, clinging
Fast—see, when with blunted words and
Broken stems of hope, the labourers wander
Home to fade in some forgotten dusk,
They have left their staunch blood behind
Beating still at the morning's husk,
Whistling slowly at the seasons.*

*And what strange urge steers them on
To press dim seeds faithfully into a blind
Turf? Working on acres of empty years,
What great crop do they raise? Ever on
Whisper graveless thoughts; this is the immortal;
The open faces that watch each swelling
Summer, these nimble-witted hands,
That harvest time itself.*

Charles Wiseman: The Walk

On a cold afternoon, when everything is difficult, a boy and his father walked along an icy road to talk about life. It had snowed that morning when they had been asleep, and waking in the cosy house it looked very beautiful outside. However it rained and all the snow on the road turned to hard black ice and slush. Lighting a cigarette in his mouth and offering one to his father, the boy inhaled deeply and felt warmer. The father did not smoke, and looked at his son. 'How will you treat your children?'

'Oh Jesus, I dunno. I'll let them do what they want mostly. Anyway it's hypothetical because the world will be destroyed by a nuclear war before then. I don't care.' And the boy slid along an icy patch as if on a skateboard and slipped over. They both laughed happily and the father felt less guilty about his son who, if nothing else, was enjoying life.

'Still,' the man said to his son, 'I wish you'd stop bumming around and get a job. It's unprogressive—'

'Like the Tories!'

'And you'll have more money for your space invaders.' The boy had failed all his G.C.E.'s, spending most of his time smoking marijuana. His life seemed pointless now that he thought about it. It disappeared. As they turned the corner the sun shone red like burning larva, spreading across the horizon and engulfing the distant landscape.

'You confuse me David', the father said.

'Keep your mind above confusion. Superficial. Have a good time.' The father sighed, resigned. The red sun shone in the boy's eyes. He lit another cigarette and drew smoke into his lungs.

Paul Hollingworth: A difficult read.

There's so much to achieve. It's incredible the amount of things you can achieve. You can score the winning goal in The Cup Final, win the gold medal in The 100 metres, at The Olympics that is, and win The Pole Vault . . . no one ever goes on about The Pole Vault.

On your marks, get set, go. That really is something. I'd be thrilled if I won the gold medal in front of my family and country. And there'd be The National Anthem too. That's the thing, I've always been very competitive. I've always enjoyed a challenge. I think Sport is more than just games.

There's a lap to go and Dennis Hope is streaking away from the pack. Look at him take that bend.

'Yeah, really thrilled. All the training paid off. Lucky to get a good start too . . ., really flew off the blocks.'

I find I daydream or sleepwalk, dosed up with athletics. Decided to go out and get sober. In the club we played darts. You can make them really whizz.

'Yeah, really thrilled. The bitter keeps me going. I wouldn't have got the hundred and eighties without it.'

Not another coupon to fill in. I'm fed up with free coupons about toothpaste and washing powder. And there's a circular here, just come through the post, detailing a chronic disease. As if I didn't have enough to think about. Suppose it keeps me informed. Time to stick some more cuttings into my scrap book. Nice. I'll make a pot of tea too. A pot of tea goes down a treat with glueing and sticking.

I always dream about something which I haven't got. I've altered my views, you see. I detest all sportsmen and people with athletic muscular bodies. They make me shudder like that mellow Birds advertisement.

Not another packet of crushed Digestives. Got to complain this time. You can write off as long as you state where you purchased the product. They refund you. Anyway mustn't go on about things like that or you'll get the wrong idea about me.

If only I could unglue myself from this chair. I'm strapped and bolted in. I scream. But smile a lot too—for good measure. There are some pubs we all go to where we're not welcome. The publican says we put people off their drinks. Some of them complain.

This sequence of poetry and prose has been edited and arranged by Paul Hollingworth



Pair of Leopards : from the court at Benin : Brass :

An Interview with Adam Mars-Jones

by Simon Winder

Simon Winder (1977-80, R) interviews Adam Mars-Jones (1967-72, QS) author of 'Lantern Lecture', the winner of this year's Somerset Maugham Award.

Philip Yorke, the crazed owner of Erdigg, examines the fluff and crumbs in his turned up trouser legs as a handy aide-memoire to what he has done during the course of the day. Queen Elizabeth II, her mind torn by advanced rabies, staggers into a London phone-box to summon help, only to find that she has never been taught to reverse the charges. And the judge of murderer and kidnapper Donald Nielsen, keeps his mind applied by waving his legs about beneath the desk and surreptitiously slurping little menthol lozenges.

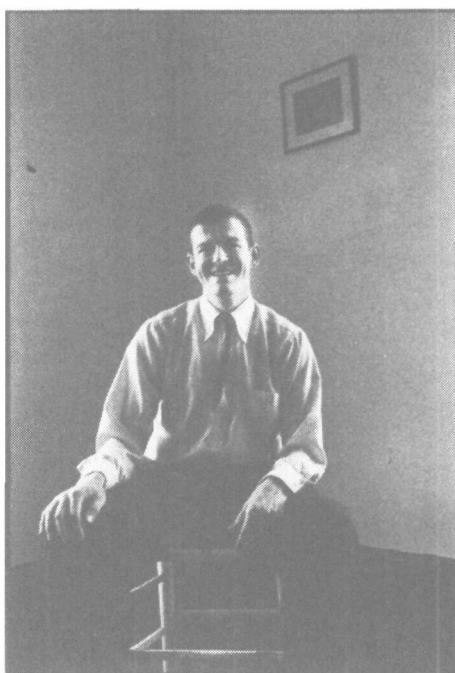
The bizarre obsessions of Adam Mars-Jones, coupled with a publicity photo which makes him look like a sort of psychotic Puck made the thought of interviewing him vaguely alarming. In fact—crewcut, gangling, angular—he was surprisingly genial, witty and thoughtful—putting his ideas across with rigour and clarity as we drank tea in his little attic suite in Gray's Inn.

The story that has, understandably, attracted the most attention is *Hoosh-mi: A Farrago of Scurilous Untruths*. Written as an antidote to the gush and bunting of the Silver Jubilee its hypothesis is that a rabid American bat, blown across the Atlantic, with its latest breath bites a corgi rooting in the Scottish Highlands. Unfortunately this animal, Evesham Pontius Meggezzone II, happens to be the pet of A Certain Monarch. One lick is sufficient to infect, the illness courses through her with horrible speed, culminating in the Monarch's lashing at the crowd on a Sydney walkabout in a demented, hydrophobic frenzy. She, after many adventures, dies, to be succeeded by her son who is crowned Arthur II, in robes 'of Dark Age chic'.

'I find the monarchy interesting because the individuals involved have now become so treated by the media and public opinion as to be almost incapable of taking independent action—all they do must fit their subscribed pattern.'

'In many ways the royals are the most defenceless people in the country—they are quite unable to answer back to any remark. The Queen's prerogative could only really be used against her abolition, in which case it would be like a bee using its sting in last, self-sacrificing defence—leaving its entrails in the wound. In fact, several friends have said that they used to be anti-royalist but since reading *Hoosh-mi* have become more sympathetic.'

The monarchy's helplessness is illustrated by the way that, despite the most grotesque libels, not a sound has been heard from Buckingham Palace, belying the fears of Faber's lawyers who initially begged them not to touch it. The problem lay in the



Tom Cogill

ability of those who were connected with the royals to sue. Therefore several changes were made and one character modified and given a new name, Prudence Faber ('my publishers took that one like lambs').

The three stories collected in *Lantern Lecture* deal with the eccentricities of a squire in North Wales, the aforementioned death of Elizabeth II and an analysis of the trial of the Black Panther.

Mars-Jones was educated at Westminster, Cambridge and the University of Virginia. It was at the last of these that he started to write, being there ostensibly to do a Ph.D. on William Faulkner ('who I didn't realise at the time was more an allergy than a devotion'). 'The research facilities out there make England seem rather ludicrous and I found that with all this information around I became more and more fascinated by the royal family.' *Hoosh-mi*, which incorporates a formidable array of unlikely but nonetheless true facts, was the first thing he wrote and in 1977 he sent it to publishers who said that on its own the story was far too short—'Also I had sent copies to Cape and to Heinemann, unfortunately swapping the covering letters.' The one to Cape therefore started 'Dear William Heinemann, the reason I have chosen you as my etc. . .'

Lantern Lecture was written some three years later as a result of his meetings with Philip Yorke, whose house at Erdigg he had helped renovate for the National Trust. It is a 'transistorized novel' according to the blurb ('I would like to have said "microchip novel"' but they thought that was going too far)—a series of beautifully written cameos, coloured slides showing episodes from Philip's peculiar life. Mars-Jones is totally detached but through a careful choice of the comic and pathetic economically creates an evocative portrait of a remarkable man,

fighting to maintain his eccentric existence.

This piece was published in the now defunct *Quarto* whose editor Craig Raine passed it on to Robert McCrum at Faber. Thus Mars-Jones was lucky in, except for his initial abortive foray, not having to peddle grimy manuscript about the market-place. 'Unfortunately, though they can take shortcuts to you, it is impossible to do it the other way round. It is largely a question of luck, or persistence.'

Bathpool Park, a documentary reconstruction of the Black Panther trial, juggled so that an entirely new light is shed on the legal system and media, was written as a result of his having attended the trial as a marshal. His father was the judge in the case. It is technically an exquisite piece of writing and, although it owes something to Truman Capote's criminal documentaries, its obsession with the workings of British institutions makes it similarly unclassifiable and original as his other stories.

Even *Hoosh-mi* (a nonsense word coined by Princess Margaret, meaning a mish-mash) is heavily based on fact and this has brought the charge that sometimes he is not even writing fiction at all: 'I annoy some people because they can't classify me—I am neither purely imaginative nor journalistic. I like to think though that rather than falling between two stools I simply construct my own.'

Obvious influences are hard to find. The only one that he can clearly identify is Percy Wyndham Lewis whose hard, mineral prose he greatly admires. Other novelists he enjoys include Nigel Dennis, John Cowper Powys, John Cheever, Nabokov, Golding and of his contemporaries he is a devotee of 'the proto-typical, thin, savage, Duckworth novel as practised by Beryl Bainbridge and Alice Thomas Ellis'. He particularly venerates Russell Hoban, another writer with a remarkably individual, experimental voice. At the time of the interview Mars-Jones was rubbing his hands over the manuscript for Hoban's just completed novel, *Pilgermann*, which his paperback publishers had sent him as, he explained, an apology for giving *Lantern Lecture* such a dreadful cover painting.

Since the publication of *Lantern Lecture* at the end of 1981 he has been in constant demand as a reviewer and now works regularly for the T.L.S., *Sunday Times* and *Financial Times*. He is evidently relaxing, enjoying the position of being a 'literary personality' ('this soon palls, really the most satisfying thing is knowing that when the revolution comes I can change "writer" into "waiter" in my passport'). He declares no plans for a follow-up, one interviewer has claimed to have seen a Jiffy-Bag full of his experiments and a Faber rep spoke darkly of 'a possible novel maybe at the end of next year, perhaps'. Having just won the prestigious and valuable Somerset Maugham award he can afford to sit back, intending to use the money to do a tour of

the Pacific North-West. A recent appearance on a Channel Four book programme, with Malcolm Bradbury and John Fowles, attracted enthusiastic reviews from the critics ('fast, fluent and funny' *The Times*) and a eulogy, from Julian Barnes in *The Observer*, to the design of his baggy, luminous, 'pond green' trousers which, Barnes suggested, should be booked for the Royal Variety Performance. He has also been chosen as one of the '20 Young British Novelists', a worthy but slightly silly publishers' venture in which writers will be put in window-displays, dump-bins etc on the criteria that they are under 40.

Mars-Jones is now 28 and, when I

interviewed him, was uncertain about the future. 'Before *Lantern Lecture* was accepted my parents were beginning to despair of me, if anyone in the family were to be a writer everyone thought it would be my brother. I didn't even initially read English, I started off with Classics. Then suddenly all this has happened in the past year and now they think that I have been very cunning, with several irons in the fire. I certainly never set out to be a writer.'

A certain Westminster housemaster remembers him as being 'very charming, witty—and enormously lazy'. Once the reviewing, interviews and general paraphernalia of being a 'professional writer'

have been tidied up it will be fascinating to see what he produces. The obsessions of *Lantern Lecture* are to a large extent played out, dealing with individuals so remote from ordinary life that they must create their own worlds. Whatever his future direction, Adam Mars-Jones's stories so far have been so good that he is set to be one of the most original and entertaining writers to have appeared for a long time.

Extracts from this article first appeared in 'Isis', October 1982 and the author is grateful for permission being given for these parts' reproduction.

Short Short Stories

Invited to write a story in exactly fifty-seven words, four members of last year's Lower Shell wrote the following:

by *Simon Young*

Weeks wasted with worthless work were wearying Wilfred who, eventually exhausted endeavour, despairingly decided on 'self-destruction'. A scrawled scrap on the marbled mantelpiece indicated his intention to extinguish his eroded existence by drowning himself in the doleful detritus-ridden deep.

From the seashore sand he slung broolly and bowler into the brine.

Wilfred wisely invested the insurance.



Alex Williams

by *Richard Harris*

Mother smiled. 'Remember Grumpy Taylor's a devil!' Youthful half-belief was true; the children played cricket away from the fence. But a skwerled ball landed in Taylor's garden. John simply climbed the fence. Grass was tall, suffocating; cold branches hit him. A dog attacked him; John saw that it had not one head, but three. He screamed.



Richard Harris

The Death of Ivan Corsc by *John Horan*

Ivan turned another corner. It was a dead end. He turned and fished a small symbol from his pouch. It was Teshwan's sign. He pointed it at his unknown pursuer.

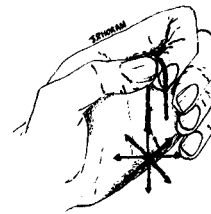
'I name Teshwan, souldrinker. You cannot approach!' he shouted defiantly.

The figure stopped and smiled.

'I am Teshwan,' he whispered.

Lord Teshwan sucked out Ivan's screaming soul . . .

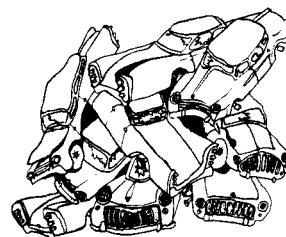
(from *The Chronicles of Corsc*)



John Horan

Operation Eden by *Matthew Whittam Smith*

Experimental sector E, third from the sun. Monumental disaster in evolutionary free-will life-form programming. It got hideously out of control. Piles of wrecked cars to the sky; rusting industrial waste accumulating in a sea of crumbling concrete. Hard to believe that the first plant/human generator lies under the radio-active dust of man's final development.



Alex Williams



Tristan Lawrence

Community Service

by Sophie Martin

Community Service seems to conjure up in every Westminster's mind an idea of an easy station, no physical exercise, no master in charge, in fact a 'skive'.

I should like to make it quite plain that this is most definitely not the case! There is physical exercise: wandering around London jumping from bus to bus; mental exercise: talking to a shy seven-year-old is hard work; a lot of responsibility: looking after other people rather than being looked after yourself.

This privilege and independence is great fun and much appreciated, but I do admit that it is possible to abuse it. You can take children to a café and spend the time talking to your fellow-sufferer in this ordeal forced on you by not being able to play tennis and ignore the children as much as possible without having a guilty conscience afterwards.

The children are chosen according to how much the Headmistress thinks they will benefit from these outings. Some of them have very difficult situations at home, such as fathers in prison, but some are just not taken out very much by their parents.

They enjoy the outings enormously. They are happy wherever they go: on the Underground as well as in the park; in fact they seem to enjoy travelling about most of all! Art galleries are risky. The Tate is O.K. but Renaissance pictures bore them stiff. Can I liven it up by telling them about the background? 'Now Paul, come here. This is a very famous picture and it's by a painter called Gainsborough. See the two people walking along? Now what do you think it's called?' No response. 'It's called *'The Morning Walk'*. Paul has by this time disappeared to play a very noisy game of hide-and-seek with Michelle, much to the annoyance of the attendant.

Some pictures, however, provoke stronger reactions. Faced with some of the

National Gallery's finest nudes Paul remarked, shocked to the core, 'That picture's rude! She ain't got no clothes on! He was swiftly rebuked by Michelle, who declaimed in a loud high-pitched voice: 'No, Paul. Miss says no part of your body is rude'. You can't be too sensitive if you do community service.

It is a great break from Westminster routine and life, and very refreshing. It is too easy to get trapped into a world which revolves around Little Dean's Yard. Community Service makes you remember that there is a world outside.

First Impressions

by Lucasta Miller

Before actually starting at Westminster in September I was extremely apprehensive; I did not know what to expect, and had no preconception of what it would be like. Perhaps this was a good thing: the atmosphere and complete character of Westminster is so unique and so precise that it would have been very difficult to make a discerning estimate of what to expect. My first few days were extremely bewildering. I have distorted memories of pushing my way down long, dark subterranean passages (i.e. Wren's Corridor!) against a flowing crowd of running, shouting, jostling little boys in dark grey suits. But after a week or two I began to feel less floundering, as I found my way around.

What really struck me was how much Westminster is like an oasis—another world—stuck in the middle of London. When you go into Dean's Yard—or, more noticeably, into Little Dean's Yard—it's like entering the Vatican from Rome, like entering another kingdom. Westminster is a self-contained little world, enclosed in a substantial shell of architecture from mediaeval to modern. Architecturally much of the school is incredibly beautiful—this made a huge impression on me. Many people at Westminster seem to forget, or at any rate disregard, how fortunate we are to have the Abbey. At 9 a.m. it's difficult enough to keep up an appearance of being awake in Abbey, let alone scrutinize it for its artistic value. But, at the beginning of term I found it rather overwhelming. Beautifully austere and rather reserved and English, Westminster Abbey is not all artificial or gaudy, like so many churches on the Continent.

After being at a school in North London for five years, to come to one in the centre of the metropolis is an exhilarating change. To be so close to all the tourist attractions and important places in London—the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace etc.—is refreshingly different. So is experiencing the unusual phenomenon of discovering lost tourists wandering through your school. At Westminster we are very lucky to have such easy access to the Tate Gallery, Royal Academy, National Gallery etc. It's a pity that we are so strictly forbidden to go out

and take advantage of our geographical position and visit these places during private study periods.

I have mentioned that Westminster is a very self-contained sort of place. This is as true of its atmosphere as of its physical position. It's very much detached from the rest of the world, and this can lead to narrow-mindedness. Among some people at Westminster—both masters and pupils—there is a tendency towards an elitist attitude, a tendency to place Westminster on a different level from other schools. Perhaps it is on a different level—though not necessarily higher (or lower, for that matter) if only through its individuality.

Before coming to Westminster I had a vague idea that it would be typically 'public school'. And my only idea of what a 'public school' was like came from a play by Julian Mitchell called 'Another Country', which is basically an attack on the public school of the 1930's. On my very first day I was initially issued with a list of the School Rules—this gesture immediately made me see Westminster as disciplinarian, reactionary and severe (though I don't know why!). But though there are many petty and unnecessary-seeming rules and restrictions, Westminster is in no way the militaristic centre of bourgeois tradition and narrow-mindedness that I'd ludicrously feared it might be. It may be bourgeois, but

then what can you expect? Though it continues its antiquated and archaic traditions—Latin Prayers, for example—I find that this is done with the idea of preserving something beautiful and historical. Westminster is an extremely old-established school and it thus seems appropriate to continue these traditions and not pointless and pedantic as it could appear.

On the whole I'm very happy to have come to Westminster; it is an interesting and, I hope, profitable experience. I do realise and appreciate the fact that I am privileged.

by Henrietta Barclay

'Highly academic, intellectually arrogant, cool.' Such is the description of Westminster in the official Sloane Ranger handbook published this year. Is this how the inmates of this establishment regard themselves? Probably not—although the majority would undoubtedly like to be regarded as the latter.

Being a new girl in the VIth form perhaps it is true to say that the school seems to be 'highly academic'—there was indeed competition for the thirty places offered last September, which must prove that academically (as well as socially)

Westminster is considered preferable to the girl's present school. However, once established in the VIth form the academic side is heavily disguised under a veil of 'anti-work' and 'Up caff', resulting in the familiar panic of last-minute prep. The Sloane description of Westminster, which sounds decidedly dry, fails to include activities such as riding (or more aptly, bolting) through Hyde Park on a once-a-week station or the more general haunts of Barclay Bros.

Arrogant? Perhaps. The School is a mixture of those who slag it off for 'school's sake' and those who are quite happy to throw the name around amongst outsiders and will willingly elaborate on the achievements and failings of *their* school. There is a pervading sense of loyalty(?) and arrogance when faced with threatening rivals in the various sports. It is then that the cry 'We should have won!' echoes round College Hall at tea. Certainly in Sloane Ranger terms Westminster must preside with its 'arrogance' and 'coolness' over such schools as Radley which 'tries to be cool but misses', or Eton whose boys are 'self-confident' and 'cocky'. The handbook, written by people whose knowledge of every public school is questionable, in this one line about Westminster suggests a certain sophistication and sincerity that raises the school, if only a little, above the rest. Could it be right?

Miscellany

A Brit in Belfast

by F. D. T. Cornish

There is more to Northern Ireland than meets the lens of the TV camera, and it was to see exactly what it was missing that I spent three days in the province. You might call it a morbid curiosity that drew me to that unfortunate corner of the United Kingdom, for I wanted to see what sort of a life was possible in an atmosphere of suspicion and mutual hatred.

Belfast is a chiefly industrial city, struggling to make money out of textiles and engineering, although a serious lack of business confidence has left it with depressing unemployment statistics that are low by Northern Ireland standards. The 500,000 inhabitants are predominantly Protestant, while the Catholics live in ghettos situated mainly in the west of the city.

We got off a grubby little train from Larne Port in the west of the city, and the emphasis on security was apparent immediately: an armed policeman watched all arrivals while his colleague stood on duty outside the station gripping his Sterling machine gun nervously and looking uncomfortable in his flak-jacket—a vital precaution when you remember that over 130 of his number have been killed and countless more injured since the start of 'the troubles' in 1969. It came as a surprise to find that he was only human like me, and he laughed as he agreed to be photographed 'as long as you do it quickly'.

We went on to the city centre by bus. Belfast city centre is much like the centre of any comparable city in Great Britain, except for the tight security measures. Here is Belfast's Marks & Spencer, C & A, Woolworth's and other household names which would give the area an air of normality were it not for the barriers that cross every approach road. At these all vehicles other than buses and service vans are turned away, and every person has to queue to be thoroughly searched before being allowed through. The vicinity of the city centre is, like the centre of every single Northern Ireland town, a 'control zone', which means no cars must be parked without someone sitting in them: this regulation is not enforced by traffic wardens but by a bomb disposal squad armed with detonators.

Once 'inside' the centre, it is by no means a safe haven from the conflict in which you can get on with your shopping unhindered: we were searched again in Marks & Spencer; soldiers crouch in shop entrances and sinister, heavily armoured vans with blacked-out grilled windows drive slowly up and down relentlessly, and staring at a soldier too long causes his thumb to twitch on the safety-cap of his rifle. Taking photographs was risky and frightening at times: you never knew who might take offence.

However, even from the city centre the gentle, lush hills surrounding the city can be seen, and the area is dominated by the

majestic City Hall (or the 'Sutty Holl' as local dialect would have it), evoking memories of the city Belfast once was but never will be again. There was no possibility of looking inside the building—a lorry load of explosives left outside recently illustrates why.

We left the centre, tired of searches, and headed for the relative tranquillity of the university area of the city. To our surprise, no-one in the student-run vegetarian restaurant gave us dirty looks on hearing our very English voices, and no-one had poisoned our quiches.

We then enjoyed a peaceful half-hour in the Botanic Gardens from where we were picked up by our host in the province, one of the more patriotic of the million Protestant 'loyalists' who keep the Union Jack flying over Northern Ireland. She squeezed us into her Saab and then took us on a tour of the seedier, infamous Falls Road area of the city, staunchly Republican and ravaged by unemployment that exceeds 50% in areas, and some of Europe's worst housing.

As we neared the area, tricolours of the Irish Republic, 40 miles away, hanging provocatively from upstairs windows, and gutted houses plastered with graffiti became apparent. The ends of rows of terraced houses were frequently adorned with spectacular murals depicting in no uncertain terms what fate Mrs. Thatcher and the Queen would befall in the hands of the residents, as well as the slogan 'Blessed are

those who hunger for justice' painted above a scene of a starving man in a fouled prison cell being watched over by a sympathetic God. Thin, grubby children played on doorsteps and stared at strangers like ourselves with bewildered curiosity.

Most of this area is a no-go area as far as the police are concerned and accelerating army vehicles try to establish a presence on the mean streets. There was a police and army roadblock across the Falls Road and we were only allowed through without being questioned because there was a woman driving the car, which was fortunate as we had no real excuse for being there.

No sooner had we passed this than we came across an ugly tangle of barbed-wire, fencing and arc-lights, which we were told was a police station. Humps in the road

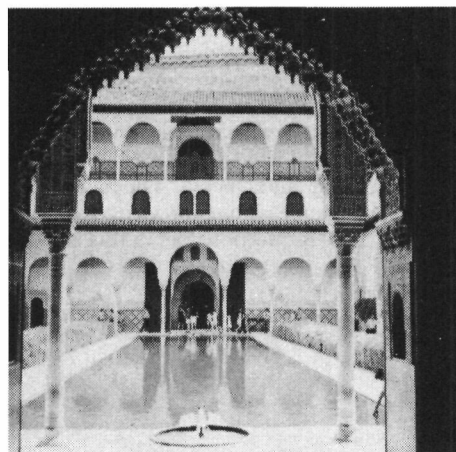
outside protected it from hit-and-run raiders and afforded us a closer look at the miserable place.

We passed the infamous Europa Hotel; adopted headquarters of the world's press in Northern Ireland, and one of the few hotels in the city that refuses to pay the IRA 'protection money' to make sure the latter are not tempted to blow the building up. As a result of countless attacks, the place resembles a prison from the outside, surrounded by the inevitable barbed-wire, anti-rocket fencing, closed-circuit television cameras and security guards. My morbid curiosity satisfied and even overwhelmed, I was quite ready to return to the comparative peace of the city centre again.

The following day we caught a slow train

to Londonderry, the overwhelmingly catholic second city of Northern Ireland. This city had the atmosphere of a ghost town and wandering around its lifeless streets where people hurried from one place to another resolutely hearing nothing and seeing nothing, I could not help feeling that this city had no future at all, and I pitied its wretched inhabitants. The soldier crouched beside one of the city's few working telephone boxes watched me continuously as I tried to get through to London, and I was not upset to catch a train out of the city and leave it to its rapid degeneration.

By all means go to Northern Ireland—see it for yourself—but leave your rose-tinted spectacles behind. It isn't as bad as all that: it's much worse.



Two views of the same Spanish holiday, the first as it seemed in retrospect, the second as it seemed at the time.

by Michael Ridley

It was fiesta time in Conil. The streets ablaze with life. Dancing, singing, all surrounded by a rich feeling of happiness generated in the warm evening air. Little girls, dark-skinned, dressed in their traditional costumes, represented Spain's pride that evening. I sat at an outside table, surrounded by five or six friends I had met on the beach. We spoke in Spanish and French. I smiled, laughed and as a joke was understood, translated and spread we rocked and caught each other's happiness. Olives were shared, thrust into my hand, beer pushed forward. I nodded that I liked them. They were finished and scented sausage offered.

Earlier that day it was with these people that I had sat, listening to them sing and play the guitar on the beach. The Spanish voices against the Atlantic waves, bare feet on the white sand and words from a book that offered 'Will you lubricate the car?' was like nothing I had experienced before.

Meeting such people, open, vital and sincere was the joy of the trip. The two English girls who stayed with us during the night in a back street of Valencia; Chubby and Salvador who calmed relations with the

Spanish Experience

locals in Bagur; the girl who, having woken me up to get out of the train (I was stretched out in a sleeping bag next to the door) gave me, on returning, two small cakes she had just bought, smiled and left me elated and blissful in some Spanish Station.

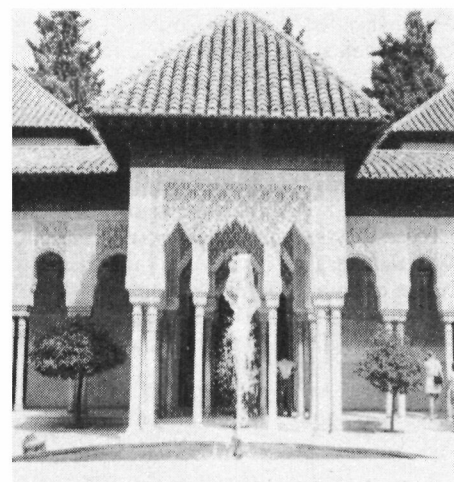
We often slept outside at night, six bodies with rucksacks tied together and money deep in sleeping bags, each night in a different place. The night on the bandstand in Ronda; on the battlements of Cadiz harbour; four of us freezing in a meadow on the Pyrenees; on the end of the platform in Alicante, with the early morning trains thudding past seemingly on top of us, a small crowd of commuters, surprised by the shaggy-haired youngsters emerging from their sleep, packing their bags and trundling off.

It was not all happiness though. We were confronted at every step by the word Malvinas, taken in by the police at Albacete, who could not believe any foreigners would want to visit their town. I thought I had lost a friend when I hit Bill, and Piers said that he had wanted to smash a bottle over my head. Often there would be a fine dividing line between it being great fun and an absolute torment. Looking for somewhere to eat when we were tired and hungry we became irritable—then, when food and water arrived everything was better.

By the age of thirteen I had flown twice around the world, been to the U.S.A., Russia, China, Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand and much more of Asia and Europe, but in Spain, for the first time I was sometimes not a tourist but a traveller, involved with a life-style completely different from my own.

Returning finally at two in the morning at Victoria Station I felt the urge to unfurl my sleeping bag and lie down, alongside the others, against the wall. I didn't, but perhaps I should have.

* * *



by Paul Hollingworth

(Extracts from a diary)

So another RENFE day and a corridor job, leaving me crumpled and fragile. I caught a glimpse in the mirror of a rough-shaven barbarian. Still no flamenco in Jonny's Walkman, just the same old tired tunes from back home . . . polished and unemotional. Wait and see and we'll discover Andalusia and the world of 'Albahaca', 'azafrán' in the Paella, 'yerbaluisa', 'higueras', 'aceitunas', 'churros', 'chocolate' and 'cerveza'. All this name-dropping. What is the Spanish for oleanders? They feature too. I mustn't forget 'pipas'.

Felt a little cheesed off with everyone. Six is impossible. This is too much like a school expedition. And there's the blackmailing over buying drinks: 'I bought you one last night, so you buy me one now'. Money problems as well as fractures in the group.

Beach. Sun. Volleyball. Escape. Then had meal in Spanish motorway service. Brunch with Dallas blasting happily away. Piers walked out and I followed suit. I wonder if we walked out for the same reason. More friction. Decided to avoid all the troubles in the group by crossing over on the other side and sharing some sangria and beer with the locals and some Italians from Turin. Tons of laughter and warmth. But where are the castanets?

Had first taste of Valencian Paella. We had an argument over the content. Was it

crayfish or cockroach? I don't think they like foreigners here. I mustn't forget, that's all I am . . . a tourist. Jonny convinced me that it was not the nocturnal voracious dark brown beetle-like wotsit keeping a low profile in the saffron. Lost Piers. Spent whole evening sleepwalking through streets trying to find him. Arrived back at Arkade where everyone was. Bill placed a blanket on me and I spiralled into dreamland. Woken up by sound of police and water being poured on us from one of the windows above. Is this a sign? Saw a colourful gypsy on the train breast-feeding a ribboned and sequinned baby . . . Met up after splitting into two groups at Albacete, This is the end of the world. As soon as we arrived we were hustled into an interrogation room. There was a desk lamp too. Eddie arrived late . . . he thought we were being shot at. The police bullyboys thought that we were leftovers from the World Cup who didn't quite make it back home. The police looked at us as if we were scum and told us there was nothing in Albacete for us at all. 'We don't like tourists.' Feeling rather rejected we enquired about a swimming pool. At the information desk 'No informacion' was the reply, and the lack of welcome was echoed in people's disdainful glances. Other people sent us everywhere but the right direction and after some time we got on the right bus and headed towards the Pool.

What a day! When we arrived at the swimming pool we didn't think we would be baited by wild cocksure Spanish kids of ten and eleven, tormenting us about 'Las Malvinas'. We overcame this by being diplomatic about the whole thankless task, saying 'No bueno. No malo'. From general suspicion they changed into sugary friendliness when I exclaimed that Thatcher was 'basura' (rubbish) and Reagan was a reject from 'el teatro' . . . We were then hailed as good blokes and the usual 'gillipollas', which is something not very nice.

Missed the 1.30 a.m. train for Sevilla because Mike, Piers and I couldn't find the others, who had spent the whole day sunbathing on the Albacete platform. We eventually found each other at 1.35. Their alarm didn't go off. A punch-up followed . . . well, just a punch and then a game of poker and a soothing glass or two of cognac in the railway cafe which was packed at 4.30 a.m. This, then, was the heart of life in Albacete.

Piers has had his traveller's cheques nicked. Apart from that and the fact that the gnats had a field day I feel bright and fresh. A night under the Ronda bandstand and stars is paradise. I still wish I had a sleeping bag . . . Bill is going to invest in an Andalusian rug.

Piers has been robbed again. And it's not an insurance fiddle. We have arrived in Granada, the African paradise under the sierras. Here there is the cool and perfect Alhambra . . . maybe after five or six visits or even a lifetime I'll be able to appreciate. My eye wanders too much. The mirage is packed full of orange blossom, marble, austere lions, icicles, carnations and the aura of Islam. After the magical journey into the Alhambra we sipped Alhambra ale. I did not



Tristan Lawrence

have much to say. And then to the 'Zarzamora' restaurant and to a heavenly meal called 'Churrasco' . . . and an ice-cream to finish off the day. I don't think the ice-cream girl was happy . . . maybe it's just the grumpy Granada mood.

The shock of chimes—must have heard every single one. Bill and Mike slept under a tree while I opted for the isolated slanting bench—I fell off nearly every hour. Yesterday night featured an ardent row in the Pizza place in Periguex. I thought Mike ate my pizza and Bill ate my salad—and Mike knew he ate his pizza. I think this is

nearly the end of the road. Sticks and stones . . .

Got hold of paper. Just missed racing at Agen. Don't have energy or money to go to Turin . . . out of bounds. Grenoble will be the final stop.

The trip has fizzled away like an ideal. The journey back makes me numb and unreactive. I think I burst in Granada. All this sleepwalking—but I'll be back. Bill and I are on our last legs. What an experience! There are plenty of memories to cherish and new friends to write to. I'll be back, I promise . . .

* * *

* * *

Advice on Video

by Adam Shaw

There are approximately two million domestic video machines in this country alone, and the number is increasing every day. But video is not new. For many years television has used video tape for instant playback or for live coverage. What is new is the domestic market. For a person to be able to have a film on videotape or to record a television programme while he or she is out is the great attraction.

What is a video recorder?

A video recorder (V.T.R.) may be compared simply with an audio cassette recorder. Magnetic particles are picked up by the tape and stored. This makes it possible for a picture to be played back immediately, speeded up or slowed down, and, if desired, for a recording to be made over it. Connecting the video recorder to a television set is very simple. The connection is made via the aerial socket, thus enabling you to record a programme while the set is switched off.

Which format?

If a layman were asked which video recorder is the best one to buy he would probably reply 'VHS'. V.H.S. are the initials of a system developed by the J.V.C. Company (also known as Ferguson, or Akai) which has also been adopted by other Japanese companies. Sony also developed a video recorder called Betamax which other companies have decided to endorse. A new format is the Video 2000, which is the result of a collaboration between Grundig and Philips. Unfortunately there is no universal system. There are video recorders which

attempt to play both Betamax and V.H.S. but these can easily go wrong and have not been put into mass production for this country. In the U.K. there are over sixty different models of video recorder available, Two-thirds of these are V.H.S., while the rest are evenly divided between Betamax and Video 2000. Nevertheless the popularity of V.H.S. is not necessarily justified. Some 50% of video recorders are hired and, owing to a deal by Thorn/EMI and Granada (who are the main rental companies) with J.V.C., V.H.S. systems are the only format which you can rent. In other parts of the world the popularity tends to lie with Betamax.

With a V.H.S. cassette you can record up to four hours. Quality is good, but in my opinion, not as good as Betamax. This means that the cassette will not last as long as Betamax and quality decreases more rapidly every time a programme is re-recorded. The maximum recording time for Betamax is three and a quarter hours, but blank Betamax cassettes tend to be cheaper than blank V.H.S. ones. The Video 2000 cassette, which has the same quality as V.H.S., has a capability of recording up to eight hours since it is 'flippable'.

If you want to hire or buy a lot of pre-recorded tapes it is best to go for V.H.S. or Betamax. Some video cassette rental shops are restricted by having, for example, one Betamax cassette of a feature film and two V.H.S. cassettes of the same film. Grundig and Philips have made great efforts to put feature films on their cassettes but they cannot yet compete with Betamax and V.H.S.

All machines are capable of recording one channel while you watch another. Most recorders can be set to record a programme a week in advance. The dearer and more sophisticated machines are capable of

recording different programmes from different channels over a period of two weeks. For instance, if you wanted a programme recording from B.B.C.1 on Monday night, one from I.T.V. on Saturday morning and one from Channel 4 on the following Monday afternoon this could all be set up via your timer. Most systems have the facilities of picture search which enables you to speed up the programme, have it in slow motion, or still it completely. Some have Dolby (noise reduction) and recent machines are stereo.

The video disc may be compared to a record player. This involves a laser beam which picks up images locked into a transparent disc. Like a record player it is unable to record and will never be equipped to. A special plastic sleeve covers the disc to enable it to be handled. The real advantages are that the quality is superb and that discs sell at around £15 each, as compared with £30 for the pre-recorded cassette.

Machines in the V.H.S. range from £400 to £800. Betamax machines are cheaper, ranging from £329 to £579. Betamax machines, although not the most popular machines, are the best selling ones. The Sony C7 is the most popular buy in the U.K. The Sony C5 will soon sell at only £299. Finally the Video 2000 ranges from £450 to £700.

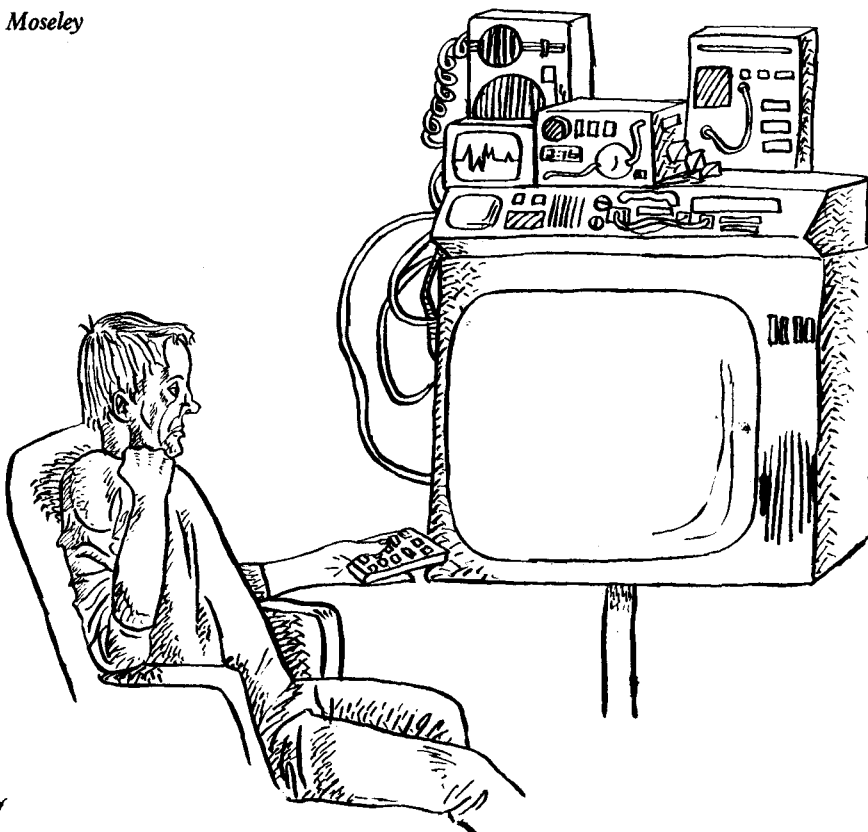
Survival of the Fittest—An Expedition

by Michael Hunt

Primitive life began with British Rail. Abandoned at a junction out in the tundra, Busby's Man led our tribe into a refreshment room and commandeered the Space Invaders. The civilised natives all cleared off, only to return later and watch curiously as we engaged in a ritual game of knuckles on the platform.

Our expeditionary force, a party of thirteen, variously equipped with rucksacks, primus stoves, tents, sleeping bags and a few luxuries like umbrellas, air pillows and marmite sandwiches, had set out on a Friday. The mission was to explore one of Britain's ancient footways. It was October and stormy, and we faced an elemental existence rather as Stone Age Man went forth from his cave to confront the forest predators.

Several Ages passed before British Rail sent the connecting train and delivered us to a hill-fort that had seen better days—though it boasted a fish-and-chip shop, the only cavern in the whole settlement to show a cheerful light. But first we had to make camp. Across the river and to the trees we went. Rigaud's Man, unpacking his brand new tent, discovered he had left the tent pegs behind, and College Man found that his tent was ripped from end to end. Our chieftain led the tentless folk back to the fish bar where a phone call to a local farmer brought the offer of a room in a Scout hut for the night, with electricity, running water and a real fire. Civilisation took a great leap forward.



Next morning our chief gave his orders to the tribesmen. Using our knowledge of the wild we were to travel, via two compulsory meeting places, to a point fifty miles distant on the ancient footway. We divided into groups. The boldest of us chose a likely-looking route and marched out of town, only to discover, on enquiry of a native, that the ancient footway lay in the opposite direction. So it was back to the hill-fort and there we found that several of our tribe, with the cunning of the breed, had used the telephone to hire a chariot and were now sitting at their ease waiting for it to arrive and transport them to a convenient spot a mile or so short of the compulsory checkpoint, for which they would walk and arrive looking convincingly worn out. So, by natural selection, do the brightest (but not necessarily the best) survive in a harsh world.

We plodders set off on our new route over hill and down dale. The footway was hard to find. The needle of our compass kept swinging round wildly as it too was lost. An unfriendly farmer chased us on his tractor and it started raining again.

At last, on a lonely road, a Morris Minor convertible overtook us. We hailed it and found that three of our number were already aboard and there was room for two more. Unfortunately, Dryden's Man stabbed the canvas top of the Morris Minor with his umbrella and the rain began to come in. But our friendly charioteer took us swiftly to our meeting-place.

'My God, you look exhausted' the chief remarked as we stumbled into the cafe where he awaited us.

We camped in a field next to a pub. The tent problem was solved by three sharing a tent made for two, but Rigaud's Man, who had forgotten the tent pegs, was condemned to outer darkness. So long as the pub was open it was possible to enjoy the comforts of civilisation. After supper Rigaud's Man found shelter in the annexe to the pub where there was a billiard table. He slept with his head on the baulk cushion and his feet somewhere near the pink spot.

Next morning the pub's guard-dog, an alsation twice as big as a wolf, decided to join our expedition and followed us down the road and into a field which turned out to be full of sheep. The wolf-dog gave one yelp and went after them. We, terrified that the farmer might drive up on his tractor armed with a shot-gun, gave chase in turn. The dog caught a sheep, and we caught the dog. From the dog's point of view it was all a great game. He allowed us to pick him up and throw him over the gate, but he wouldn't go home. 'If we take him back', said Busby's Man, 'and explain what's happened, we might persuade the innkeeper to give us a lift on our way.'

It worked. But there was no room for every one and three of us had to start yomping. Ashburnham Man and Grant's Man, both descended from a race of pygmies, carried rucksacks larger than themselves and could scarcely see where to put one foot in front of another. The ancient footway was elusive and the sign-posts confusing; we crossed a graveyard and



Mark Scott

tiptoed through a herd of hostile cattle, coming finally to a lake that barred our way.

A consultation with map and compass suggested that we might be in one of three different places. To find the answer we decided to toss a coin, and within an hour we were safely on a made-up road.

The pygmy men, both weary, adopted an exaggerated limp in the hope of winning sympathy from a passing motorist. They fell behind and the route became dark and lonely. Fear of being benighted drove Rigaud's Man into a jogtrot. Half a dozen eggs in his rucksack leaked over his pyjamas and toothbrush, but the yolks stayed intact. Rescue appeared to be at hand when a Ford van drove up with the faces of the two pygmy men showing at the window. But when the van stopped they got out. 'He's not going any further,' they said, 'It was a crushing disappointment.'

At six in the evening the checkpoint was

still ten miles distant, but a passing Land Rover took pity on Rigaud's Man and the pygmies. They had the satisfaction of waving to Busby's Man, abandoned by the wolf-owning pub-keeper, as he plodded along several miles from base.

And so the tribe, in ones and twos, arrived at the second meeting place. 'My God, you're even more exhausted,' remarked the chief.

Those who had tents set about pitching them, but when the tentless folk were told they could sleep in the local church community centre, the others began to find fault with their equipment—the canvas leaked, the guy ropes had broken, or the pegs were missing. Excellent reasons were advanced at an impromptu tribe moot for spending a night in the dry under a sturdy roof.

Rigaud's Man and his friends wanted to celebrate their last night in the wilds with a

feast. The local hill-fort boasted more shebeens than eating-places, but a cave was found where for a few bags of cowrie shells we could eat roast meat and drink nectar. Later, our stomachs filled and limbs rested, we wandered from shebeen to shebeen sampling the native brew—that is until we came to a place where the tribe chief was resting and a local headman, who had earlier given us a lift in his chariot, recognised us and would have given the game away if we hadn't fled.

Our last night in the wild was punctuated only by an exploding prime stove which Liddell's Man, too full of nectar perhaps, unwisely tried to ignite in the dark. This, and earlier accidents to gear, led to difficulties next day when we had to assemble all equipment borrowed from the tribal stores back at the homestead. Clan loyalties dissolved and knives, forks, bits of primus and even tents rapidly changed hands. To make things worse, on the journey by British Rail back to civilisation, Liddell's Man had his rucksack stolen.

It would not be true to say that we survived our three-day initiation unscathed. Out in the wilderness we learned cunning, but back at the homestead we were presented with list of equipment not returned to the store. Rigaud's Man and his partner were lucky—only a few knives and forks were missing. We may not have been fit but we had survived.

Lower School Expeditions

Cornwall by *David Lemkin*

At 1.25 on Friday October 8th a scruffy, dingy train left the hustle and bustle of Euston Station. Destination, Penzance; passengers sixty Westminster schoolboys and six masters, twenty of whom were heading for Redruth in the county of Cornwall.

The train screeched into the remote rural station after a seven-hour journey and we disembarked with our colourful rucksacks and awaited the coach which was to take us to the fishing village of Coverack on the south coast. The two days we spent there was like a holiday, so peaceful and picturesque, and Mr. Huish and Mr. Stokes couldn't have picked a lovelier place to stay.

The hospitality of the inhabitants was warmly welcoming and the cosy village atmosphere was obvious to all. Everyone knew each other, was pleasant to each other and above all this little village, with its parochial villagers was on the shore of one of Cornwall's most beautiful landscapes. The clear blue water, untouched by industrial pollution, saw the many fishing boats edging out of the tiny harbour to catch mackerel, the local fish. It was on one boat, Harold's, that we ventured out for the first time to catch these fish with hand reels. Mackerel are easy to catch and even the most inexperienced of fishermen can catch them with ease. Three trips were made and a total of about two hundred and twenty fish were caught by us.



Cader Idris expedition

Fishing was the main activity apart from walking. Windsurfing, which had been scheduled, was cancelled due to lack of popularity.

The youth hostel we stayed in was run by a man named Robin, a black belt in karate. He kept it in perfect order and made sure we did as well. The food was very well cooked and we even had a choice of breakfast. What service!

No-one can deny that they regretted leaving, because it was such a memorable trip, made memorable by both the people and the village. So we all arrived back at Euston wearied by the journey but having enjoyed every moment of the expedition.

Dartmoor by *Nick Rayne*

We arrived at night, had a meal, and went out onto Dartmoor in the pitch black for a long walk. The next morning we split

into two groups. The first group, which I was in, went rock-climbing while the other group went canoeing. The following day it was the other way round.

Rock-climbing was incredible fun—dangling on a thin rope tied to the instructor a hundred and twenty feet up above bare rocks, and abseiling down cliff faces.

On the Sunday we began by canoeing. After a packed lunch we drove by minibus to the caves. Like the canoeing, this was also great fun. It involved squeezing through gaps barely the width of your body and climbing on a slippery wall above a large forty-foot deadly hole. The last morning we spent orienteering.

The whole expedition was very enjoyable. It was also very interesting to see recorded programmes on mountaineering and other subjects.

Six Characters in Search of a Wardrobe!

The Stage Design team, designers to the School Play, aim to build up a costume collection of full and fancy dress, remnants, shoes, jewellery, feathers and furs in order to clothe a cast of forty in the style of the Arabian Nights. Would you contribute or lend items? Old pyjamas and Indian prints—scarves, dresses, bedspreads—are particularly requested, as are ribbons, gilt decorations and plumes.

We would also like to purchase cheaply two electric sewing machines, a tin bath for dyeing and, if anyone has one and doesn't know what to do with it, a tailor's dummy! If you have things which you wish to give away, lend, or sell, which need to be collected (within reasonable distance of London) please telephone or write to **Kate Miller** at the Common Room, 17 Dean's Yard (01-222 2831).

* * * * *

The Elizabethan Club

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

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Thursday October 7th 1982, with the President, Dr. Gerald Ellison, in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the accounts for the year ended December 31st 1981 were formally approved.

Mr. F. B. Hooper, Mr. F. E. Pagan, Dr. J. M. Rae, Sir John Stocker and Mr. J. M. Wilson were elected Vice-Presidents of the Club. Mr. Michael Tenison was re-elected Chairman, and Mr. Michael Baughan and Mr. Christopher Cheadle were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst was re-elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Committee.

Mr. C. M. O'Brien, Mr. J. S. Baxter and Miss T. Beaconsfield retired by rotation from the General Committee and Mr. Charles Colville, Mr. Piers Higson-Smith and Miss Katie Miller were elected to fill the resulting vacancies.

Mr. B. C. Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as the Hon. Auditor, and the President expressed the Club's gratitude to him for his services.

The Elizabethan Club Dinner—October 7th 1982

It is, of course, always a pleasure and indeed a privilege to be able to dine in College Hall; the Club is particularly grateful to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey for allowing it to do so each year. But never more so than when the speaker is of such interest and so liberally endowed with the gracious art of after-dinner speaking (at just the right length) as indeed is the Hon. F. F. Fisher, whose passionate involvement in private education was a joy to hear.

Our Committee is believed to have in mind a change for the 1983 Dinner, in that they are being asked to relax the present rule that only those with a direct connection with the School may be invited as guests. This, if true, is heartily to be commended; the uniquely pleasant ambience of the occasion deserves to be shared with all ones friends as the years go by.

Notice of Special General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, SW1, on Wednesday, May 11th 1983 at 6.00 p.m. to transact the following business:

1. To consider and, if thought fit, approve the following resolution amending the Rules of the Club:
Rule 7 shall be altered to read as follows:
'7 (a) A candidate on whose behalf while he was at School an amount approved from time to time at a General Meeting as a composition for Life Membership has been paid to the Club (whether in one sum or by way of termly instalments) shall be eligible for election as a Life Member without any further payment.
(b) It shall be open to Members of the Club who are not Life Members at any time to make a payment to the Club as a composition for Life Membership of such amount as may from time to time have been approved under Rule 7(a).
(c) Except where otherwise provided by these rules, the administrative arrangements for the payment of subscriptions shall be determined from time to time by the General Committee.'
2. To consider, and if thought fit, approve the following consequential amendments to the Rules of the Club:
Rule 5(b) (line 1): In place of '(except under Rules 4, 7(b) and 7(c))' shall be substituted '(except under Rules 4 and 7(a))'
Rule 5(b) (line 4): In place of 'Rule 7(a)' shall be substituted 'Rule 7(b)'
Rule 6 (line 3): In place of 'Rule 7(b) and 7(c)' shall be substituted 'Rule 7(a)'
3. To consider and, if thought fit, approve the following resolution:
'For all pupils entering the School in or after September 1983 the amount due under Rule 7(a) as a composition for Life Membership shall be increased from £30 to £45.'
4. To consider and, if thought fit, approve the following resolution:
'The annual subscription of the Club shall be increased from £1 to £2 with immediate effect.'

On behalf of the General Committee,
C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Secretary

Explanatory Notes

Resolution

1. The Club's Rules provide at present for the collection of subscriptions for Life Membership in twelve termly instalments, while candidates are still at School. This system is cumbersome and has in recent years become more complex administratively both for the School and the Club, particularly with the advent of a sixth form intake. The proposed amendment to the Rules is intended to give the General Committee and the School more flexibility in collecting subscriptions, taking into account the desirability of spreading the burden of payment over a reasonable period of time, while reducing as far as possible the cost and effort of collection.
3. The present Life Membership subscription was fixed at its present level of £30 in October 1975; had this amount been increased in line with inflation over the intervening period it would now be some £68. If therefore the Club is to achieve its immediate objectives of more communication with Old Westminsters and closer co-operation with the School, a significant increase is required in the income from subscriptions.
4. The Rules provide for the payment by (non-life) Members of an annual subscription, as an alternative to the once-for-all Life Membership subscription. In view of the increase proposed in the level of the latter, the annual subscription should clearly also be raised from its present level of £1.

Elizabethan Club Dinner

The Elizabethan Club will be holding its Annual Dinner on Wednesday, October 5th 1983.

The dinner will take place in College Hall and would members please make a note of it in their diaries.

Peter Whipp will once again be making the arrangements and any queries should be addressed to him at: 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey. Telephone: 01-940 6582.

The Editors would like to thank the many Old Westminsters who have responded so helpfully to our request for contributions and letters.

Letters

August 30th, 1982

The Editors
The Elizabethan

Dear Sirs,

I write to congratulate you on the really splendid July 1982 *Elizabethan*. This was quite the most interesting and lively issue I can remember.

Your editorial signed by one of the two ladies amongst you says that the work has been fun, but disheartening. Have no fear. Your efforts have set a precedent and created a new era in Westminster journalism which your successors must follow for the enjoyment of all your readers.

Yours faithfully,
D. E. Samuel (1929-34, HB)

The Old Orchard,
Sandford Orcas,
Sherborne, Dorset.

September 18th, 1982

Dear Editors,

Isobel Bowler's editorial in the July issue of *The Elizabethan*, 'begging' and 'imploing' OWW to write their memoirs eventually will have the desired effect on this one. Before that, however, I wish to congratulate you on a splendid issue, No. 697, which I have read with great delight on this sparkling Saturday morning overlooking the Golden Gate.

Sincerely yours,
Ian Carmichael (1943-47, HB and B)
University of California,
Berkeley.

July 26th, 1982

The Editor,

Delighted to see a letter in your last issue from my old long lost school chum Robert Cullingford (1928-33, R). Of course it was SPEAIGHTS to whom I was apprenticed at the instigation of the Rev. Costley White. The boy who did the interview had a tape recorder so it ended up as SPATES. I have told Cullingford I believe Cherry was with us—Gerry Scott certainly was.

Incidentally I would date the 'Greaze' photograph as 1929 and the boy's face is very familiar but the name, like the other great characters included, has gone. Beyond the 'John' I recognise the Sergeant O.C. the Armoury, on the left just before Little Cloister. He was famous for the 'two-be-four' pull through.

R. W. P. Smith (1927-31, A)
(*alias* Norman Parkinson)

35 Sion Court,
Twickenham,
Middlesex, TW1 3DD.

226



September 11th, 1982

Dear Madam,

Your article by Sidney Levey in the July edition of *The Elizabethan*, which referred to the Test Match at Lord's in 1921 against Australia, prompted me to obtain the enclosed.

It is a detail from an enormous photograph of the Officers, Warrant officers and Sergeants of the Artists Rifles OTC/OCB when that Regiment was in camp at Gidea Park in 1916-17.

Donald John Knight is No. 51, third from the right, middle row, and at that time he would have been about 21 or 22. His record as a cricketer is too well known for me to go into here, and his record as a master at Westminster can be obtained from Volume III of the 'Records of OWW'.

As far as I am aware I am the sole surviving OW with service in the Artists Rifles (28th London Regiment). The Regiment is now 21st SAS (Artists), and it has occurred to me that you might like to reprint this detail in a future edition of *The Elizabethan* for the benefit of other OWW who were at School with 'Dolly' Knight.

Yours faithfully,
John Ventura (1926-28, H)
6 Denbigh Road,
West Ealing,
London W13 8PX.

September 14th, 1982

Dear Ladies and Sirs,

As a former second-lieutenant in the army during National Service I feel that I must protest at the tenor of Anthony Howard's words printed in your July edition and implying that I and thousands of other such officers were neither bright nor intelligent but had each had his commission bought for him by his celebrated father.

My own father was not celebrated and seldom met I another second-lieutenant whose father was a celebrity.

Our commissions were not bought for us. After several weeks of basic military training we all had to pass initially three days of searching scrutiny by a Selection Board run by the War Office and then endure an intensive sixteen weeks at a special Officer Cadet School which made Anthony Howard's undergraduate years at Oxford seem like a holiday-camp.

Granted that in a few opulent regiments an officer did need a private income to survive socially, he still had to pass that general Selection Board and endure the subsequent sixteen weeks of rigorous further training. In no way was a private income a condition of selection by the Board or of passing the constant demands of the Officer Cadet School. Few of us had any

such income; and most of us accordingly survived on a basic pay of some four shillings and sixpence a day during training and thirteen shillings and sixpence a day after receiving our hard-earned commissions.

Thank you for your attention.

Yours sincerely,

Graham Illingworth (1949-54, G)

57 Parkgate Crescent,
Hadley Wood,
EN4 0NW.

July 15th, 1982

Dear "Sirs"?

My *Elizabethan* arrived this morning, and I'm delighted to resolve the puzzle of the identity of the boy who won the Greaze in, I am pretty sure, 1932, fifty years ago. Anyway, not the early twenties.

He is my brother, C. R. H. Eggar, KS, 1930-35, who quite recently retired as Managing Director of Baring's Bank. He still has his golden sovereign—guineas were, even then, in short supply, and one had to make do with a sovereign and a shilling.

I felt some nostalgia on seeing the photographs of prayers Up School on the previous page. Again, if I identify the master at the back right, I think it was taken a little later than the twenties—probably in or after 1932.

By the way, can you resolve the problem of how to address you—I see that other correspondents take, as I have, the chauvinist's way out.

yours sincerely,

Ralph Eggar (1928-33, A)

(Brigadier R. A. J. Eggar, C.B.E., M.A.)
Straits Cottage,
Kingsley,
nr. Bordon,
Hants.

Alas, we have no answer to Brigadier Eggar's problem (Eds.).

The Greaze Photograph prompted a delightful flood of letters, for which we are most grateful. There is only space for a few of these and we hope that the other correspondents will not mind if we print extracts.

August 2nd, 1982

Dear Sir,

The winner of the Greaze whose picture is on p. 180 of the last number of *The Elizabethan* is C. R. H. Eggar, KS, 1930-35, an almost exact contemporary of my own. I have kept the School Photographs of 1931 and 1935, and he appears in both of them. In 1931 I made a chart of the names of the boys that I knew, and I certainly recognise him. He was born in January 1917, so I should think that he must have won the Greaze in 1933 or 1934, as he looks about 16 or 17. Incidentally, I seem to remember that during my time the Golden Guinea was replaced by a Pound Note and a Shilling, which did not go down at all well then—less still now! Just think what a Golden Guinea would be worth and how the Pound has lost its value in the last half century!

The picture of Latin Prayers on p. 179 is the same one that was used in an article by Lawrence Tanner in *Country Life*, May 19th 1960, and it is described as 'in the 1930s'. It was also in his book about the School, which was published in 1934. In the *Record of Old Westminster*, Volume III, 1964, it is precisely dated as in 1934. Indeed, I seem to remember it—and other pictures for his book—being taken while I was at Westminster, and I myself appear in one of them: 'Fencing in the Garden of Ashburnham House.' I also recognise various contemporaries of mine in other illustrations.

So it is reasonable to think that both the pictures that go with S. H. W. Levey's article were of the early *thirties*, and not the twenties.

I hope that all this may be of some use to you, and I should like to say how much I do enjoy *The Elizabethan* and how grateful I am to those of you who get landed with the wearing and thankless task of editing it. When I was the Head Master of Summer Fields, I edited the Summer Fields Magazine, and I used to get very irritated by the lack of response to appeals for copy for it, so I know what it is like. I only wish that I had something interesting to offer you. I am much looking forward to reading J. C. Morton's '*With the Tide*'. Perhaps it will spur me to write some reminiscences of Westminster—and Grant's in particular—in the 1930s?

Yours faithfully,

Patrick Savage (1930-35, G)

P.S. I rarely come to Westminster these days, but I thought that the last Commem. was much the most beautiful and moving that I have ever been at.

Windmere Edge,
15 Shilton Road,
Burford,
Oxford OX8 4PA.

July 16th, 1982

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I respond to your plea for OWW letters. Isobel Bowler was right in defending *The Elizabethan* from unfair criticism. It gets better every year. My daughter from a grammar school, and now at Oxford, reads every edition so it must stand on interest and literary merit without just the school tag.

I am surprised that the photograph of the Greaze on p. 180 is attributed to the early twenties because I think the boy holding pancake and a golden guinea is C. R. H. Eggar. He rowed in the 1st VIII for three years including the year I coxed it and we won a round of the Ladies' Plate at Henley against an Oxford college VIII. C. H. Fisher was our coach and a marvellous man in every way.

Yours sincerely,

Reginald Penney (1933-35, R)

Rumbow Cottage,
44 Acreman Street,
Sherborne,
Dorset DT9 3NX.

From **H. V. King** (1931-36, KS)

... Chris Eggar was the same election as David Carey and one senior to C. M. O'Brien and myself, so I feel sure that one of those two, who are in closer touch with the school, will have made the identification.

Unfortunately, I have not maintained any links with Westminster since I left in 1936 but I have very clear memories of several royal occasions. There was the visit to morning service in the Abbey of the present Queen with her grandparents, King George V and Queen Mary; a midnight service on January 21st when King George V's life 'was drawing peacefully to its close'; the wedding of the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina and the coronation of King George VI to which, under special dispensation, the scholars who were at school when King George V died, were invited. This was on the initiative of a contemporary KS, Jarvis Head, who I believe died quite young.

In common with most of my age group, I am now on the point of retiring after a working life in industry as a practical engineer with De Havilland, Plessey and Marconi. It seems a long time since I was the age of the boy in the photograph, but I feel no different! ...

From **Professor P. L. Shinnie**, University of Calgary (1928-34, A)

... I have been much interested in information concerning Old Westminsters in recent numbers of *The Elizabethan* and hope this may be maintained. In particular I was pleased to read the extract from the reminiscences of S. H. Levey in your issue for last July. Although Levey had left school before I arrived I also share fond memories of Dr. Costley-White and of D. J. Knight who was my form master during one of my earlier years ...

From **J. I. P. Hunt** (1933-38, A)

... In 'Latin Prayers up School' I can recognize certain masters from the back—John Carleton, Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Young, Mr. Murray Rust and Mr. Fisher. The photo was, I believe taken in 1933, when John Carleton joined the staff ...

From **Rev. R. S. Chalk** (1918-24, R/KS)

... This Greaze must have taken place just after my time, as 'shags' were *de rigueur* for greazers up to 1924 when I left. Sweaters were allowed later—perhaps due to the exploit of J. A. Pickering (AHH) who in 1921 secured the pancake by slipping it between his 'shag' and his waistcoat. ... Incidentally, I too was present on the first day of the Lord's Test in 1921 so graphically described by S.H.W. Levey, though unlike him I had to resort to no subterfuge in order to get there as (in my case at any rate) that day was during an Exeat! My companion J. H. Robson (RR) and I likewise witnessed with dismay the ignominious dismissal of our Games Master, Mr. D. J. Knight and had the added mortification of hearing it described by a disgruntled spectator as 'out to a schoolboy stroke'!

From **J. E. Rich** (1926-31, KS)

. . . The first Greaze he (C. R. H. Eggar) could have entered was on Shrove Tuesday 1931, but as I took part then, I know it was won surprisingly by a small IVth form boy, R. J. S. M. Arnold (1929-34, B).

Arnold was on the edge of the Greaze, when the whole pancake suddenly shot out from under the larger boys in the centre. He cleverly stuffed about two thirds of it under his sweater and threw the remainder back into the Greaze for the rest of us to scrum for. When the whistle blew, he triumphantly produced the largest piece of winning pancake seen at a Greaze for some years! . . .

From **John Ridley** (1928-34, HB)

. . . I suspect the date of the photograph to be 1933, when Costley was fifty-five, every second of which he looks in the picture. Not even he could have had quite so venerable an aspect ten years earlier. The same could be said of Harry Angel who lived until 1958 . . .

From **J. R. O'Brien** (1929-34, H/KS)

. . . It was either at that Greaze or an adjacent one which I nearly won or thought I'd won, or was there a 'replay'? Anyway, being a good scientist I kept my piece of pancake in a test tube. It went blue with moulds and seemed to get smaller down the years, till it got lost, or did some heartless adult throw it out? . . .

* * *

Old Westminster Notes

Alan Borg (1955-60, B) has been appointed Director of the Imperial War Museum.

J. V. Earle (1966-70, QS) has been appointed Keeper of the Far Eastern Department of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

T. R. Ware (1947-52, K.S.), (now the Revd. Kallistos Ware) was consecrated Bishop of Diocleia at the Greek Cathedral, Moscow Road in June.

P. A. M. Morrah (1921-26, A) is the author of 'A Royal Family', an account of Charles I and his family, published by Constable in April. He contributes a memoir on p. 234.

Adam Mars-Jones (1967-72, QS) has been given the Somerset Maugham Award for his book 'Lantern Lecture', which was reviewed in a recent issue of *The Elizabethan*. He is the subject of an interview on p. 216.

James Lasdun (1971-75, R) has won an Eric Gregory Trust award for poets under the age of thirty.

Stephen Poliakov (1966-69, W) followed up the success of his first television film with a second, 'Soft Targets', seen on B.B.C. T.V. during October.

Anthony Sampson (1939-44, R/KS) had 'The Changing Anatomy of Britain' published in October, coinciding with the paperback publication of a book on the world bankers, called 'The Money Lenders'.

John Burns (1972-77, B, D) has been elected to the Thomas Whitcombe Greene Scholarship at Oxford. He has also had his first paper on Greek vase painting published in *Ziha Antika*.

Anthony Peebles (1959-64, R) gave a well-received piano recital in the Queen Elizabeth Hall during September. He gave a preliminary performance of his programme at the school.

Andrew Lloyd Webber (1962-65, QS) is the first composer to have three musicals running simultaneously on Broadway and in the West End. 'Cats', 'Evita' and 'Song and Dance' in London; 'Cats', 'Evita' and 'Joseph' in New York.

I. J. Croft (1936-41, HB), for the last ten years head of the Home Office Research and Planning Unit, was appointed C.B.E. in last year's Birthday Honours.

Sir Angus Wilson (1927-32, H) has been appointed President of the Royal Society of Literature in succession to the late Lord Butler of Saffron Walden.

M. D. V. Davies (1957-63, A) now resident in New York, has been appointed to the Secretariat of the International Civil Service Commission.

John Cruft (1927-30, HB), for many years a practising musician and musical administrator (Secretary of the London Symphony Orchestra, Musical Director successively of the British Council and the Arts Council) is the co-author of a book called *The Royal College of Music: a Centenary Record*.

George Benjamin (1973-77, R) had his most recent work, 'At First Light', performed by the London Sinfonietta at St. John's, Smith Square in November. In the same week his early (1978) Piano Sonata was played by Peter Donohoe (joint winner of the 1982 Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow) at the Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival. He himself plays this sonata on a new record, described in the *Sunday Times* as 'outstandingly brilliant', which also includes his Duo for cello and piano and 'Flight', a piece for solo flute.

Peter Ustinov (1934-37, B, A) has had two new plays performed recently. He appeared in 'The Marriage' (originally written for La Scala, Milan) at the Edinburgh Festival last summer. His latest work, 'Beethoven's Tenth' was premiered in Paris during December, and he has completed a new film, 'Memed'.

The Ashburnham Centenary Dinner

The Ashburnham Centenary Dinner was held in College Hall on Monday, December 13th, 1982 and was very well attended, attracting over one hundred Old Ashburnhamites. The toast of *Floreat Westminster* was proposed by the Chairman of the Ashburnham Society, Mr. Colin Brough, who welcomed the other guests at High Table and explained that in their separate ways they had each played a special part in the history of the House. They were: the most senior Old Ashburnhamite, Mr. L. C. Denza (1906-08, A); two former Housemasters, Mr. F. Rawes and Major R. French; two Housemasters' wives, Joyce Rawes and Odette Livingstone-Smith, who had done so much for the House; two of the longest-serving ladies in the Ashburnham Dining Room, Mrs. Becky Cole and Mrs. Zillah Hislop; and the two current House tutors, Mr. G. Ashton and Mr. G. Griffiths.

The toast of *Floreat Ashburnham* was proposed by the Head Master, who wished the House every success and remarked that the large turnout was a tribute to the strength of the House structure within the wider School structure. The Housemaster, Mr. A. W. Livingstone-Smith, responded to the toast and said he was pleased to report that the House had enjoyed excellent results in both sporting and academic field during the year. He was also pleased that Ashburnham now had the School's first female Head of House, Miss Alexandra Perricone.

After dinner, a Review of 100 years of life up Ashburnham, based on ledgers kept by Heads of Houses, was performed by members of the House. Although names had been changed, many of those present undoubtedly recognised characters they knew (and may even have recognised themselves!).

In summary it was a most enjoyable evening where old friendships were renewed and new ones made. The Society's thanks are owed in particular to Mr. Peter Dyer and Chef for an excellent meal, Mr. T. M. Hickmore for producing the menu cards, Mr. W. S. Strain and Mr. J. V. Fox who, although unable to attend, kindly sent donations to the Society, and the cast of the Review (who also served the wine during the meal): Lucy Aitchison, Charlotte Grant, Todd Hamilton, Jonathan Hearn, Henry Male and Tim Roberts.

The Society is currently revising its mailing list in the light of the response to circulating over 700 Old Ashburnhamites for the occasion. The new list will include all those who came to the Dinner as well as those who returned their invitation forms indicating that they would like to remain on the mailing list. If any other Old Ashburnhamites would like to be included in the new list they should write to the Hon Secretary, Matthew Cocks, 13 Langford Green, Champion Hill, London SE5 8BX (Tel. 01-274 5448).

The Triflers Club

1932-9

by Francis Pagan (1954-59, QS)

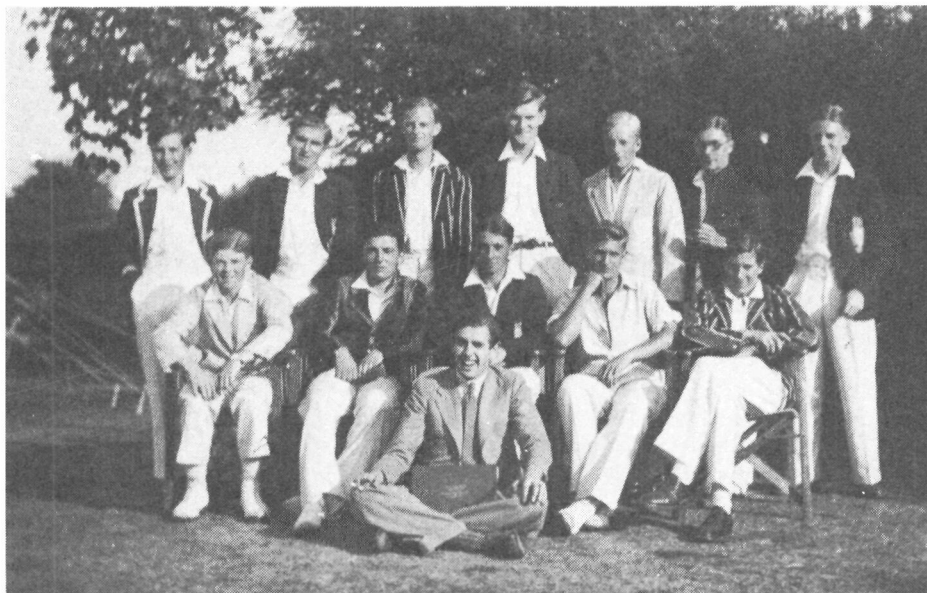
Just fifty years ago a few naive young Old Westminsters who loved playing cricket, but preferred a less sophisticated background than clubs like Esher or Wimbledon—if only because few of us felt we were good enough to play regularly in that company—decided to found a club of our own to play local cricket in West Sussex during the late summer.

The driving force was J. S. Brown (G 1926-31), whose parents had just bought a pleasant house surrounded by farm land at Lyminster, a few miles inland from Littlehampton. He had marked down the field immediately to the north of the house, separated from the lawns by the traditional ha-ha, as an ideal cricket ground. The chief gardener and bailiff was a man of great resource called Asplin, and he was despatched to the county ground at Horsham to learn the secrets of wicket preparation and care. He got so good at this that within three years the Lyminster ground was as good a batting and fielding track as anywhere in the county.

First, though, the club had to have a name, rules and a fixture list, all of which were discussed with great solemnity by a self-appointed committee. It was remembered that in the eighteenth century an unofficial and irreverent school magazine had appeared called *The Trifler*. So we became the Triflers, and for a motto we chose a suitable line from a Westminster poet, William Cowper (1742-9): 'The Solemn Trifler with his Boasted Skill'. Rule 4 read 'The Club shall be open to all, provided there be always a majority of Westminsters over non-Westminsters in the total membership'.

In fact, all the original thirty members were Westminsters. The earliest photograph taken at Lyminster contains the following (l.to.r.): F. E. Pagan (KS), A. C. Johnson (AH), J. Alderson (KS), R. H. Angelo (R), W. R. S. Doll (G and KS), J. S. Brown (G), J. C. Bune (AH), J. B. Latey (G), E. A. Bompas (G), J. E. Rich (KS), E. H. G. Lonsdale (G), I. K. Munro (G) and M. Broadhurst (AH). From these were chosen the eleven to play the first match, at Littlehampton on September 1st 1932. The game was lost, but only because we had lent the opposition one of our two spare men, John Bune, who made 78 for them. John Alderson, a tiny figure still at school, made 46 out of 151, and Pagan took 6 wickets for 56. This will astonish his later acquaintance even more than Broadhurst's hat-trick at Midhurst the year after.

Until the Lyminster ground was ready we had to play all our matches elsewhere. Five of these remained permanent away fixtures when the list expanded to a fortnight: Littlehampton, Bognor, Steyning, Worthing and Havant (just over the Hampshire border). The base was always



Lyminster 1933

(Back row) J. O. H. Powell-Jones, I. K. Munro, J. E. Rich, R. N. Heaton, R. W. Edgar, E. H. G. Lonsdale, M. Broadhurst.

(Front row) J. Alderson, J. S. Brown, A. C. Johnson, W. R. S. Doll, F. E. Pagan; (on ground) J. W. Triggs (hon. scorer)

Cecil and Violet Brown's house at Lyminster. With amazing and unobtrusive hospitality they (we called them 'CNP' and 'Mrs. B') put up and with as many as fifteen young men for as many as fifteen days, and fed them royally both early and late. When home fixtures started we went for lunch to a pub up the road, and tea was spread on trestle tables in the yard in front of the Asplin's cottage. There was a tennis court and a billiards room—even a cricket net was contrived in an alleyway between the high thuya hedges beside the ground. In the evenings there were other choices. A pub on the sea front sometimes attracted the restless, but most of us were happy to sit in the red leather armchairs or on the floor in the hall, talking or listening to the Proms on the radio, or taking it in turns to play bridge with our hosts.

There were pleasant visits to Storrington and Steyning, two authentic homes of the best kind of village cricket. At Storrington the captain was Hugh de Selincourt, author of *The Cricket Match*, and he (as 'Gauvinier') and many of the players could be recognised as characters in that delightful book. My own favourite day was at Steyning, on their lovely big ground tucked away behind the main street with a clear view of the Downs and Chanctonbury Ring. They could always raise a good side for a whole day game on a Thursday, which was liable to include Jack Eaton, on the edge of the county side, and the formidable C. J. ('Juggy') Holden, who later went as groundsman to the county ground at Horsham. Chris Breach the captain was a forthright character to match our explosive John Brown. Like many Triflers who played there he did not come back from the war. A key figure in their side was the amiable Fred Laker (no relation to Freddie or Jim) who kept the inn opposite the old Grammar School. His wife did the lunches there, with a marvellous home-made apple tart and quantities of real ale. The Steyning scorer was always a

courteous old gentleman who wore a black jacket and stiff white butterfly collar, and was called (it's true) Mr. E. A. F. Mould.

The most colourful member there was a bowler named Lockwood. His left arm ended in a stump which he covered with a little black glove, he had a cleft palate and an uncertain temper, and he bowled frighteningly fast. Going out to bat one day with Rodney Smith on his first visit to Steyning I warned my partner that he was a bit quicker than most. 'Oh yes?' said Rodney, and was clean bowled first ball while still on his back lift.

More orthodox powerful opposition was to be found at Bognor. There was a Gilligan there (the Rev. F. W.) for our first match in 1933. He and a fine player called M. N. Ireland put on nearly 200 for the fifth wicket, matched by 150 for our third wicket by Robin Edgar and Mike Broadhurst. In 1935 they were joined by Hugh Bartlett and Billy Griffith, two of the greatest amateurs of the day, and that year we were annihilated.

The Worthing game was usually a battle of wits with their captain, J. K. Mathews, a curmudgeonly tactician with a talent for late declaration. With Havant we had very friendly relations, and later on they used to come for a return match at Lyminster. In 1932 we found there Ted Bowley, who had only just stopped playing for Sussex, and next year there were J. P. Parker and the Rev. G. L. O. Jessop, who lived up to his father's reputation with four fours in an over off Alan Johnson. That year too appeared young John Blake—his father played regularly for Havant—whom we very soon appropriated as a Trifler and who made many runs for us before winning a Cambridge Blue.

For matches at Lyminster we relied on touring or otherwise homeless sides. Chief among these were the Sussex Martlets and (when we felt strong enough) Sussex Club & Ground. Alan Hilder (A. L. Hilder of

Lancing) could bring a very strong side too, and we had terrible trouble again one year getting rid of Bartlett and Griffith, dropping the latter four times in an innings of 83. Usually fielding was our strongest point. The Club & Ground used to bring our friend Jack Eaton from Steyning, as well as Jack and Charley Oakes. They usually had one or two aspiring young professionals, and in 1937 these included one who appears in the score book only as 'Smith'. He turned out to be one of the quickest bowlers we had seen, and was tipped for county or higher honours. He also bowled a bit short, and his first ball knocked off my cap (no helmets then) and his third had me caught behind. In his next over he tried another bouncer at Rodney Smith, whose usual reaction to these was a hook for six. Unfortunately there was a strong wind blowing from long leg which held the ball up long enough for it to fall just inside the boundary and into the hands of Oakes (J). Delivering the next ball Smith caught his foot in one of our bowlers' footmarks and sprained his ankle. He retired with figures of 2 for 3 and was never heard of again. On the whole, though, we coped quite well with this fixture, and in 1983 we put on 100 for the first wicket.

In 1935 the list was expanded under the secretaryship of Jack Rich to include fixtures earlier in the year away from Lyminster, which entailed bringing in new players, often non-Westminsters. In any case John Brown had come down from Cambridge, got married without delay, and went to teach English at Edinburgh Academy. From then on there appeared a sprinkling of girl friends at Lyminster, though even the Browns could hardly run to married quarters, and a number of good cricketers came south from Scotland in August to join us. Particularly welcome and valuable were Freddie ('Thunderbum') Whitelaw, a Scottish lawyer (or W. S.) and a fine bowler whose booming inswinger straightening off the seam was a revelation to us ordinary cricketers, Dick Evers from Fettes and Stephen Hutchinson from Loretto—all-rounders in every good sense who won us many matches.

This led naturally to a Scottish Tour in July 1936, playing six games over the border, including one against the senior Scottish club, The Grange. These were mostly afternoon games, and indeed one against Scottish Wayfarers began at 5.15 and ended five hours later in good light. The whole enterprise was much enjoyed by the senior Browns, who on free mornings took on all comers on one of the Gullane golf courses, and it was repeated for the next three years.

Two other good fixtures began at this time. One was a Sunday game at Ashtead in Surrey, when for the first time we were joined by Donald Knight—who had taught most of us our cricket. Going in first, as he had for England fourteen years earlier, he made 39 in inimitable style. What he enjoyed most, though, was a bowl of twelve overs in which he took two wickets with gentle outswingers, and was incredulously debited by the Ashtead umpire with two wides nudged firmly by the batsman to third man.



John Brown (r.) and Richard Doll (l.) taking the field at Lyminster

The other new game was at Charterhouse in early August, where Major P. C. Fletcher ran a week's cricket. Though a master there, he and his four sons had been in the Marlborough side, so P. C. Fletcher's XI contained them and the two Waddys (B.B. and L.H.). The Major always insisted on starting at 11 a.m. precisely—not an easy condition for visiting sides. What usually happened with us was that at 10.45 there were perhaps two or three Triflers present, who were invited to bat without spinning a coin and without delay. As on this occasion we had meant to open with Donald Knight and Claude Taylor, neither of whom was present, we were quickly 20 for 3. Donald just got his pads on in time to hold the fort till Claude could join him, and with the rest of our batting strength gradually assembling we finished with over 200 and won the game. Next year the same thing happened, and we were 2 for 0 before John Brown and John Alderson (who had come in a faster car than most) put on 60 and Donald Knight arrived to make a beautiful 86. Nobody seems to have had the courage to insist on tossing up so as to have a chance of putting the Fletchers in and asking for eight substitutes.

Another feature of Lyminster now was the 'house' side, which assembled for week-end games in May and June of a more truly village character. Down from London would come Findlay Rea, Richard Doll, Neville Heaton, Ursel Baliol-Scott, John Alderson and John Turner to join Bates the village policeman, Tomsett the carpenter, retired Captain Barratt R.N. from down the road, 'Uncle Cecil' Cooper (Mrs. B's brother who ran the farm and the pedigreed herd of Jersey cattle) and the crafty J. A. Macdonald, a veteran bowler who lived nearby and often played for the main Triflers side. As Mac and Uncle Cecil both were an eye short, care was needed in the field placing; and as Harold the cowman

stood as umpire with a crutch instead of one leg there was a certain amount of potential comedy, often realised.

Early in our 1939 fortnight we were visited at Lyminster by Leslie Burgin, who had married Mrs. B's sister and was for some odd reason Minister of Supply in the Chamberlain cabinet. It was mid-August, and things were tense, but Burgin told us airily that he had just spoken by telephone to the Prime Minister (on holiday in Scotland) and he was sure the crisis would soon blow over. A few days later we came down to breakfast to read in our papers of the non-aggression pact between Stalin and Hitler. We set off for our afternoon game at Worthing, knowing that this could be the last one of all, but ready to do battle again with J. K. Mathews. True to form he declared after 2½ hours at 175 for 6, leaving us 90 minutes batting. We won with a few minutes to spare, John Blake making a brilliant 75, and within the hour the Triflers had dispersed to take stock of their future.

This was not quite the last match, because in August 1940 I gathered as many of us as possible who were still around for a game at Ashtead. There were a few outsiders, but the side nevertheless included, beside myself, Alan Johnson, Jack Rich, John Turner, Ebby Gerrish, Findlay Rea and Rodney Smith, all long established Triflers. It happened that the Ashtead captain, Colin McIver, was entertaining his old Oxford friend J. C. Masterman*, and had asked him to play. At a few minutes to seven we had reached the position where Ashtead at 170 needed 22 runs off the last over with eight wickets down, and 'J.C.' not out 78. A disappointing draw, it seemed, but refusing to accept this I called on Alan Johnson, the slowest of slow left-handers who had taken more wickets than any of us over the years, to bowl the last over against his old history tutor, and stationed myself at long on. The last ball of all sailed over my head, giving Ashtead victory and J.C. his hundred. So ended the last match played by the Triflers.

There was also a fives section of the club. No records survive, but as hon. sec. I remember good games and much fun whiling away the winter in the old courts in Great College Street or on visits to Oxford, Cambridge and Charterhouse. Our two pairs usually included Richard Doll and myself, but the best player was Tommy Garnett of Charterhouse, who taught at Westminster from 1936 to 1938 and was afterwards Master of Marlborough and Headmaster of Geelong. A fourth player might be John Rayne (KS 1930-5), last heard of on tsetse control in East Africa. Has anyone news of him now?

After the war we counted our losses, and they were too great for us to start again. Before it began we had lost Robin Edgar, who died of yellow fever in Africa in 1938, and Edmund Symes-Thompson was killed in an early London blitz. In 1941 Eric Bompas was killed in action against the Japanese outside Hong Kong. Dick Evers died when his jeep ran over a mine in North

*Sir John Masterman, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, and a key figure in the cypher war of 1939-45.

Africa. John Bune was killed at Arnhem, and, cruellest of all, John Alderson, who had won the M.C. after landing in Normandy with the Special Service troops, was hit by a sniper less than a month before the German surrender. In any case the Browns had sold Lyminster and John Brown was divorced.

J.S.B. was an outrageous character. His manners were often appalling, and as a young man he never thought before he spoke and seldom before he acted. He was quick to quarrel, yet never lost a friend; his warmth and enthusiasm were irresistible. He was a fine English scholar, a hair-raising driver who never had an accident, an excitingly erratic batsman, a coverpoint in the Randall class, and a Mozart addict. One night just after the war he was with my wife and me at a London performance of *Zauberflöte*. Act II opened with the entry of two high priests in white clothing, followed by ten lesser ones. John chortled loudly in my ear 'the fielding side's one short!' Since then I have always counted heads in the March of Priests. In 1968 he died as suddenly as he did everything, when Headmaster of Bexhill Grammar School. In 1950 he had married John Alderson's widow, who as Diana Burgin was his own first cousin and an honorary Trifler. Christopher Alderson (QS and Captain of the School in 1960) was eighteen months old when his father was killed, and I am more than grateful to him for preserving and letting me use the entire collection of scorebooks he inherited from his stepfather.

Three Triflers stand out in memory. Edmund Symes-Thompson seemed always to be around. He was a Radleian, a jovial fountain of very good stories, and his casual corpulence masked a good cricketer and a thoughtful man. John Alderson was short, pugnacious, romantic and fearless. Dick Evers we came to know later, but we quickly realised his worth—and his good taste. He married the girl behind the bar in the Norfolk Arms in Arundel and took her back to Fettes, where she was the darling of the Common Room. After Dick was killed she married the future Headmaster.

They are still young; the survivors are old. Richard Doll and Rodney Smith are famous men. John Latey is a High Court Judge. Errol Lonsdale a retired Major-General and A.D.C. to the Queen. Neville Heaton organised Rab Butler's 1944 Education Act, and got the C.B. for it. Alan Johnson (now hyphenated), biographer of Eden and Halifax, was press attaché to Mountbatten when Viceroy of India. Findlay Rea, younger brother of the late Lord Rea, looks after all the competitions organised by *The Cricketer*. (Two who were among the most gifted cricketers of our generation, Bobby Angelo and Paddy Gawthorne, have not been heard of for years. Can anybody give us news of them?)

The rest of us have had more humble careers, but when any two or more are gathered together, Shallow and Silence are outdone in confused and maudlin reminiscence.



Lyminster 1935

Identification can be left to the reader. All but two are from Westminster

Letters from Abroad

October, 1982

From **The Hon. Francis Noel-Baker**
(1934-38, G)

Dear Sirs and/or Madams,

As a former Editor myself (of *The Grantee*) I respond to the 'begging and imploring' of Miss Bowler in your issue 697 and hope my contribution is not too lengthy.

When I retired, somewhat disillusioned, from nearly twenty years in the House of Commons, I went to live in the family home on the Island (the sixth largest in the Mediterranean) which I suppose the Classical Sixth, like me, still calls Euboea, though the Tourists now mostly have it as Evvia or Evia.

The South-West coast of the Island lies opposite Attica and not too far from Athens, and has been greedily and, for the most part, hideously 'developed'. But our area, 30 miles North of our local capital Chalcis (Halkis), apart from some mining activity in the hills, is still relatively unspoilt. It is one of the greenest parts of Greece, with mountains clad with pine and fir trees and thick groves of plane trees in the valleys. The ancient Mount Macistus (now Candili) faces our valley and often carries some snow into June.

Our house and outbuildings were built by my Great-Grandfather in 1832. He was a cousin of Lady Byron and was encouraged and helped by the Poet's widow. In those days, many 'Philhellenes' from Western Europe settled in the Greek countryside, responding to an appeal by Count Capodistria, the first 'Governor' of independent Greece. Most of them were killed or driven out by malaria, brigands, local ill-wishers or hostile Greek governments and their officials. We are, I believe, the last of the original 'byronic' philhellenes to remain in our old Greek

country home.

'In the past your *Konaki* has been a beacon of civilisation and philanthropy for the country round, just as Capodistria wished', said an Athenian friend. A high standard to maintain! (*Konak* is a Turkish word meaning 'big house', 'headquarters': there are still a lot of Turkish words in spoken modern Greek. We and the older people in the village still speak of the *Konaki*, even though the feudal aspects of our relationship with the village have long since ended with the expropriation of farm land and houses.)

Achmetaga is the old Turkish name for our village, and we still use that because it is so well known to our friends in and outside Greece. The new, official name is Procopi: the Greek version of the name of a small town in the wilds of central Anatolia whence came some of our present population as refugees from Turkey after the defeat of the Greek invasion of that country in 1922. They were Turkish speakers, when they arrived, but they were Orthodox Christians and they brought with them the relic of Saint John 'the Russian' which is now in his big new church at the bottom of the village: a magnet for pilgrims from all parts of Greece.

In the mid-1950s, before the mines were working and when gross poverty afflicted the peasants for miles around, we started a relief and development project under the auspices of an English Charity, the North Euboean Foundation, raising £100,000 from individual benefactors and organisations in England and elsewhere and providing volunteer doctors, vets, agronomists and other much-needed working experts. We also helped 100 local boys to emigrate to Canada. Many returned after 15 years or so with fortunes to start local businesses.

Now, however, the mines are working and employing all available local labour. Successive Greek Governments have provided doctors and other experts. So we have turned our attention to local crafts.

Our Craft Centre—in the outbuildings round our courtyard—includes a Weaving 'Shed' and a Pottery which produce high quality hand-woven textiles and ceramics. In 1982 we ran short courses for weavers from Western Europe and we hope the Pottery will do likewise in 1983. In '82 we also had a two-week visit from 12 members of a Swedish Adult Education organisation, and we hope that more such visits will come in '83, from Britain as well: perhaps some OWW among them!

So life since 'retiring' from British politics has had its varied interests. It hasn't been all 'lying under an olive tree with Homer in one hand and a glass of retsine in the other' as some of my friends in England seem to imagine!

Best wishes,
Francis Noel-Baker

Achmetaga Estate,
Prokopion,
Euboea, Greece.

From The Rev. D. C. Hampton Smith
(1935-41, H/KS)

Dear Sirs,

After reading your February 1982 issue (I always enjoy reading *The Elizabethan*), I submit the following from my 'patch'.

To many people in England the statement 'I live in Adelaide' provokes the immediate response 'Where's that?'. Australia to them means Sydney or Melbourne, and even then they pronounce it as in Eastbourne, and not, as all Australians, 'Melb'n'. Strangely the elision happens in reverse in the case of Launceston in Tasmania which is universally pronounced here with three distinct syllables.

I came out to be chaplain of St. Peter's College on February 2nd 1965, not realising at the time its close connection with Westminster. I soon noticed that the school chapel has the Westminster crest carved on the end of one of the choir stalls and I also learned that Bishop Augustus Short, the first Bishop of Adelaide, who had been an OW, was consecrated bishop on St. Peter's day in Westminster Abbey, and had consequently given the name of St. Peter both to the Cathedral and the principal Anglican school there.

Adelaide is one of Australia's most beautiful cities with a population of less than one million. The diocese of Adelaide is geographically the smallest in Australia. The first thing we remarked on when we arrived was the wide streets, and surrounding parklands being watered from every direction with automatic sprinklers. They had to be. The temperature was over 100°F. Incidentally we have just had the coldest day recorded in 140 years and that was only 1½ degrees below freezing and it rose to 66 the next day.

Everything in the city is very compact and

easily accessible. You can stand in the centre and be within ten minutes walking distance from the shopping centre, the railway station, the university, the library, the Royal Adelaide Hospital, the art gallery, the Festival Hall, the Opera Theatre, the Cathedral and the Oval.

If you want to see the Test Match you can decide half an hour beforehand and get in without queuing. It is much easier to go to the Festival Theatre in Adelaide than the Festival Theatre in London, or even the Opera House in Sydney, and within a short period of years we have had some of the world's most famous orchestras, actors, singers and dancers. In fact it would be easier for most people to see the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Morley, or Nureyev, here than in other places which they visit more frequently. And if celebrities don't appeal to you the beach is only seven miles away with no parking problems and no charges.

But where is Adelaide? I don't blame you for not knowing. We had to look it up on the map before we came here. But we're glad we found it. It was worth finding.

Yours sincerely,
David Hampton Smith

139 Esplanade,
Port Noarlunga South,
South Australia 5167.

From Adrian Chitty (1960-65, A)

who had casually remarked to Denis Moylan that he might write something about Papua New Guinea.

November 19th, 1982

Dear Michael,

I thank you for your recent letter. I seem to recall from some twenty years ago that it was unwise to make rash statements that might come to the attention of Denis Moylan. It is obviously still unwise!

Trying to write 'Something about life in Papua New Guinea', the more I think about it, is somewhat akin to trying to explain $E = mc^2$, or the Irish Question, in five short sentences.

There would seem to be two aspects that might be of interest: one, a brief outline of the geography and history of the place, and the other, a general impression of life here for an interested temporary resident. So, if you can bear with my amateur typing, I will do my best, and you are, of course, at liberty to use as much, or as little, or none for that matter, as you see fit for the Eliza.

Air Niugini, the National airline, describe their country as being 'Like Every Place You've Never Been'. Many expatriates here could think of several reasons why this is true, and not the ones Air Niugini had in mind!

Papua New Guinea occupies the right hand half of the second largest island in the world, and has a population of approximately 3,000,000. They had independence thrust upon them by Australia's Gough Whitlam in 1975, and are still not quite sure if that was a good thing or not. To the local population should be added approximately 10,000 expatriates,

mainly Aussies, whose job it is, theoretically, at least, to train the Nationals to take over positions requiring authority and expertise, both in government and private enterprise.

Large chunks of the interior are still virtually untouched by the white man's civilisation, and indeed it was only in the '30s that the Highlands area in the centre of the country was first explored. As one of the pioneers from those days said:

'... it is one of the most rugged countries in the world, with climate and topography combining to keep the white man out. Take Switzerland and drop it down into the Southern Ocean near the Equator, put it in a white barrier of malarial swamp to guard its borders, overspread it's peaks and gorges with a rank growth of tropical vegetation, pollute it with tropical diseases, add a malignant assortment of poisonous snakes and insects for variety, and you have a good idea why New Guinea has remained one of the last spots on this planet to be explored and mapped.

Road transport is slowly improving and helping to open up new areas, but many places are still accessible only by air, and P.N.G. has one of the largest third level airlines in the world.

Add to all this that for a population of 3,000,000 there are at least 700 languages, and you will begin to appreciate that communication is one of the biggest problems faced by this young country. English is taught to the small percentage of children who go to school, as is Pidgin, a universal lingua franca that is as essential between natives from different areas, as it is between them and the European.

Only about 10% of the population have full time paid employment, and of these, about half work for the government, either National, Provincial, or local, and it would not be unfair to say that there is probably more red tape here than anywhere else in the world. Politicians are probably as efficient as any when it comes to 'looking after number one', which explains why in the recent general election for 113 seats there were nearly twelve hundred candidates—including one poor man, who, if the poll results are to be believed, forgot to vote for himself, and thus recorded no votes at all!

The remainder of the population, who neither work, nor are politicians, live in villages, where they support themselves by subsistence farming. The climate and vegetation are such that money is a virtual luxury, and it is virtually impossible to starve. The 'wantok' (pidgin for 'one talk', in other words, the same language) system requires that those who leave the village, or are relatively well off, send back money or other resources, to the village to help provide for the others. Conversely, the village will look after you in times of need. It is as near to an ideal communistic society as it is possible to achieve. The main drawback is that it stifles competition (why better yourself if others get the benefit?) and it is very difficult for those with initiative to break away from the clutches of the system. But then again, if it weren't for the white man and his ideas, no one would want to break away, and everyone would be happy!

Land is the greatest asset any clan or tribe can own, closely followed by pigs, dogs, and wives. In that order! Much needed development is often delayed, or cancelled altogether, because of unrealistic, often exorbitant demands for compensation for the loss of use of land. Here in Lae, an £18,000,000 Port development scheme was recently cancelled because some villagers demanded £5,000,000 for the loss of use of about 200 metres of beach, where they used to park their canoes.

But despite problems such as these, and increased lawlessness in the Highlands areas, life in the cities (Lae has a population of about 70,000) is similar in many ways to

life anywhere. Admittedly there is no TV, but there is a flourishing business in Video libraries, there are no traffic lights (although the recent opening of Lae's one and only roundabout caused all sorts of problems).

The expatriate has many clubs to choose from, both sporting and social; has good standard International schools at which to educate his children; invariably has a 'haus meri' to clean up after him, and do his washing etc.; and generally lives a fairly pleasant colonial life. The hardest thing for the newcomer to get used to is the temperature—in the year we have been here the coldest it has reached has been 20° Celsius. (Please convert that to Fahrenheit

for Denis!)

And what do I do? Mi wokim long nambawan insurans kampani bilong P.N.G. Meri bilong mi wokim tu. Pikinini bilong mi go long intenesenol skul. Sapos yu laikim bikpela pe, yu kamap long P.N.G. na kisim gutpela wok.

I have no idea if any of the above will help fill any gaps in the Eliza, but it's the best I can do!

Yours sincerely,
Adrian Chitty

P.O. Box 2238,
Lae,
Papua New Guinea.



Tristan Lawrence

Andrew Holmes (1976-80, QS) produced *'King Lear'* at the Robinson Theatre, Cambridge during November. **Jason Streets** (1976-80, QS) performed the part of Albany.

Jonathan Targett (1978-82, G) writes from Medford, Massachusetts. He is studying at Tufts University and enjoying it.

University News

Nicholas Vazsonyi (1976-78, A) graduated at 18 'Summa cum Laude' from Indiana University, Bloomington, U.S.A., with a B.A. degree in Germanic Languages, and has been elected into the national society of scholars, 'Phi Beta Kappa'. He has been working as a legal assistant in the law firm of Barnes and Thornburg in Indianapolis and intends eventually to go to law school.

John Creedy (1966-71, R) was the overall winner, in May, of the first Sony/National Student film festival for student film-makers. His winning entry was a documentary film on Smirnoff's advertising campaign.

Stephanie Roth (1980-81, W) writes to say that she has been attending at the University of California at Berkeley as well as high school. In the autumn she enrolled as full-time student at Harvard, planning to major in mathematics and computer science.

Philip V. Hull (1967-71, W) writes from Hawaii to bring us up to date with his career since he left Westminster in 1971. For two years (1973-75) he travelled and worked all over Asia and the Middle East. In 1979 he was naturalized as a New Zealand citizen. Then he moved to Hawaii in 1980, graduated with a B.A. and has, this year, won a scholarship from the U.S. Federal Government to study for an M.A. at the University of Hawaii, the subject being the theory of teaching English as a second language. His address is EWC Box 1060, 1777 East-West Rd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96848.

Simon Winder (1977-80, R) the author of the interview on p. 216 is Arts Editor of the Oxford magazine *Isis*. The editor is **John Kampfner** (1976-79, W), and a recent contributor was **Omar Al-Qattan** (1977-81, B).

John Hyman (1973-76, B) was a welcome visitor to the school during the Play term when he gave a weekly tutorial in Philosophy to Seventh Form candidates for Oxford.

Westminster in the Twenties

by Patrick Morrah

To the Editors of *The Elizabethan*

Ladies and Gentlemen,

In your summer issue you invite Old Westminsters to contribute reminiscences. So here goes; I am given an incentive by the fact that the issue in question contains the names of several of my contemporaries, notably F. M. Radermacher (whose once flaming red hair is probably the same colour as mine now) and S. H. W. Levey.

I was particularly interested in your centenary History of Ashburnham, which brought back many memories. Todd Hamilton records that the first Housemaster was the Rev. R. A. Edgell (1883-93). I wonder how many living Old Ashburnhamites can claim to have actually set eyes on this antediluvian character. He left Westminster fourteen years before I was born, but I remember a day when I was in form under a master named Cousins (who did not stay long at the School) on the top floor of Ashburnham. There was a knock at the door, and in walked a white-haired clergyman who announced that his name was Edgell and that the room in which we were sitting had been his private study some thirty years before.

I remember that he had a rather strong accent (West Country, I think) and that he wore the old type of clerical collar, quite obsolete by that time; it was like an eton collar tucked under the coat. He was a talkative old gentleman, and he held the floor with his reminiscences for a good part of the hour through which we were condemned to sit, to our delight but to the obvious embarrassment of Cousins.

I have vivid memories of Edgell's successor, the terrifying E. L. Fox (1893-1907); he was senior master in my time, though no longer in charge of Ashburnham (I think he had Rigaud's). He presided over the Classical Under Fifth with ferocious authority; but personally, intimidated though I was, I both liked and revered him.

My own Housemaster was I. F. Smedley ('Snogger'). As Mr. Hamilton says, he was not popular. In form he was, quite frankly, a brute. He would set for prep a quantity of lines of Homer or Virgil (his form was the Classical Seventh, so he could reasonably demand a high standard) which could not possibly be mastered in less than three times the hour laid down; but any boy not word-perfect the next morning was subjected to a browbeating that amounted to mental torture.

Snogger had a knowledge of the classics that exceeded that of any other schoolmaster I ever knew, together with a deep feeling for English literature. But he was unsympathetic to boys. He ought to have been a university don.

Head of House for my first two years was E. H. Horton, mentioned in your

article—the immaculate 'Gussie' Horton, a great dandy and a fine footballer. His successor was Aubrey Herbert, aesthete and budding Liberal politician, whose obituary you print in the same issue. Then came R. C. Gates, and in my last year C. W. Myring. Myring alone of these is, so far as I know, still with us.

Now for the reminiscences of my old friend Sydney (S. H. W.) Levey. I note one small error. 'Holy' was the Rev. G. H. Nall, not Hall. Sydney could never have got this wrong, so I fear the blame must lie with you, Ladies and Gentlemen, or your proof-reader.

Holy was an author of school textbooks, and I think I suffered from his Elementary Latin Grammar (or some such title) before ever I came under his rather gloomy eye.

'Mike' (J. E. Mitchell) was a glorious eccentric, with his gigantic pencils with which he would bash the heads of errant pupils. They hurt like hell.

He snorted like an outsize grampus through his enormous straggling moustache, and he wore the most tattered gown ever seen. Generations of Westminsters had crept up behind him with scissors and snipped off strips of cloth as trophies.

The distinguished actor Esmond Knight, also one of my contemporaries, gives a splendid description of Mike in his autobiography.

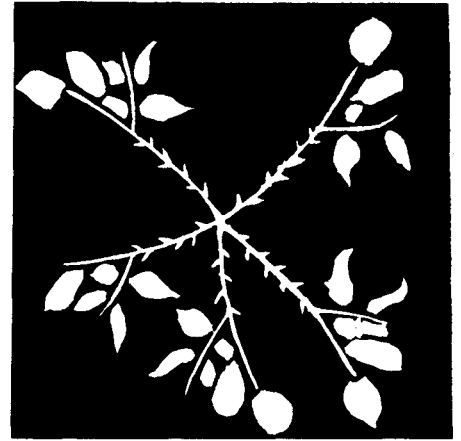
Details of that Lord's Test Match of 1921 are imprinted on my memory as they are on Sydney's, though unlike him I was not able to watch it. Being a year junior to him I was not yet at the School, but just after the match I was there for the Challenge. During a break I was wandering about Yard when I recognised two lordly figures who were eating whipped cream walnuts on the steps of School.

One was J. D. Percival, then Westminster's captain of cricket. The other was the most spectacular member of the Eleven, H. R. Munt, a very tall fast bowler and big hitter who was also captain of football. I listened in awe as Percival recounted to Munt how he had seen every ball of the Test (I wonder how; perhaps by the same truant means as Sydney and the Head Master). He waxed lyrical on the batting of Woolley, who had been out in both innings when a few runs short of his century.

Munt died some years ago. I wonder if Percival recalls that conversation.

Finally, you ask for the identity of the Pancake Greaze winner in Sydney Levey's photo. I suggest it is F. E. M. Puxon, who won in 1922 or 1923. If I am right, the caption is wrong in referring to 'a piece of pancake'. Puxon achieved the rare feat of grabbing the whole pancake. He fell on it as it hit the floor, and the Greaze went on futilely on top of him.

Yours garrulously,
Patrick Morrah (1921-26, A)
8 Channings, Hove.



P. H. S. Massey

Alice of Westminster

The librarian has received, gratefully, a monograph entitled '*Alice of Westminster*' by Watson Dyson (1918-23, A). Alice is, of course, Alice Liddell, destined to become the inspiration for '*Alice in Wonderland*' and '*Through the Looking-Glass*'.

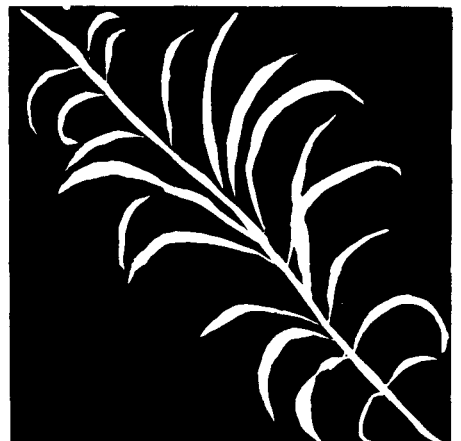
The present generation of Westminsters are usefully reminded that she was the daughter of Henry George Liddell (1811-98) who was Head Master of Westminster from 1841 to 1855. She was born in 1852 in what was then the Head Master's house, now named after him—Liddell's.

When Alice was only three her father was appointed Dean of Christ Church and it was there that she first met Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), a lecturer in mathematics. The meeting probably took place on a river excursion organised by a friend of Dodgson's for Alice and two sisters. The excursion is described in Lawrence Tanner's book '*Recollections of a Westminster Antiquary*'.

Alice Liddell, who was married in Westminster Abbey to Reginald Gervis Hargreaves in 1880, lived until 1934.

Mr. Dyson also mentions Lewis Carroll's connections with the school through his own family. His father, Charles Dodgson (1800-68) went to Westminster in 1811, became a King's Scholar and was School Captain in 1817. Three other Dodgsons (but not Charles Lutwidge) were also at Westminster.

G. P. Barton



Obituaries

- Atkinson**—On June 2nd, 1982, Geoffrey Russell (1913-15, H), aged 81.
- Baillie**—On March 16th, 1982, Hugh Murray Gladwin (1930-34, G), aged 65.
- Barlas**—On November 10th, 1982, Sir Richard Douglas, K.C.B., O.B.E. (1929-33, KS), aged 66.
- Bentwich**—On June 19th, 1982, Joseph Solomon (1914-20, KS/A), aged 80.
- Blaksley**—On June 22nd, 1982, John Owen (1934-40, H/KS), aged 60.
- Boyagis**—On February 15th, 1982, Nicholas George (1972-77, A), aged 22.
- Carver**—On June 20th, 1982, Colin Howard (1927-30, B), aged 69.
- Crane**—On February 10th, 1982, Frank Leslie (1915-18, KS), aged 80.
- Enever**—On March 19th, 1982, William Baxter (1919-22, G), aged 77.
- Everington**—On February 23rd, 1982, Geoffrey Devas, Q.C. (1929-34, G), aged 66.
- Flint**—On June 21st, 1982, Cmdr. Harry Ewart, R.N., O.B.E. (1906-10, A/KS), aged 88.
- Gardner**—On May 4th, 1982, Hilary Joseph Vernon (1925-30, G), aged 70.
- Gillott**—On August 27th, 1982, John Arthur (1925-29, H), aged 71.
- Grigg**—In December 1981, Basil Gareth (1916-20, H), aged 79.
- Hamilton-Jones**—On July 17th, 1982, Joseph (1931-36, H), aged 64.
- Haymes**—On July 8th, 1982, Maxwell Freeland Leycester (1921-26, KS), aged 74.
- Jenkyn-Thomas**—On March 6th, 1982, William Dixon (1915-20, KS), aged 80.
- Lawson**—On June 22nd, 1982, Ralph (1918-21, H), aged 78.
- McKinnon Wood**—On June 8th, 1982, Norman (1912-18, R), aged 82.
- Melville Smith**—On August 9th, 1982, Henry MacLane (1907-11, A), aged 89.
- Munro**—On December 18th, 1981, Henry Hawkins (1914-19, A), aged 81.
- Peacock**—On March 28th, 1982, John Roydon, F.R.C.S. (1916-21, G), aged 79.
- Rees**—On November 30th, 1982, Douglas Lorrain Powell (1913-14, H), aged 83.
- Seal**—On December 9th, 1981, Esmond Francis Seymour (1931-37, H), aged 62.
- Spiller**—On March 31st, 1982, Reginald Harvey (1917-21, A), aged 78.
- Stephenson**—On June 26th, 1982, Donald Mark (1971-73, G), aged 24.
- Sutton**—On June 20th, 1982, Peter John (1930-36, G), aged 65.
- Trevelyan**—On September 3rd, 1982, Leslie Calverley (1926-30, A), aged 69.
- Vatcher**—On July 29th, 1982, Dr. Sidney, O.B.E. (1914-17, G), aged 83.
- Ward**—On June 14th, 1982, Cuthbert John Stanhope (1927-31, B), aged 68.
- Wiggins**—On July 19th, 1982, Guy William Mark (1917-23, R), aged 76.

* * *

Douglas Rees

Douglas Lorrain Powell Rees, who died at Maidenhead, aged 83, had a varied career before joining *The Daily Telegraph* in 1946 as private secretary to the first Viscount Camrose. He remained till 1968, serving the second Lord Camrose in latter years.

Born at New Jersey, he was educated at Westminster and was commissioned into the 34th Royal Sikh Pioneers in 1918. He served in Waziristan before resigning in 1924.

For some years he was a tea-planter in Travancore, South India, but returned to England in 1928 and was headmaster of Clevedon College, Somerset from 1932 to 1939.

He had not lost his love of Army life for he had been on the Indian Army Reserve while tea-planting and had joined the Middlesex Regiment of the Territorial Army in 1928, transferring to the Royal Engineers in 1936.

When war broke out he found he was in a reserved occupation, so promptly resigned his headmastership and took a newspaper round. He was commissioned into the Queen's Royal Regiment in 1940 and served in France, North Africa and Italy.

In 1940 he married Miss Frances Elizabeth Rhymes who survives him with a son.

from *The Daily Telegraph*

Sir Richard Barlas

Sir Richard Barlas, K.C.B., O.B.E., Clerk of the House of Commons from 1976 to 1979, died on November 9th, 1982 at the age of 66.

Born during the First World War, he completed his education at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, on the eve of the second, leaving time only for a few months teaching before joining the Royal Air Force. He served all six years of the war finishing as a Wing Commander on Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod's staff in Italy, and being appointed O.B.E. in 1943.

Demobilised in 1946, he became the first of a large new entry of Clerks of the House of Commons in the post-war years—as large proportionately as the number of new members who entered the House in July 1945. He was quick to make his mark, and his senior colleagues as quick to make use of his judgment, discretion and unlimited capacity for work. Yet he found time in those early years to be called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1949.

Over the next 25 years he made himself an authority on parliamentary privilege and there can have been few select committees on the law, practice and procedure of Parliament to which he did not give written or oral evidence.

After holding various offices in the Clerk's Department, including the Clerkship of Committees, he became Clerk of the House in 1976. His driving energy was at the service of a clear mind and an acute sense of

what could or could not be done in the political arena—qualities that made him a valued adviser to Members of Parliament and occupants of the Chair.

They were also recognised throughout the Commonwealth. For several years he served as Fourth Clerk at the Table, when he spent much time advising the legislatures of newly independent Commonwealth countries and made many friends throughout the world. Indeed, after his retirement in 1979, he was at once taken on by the authorities of the Canadian House of Commons as an adviser on the reorganisation of their administrative structure and other internal problems.

Not the least of his achievements was to have given authority, in the person of himself as the Commons senior officer, a human face; he effectively transformed relations between official and staff side and between the various Departments of the House.

He was appointed C.B. in 1968 and created K.C.B. in 1977.

Throughout his life he was sustained by Ann Barlas whom he married in 1940. There were three sons.

from *The Times*

Nico Boyagis

Nico Boyagis died on February 15th, 1982 in St. Mary's Hospital Paddington. In Ashburnham from 1972 to 1977, it would be hard to find an aspect of life at Westminster in which he did not absorb himself with his characteristic enthusiasm and determination.

Throughout his time at School he contributed regularly to *The Elizabethan* with his highly professional and distinctive photographic work, which in an almost uniquely spontaneous style succeeded in portraying daily aspects of the school, its character and surroundings simply missed by the vast majority of us.

As well as representing his House and School at Football and Athletics Nico was also an expert fly-fisherman, and in the last eight months of his life an excellent self-taught Classical Guitarist. An accomplished skier whilst at Westminster, on leaving he became a qualified ski instructor during several seasons at ski resorts in Europe.

Nico's achievements were not confined to the sports and hobbies at which he excelled, for at the time of his death he was halfway through a degree course in Zoology at the University of Hull.

Nico's hallmark was his refreshingly straightforward and honest approach to life, something perhaps of a rarity in a boy growing up at Westminster. Never conceding defeat to something on which he had set his mind to achieve, his irrepressible humour and enthusiasm could hardly fail to infect too all those around him.

Our purpose is not to reflect on the irony and cruelty of the death of a young man so full of talents and vitality, but simply to record our respect and affection on behalf of his many friends at Westminster.

P.D.M. and T.P.H.

Sports Reports

Would all Old Westminster interested in any of the sports sections listed below please contact the appropriate secretary. Everyone is most welcome.

C. J. Broadhurst *Hon. Sec.*

Cricket—

E.N.W. Brown, 27 Emu Road,
London SW8.

Football—

M.J. Samuel, 15 Cambridge Road,
New Malden KT3 3QE.

Golf—

B. Peroni, Stancrest House, 16 Hill
Avenue, Amersham
Bucks.

Real Tennis—

J. Wilson, 15 Crieff Road,
London SW18.

Shooting—

H. Moss, Lasham House, Lasham. Nr
Alton,
Hants.

Athletics—

J.B. Goodbody, 1 Northampton Grove,
London N1 (01-359 0852).

Fencing—

E. Gray, 85A Stockwell Park Road,
London SW9. or
Old Croftan, Cantref, Brecon,
Powys.

Lawn Tennis—

N.R. Walton, 20 Canonbury Park South,
London N1.

Fives—

A.J. Aitken, 14 Kylestrome House,
Ebury Street,
London, SW1.

* * *

Fives

A successful Old Westminster Fives Club continues to wade through an everlengthening fixture list with varying degrees of success. This season the first team competes in League Division II and the second team (entitled with startling originality 'Old Westminster II') has entered Division III. There is also the usual crop of friendlies bringing the total of matches played for the Club to over 40 matches.

However, despite the healthy state of the membership there is always room for an influx of new (or not so new) talent, so if anyone vaguely remembering how to play fancies a few evenings of gentle exercise at Westminster, with perhaps the occasional weekend foray to darkest Orpington or points North, the Hon. Sec would like to hear from him.

A. J. Aitken

Football

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminster Football Club will be held at 6.15 p.m. on May 10th, 1983 in the John Sargeant Room at Westminster School.

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Hon. Secretary's Report on Season 1982-83.
5. Hon. Treasurer's Report on Season 1982-83.
6. Election of Officers for Season 1983-84
7. Any Other Business.

In order to achieve and sustain the success that the Club expects and has experienced in the recent past, we need a strong squad of players, so if anyone feels his talents can help to fulfil these ambitions, could he please contact me without delay. Currently we run two football elevens and who knows if we had a few more volunteers we could start a third eleven which would be a real achievement.

Our ultimate goal is to make sure our first eleven achieve promotion to the Arthurian League Premier Division at the end of the season.

M. J. Samuel

Golf

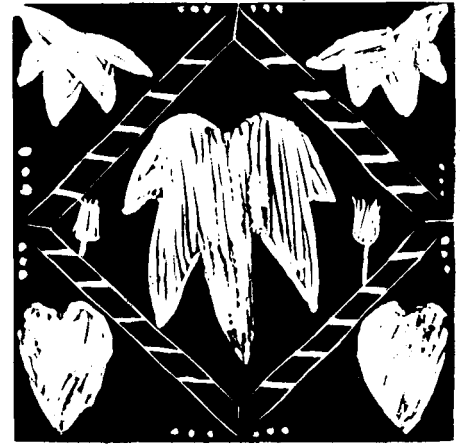
Although some successes were achieved during the year, 1982 cannot be considered a successful one. Attendances at the Societys meetings fell to an all time low at the Spring and Autumn meetings. This has been very disappointing as all who attended have enjoyed a splendid day's golf at New Zealand Golf Club. The Summer Meeting at Seaford was fully attended and most enjoyable. In 1983 we hope to be more successful in turning out larger numbers of players and to this end I would invite all readers who are interested in the game to contact me whatever the state of their likely performance.

Matches against other School Societies were also played but the results were poor. The most encouraging sign for the future is the interest in golf at the School. Two matches so far have been played against the School and there are some promising young players. The support of the Head Master is much appreciated by the Society.

In competitions the disappointing results were outweighed by our success in the Bernard Darwin Trophy where we reached the semi finals and given a little more luck might well have got into the finals.

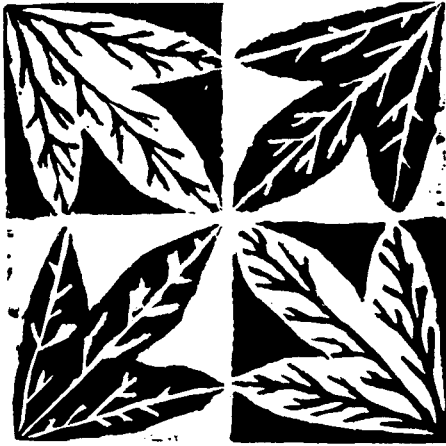
I repeat that I would be most interested to hear from anyone interested in golf and they would be made most welcome at any of our matches or meetings. For further information please contact me.

B. Peroni



A. C. J. Wertheim
A. Craft

A. Acevski
T. J. Goodman



Old Westminster's Athletic Club

The Old Westminster's Athletic Club is keen to reintroduce certain activities and I would be pleased to hear from any Old Westminster who feels that he could contribute to our efforts.

J. B. Goodbody

Real Tennis — 'The Weasels'

The Royal Tennis flourishes! Matches were played against Hatfield, Maidenhead, Petworth and Canford School, and a visit to Manchester is planned for the 1982-83 season. The average age of the team continues to fall and its standard to rise.

The Old Westminster's Real Tennis Club enjoys stolid support from a hard core of players, many of whom have seen younger days. However, the existing playing force is most willing to pass on their knowledge and cunning to all Old Westminster's who express an interest in this old and wonderful game which requires more thought than brawn and can be played pleasurably for many years. Would those Old Westminster's who would like to learn please contact the Hon. Sec.

It is with great sadness that we report the untimely death of Esmond Seal who did so much to introduce Old Westminster's to the game and enthusiastically helped build up the quality of the Old Westminster's side. Esmond always delighted in being splendidly eccentric and humorous and was always generous and warm hearted towards his fellow human beings. We shall miss him enormously.

J. Wilson

Cricket

1982 was for the OWW Cricket Club rather like The Little Girl. When it was good it was very very good, but when it was bad it was horrid.

On the plus side, as you'll see from the statistical summary, we won more than we lost and 1982 was the year in which we managed to field representatives from five decades of Westminster cricket. Francis Pagan, our chairman, did the honours in one game for the 1930's, Tony Rider the same for the 1940's, Robin Hillyard for the 50's, whilst the 60's, 70's and 80's were well represented. Old cricketers never retire, you see — they just rest, awaiting their re-selection!

On the other side of the coin though we truly were horrid. We were badly outplayed in the Cricketer Cup at Downside — there was a disappointing lack of consistency among senior players and sadly there are not as many younger players coming through from the school as the club would like to see.

There isn't enough space here to give detailed match reports on all our eighteen games but the highlights are well worth reading about. Old Westminster batsmen

scored three 100's and fifteen 50's, whilst amongst the bowlers there were five bowls of 5 wickets or more in an innings.

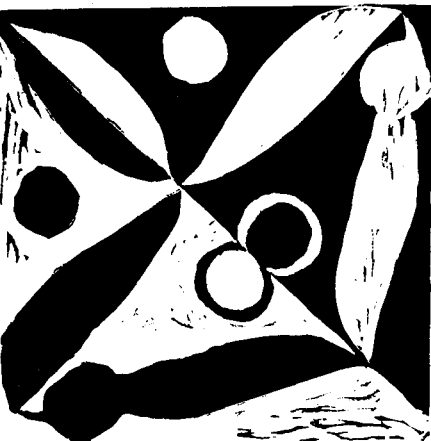
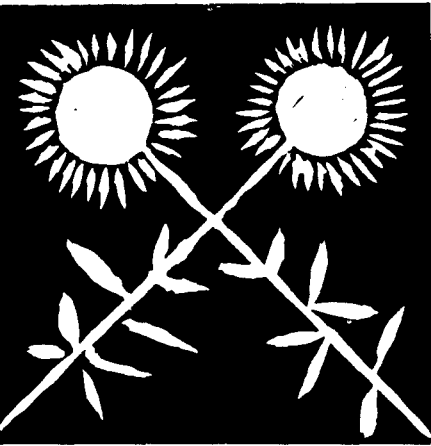
The first of those three 100's came in our opening game against the Gaieties. Anthony McWhinnie scored it, giving us all hope that this fine player's potential was going to be realised this season. However once again we were to be disappointed because in a further nine innings he only scored a further 139 runs to finish the season on a total of 256. However it should be pointed out that Anthony was the club's leading wicket-taker — with 25 wickets. Also in the game against the Gaieties, which was drawn, Nick Brown scored 91 and Charles Colville a very rapid 54 not out off 23.

Three weeks later we journeyed to the depths of Somerset to play Downside in the Cricketer Cup. There we were badly outplayed with Westminster's notoriously fragile batting living up to its reputation. How we missed John Mortimore's experience at No.3. John sadly played no cricket this year due to a back injury. We hope he is now well on the way to recovery.

The game against the school was drawn, with the school encouragingly having the better of the game at the death. And so the Club arrived at the Fortnight, an institution to strike terror into the hearts of all hardened administrators. Organised this year by Tom Rider and Charles Colville, it produced some splendidly entertaining games of cricket and some herculean performances. George Weston bowled 94 overs in 6 games and against the Adastrians the Vincent Square groundsman, Ray Gilson, proved the complete Army superiority over the R.A.F. by scoring 134 and then taking 6-76 when they batted. Had we not dropped a catch in the final over this would have been a match-winning performance.

On two occasions in the Fortnight we won by one wicket and in the last over as well. Firstly against the Lords and Commons, where Richard Rutnagur threw off his poor school form to score 70 — much of it in partnership with the evergreen Master of Cricket at the school, Jim Cogan who scored 56 — and in four games 129 runs. And then three days later there was an even more exciting finish when we beat the Incogniti by the same margin of one wicket. The Club got off to a terrible start, losing two wickets for just one run, but then Stuart Surridge joined Dominic Martin and they added 165 for the third wicket before Dominic was out for 64 and Stuart for a superb 102. Some solid batting by Charles Colville (37) almost saw us home but there was then a mini-collapse and only 16-year old Rupert Levy, showing great composure, held us together before Jamie Wilson our No. 11, hit his first ball for four and won us the match. Surridge's hundred was later to win him one of the new Ebby Gerrish memorial tankards as it was judged to be the outstanding individual performance of the season.

The second week was dominated entirely by one person, Tim Bailey, who took 16 wickets, bowling very quickly. Against Noel McDonnell's XI he won us the match by



S. M. R. Owen
J. J. Stagg

G. Casella
S. A. Hills

taking 6-33. Against the Old Cheltonians he took 4-44, and along with Tom Rider 68 not out, Nick Brown 58 and Charles Colville 26, chipped in on the batting front to score 23 not out and win the game. He had another fine all-round performance the following day as well, when against the Old Wykehamists he scored 40 and took 5-34.

Against the Hit or Miss Club we were indebted to the brothers McWhinnie, with Ian scoring 61 not out and Anthony taking 8-63, as the Old Westminsterers squeezed home by 10 runs. In the last game of the season it was left to Peter Wilson with 98 and Robin Brown, 39 not out, to lead us to another fine win against Beckenham.

So the summer ended on an optimistic note. At the end of the Fortnight there was a highly successful dinner when the Ebby Gerrish trophies were presented. One as already disclosed to Stuart Surridge, the other for the most consistent performance throughout the summer to Charles Colville. He was the leading run-scorer with 361, took 15 wickets and some how held onto 12 catches.

The Club's thanks are as ever extended to the Head Master for letting us use Vincent Square and the groundsman Ray Gilson for all his hard work.

Finally, if as you read this cricket seems a long way away—you are wrong. Even now the Old Westminster Cricket Club are engaged in the M.C.C.'s indoor winter League. For more details, watch this space . . .

Charles Colville

Summary of results:

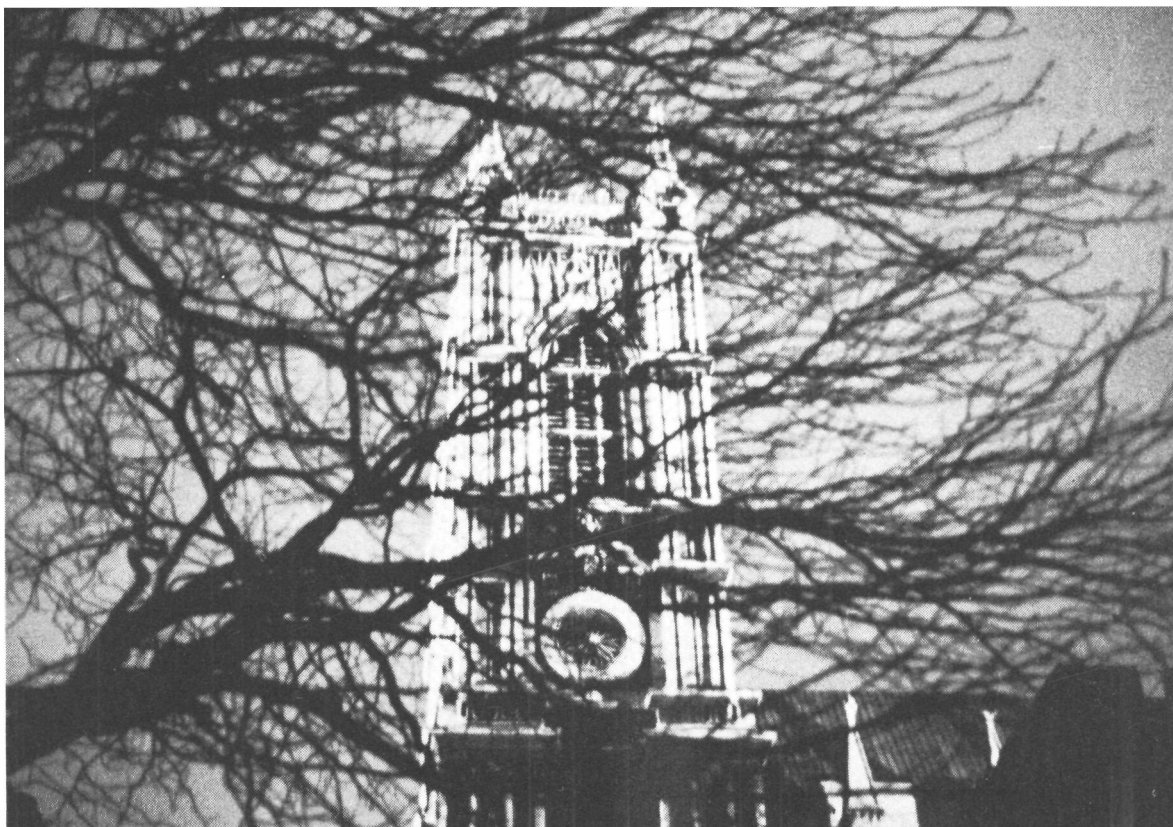
Played 18, Won 7, Lost 5, Drawn 6.

OWW v. Gaieties. Match drawn.
OWW 276-4 dec. A. McWhinnie 117, N. Brown 91, Colville 54*
Gaieties 229-8.
OWW v. Downside (Cricket Cup 1st round). Downside won by 108 runs
Downside 233-7
OWW 125-10. Colville 30.
OWW v. School. Match drawn.
School 168-8 dec. Colville 4-38
OWW 134-7. A. McWhinnie 45, Kirk 32.
OWW v. Lancing. Lancing won by 12 runs.
Lancing 203-4 dec.
OWW 191-10. Hamilton 54, Bailey 46, Cogan 35.
OWW v. Lords and Commons. OWW won by 1 wicket.
Lords and Commons 213-9 dec. Rutnagur 4-55
OWW 214-9. Rutnagur 70, Cogan 56.
OWW v. Harrow Wanderers. Harrow won by 92 runs.
Harrow Wanderers 242-3 dec.
OWW 150-10. Colville 37.
OWW v. Adastrians. Match drawn.
OWW 240-10. Gilson 134
Adastrians 229-9, Gilson 6-76.
OWW v. Incogniti. OWW won by 1 wicket.
Incogniti 242-6 dec.
OWW 245-9. Surridge 102, Martin 64, Colville 37.
OWW v. Rugby Meteors. Rugby won by 7 wickets.
OWW 231-9 dec. Rider 61, Colville 59, Gilson 43
Rugby Meteors 236-3.
OWW v. Marlborough Blues. Match drawn.
Marlborough Blues 229-8 dec. A. McWhinnie 5-69

OWW 199-9. Kirk 57, Hamilton 44.
OWW v. Beckenham. Beckenham won by 8 wickets.
OWW 148-10. Rutnagur 35
Beckenham 152-2.
OWW v. Eton Ramblers. Match drawn.
OWW 186-10. I. McWhinnie 39
Eton Ramblers 164-9.
OWW v. Stragglers of Asia. OWW won by 56 runs
OWW 230-6 dec., Welch 63, Bailey 36, Rider 31, Colville 38
Stragglers of Asia 174-10, Barkhan 4-48.
OWW v. TRN McDonnell's XI. OWW won by 24 runs.
OWW 209-10. Taube 32, Hamilton 36, A. McWhinnie 47
TRN McDonnell's XI 185-9. Bailey 6-33.
OWW v. Old Cheltonians. OWW won by 6 wickets.
Old Cheltonians 187-9 dec. Bailey 4-44
OWW 188-4. N. Brown 58, Rider 68*.
OWW v. Old Wykehamists. Match drawn.
OWW 214-7 dec. Bailey 40
Old Wykehamists 183-8. Bailey 5-34.
OWW v. Hit or Miss. OWW won by 10 runs.
OWW 145-10. I. McWhinnie 61*
Hit or Miss 135-10. A. McWhinnie 8-63.
OWW v. Beckenham. OWW won by 3 wickets.
Beckenham 243-2 dec.
OWW 244-7. P. Wilson 98, R. Brown 39, Colville 34.
Ebby Gerrish Award for outstanding Single performance in 1982: S. Surridge, 102 v. Incogniti.
Ebby Gerrish Award for overall performance in 1982: C. Colville, 361 runs, 15 wickets, 12 catches.

E. N. W. Brown
Hon Sec. O.W.C.C.

Paul Edwards



**THE
ELIZABETHAN CLUB**

HAS PLEASURE IN INVITING YOU TO ITS

SUMMER GARDEN PARTY

for those in the Sixth and Remove forms,
members of their families
and members of the Club and their guests

ON

SATURDAY 25th JUNE 1983

IN

COLLEGE GARDEN

from 6.00 to 7.30 pm

TICKETS £4.00 EACH INCLUDING:

ENTERTAINMENT, WINE, STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM AND
CANAPES, TOMBOLA AND WELL-PLANNED STANDBY
ARRANGEMENTS IN THE EVENT OF INCLEMENT WEATHER.

ASSEMBLY POINTS FOR EACH 'GENERATION' OF OWW'S WILL
BE ORGANIZED

THE TICKETS ARE ONLY AVAILABLE FROM:

ELIZABETHAN CLUB
Shortmead
Village Way
Little Chalfont
Amersham HP7 9PU

