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# The Elizabethan

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Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

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## Editorial

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Too much is sometimes expected of school magazines and *The Elizabethan* is no exception. No other publication is expected to appeal simultaneously to such widely differing readerships—present members of the school, staff and old boys—and it is unrealistic to hope that there is any magic formula to get round this awkward fact. A glance at some of our contemporaries seems to confirm that *The Elizabethan* is no more successful than other magazines in finding an answer.

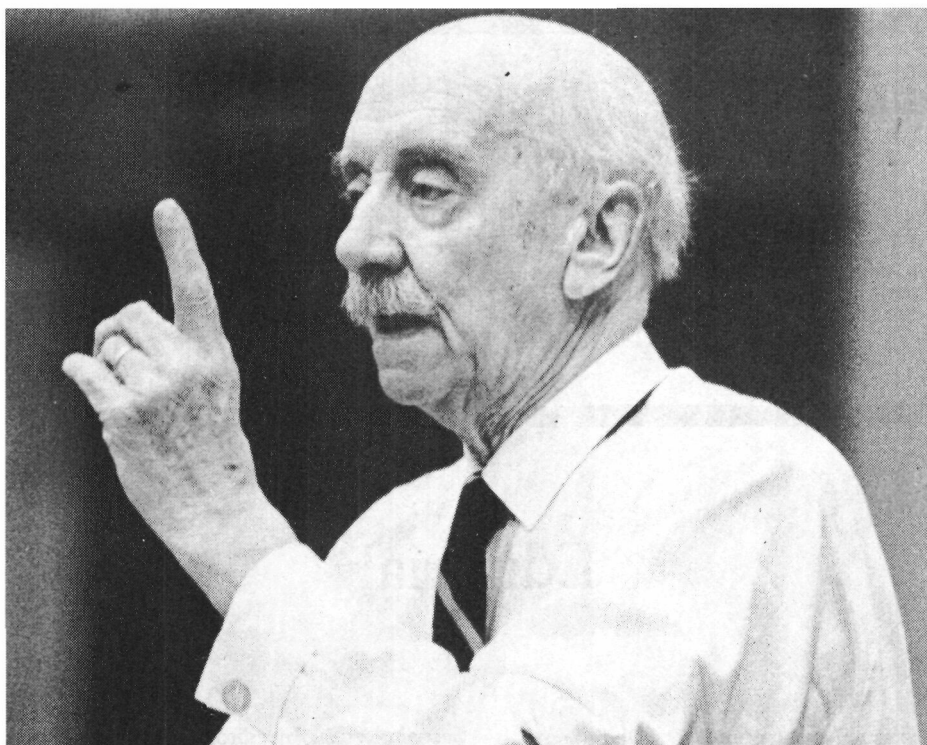
Some of them take the easy way out of making the thing a magazine of record, reporting in great detail on the formal aspects of school life, listing those who have been made monitors, the average number of communicants on a Sunday, detailed accounts of what was said at the Debating Society, blow by blow accounts of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th XI matches, the headmaster's deathless prose at Speech Day and so on. This is all very admirable and, if boring to read, can be justified as providing documentary evidence for future school historians. (And it must be said that one correspondent in this issue does in fact make a plea for fuller reporting of school sporting events. One can see his point.)

The present editors of *The Elizabethan* inherited a magazine which, traditionally, was not of this kind but was and remains—apart from the Old Boys' section—something of a miscellany (or 'rag-bag' if you want to be unkind). Present pupils often say, not unreasonably, that there isn't much to interest them, although a genuine effort has been made to spread the net quite wide, in particular to give scope for the more creative talents in the school. The literary section, admirably edited this year by Paul Hollingworth, and the consistently high quality of the art-work have been a credit to those concerned. The general articles printed have varied in merit and it must be admitted that the magazine does not in any sense reflect the full variety of life and opinion at Westminster. There are many reasons for this which no amount of the

usual pleading by editors will affect. There is little doubt, for example, that people feel that 'way-out' or unconventional writing will not be welcome in an official publication, and indeed the art of writing such things in an 'acceptable' way is a tricky one. The problem is, however, deeper than this.

An Old Westminster wrote us a letter recently saying that while he enjoyed the OW contributions, he wondered why the school contributions were not more entertaining, and why current pupils could not emulate their seniors by writing less earnestly. Superficially this seems to be a fair point but in fact it shows a lack of empathy. What this correspondent seems to have overlooked (or never thought about) is that, while adults with a wealth of experience often positively enjoy writing about their youthful selves (and why not?) and their reminiscences often make delightful reading, anyone who can think himself back in imagination to his schooldays will know that the risk of self-exposure involved in writing for a public audience is not one that boys and girls undertake lightly. As for the tone of the writing, there is nothing wrong with earnestness, and while humour is always welcome (there was a good example in the last issue), the light entertaining article is an extremely difficult exercise for anyone of any age. The light-hearted piece on p. 246 in this issue could not, I suspect, have been written by the self-conscious adolescent who is delineated so amusingly in retrospect.

The present team of editors bows out with various thoughts: thanks to those pupils who have taken the trouble to write, especial thanks to Old Westminsters for their generous response to a plea to involve themselves with *The Elizabethan* and a hope that their successors will bring a new slant to a magazine which, as we have said, cannot please everybody but is certainly worth the effort that goes into it.



## Sir Adrian Boult, C.H.

by Simon Mundy (1968-72, G)

In the course of a few weeks this winter English music lost three of its great figures, Sir William Walton, Dr. Herbert Howells, and Sir Adrian Boult, a bereavement to the arts comparable to that almost fifty years ago when Elgar, Delius and Holst all died within the same year. Sir Adrian's loss will be perhaps most greatly missed. He, above all other English conductors, was the interpreter whose championship of the music of his own lifetime allowed British composers to know that their works would be heard in authoritative performances that reflected their intentions. No conductor is more responsible for the new respect with which British music is now regarded throughout the world.

His 93 years spanned an extraordinary panoply of music. In 1889, when he was born on April 8th, Elgar had yet to receive a major commission. By the time he died on February 23rd, music had undergone upheavals unimaginable in the solid world of Victorian art, yet he encompassed and absorbed them all, even if not always with complete approval.

Adrian Cedric Boult was born in Chester, but for most of his early life lived in the Liverpool area where his father was a successful shipping merchant, with a strong interest in politics and Free Trade. His mother was an important influence in his early appreciation of culture and was herself an author. His health was not robust as a boy and in April 1901, rather than subject him to the full rigours of a country school, he was sent as a half-boarder to Westminster. He was assigned to Grant's,

soon forming a friendship with the housemaster's son, Lawrence Tanner, which was to last until Tanner's death four years ago.

Music was a somewhat haphazard affair at Westminster in those days, but Adrian Boult used the opportunities of living in London to hear as much as possible; Joachim, Hans Richter and Paderewski were all eagerly followed. In 1904 an introduction to Frank Schuster, a friend of the family and patron of the arts who lived near the school, led to his first meeting with Elgar.

By the time he left in 1908 it was clear that music was going to play an important part in his life. However when he arrived at Christ Church, Oxford, he originally planned to read History. Soon, though, under the encouragement of H. P. Allen, the then Professor of Music, his extra-curricular activities became so consuming that he was persuaded to aim for a Pass degree in order to allow him as much time as possible for music in which he eventually took a Doctorate. Assisting Allen at rehearsals and becoming Secretary, later President, of the Oxford Musical Club as well as being an active singer and pianist occupied four years. He also rowed for Christ Church, stroking the second eight into the finals at Henley in 1912.

Later that year he went to Leipzig, where he continued to play as accompanist and sang in the Gewandhaus choir. He also had the chance to watch Artur Nikisch conducting at close quarters, and Nikisch's technique became the basis for his own. On

his return to England the following years he joined the staff of Covent Garden, in his own words, 'doing various odd jobs'. Heart trouble, which had dogged him since leaving Oxford, prevented him from seeing active service during the First World War, though he worked for much of the time in the War Office.

In the Spring of 1918 he conducted his first London concerts, with the London Symphony Orchestra, in programmes which included the second performance of Vaughan Williams' *London Symphony*, and later that year introduced Holst's *The Planets*, first at a private concert and a few months later in public at The Queen's Hall. Engagements with the Royal Philharmonic Society followed and in 1923 Boult succeeded Henry Wood as the conductor of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, leading in 1924 to his first orchestral appointment, as permanent conductor of the City of Birmingham Orchestra. He remained there until 1930 when he became the B.B.C.'s Director of Music in succession to Percy Pitt. There his major and most lasting achievement was the formation of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, which he built during the thirties into one of the finest orchestras in the world before the war dispersed many of the musicians. He had already begun to establish a high reputation as a conductor of the English classics, of Elgar and Vaughan Williams, and of Schubert and Brahms, but at the B.B.C. he was prepared to tackle not only unfamiliar modern scores but to leave the programming largely to others. The result was a variety of music played and a comprehensiveness that established the B.B.C. as the world's finest musical broadcasting organisation. Amongst the first British performances given were Berg's *Wozzeck* in 1934, Busoni's *Dr. Faust*, Bartok's *Cantata Profana* and Roy Harris' Third Symphony. Among British composers it is hard to find one that was not championed by Boult, but the premieres of Vaughan Williams Fourth Symphony and Tippett's Second Symphony stand out from those with the B.B.C. as particularly important.

In 1950 the corporation's firm rule on retirement at sixty was enforced and Sir Adrian, as he had become in 1937, became Principal Conductor of the London Philharmonic. He remained in that post for seven years and served as that orchestra's president until his death. It was with them that most of his later gramophone recordings, which brought him so much acclaim in old age, were made. Complete cycles of the Vaughan Williams and Brahms Symphonies, as well as records of Wagner, Elgar, Holst and Beethoven made his seventies and eighties the decade when his reputation as an interpreter was at its highest and provided him with the means to continue working after public concert giving, which had always strained his nerves, became too difficult. Yet the last few appearances at the Proms, where he had begun to conduct as soon as Sir Henry Wood's hold had slackened, are acknowledged to have been among the finest he ever directed.

As a teacher he was meticulous in encouraging the amateur as well as the budding professional musician. At Sir Hugh Allen's suggestion he started a conducting class at the Royal College of Music in 1919 and returned to rekindle it in the 1960s. Technically he always maintained that the only precise way to convey the conductor's wishes to the orchestra was with the point of the stick rather than with extravagant use of the arms, and he was often scathing about more extrovert methods.

His connections with Westminster were

always strong. He conducted a school concert in 1965 and agreed to become President of the School Music Society in 1972, when an Adrian Boult Music Scholarship was instituted. Later the new music building was named in his honour. As well as his knighthood he was named Companion of Honour and, in 1944, was awarded the Gold medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He published one volume of autobiography, *'My Own Trumpet'*, a title that gave a clue to his wry but warm sense of humour, and two books

on conducting, *'A Handbook on the Technique of Conducting'* (1920), and *'The Point of the Stick'* (1963).

It is as one of the great supporters of English music and composers that he will be remembered best, but as a conductor of the classics in his later years there were few from any country who could rival him, as his recordings will always continue to show.

*A letter about Sir Adrian Boult at Westminster appears on p. 270.*

## The Library

by John Field

The new Library opened on October 19th, 1982, after an informal gathering of the Executive Committee, with representatives of the contractors, French Kier, the architects, Ansell and Bailey, and the furnishers Don Gresswell Ltd., all of whom deserve great credit for seeing the work completed in an extremely short time.

'The new Library is very nice Sir', said one early customer, 'but it's a pity there's so much formica around!' He meant the oak tables and shelves which, though admittedly Japanese in origin, are still, I am assured, the real thing.

Six months on from that opening, a day in the life of the Library has settled down something like this:

6.30. Spanish cleaning lady dusts and polishes as only Spanish cleaning ladies can.

7.30. First day boys move in to dust and polish prep, having presumably caught the milk train from Ealing Broadway.

8.15. Librarian arrives with papers and magazines. Civil exchanges with a young Ashburnhamite who queues for first use of *The Times*.

8.40. Accumulation of junior day boys who come to quarrel about prep and forget where the encyclopaedias are kept.

8.55. First sleepy boarder arrives to look at previous evening's entries in the Suggestions Book (q.v.) before stumbling off to Abbey.

9.20-1.00 and 2.00-4.00 on whole school days. Twenty to thirty people generally at work at any moment during the teaching day, most of them purposeful, quiet and appreciative of the surroundings. There are a few alien types who need the occasional wry face from passing authority. The smart club member with his feet on the leather table-top. The restless folk who mooch around to see who else is there. The gossipy voyeurs of the Yard Society. The magazine snatcher (always *Time Out* or *N.M.E.*). They're fortunately a minority, with luck. During the day someone will have made some progress with computer programming. There's a terminal in the Library, which will eventually have stock lists, print the card index, monitor borrowing and provide search facilities for users. But it's a slow process, not without its setbacks. We hope to have most of these services functional during the summer term.

1.00-2.00. First borrowing hour. A secretary/matron/wife is in position with date-stamp, box of biros (no-one ever seems to have anything to write with) and money-box. Borrowings average forty to fifty per day, five hundred to six hundred for holidays. Nearly all return, but some have to be chased hard. Very few indeed have been 'removed' illegally—all credit to the users, for temptation must be strong and opportunity limitless. Fines (5p per book per day) yield about £30 a term, which is spent on new books (though this is not the purpose of the fine system, as one monitor supposed). There's a second borrowing hour from 4.00 to 5.00, generally less hectic. These limitations on borrowing may alter when a full-time Library assistant is appointed in September, 1983.

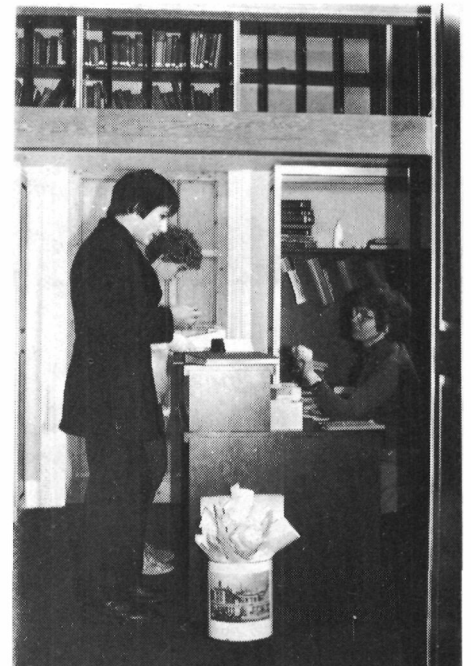
2.00-3.00. (Station days). The halt, the lame and the malingerers gather for an hour's compulsory library time while their fit contemporaries are physically strenuous elsewhere. The highly infectious and the dying are generally excused. Simultaneously a Library group of about twelve boys and girls, who chose it because it offers more physical strenuousness than some Stations, plus an abundance of social exchange,

gather to help (and sometimes hinder) the running of the Library and Archive, compiling scrap books, cataloguing pictures and prints, organising a caption competition from the photographic collection, writing hundreds of illegible record cards. Even with help Librarians have to think in decades, not weeks or terms.

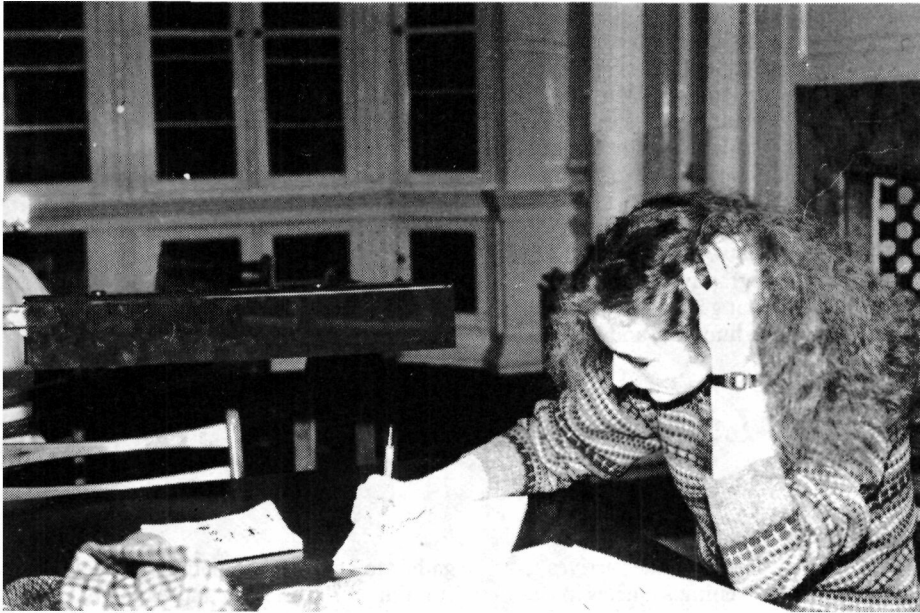
4.00-6.00. Little boys tend to gather to quarrel about the new prep, forget again where the *Britannica* is, spread themselves and their books just where people want to walk, and ask the Librarian for information on Mexican Railways in the 19th century (a favourite topic for projects). The Librarian meanwhile is trying to catalogue and shelve new arrivals (books, not pupils, though the over-developed sense of order that afflicts Librarians sometimes recommends the later too). There are lots of new arrivals: £10,000 for new books is included in the initial funding of the whole project.

6.00-7.00. Happy hour. The regulars establish their territories for prep.

7.00-9.30. The regulars (again twenty to thirty) work through without the tea and snooker breaks that seem to be normal in boarding houses. Little boys are banned during prep. on grounds of latent anarchy,







unless they are desperate about the Mexican railways. A School Monitor presides over decorum; people from different houses who like working together work together. Boarding girls are often in evidence.

9.30-10.00. Leisure time. People tend to drop in socially, probably to get away from the explosive game of football going on under floodlights in Yard. There is a sense that port would not be out of place. Wits and others write in the Suggestions Book; others come in to read it. The Book houses legalised graffiti, made attractive by the chance to scribble something in an impressively bound volume rather like a Bible. There are a lot of useful entries—ideas to improve the surroundings, requests for books—and quite a lot of less useful ones. 'I agree with the last entry', or 'I don't know what to write', or 'This is the first time I have written in the book' suggest that for some a necessary initiation into 'laddery' is to put their name to a thought, however *manqué*. Anonymities, false

attributions and sleuths abound, but forfeit the Librarian's reply on the facing page. They probably don't mind. It's been a pretty full time job replying even to the identified entries. With a large potential public, people have got quite heated about sloths, Decanter magazine, Everyman's guide to Apiary, a basketball net, clocks, potted plants, the Anarchists's cook book, Christmas trees, umbrella stands and the merits of computers (interminably). A certain 'Dr. C. U. de Moreux' is a major S.D. personality, receives letters from abroad and is expected to appear in the Pink List shortly.

10.15. The librarian has managed to stick computerised sticky labels into six books. Only 14,928 to go now. He offers an inaudible prayer to the computer, counts the day's takings, looks in vain for *Time Out*, calculates that books will all be catalogued by 1993, turns the lights out, and finds that he's been locked in by super-efficient Claviger. Somewhere in Pimlico, the Señora is already dreaming of dusters.



## Jamboree

by David Poole

The Jamboree was an afternoon of fun organized in an attempt to raise £750 for the Church Army. The local hostel needed the money to send fourteen of their pensioners for a week's convalescence by the sea at Eastbourne. After three weeks' frantic preparation we were set. The entire school, bar one or two, were dressed in 'shag' casual clothes for the day—at a price, of course, and that meant a good start. We prayed for tolerable weather, which was obviously the wrong thing to do—the rain pelted down, and the decision was made to move the tables already in Yard up School. However it didn't seem to dampen anyone's ardour and willingness to contribute.

There were plenty of stalls to keep the coins tinkling in the kittys—amongst the most successful the cake stalls, a repeat run of a lucrative business earlier in the week when, the school sweet shop having been boarded up, the only food available was the cakes provided mainly by the girls (and those boys who fancied themselves in the kitchen!). As a result twenty minutes put paid to £40 worth of carbohydrates.

'Game for a laugh' was the baby stall; some masters and a mistress had kindly given pictures of themselves in their formative years (they were almost all decent) and for a small fee the boys and girls could guess who was who—the prizes going to the three people who guessed the most correctly. As a token of our gratitude for lending us the photos the only alcohol donated for the proceedings was offered as a prize to the babies voted ugliest and prettiest. Appropriately enough the only mistress to offer a picture was voted the prettiest, and the ugliest was considered to be Mr. R. French. Both received bottles of wine!

A highlight of the afternoon was Mr. Cumberland's masochistic stint in the school fountain. For a fee of 20p (long shot) or 40p (can't miss 'im shot) hundreds queued to receive their buckets of water. Many an old score was settled, and after forty minutes there emerged a bedrenched, frozen figure who could, I'm told, only be revitalized by a tot of whisky and a hot shower! There were several monitors who then took over the podium and received the same treatment; I'm afraid I was too busy to join them!

The tugs of war on Green captivated a large crowd who came out to cheer the girl's team into the final, which was held against the Common Room. The pull was a close one and eventually edged the girl's way—the brawn and experience of the men had to succumb to a superior strength, much to their embarrassment. So we had witnessed another feminist triumph at Westminster (and we won't mention the extra hands which somehow found their way onto the female end, will we?!)

The coconut shy was in operation next to the goal-shooting competition and assault course, also on Green, for those wishing to chance their arm, foot or general physical

ability. There was plenty of refreshment available of an edible nature—from waffles to Hot Dogs—and several bands provided the live entertainment to give the right festive atmosphere. Other activities included a darts stall, and, for those who had always longed to throw a pot, a potter's wheel.

The Raffle was a useful money-spinner, with prizes donated by various local stores, whose generosity provided us with such items as a camera, engraved plate, and a Parker pen. It was rather appropriate that the 2nd prize, a painting by Chris Clarke, went to Mrs. Schofield, the matron of the Church Army hostel.

There were sponsored runs of sixty laps round Green by Andrew Peters and David Chinn, whose marathon efforts of an hour and three quarters raised more than £250. Likewise Sasha Gervasi's two-hour ear-breaking drum solo contributed a further £80. We were also grateful for further contributions from the German play and Rigaud's House play.

I would like to express a very sincere 'thank you' on behalf of all the Church Army pensioners to everyone in the school who made their trip possible, and particularly to those who gave up much of their time in preparation for the event: to Mr Howe and the College Hall staff for the food and coconuts provided, to Ray Gilson, the groundsman, for rigging up the shy netting and the goal, to Fred Holt, the carpenter, for making the coconut stands, to Jim Cogan for helping it all through the various stages, and his family for the waffles. We must also thank Kate Bolton and Greg Van Horn for hours spent pestering shopkeepers for prizes and for their help in organizing the event, Emmanuel Quartey for preparing the musical programme and Mr Murray for his masterminding of the tug of war and assault course. Thanks of course to all of you who baked cakes and to all those who took charge of a stall, particularly O. Pennant Jones who spent the whole afternoon rolling around in the mud as the keeper in the shooting stall and raised an impressive £18.

Happily we reached our target with nearly £200 to spare. The school can congratulate itself on an immensely worthwhile undertaking.

They may be interested to hear that in Mrs Schofield's view one of the pensioners returned from the holiday "a different man, with a rekindled will to live" and that "just knowing someone cares gives them the incentive not to throw it all away, but to look forward to further opportunities and happiness." She adds "Thanks a million to everyone who helped us out."

★



*Photos by David Catto*





# A Visit to Pimlico School

by Todd Hamilton and Tom Gross

*During March a number of Westminster boys and girls were welcomed to spend a day at Pimlico. Two accounts of this visit follow.*

## Todd Hamilton

You don't have to spend a day at Pimlico to see that it is big: any school that measures its walkways in kilometres is going to hold a good many boys and girls. None of this seems to bother the Pimlicans unduly. Once you have grasped that just as typists regard ASDFGHJKL;½, so you must the Concourse, it becomes quite simple.

True, newcomers to Pimlico are undoubtedly often lost in their odyssey to the Maths Rooms, but one reason why the school is so large is because it encompasses under one roof two gyms, a swimming pool and a foyer, quite apart from the normal—but large—library, assembly hall and labs. Adult education courses and family workshops are held there after school, and there is a mock flat where those in Home Economics can practise, or teachers can leave very small children. The building is encircled by concrete football pitches. There is a pond for the Biologists. There are car parks. In other words, a great deal of its size is taken up simply with facilities for the 1600 people. And dealing with such a school, where the first year alone would swallow all 240 of my primary school, raises a series of related problems, academic, administrative and social.

The process that seems to develop is one of separation into groups no larger than you'd find anywhere else. Socially, it tends to be self-imposed: birds of a feather do their flocking and roost together permanently. The result is often loneliness, one boy told me. The groupings could be observed while we were there, and we

tended to fit into them accordingly. But that doesn't mean middle-class sportsmen shun working-class intellectuals: in a day-room bulging with about 270 sixth-formers and set to receive ever more each year, you are mixing with widely varying characters from every conceivable background. I should think the only people not there were those with the means *and* the desire to be here at Westminster. Indeed, one of my group was the Chairman of the Westminster Young Conservatives, who enjoys playing the bigot and is followed everywhere by affectionate cries of "Fascist!"

Administrative problems are fearsome. They can't fit more than 600 into the assembly hall at any one time. The permanently temporary classrooms outside ("the huts") are still not enough to ease the congestion. The top end of the school is swelling as more and more stay on for further qualifications while others shy away from school-leaving and unemployment. You can't, as a Maths teacher confirmed, know everybody by face and name, yet there are hundreds every year to shepherd to exams. I pity the poor person who draws up the timetable—ours looks like an alphabet card beside it. But somehow it must work, for everyone fits even though no class in the junior school exceeds 24 and the senior school class I sat in was only a handful strong. Classes for the humanities, I judge from their small classrooms in the Sixth Form Block, tend to be small; the sciences have rooms proportionally larger. If true, this reflects the balance in the curriculum, reversed here at Westminster, between science and the arts; on the other hand, a course is only run (according to the Maths teacher) if there is a demand for it.

The return on the timetabler's sweat is the

teacher-pupil ratio of a smaller school. In that respect, I imagine Pimlico's academic circle need not suffer unduly, though obviously how it does suffer I can't tell. Their library is full of contemporary fiction for all ages and standards, as well as reference works, and has an audio-visual department, and they are mighty proud of their computer room. Quite apart from a formidable number of personal independent computers, they have a terminal to one in London University.

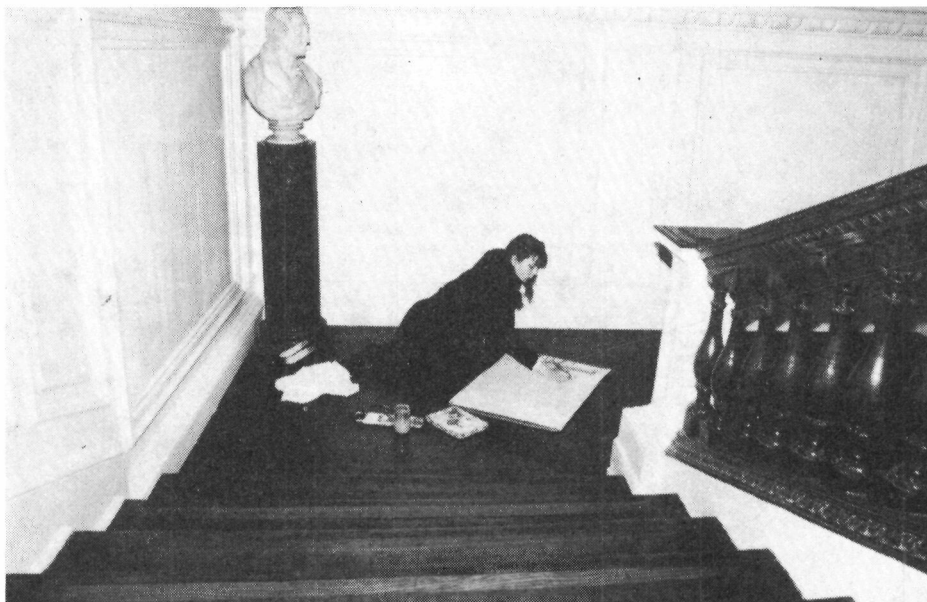
Virtually nothing in the school is free from the threat of theft; vandalism is apparently quite common though I actually saw only graffiti and careless use of furniture. The building, which already looks its age is concrete where it is not glass, hot in summer where it is glass and dark where it is not hot. The setting is hardly one of elegance or style.

Yet the atmosphere I felt shouted freshness, vigour and absence of external pressure. As we sat before school discussing who would go where—in a confusion that belied all those weeks of painstaking planning—people drifted in to be registered, until the day-room bulged at the walls. The same happened regularly whenever lessons ended. In between we could, and did, wander the highways unchecked. As long as people return to be registered at regular intervals no one follows them outside the walls in their free time. The first period was spent for many of us being introduced to the school. One of the most eye-opening parts was the Design and Technology block. Its rooms, to my bookish eye, resembled the workfloor of an industrial engineering plant. And like the engineering plant in its popular image, it lies idle too much of the time—at least in the opinion of its head. Like Classics at Westminster Design and Technology claims to be fighting for a place on Mount Olympus—ironically, since each is living in the environment supposedly suited to it.

At the other end of the morning was Lunch. I expect it was my own fault that mine, bought outside school like most sixth-formers' lunches, was so feeble: I'm glad that one of my main meals is not usually like that. The highlight, however, was a meeting of the sixth-form committee.

There is a year council for every year in the school. The sixth-form committee has about a dozen members elected to represent the upper and lower sixth, and from this body, like the lower years', members are elected to represent their decisions to other school councils. It has complete control over the investment into, and proceeds from, the coffee bar in the day-room. In fact, that day one item on the agenda was how best to use the £200-odd profit—the final decision being to pilot video shows. Cynics will say that an elected body discussing school policy smacks of a tsarist *duma*. Maybe so, but the Tsar is seriously considering the

## Yared Yawand-Wassen





re-introduction of monitors in response to the committee's feelings: it is, in other words, an advisory body whose advice is heeded, and whose disapproval censures. It was a new experience to sit, as in the Common's Gallery, and hear the students propose a motion of regret that the Sociology department would not accommodate some of us visitors that morning. The department, presumably, was not expected to slough this off casually.

The rest of the meeting discussed whether and how the election of members needed to be reformed: the final decision was to change nothing. In the process it became clear that, though you're not forced to participate, if you do you are expected to do so enthusiastically (one complaint from the floor was of silent representatives) and conscientiously (your seat lapses after two consecutive absences without good reason).

Such political awareness and participation are strong elements at Pimlico, it seems—not team spirit at the expense of the individual (on the contrary, you are allowed and encouraged to do your own thing) but participation in the machinery, literally and figuratively, of the world. One of the curricular subjects, Government and Politics, is a study of just that, but the politics are not necessarily of the parliamentary party kind, nor does it follow that Pimlico is one big culture of communists. Perhaps it was this that kept talk of our educational systems from poisoning the air, though, as the WYC chairman said disappointedly, we Westminsterers were, if anything, rather apologetic.

What did I learn from a day at Pimlico? Inevitably, not much about its academic vices and virtues; a little about the administrative headaches of a large comprehensive; a little about the internal structure; but most importantly, I learnt that what I have always told myself is true. They were friendly and they were welcoming (and totally indistinguishable from us). Anyone from here who spends a day there—and they have suggested it be a regular fixture—comes back like a Renaissance explorer, saying, "Well, I found no demons at the edge of the world."

### Tom Gross

At nine o'clock on Friday, March 18th, thirty Westminster Upper School boys and girls assembled outside the wide gates of Pimlico School. We were to discover during our day there what differences and similarities there were between the two schools—one independent, one comprehensive—in academic standards, the routine of the day and the social atmosphere. It was to prove an enjoyable and valuable experience; an exciting contrast with the dull and familiar ways of Westminster.

The first thing that all of us could not fail to be struck by was the sheer size of the building itself—a vast concrete and glass complex built in the early seventies, totally different in architectural style from Westminster. We were shown into the Sixth



*Sebastian Peattie*

Form Common Room and greeted by our two guides, Andrew and Joanna, who told us the basic school rules, or rather lack of rules. The atmosphere was relaxed and everything appeared very disorganized. People simply wandered in and out of school whenever they felt like it. The pupils were generally very friendly and there was no hostility towards us (and our privileged backgrounds) at all. The same could be said of the teachers, although there were two, who, not unreasonably, did not want us intruding into their lessons. Uniform is voluntary at Pimlico, and consequently no one, apart from a few of the first years, wears it. Next year it is to be officially phased out altogether. The range of fashions adopted stretches from suits to Mohican hairstyles. However there was no sign, as far as I could see, of discipline being undermined because of the absence of uniform. On the contrary, it seemed to me to produce a more open atmosphere in which students were encouraged to concentrate of their own free will.

Being a comprehensive Pimlico is of course co-educational. It is also very much a racially-mixed school as regards both pupils and staff. I even heard a foreign language which I could not identify being spoken down the corridor.

The school day consisted of five 55-minute lessons starting at 9.30. A much wider range of subjects is offered to the Pimlico Sixth form than to their Westminster counterparts and the first lesson I attended was Economics. The teacher was friendly—to judge by his accent, a West Indian—whom everyone addressed by his nickname. He seemed to be an effective teacher and managed to cope well with a small overcrowded classroom (though the equipment of the Economics department is beyond anything Westminster has; it includes, for example, a set of about

twenty electric typewriters. People wandered into the lesson as late as they felt like. There were no apologies offered by the pupils and no questions asked by the master. Most of the period was taken up with lengthy, sometimes trivial, arguments over almost every point raised between the teacher and Harry Phibbs, the renowned press-exposed and KGB-interrogated chairman of Westminster Young Conservatives, who was proudly wearing a 'No U-turns' badge.

After this we were taken on a tour. The school is centred round a wide long passageway called the concourse, which is a kind of indoor equivalent of 'Yard'. Many of the walls were decorated with colourful murals, painted on themes ranging from ancient Egypt to the Monte Carlo rally, which brightened the whole place up considerably. Elsewhere there was a mass of graffiti, and pasted amongst them were animal-lib and CND posters and stickers.

I found the physical resources of Pimlico particularly impressive. The school is wired up with a loudspeaker system. There are indoor basketball and volleyball courts, a large swimming pool, as well as the outdoor facilities, which include a spacious play-ground. The art and music departments are enormous and the work we saw was of a very high standard (one painting had been displayed in an International Schools Exhibition).

After our tour of the school came break, when we had a chance to meet new friends and discuss our experiences during the morning, while we bought tea and refreshments.

Then I attended a class in Government and Politics. Again the class was small (there were only four students) and relations between the teacher (who was a youngish woman) and pupils were even more informal. The only subject discussed was

the theory of government; it was fairly intellectual and heavy stuff and I did not know enough about it to understand the complexities involved. What surprised me a lot was the fact that the political beliefs of the pupils were generally right-wing; one of them had a 'Help Russia—join CND' sticker.

The rules at Pimlico are very slack. For instance there are polite 'Please do not smoke' signs on the walls. It is up to the individual how much work he or she does. The Sixth form, numbering about 270, have all voluntarily chosen to stay on at school and when they finally come into the lesson and have settled down they were willing and eager to study. The same cannot always be said of some Westminster classes.

There were no lunches served in the school itself. Most people drifted off to the

fish and chip shop, supermarket or the pub, or simply went home. Afterwards I listened in on the lunch-break Sixth Form Council meeting—run by the pupils and supervised by one teacher. A lot of hot air seemed to be spoken but very little was actually decided upon, although a motion was passed 'condemning in principle the unwillingness of one department to allow Westminster guests into its lessons'.

Lastly I went to an English lesson. Owing to lack of space it was held in an office. The teacher turned up more than ten minutes late, and then when we settled down to read some Thomas Hardy poems the phone started ringing!

All in all however it was a very rewarding and successful day. We enjoyed ourselves tremendously, and it made the Westminster system with all its rules and regulations

seem fussy and pedantic by comparison.

On the following Wednesday several Pimlico pupils came here for the day. They seemed to have a good time although I suspect they may have been slightly disconcerted by the casualness of many Westminsters. They particularly liked 'Abbey', a tour round the boarding houses, and Alan Coren's excellent John Locke lecture, and they were eager to attend classes they could not take at Pimlico, such as Latin and Greek.

Special thanks must go to Todd Hamilton for the hard work he put in organizing this most successful exchange. I think it has made all of us who were involved more aware of the faults and virtues of Westminster in its role as an independent school.

## A Youth at Westminster

by Gavin Griffiths

One evening, while imbibing a swift half in the plush bar of the Pig and Leper, somebody suddenly turned to me and asked whether I thought 'adolescence' ever really occurred, or whether it was merely a nifty concept for sociologists of the militant Left. Generally speaking, teachers have all the social kudos of sanitary engineers and traffic wardens, so it made a nice change to be consulted on any issue at all, especially one where I might reasonably be expected to proffer a sane opinion: in fact, true to form and much at a loss, I failed to give a serious-minded penetrative analysis or to cast out a polished aphorism. Still it set one thinking.

When teaching you don't consider the state of adolescence at all. The kids are the kids, you are you, and all is dandy. Glancing back over the years indeed, it is almost impossible to recall what one felt as a teenager (if one felt anything at all).

Of course, like most people, from thirteen onwards I was wired up for intravenous doses of Clearasil but this was merely puberty, not to be confused with the real thing. Genuine adolescence didn't sprout until a couple of years later when I woke up with great suddenness in my bed study in Barton Street, perspiring freely and eyes veiled in a thick purple mist. That morning I began to notice supposedly significant details such as the way people scraped their cutlery or the way in which the plasterwork along the Wren's corridor had cracked and crumbled. Depression fury and morbid self-concern were to be fellow-travelling companions from then on.

Predictably enough, I began to distrust the Authorities. Those were the dim distant days of student unrest and many of my school colleagues were rather naughty, in one way or another. Unfortunately one of the more unsavoury aspects of Westminster life is the complete absence of personal loyalty among pupils. (This probably has something to do with the lack of physical hardship in the school). Fellows would peach on other fellows with impunity, not to

say relish: and my mealy puritanism (another symptom of the purple mist) was appalled at the eagerness with which staff encouraged us to acts of betrayal. Primly, I spent much time being suspicious of everyone, always uneasy, waiting for the chop to the back of the neck, the violent stab to the kidneys.

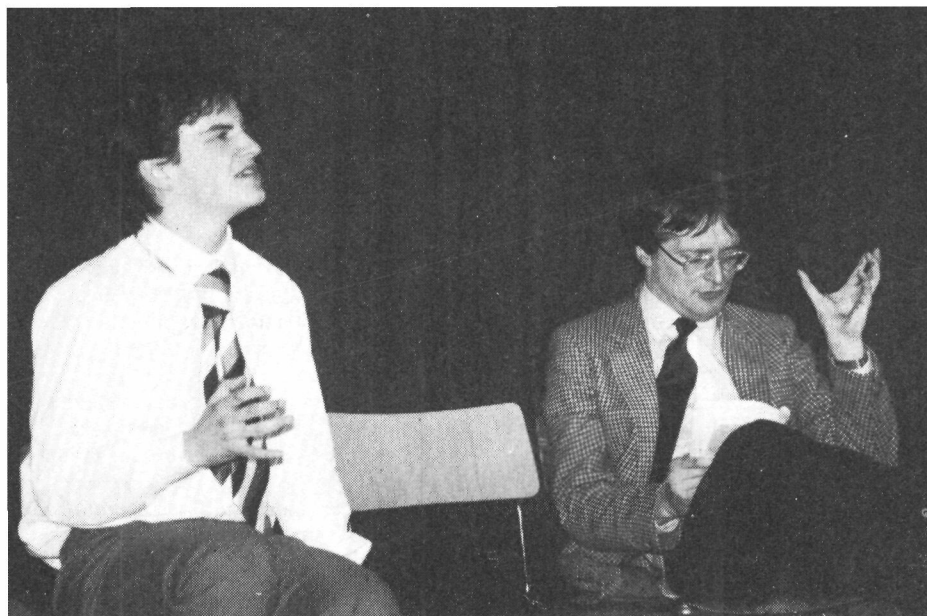
School days are rendered just bearable through utter predictability. Winter was fine because the damp and darkness kept you in bed. But in Spring you felt like a chemical reaction chamber and the white sunlight and the gathering of the sparrows compelled you to go for a brisk walk in an attempt to burn off the bubbling surplus energy. Slipping into last week's sticky shirt I would usually shoot off to the park to stare at the grass and hurl stones at any dozing ornamental duck. Then it was time for College Hall breakfast, usually something along the lines of cod balls drenched in corn oil and batter. Nothing better for choking the soul with

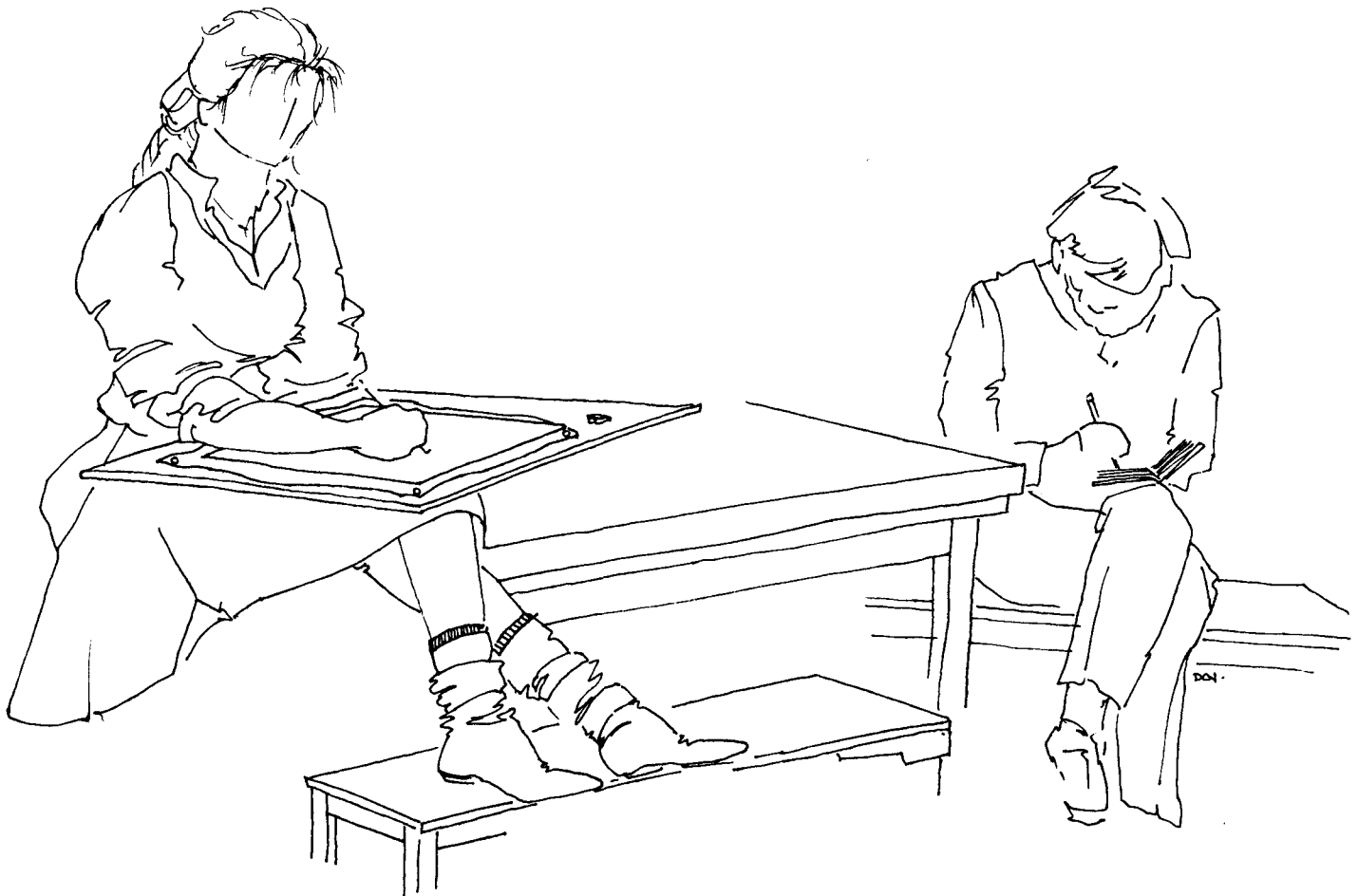
weltschmerz and preparing one for Abbey where it was customary to loll about not singing hymns. Actually, lolling about in upright wooden chairs requires considerable skill and artistry and it has proven to be an invaluable asset in later years.

Of course, there were lessons. Not that one disliked being taught—it was always easy enough to switch off—but there was the more serious problem, my inability to sit still. For roughly five years I twitched unceasingly. You could cross your legs left over right; then cross them right over left. When that palled you could tilt back in your chair; then you could stretch, perhaps scratch a spot; then you could tap your feet or drum your fingers and then start up the whole sequence again with increasingly eccentric and bizarre variations. It seems a miracle that one picked up even the most rudimentary crumbs of information.

The emotional side of things was also very tricky at this point. The school was without

Paul Edwards





David Jefferys

girls so that personal contact was confined to chaps of your own age. It was suffocating. Ugly tensions and confusions lurked beneath the surface of even the most innocent bits of conversation and banter. And if you tried hard enough it was possible to irritate someone to death. (Only later did one learn the advantages of avoiding people through those standard routes of escape, marriage and hard work). Those people I did not suspect of betrayal were objects of naked contempt. I hated sporty people who seemed overbearing, gangy, loutish, pin-headed, complacent and selfish. Having constructed these rigidly mechanical caricatures, it was then possible to pat myself strenuously on the back for inhabiting a romantic solitary No-man's Land of True Feeling. In actual fact, I enjoyed rowing because sliding up and down in a narrow boat in time with seven others is the neatest way, apart from falling in love, of extinguishing the crackling fires of personality; and I also enjoyed reciting poetry to myself in small poky corners, mainly because it thus accrued to itself all the attractions of a secret tacky vice. I was obsessed with Housman's sour lyrics, which chimed in tunefully with my own impression of things:

'Some can gaze and not be sick  
But I could never learn the trick.  
There's this to say for blood and breath  
They give a man a taste for death.'

Nothing was more titillating at sixteen than wild fantasies of suicide, being chipped off the rails at St. James' Park station one Monday morning whilst Mr. X had forgotten, once again, to put you down on the absentee list. Reading poetry also fuelled fantasies of artistic creation. It struck me it would be rather smooth to be some kind of writer, like Tolstoy. Projected novels hummed in my head for years on end, though none progressed much farther than the title: '*To Sport with Amaryllis*', '*Burnt Boats*', '*Eggs in One Basket*', '*Given Half a Chance*' etc.

Of course, boredom was broken with the advent of a party. This was rare. Normally one would be so knotted up at the prospect of such a thing that one's skin would explode in a proliferation of carbuncles weeks in advance. Never mind, there remained the remote possibility of catching sight of a girl: girls with their melodic laughter, their aromatic perfumes, their disquieting softness. Incidentally, that is not a poeticised evocation of teenage perception. You had to listen and smell and feel your way around the room because parties operated *de rigueur* in pitch darkness or at the most lit by a heavily filtered anglepoise tucked away in some far distant nook. Therefore there was little enough opportunity for discovering what was going on. Not that one got much of a 'look-in', anyway. There was always a bunch of coves from some co-ed school or other, who

seemed able to chat about a whole variety of topics, transfixing the opposite sex with their sharp repartee. (My own repartee was limited to discussions of revision problems and the nature of the plonk). Hours were thus frittered away in a jumpy state of peevish anger, clutching at cheese straws. The present generation of Westminster lads fail to realise their astounding luck, to be growing up forever *à l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*.

Perhaps it is fitting to call an abrupt halt to this ramble on that pretentious sub-Proustian note. In response to my fellow toper I would say that 'adolescence' exists alright, or existed for most of us once, should we care to remember. However, it was usually so horrendous that we choose to forget it, to think of something else. I can't say I regret its passing much: perhaps I regret a little that now when I see a pretty face I only see a pretty face, or that when gazing at the moon I see a yellow football rather than 'some jagged fragment born from the heart of an unimaginable cosmic disaster'. This seems a small price to pay for the ability to sit still, at last, and watch the wallpaper.

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# Common Room Notes



Yared Yawand-Wassen

## Denis Moylan

It is a formidable task to do justice to Denis Moylan's inestimable services to the School over a period of thirty-two years. He came to Westminster in 1951, and it is sad indeed and almost impossible to think of Westminster without him. Almost every aspect of school life has benefited from his attention. He served his colleagues for many years as Secretary of the Common Room; few perhaps realise how completely he transformed its surroundings by importing something of the dignity and comfort of his club! And later, as President of the Common Room he has managed its affairs with all his usual good sense and forthrightness. For many years now he has also been Secretary of the Westminster School Society, and has been responsible behind the scenes for countless benefits to the School, giving of his time without stint to administrative tasks of which most of us are totally unaware. He was even involved for quite a few years in the efficient running of the Athletics Standards Competition, and it will not come as a surprise to learn that in this context he immediately won the approval of his admiring colleagues by ensuring that each event started on time. For years he was a loyal member of the Choral Society, and was a familiar figure both at the Concerts themselves and at the receptions that followed them. The organization of the annual Tizard Lecture, which has contributed so much to the good name of the School, has for years been in his capable hands. Perhaps the most memorable of his public functions was his masterly command of the audience at the Latin Play. He officiated to perfection on these occasions, and they would have seemed incomplete without the sight of him welcoming each new arrival, and kindly but firmly directing all to their seats.

Yet, in spite of all these and many other activities, there can be no doubt whatever that Denis Moylan has been above all outstanding as a teacher, and it is in his teaching that he has made his greatest contribution to the School. He has been a truly wonderful teacher, totally memorable,—loved and respected by all the generations of his pupils not only for the tremendous competence and professionalism of his teaching, but more still for the endless amount of time which he has bestowed, day after day and evening after evening, upon all those whom he has taught, and especially upon those who were less able or less knowledgeable when they came to him. All who have subsequently achieved success cannot fail to be aware of the immense debts they owe to him. Indeed most of them will have carried through their University days and beyond his incomparable *Obiter Dicta* or Intelligent Pupil's Guide to the Classics—not to mention a most salutary awareness of the impoverishment that attends unpunctuality! As a Classical Scholar he combines an (alas!) old-fashioned insistence on accuracy with an awareness that many of the received rules are not unambiguously well-expressed, and that pursuit of truth involves constant pruning and re-examination.

Indeed in this facet of his character lies the essential nature of his appeal. At first sight, Denis Moylan setting out for his beloved Pall Mall at 8 p.m., with his faithful Homburg upon his head, might appear to be the very epitome of the 'Establishment'. Indeed the virtues thereof he possesses abundantly—honesty, decency and above all unswerving loyalty—yet from the less attractive attitudes which are sadly so often the corollaries of these virtues—prejudice, intolerance, snobbery, jingoism and their like—he is totally free. One could hardly imagine a man who, despite the strict but always reasonable demands he makes upon his pupils, is less tyrannical, less pompous, more kind, considerate and understanding, more 'modern' and broadminded.

Any brief tribute cannot fail to be inadequate. No conventional words of praise can quite match his stature. Of one thing, however, we can be sure. No-one who has known him at Westminster can doubt that, even in a school which abounds in so many outstanding personalities, Denis Moylan is someone very special indeed.

T.L.Z.

## Charles Brett

Charles Brett, who has been Director of Music at Westminster since September 1976 is leaving the school at the end of the Election term to pursue his career in the singing world.

Charles, educated at Westminster and King's College, Cambridge had taught previously at Eton and Malvern College. During these years he had established himself as one of the leading counter tenors of his generation so that when he came to Westminster we were already familiar with the voice and well aware of the considerable musicality and intellect that guided it.

The style of Charles's directorship was soon established. The emphasis was to be on performance and the aim was that only the best will do. The Abbey Choir steadily increased in size and the school orchestra was soon able to perform well without the large number of visiting professionals which previously had seemed to gnaw at the very roots of school music.

Charles supervised the planning and building of the Adrian Boult Music Centre, a much needed addition to our facilities. Orchestra, choir, teaching and practising could now function smoothly under one roof and the Dungeons could gratefully revert to their mediaeval shape and play a more elegant and broadly based role in our activities.

Other advances in Westminster Music under Charles's leadership include the extension of the music scholarship to an annual one, and the addition of two more musicians to the full-time teaching staff. However it is as a musician that we will remember Charles and I am sure that is how he will want it. His superlative playing at school concerts—recently the César Franck Violin Sonata with Charles Sewart—, and Schumann's *'Dichterliebe'* with Ian Bostridge—will remain long in the memory. All this talent was accompanied by an unobtrusive modesty and a quiet genius for the witty aside. Possibly the only world class counter tenor to take a Badminton station on a Thursday afternoon—he even saw the funny side of that.

Charles and Brigid will leave with our very best wishes and encouragement for the exciting years ahead.

J. M. B.

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## David Ekserdjian

While he was at Westminster David had the unparalleled misfortune of being taught by me for sixteen terms on the trot: I was also his housemaster. Possibly my influence retarded him: certainly as a specialist he was a late developer, coming from behind in a brilliant Election to take first class Honours in Medieval Languages at Cambridge. In College he was something of an all-rounder: he talked more than anybody I recall, watched more late-night movies, attended Covent Garden more frequently and maintained—among his effete peer group—the flicker of athleticism. But not much at Westminster prepared us for his rapid development as an art student: but clearly as a post-graduate student at the Courtauld he had found himself. He revealed an astounding visual memory with discrimination to match and, were it not for the cut backs he would by now have certainly secured a plum job in the art world. But the recession has worked to our advantage—six years of Westminster A-level art historians have benefited from his easy-going but highly professional attentions: and we, in the Common Room, particularly those with an interest in Renaissance Italy have benefited too.

I hope that the Balliol S.C.R. is as responsive to David's powers as intellectual and social catalyst as we would like to think we have been.

J.A.C.

## Philip Burrin

Philip's stay at Westminster may have been short but his contribution to School music in that time has been far-reaching. We have never had a full-time string teacher and coach before and Philip has shewn what a great asset this is when the incumbent is as enthusiastic, persevering and informed as Philip himself.

The quality of the string playing in both orchestra and chamber music has improved so much under his guidance—with just the right mixture of encouragement and criticism to inform without disheartening, a balance so crucial for the good teacher.

It is natural that so fine a player as Philip will want to perform himself much more and we are sure he will have the success in his new career that he certainly deserves.

J. M. B.

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We welcome two members of staff who have joined the Common Room for a short time.

**Mr. David Critchley**, educated at Winchester and Balliol, who is teaching Classics until the end of the year.

**Mr. Henry Ploegstra**, from Trinity School in New York who has changed places with Richard Jacobs for two terms, and whose company we have much enjoyed.

It was also good to have the temporary services of **Charlotte Woollett** during the Lent Term, when she helped with English teaching during the Head Master's absence; and of **Alex Bird** who did some Mathematics teaching during Philip Needham's time in hospital.

It is also high time to mention that **Michael Brearley** has been a regular and welcome visitor on the days when he comes to take a course on psycho-drama as part of the general studies programme.

## William Merston Lyons

*An address given by the Head Master at the Memorial Service for our former Bursar, Group Captain Lyons.*

William Merston Lyons, Bill to his many friends, but to all who knew him at Westminster School always and somehow appropriately Simba, was born on the 16th December 1908. Tomorrow would have been his 74th birthday.

Simba's family will I know agree with me when I say that he looked upon his time as Bursar of Westminster School as the most satisfying task he had undertaken in his career; and it is on those 13 years that I want to dwell. But to understand Simba's contribution to Westminster we need to see that contribution in the context of his whole life.

He was educated at the Royal Masonic School at Bushey and then after obtaining an accountancy as an articled clerk, spent the greater part of his adult life using this skill in the Royal Air Force. He was commissioned in 1931 and retired from the RAF in 1963.

He served mostly in East Africa—in Kenya and Rhodesia. And it was there of course that a man by the name such as Lyons inevitably became Simba.

If Simba drew strength and confidence from his experience in the service how much more did he draw from the warmth and love of his family. To his wife, Mary, and to his four children he gave and owed much. Seeing Simba here at the school, wrestling with the problems of the Bursar's responsibilities, it was all too easy to forget that he was first and foremost a family man. A man too with a particular sense of place, who belonged in that part of North London where he had been at school and where he lived all his later years, very much a member of the community and of his church.

He became Bursar of Westminster unexpectedly, promoted when his predecessor died in office. But as is frequently the case the unexpected man not only fills the office with distinction but redefines it. Simba created the modern Bursar's role at Westminster. Separated from the role of Registrar, and concentrating on the two objectives of the efficient financial management of the school and the Secretaryship of the Governing Body.

Simba got a grip on the school's finances in a way that had perhaps never been done before; and it is not an exaggeration to say that these finances when he retired were on a sounder footing than at any time in the past. He husbanded the school's resources; one thinks particularly of his masterly handling of the advanced fees fund; making sure that when these resources were spent it was on worthwhile projects. If you look around Little Dean's Yard you will see the fruits of his work; the new art room at the top of Turle's House, Singletons House, the new classrooms and day boy house—Dryden's—in Wren's corridor, the Adrian Boulton Music Centre and the new classroom building.

Simba took particular care of his own

*Tristan Lawrence*



staff, both the administrative staff and the many other men and women who make up the non teaching personnel of the school. He was the ideal Secretary to the Governing Body, efficient, thorough, knowing his Committee well, serving them loyally yet certainly not afraid to speak his mind. He was shrewd too, realising that what he euphemistically called a light lunch before the meeting would contribute to that sense of well being that reduces the most difficult items on the agenda to manageable proportions.

What of Simba, the man? I worked closely with him for eight years. When I first met him I thought he looked rather formidable; tall, well-built, a little severe, reminiscent of Bismarck. Our relationship took some time to establish itself and a little longer to blossom. He was cautious about his relationships, not aloof or cold, just cautious. He was the antithesis of the shallow, hail-fellow-well-met person. Simba was not shallow but it did take some time to discover his depths. I always respected him and in time became very fond of him. He preferred formality. He addressed me as Head Master for eight years and at the moment he retired addressed me as John. That was characteristic. He was also a realist. He knew exactly what could or could not be got through the Governing Body. He accepted the frustrations and disappointments with equanimity. He did not fuss. He disagreed with people at times and they disagreed with him, but Simba never bore a grudge.

When he retired at the end of 1978 I know that he missed both the school which he loved dearly and the Abbey with which he has so much enjoyed being associated. And then by one of those curious twists of fate he was to return once again as a result of the death in office of the Bursar. He came to the school's help without a moment's hesitation. It was good to see him back and what a tribute it is to him that he carried out those old responsibilities not only with efficiency but so unobtrusively. He came over to see me once or twice a week, sat in an armchair and we found ourselves laughing together at the strange ways of people and of the world. That is how I shall remember him: chuckling quietly, cigar in hand, humane realist, efficient but un pompous, reserved yet deeply loyal to family and friends. It is with gratitude and affection that we gather here to offer thanksgiving for his life.

He died on his way to a small dinner party in his honour. Sad though that evening was, it had a certain rightness about it. He was going to a dinner with those whom he regarded as his friends and who wished to thank him for coming so readily to the school's help at a difficult time. Now he rests after a full and busy life. He died as he lived, a humble man but firm in his Christian faith. He will have known that at the end God was with him and he would have been at peace.

'Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day'.

J. M. Rae

## Drama

### Der Jüngste Tag

Reviewed by Frederick Stüdemann

Ian Huish's production of Horvath's *Der Jüngste Tag* (The Day of Judgement) was the most inspiring German play I have seen at Westminster in four years. The play deals with the problem of guilt and retribution, pushing all political and economic conditions aside (unlike Horvath's earlier political plays). The actors coped well with this, even though the performance tended to lose its vitality in parts. The main protagonist, Thomas Hudetz, was played by Grant Smith. His execution of the part of the 'pflichttreuer Beamter' (dutiful official) was extremely powerful. He was able to communicate the tension and pain of Hudetz's predicament as the web of mendacity expanded around him. The other main protagonist, Anna, was performed by Henrietta Barclay. Though nervous at first she recovered to give a good performance. One of the great successes of the play was the partnership of Grant and Henrietta; both of them spoke with great clarity while still conveying intensity. Hudetz's unpopular and bitchy wife was acted on the first night by Sarah Wallis, and on the second night by Clare Brook. Each gave a good performance, and though Sarah Wallis' elocution was, at times, not as good as it could have been, she dominated the stage by her presence. Raburn Mallory played the weak Alfons Hudetz—the brother of Frau Hudetz, and his diction was good.

In addition to the scenes where the two protagonists are on stage, the ones set in the local inn were very well done. Henry Male was the convincing innkeeper and along

with Ferdinand, played by Tim Roberts, formed the vanguard of popular opinion in the town. Barbara Wansburgh played Leni, the buxom bar-maid always willing to gossip. The festive scenes in the inn were successful, though at times they lapsed into disorder, only to be saved by the appearance of the director, disguised in suitable braces, to hurl insults at other members of the cast.

The play succeeded in combining the comic with the eerie. Frau Leimgruber, the town gossip, was played well by Melanie Levy on the first night, attracting much laughter from the audience. On the second night Noreena Hertz acted the role admirably. The eerie scenes consisted of an injured but ominous Dave Norland appearing as Kohnst, followed by Paddy O'Hara as the sinister Staatsanwalt. The final scene in the play takes place on a blacked-out stage, when Hudetz meets two of the dead victims of the railway crash (Felix Dux as Pokorny and Peter Thomlinson as the Streckengeher). It was brilliantly performed by all on stage and made up for the loss of gusto in the preceding scene.

Three weeks later the play was performed at the German School in Richmond. The cast was that of the first Westminster production, except that Ian Huish played the Gendarme. Both Mr. Huish and the rest of the cast performed well, achieving the success of the Westminster performances.

*Der Jüngste Tag* was, I repeat, the best and most adventurous production of a German play of recent years. Though some of the cast found pronunciation difficult, the German was easy for the audience to understand. Mr. Huish and all concerned deserve our congratulations.

Nicholas Gough





# Under Milk Wood

Reviewed by Clare Brook and David Neviassky

*Under Milk Wood* is not so much a play, more a long poem exploring the intricate lives and characters of the inhabitants of a small Welsh village. Dylan Thomas originally wrote it as a 'play for voices', in other words for a radio production; however it was successfully adapted by Charlie Wiseman so that the action captured and maintained the interest of the audience, without losing the rich quality of the words.

But, 'to begin at the beginning . . .' The Dungeons, despite the limited stage facilities, provided an intimate setting for the play, enhanced by the two narrators who read by candle-light. The cast frequently had to crouch behind the piano or sit in the front row of the audience as there is only one exit, but this was carried off well by all involved, creating an atmosphere that was appealingly chaotic. There was no need for elaborate costumes, but more effort should have been made in some cases as jeans were distracting. The backcloth by Lucy Morgan was colourful and served its purpose well, and Lucy Miller sang delightfully.

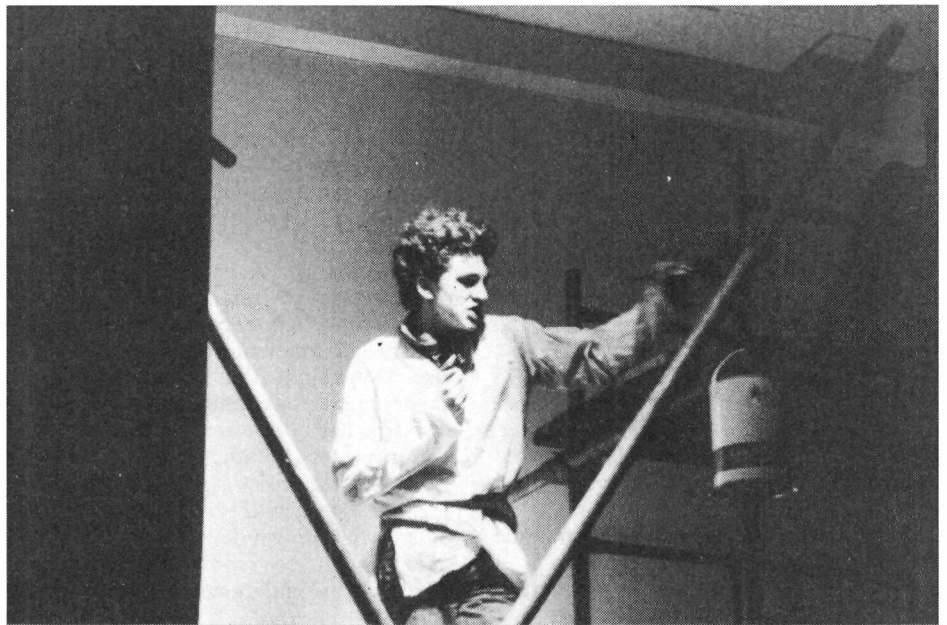
The characters were naturally the most important aspect of the play, and the fact that a cast of twenty had to act over double that number of parts complicated matters, but everybody tackled their several roles with competence and versatility. Good performances were too numerous to mention, but Paul Hollingworth was outstanding as Captain Cat, one of the serious roles in the play; he was both convincing and intense. Benno St. Johnson played the slightly batty Revd. Eli Jenkins, a flourishing poet, whose personality he elaborated with a rich Welsh accent. Most impressive of all was Henrietta Barclay, who played four different parts, each as distinctively and well portrayed as the last. Particularly good was her depiction of Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard, widowed twice, who continued to nag at the unfortunate phantoms of her two dead husbands.

Although the Welsh accents flagged towards the end, the play continued on a lively note until the two candles were extinguished. Although, as a play, *Under Milk Wood* was taxing, Wren's tackled it with light-heartedness and imagination. It was a great success, enjoyed by cast and audience alike.

## Albertsbridge

Reviewed by Barbara Wansbrough

*Albertsbridge*, one of Stoppard's early radio plays, proved an excellent choice for a house play by Grant's, despite the rapid scene changes, occurring, on average, about every thirty seconds! Most of the credit must go to the director, Jenny Ash, who both new to the school, and therefore alien to the rebellious nature of Westminster's 'en



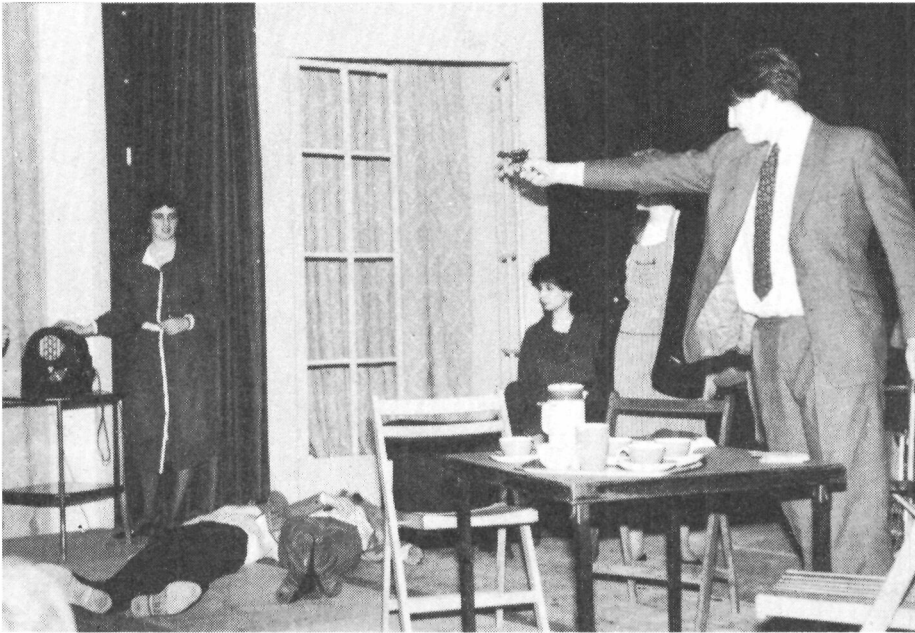
Patrick Dickie

masse', fought for her life against serious diseases threatening her cast, plus the added menace of imminent mutiny, to produce a play which delighted the audience throughout—a task surprisingly difficult considering the untrained, uncultured minds of a Westminster audience. . . I did in fact hear of one individual who sat through it for the three successive nights on which it was performed: surely such behaviour illustrates most clearly the talent with which it was directed? However, it would be careless to dismiss the actors on grounds of secondary importance, since without them, the play would not have procured such success! Bill Brittain-Catlin, who could be accurately compared with Tarzan swinging through the trees—though in this case it was scaffolding—effected a highly proficient performance of Albert; Kate, his 'fiancée', whom he 'got in the family way' and subsequently married, was incarnated in the transcendent form of Alex

Goldring; Eddie Clark, the pedantic accountant; Charlotte Ellison, the familiar nagging mother; C. J. Morrell, the suicidal pessimist and many, many, many more(!) all produced performances, worthy of greater mention than my limited vocabulary will allow! But a special mention must go to Tom Horan who, hauled in at the last minute from another house, executed his role, though minor, both bravely and successfully.

Despite the habitual theatre-critic platitudes, the feeling is sincere and universal, when I write that it was 'a very pleasant evening . . . terrific entertainment . . . I haven't laughed so much for years!'

\* \* \*



## The Real Inspector Hound

Reviewed by Michael Ridley

By playing to three successive full houses, the Ashburnham play, *'The Real Inspector Hound'* by Tom Stoppard, more than fulfilled its aim. It was however less of an event than a continuation of a tradition, another well done play with funny parts and also some moments when you are sure they haven't got it quite right. Nevertheless it is no mean task to achieve a polished, competent production like this. If Ashburnham's *'Lloyd George Knew My Father'* of several years ago was really rather appalling, this latest play virtually disproved the evidence of the earlier one that Ashburnham is not an acting house.

*'The Real Inspector Hound'* is complicated and involved, containing a play within a play, two outside critics who slowly merge

Paul Edwards



into the proceedings, one too many dead bodies and three Inspector Hounds. Todd Hamilton and Jonathan Hearn, two of Ashburnham's staple actors, were the worn critics watching a melodramatic play with little substance, which nevertheless conjured up in their minds the paragraph that would make them famous. Through them Stoppard had intended his worldly commentary to flow, but sometimes the point of the play seemed obscure. Early in the play the audience had several times roared with laughter and, spurred on by this, the actors also began to laugh, leaving the audience wondering whether they had missed something. Tim Roberts must be noted for laughing throughout, while sitting in an armchair. He turned out to be the real, Real Inspector Hound.

The play the critics are watching is a murder mystery with several threats of 'I will kill you' thrown down within a minute. Amid these threats Sophie Martin played a superbly bland and monotone maid, who

kept totally calm. Some of the funniest parts of the play involved the telephone with only one person speaking, suggesting that the best kind of humour arose when it was kept simple. Much entertainment, too, was provided by several front-stage embraces, mostly involving Lucy Aitchison and the bespectacled Adam Garfunkel, and Paola Grenier was striking as the able-bodied, thigh-length skirted tennis player.

Whether or not it was the fault of the stage for being too small to allow the division between the play and the critics to be defined, they merged almost from the beginning, so that when the purposely 'confused' section of the play began, with a critic enacting what he had seen, the result was rather bewildering.

Interestingly the accents used by Jonathan Hearn and Todd Hamilton matched exactly the ones used in last year's short play, *'Bsurd'*. All but one of the accents needed were exaggeratedly pompous, posh voices, at which the actors were surprisingly good. Nevertheless as the actors sounded rather similar, they tended to merge into one character, an exception being Tom Gross who turned up in an inspector's hat, late on the scene after a murder, as if to seize the greatest chance of crashing a party.

All those who saw this play on the night I did, a Friday, obviously enjoyed it and it is clear that this Ashburnham offering, ably produced by Gavin Griffiths, was a real success and the result of much genuine hard work. A collection for Phab was taken at the end.

## Forty Years On

Reviewed by E. J. Hubbard

The play chosen for Rigauds to perform was probably one of the most unsuitable that I can imagine; let's say, second only to *Hansel & Gretel*. *'Forty Years On'* strikes me as being an extremely hard play to pull off when performed by schoolboys (and girls) because it is all about school. Problems arise when you ask a boy to play a master because he is bound to try to send up the whole thing with the rash presumption that a quick T.J-P impression or some other such imitation will create the part for him. Even when a boy has to play another boy, he immediately tends to overact in order to fulfil all his schoolboy fantasies which the stage can legalize. All of these problems materialized in *'Forty Years On'* because the seemingly basic parts required a better standard of acting than was available.

The first night of the play was rather wasted on its audience, but on the last night, the play did seem to improve thanks to the more mature and receptive audience who did appreciate sketches on Virginia Woolf and other such antiquated humour; in fact some parents looked quite pained from laughing so the play cannot have been without merit. Technology came to the fore under the 'technical direction' of Phil Needham and there was no lack of musical



interjections from Mike Hunt on violin, Jon Zilkha on trumpet and John Arthur (also a director) who remained closed at hand on the piano. The bloody and drunken rugger team also made some contribution to the overall chaos of some scenes although it is hard to say quite what it was.

Ned Jewitt turned out the most consistent performance and was actually quite convincing as headmaster although his considerable energy made it hard to believe that Tim Mather was about to take his place when he retired. Selina Kearon took the gamble of being both director and actress which led to her not paying enough attention to her own part as matron although the nurse-charge sketch with Jamie Catto was well done. Carli Lessof added a spark of humour to the otherwise tedious and repetitive sitting-room scenes with Selina, Owen Pennant-Jones and Barnaby Jameson but I wonder if she noticed a strange ball of white wool that had escaped from her knitting basket and attached itself to the back of her head? Then Lauren Flint whose debut was certainly gutsy even if he was slightly weak as the History master. His sketches in drag were lively.

## Hansel and Gretel

Reviewed by Piers Gibbon

I attended just the first performance of this play (called inexplicably a 'preview'). My review is therefore not based on the other two nights which went 'much better', according to the cast.

The fact that there were more cast and scene-shifters than audience was due to the almost total news-blackout. The Art department will always oblige with paper and materials, so why not put up a few colourful posters? The thirteen of us that did turn up (I had never noticed before how vast the lecture-room was) had absolutely no idea what sort of play we were about to see. *'Hansel and Gretel'* was apparently put on by the Royal Shakespeare Company last year, but I do not know what type of audience they were aiming at, or whether it had a successful run. Certainly it must be the worst possible choice for a mid-term production. The play is a (very) modern version of the fairy tale, and might perhaps have worked at the end of a long term, giving more time for much-needed rehearsal. The casting would also have been better spread across the whole school in order to find more people willing to make total fools of themselves in front of their friends.

The star role of the witch was well done by Christian Woolfitt. He gave an excellently uninhibited performance of the multifaceted character (the witch is simultaneously a rustic peasant, a posh lady and the evil witch). It is a pity however that the audience did not have a clue as to why his accent kept changing (this was not his fault). The other good performances were by Sarah Wallis as Gretel, Fred Vogelius as

the Sandman and Jason Bell as an excellent fag hag stepmother. All the other actors exhibited the classic symptoms of being extremely embarrassed: awkward walk, gabbling speech, looking at their feet and making desperate attempts to hide behind the scenery, their costumes, other people etc.

My other complaint is the cheapness and nastiness of the scenery and props. They only had a few weeks to get the play together but it still could have been done much better. Two painted, sagging cardboard boxes were put into service as an iron cage and a microwave oven. Hansel found it necessary to hold his own prison together, and the witch looked a silly little screaming for help inside the oven whose door was half open. I agree that a broken-down car is difficult to portray on stage, but an arm chair with a number-plate is not good enough. Westminster audiences do not like their imaginations being stretched too far and two wooden frames could have been built in an afternoon in the carpentry workshop. The final straw for me and most of the audience was when Hansel shouted: 'Hey Gretel! Look! Maltesers . . . Tigertots . . . Hey! Bacon Frazzles! And Monster Munches!' and pointed to a pathetic pile of litter which would not have tempted a tramp. This, I am afraid, was the first of many times that I collapsed into helpless laughter for all the wrong reasons.

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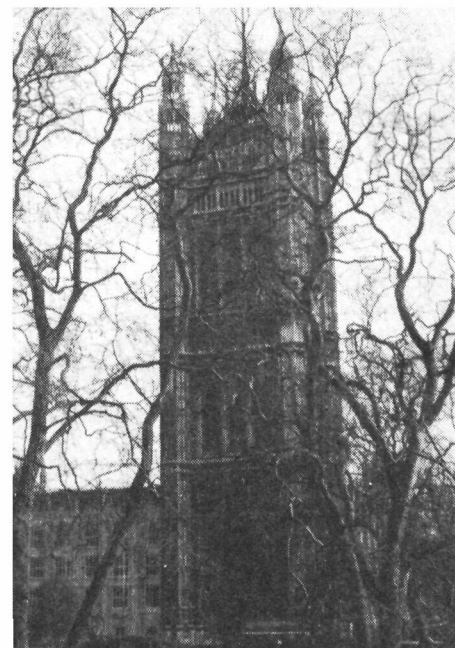
## The 1983 Tizard Lecture

*'The Deformation of Oceans and Continents'* by Dr. Dan McKenzie, FRS

Reviewed by Laurence Katz

Dr. Dan McKenzie left Westminster in 1960 to study Natural Sciences at King's College, Cambridge. Since commencing his research in 1963 he has turned theory on the evolution of the continents upside down. In this lecture he described the development of Plate Tectonic theory from its inception in the early 1960's when, in a major breakthrough, Vine and Matthews noticed the symmetry in the magnetic anomaly patterns on the ocean floor caused by aperiodic reversals in the Earth's magnetic field over millions of years. The magnetic anomalies appear as stripes on the ocean floor and the symmetry shown is about the mid-ocean ridge. On either side of the ridge molten rock pours out, the crystals within aligning themselves to the magnetic field of time.

In 1967 Dr. McKenzie put forward the Theory of Plate Tectonics, combining geometry and geophysics, to show how both the shapes and motions of plates could be determined. The essence of the theory was that the plates moved rigidly with no



Jonathan Wadman

internal deformation with earthquakes marking their boundaries, and that movement between two plates represented a rotation about an axis. He envisaged three types of plate boundaries: spreading centres, subduction zones and sliding zones. The spreading centres occur only at mid-ocean ridges and are the zones at which new plate is constructed. Subduction zones occur when a dense plate descends beneath another less dense plate and is destroyed at depth; this gives rise to earthquakes, island arcs, such as Fiji and fold mountain chains. Sliding zones are most in evidence crossing mid-ocean ridges, and little interaction takes place between rocks on either side of the boundary.

One of the most interesting parts of the lecture concerned Dr. McKenzie's recent work on ocean chemistry at the mid-ocean ridges. When the molten rock comes into contact with the water, hydrogen sulphide is given off. Organisms such as crabs, worms and clams cluster around the site of the fissure and have evolved to become dependent on hydrogen sulphide rather than oxygen for their survival. Also, and of more interest to Earth scientists, salts in the hot rock are dissolved in the sea water. This knowledge has finally answered the question—why is the sea salty?

Dr. McKenzie concluded the lecture by trying to answer the question of the driving mechanisms involved in plate tectonics, which he had not examined in his early work. His research has led him to believe that complex thermal connection, incorporating many different flows, allows the plates to move. However, this does not completely explain the driving force, and non-conventional mechanisms must also be sought.

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# Music

## Chamber Concert, March 18th

Reviewed by Fr derik Martin

Towards the end of an informal and wet Jamboree Day, those brave enough to expose themselves to the rigours of the English climate and to swim their way to the Music Centre were rewarded with the first Chamber Music concert of the term given in the tropical heat of the Concert Room. Coping with such extremes proved difficult but the evening was worth our suffering. The programme might have served as a textbook illustration for the development of the chamber music forms from the last quarter of the eighteenth century and, appropriately, was framed by the works of Mozart and Haydn.

Heard in the dry acoustics of the Concert Room, the Allegro Moderato of Haydn's *Quartet in G* lacked the brilliance and elegance of a previous performance in the Abbey. Individual musical qualities did not make up for the disparity of style and approach between the four players. The role of each instrument had not been defined with enough precision and the movement missed the contrast of light and shadow and the effect of surprise fundamental to Haydn's music.

Despite abrupt endings and overall roughness, the vivid—almost enthusiastic—rendering of Mozart's *Quartet in C* was quite enjoyable. The sense of direction and phrasing, the varied use of dynamic oppositions compensated happily for the insecure tempo and occasional difficulties with the ornamented sections. Sterling Lambert's excellent understanding of his viola part was a great help to the other

members of the group and a particularly attractive feature of the ensemble.

In both quartets, the acoustics proved detrimental to the cello; Martin Greenlaw's warm sound in the middle register and Benedickt Baird's concern with phrasing both deserved better.

In Beethoven's *Serenade op. 25* the absence of a bass and the combination of flute and strings create problems unknown to the well balanced string quartet. Oliver Rivers did not seem quite at ease in a violin part combining the demands of a soloist, an accompanist and the ally of one instrument against the other. The complexity of such a 'contrasting link' and the flexibility of style and technique it requires were not always met and the flute and the viola were sometimes left unsupported. However, Natasha Deighton's expressive interpretation brought out the melodic charm of the work.

Stage fright is a contagious disease; it crept into the Rondo of Mozart's *Quartet in G minor*, seized one by one all four musicians, made them play the florid passages as a rushing fugue and the contrapuntal development as furious barking. The unfulfilled promise of the first few bars makes me look forward to hearing the same quartet again in better conditions.

Kate Bolton, Christopher Sainty, Bruno Prior, Helen Palmer and Toby Stevens provided the first English interlude of the evening with Elgar's *Promenades for Wind Quintet*. From the start, they established themselves as the best ensemble in the concert, maintaining a careful balance between the instruments and an attractive blend of tones. They chose to focus on the distinctive features of each *promenade*. The light and witty staccato of the first piece was as appropriate and effective as the smoother

and subtler dialogues of the second.

After Andrew Patten's careful reading of Mozart's *Sonata in G* accompanied by Charles Brett, we came to what was to be the most memorable moment of this Chamber Concert.

For me, the name of Britten remains associated above all with the adaptation of contrapuntal devices to the needs of contemporary music; I forget too easily how the preponderance of clear and beautiful melodic lines place his work in the Purcellian tradition. *Pan*, from the *Metamorphoses* for solo Oboe, came as a particularly agreeable surprise—not altogether foreign to the influence of Debussy. An unaccompanied work leaves the instrumentalist no room for mistakes in conception nor execution. Every detail of Mark Radcliffe's playing revealed his technical abilities, his intelligent and sensitive view of Britten's arcadian meditation. Even more impressive was his mastering of music's indispensable counterpart: silence. In a monody, silence announces and continues the notes, underlines and makes more meaningful what the notes only started to express; it is no mean achievement to have made it clear all through the performance.

This concert, the first Chamber Concert I attended at Westminster, has showed me that the School is lucky to have enough good musicians to ensure the continuity and improvement of its musical tradition. Indeed, for any chamber ensemble, the major difficulty lies in the creation of a personality and of a style as a group; that none of the groups has yet reached such a stage is by no means a negative statement but emphasizes the necessity to support ensemble music and to promote it as a regular feature in the life of the School.

## Sports Reports

### Football

The football truism that a team is 'only as good as the players in it' is certainly applicable to Westminster which generally suffers from a shortage of talent in its team, particularly when compared with the quality of many of the opposing schools we meet during a football season. When Westminster footballers play up to their full potential, and subordinate their individuality to the demands of the team, then they can compete with the best. But if they play for themselves, and show no appetite for a hard, physical struggle then team performance suffers. These were the factors that were responsible for the varying successes of the five Westminster XI's during the 1982/83 season.

The Under 14's were short of talent during Play Term and thus made a poor start to the season. But the quality of the

January intake soon made its presence felt, and by the end of the Lent Term the team was improving rapidly, and look a promising side for the future.

Lack of success in the previous year resulted in a 'new look' Junior Colts side when the season opened. A competent replacement goalkeeper, fronted by a strong back four, stabilised the defence, which conceded fewer goals; whilst determined and purposeful running by the forwards, backed up by a mobile, midfield trio, produced a much more potent attack. Team morale improved and so did the results!

On paper the Colts XI never looked impressive as there seemed to be a lack of thrust up front and too little control at the back. Yet thanks to a number of individuals playing consistently well in the key positions of sweeper, midfield playmaker and striker, and, above all, to the willingness of all the

eleven to play as a team, to use the simple wall-pass well, and run off the ball, this turned out to be one of the most successful Colts sides in recent years.

Five victories made this season one of the best ever for the Second XI. The basis of this encouraging performance was excellent teamwork, great effort and motivation under the sound leadership of a succession of captains. The veterans of the side provided constant help and guidance to the several promising younger players who came in. By the season's end the quality of play was outstanding.

The First XI also had its share of success with some notable victories, but generally its performances lacked consistency and conviction compared with recent seasons. Against mature sides, superior in talent, we found it difficult to cope for the whole game. Often senior players didn't pull their weight

and hold the team together. Thus team spirit wavered and didn't compensate for the basic weaknesses in the side: goal-shy forwards, a light-weight, dilettante midfield and an uncoordinated and, at times, histrionic defence. Thus only one game was drawn throughout the whole season! Yet when the whole team was 'on song' we were a match for anyone, as Brentwood found to their cost.

Support is vital for any team as it has such a beneficial effect on the determination and morale of the players. In common with many sports at Westminster matches were not well supported during the season. Perhaps next year the enthusiastic encouragement of family and friends on the touchline might make all the difference between success and failure for Westminster football.

S. E. M.

## Fencing

We had a very busy Lent term with several matches, including the annual quadrangular between Westminster, Dulwich, St. Paul's and Hailebury. Despite some injury problems both our 1st Foil and Sabre produced good results, with outstanding performances from Lawrence Mutkin and Simon Middleton. In the Epée team both Mattias ffytche and Nick Silver are doing quite well, especially since Mattias only started fencing Epée recently. Other good contributions coming from Adam Albion and Lucy Miller. After a year of dividing seniors and juniors into separate times it has been decided that a return to the full, two-hour station should be made, to enable the seniors to help coach the new fencers. Despite a certain amount of hesitancy on the part of all concerned everything is going well and we look forward to a successful term's fencing.

D. Hayward

## Water

The win by the J16 crew in the Schools' Head was the high point of the Lent Term at Putney, but not the only success. This crew, who helped the School to record the second highest number of schools' regatta wins in 1982, suffered its first defeat at its age-group when Eton beat them at Burway Head by one second. It was thus an especially nerve-racking time waiting to hear that the margin had been reversed on our home waters, after an epic row in the Schools' Head. Their term ended with a creditable 107th in the Tideway Head.

The senior four won the junior division at Burway, before going on to provide much of the horsepower for an Elizabethan eight in the Tideway.

The prospects for seniors are bleak this year following Matthew O'Shaugnessy's departure after an excellent two terms as Head of Water, but the J16's will gain tremendous experience with their goal of a Henley appearance in the Princess Elizabeth before going on to the National Championships at Nottingham.

The J15 eight continues to show promise under their new coach Dr. Chris George and will be racing in fours as well as the eight this season.

M. I. W.

## Judo

This being the first report for some time, there are quite a few matches to catch up on. The year as a whole was a fairly unsuccessful one, more due to lack of consistent performers than a lack of people capable of good fights at intervals. Our only real consistently good players were P. E. Noshier, T. L. Hamilton and C. M. Greenlaw. Judo is handicapped for two reasons: firstly, a number of fairly talented players come to Westminster and do not

continue with the sport; secondly, of the new boys who *do* take up Judo, few stay with us for a worthwhile length of time. The Station may well have serious difficulties when this year's Sixth and Remove have left.

Our first two matches, in the Play term 1982, were hampered by Oxbridge exams and illness. Our contest with Aldenham would undoubtedly not have ended in a 35-29 defeat if R. Rutnagur, our then Captain had been with us. An away match at Winchester was made farcical: despite abysmal refereeing, which included errors in the scoring, Winchester were held to a 29-21 'victory'.

Lent term 1983 opened promisingly with a (record?) 85-0 defeat of Eton. The remaining away matches against St. Dunstan's, St. Paul's and Aldenham, although ending in defeat, contained some performances and were generally satisfying. We were hampered in the two latter fixtures by T. L. Hamilton's absence due to a leg injury (I stress that this was unconnected with Judo!)

There was improvement in all our performance through the year. The following deserve a worthy mention: P. E. Noshier, our captain, for great maturity and presence of mind in the difficult position at the top of the line-up; T. L. Hamilton, for maintaining his record of never having been defeated (and only once held to a draw)—he has a good chance of becoming a black-belt before leaving; and C. M. Greenlaw, for a consistent performance. Two juniors ought to be singled out for praise: N. Ridley and J. R. Welsh. Wren's maintained its position as best house.

Hard-earned and well-deserved colours were awarded to the following people:

P. E. Noshier (Full Pinks); T. L. Hamilton and C. M. Greenlaw (Half Pinks); B. G. Prior, N. Ridley and H. E. C. Male (Third Pinks); A. Ghaffar, J. R. Welsh and P. H. Cohen (Colts).

H. E. C. Male

*1st IV in the Schools Head, with retiring Head of Water at two and Donny Owen, his replacement, at stroke*







*J 15 at Kingston Head of River*

## Fives

An improvement on last season's defeats, but still the results are not particularly outstanding (won 4, lost 9). The mediocrity of these results is mainly due to the fact that there are not enough players in the station—especially players in the Remove and Sixth. The smallness of the station means that not only are there gaps in the teams themselves but also there are too few players to select from, making the teams weaker because there is no real competition for places. These gaps should for the most part be filled up next season by the entrance of the Colts team into the First VI.

During the season a few players stood out and with luck they will continue to play well: Jake Lyall, in particular, played excellently and aggressively—an attitude that is much needed; Guy Weldon and Geoff Barton, the pair that won most of their matches (7-1), also played extremely well and ought to continue to improve. Finally the pair that struck me at the end of the season as future hopes were the Under 14's pair, Pinto and Coren. Although they lost the only match they played, they are undoubtedly the most talented beginners that I have ever seen.

As usual we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jones-Parry and Mr. Stuart.

A. C. King

## Shooting

Although this term has been quiet in terms of matches, nevertheless it has produced a variety of high scores from our regular shooters. It has also seen the rise of some energetic newcomers such as John Baxter and Caspar Woolley. Further I must congratulate the Lower School team for their success in one of their few matches. At the end of every term, as we look back over our achievements we must thank our coach, Mike Russell, who works so hard to encourage us. Even when we are not successful we get much enjoyment from our time on the range.

Joanna Whiting

## Squash

Although the team played only a few matches, the season can be counted a definite success. There is now a solid core established of proficient players, several with a couple more years still in the school. In our matches we have been able to rely on the experience and cool example of the captain Julian Pears, the considerable squash talents of Asad Malik, and the determination and developing skills of Torchia, Phillips and Horne. This combination has allowed us to record an unbeaten season and we have taken some good schools by surprise. Although the team played unchanged, the pressure for places is building up and our second team was lethal on its one appearance.

There have been several excellent innovations this season, including the occasional playing of doubles. It is the first year for some time that there have been players with enough confidence in each other's discretion to enter such a crowded court. A girls' team was also formed, but unfortunately they still await their first match as their opponents got cold feet. The novelty with the most far reaching significance was the appointment of Tamsin Clegg as our first girl secretary of squash. She has allocated stations with great efficiency and good humour, for which we are all grateful. However, the development which will change all our lives, and in hope of which all our fingers are crossed, is the building of two courts of our own at Vincent Square. The Bursar seems hopeful that they could be ready by Christmas, in which case he will deserve his Full Pinks in his stocking.

P. C. D. S.

## Riding

Riding is now a well-established station at Westminster. Do not join it however in the expectation of a twice weekly gentle trot around Hyde Park—this station is gruelling. Apart from the weather and draconian riding instructors it is the horses which pose the greatest threat to your life. It may be the stresses of city centre living or perhaps lead in the petrol but whatever it is the horses are, without exception, totally loopy.

On the first ride of this term my horse bolted and took off at a fast canter. When this got boring it decided to stop dead. I think it was something to do with too much oats at breakfast but anyway I sailed gracefully over its head and landed most unceremoniously on the path. Later on Isabel Lloyd's horse went for a gallop and took her along too. It bucked her off and stomped on her for good measure. She emerged shortly afterwards from a hospital check-up with a bruised pride.

The expanses of Richmond Park offer a welcome relief from roads and motor vehicles. We go there a few times a term when the minibus is available. An extension of these visits would be a welcome development of riding station.

Piers Gibbon

## Cross Country

Cross country station has had its most successful year ever. Among activities sampled this season were a modelling course and some swimming, but more of that anon.

The Play Term witnessed a team bronze medal in the Senior event of the London Schools Championships at Hampstead. This was a marvellous overall team performance, including A. Baars, N. Gray, P. Williams, A. Hordern, A. Sutton, and W. Duncumb. Although an individual performance by Richard O'Hara, in winning a bronze in the Intermediate event seemed to match their success to the untrained eye, in fact it came well short in that he actually spent much less time running!

Illustrating the team's confidence and certainty of doing well in the King's Trophy at Wimbledon Adriaan, Nick, Richard, Paul, Daniel and Andrew Sutton, actually walked under a ladder! As a result they were 6th out of 16; Adriaan, who had the crazy idea in the first place, scored a magnificent 43 points, Richard scored 25 points and Nick only a measly 8 points.

The Senior and Intermediate races along the tow path were good, the Senior event especially so as three fairly competent runners battled for the final glory. Nick (A) closely followed by an unfit Adriaan (G) and Patrick Caron-DeLion (A), finally won the day. Ashburnham won the team event and



took the trophy home for the nth time. They were followed closely by Rigauds. The Intermediate event was won by College, individually won by Richard (A) attaining another record time.

The King Henry VIIIth Relay at Coventry produced a result of 36th out of 44 in one of the country's most prestigious races. It was extremely well organised and seemed to be a very popular annual event on account of their being a swarm of pressmen and photographers, searching for budding stars of cross country running. They found such a star in the form of Andrew Hordern who immediately discovered his potential for a modelling career. Others found success in lesser fields.

Despite snow and frost at the Winchester meet, Adriaan and Richard still felt this to be a good time to display their swimming prowess in the stream on the course, and in spite of points for originality value, this helped neither them nor the team. Nick ran well and won the race, closely followed Adriaan. Unfortunately Richard had an off day and only came in 6th.

The Bringsty Relay was won by Ashburnham, whose Senior team set a new course record.

The Junior Long Distance was won by College, individually won by C. Fulford (D). Ashburnham were . . . last!

While all this was happening Richard and Nick were preparing for their outstanding results in the All England Schools' Cross Country Championships at Brookside, Chesterfield: 131st out of 332 and 2nd in London, and 162nd out of 333 and 3rd in London, respectively.

All in all this has been a true Westminster Cross Country season with some brilliant performances by N. Gray, R. O'Hara and A. Baars who all won Full Pinks for their efforts.

We would like to thank Richard Kennedy on behalf of all the members of the station, for having organised and planned such an enterprising season.

#### *Yared Yawand-Wassen*



## Netball

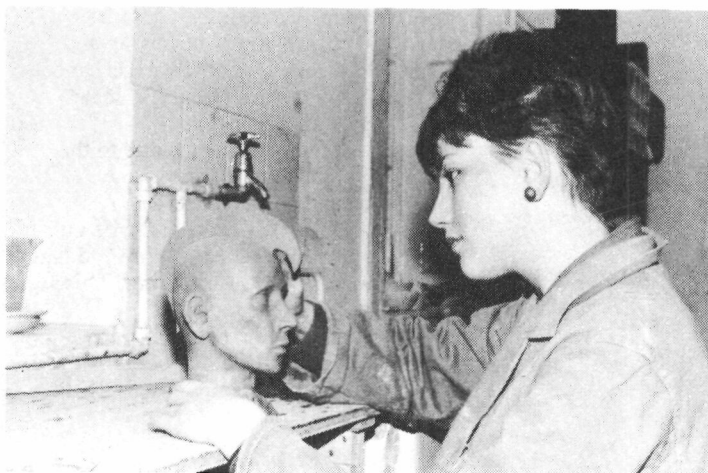
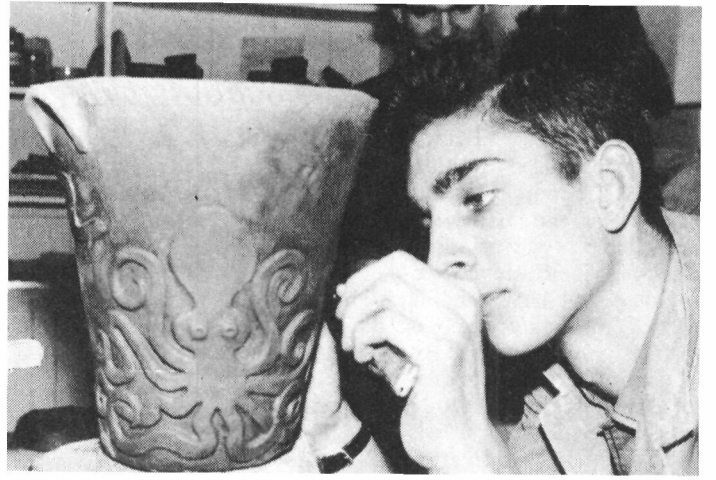
We were all overjoyed to see that Netball station has at last gained official recognition, at least from the powers-that-be. The statement from Dr. Rae declared that third pinks could now be awarded. But why only thirds? We think the colour combination of half-pinks is much more attractive; in fact our ideal choice would be Colts football shirts, as these would definitely receive our vote for being the most trendy/popular/becoming. Couldn't this be made possible?

We have played several matches this last year, all in good spirit and with great hilarity. Taking into account our limited amount of practice—our weekly half-hour stint only taking place when no rain is lurking or no other tempting pretext presents itself . . . , lack of players or funds, lack of complying bodies—we were far from disgracing ourselves. Barbara, Nicola and Alex have scored countless last-minute goals between them to save the day and have been nimbly supported in defence and mid-court by Melanie, Serena, Selina, Charlotte, Janet Cotter-Howells and others. On several occasions Mr. Aizlewood looked agreeably surprised, one might even say quite astonished at our performances. But the scores do not in any way reflect the involvement and commitment of the team!

Our one home match against Queen's College made the Almanack—we lost 10-5. However we nearly managed to distract the opposing team successfully with our assortment of dazzling pink rowing and football shirts and our equally miscellaneous and eye-catching band of faithful male supporters.

Much of our enthusiasm is due to the personality and charm of our good-humoured and defenceless master-in-charge. We even persuaded him to come out to coffee at the Army and Navy one afternoon when it was raining. This year it has been a station supported predominantly by Remove girls but we sincerely hope that the allure of netball with Mr. Aizlewood will inspire other girls to make this their choice next term.

Melanie Levy and Alex Goldring





# Sequence

## Poetry and prose

Image unconscious : David Hollingworth

*Always neatly dressed and brought up not to lie  
Social Status was his downfall—now he's said goodbye  
The pressure of being branded, the shame of doing well;  
His order cards got worse as his friends began to swell.*

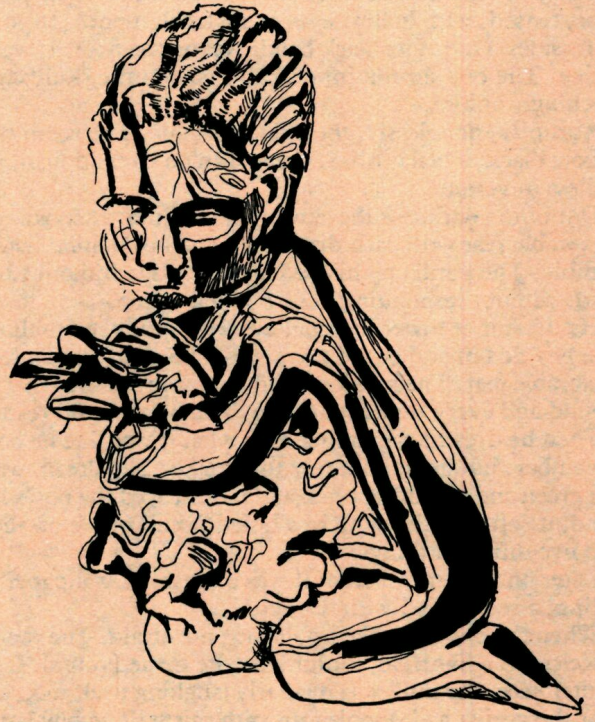
*The chain of lies grew as he won the fatal race,  
Going nowhere fast with 'failure' written on his face.  
The 'martyr' of the form had played his final gag,  
Now he waits outside the school gate, coughing on another fag.*

Phiroze Noshier

*Dark in the fetid, sweated moisture of my tears  
Where you and I have loved and I have lost,  
We sailed our courses of self-salvation—  
With limbs intertwined like ivy gone rotten.*

*We slept many times awake, you and I,  
In woods and in beds and in languorous love,  
Watching ceilings and sky,  
Counting stars and our blessings—  
We had well assessed the land of the lie.*

*But wholesome turns rotten, and soon into dust  
Lives into skeletons, wedding rings rust.  
But love, like a spider keeps one leg aloft,  
Long after the rest of Joy's body is crushed..*



Joanna Clyde

Evan Dyer

The strange figure ran his fingers through his silky white beard. His head was bowed. Seated at his left hand was a younger man, uneasy in the other's presence. He began to whistle faultily. The strange figure cast a belittling glance which instantly silenced him. He tried conversation.

'Peter's doing well,' he said.

'Really?' said the figure, half-heartedly.

'Oh yes, he tolled three hundred thousand souls, in just one month'

'That's good.'

'He's full of stories, very funny. God knows how some of them got in.'

'I do?'

'Just a figure of speech, boss.'

The conversation had reached a dead end. He readjusted his chair. The figure must have sensed his desperation for he spoke up. He did not bother to disguise his disinterested tone.

'Any news from down there?'. He inquired without looking up.

'Ah . . . yes. Well, nothing of much interest.'

'Bad news, eh?'

'Sort of, boss.'

'It hardly comes as a surprise.'

'No, boss.'

'Well, tell me the worst.'

The man fumbled in his robes and produced a diary.

'Ah! Here it is, boss.'

He took out his reading glasses and leafed through a few pages. 'Yesss . . . Saved souls are down. Sin figures are up again, I'm afraid, but nothing's so bad as last week. Can't complain, I suppose.'

'Quite', said the bearded figure, 'pass the wine, will you.'

'As I was saying, about Peter's story, and about this man who came up only last week.'

'Man?' said the figure. 'What man?'

'I was talking about Peter. The people who came up.'

'Oh, yes. Do go on'. He said in a voice totally lacking in interest.

'Well this man, he came up last week, and he asked Peter if he ever got bored. Of all the stupid . . . I mean. Anyway, Peter said the usual stuff. About things being different up here. You know the stuff; 'A million pounds is as one shilling. A million years is as one minute.' Well this man suddenly says; 'Pardon my asking, Holy saint, but could you lend me a shilling.' and Peter looks at him and says 'Certainly—in a minute'.

The figure shot him another of his withering glances. The man sank down in his chair 'Hilarious,' said the figure. And with a dramatic flourish of the wrist, struck up a plump, juicy cigar.



The skull was quietly chattering away to itself on the mantelpiece. Occasionally the boy stole furtive glances at it, he knew he could not see it in the dark, but he would not switch his light off. He wanted to put his book away, but he did not want to see the groping arm of the gorilla under the bed snatching it from his hands. He turned away from the skull, but its teeth clacked in his mind louder than before.

When he put the book away, there was no gorilla's arm. But the boy knew it was there waiting. He switched his light off. The skull on the mantelpiece was glowing a faint sepulchral green, its teeth biting his mind at regular intervals. He knew he had to be asleep before the wand of yellow light disappeared from beneath his door.

It was when the gorilla came out from under the bed that the boy was frightened. He could see it, a black immobile shape on the floor, tensed, with hollow eyes and a small mouth. Its arms hung by its sides. One of its black hands was on the floor. It was ready to spring. The boy shrunk into his sheets, and the skull shouted mockingly at him.

Abruptly, noiselessly, the light was gone. The room was a hollow black, a black which seemed to be flat and final, yet also endless in volume.

Out of the darkness the skull spoke to him. It spoke of fear, inexorable fear with each dry word. The boy's mind listened numbly. The gorilla by his bed listened also, without turning its head, without responding. The boy fell asleep.

He dreamt of towering monkeys with heads resembling skulls. The boy fled in and out of houses, between tiny trees, fearing the inexorable fear. The monkeys had hollow green eyes that swept the ground and every time found him. The hunt would restart.

Then he dreamt something else; what it was like he could not remember, but he did not fear the dream. The dream was white, soft green and engulfing blue, and it destroyed the boy's black-sick mind, it softened the skull to a quiet tick, it broke up the gorilla into five different things.

Later on he remembered; it was a dream of wallpaper, sheets, ceiling, a room filled with daylight.

When the boy did wake up, he was not afraid. The room was full of welcoming light. So, unthinking, he turned round. On the mantelpiece, the skull was regularly laughing itself sick, and on the floor the gorilla had doubled up with mirth. The boy laughed and got out of bed.

*There was Arthur Scot fizzing down both wings,  
The hard and soft wing halves, the two Kings,  
We eschewed the long ball to the target men,  
Counted on lanky Luke Bone at number ten,  
To lay it off to our pride and joy, number nine,  
To thump it in—that's bristly 'Killer' Kilcline.  
In those days they didn't get much of an income.  
My favourite player is the link man, B. Numb.  
He wanders around the perimeter of events,  
Patrolling and waiting outside the Gents.  
He does a lot of unnoticed running off the ball.  
(I had to super glue his leg after a flick and fall).  
They say he never loved and was frosty and bitter,  
Lived off vitamins only cared about getting fitter.*

*The boo-boys set to work, peppered him with blanks.  
They couldn't put him together again. Thanks  
To a generous donation they found him a home  
With gentle, glad lawns where he could dribble, fizz and roam  
With lanky Luke Bone and 'Killer' Kilcline—  
That's our pride and joy at number nine.*

*To this day I still get that same fuzzy sepia hallucination  
Of a slick haired, flat capped lad, from that black and white  
generation.*

*I slip back to when I was a nutcase for the club,  
My favourite player is B. Numb, the super sub.  
Now they want to merge the club, merge our lives,  
Halve our strip, scorch our turf, knife our archives.  
There's a box office in the front room now  
The fans are squeezed in and there's a row.  
Promotion could have consigned United to Heaven  
But the average goal per game was .77.*

*I slip back to when there weren't any battles  
To the years of cigarette cards and rattles.  
I was the soul fan, the only one who turned up,  
to replay the famous goal in the F.A. Cup.*

Janet Lazarus







Hugh Cameron

Phiroze Noshier

*We pray, to whom it may concern,  
Impale ourselves, and slowly turn.  
Gyrated by our mental whirrings,  
Hypnotised by all the stirrings  
Of life's attendant prostitutions,  
Retributions, failed solutions.  
It's we who fear the life outside.  
It's me who fears the life inside*

*And twists and shouts in tortured jury,  
For we are hangmen, judge and jury,  
To our misdemeanours lying,  
And heart upon the bible trying.  
To prosecute and plead not guilty,  
Now shall we hang ourselves or can we  
look at our Narcissus straight  
And stammer fifty years too late  
Guilty! It is ME I hate.*

Two Slices : Paul Edwards

*I'll play Scrabble till  
"I love you"  
and then I'll follow the patterns round  
back to the beginning  
swimming crying  
Love is a fruit  
Old fruit.*

The Forge : David Norland

*The breathing heat  
And pump heartbeat  
Of our sweet passions and cares  
Have lost their glow,  
And cooled, to show  
Unwilling friendship tears.*

*Our eyes won't cry,  
Our iron smiles die,  
Our clutching hands pull apart.  
Your kiss turns chill,  
I stare until  
My separate ice-drops smart.*



*Feeling graves in tumbled moonlight,  
Hunger and regret shine dimly Henry's thought.  
For a second by the beam of silver white  
Henry in his daze is caught  
Silhouetted with the ghosts of fog he stills,  
Only his eyes flicker his life away,  
Blanketed by the grass, dark groves of hills;  
Feeling his face and fading away.  
Its waking realization wastes his light,  
Moon filled tumbling dreams. Swimming  
Crying in his sleep of waking fright  
And now clutches invisibly, dying away  
In a second all his life.*

Westward Bound : Mat ffytche

*I'm on a train, headed West, as the day folds,  
Going nowhere I have ever been before.  
The air is thick. Crouched forward I meet fresh crowds  
Of back yards, windows and washing buried in  
Great Industrial confusions. Evening brings  
A flock of white tenements, birds that scatter  
From a field; we dive through a mesh of trees then  
Speed over acres of unchartered roof tops,  
That shift endlessly under the drowning sun.*

*I wonder, will I find tonight, deep in this  
Shower of images, some fertile threshold  
And rest contented in my destination's  
Embrace? Vision after vision opens up;  
Glowing prospects of cities, and winding roads  
Drained of people, church towers and empty fields:  
All drift silently like seeds into my gaze.  
Rattle of the wheels forges a deep furrow  
As the light fades.*

*I lean back. Who knows, maybe I will  
Find myself on the platform soon, with signs that  
Recall no faces or voices; eyes tired—  
And yet I can't stop thinking of that expanse  
Of track and sky, that stretches beyond the dark,  
Into the growing year.*

*'Take a look at this!'  
Jamie smirked conspiratorially,  
And handed me the family picture album.  
Good for a laugh on a rainy day.  
I picked it up, and ran my hands  
over the imitation-leather cover.  
My hands meandered the yellow pages,  
And let my finger-tips compile the accumulated dust.  
There, on the finger-soiled pages,  
Stand the photos,  
Arrayed neatly, line after line,  
Troops on parade, marshalled,  
And awaiting inspection.*

*'Grandma and Grandpa,  
Staring rigidly out in black-and-white,  
Standing proudly in front of their new council house.  
1946.  
Red brick walls, window boxes, and the Watsons-next-door  
leaning easily over the garden fence,  
and smiling at the camera.  
God save Attlee, Woodbines and the Welfare State.*

*Mum and Dad – both 18.  
His arm tentatively around her,  
And her grinning coyly with the sea breeze in her hair.  
Brighton, 1964.  
The usual Bank Holiday scene;  
Crowded car parks, ice-cream cornettes, deck chairs.  
God save mods 'n rockers, Brylcream and the Beatles.*

*Cousin Sara  
Resolutely middle-class  
In her flares and sweat-stained Ban the Bomb T-shirt.  
Polytechnic of the South Bank, 1970.  
Sociology books under one arm, Oxfam string handbag in the other.  
Sincerity and Social Awareness written all over her face.  
God save Meaningful Relationships, the Cafe Revolution and  
sunflower seed.'*

*Grandma's been alone for ten years now.  
She looks well, despite the arthritis.*

*There's a picture on the wall of Jamie's parents on their wedding day;  
Too bad about the divorce.*

*Sara lives in Richmond, with her husband.  
He's a stockbroker.*



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



## A Chess Tournament

by Charles Wiseman

The first chess tournament I saw was in County Hall last year, 'the strongest event in London for over fifty years'. As I crossed Westminster Bridge, I wondered how the audience was kept amused: perhaps the chess players gave interviews during their games—though this would not help concentration—or wore mirror-glasses, blew cigar smoke into each other's faces, made the table and pieces shake with their legs, kicked their opponents in the shins, played inside boxes to avoid the draining stare of the other, practised yoga or stood on their heads—all things I had read about in the newspaper.

I walked cautiously into the playing hall—silent but for the ominous ticking of the chess clocks—and it was so tense that I sat down immediately at the back of the hall. Glancing quickly across the room, I saw my favourite player Viktor Korchnoi, the self-exiled Soviet, opposite Walter Browne, the American number one. The players were sitting on and strolling around a stage in front of the large audience. I got up to take a closer look at the demonstration board when I heard a deafening voice shouting behind me. I never understood what the drunkard who had walked in—and had been hurried

out—had said, but none of the players even stirred, as if it often happened.

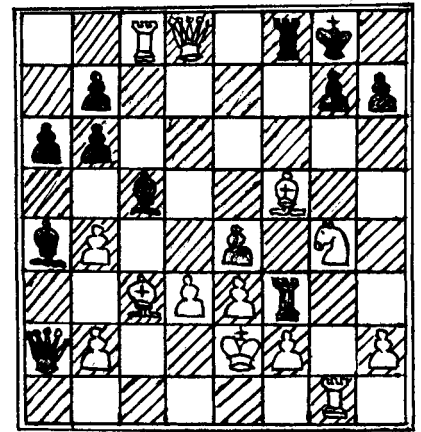
I continued walking up the aisle towards the front row for a closer view of Korchnoi's game when I realised that Browne was not sitting at the board. His clock was ticking and as I started to look along the stage for him I was thrown to the side of the aisle. 'Excuse me! Quickly! Quick!' And there was Walter Browne, with a pile of cheese sandwiches in one hand and a cup of tea spilling everywhere in the other, charging to the board to make his move. I could now see he was in a losing position and was short of time. Korchnoi heaved himself up from the board with a slight smirk on his face and I wandered around the stage aimlessly, glancing at a few other games. I looked at my book by him.

'No! No! Of course not; don't be ridiculous!' shouted Ljubojevic as he jumped up from his board. The referee—in his slippers—scuffled over to the board, with a few other grandmasters, from where the explosion had come. 'You crazy! You think I crazy? You think I play such a move?' He had apparently touched a piece he did not want to move and was arguing furiously with referee while his opponents

smiled dreamily at him.

'Would you be quiet? I'm trying to concentrate!' cried Walter Browne from his board, but he relished the drama.

Korchnoi giggled.



White to play and mate in two moves exactly

Board by Thomas Wiseman

## The Decline and Fall of Albion

A Tragedy in Two Parts by Todd Hamilton

When Albion's body politic  
Was haply graz'd upon a stick,  
A panic seiz'd his baby head:  
He rush'd precipitate to bed,  
And 'Nanny!' cried in foolish fear  
Till she in dulcet tone—'I'm here'—  
Assur'd his terror-stricken brain.  
But walking mute in Nanny's train  
The doctors that were inching nearer  
Hypochondriac hysteria  
Hid from Albion's eyes; he wept  
As gentle Nanny nearer crept  
'O Nanny, I am like to die';  
And came this kind but stern reply—  
'O dearest child, th' unsav'ry fact  
Is that the discipline you lack'd  
These five past hedonistic years  
Would ne'er have left you such sore fears.  
The fault is solely yours, my dear,  
From too much jam and ginger beer.  
But trust my deft and skilful hands  
And tho' your life at midnight stands  
The doctors here and I will strive  
To keep you ne'ertheless alive  
If, darling, you'll exclusive access  
Grant us. When the threat relaxes  
You'll a better body be  
If you'll entrust yourself to me.'  
Of course from Albion duly chasten'd  
This repentant answer hasten'd—

'How I stand to be corrected!  
No one else have I elected:  
Save me ere I be interr'd!  
Had he but known what he incur'd . . .  
For Nanny tiptoed out of sight  
And left the child to pass the night.  
As moonlight hours passions cool,  
And show the wise a former fool,  
So, pondering the knee he scratch'd  
He sniv'ling ceas'd, suspicions hatch'd,  
And rose at three to cross the floor  
To find she'd lock'd the nurs'ry door.

### II

As Albion slid towards his end  
So thither now these lines shall tend.  
Restricted, soon the food supply  
Had left his lifeblood; thin and dry,  
Th' industrious fingers found their ease  
As gangrenous extremities.  
She, scorning penicillin, stole  
His failing lifeblood by the bowl.  
She stamp'd on Protest's feeble sparks  
And indicated th' outer Marks  
Which she alone could truly vanquish.  
Meanwhile Albion pain'fully languish'd:

Ev'ry beast and bug imported  
Intravenously cavorted  
Past all whom competition kill'd,  
From whom the soul, redundant, spill'd.  
Now wand'ring Albion's raving mind,  
In desperation, views as kind  
The savage cuts that cost so dear.  
In fairness, Nanny's panacea  
Has clos'd the wound, the skin has heal'd,  
But underneath, the battlefield  
Is white with dead—the pus, the humours  
Lurk. Malignant evil tumours  
Pullulate in deathly bloom—  
The sounds of suff'ring rend the room.  
With opiate shots she stills his screams:  
A silv'ry knight at war he dreams  
Himself, but daily weaker gets.  
Supposedly for th' inner threats  
She morphine gives—but tell-tale pain  
Such drugs do not alone restrain:  
He takes a fatal overdose  
And dies unknowing, comatose.  
As Nanny said to Mother later,  
Pointing out she should not rate her,  
'Madam, 'twas not mine to give:  
He would not show the will to live.'

March, 1783

## The Man Inside No. 21

by Alexander Grigg

A lot of interesting things happen in Dean's Yard and a lot of interesting people work there. But nothing and nobody could surpass in interest the Landmark Trust and its creator, John Smith.

Member of Parliament for the Cities of London and Westminster from 1965-70, a career which he gave up because he found the conditions of work very frustrating, he nevertheless earned a reputation as one of the best speakers in the House. He is a banker and tycoon and incidentally is rare as a British civilian in having visited the Falkland Islands. But his greatest interest is in conservation. I visited him at his office in no. 21 Deans's Yard, to ask him about Landmark and his other Trust, the Manifold.

How did Landmark begin? For many years Mr. Smith had been prominently associated with the National Trust, and this made him aware of a deficiency.

'I had noticed that there were a lot of small and isolated buildings which the National Trust, being the size it is, couldn't take on. Buildings offered to the National Trust either had to be in fairly good order or have an endowment. So I thought I'd start a body to tackle this kind of building; usually buildings in some kind of trouble.'

The trust's properties are marvellously varied, ranging from the very first planned industrial estate in Derbyshire and a

On the job; restoring the library at Stevenston (from l. to r., builder, architect, carver, John Smith)



Beetling Mill in Co. Tyrone to Keats's house on the Spanish Steps in Rome.

'We've got a copper and arsenic mine, but that isn't unusual in the sense that there are plenty of them in Cornwall. We've also now got a prison, an early 19th century prison. I have wanted to preserve one of those for a long time and although this one has been largely destroyed, there's enough of it left to be very interesting indeed. I never really think of them in terms of their eccentricity.'

The properties are all in some way or other unusual. 'They all have a different quality. I mean some are in towns and some are in the country and some are very nice indeed in the summer and perfectly dreadful in the winter and some are very nice in the winter'.

Properties are available for let all year round and are highly popular 'we make a particular point of making them warm enough for people to stay in all year round, and people do. Every place we've got is invariably let for Christmas and almost invariably for the New Year as well.'

'We've got the Pineapple in Scotland which is remarkable building. It was built by Sir William Chambers who was a very good architect. Though classical and orthodox at ground level it grows into something entirely vegetable; conventional architraves put out shoots and end up as prickly leaves of stone. It is an eccentric work, but a work of undoubted genius and built of the very finest masonry.'

One of the reasons Mr. Smith especially enjoys the work of Landmark is that it gives an opportunity to craftsmen and keeps their crafts alive. I asked him whether he had had trouble finding craftsmen of sufficient skill for the Pineapple for instance.

'No, we haven't really. Very often they get good at what they're doing while they're working for us. We have given a lot of craftsmen an opportunity to exercise their craft. On some jobs they come from

building modern buildings and get interested in what they're doing. They have skills which afterwards they can use on other old buildings. That pleases us a lot.'

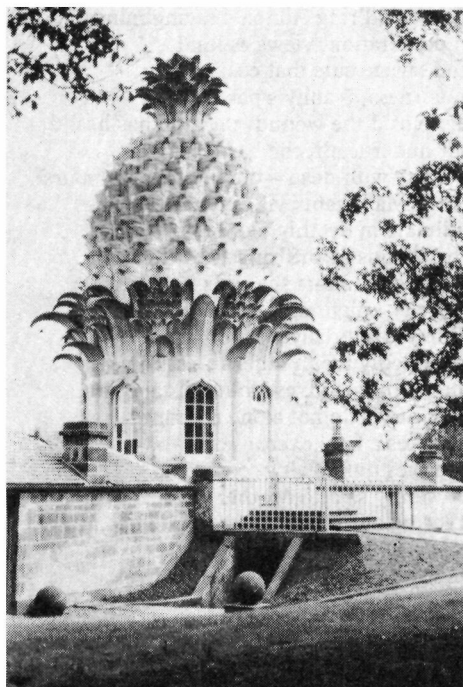
As well as being an enlightened and imaginative philanthropist Mr. Smith is an accomplished aesthete with a profound interest in every technique and craft.

'A lot of our buildings are what is known as vernacular buildings, which means that they were put up in accordance with some regional or local building tradition and often by very skilful and thoughtful people. I like all buildings if they're of good quality and a lot that aren't. Sometimes the fact that it is a middle-quality building is what's really interesting about it; that it was put up under difficulties by people who were doing the best that they could. That's really just as interesting in some ways as if it were put up by Sir Christopher Wren.'

Mr. Smith is also fascinated by the detail of buildings. 'Medieval houses, although as dwellings they're functional, have a lot of unfunctional things about them. Like certain beams which had to be carved because it was the habit to do so, or at least they were carved if you could afford to, and the more you could afford the more elaborate the carving was. But they're still vernacular buildings because they were put up by craftsmen without an architect and in accordance with local traditions.'

Another unusual building, perhaps the one that interests Mr. Smith the most is a nineteenth century fort on Alderney. 'The gunners on duty had a little single-storey block which now provides the principal sitting-room, a kitchen, bathroom and a bedroom or two. It is built on a group of rocks about 400 yards off shore, connected to the shore by a causeway. Then there are quarters for two officers and other small buildings, a sort of gatehouse and some magazines and so on. So you stay all over the fort, which is rather nice.'

An Englishman's home is his Pineapple





*The Egyptian House in Penzance: a style enjoying a vogue after 1798*

The Trust is almost entirely independent of public funds. 'The vast majority comes from the rents paid by the people staying in the places, which is quite a remarkable sum of money, about £200,000 a year (about 10,000 people a year in sixty or so places) But that of course has to cover all the repairs and the running of the scheme. Or else we get grants from other charitable trusts. Only a small percentage comes from government sources.'

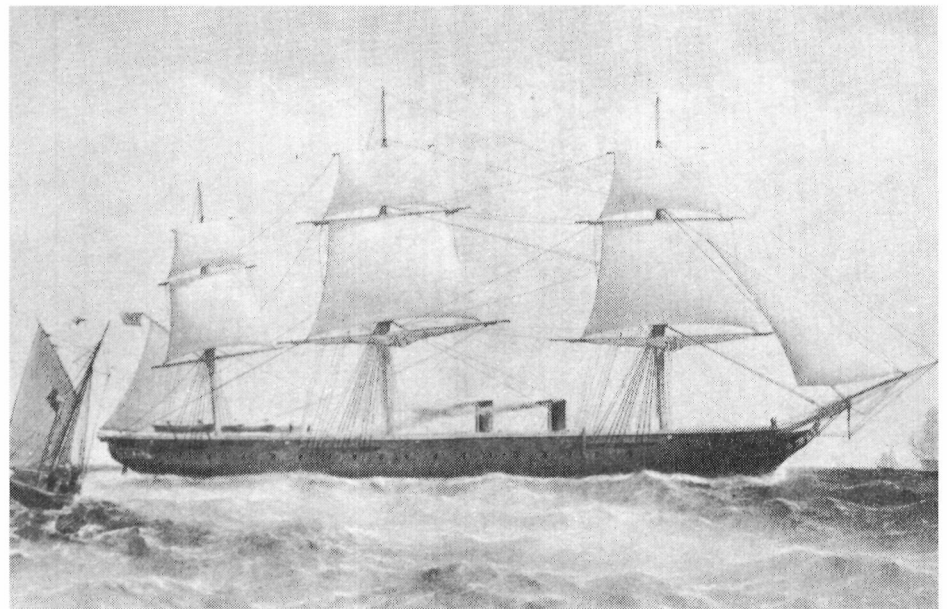
Mr. Smith's other Trust, the Manifold, consists of money rather than real estate. It has saved the *Belfast* from scrap, which has now been put in the Pool of London. It is at the moment engaged in a project even more interesting than the *Belfast*. The *Warrior* was the world's first ever ironclad battleship, and also our only Victorian battleship to have survived. 'We're just waiting for people to wake up and realize how important the *Warrior* is so we can get some help and some relief.'

She was undoubtedly the greatest single advance in warship design there's ever been. In 1860 she made all the warships then in existence in the world out of date, including our own. The ships immediately before the *Warrior* were like the *Victory*, only bigger. But the *Warrior* was completely different. She had a single gun deck with relatively few guns, but big ones, and she had completely different lines. She was much faster, much more powerful, and much more heavily armoured than any other ship afloat, and could have sunk them all. The *Warrior* was the 'nuclear deterrent' of the 1860s, and as a result she was never used. She never fired her guns in anger, which is why she is less glamorous than a lot of other ships.'

I left 21 Dean's Yard with a great feeling of exhilaration. Mr. Smith is an enthusiast who enjoys his work but is always ready to make improvements. I felt that I had left a private house rather than an institution; his venture is a personal one seeming almost an extension of his private life which is perhaps the key to its success.

*The Warrior: 'the nuclear deterrent of the 1860's'. Now undergoing restoration in the Coal Dock, Hartlepool*

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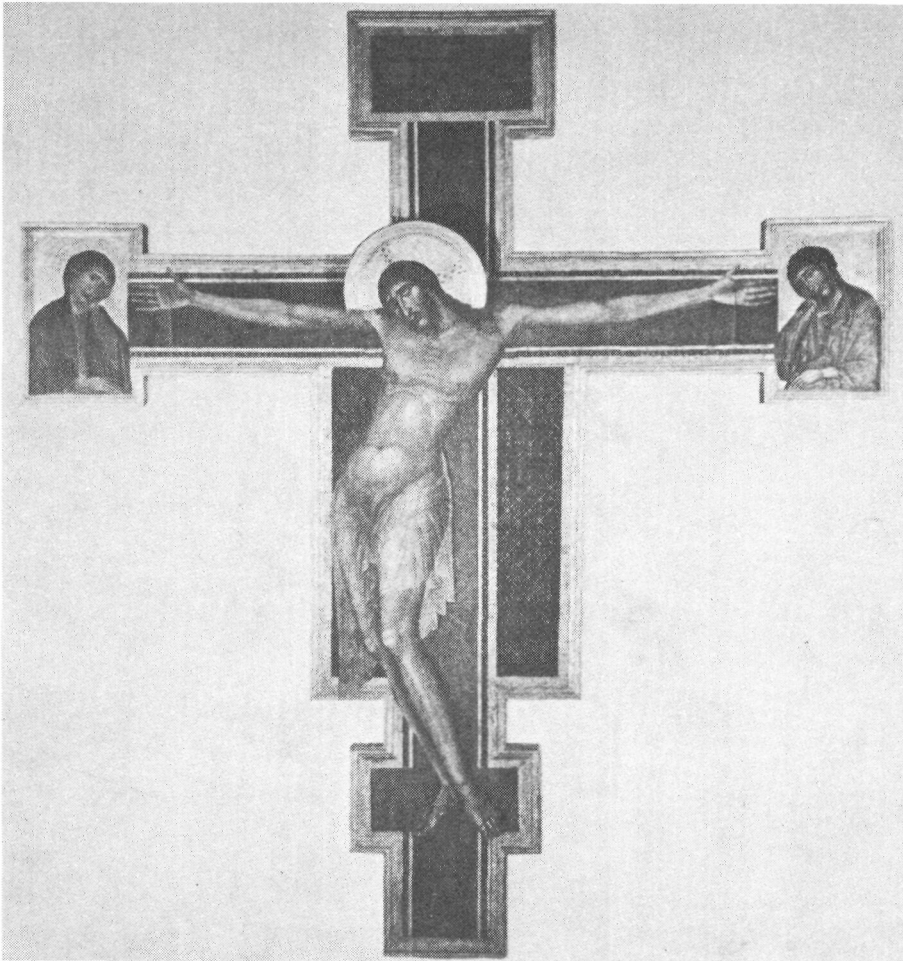


# Art

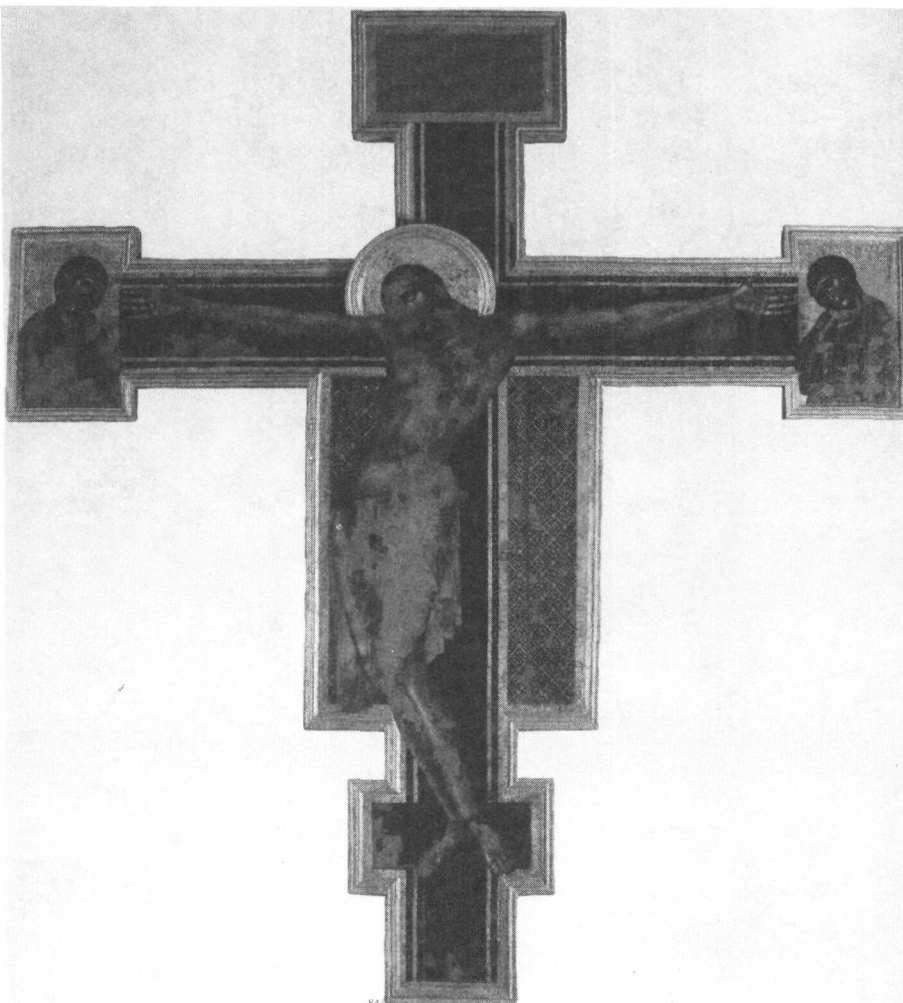
## *The Cimabue Crucifix*

at the Royal Academy

*One of the great events in the art world in the early part of the year was the exhibition of the Crucifix by Cimabue (c. 1240-1302) at the Royal Academy. Melissa Jones describes the crucifix and its impact on her.*



*The Crucifix before and after the flood damage*



I had mixed feelings about going to see the Cimabue crucifix. This was partly because of the overwhelming amount of fuss which greeted its arrival in London. A treasure of Florentine art, it had survived—though not totally—the devastating flood of 1966 which had threatened the city's wealth of art heritage. Now restored, it had become a symbol of that survival, and is therefore on a triumphant world tour in celebration. It will then be reinstated in Florence for posterity. I purposely didn't look at any pictures of the Crucifix before I went to see it, so that I had no idea how bad the damage was. I was apprehensive in case it failed to affect me in the same positive way it had its admirers, despite what it had gone through. It is very upsetting to see a work of art which really is irreparably harmed.

When I first went into the room where it was on show my first impression was of its sheer size. It was suspended from the ceiling, lit brightly from above, but otherwise completely surrounded by darkness. It is triumphant and awe-inspiring: ornamental, huge and expensive-looking. It was commissioned in the late 1290's (the precise date is unclear) for the newly rebuilt church of Santa Croce, as a symbol of its magnificence. It fulfils that intention perfectly. The crucifix's powerful initial impact is reinforced when you look at it more closely. You can see how carefully the whole design has been put together to give a very balanced and patterned effect of blue and red and gold. These colours are exceptionally clear, especially the blue, and they complement each other perfectly. It must seem strange to talk about the crucifixion as a rich and powerful design, but that element of craftsmanship is very present and a part of the religious tradition of the 13th century. The crucifix is visually quite overwhelming; the gaze travels from panel to panel, colour to colour.

The actual body of Christ looks as if it is superimposed onto this magnificence. It too is graceful and ornamental, with a twist that brings movement to the whole structure. Its curve is extraordinarily fragile and precise, a strong contrast to its static background of squares and rectangles. Yet it too has a similar abstract quality—the feet, for example, fit neatly into the space provided for them at the base of the cross. If you look at that detail separately they don't look like feet, but shapes in a design. The whole body



is painted in a very strange way. It has a dull gold sheen, quite different from the yellow gold used to decorate the rest of the crucifix. This gold is broken by a great deal of soft shadow which models it: it looks like a painting of a gold sculpture. This metallic, wholly unrealistic quality achieves a radiant and luminous effect.

The damage to the crucifix is mostly on the body. It would be dishonest to say that it makes no difference: it does, but at the same time, because it is damaged it makes you look at the surviving parts more closely. The damage, ironically, makes you more aware how extraordinary is the achievement that remains. The greatest drawback of the damage is, however, the face, which scarcely survives. Before the floods the face made the crucifix touching as well as grand because of the expressively sorrowful way it was painted. That, combined with the awkward grace of the body implied a spiritual suffering which was also very peaceful. This aura of sorrow was—and is—reinforced by

the portraits of Mary and St. John at the edges of the crucifix, who turn outwards, appealing to their audience. They are painted extremely gently and lovingly. This dual quality of magnificence and sadness is undermined but not destroyed by the damage to Christ's face.

Cimabue's ability to convey emotion and grandeur was unique at the time he was painting, and has led to his being thought of as a transitional artist in the history of Italian art. In format his crucifix is similar to many others being painted at the time. Yet his work has this exceptional 'transcendental' quality, while also being very tangible. He alone could capture the transparency of the loin-cloth, the exquisite metallic and shadowy texture of the body.

The experience of seeing the crucifix was quite extraordinary. Its triumphant grandeur and graceful beauty have survived the great gap in time, despite its scars.

Melissa Jones



## \* An Interview with Peter Ustinov \*

*by Justin Albert and Emma Smith*

*This year, Peter Ustinov (1934-37, A) has a new play, a new book and a new film as evidence of his energy and versatility. During April he talked to our interviewers.*

It is very seldom that humanity produces an individual who is a master of all arts. Samuel Johnson, the great English writer and lexicographer, is claimed by many to be the last man to "know everything", and even for the 18th century that is an immense feat. Peter Ustinov would never be so bold as to aspire to that height, yet without doubt he represents a dying breed of men who do not just dabble in the Arts, but master them.

A man whose genius and talents have brought him to the pinnacle of success could be incorrectly seen as a harsh and possibly callous man, torn with unsolvable problems, always looking for new conquests. Of these preconceptions only the last is true, for, on entering Mr. Ustinov's modest West End flat and being greeted by the "great man" himself, one's first impressions are of mirth and joy. If ever Bacchus descended to earth his shape would be that of Peter Ustinov. His appearance is in reality something between a rather squat champagne bottle and a large Hamley's teddy bear, bursting with new and challenging ideas whilst still being the most immediately friendly person I have ever met.

Peter Ustinov's life is as varied and interesting as his heritage, claiming Russian, French and (though in a small amount) Ethiopian blood. Acting, he tells us, has always given him great joy, and indeed he is familiar to the public around the world as a brilliant playwright, versatile actor, director and set designer. "In short," he says, "I am an entertainer."

Nowadays Peter Ustinov admits that the writing of novels is interesting him more than his other field. But, he goes on, "don't take this as a sign of senility. My moods change; tomorrow I could be involved in tap dancing."

The purpose of the interview was to ask set questions and record the answers for later duplication. This strategy did not account for the personality of the man we were dealing with. No sooner had we started talking than he curled himself up on the floor, pushed the microphone away and said in his famous Pakistani accent: "Who needs such junk? Let's talk." And talk we did, not as celebrity/interviewers but as equals, putting us at total ease.

"Westminster," he started, "was frightening, but," changing his accent to that of P.G. Wodehouse's Timon Plimsoll, "made a damn good man of me." Theatrical plays, or anything that might be misconstrued as student enjoyment, were frowned upon, and sex, the original sin, had to be spelt backwards in biology essays.

To the question, why did you choose Westminster? he answered that the choice was between looking like Harold Lloyd at St. Paul's in a straw hat or Fred Astaire at Westminster in a top hat. "If I was to look ridiculous, I might as well look utterly ridiculous.

"I hope," he said, "you don't do any of that now!" Our answer was not as spontaneous as the school's glossy new brochure would have liked.

The period that Peter Ustinov was a student at Westminster did, of course, coincide with the rise of Nazi Germany. Our host told us of one of his first encounters with that breed. Von Ribbentrop, we were

told, was the new German ambassador, and his son, after being rejected by Eton, was admitted to Westminster. "Every day a huge white Mercedes panted into Dean's Yard, picking its gargantuan way among the various mini cars of resident bishops, and disgorged the protégé, complete with Nazi youth badge, swastika and eagle, outside Liddell's Arch." Here our host started to act for us again, heaving in his chest and pouting his lips, yet only succeeded in looking rather like a friendly Austrian than the intended Nazi. "Once deposited, chauffeur and student both leaped to attention, lifted their rights arms as though a military marriage was being celebrated and shouted 'Heil Hitler.'

"No," Ustinov continued, "they were not awesome at that time, just ridiculous."

On the subject of politics he argued that he was not a Socialist but a believer in 'social consciousness'. This attitude sums up Peter Ustinov's outlook on life; he is at peace with the world, always avoiding collision, yet even though Westminster scorned him as a 'sloppy thinker trying to change society' his witty satire of events and acceptance of what finally happens should be a model to us all.

Peter Ustinov is a great man, not because of what he has done, but for his genius. This coupled with the ability to be warm hearted and sincere at the same time produces a man to whom the world must be eternally grateful.

The one event that touched us both the most during our interview was, as we were leaving, our host said, without any of the cliché normally attached to the phrase, "God bless you both."

After a freezing six-hour coach ride we arrived at 6 a.m. in Córdoba. Tired and starving, we dragged our baggage through the streets and mud until we reached the main square, the Plaza de Las Tendrillas. The principal of the Academia Britanica arrived and we were allocated to various families in and around the city.

There were seventeen of us in the group, five Westminsterers, four Paulines and the other eight from all over the British Isles. It was during that long, tortuous coach ride that we really got to know each other. But the rest of the trip did not live down to that first day.

Every day (except, of course, on Sundays) we had lessons from ten until one. Our two teachers were Don Antonio ('Fidel') Castro, and a dashing brunette who introduced herself by exclaiming: 'Soy Inmaculada' (I am immaculate). This, of course, is a Spanish name. The lessons were fun and a great change from Messrs. Ashton and Brown (no offence, boys).

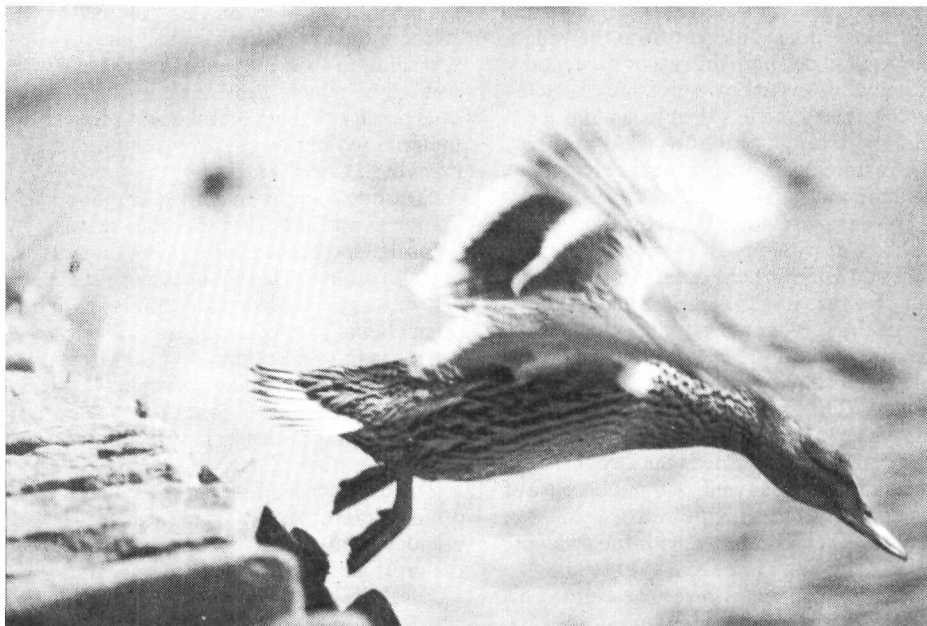
In the afternoons we were free to do what we wanted. Some toured the city, others the sun-bathing spots, and some sampled the wine. There are many sights to see in Córdoba, including the fantastic Mezquita Cathedral and an array of towers and palaces. But be warned! *All* Spaniards take a siesta from one until five p.m., so that everything is shut. Some evenings there were lectures at the Academia Britanica, but on the whole we were free to do what we wanted. On one of those nights, for example, we went to see '*Jesus Christ Superstar*', before which we were treated to a trailer of '*Gandhi*' in Spanish.

On a couple of days there were trips to places such as Seville and a hermitage just outside Córdoba and on those days there were no lessons.

By the time we had spent two weeks in Córdoba we had all got to know the city really well. Our first week there was Holy Week, during which there were colourful night-time processions and the city hummed until four o'clock. Food and drink were extremely cheap, and one night we all lashed out £5 to eat in an excellent restaurant near the Mezquita. Spain offers a large choice of delightful Rioja wines and sherry, and these can be bought very cheaply at Barajas duty-free shop at Madrid.

Our teacher offered us a trip to a Radio Station where a certain Westminster took part in a live interview, while another one buried his head under a table. By the end of that evening one of the girls had become an ace D.J. and Dave Brown had become the 'rave' of Radio Mezquita.

I left Córdoba with a strong impression of Spanish life branded into my brain and a desire to return there to see other parts of this fascinating country. Meanwhile I would like to thank Dave Brown, on behalf of all the group, for making this trip possible and memorable. I am sure next year's will be just as enjoyable and recommend it to all 'A' level Spanish students.



## The Expeditions Society

by David Chinn

The year began with a brand new committee, with one representative from each house. The first job we had was to sell as many tickets as possible for our major Christmas lecture, on Shishapangma, China's highest peak, delivered by the well-known mountaineer Doug Scott. We did not sell quite enough tickets and made a small loss but all present enjoyed it. For the coming Play term I have already booked Sir Ranulph Fiennes, leader of the Transglobe expedition. The date of the lecture is November 23rd, 1983 at 8.00 p.m. and I do hope you will support us well.

The next events we arranged were various courses for parascenders and parachutists. These were attended by about thirty people in total and we all enjoyed the expert instruction we received at the R.S.A. Parachute Club in Andover, though to our disappointment we are still waiting to fly or jump as bad weather has prevented all our attempts so far.

The yearly tradition of the Lyke Wake

Walk was kept up and forty of us duly drove off the North Yorkshire Moors on a very cold night and set off to walk the forty-two miles to the coast. The journey is divided into four equal stages, at the end of each of which the minibus-driven support team was supposed to meet us with hot food. On account of thick fog and high winds the map-reading was even harder than usual and after a very long time all the groups passed checkpoint one, where about half gave up. The situation worsened from there on and at checkpoint two, after twenty miles, the walk was called off for safety reasons. Thereupon many tired people retired to a local public house for warmth and rest and then on to the youth hostel for the night. So ended the 1982 Lyke Wake Walk.

The most recent events we have organised have been visits by two speakers, Mrs Susan Hornby on the 400-mile Fraser River kayak expedition and Major Peter Marett, Royal Engineers, on Operation Drake, a two-year round the world sail and exploration.



Photos by Paul Edwards



# 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

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London SW1, on Wednesday, October 5th 1983 at 7.00 p.m.

C.J. Cheadle  
*Hon. Secretary*

### AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 7th 1982.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1982.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any other business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1, so as to reach him not later than September 28th 1983.

## Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Nineteenth Annual Report, covering the year to December 31st 1982.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 7th 1982 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. V.T.M.R. Tenison was re-elected Chairman, and Mr. M.C. Baughan and Mr. C.J. Cheadle were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. C.J. Broadhurst was re-elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Committee. Mr. C.E.N. Colville, Mr. L.P. Higson-Smith and Miss K. Miller were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Committee regrets the deaths of the following members: H.M.G. Baillie, Sir Richard Barlas, N.C. Bawden, J.O. Blaksley, P.F. Boissard, N.G. Boyagis, C.H. Carver, F.L. Crane, G.C.S. Curtis, W.B. Enever, G.D. Everington, A.H. Fairweather, W.E. Fisher. Lt. Col. J.L. Fouracre, Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill, H.J.V. Gardner, J.A. Gillott, Dr. P.W.D. Goddard, J. Hamilton-Jones, Lt. Col. D.E. Harrison, M.F.L. Haymes, F.E.D. Hodges, E.T. Holmes, S.J.E. Joseph, P.V.L. Kelham, R. Lawson, H.M. Melville Smith, Dr. A.P. Millar, E.F.B. Nunns, J.R. Peacock, R.M.C. Petitpierre, F.E.M. Puxon, G.L.Y. Radcliffe, D.L.P. Rees, Hon. G.H. Samuel, E.F.S. Seal, C.M. Simpson, Lord Southborough, R.H. Spiller, P.J. Sutton, L.C. Trevelyan, Dr. S. Vatcher, C.J.S. Ward, G.W.M. Wiggins, V.J. Wilmoth.

The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall on October 7th. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by the Hon. F.F. Fisher, former Warden of St. Edwards School and Master of Wellington College, and was responded to by the Head Master. The dinner continues to provide the focal point of the Club's calendar and is encouraging to note the increasing proportion of younger members attending.

The Garden Party held in College Garden in June represented an innovation for the Club, and it is pleasing to report that the occasion was a considerable success, with an excellent attendance and fine weather. The Committee has decided to stage a similar event in 1983 and to extend invitations to members of the Sixth and Remove forms and their parents, to provide them with an introduction to the Club and foster closer links between Club and School.

The activities and results of the various sports sections have as usual been the subject of separate detailed reports in *The Elizabethan*. New participants are always welcome, and there is no obstacle to new sections being formed and appropriately supported if there is sufficient demand; anyone interested in other sports is therefore urged to contact the Hon. Sports Secretary, Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1.

On behalf of the Committee,

C.J. Cheadle  
*Hon. Secretary*

\* \* \*

## Ashburnham Society

### A date for your diary:

The Annual Dinner of the Ashburnham Society is to be held this year on Monday December 12th: details will be circulated to members nearer the event. Those who attended or returned slips for the 1982 Cricket Match or the Centenary Dinner, as well as others who in the last year have specifically asked to remain on the mailing list, will automatically be circulated. Any other Old Ashburnhamites who would like to be added to the mailing list should contact:

Matthew Cocks  
*Hon. Secretary*  
The Ashburnham Society  
13 Langford Green  
Champion Hill  
London SE5 8BX  
Tel: 01-274 5448

## Old Westminster Lawyers

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on February 15th 1983 at the Athenaeum Club. Sir Godfrey Morley was in the chair and thirty three OWW were present. The Dean of Westminster and the Under Master were the guests and spoke after dinner.

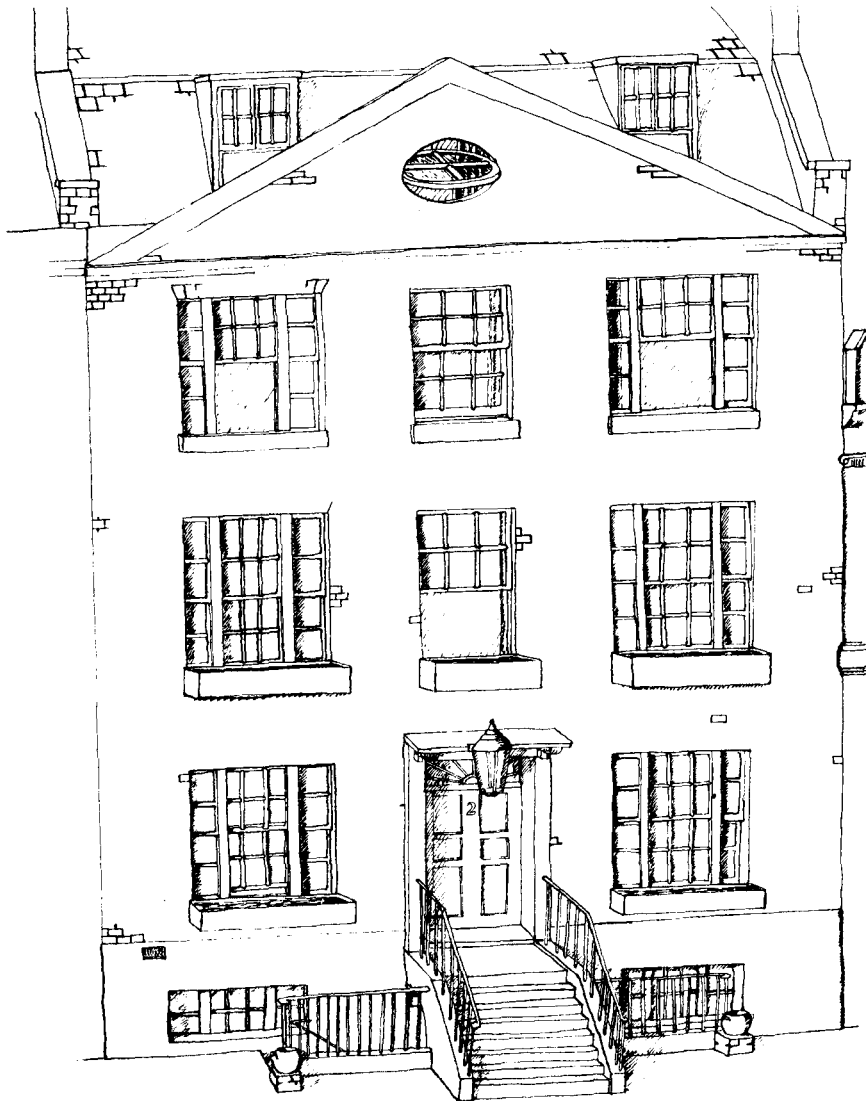
## Old Westminsters' Lodge No. 2233

On April 21st 1983 the following became the Principal Officers of the Lodge:

Master: Hugo Ball (HB)  
Senior Warden: Robert Woodward (A)  
Junior Warden: Philip Duncan (W).

The Lodge is open to Old Westminsters. Enquiries should be made to the Secretary, Richard Walters (A), Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts SG11 2EN.

Addresses: We are most grateful to those who so kindly responded to our request for A-K addresses. L-Z comes with the current issue.



M. A. Mills

## Letters

### The Editors

*The Elizabethan*

February 27th 1983

Dear Editors,

The death of Sir Adrian Boult brings back to me such happy memories of events which so far as I know have not been recorded.

When Costley-White succeeded Gow as Head Master the school music was at a very low ebb. Dear old Ranalow, our music master, would gather a handful of boarders together one evening a week to sing choruses from Gilbert and Sullivan and that was about as far as our music went.

Then, probably about 1919, Costley-White persuaded a charming and very gifted young musician, Adrian Boult, then beginning to make a name for himself in London music circles, to spare one evening a week to take over Ranalow's sing-song. In no time young Boult had us all reading parts and thoroughly enjoying singing madrigals and part-songs with new music to attack every session.

At one of these sessions he told us that a great friend of his, Arnold Goldsbrough, was coming to take over the school music, and that we must produce an orchestra for him. Boult looked us up and down and

suggested instruments for all of us. 'That tall fellow with long fingers', (I as 6'4" and only 17 years old) 'was made for a Double Bass!' I went straight home and persuaded my parents to buy me a bass, and others were persuaded to learn other instruments, so Arnold Goldsbrough arrived to find an enthusiastic nucleus of a school orchestra and some very keen singers.

I have three consequent events to record.

- (i) I possess several Maundy pieces presented to me by Costley-White for my determination with the bass playing!
- (ii) There were sufficient instrumentalists in College to produce a small theatre orchestra for the 1920 Play (Terence's *Phormio*) and at least four of the actors played instruments in the intervals. I am sure that the overture to '*Poet and Peasant*' made Raynor, the producer, and many of the distinguished audience, shudder but gave great pleasure to the players.
- (iii) Arnold Goldsbrough was determined to produce a school concert in his first year of office to show progress and so we were made to spend all our music sessions practising over and over again the same pieces, and so some, but not all of the good done by Boult was undone. I still shudder when I hear the Unfinished Symphony as I remember those opening bars, which sound

so simple, but are a grim test to a very immature bass player!

Anyhow, I, and I am sure, a number of others, will always feel much gratitude to Sir Adrian for showing us what tremendous pleasure there can be in making music, choral and orchestral, not for the enjoyment of listeners, but for the sheer joy of making it.

Yours sincerely

**Robert Storrs** (1916-21, KS)

123, Milton Road  
Eastbourne,  
East Sussex BN21 1SS

March 9th 1983

Dear Editors,

Whilst delighted to read that, at long last the School has produced some decent tennis results, I would take issue with G. Rossdale on two points. Firstly that '1982 was the most successful season for the first VI in the School's history'. Secondly the description of a boy as 'without doubt the most outstanding player the School has ever had'.

On point 1 it was my privilege to have captained the school team in 1965 and 1966 when we won the Glanville Cup on two occasions and, I believe, for the only time in the School's history the Youll Cup in 1966—I recall too that both seasons saw the School side unbeaten (I'm not entirely clear on this but believe it accurate).

With regard to point 2, it is always difficult to compare the standards of different generations of players, and whilst not doubting this boy's ability, the names of more than one of my contemporaries appear on the rolls of several county and national championships. Even that fades into insignificance compared with the feats of the Renshaw brothers—former Wimbledon champions and surely the most outstanding of all school players.

Yours sincerely,

**David Gordon** (1952-56, W)

106 Burges Road,  
Thorpe Bay  
Essex SS1 3JL

March 17th 1983

Dear Editors,

May I put in a plea for the Sports reports to include details of the results of matches played such as are shown in the Old Westminster section?

It seems a pity that we have to learn more about Westminster sport from *The Daily Telegraph*—at any rate cricket and football—than from *The Elizabethan*, which rarely gives more than two or three pages to cover all school sports.

Yours faithfully,

**R. Broadie-Griffith** (1923-26, R)

28 Byng Road,  
Tunbridge Wells,  
Kent TN4 8EJ



April 12th 1983

Dear Editor Persons,  
Referring to Norman Parkinson's letter in your February issue I don't think that the title of 'Sergeant O.C. the Armoury' would have pleased Regimental Sergeant Major Humble (*what* an unsuitable name!), late The Coldstream Guards, who 'ran' the O.T.C. with Major Troutbeck in the twenties and thirties. He was a great 'character' and I am sure some of my contemporaries will remember, as I do, his efforts on each occasion of the Opening of Parliament.

We boys were crammed into a green patch opposite the Victoria Tower and with us would be the RSM in uniform. To his considerable irritation it was the honour of being known as the First Guards (a title not recognised by Humble), that ensured that the half company of guardsmen at this vantage point was always drawn from the Grenadiers.

Humble would begin by pointing out that the Grenadiers had white flashes in their bearskins. 'It all goes back to some battle where the Grenadiers ran and the Coldstream had to wade through blood to get them out of trouble. That's why the Coldstream have a red flash in their bearskins.'

He would then point out some minor defects in the dress and comportment of some of the rear rank and this would result in some uneasy shuffling among the unfortunate guardsmen.

The final triumph would come when the company sergeant major came to the rear, presumably to make sure that Humble's accusations were inaccurate. 'Ah', our RSM would say triumphantly, 'He's a warrant officer class II and if he learns his business properly one day he may be a warrant officer Class I like I was in the Coldstream'. Hurried retreat of the Grenadier CSM and Humble would relax, the honour of the Second Guards satisfied.

Yours faithfully,  
Jack Triggs (1927-32, R)

PS. In his splendid article on '*Gandhi at Westminster*', Alexander Grigg has omitted to say that Costley-White, in welcoming the great, but scantily clad statesman to the warm library on that bleak November day, produced one of his better known 'gaffes' by saying 'Such an honour—and are you sure you're quite warm enough'. I know he said it because I, too, was there.

68 Campden Hill Court,  
Campden Hill Road,  
London W8 7HL

\* \* \*

#### Amendment

The article on The Triflers Club in the last issue was attributed to Francis Pagan (1954-59) instead of to his father Francis Pagan (1926-31, KS). Our apologies to both (Eds.)

March 25th 1983

Dear Editors,  
In your last two deliciously nostalgic issues, nobody seems to have recalled the remarkable reputation that Westminster had earned, in the twenties and thirties, as a *musical* school. This seemed to come into sharpest focus under Harold Costley-White, who could use his splendid voice to equally devastating effect whether performing a preternaturally-difficult solo in the '*Messiah*' or reprimanding some unfortunate he had detected bending the forks in College Hall—with malice aforethought, be it said, rather than in the role of a precursory Uri Geller! Yet another fine voice of that time belonged to Tom Bonhote, housemaster of Ashburnham and sometime opera singer, heard at his best in competition with the Abbey Choir, which he usually defeated!

Inevitably, however, most credit must go to the Director of Music at that time, Dr. Charles Lofthouse. Professionally famous as harpsichordist and continuo player, he was nevertheless a top-class choir trainer and the Madrigal Society—Mad. Soc., of course!—tackled most of the great religious works, as befitted a school in the shadow of the Abbey. It also took part in at least one concert under the baton of (the then) Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

There was a lighter side, too. A handful of years before Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, and several generations before Andrew Lloyd Webber—and when anything other than classical music was still officially frowned upon—John Sharrard and Derek Grewcock had their own following in the Music School, most days after lunch, (and with look-outs duly posted), when their jazz performances on two pianos were greatly appreciated by the cognoscenti. Your recent correspondent J. I. P. (Peter) Hunt could play a mean trumpet, when the mood took him; Adrian Craft, from a musical family and a dab hand with a double bass, was the only one of our immediate circle, so far as I know, to make music his business (as a Professor at the Royal College, no less!).

The School Orchestra had one of its proudest moments when, in 1937, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth—now the Queen Mother—attended the Latin Play. I still prize the splendidly rococo ticket issued to me for that occasion, with its gold crown in the top left-hand corner. The orchestra, stiffened with professionals for the occasion, was squeezed into the space between the stage backdrop and the back wall of the Dormitory itself, 'squeeze' being the operative word! There was no room on the floor for the percussion section—a very competent tympanist called, I think, Grundy and a totally incompetent kettle drummer (myself)—and we were poised in mid-air on a platform supported on scaffolding constructed by the school carpenter, and sited above the entrance door to the orchestra 'pit'. Our main function, of course, was to provide the thunderous roll that would precede the National Anthem. Unfortunately, the resulting vibration caused the platform to rock so alarmingly that it became a matter of very fine

judgement so to adjust our balance that the roll finished before we, together with all our heavy impedimenta, descended upon the unsuspecting heads of the other players beneath us. Happily, we just managed to avert that disaster.

Morning Service in Abbey, for those of us who were occasionally privileged to visit the Organ Loft, supplied a variety of other—almost profane, on occasions—experiences. Even as the number of the first hymn was being announced, the thunder of size eleven brogues would be heard on the Loft stairs, and 'Ossie' Peasgood would hurl himself at the organ, which had already been 'warmed up' against such an eventuality. Dr. Osborne Peasgood, sub-organist under Dr. (later Sir) Ernest Bullock, was a superb if slightly eccentric executant on the pre-1937-Coronation organ, which could be highly temperamental at times. It had been constructed over a period of centuries in layers, which overlapped one another, making parts of it totally inaccessible for maintenance, voicing and suchlike purposes; and when the lowest register obtainable, a 64 foot Bombarde or similar, was in use, it became a case of 'tin hats for all', since pieces of the ceiling above the Loft used to fall on the organist and anybody else within range. Peasgood was an enthusiastic motorist with a taste for rather elderly vehicles, in which he used to commute each morning to the Abbey from Harrow. When his car refused to negotiate the Hill, my friend and contemporary Derek Edmonds, one of the School's most able organ students, filled in for him with the greatest efficiency. Even so, there was always an air of the unexpected, even of high drama, at such times which would have been completely lost to the worshippers on the floor of the Abbey.

One other musical memory from that period is worthy of recall. So that he could be completely free to expose the members of Mad. Soc. to the full benefit of his musical perceptions without the need, simultaneously, to supply the accompaniment, Charles Lofthouse sometimes employed a rehearsal pianist. This seemingly earnest and bespectacled young man turned out, on closer acquaintance, to be a kindred spirit who was not above providing a little expert, if illicit, syncopation to pass the time while we waited for the Director to arrive—he was often late. We all knew this young man simply as Charlie Groves; he seems to have come a long way since then.

Thank you for re-awakening so many happy schooldays memories in at least *this* O.W.!

Yours truly,  
Cedric Jagger (1932-38, A)  
59, Bartons Drive,  
Yateley,  
Camberley,  
Surrey GU17 7DW

April 25th 1983

Dear Editors,

In your interesting article on Ashburnham House last year, you mentioned Mr. I. F. Smedley. I would not agree with you that he was unpopular. He was not wildly popular (no masters of his age were) but he was universally accepted as a character. In one way he was Ashburnham's greatest housemaster for as a scholar he was head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries. I am bound to say that his rating for work in the capacity of housemaster was much lower. He had of necessity to deal with routine business, boys had to submit to him such things as notes of absence, requests for leave off games on medical grounds or other special needs. Deep in the recesses of the Busby Library he was inaccessible except at mid-morning break. (In my younger days we had three five-minute breaks later changed to one of fifteen minutes.) Even then the only way to see him was to waylay him as he came out for fresh air. He had no office, no routine, he dealt with such business in the open air, if wet under an umbrella. He would cross Yard, his head full of some rare use of a Greek word or a phrase from Milton and express obvious distress when being switched from the clouds to earth by small boys with notes, though with older boys if he was in a good mood he might start discussing the Greek word or the Miltonic phrase to the further delay of business.

You mention his relations with his monitors. These were varied but one thing seldom varied—his method of choosing them. He nearly always chose the three tallest boys in the house. The fact that some were so stupid that they never rose above the Shell did not seem to worry him. He did not necessarily pick those with outstanding prowess in sport or rowing, though with physique being so much considered this type started with some advantage. He relied on his monitors for internal discipline. They could give up to six strokes, the only

stipulation being that the incidents must be logged in a book and the culprit warned of a right to appeal which was practically never used. We lived under a harsh system and one result of this was that if monitors for any reason were not about internal discipline simply broke down. I remember at the end of one Election Term a pitched battle in which a thirteen-year old was quite dangerously hurt. The end of Election Term was notorious, we used to lock away our hats to prevent them being bashed in. Smedley dealt with some offences himself. I never had corporal punishment at his hands but those who did said that he was something of an expert. I believe he chalked the cane and paused between each shot to see if he had hit the target. He was rather fond of group punishments and I remember being involved in one of these. After some sky-larking a window was broken. Smedley showed singular ineptitude in finding out who the real culprit was—why he interfered in this case instead of leaving it to the monitors I don't know—and so dealt with the matter by punishing all those who had been playing about at the time. Our punishment was to be kept in on a Saturday afternoon. We mustered in the Busby library and were set the task of learning by heart a dozen lines or so from *'Paradise Lost'*. When we came to say our pieces this was not enough. Besides reciting the words we had to know the meaning and derivation of words. Still, unjust as this punishment was, we bore no resentment. On the famous occasion when he sacked all his monitors for having an end of term tea-party, which he for no apparent reason had forbidden, there were no ill feelings. His punishment on this occasion could have done little lasting harm for two at least had celebrated careers. He had the habit of snorting through his red moustache (a habit which probably earned him his nickname of Snogger) and boys would shamelessly imitate his nasal "Ow, ow ow!" One Winter afternoon some boys who were changing after football were so

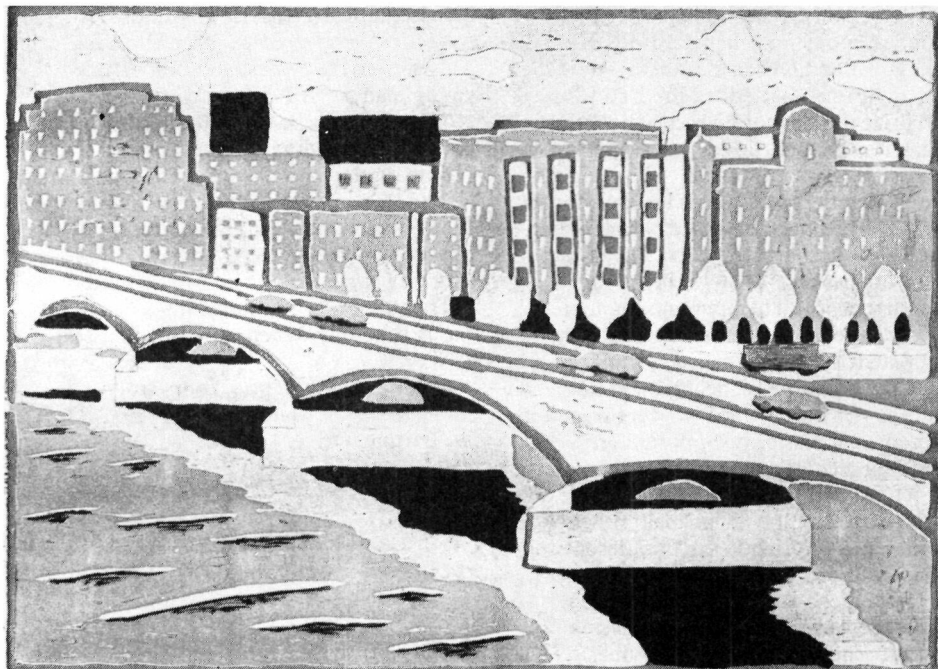
engaged as he passed by. His wrath fell on them and indeed all who were in the room at the time. My elder brother was one of the victims and with others spent an afternoon learning lines from *'A Midsummer Night's Dream'*.

Punishments apart, however, his introduction of boys to Milton and Shakespeare was masterly. When in the Modern VII, I went to him regularly for English and he was a most inspiring teacher, or rather lecturer. He despised the Higher Certificate (the 'A' level of those days) but reluctantly gave a certain amount of time to preparing us for it after spending a term on the completely irrelevant *'Samson Agonistes'* which he adored. On my last day at school I was invited by him to lunch, together with four or five other senior boys. He and his wife entertained us royally at one of the best London hotels. If I remember rightly we had wine and were offered cigarettes (not then taboo). His conversation was sparkling and he was quite prepared to tell a joke against himself. A new man emerged. Not long after I left, the time of his departure was at hand. But, owing to some antiquated clause in his original contract, he could not be dismissed on account of age. He handed his house over to Mr. Bonhôte and the Classical VII to Mr. Walton, but he still continued to come in from his home at Ruislip to report for duty. I heard from one of the other masters that he declared that his reason was simple. In his younger days he had been so badly paid that he was determined now to reimburse himself. I suspect that that was an excuse. In reality he could not bear to part from the life and surroundings which he loved—a gracious way of life even then to be found less and less except in places like Oxford or Westminster.

Yours sincerely,  
P. G. Harrison (1925-31, A)

The Vicarage  
Holne  
Newton Abbot  
Devon TQ13 7ST

Ruth Hodgson



February 28th 1983

Dear Editors,

The last two Elizas have been laden with memories and nostalgia. Can you bear any more?

I was up Ashburnham 1926-31, a totally undistinguished member of the School. Kindly people refer to the likes of me as 'Late Developers'. Diphtheria put me out of circulation for at least a term—honestly, diphtheria! Harold Costley-White was the High Man; my dear Aunt Agnes always referred to his as 'Expensive-Black', which somehow helped. He had an impressive diction—some of us could imitate him to alarming effect. Once the H.M. greeted an innocent boy who was wearing a plain pullover under his waistcoat with the words, 'Ah, the little Shaw Scott! And whence this *garish* costume?' J. G. Shaw Scott (1927-32, H) and his friends, who knew what the H.M.'s wardrobe was for School and Abbey occasions, felt that the reproof was unjustified.



Up Ashburnham it was a rota-duty for members of the Under to shout, 'White's 'ming!' through the crack of the door between us and the Upper as a signal that it was time to resume work. There was some competition as to who could draw out the shout longest. I could.

I remember with pleasure that as a new boy I was told that I need never play cricket or football again. I could do The Water all the year round provided that I passed a swimming test—two lengths of public baths. I thought of doing the first length under-water, but wisely decided that that would be showing-off. The Rev. A. H. Franklin was the master in charge of The Water; C. H. Fisher coached, and in the Play term of 1926 A. C. 'Cremona' McDonnell fished me out of the cold river after I'd capsized my first Rum-tum. He then bought me a warming and restorative tea at the little shop across the road from the U.B.R. Stone. A good man. Our boatman was J. Gibson—'Lower gently!'. The Putney boathouses were dominated by the formidable figures of 'Bossy' Phelps and his son Ted. Ted won Doggett's Coat and Badge, and owned an M.G. Midget sports car. We envied him greatly but knew that, as scullers, we would never be in his class. That superb oarsman J. C. H. Cherry (1927-1933, H) modestly bestrode the Westminster Water scene. He rowed No. 7 in the Oxford boat in 1936, 1937 and 1938, and was President of O.U.B.C. He was a great friend, and we spent several holidays sailing in leaky dinghies on Chichester and Poole Harbours. Travelling from School to Putney Bridge on the District Line, wearing top-hat and tails and carrying the required umbrella or walking-stick was—er—character-forming. Walking home so clad, up Camden High Street to save the bus fare, was still more vivid.

'Snogger' I. F. Smedley was my Housemaster. The new wing of Ashburnham, the Snogger, was begun in my time. Snogger was perhaps past his prime by then. Is it true that he only once beat a boy, and even then missed him completely? Masters hardly ever beat boys—except for the dreadful H.M.'s 'Handing'. The tanning was done by School and House Monitors. There was certainly a strong sado-masochistic element in this. There was one Monitor . . . but never mind. I do hope all beating has been abolished.

There were some rather petty rules—hands in pockets, route to walk up Fields, shag collars, not to stand on Mon. Os. and Mon Stat., and the like. What's happened to them? A minor punishment was to have to march round Yard before Abbey, wearing a Station Cap and being kept in order by ex-Regimental Sergeant Major G. P. Humble's word-of-command. D'you still have Station Caps?

The O.T.C.—the Corps—was commanded by Major G. L. Troutbeck, an O.W., (1903-1909, KS). He had a harsh, precise, military voice. In School he taught Latin—'*Psittacus*, a parrot'. On parade he warned us against carelessness with firearms. 'Last Field Day a cadet firing from the prone position discharged a blank cartridge straight up the arse of the cadet

lying in front of him. Blew his boots off! Blew his bloody boots clean off!' None of us was able to emulate this feat.

Quite early in my time the H.M. told me that he must transfer me from the Classical to the Modern Side. Save for expulsion, he implied, this was the ultimate disgrace. No disgrace to me, I assure you. Not since W. A. Copping at my prep school introduced me to Education geometry did I take to a subject as I did to elementary Physics as taught by F. O. M. Earp and J. S. Rudwick. We all believed that particles smaller than the atom existed, even though this was clearly a logical absurdity.

School was, and I hear still is, somewhat isolated from London. We were enclosed most strictly. We were forbidden to visit any other House than our own, except to go in to College once a year for the Latin Play and its punning Epilogue. During the Play, Monitors waved tanning poles adorned with pink bows to show us when to applaud. Abbey and the cloisters were delightfully open to us, but (for town boys) not College Garden. We went to the Central Hall to hear the Robert Mayer Concerts. It was rumoured that KSS visited the House of Commons. But that and Putney was about as far as we penetrated from School into the outside world. What we did from home was, praise be, our own concern. Have you got this organised now? Are you free citizens of the marvellous, mysterious, magical, menacing London which sprawls just beyond the Sanctuary?

I don't remember very much musical performance, though the Madrigal Society (Mad. Soc.) practised fairly assiduously under Dr. C. T. Lofthouse, and there were School Concerts (gold Gems From *Messiah*) stiffened by professional musicians which ended with *Domus Alma Floreat* sung with what would now be recognised as Last-Night-of-the-Proms gusto. There was little or no drama, but Orations gave some frustrated actors a brief chance. I did the Bastard's soliloquy from Act II of King John—'*Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!*' I enjoyed that.

We were rather snobbish. London boys who were not at Westminster were called 'sci', from the Latin *Volsci*. We believed that they were inferior to us. Hence the Mission. The Mission involved going across the River to the Lambeth side and teaching Scout skills—Morse Code and the running bowline—to street-wise kids who knew far more about some things than we did. There was an annual Mission Supper in College hall which struck a tiny blow for democracy.

By my brother's time—P. M. Shearman (1933-1938, H)—the old gentlemen who overawed us had almost all been replaced by young, lively, vigorous, friendly, innovative masters, and customs had changed accordingly. Or does it always seem like that as decade succeeds to decade and generation to generation?

Yours sincerely,  
John Shearman (1926-31, H)

Garden Flat,  
29 Buckland Crescent,  
Hampstead,  
London NW3 5DJ

Dear Editors,

The excellent letters from OWW have encouraged me to search my school memories of the late 20's and early 30's.

Some of the masters first come to mind: E. S. Blenkinsop ('Blenk') with his rolling walk and pet expressions ('for the most part', 'that's a special case', 'ah see, right, thanks'); G. C. Claridge with his buzzing drawl and bizarre turns of phrase ('you rotten kids'); W. A. G. Etheridge ('The Death'), a fierce little man with a high-pitched voice who began teaching at the School in 1899; J. E. Bowle, who livened up the History lesson by reading from the humorous book '1066 and all That', and J. S. Rudwick ('Beaker'), who continually asked 'Is that quite clear? Do you really see that?'

Finally there was F. O. M. Earp ('Foam') who taught Science. He had a gadget made of a stiff horizontal wire stretched between two vertical supports, on which hung slotted pieces of wood, one for each boy. He used this for 'questions and answers', where one boy asked another a question, and if the latter could not answer it their wooden scoring tokens were moved up and down the wire accordingly.

Two incidents Up School stand out. In the first a wooden chair collapsed in the middle of a lecture, causing the occupant to sit smartly on the floor amid the ruins. Costley-White, who was just in front, turned round and said, quite calmly, 'Must you break up my furniture?'

The second happened under similar circumstances. A boy's long coat-tails were hanging through the back of his chair, and the boy behind fastened them together with a safety-pin, so that when the School stood up the victim was anchored to his seat.

Rightly or wrongly, I associate G. E. Stoker (1926-29, R) with both these incidents.

To conclude. We used to be taken to Saturday morning orchestral concerts for schools at the Central Hall, Westminster, conducted and compered by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, which weren't particularly thrilling for the average boy. One (I think it was J. G. M. Pardoe (1928-32, R) once took in a pocket chess set and played with a fellow-pupil during the performance.

I hope my memory hasn't tricked me in these glimpses from the past. If it has, perhaps some of my contemporaries will put me right.

'*The Elizabethan*' is very good, but could we please have more captions to the photographs?

Yours sincerely,

W. E. H. Fuller (1928-32, A)

24, Burnt Ash Lane,  
Bromley,  
Kent BR1 4DH

\* \* \*

April 15th 1983

Dear Editors,

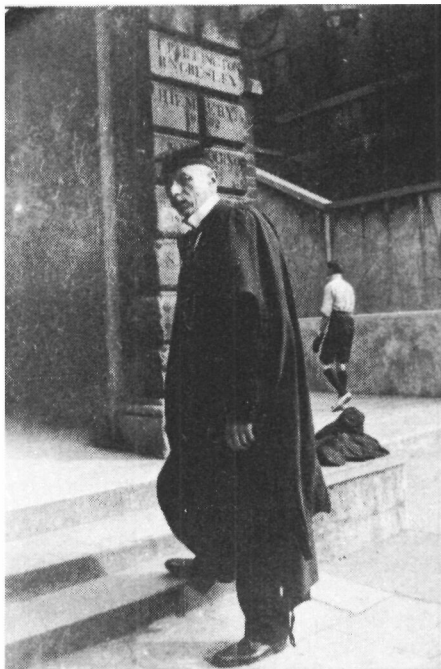
Your last two issues have mentioned some of the elderly Masters who carried on during World War I and into the later twenties. I can extend the catalogue a little further back to the war years themselves.

The curriculum at that time, at any rate on the classical side, was incredibly old-fashioned. One could rise from the Lower Vth to the heights of the VIIth without a single lesson in any branch of natural science and in total ignorance of logarithms or the calculus. I know, because I did!

The Masters were indeed a rum lot. Fox, 'Holy' (Nall) and 'Mike' (Mitchell) have all been recalled in your recent issues. But there were others. The Lower Vth was presided over by 'The Buck' (Tanner) who invariably appeared in full wedding outfit including the spats; a favourite phrase of his was 'we of the upper classes'—to which I for one made no claim to belong. He was Housemaster of Grants. Then there was 'Pee-Wee' (Rayner) the Master of College and perhaps the last Anglican cleric to wear white bowtie and wing collar. In form he was apt to show a sadistic streak; perhaps one of my College contemporaries (? Griffith George) would like to comment on him as a housemaster. We learnt mathematics up to the low level I have indicated from a large and red-faced character always known as 'Bill' (Huckwell). Then there were the foreign language masters—Etheridge, who spoke fluent French with an ultra-Churchillian pronunciation when he was not criticizing, in vigorous English, current British naval strategy; and there was a patriotic Frenchman from Alsace (then of course German territory) named Just whose more fiendish pupils would bait him by asking whether the German bombers would be over that night.

I think your contributors are a little hard on Smedley ('Snogger'—though anyone less likely to be found snogging it would be hard to imagine). He was a first class classical scholar who had been a Cambridge don. He should have remained so, for he was badly lacking in self-confidence when dealing with schoolboys either in his House (Ashburnham) or in form (the Classical VIIth) where he fell an easy victim to merciless though good humoured leg-pulls.

Towering above these antediluvians in breadth of culture and psychological insight was the tall, well-loved figure of John Sargeant ('J.S.'), master of the Classical VIth and Housemaster of Ashburnham before Smedley. An inspired and inspiring teacher, he was also a considerable *littérateur* in his own right which earned him an eloquent 'Times' obituary and a perceptive entry in the Dictionary of National Biography—I suspect from the same hand. To quote the latter; 'he taught by digression . . . the end was attained when a boy became fired with the determination to seek out Sargeant's treasures for himself'. I enclose a photograph of J.S. taken a few months before his retirement at the end of 1918.



John Sargeant in 1918

It is perhaps too easy to forget that during these war years all these elderly men, who had prepared generations of boys for an adult future, were now, towards the close of their own professional careers, teaching a generation for many of whom the future would end on the Western Front in a few months' time. This melancholy thought must often have been in the minds of their teachers.

Harbinger of change and of better days to come was 'The Buck's' son Lawrence Tanner, always known in my time as 'The Gentleman'—and quite rightly so. The History VIIth, over which he urbanely presided in the Library from 1919 onwards, provided an agreeable and efficient transition, not only for those hoping to proceed to Oxbridge but also for those seeking other careers such as John Gielgud in my own time and many another distinguished figure in after years.

Yours faithfully,

Kenneth McGregor (1915-21, KS (A))  
(Prin. Opp. 1920-21)

19 Emden House,  
Barton Lane,  
Old Headington,  
Oxford OX3 9JU

February 28th 1983

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Further to Patrick Morrah's interesting letter on 'Westminster in the Twenties', may I add a few items which may be of interest?

Mike (J. E. Mitchell), with his enormous moustache, was very like the T.V. star Jimmy Edwards. He certainly had enormous pencils, which he used upon the heads of his form, Modern 4th, but they rather asked for trouble by giving him an extra one for a present.

The boy who grabbed the whole pancake was Mildé, who was in my form, the Classical 4th. When he was chosen as our representative he was very reluctant to compete, but he did not let us down and I remember him holding up a crumpled

pancake whole and entire. We were amazed by his success and astounded that it did not disintegrate.

The following year all forms were told to remain in their classrooms until sent for. Two forms were never summoned, including my Classical Remove. For once protests were effective and four from each of the two forms were chosen for a Pancake Greaze on the next day, the only time one had taken place on Ash Wednesday.

Costley-White, the Head Master and Tyson, the Bursar, generously gave ten shillings each towards the prize, which I happened to win for getting the largest piece of pancake. I kept it for a year until it went mouldy.

In the classical 4th our Friday timetable was remembered by the 'names' of the Masters—Bubbles, Bubbles, Kneen, Bubbles, Liddell, Liddell, Earp. (Bubbles = Rev. Rutherford, who looked like Friar Tuck and substituted for D. J. Knight when he was playing cricket. Kneen = Art Master. Liddell = French Master. Earp = Science Master).

I can remember getting a black look from the lady in the School Shop when I asked for a 'screw of chalk' for Mr. Baa Lamb (Burrell).

Yours,

Stephen H. P. Ensor (1921-24, HB)

P.S. Thank you for sending me the 'Eliza' for 58 years. Floreat!  
Druid's Hall  
South Street,  
Castle Cary  
Somerset BA7 7ES

February 24th 1983

Dear Sirs,

In touching on the headmastership of the Rev. Dr. Harold Costley-White, your correspondents have not mentioned that he was monstrously affected. For instance, when Doll Tearsheet appeared in our study of *Henry IV, Part 2*, he would murmur: 'Poor woman', and when we came to Homer's account of a maidservant giving Odysseus a bath, he chipped in with the translation 'prepared a bath for him'. Again, when a boarder once in a waggishness put a penny wrapped in silver paper in a Sunday collection taken up in Abbey for the Westminster Hospital, and the Hospital complained, Costley-White denounced the prank as sacrilege, and professed not to wish to know who had perpetrated it. Little did he know that the perpetrator was a boy whom he had vindictively abused from lesson to lesson, because he had observed him looking at his watch during lesson-time.

On the credit side, Costley-White was genuinely fond of poetry and wine, telling us that wine was God's gift. Indeed he made us aware of the wines of the Medoc, by telling us that the way to remember what words in Classical Latin ended with a short 'o', namely *modo, ego, duo, octo, and cito*, was to recall that their initial letters made up the name, 'Médoc'.

Yours faithfully

A. MacC. Armstrong (1929-34, KS (A))  
Redlands,  
Colwall,  
Malvern,  
Worcestershire



# Old Westminster Notes

**John Caines** (1945-50, KS) has been appointed deputy head of the Central Policy Review Staff.

**Terence Bendixson** (1948-52, B) has been appointed a member of the committee of enquiry, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Sally Oppenheimer MP, looking into pedestrian safety at public road level crossings.

**Sir John Gielgud** (1917-21, G/KS) was presented with the special award for a lifetime of service on the British stage by *'The Standard'*.

**John Bloom** (1948-53, B) won an Oscar in Hollywood recently for the cinematography of the film *'Gandhi'*. This is, therefore, the second year running that an Old Westminster has won an Oscar.

**Dr. P. P. G. Bateson** (1951-56, W) has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

**Daniel Topolski** (1959-63, W) is writing a book on the Boat Race. This year saw the eighth Oxford victory since he took over as coach. He has also collaborated with Felix Topolski in a book called *'Travels with my Father'*.

**Cedric Jagger** (1932-38, A), now Keeper of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers' celebrated collection of clocks, is the author of a new book *'The British Monarchy and its Timekeepers, 1300-1900'*. A letter from him appears on p. 271.

**H. D. Berman** (1917-22, KS) is the author of a standard work on the Stock Exchange. First published in 1933 as a book of 96 pages, the latest edition of 210 pages is still on sale at the Stock Exchange.

**A. P. de Boer** (1932-37, R) was awarded the C.B.E. in last year's Honours List for his services as a director of the National Bus Company and for other transport activities.

**Nicholas Barton** (1948-53, B) is the author of a book called *'The Lost Rivers of London'* which has just been reissued in a new edition. First published in 1962, it was the result of a chance encounter with a book on London's rivers found in the Westminster boathouse during the 1940's.

**Christopher Foster** (1946-60, G) has been appointed Secretary to the Jockey Club and Keeper of the Match Book. His appointment breaks a 200-year old tradition that the holder of the title is a direct descendant of the foundation of Weatherbys.

**Richard Blackford** (1967-70, L) was commissioned to write an opera for the centenary of the Royal College of Music. The opera *'Metamorphoses'* was performed at the College to considerable acclaim earlier this year.

## Bishop George Bell

At a time when the right of religious leaders to be closely involved in political matters (even when these have a strong moral component) is being called in question it is of interest that an unusual honour has recently been paid to the memory of Bishop Bell (1895-1901, QS), the centenary of whose birth falls this year. Like Archbishop Temple, who was not backward in pronouncing on social matters, Bishop Bell, who was Bishop of Chichester from 1929-1948, was much criticised during the war when his Christian convictions prompted him to question some aspects of British war policy. Before this he had gone out of his way to speak out for German Christians when Hitler came to power. After the war he organized aid for German refugees and played a part in the restoration of devastated German churches.

In January this year a joint Anglo-German appeal was launched towards the £60,000 cost of a 400 square foot woven tapestry to go behind the altar in Chichester Cathedral. It will be placed there to commemorate his life and work.

*Sarah Briscoe*

## University News

At home in Cambridge P.D.B. Castle (1976-80, QS) has been rowing with I.D. Ray (1969-73, QS), while at Christ Church, Oxford he rowed in the College 1st VIII chosen by last year's President R.J.B. Jakeman (1974-79, R). In the 1983 Oxford v. Cambridge Lightweights' race he rowed at 5 in the crew that lost to Cambridge, in whose crew E.S. Pigott (1977-81, B) sat at 3. He would be very pleased if any OWW watermen in the Cambridge area interested in rowing for Cambridge '99 R.C. would contact him at 10, Barton Close, Cambridge. Thomas Quin (1974-78, QS) is doing a research project on the biomineralisation of iron at Oxford and plans to work for a D. Phil.

Casper Lawson (1977-80, R), who is reading Law at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, plays for his college 1st football XI. In April he also played in the Varsity Backgammon Match against Oxford and was described in a student newspaper as the 'undoubted star' of his team, winning five of his six matches.

*The Editors would welcome further news from Old Westminsters at University.*



# Sports Reports

# Election of Members

## Football Club

The Football Club currently runs two sides, both of whom are in the middle of their respective divisions. This has been a little disappointing, however a spate of injuries has not helped, and it shows how important it is to maintain a large pool of players to call on each week.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup against the Old Bradfieldians, who are in the Premier Division of the League, we had a marvellous result winning 4-1. In the second round unfortunately we lost to the Old Chigwellians 3-0 on a cold and blustery day.

Overall, the Old Westminsters Football Club is in good health with plenty of people wishing to play and enthusiasm for the game is evident.

Any Old Westminsters either young or old who wish to come and play for us please contact the Hon. Secretary.

M. J. Samuel

## Shooting

The news is that Charles Pascall, a member of the Club, has shot for England and other members of the Club shoot regularly on a Club and County level. It would appear that there are only a few Old Boys who carried on shooting after School and it is therefore necessary to bring to the attention of readers who are interested in shooting the fact that the shooting club is alive and healthy. The Hon. Secretary is particularly keen on encouraging recent leavers to join the club. Anybody who falls into this category please contact him.

The Club has recently finished shooting for the Fletcher Cup against other Old Boys teams. We are delighted to report that the Old Westminsters won with Epsom and Wellington coming second and third respectively. This is a marvellous achievement considering that a number of other Old Boys Clubs have a considerable number of members and coaching.

H. Moss

## Fives

A successful Old Westminsters Fives Club continues to wade through an ever-lengthening fixture list with varying degrees of success. This season the first team has competed in League Division 2 and the second team, now formed, entitled with startling originality Old Westminsters II has entered Division 3. Additionally the Club has played a number of friendly matches and in total over 40 matches are now played during a season.

The Fives Club is extremely healthy!

A. J. Aitken

## Lawn Tennis

Last season turned out to be only half a season, due to contractors resurfacing Vincent Square's four courts. This overdue improvement in the court surfaces will we hope attract back to the Club some of our better players who have in the past been put off by the irregular bounce of the ball. The number of regular players has increased as has the membership's average age! We still remain very short of recent Old Westminsters members and we wish to remind all readers that the club does exist and there is an opportunity to play free tennis in London. If you are interested please contact the Hon. Secretary.

N. R. Walton

## Real Tennis

The Old Westminsters Real Tennis Club enjoys support from a hard core of players and it is pleasing to note that the average age of the team continues to fall and its standards rise. The usual matches have been arranged and although success has been somewhat limited, everybody has enjoyed themselves.

This is a small section which enjoys this slightly rare sport, the places where matches are played and the people who play the sport.

J. Wilson

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

### 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,  
Near Alton, Hants.

### Athletics—

J. B. Goodbody, 1 Northampton Grove,  
London N1

### Fencing—

E. Gray, 85A Stockwell Park Road,  
London SW9

### Lawn Tennis—

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

### Fives—

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

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(b):

## College

**Barry, Guy David**, 1 Brinklow Crescent,  
London SE18

**Berman, Paul Richard**, 76 St. George's  
Road West, Bickley, Kent.

**Bird, Alexander James**, 18 Albion Square,  
London E8

**Bostridge, Ian Charles**, 7 Bedford Park  
Mansions, The Orchard, Chiswick,  
London W4.

**Duffell, Christopher James**, 35 Westfields  
Avenue, Barnes, London SW13

**Insall, Robert Harding**, 73 Kew Green,  
Richmond, Surrey.

**Irvine, James Andrew Douglas**, 4 Coombe  
Gardens, London SW20.

**Rood, Benjamin Max**, Elgin Lodge, Elgin  
Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

**Wedgwood, Ralph Nicholas**, Pixham Mill,  
Pixham Lane, Dorking, Surrey.

## Grant's

**Bell, Toby Richard**, 6 Ladbroke Road,  
London W11

**Bennett, Neil Edward Francis**, 10  
Harrowdene, Belvedere Drive, London  
SW19.

**Cuddeford, Alastair Rosenius Alan**, 10  
Pembroke Place, London W8

**Dawbarn, John Nathaniel Yelverton**, c/o  
FCO (Rabat), King Charles Street,  
London SW1

**Garrett, Malcolm Edwin**, 15 Deepdene  
Road, London SE5.

**Hamilton, Richard Alan**, Mallards Farm, 96  
Gallery Lane, Barnet, Herts.

**Horne, Christopher Gerard Bryan**, Abu  
Dhabi Gas Liquefaction Co. Ltd, P.O.  
Box 3500, ABU DHABI, UAE.

**Jepson, Paul Ewart**, 46 Brondesbury Park,  
London NW6.

**Melvin, Jeremy Paul**, The Old Orchard,  
Rectory Lane, Berkhamsted, Herts.

**Moffat, Jonathan David**, 122 Hurlingham  
Road, London SW6.

**Miller Smith, Nicholas**, 60 Chester Row,  
London SW1.

**Pagliarani, Paolo Vincenze**, The Willows,  
Lodge Road, Sundridge Park, Bromley,  
Kent.

**Targett, Jonathan James**, 375 Bank Street,  
Panesville, OHIO 44077, USA.



## Busby's

- Beltrao**, Eduardo, 22 Berners Street, London W1.  
**Clayton**, Charles Alfred, 20 Spencer Rise, London NW5.  
**Collingwood-Anstey**, John Harry James, 66 Albert Hall Mansions, London SW7.  
**Constantinidis**, John, c/o Niteco, P.O. Box 356, Apapa, Lagos, Nigeria.  
**Mallory**, Charles King, 57 Onslow Square, London SW7.  
**Mann**, Julian Farrer Edgar, 20 Taylor Avenue, Kew Gardens, Richmond, Surrey.  
**Peattie**, Andrew Sebastian, 62 Northway, London NW11.  
**Rost**, Bruno Christopher, Northcott Court, Berkhamsted, Herts.  
**Saunders**, Mark Talbot, 4 Chester Square, London SW1.  
**Saunders**, William James, 20 Ailsa Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.  
**Stern**, Robert Max James, 17 Park Village West, London NW1.  
**Von Moltke**, Constantin, 60 Drayton Gardens, London SW10.  
**Weir**, Malcolm Arthur, 18 Montague Road, Richmond, Surrey.

## Rigaud's

- Barker**, Christian Patrick Ernest, 22 Clarendon Road, London W11.  
**Beard**, Thomas Simon Henry, 14 Bank Parade, Avenham, Preston, Lancs.  
**Clink**, John Jamieson, 11 Old Wickham Lane, Haywards Heath, Sussex.  
**Craft**, Simon, 12 Coval Gardens, East Sheen, London SW14.  
**de Crespigny**, Alexander James Champion, 29 Malmain's Way, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Fyfe**, Alexandra Adamantia, 71A Hayes Lane, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Johnson**, John Olaf, Horizons, Clare Hill, Esher, Surrey.

*Jonathan Wadman*



- Lawrence-Wilson**, Christopher, 22 Marlborough Crescent, Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent.  
**Lowe**, Timothy Mark, 47 Corringham Road, London NW11.  
**Lupton**, Martin Geoffrey Francis, 24 St. George's Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham, Middlesex.  
**Mehra**, Ashwath, 40 Rotherwick Road, London NW11.  
**Palmer**, Timothy Mark, 69 Chula Vista Drive, San Rafael, California 94901, USA.  
**Reid**, Philip John, 43 East End Lane, Ditchling, Sussex.  
**Richards**, Giles Jeffery, Pond Farm, Vines Cross, Heathfield, East Sussex.  
**Rogers**, John Benjamin, Flat 4, 51 Barkston Gardens, London SW5.  
**Sullivan**, Matthew St. John, Latchets, Colts Hill, Capel, Tonbridge, Kent.

## Liddell's

- Ali**, Arif Hyder, c/o Shell Refining BHD, 1 Milestone Jalan Pantai, Port Dickson, Malaysia.  
**Burt**, Maxwell John, 45 Christchurch Hill, Hampstead, London NW3.  
**Clark**, Simon James, 1L Castellare, Tfrzaro, 50010 San Donato in Collina, Italy.  
**Cooper**, Christopher Taunton Steward, 32 Elmworthy Road, London NW3.  
**Frankland**, Adam Christian, 47 Ennerdale Road, Kew, Surrey.  
**Frew**, Duncan Michael, 6 The Greenway, Wickford, Essex.  
**Garel-Jones**, Jùlian, 12 Catherine Place, London SW1.  
**Gharai**, Sassan Stephen, Meydan-e-Vanak, Gandi Shomali, 3/2 Koucheh Amir Parviz, Tehran, Iran.  
**Harrod**, Henry Barnaby, 51 Camden Hill Square, London W8.  
**Rubens**, Paul Harry, 56 Acacia Road, London NW8.  
**Scott**, Jason, 10 Thurlow Road, Hampstead, London NW3.

- Sewart**, Charles Robert, 11 Whittingehame Gardens, Preston Park, Brighton.  
**Weston**, George Garfield, 11 Upper Phillimore Gardens, London W8.  
**Williams**, Nicholas Eliot, 3 Chester Street, London SW1.  
**Woolf**, James Lewis, 7 Rue le Sueur, Paris 16c, France.

## Dryden's

- Donohue**, Scott McKenzie, 32 Queen's Grove, St. John's Wood, London NW8.  
**Goldman**, Jonathan Howard, 55 Southbourne Crescent, London NW4.  
**Hannigan**, Robert, 59 Ashley Gardens, London SW1.  
**Lemos**, Diamantis John, Flat 11, 35/37 Grosvenor Square, London W1.  
**Owen-Ward**, Mark Richard, 102 Selbourne Road, London N14.  
**Sherwood**, Michael Sidney, Oakbank, Courtney Avenue, London N6.  
**Southward**, James Andrew Ralph, 31 Malmain's Way, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Tiffin**, Edward Julian Story, 52 Lansdowne Gardens, London SW8.  
**Whewell**, Alexander William Michael, 67 Prince's Gate Mews, London SW7.  
**Widdicombe**, Rupert Thomas, 75 Albert Street, London NW1.

## Ashburnham

- Diamantaros**, Nikos, 37 Ingram Avenue, London NW11.  
**Elverston**, Nicholas Edward Taylor, 26 St. Peter's Square, London W6.  
**Heseltine**, John William, Apartment 28, St. James's Palace, London SW1.  
**Owen**, Christopher Andrew, 3 Gainsborough Gardens, London NW3.  
**Pretor-Pinney**, Giles Winthrop, 25 Church Road, Barnes, London SW13.  
**Richardson**, David Patrick, 7 Foxgrove Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.  
**Sender**, Paul Lester, 43 Southway, London NW11.  
**Todes**, Gideon, 38 Clifton Hill, London NW8.  
**Trappelides**, Andrew Michael, 17 Manor House Drive, Brondesbury Park, London NW6.

## Wren's

- Akpabio**, Aqua-Basi Benjamin, 577 Finchley Road, London NW3.  
**Brahams**, Jonathan David, 2 Oakhill Lodge, Oakhill Park, London NW3.  
**Broadbank**, Cyprian, 3 St. Luke's Street, London SW3.  
**Brown**, Hugo Michael, Second Floor East, 12 Hyde Park Place, London W2.  
**Goldfinger**, James Alan Geoffrey, 3 Stanhope Place, London W2.  
**Kitcatt**, Adrian Mark, 20 Winchelsea Rise, South Croydon, Surrey.  
**Rutnagur**, Richard Sohrab, 708 Grenville House, Dolphin Square, London NW1.  
**Warshaw**, Simon David, 27c Ellsworth Road, London NW3.  
**Wiseman**, Thomas Frederick, 88 Forest Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

### Presentation Fund

I am extremely grateful to all those who contributed with such generosity to my presentation fund, which has made a magnificent present for me. It seems impossible to write and thank you all individually, so I hope you will accept this expression of my gratitude.

Dennis Moylan

- Samuel**—On December 11th, 1982, The Hon. Godfrey Herbert, C.B.E. (1917-20, G), aged 78.
- Simpson**—On November 26th, 1982, Cyril Marmaduke (1910-11, G), aged 86.
- Strother-Stewart**—On January 31st, 1983, Major Collingwood George Franklin (1929-33, A/B), aged 67.
- Whittaker**—On January 9th, 1983, John Lyndon (1975-79, C), aged 20.

## The Hon. Godfrey Samuel

The Hon. Godfrey Samuel, C.B.E., F.R.I.B.A. who died on December 11 in London at the age of 78, was Secretary of the Royal Fine Art Commission for 21 years from 1948, and worked hard and successfully to help the Commission to regain its standing influence after it had been largely dormant throughout the war years.

Godfrey Herbert Samuel was born on January 12, 1904, the third and youngest son of Sir Herbert (later Viscount) Samuel, the Liberal statesman. He was educated at Westminster School and Balliol College, Oxford, and trained as an architect at the Architectural Association in London, from which he qualified in 1932.

He was one of the half-dozen young architects who, in that year, formed the Tecton partnership under the leadership of the Russian-born Berthold Lubetkin; and it was through Samuel's family connection with Mr. Solly Zuckerman (now Lord Zuckerman), who was at that time a research anatomist at the London Zoological Gardens, that Tecton were given the two commissions for new zoo buildings, the gorilla house and the penguin pool, which immediately drew their unorthodox and geometrically imaginative work to the attention of the public.

Samuel continued a member of the partnership only until 1935 when he and Valentine Harding, another of the Tecton members, set up together in independent practice, concentrating mostly on domestic buildings. On the outbreak of war both joined the Army. Harding was killed in France at the outset. Samuel served throughout the war in the Royal Engineers, reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

In 1948 he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Fine Art Commission and practised no more as an architect, although he continued to take an active part in professional meetings such as those of C.I.A.M. (Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne) held in various European cities. He retired from the Commission in 1969, when he was made C.B.E.

Samuel proved a devoted and conscientious servant to the Commission, extending its range and influence under the successive chairmanships of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, of Lord Bridges and of Sir Colin Anderson. One of his qualities was great thoroughness of method; indeed he showed himself the natural bureaucrat that he was sometimes criticized for, formulating the judgements arrived at

in the Commission's meetings in language that failed to convey its views forcibly enough to those to whom it was his responsibility to pass them. He was himself, however, a shrewd and knowledgeable judge of architecture.

Samuel was a studious and somewhat solitary character, very well read especially in philosophy, to which he devoted much of his time after his retirement. In private he could be delightful company and he had warmer social talents than his temperament generally allowed him to reveal—as the members of the two clubs in which he spent much of his time during his later years, the Athenaeum and the Reform, became aware. He was unmarried.

from *The Times*

## Obituaries

- Bawden**—c. November 25th, 1982, Nicholas Charles (1961-66, R), aged 34.
- Boult**—On February 22nd, 1983, Sir Adrian Cedric, C.H. (1901-08, G), aged 93.
- Cass**—On October 28th, 1982, William Geoffrey, M.B.E. (1915-18, R), aged 82.
- Curtis**—On February 14th, 1983, Gerald Colville Seymour, O.B.E. (1918-23, KS), aged 78.
- Dawney**—On February 9th, 1983, Denys (1934-38, G), aged 62.
- Fairweather**—On December 29th, 1982, Alastair Harold (1933-38, B), aged 62.
- Fisher**—On December 10th, 1982, William Eric (1909-13, H), aged 87.
- Fouracre**—On November 29th, 1982, Lieut. Col. John Leighton (1925-30, B), aged 70.
- Halahan**—On February 14th, 1983, Guy Frederick Crosby (1930-36, R), aged 65.
- Harrison**—On December 25th, 1982, Lieut. Col. Douglas Edwin, O.B.E. (1922-27, H), aged 72.
- Hobman**—On January 13th, 1983, James Linacre (1924-28, G), aged 72.
- Hodges**—On November 11th, 1982, Frank Ernest Dunnam (1910-15, KS), aged 86.
- Holmes**—On December 12th, 1982, Edward Tilt (1918-22, G), aged 77.
- Johnson**—On January 25th, 1983, Group Capt. Douglas Heather (1920-24, R), aged 75.
- Joseph**—On December 22nd, 1982, Stanley John Ernest (1921-23, H), aged 76.
- Kelham**—On August 27th, 1982, Philip Vavasour Langdale (1908-10, R), aged 88.
- Morton**—On February 8th, 1983, John Chalmers, D.F.C. (1931-34, G), aged 65.
- Newman**—On January 25th, 1983, Lieut. Col. John Fitzgerald, M.B.E. (1924-28, A), aged 72.
- Percival**—On March 5th, 1983, John Douglas (1918-21, R), aged 80.
- Petitpierre**—On December 20th, 1982, Dom Robert Max Charles (1917-21, KS), aged 79.
- Puxon**—On December 25th, 1982, François Edward Mortimer (1922-24, G), aged 75.
- Robey**—On March 5th, 1983, Edward George Haydon (1914-18, G), aged 82.
- Rodocanachi**—On February 8th, 1983, Theodore Emmanuel, D.S.O., M.C. (1902-07, R/KS), aged 94.

## Joseph Hamilton-Jones

Joseph Hamilton-Jones died on 17th July after a long and courageous fight against cancer. He was up Homeboarders from 1931 to 1936. At Westminster he followed his fascination for Mathematics and also won English Literature prizes with essays he wrote in the holidays. He left in 1936 with the Triplett exhibition and also an open exhibition to Caius College Cambridge. Whilst at Caius he edited the *Caian*, was an enthusiastic member of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society and devoted himself to his studies, succeeding in becoming a wrangler in Part 2 of the Mathematics Tripos. In 1939 he began his actuarial training. However in 1940 he joined the R.N.V.R., eventually rising to the rank of Lieutenant. He served as a meteorological officer mainly on North Atlantic convoys and in the Far East.

He qualified as an actuary in 1949, in a total of four rather than the usual six years. In 1953 he joined the Life Department of the Mercantile & General Reinsurance Company, which he was to work for more than a quarter of a century. Given the task of learning Spanish from the beginning, within a year he was travelling for his office in Latin America. He frequently visited many European countries as well, especially Spain, Belgium and Holland.

Between 1964 and 1966 he was Honorary Secretary of the Institute of Actuaries and from 1968 to 1971 its Vice President. Much of the work he did for his profession was specialised, his particular concerns being Permanent Health Insurance and the British Insurers' European Committee, on which he fought hard and successfully to change proposed E.E.C. regulations. He could perhaps best be described as an actuary's actuary.

The last ten years were dominated by a struggle against ill-health. Bearing in mind the nature of his illness the end came quickly and peacefully.

In 1955 he married Elizabeth Foley. They had two sons, who both went to Westminster and two daughters.

His family, his many friends and his colleagues will remember for a long time his courage and his cheerfulness.

Thomas Hamilton-Jones



## Douglas H. Johnson

Mr. Douglas Heather Johnson, who was closely involved with, and contributed to, developments in radio over many years died on January 25 at the age of 75.

As a schoolboy radio enthusiast he had patented and sold an improved loudspeaker and for sixty years thereafter was barely a day off the air as an amateur radio operator. He was among other things invited, and specially licensed, to be the British communications station over 11 months for the Oxford Greenland Expedition of 1935-36.

Joining up for the war, he became Secretary to the Chief of Staff R.A.F., and was attached to the Radio Board whose job was to help the war effort by supervising the development and application of such systems as radio control, blind bombing and radar.

He was a member of a technical liaison mission to Washington, receiving the US Medal of Freedom in the process, and ended the war with the rank of Group Captain.

A keen yachtsman, he held office in the R.Y.A. and was for 23 years Honorary Secretary of the Royal Cruising Club. He suffered from increasingly severe illness over the last 10 years, but was sustained by his daily transmissions to friends all over the world (he was known to more than 500 contacts in Australia alone) and by the devotion of his wife Honor.

He is also survived by the daughter of his first marriage.

from *The Times*

## E. G. Robey

Mr. Edward George Robey, a Metropolitan Magistrate from 1954 to 1972, died on March 5th.

Robey was born in 1900, the son of Sir George Robey, the music hall comedian, and his inheritance from his father included a milder version of the famous eyebrows and a generous measure of dramatic talent. But though he too might have been successful on the stage, while still quite young he decided that (as he put it) the drama and humour of the Courts surpassed those of the theatre. So he chose the law as his profession.

Robey was educated at Westminster School and Jesus College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1925. In 1932 he joined the professional staff of the Director of Public Prosecutions, where he remained for 18 years. In 1945 he was appointed to the Attorney General's executive for the Nuremberg trials.

In 1954 he was appointed a Metropolitan Magistrate, a position he had long wanted: he was drawn to the rapid and kaleidoscopic changes from the grave to the trivial, and from the pathetic to the farcical. He sat first at Clerkenwell, then at Tower Bridge and, finally, at Marlborough Street. He showed himself to be a good magistrate, who gave crisp, decisive and sensible judgements, and with a brisk and unsentimental approach that was tempered by sympathy and compassion. Robey retired in 1972, and

remained young-looking and active for a long time. For many years he had taken part in amateur Gilbert and Sullivan productions, and he continued to do this. He had a genuine gift for comedy; his rendering of the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* and of the Judge in *Trial by Jury* were especially admirable for their ebullient irreverence and agility. He also has a talent for mimicry.

In 1976 he published *The Jester and the Court*, in which he gave a lively and entertaining account of his family background and his days on the bench.

In 1942 Robey married Denise Williams, who died in 1981. They had no children.

from *The Times*

## John Owen Blaksley

John Owen Blaksley died on June 22, 1982, aged 60. He was a King's Scholar at Westminster, a School Monitor, Head of the OTC, Captain of Tennis and Editor of the *Elizabethan*. In 1940 he went up to Christ Church to take a short war-time degree in Natural Sciences. Between 1941 and 1946 he served in the R.A.F. as a radar officer before returning to Oxford to do post-graduate research in physics under Lord Cherwell. In 1947 he joined the Plastics Division of ICI and made it his career. When he chose to take early retirement in 1972 he was one of ICI's leading sales managers. He used retirement to devote himself to a number of enterprises, including Talking Books for the Blind. Retirement also gave him a chance to spend more time with his family. His two sons, Jonathan and Richard were up Grant's, and he and his wife Mary took great interest and pride in their sons' careers at Westminster and beyond.

It was characteristic of John Blaksley that he should have played down his own achievements. He was not only a successful manager for ICI but had also been a skilled and cool headed racing driver in the post-war years. He drove for Jaguar and MG in the Fifties, taking part in several international races including the Mille Miglia in Italy.

His life was full and happy. He will be much missed by his family and by his many friends.

## Gerald Curtis

Gerald Curtis, who died on February 14, began his career in the Indian Civil Service in the turbulent years that saw the end of the Raj, and later, on his return to Britain, became a successful County Councillor and local historian in Essex.

He was born in 1904, the third son of Sir George and Lady Curtis, at Ootacamund in India. He became a scholar of Westminster and subsequently of Christ Church. He went into the cotton industry in Manchester, but disliking it intensely left in order to join the Indian Civil Service.

His time in India was predominantly spent in the North, where he took part in the quelling of the Delhi riots, largely from the back of his horse, whose name, appropriately was Peacemaker. He was

appointed Political Agent to South Waziristan, which counted as active service and was at best a very difficult appointment. He mastered Pushtu, an invaluable qualification for the tribal territories where the British writ never ran and government was by discussion through jirgas or general meetings.

His career in India came to an early end in 1947, and though both the Indian and the Pakistan governments offered him jobs he decided that he would return to England and become a farmer. He soon brought his administrative gifts to his adopted county, becoming chairman of the Saffron Walden Rural District Council and the Essex Farmers' Union. He was High Sheriff of Essex in 1973.

Curtis's great contribution to local government lay with the County Council, where he was chairman of, first, the landscape and conservation committee from 1968 to 1971, and then the planning committee from 1971 to 1977. It was a difficult time of reorganization and of intense pressure for development. He regarded the heritage of the countryside, historic towns and villages as an essential legacy to preserve, not just for the appreciation of the native inhabitants of Essex, but to give a sense of identity and pride to newcomers and immigrants who chose to make Essex their home.

It is possible now to make some assessment of this achievement: historic towns and villages, some pulled back from the brink, now thrive and even improve as dereliction and decay vanish; new buildings and housing estates have the stamp of regional character; and Essex farmers seem to care more for the appearance of the countryside than those of neighbouring counties.

As an historian he will be principally remembered for *The Story of the Sampfords*, a labour of love which deals with the two parishes of Great and Little Sampford from the earliest records.

In 1929 he married Decima Pryor, who survives him, together with the four sons and one daughter of the marriage.

from *The Times*

## Donald Mark Stephenson

Mark Stephenson, who died as a result of a car accident on June 26, 1982 went from Westminster to Redhill Technical College, from which he obtained a post with a major firm of Lloyd's Marine Underwriters. The firm thought highly of him and he was very popular with his colleagues there. Before his death he had passed the first three papers (out of six) for professional qualifications.

At home Mark was a keen angler, a member of his local smallbore rifle club and a promising golfer. He was also a great traveller, covering North America from coast to coast, Africa from north to south, had twice driven across Europe from Dieppe to Yugoslavia and had visited Israel.

It is tragic that Mark, a notably good and safe driver himself, should have been the victim of an accident for which he was in no way responsible.

# Elizabethan Club

## Sports Committee Funds

1982

1981		£	£
443.24	Balance at 1.1.82		511.47
	<i>Inflow of Funds</i>		
1,900.00	Elizabethan Club Grant	2,075.00	
37.23	Net Interest Receivable	37.28	
<u>1,937.23</u>		<u>2,112.28</u>	
	<i>Expenditure</i>		
	Grants allocated as follows:—		
304.00	Football Ground Hire	£ 375	
510.00	General	400	
460.00	Cricket	530	
350.00	Golf	375	
40.00	Lawn Tennis	65	
80.00	Fives	105	
40.00	Real Tennis	40	
60.00	Shooting	40	
25.00	Fencing	—	
<u>1,869.00</u>		<u>1,930.00</u>	
68.23	Net increase in funds		182.28
511.47	Balance held on 31st December, 1982		<u>693.75</u>
	Held by Midland Bank	53.68	
	Held by Elizabethan Club	640.07	
		<u>693.75</u>	

# The Elizabethan Club

## Income and Expenditure for the Year Ended 31st December, 1982

1981		£	1981		£
216	Administration	101.89	5	Annual Subscriptions	5.00
108	Computer	500.00	10	Donation	—
200	Honorarium	220.00	—	Bequest	500.00
1,332	Taxation	1,440.49	3,642	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	3,490.00
71	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant	—	3,485	Income from investments (gross)	3,718.64
1,900	Sports Committee	2,075.00	50	Refund from Football Club Dinner	—
1,839	The Elizabethan	2,766.77	58	Profit on Garden Party	28.94
2,039	Charges on cancelled Ball	—			
—	Loss on Dinner	157.60			
(455)	Excess of income over expenditure	480.83			
<u>7,250</u>		<u>7,742.58</u>	<u>7,250</u>		<u>7,742.58</u>



# The Elizabethan Club

## Balance Sheet 31st December, 1982

1981	£	£	£	1981	£	£
				23,321	Investments at Cost	25,661.64
					Market value at	
					31st December 1982	
					was £35,373	
18,319	General Fund		21,614.46		Current Assets	
	Balance at				Debtors	1,928.38
	31st December 1981	18,318.74			Balances at Bank	3,815.36
	Termly instalments (proportion)	872.50				5,743.74
	Profit on realisation of				Less: Sundry	
	investments	2,423.22			creditors	2,331.96
511	Sports Committee Fund		693.75			
	Income Account					
	Balance at					
	31st December 1981	6,284.38	1,793			3,411.78
	Excess of income over					
	expenditure	480.83				
6,284			6,765.21			
25,114			29,073.42	25,114		29,073.42

M. C. BAUGHAN  
Honorary Treasurer

### REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion, the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st 1982 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH  
Honorary Auditor

33-34 Chancery Lane



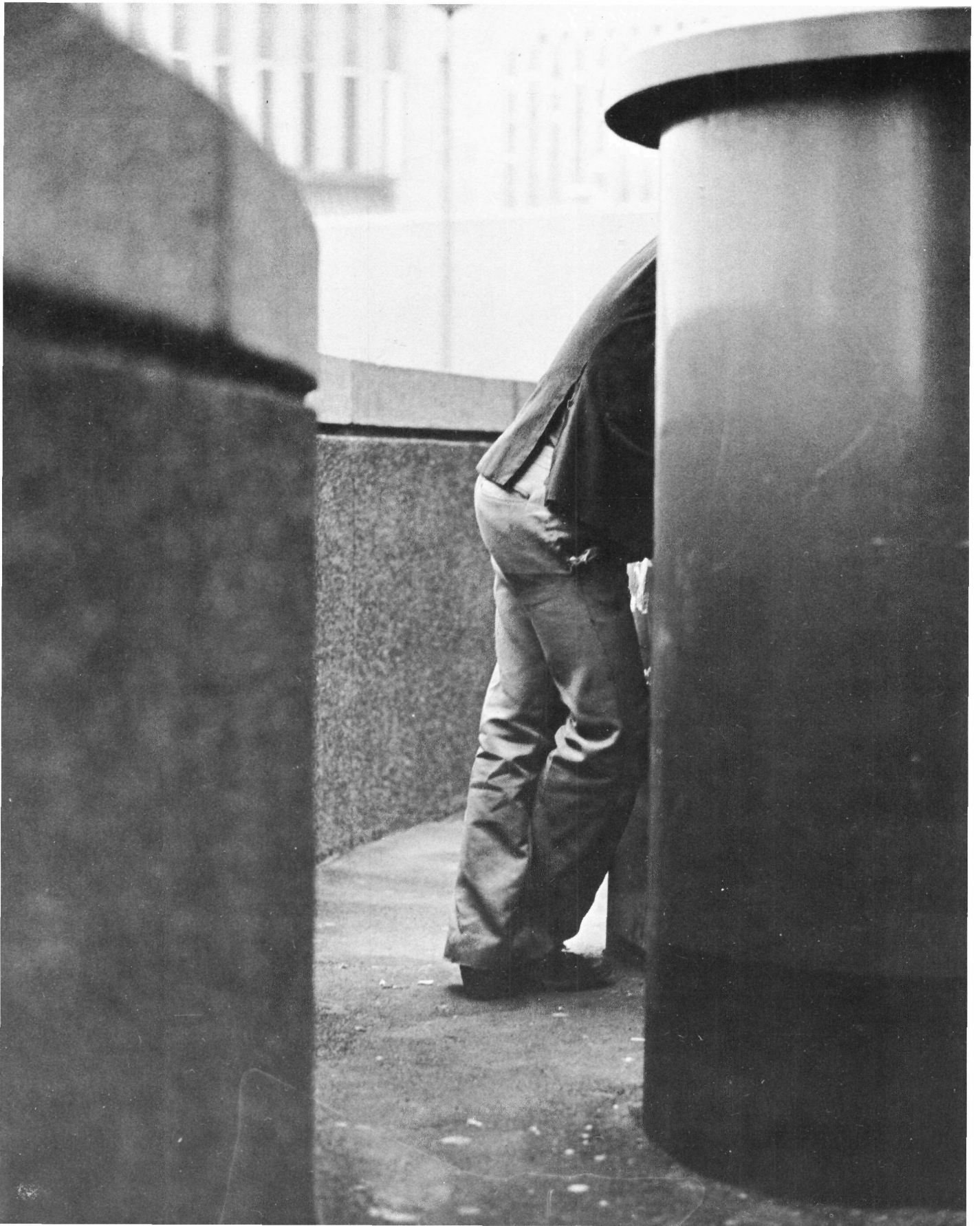
Edmund Hubbard



*Capetown*

*Joshua Green*

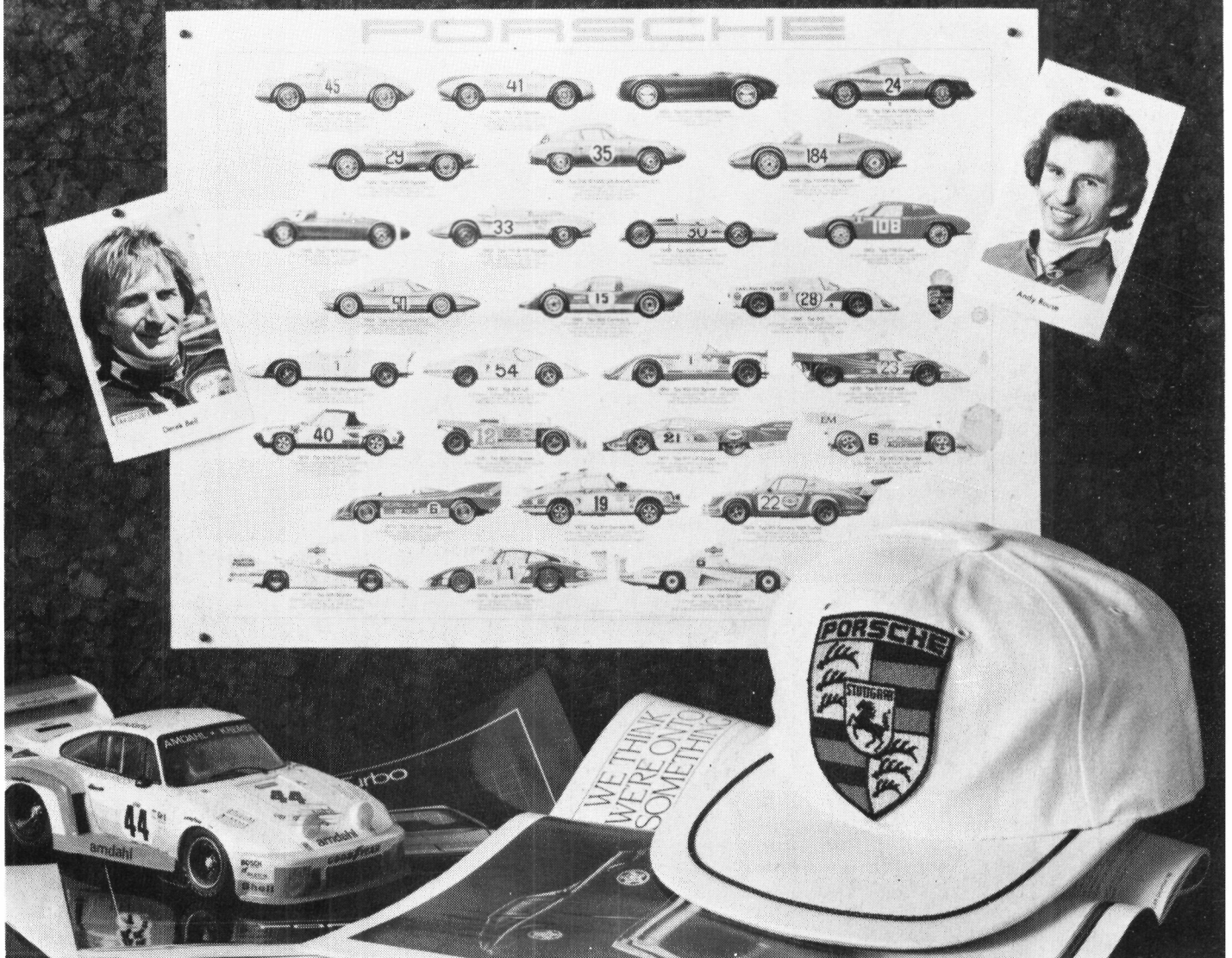




*Capetown*

*Joshua Green*

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