

The Elizabethan

Volume XXX Number 5 Issue No. 670 July 1969



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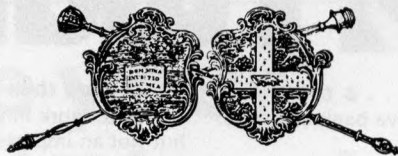
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The Elizabethan

Vol. XXX, No. 5, Issue No. 670, July 1969

Editors : Stephen Poliakoff:
Huw Thomas

You've lost your cover

The Elizabethan is an advertisement for Westminster School. As such it is inevitably institutionalized, narrow, over-respectable and unrepresentative. Neither internal problems nor individual opinion can be voiced in case a wrong or rather undesirable impression is given. This directly conflicts with the primary function of the magazine, communication with the Old Boys.

Within these false and perhaps unjustified strictures the editors have to toe the line. However, over the last year or so, there has been an attempt to clear the atmosphere of the magazine. We have tried to continue this trend including more drawings, more original work and more individual viewpoints.

In this issue we have also tried to reflect current widespread attitudes at the school. Apathy and dissent, two predominant feelings in Westminster at the moment, have therefore become the two themes for this issue.

Apathy is a very common public school attitude inherent in a system where University and comparative success are common and realistic aims.

Political revolution is one form of the growing dissent at Westminster. Instead of accepting society like the apathetic, the self-styled revolutionaries try to fight against it. Bureaucracy, in the shape of exams, school rules, accepted

attitudes and morality is given a kick. The institution must be reformed. The old destroyed and changed for the new. Anything is preferable to cynicism—and there are clouds of cynicism at Westminster.

Trying to change the magazine we have also, at long last, changed the cover. This is a temporary change until a new permanent cover has been designed.

Revolution

Tim Ellis

Every idealist wants a radical change in society which is achieved without violence or the threat of force. However, this has been impossible to fulfil. Even great idealists like Christ and Ghandi failed in this respect. Christ inspired enough violence to subject the evolution of Christianity to almost 2,000 years of bloodshed. Ghandi also inspired the violence which led to the independence of India in 1947.

Radical reform, if it is to be without violence, must therefore be the responsibility of those in power. Such men, however, have no wish to change society. The reasons for this lie partly in a selfish desire to remain in authority and partly in some so-called liberal conscience which has worn very thin at times. Faced with a society which urgently needs radical reform, they therefore indulge in short-term compromises. Since society cannot be reformed from within, a revolution must come from without—a revolution which involves violence or a threat of force.

The past has shattered the idealist's dreams. The Great Reform Bill, so-called democratic gesture of the age, was only passed by a threat of force. When the French reformers failed to produce the necessary radical reforms the country suffered a revolution in 1789. George III and his ministers thought that they could handle America's problems as they always had done and America went to war in 1775. The feeble attitude of Kerensky encouraged the Bolshevik revolution: The Sixth Republic of de Gaulle was only established on the threat of civil war in France along the lines of that in Algeria.

We see before us the capitalist half of the world which we are told represents one great abstract value—liberty. Yet we have reached a stage where we have even abandoned economic freedom. Gone are the days of *laissez-faire* and the free market and now we have state intervention. We are not told that capitalist economies

are doomed since economic progress weakens the incentive to invest, because returns are not guaranteed; and it sets investment a stiffer and stiffer task as an equilibrating force; therefore forcing capitalist economies into deflation. We are not told that 75 per cent of wealth in Britain is owned by 5 per cent of the population over 25 years, and that no employees have a say in the management of Britain's industries just as in Russia the unions are ineffective since they are state run. We are not told that democracy involves the right of the individual to control his own future, and the rest of the world, with the exception of Yugoslavia, is equally oblivious of this fact.

Before the nineteenth century, revolutions had grown out of an intolerable situation which desperately needed the radical reforms which those in power were not prepared to grant. But revolutions are now being caused by a common socialist revolutionary theory which has no regard for the individual situation which it attacks, but is, on principle, bent on establishing a workers state. But where such revolutions have occurred, they have on the whole not succeeded in their aim. Russia is submerged in the bureaucracy of the dictatorship and its satellites are in the same position. China is struggling to preserve revolutionary fervour in an effort to avoid the apathy and stagnation which typifies Cuba. Yugoslavia, where the workers control their own destinies by controlling industry, stands alone out of the failed revolutions which exist in the world today.

In highly-developed capitalist countries like Britain it is unlikely that there will be revolution for a very long time. The major reason for this is that the proletariat of which Marx spoke in 1848 does not exist in 1969 in the Western World. The modern proletariat is not physically oppressed and is instead comparatively well off. It has been treated with a modern consumer society on condition that it does not question the morality of a capitalist society. Thus it has developed into an apathetic indifferent phenomenon which is very conservative as regards radical change.

This does not mean that revolution is unjustifiable in the western world for we cannot live forever under the illusion that we live in a democratic state when workers do not control their own future. The under-developed parts of the world will ultimately succumb to revolution because they too have politicians as reactionary as Nixon or Wilson. Yet their politicians are put into the impossible position of compromising with a society aggravated by the revolutionary theories of Marx and Lenin. If we believe in true democracy then we are forced to believe in revolution because the present politicians of the world will never sanction radical reform.

Bruce Robinson

With the demise of the British Empire both the universities and the public schools have been forced to take a larger and wider stance. The end product is now a white collar worker who is in many ways similar to a worker on the shop floor. The public schools are now open to the rich middle classes whose children are the most affected by new ideas. Therefore in many cases, public schoolboys are less conservative than those in Grammar schools. It is obvious that there will be conflict.

Simon Berrill

It is fashionable amongst the intellectually obedient, both at Westminster and at large, to label those dissidents who desire a radical change in society, "revolutionaries". Underlying both this and the militants' blanket counter-charge of "reactionary", is a basic misconception of the way in which political systems both work and change.

It is easy enough for students of politics to argue that change is not effected quickly enough, because of the corruption of those in authority. But for the perfidy of Messrs. Wilson, Johnson and de Gaulle, the Western world might be enjoying a period of change. This argument, however, is nonsensical.

It was Frederick II who pointed out that even a dictator wants to realize the wishes of the

majority. No person or party claiming to represent the views of a substantial proportion acts from purely personal motives. Although the nature of politics implies compromise, this does not mean a rejection of ideals, but a postponement owing to circumstances beyond the politicians' control. The danger is to assume that these individuals constitute a threat to reform.

For revolution to take place there must be by definition something to overthrow. In previous violent revolutions, the provocation seems now to be all too plain. There is no need to give a list of revolutions and their causes, but it is obvious that they were not caused by liberal compromise as has been suggested. To attempt in European society to find parallels between revolutionary situations and our own is stretching the imagination.

The impediments to social and political progress lie not so much in institutions or individuals as in what has been called the "conventional wisdom". Any politician is bound by prevailing opinion. The dilemma of democracy is that the conventional wisdom is usually changed only by external forces such as the threat of violence, because to seek to change the conventional wisdom is to challenge the will of the majority which is sacrosanct. But a certain measure of militant action does not mean revolution. In Western Europe, barring Iberia, revolution is impossible. The conflict which the revolutionary is trying to maximize does not exist. The controlling power is himself; this is the safety valve of democracy.

If we discount the role of the true revolutionary in political terms in our society on the grounds that there is nothing to overthrow, that in no way means that there are not tensions existing in society which will bring change. The very fact that there are opposing factions on any one issue means that there will be compromise. The extent to which a faction is satisfied will depend upon the position of the faction.

The tensions are economic and, therefore, more basic than political ones. But if the quick reforms which so many urgently seek are to be effected, the economic "revolution" would be the overthrow of a substantial proportion of the population, both in Britain and elsewhere. It is no good calling for workers' control because the workers, however regrettably, don't want it. But again, this does not mean that the prevailing

opinion may not be changed by external influences.

Thus it is important to realize the particular position of both the institution and individual. No institution or individual whose authority rests upon the populace in any real sense constitutes a threat to the progress of reform. The one threat is the "conventional wisdom". If those who attack institutions or individuals do not see this, then they face the same problems as before, even if that institution is demolished or that person assassinated. It is equally important for those who represent the conventional wisdom to realize that simply labelling someone "revolutionary" and then ignoring him because he takes no account of accepted institutions, is creating evidence upon which to convict him.

John Douglas

The world would undoubtedly be a duller place if it were devoid of ideals. Idealism has been the source of inspiration for intellectuals for centuries. From Plato to Chairman Mao idealism has been the main motivation for change and reform. For want of any better phrase, idealism means progress, realizing of course that some perceptive mind will surely point out that it is entirely subjective and a debatable issue in itself.

One might well enquire whether idealism is not then an admirable quality. One need only look at the progressive and noble ideas it has inspired: in the artistic field the genius of Michelangelo and other Renaissance artists to create a more perfect and harmonious image of man: in the social field the attempts of the Cromwellian, American, French and Russian revolutions to create a better world. Why then has social idealism been so much maligned? The answer is to be found in the fact that idealism often breeds disillusionment.

Almost all ideals have brought disillusionment. Cromwell died a disillusioned man; the French and Russian revolutions were turned into dictatorships by Napoleon and Stalin; the American ideal of freedom, equality and toleration hardly seems to have been attained in their present-day society. On the artistic level Beethoven too died disillusioned. Those who are

themselves devoid of ideals point accusingly at the dejected and disillusioned idealist and claim that idealism is a lost cause because the ideal is never attained.

However, they have entirely missed the point. Nobody should have any illusions about their ideals and most idealists themselves realize they will never succeed. The complacent individual can look on and smile at the idealist trying to obtain the impossible. Yet the fact remains that the idealist has tried to make the world a better place. Who can say that France was not relatively better for most of the population after the Revolution; the Americans certainly gained from being free from English domination; even present-day Russia is pleasanter for the majority than under the Tsars.

All those complacent and apathetic individuals, who Westminster seems to produce in abundance, should try to instill a few ideals into their own lives. Westminsters should try to reform the school and make the world a better and certainly more interesting place. For idealism achieves a small something while apathy achieves nothing.

Grunwald, Goya, Bosch, Vermeer all produced sensation for, unlike British artists, they were truly inspired and, unlike British artists, they weren't apathetic, unoriginal or insipidly indifferent. Beauty itself is nowadays scorned upon, molested and unalterably defaced, for it is said to be found in tradition which is old-fashioned and out of date. Such a fallacy can only account for the artistic stagnation through which we are going at the moment and for which the Westminster School relationship towards Art offers no hope for a better future to come.



Photo: John Creedy

“..and to you O moneyed people..”

Jon Dowding

Wyatt; Surrey; Spencer; Milton: the classical convention. Monet; Cezanne; Sisley; Van Gogh: Impressionism. But could Van Gogh not as easily be filed under Expressionism? Categorization has become increasingly the jumping-off point for artistic appreciation and criticism. Now, do we perhaps even consider appreciation artistic? For a great many the prevalent approach to looking at painted and sculpted art has grown more and more intellectual. Guided by the strong hands of our press critics we apply comparisons with the show we saw last week; thoughtlessly band about vague psychiatric terms and neatly push what we see before us into some appropriately abstract category.

The critic, however, can only write subjectively. All the same a prominent critic's view is too often also held by any banana in the street. It was claimed that Roy Lichtenstein's 1967 London Exhibition, largely extracted from American

strip-comics, was exposing his (and our) country's plastic existence. In this they were most powerful and effective, yet who could have bought them except those people whom Lichtenstein was attacking, those who could afford to do so?

Point: modern works of art appreciate in value very quickly. Gallery directors seem to demand a vast cut of the loot, and so prices are initially high because they are in the business for the money. Equivocally an artist may also have to demand large sums of money for his sensitivity and ideals. Reichenberg, a contemporary painter, became well known, was accepted and then retired from public life. It is this acceptance by such a sick load of degenerates, perhaps only because their paintings are economic investments that kills an artist's initial force, spontaneity and ideal. By being absorbed into the institution the artist becomes as artificially significant as his patrons.

The institution is such a powerful machine that it can ignore anything it wishes to. Such is Westminster School. Our present-day establishment's college of institutions was consolidated in the nineteenth century by the mass-revival of the public school. But again, on the subject of art, there seems more and more reason to place one's faith in a different approach merely for its own sake. We have seen Andy Warhole ironically

accepted and even Francis Bacon. Perhaps if the romantically idealized escapism that painting and sculpture has lacked for the past thirty years was to return, then society might look itself in the eye. People do think; people want to tell others what they think, and not simply chat to the intellectuals across a carpeted, whitewashed gallery in Bond Street. *You* are not even going to take notice of this article.

A Poem

John Marenbon

*The images enveloped the whole room
Including the boy who sat
Stretching out his bare legs.
The demoniac series
Of impressions
Assaulted the senses of those
Who created them.
So much, that they were all
Merged into one wide stream
Of vivid colour.
Twisting itself round and
Occasionally, biting its own tail.
And, long ago, we were there
Amidst the velvet
In the centre of the sphere,
Looking at the pastel colours
Which were submerged beneath
The vivid ones.
And we looked far away
And we saw grass: More
Green grass growing
On our doorstep
Than in all those fields.
Stretching way beyond our house.
And we were happy.
And then,
The bare-legged boy
Stood up, turned round
And threw God, the Devil and our lives
Away.*



Photo: John Creedy

My eagerness to see “Granny”—the first major play for many moons by a boy still at Westminster—was offset by a fleeting anxiety (which Stephen Poliakoff’s earlier piece did something to encourage) that we might be served up with something which was—where all allowances had been made—derivative, pretentious or merely trivial. In the event my cynical misgivings proved quite out of place: the play was written in the post-Osborne style of the late fifties and sixties but there any debt ended; there was no sign of pretentiousness, the subject matter being a reasonable extension of the author’s own experience. As for triviality one could hardly say that of a play which dealt head-on with the difficulties of human relationships today.

The action of “Granny” is played out in one room, part of a flat where two teenage couples, free-wheeling and talented entertainers, are shacking up after a series of one-night stands in the provinces. Their listless backbiting causes a clash with the more permanent occupant of the flat—the earnest, unquestioning George. Upstairs lives Granny. By a skilful exploitation of this triangular situation Poliakoff provides some first-rate entertainment and asks us as well to evaluate the behaviour—and behind it, the values—of George and the young iconoclasts. By their reaction to Granny’s assumed death (did she ever exist?) each character stands clearly

judged. Apart from this intriguing central situation the sureness of the naturalistic dialogue, the occasional touches of virtuosity (“The Lady Gwen Russel” sketch) the handling of the ironies and double ironies in the almost too complicated last act—all convince me that Poliakoff’s talent is as prodigious as it is precocious.

Thank goodness a cast (and producer) of suitable quality were found to do justice to the piece. The parts available ranged from the stereotype to the most subtly-shaded but all were handled with some measure of success. Huw Thomas played David, whose charm and fluent bloody-mindedness served as a focus for the others, with panache and instinctive dictation of audience response. Jon Dowding as William was an effective contrast with a nice—if sometimes self-destructive—throwaway style. Antony Peattie as George was equally telling in a less eye-catching way. The girls (Nicky Pugh as Clare and particularly Eliza McLelland as Lavinia) were both convincing and even the secondary parts (Peter Barley and Isabella Wallace) were fitted admirably.

Unfortunately the trendy surface, the casual references to sex and drugs and the occasional sick situation may have distracted some from the plays significance. But thankfully my “rave” response stands as representative of the majority.



Photo: Peter Parker

The Producer's lot isn't a happy one

While drama elsewhere in Westminster has (for better or for worse) been undergoing some drastic changes, Gilbert and Sullivan society, like the Latin Play, soldiers on unperturbed. Predictable, unpolished and vastly enjoyable, it makes little difference whether it calls itself "The Pirates of Penzance", "Ruddigore", or "The Mikado".

The society, of course, faces almost insurmountable problems, unpleasant abuse from most of the school, difficulties over rehearsal times and a singular reluctance from most boys to go on stage and sing (except in the chorus). But this year under a new producer, David Brand, after being almost entirely dropped, a production emerged which was considerably better than usual. Two members of the Royal Academy of Music took the tenor and soprano leads and Sheila Stanton, who gave a memorable performance last year as Mad Margaret in "Ruddigore", played Ruth. Westminster, Francis Holland and Queen's College supplied the rest of the cast. Richard Blackford, as the Major-General, gave an energetic performance but worked just a little too hard for the laughs. Alistair Ross made a suitably majestic Pirate King and John Mumford stole the show with

his rendering of the Sergeant of Police, a mixture of a sonorous Jack Warner and Mister Plod.

The chorus sang better than usual, especially the girls, and the sensation of the evening was caused by a bevy from the common room who, despite the inevitable and enthusiastic reception from the audience, made rather an insipid collection of policemen. The orchestra thumped out the old tunes with great vitality and there were no prompts, no wrong entrances and plenty of encores (a record number in fact). The whole production had an infectious enjoyment and received a tremendous response.

The only serious fault was that in the first half the production was very static. The wretched girls were stuck in a single corner of the stage for over 20 minutes. One hopes that in future Mr. Brand will treat Gilbert's ludicrous libretto as more flexible, giving us some choreography and more visual interest which, despite Jon Dowding's excellent sets, was lacking this year. Another thought too—perhaps, though this may be sacrilegious, it's time to give Gilbert and Sullivan a rest. The society has sufficient successes behind it to do something new. How about Lehar or a revival of "Bitter Sweet", which is surely due for another airing.

“Mandragola”

David Drew

A production of Machiavelli’s “Mandragola”, written around 1515, is a rare occurrence. He wrote three plays, all of which are inevitably overshadowed by his great political work “The Prince”, although they possess, especially “Mandragola”, a wit and a vivacity incompatible perhaps with our usual picture of him as a cringing, scheming incarnation of the Devil. Rare, too, is a College House Play and all their repressed dramatic energy certainly burst forth in this exuberant, suitably repulsive performance.

Machiavelli, in depicting the corruption and domestic immorality of Renaissance Florence, shows just how easily stupidity can be capitalized upon by roguery. We are presented with a bold young man, who aided by a parasite and an avaricious friar forces a gullible old man, by dubious and intricate means, to cuckold himself. The friar, Timoteo, played with enormous energy, and a perplexity of facial expression *gesturo*, by Nicholas John, who also directs, is the central, controlling character, a fascinating contemporary burlesque. Jeremy Munroe, as Callimaco the young adventurer, was very lively; looking like Cliff Richard and speaking like Simon Dee, he has probably revolutionized the part. Jeremy Burnette-Rae was appropriately nasty as the parasite and Peter Collenette’s aged lawyer was very true to type. His young wife—played by Caroline Pringle, looked very Renaissance and Jo Earle’s stupidity as Callimaco’s servant was very funny.

The set, designed by Hugo Davenport, and including an active fountain, blended very well, as did the music composed by Colin Prentice. Michael Jarvis singing between scenes opened many mouths.

In all, the evening was a most spirited assertion of College’s dramatic capabilities.



College Garden: Sandy Johnson

“En Attendant Godot” Peter Wilson

Godot is a curious choice; the trouble is that it consists of two non-characters in a non-situation, doing nothing. Add to this that they are doing nothing in French and you get a fair idea of the difficulties involved. The choice was thus not only curious, but courageous. Courage in this case was rewarded, for the audience of sceptics, cynics, hypocrites and philistines decided that the production justified the choice—the acting was responsible for the success; any play in a foreign language must depend, at this level, on “ham” acting to sustain interest and we saw the finest ham actors in Westminster playing on home territory. It was a triumphant success.

Photo: John Cary, James Thompson, Nigel Planer and Peter Barley in Christopher Martin's production of “En Attendant Godot”



Hugh O'Donnell

A Dramatic Reply

John Field

In the last issue of *The Elizabethan*, Peter Barley surveyed the dramatic scene from the viewpoint of one who has played a distinguished part in it in recent years. Looking back on five years in which I have been closely associated with drama at Westminster, I would like to draw some conclusions of my own in replying to some of his comments.

The first problem concerns quantity. In some ways "I am tired of the great harvest I myself desired," but as long as adequate compromises are made with the demands made on boys by the more formal aspects of their Westminster education, I would find it difficult to justify any restriction of drama except that imposed by limitations of space. There seem, fortunately, to be unlimited reserves of audience, who mostly continue to be either entertained or stimulated (to criticism, maybe) by what they see—and sometimes both. A complaint often heard about Westminster boys is that they are culpably apathetic and inert, that they never do anything—at school at least. That small-scale drama offers the opportunity for individuals and groups to show responsibility and initiative, and that there are boys ready to seize this opportunity is a strong argument for allowing drama its head.

Of the physical limitations I mentioned above, shortage of room for rehearsal and performance, and the necessity of operating in close proximity to many other competing activities afflict actors and producers in the same way as they afflict many others at Westminster. But though we do not have a £500,000 theatre, as Eton does, we do have two rooms efficiently equipped for indoor performances, which is two more than many schools have, and any number of convertible spaces, Ashburnham Garden not least. Before the war, the only place where plays were ever presented was College dormitory, and if you can stage a play in a dead language in boys' sleeping quarters and attract a distinguished audience, you can get away with anything. Drama does not need a theatre. As to limitations of acting or producing talent, I am not sure that "talent" is a relevant concept in school drama.



Eliza McLelland and Nicky Pugh in John Field's production of "Granny". Peter Parker

There may be one actor a year with real talent; as for the rest, the very experience of appearing on stage is sufficient to give most people acting competence. The play creates the actor, not the actor the play. As for producing—well, there is no magic required for that, only patience and industry. Nor need there be any restrictions because of cost. An average School Play costs £120, the Busby Play £100, House Plays £25 each; the cost of buying new and replacing old equipment about £75 a year. So the total cost of drama to the School annually is rather less than the fees for one boarding place, or at a guess about 40 times less than the amount spent on port.

My own interest in drama began when I arrived at Westminster, and at the heart of my enthusiasm for it lies a conviction of the valuable contribution drama can make to a full education. The Ministry of Education and L.E.A.'s have recognized this contribution, and in many state secondary schools there are teachers who have received professional training in educational drama, and timetables in which drama is given great prominence. Central supports to the new respectability of drama in schools are the parallel concepts of drama as therapy and drama as enrichment of the personality, qualities which are no less, and may be all the more, necessary because the material enrichment of Westminster families is sufficient to pay for an expensive education. Money gives a misleading impression of invulnerability to other needs, both to those who have it and to those who don't. The most beneficial effects upon the individual from his dramatic experience at Westminster are the finding or recovery of confidence in the self, the gaining of respect and esteem in the community by boys who otherwise lacked them, the enrichment of experience—a kind of psychological altruism to be found in release from the self and its imprisoning consciousness—and the discovery of that special kind of responsibility, or selflessness, inherent in any activity which is a uniting of the efforts and aptitudes of many different people. Up to 50 boys may be involved in a large production, and each, however small his contribution, has something to do which no one else can do, without which the play is incomplete. Another recurring criticism of Westminsters, that they are self-absorbed and selfish to the point of indifference to other

people, and to all courses of action that do not directly concern themselves, is, I think, partially answered by the contribution made each year by about a quarter of the school to stage activity.

The long-established notion that the stage is the nursery of all immorality and vice dies hard, and the current practice of inviting girls to play the heroines' parts seems likely to disturb as many as it reassures. But I hope that few regret the passing of the transvestite new boy, toothily and gawkily trying to simulate feminine smiles and feminine deportment, and that most will welcome young actresses not only for the higher dramatic standards which generally accompany them, but also for the civilizing influence which *some* girls can have upon a masculine community. (I would point out that the mere presence of an actress in a cast is no panacea: some girls propagate savagery rather than civilization.) But on balance I am convinced that drama is a naturally co-educational activity; far more so, in many ways, than classroom learning is. Another popular suspicion of the theatre is that it attracts or fashions people of flighty and unreliable temperaments. At Westminster the most serious evidence we have for the alliance of drama with faulty temperament is a scandalous indifference towards the care of equipment, ranging from wanton vandalism on the last night of a production to a wastage rate of tools and materials which cannot even be dignified by the euphemism of borrowing. However, since the habit of regarding all objects but one's own as common property seems general at Westminster, I feel able to defend drama against any suggestion that it is responsible for specific defects of temperament, and formulate the view implicit in all that has gone before, that the differences between drama in school and the professional theatre are absolute ones.

The actor who has stood shivering in Ashburnham Garden for an hour after the rehearsal notice demanded his presence while a disorganized producer rambles through some other scene may be surprised to find his experience elevated by being named enrichment or selflessness. I can only assure him that that is indeed the case, and to him and his fellow sufferers I respectfully dedicate this article.

Never on a Saturday

A large majority of boys and staff are against Saturday morning school. Many boys are forced to stay at Westminster for just one or two periods and those who live in the country have their week-ends ruined. This is plainly ridiculous. No other major school in London has Saturday morning school and as over a third of all Westminsters are day-boys (and the numbers are increasing) there seems no justification at all for retaining it.

It could be argued that Saturday school is necessary because of matches. However, the small minority involved could have the morning off—they often miss half at the moment. Anyway why should the whole school stay behind for a small minority? Boys would both get more work done and come back less tired on Monday morning after the strains of Friday and Saturday night. It's high time this archaic custom was axed.

Happenings

● Although most people in the school are working for exams there has still been the usual activity. A Grantite is hoping to produce "Eh?" by Henry Livings later on in the term and John Field is producing "As You Like It" in Ashburnham garden.

● The Political and Literary Society has had two meetings this term. Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, Hon. Sec. of The National Viewers and Listeners Association, surprised everyone by her rational and liberal approach. She was never didactic. The Press have obviously been giving a very wrong impression although she failed to appreciate the dangers of imposing her own censorship.

● Professor Wollheim of London University also gave a talk on "Aesthetics and Art." He found it hard to come down to our level but everybody was very impressed.

● Unfortunately Stevie Smith was unable to speak to the Society although she may come next term. Michael Kustow, Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts will also be speaking next term.

● The concert was performed just before Exeat. "The first half was a very brave attempt to produce some presentable music without help from professionals. When supported from the outside in the second half it was very enjoyable."

● Professor M. M. Poston, formerly Professor of Economic History at Cambridge, gave an impressive paper on "Facts and Relevance in Historical Study." His argument on the irrelevance of historical evidence was supported by many amusing illustrations and he was well received when he urged the audience to take part in contemporary affairs.

● Nicholas John is now secretary of Film Society, and writes: Not more than two years ago Film Society was a terse collection of foreign masterpieces shown in the excruciating discomfort of the physics lab. Our membership has now jumped from 100 to 300. In 1962, the policy was to make and to show films. However, our initial debts and hiring costs (£6 to £16) prevented any film *making* at all. So we changed from foreign culture to the British and American commercial. Nothing has been lost and the tripled membership has put the Film Society on a firm financial basis.

We do not prefer any one type of film because tastes vary so much; the aim is to choose the corner-stones of filming. Films of topical interest, such as the "War Game", draw the controversialists and we can afford to be esoteric. On the other hand the 450 possible members

generally prefer the "Gt. St. Trinian's Train Robbery" sort of film. So, next term we will show Hitchcock next to Bergman, and Olivier alongside the Marx Brothers.

● Robert Hooke Society held its first meeting since November on June 2nd, when Dr. N. K. Humphrey spoke on the "Psychology of Perception". The lecture was accompanied by slides and a short film.

● Many boys are complaining about the school uniform. This seems to be a very unnecessary and expensive anachronism.

● Football in Little Dean's yard has been stopped.

Photo: Peter Parker



Samuel Goldberg

Robert Rauschenberg



John Dowling

A Marigold Christmas

Stephen Poliakoff

“Shall we, shan’t we?”

Rachel advanced with the umbrella.

“We shall.” Alison took off her old black plastic mackintosh, and sat on it.

“Better to picnic hopefully than to have lunch,” said Richard and also sat down. Paul tried to think of something equally clever to say, failed and sat down unnoticed. Soon they were all sitting down. Rachel got up to fetch the umbrella which had blown away.

“Why did you bring it?”

“So it wouldn’t rain.”

“Take an umbrella and it won’t rain,” explained Paul, “bring a bath plug . . .” he was unable to complete it. Rachel lost interest. Alison offered him a cheese and onion sandwich. There were no crisps. Len had brought a cabbage.

Kew Gardens fell away on both sides. They were on top of a mound. Fluffy, white, hot houses peered out of the heat. People were being pushed in wheel-chairs along the broad paths to meet each other at the crossroads. They stopped occasionally at litter-bins.

The sun blurted out of a grey sky.

“We’re eating!” announced Marcus to a couple of pigeons who were making love. Len began peeling his cabbage and spread the leaves one by one on the ground.

“Anyone want some nuts?” Rachel asked.

Richard grabbed them—but missed.

“Stand on your head for them.” Richard did so. Rachel hit him with the umbrella. Richard fell over. Rachel hit him again. Richard won though—he refused the nuts. They’d been together three weeks, they gave each other another five.

Marcus tried to do something less corny than the one about the pigeons. He got up, selected the right funny voice, began in American but soon slipped into German.

“Who do you think I saw at a party?”

He was opening the beer—there was no bottle-opener. The others shifted restlessly. A hose

spattered noisily at the bottom of the mound, and two push-chairs slipped by with shopping baskets in them. Rhodedendrons clustered in the background. Nobody wanted to listen.

“Or rather *what* do you think I saw?”

“What?” asked Rachel, pulling a cigarette out of Richard’s pocket. Richard was eating some paté off one of Len’s lettuce leaves.

“A nun” said Marcus triumphantly in north country. He was sweating hard in the heat, being fat. Paul felt sorry for him for a moment.

He stretched out a plastic mug “Really?”

“Or rather a small one, you know, a young one . . . a . . .” He clutched for a funny phrase. “A Ninnet!” He stopped, and making some excuse slipped away to a litter-bin. The beer was passed round. Rachel impersonated Clement Freud. Paul began to say something clever about Scotch eggs in a dry voice that could have meant to have been funny or serious and was therefore a success because it was ambiguous. But he stopped—everybody was too drowsy to be clever. He noticed that Alison had spots all up her arm. He’d got off with her once, when he was small. He wondered if they were mosquito bites. They’d better be. He felt cheated anyway.

Marcus came back from the litter-bin and smiled cheerily. Everybody smiled back. Nobody liked him, they’d forgotten why he’d been asked. It didn’t matter. The bank was filled with marigolds. Rachel picked all their heads off and floated them in her beer.

“I wish it was Christmas,” she said—and meant it. Christmas in the marigolds. They agreed it would be nice if it was Christmas. They mimed crackers, paper hats, tangerines and the Queen’s speech. But it was too hot.

“I want to write a fairy-story?” said Rachel, “I do.” Some of them moved to a new patch with more marigolds. Jane, who’d said nothing the whole time, got off with Marcus. But nobody else had the energy. A wasp drifted over them. Rachel picked up the umbrella. She opened it.



Photo: Kew Gardens. Hugh O'Donnell

She giggled and rolled over towards Dick. The umbrella tore her eye and her face was covered with blood.

Paul looked at Alison. He saw those spots, he didn't mind. He would walk home with her. Rachel buried her face in the hot grass. Alison had gone white. The others clustered round. "Rachel . . ." They were not quite sure. Dick even smiled. Rachel got up, she was hiding her eye and shrieking with pain.

"Let go," screamed Alison, "let go."

Nobody knew what she meant. Paul was horrified at himself. Somebody pushed a handkerchief into her face. Marcus and Jane stood about not knowing what to do. They felt stupid—and were.

"Get her to the gate," said Dick, refusing to raise his voice, but he was very white. They moved towards the gates in twos and threes. Marcus and Jane began to tidy up the food. It was the least they could do. The food looked squashed and smelt. Alison ran ahead to get an ambulance or something. They didn't quite hear. Rachel fainted near the gates. Paul fumbled for his handkerchief. People peered at them and thought it was a film.

The gatekeepers rushed round and Dick disappeared. Alison came back and insisted on

taking one of the picnic baskets—she said nothing though.

"Such a pity," said Marcus. Alison smiled and suddenly liked him. Paul stared at his stupid face. He tried to say something but his voice didn't sound right.

"Was it the eye?" He didn't know what to say—nothing fitted.

Rachel's mother arrived before the ambulance. They pushed Rachel onto the back seat. Her mother was small and fat and in trousers. Probably very nice but rather terrifying.

"It's nothing," she said and banged the car door.

It began to rain but big blue patches appeared in the sky. It seemed stormy. The gardens in the grey light looked tired and useless. Flowers still flashed from the beds but the people had gone. They moved towards the station, absurdly hideous among the avenue of plane trees. They didn't know what to say, so they said nothing. Rachel went past in the car.

For a time nothing happened. Then in one moment it seemed all right. Len began to sing. Big hot drops fell from the sky. They clung together for shelter. Voices didn't matter any more. They moved further towards the station.

Suddenly life seemed very wonderful.

Cricket

Of last year's 1st XI, we still have eight players who give the team experience sometimes missing in the past. The season began well, one or two dropped catches prevented us from beating Lancing, despite scoring 200 runs, 71 from P. S. Wilson. The school went down to Bradfield, though a fine innings from Wright almost saved the day. We recovered to draw well against Westminster City and very nearly beat a strong Sherbourne side. A fine start by S. S. Surridge and R. C. Wright against Tonbridge and a brilliant 50 from P. D. V. Mieville gave us a good chance of winning, but the opposing spinner took the last Westminster wickets quickly. The team has been ably led by S. S. Surridge showing great ability with the bat and behind the stumps. Wilson and in particular Mieville (who has been awarded his pinks) have shown fine form.

Under H. S. Ruttle a weak 2nd XI has had two fine wins against Aldenham and Ardingly.

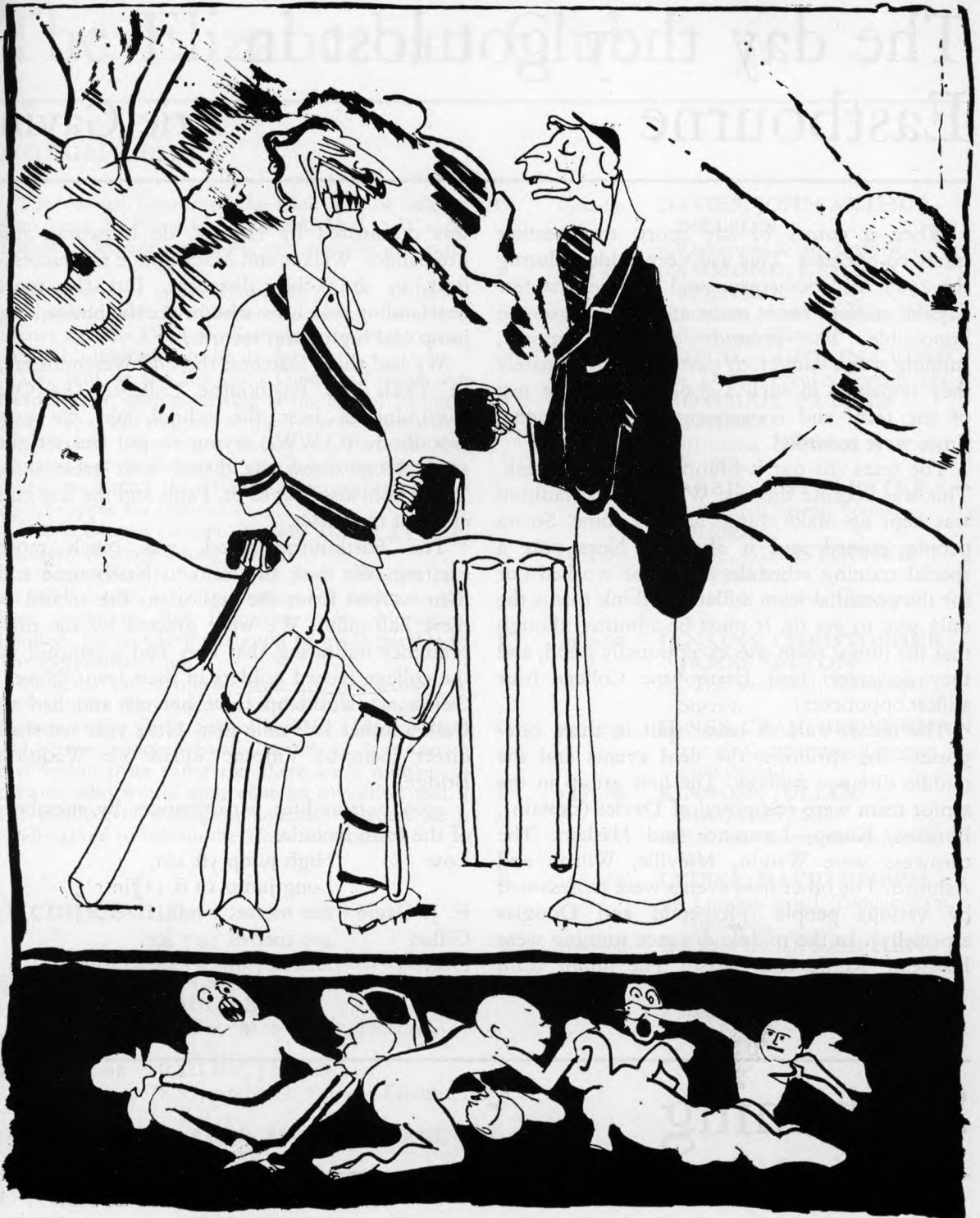
D. Drew and C. P. Fitzgerald have both turned in excellent performances though they have not had the support they deserve.

This year's Colts team has been the most successful Westminster side. The team began well, beating Forest by 10 wickets. The loss of players due to illness and visits to Germany, weakened the team, who were unable to win a match until Aldenham. The team, however, remains the only unbeaten side having won three matches and drawn four. I. C. Macwhinnie's return from the 1st XI has greatly strengthened both the bowling and the batting, whilst the captain S. P. Berrill and S. J. Commander have scored some useful runs. J. Durie has gained a lot in pace and C. J. Earle, with slow-medium seam, has become a match winner.

After a poor start to the season the Junior Colts have gained confidence under their new captain R. J. Lascelles, who has shown himself

Vincent Square 1969. Peter Parker





Tim Harrison

to be impressively consistent with the bat. Sanderson and Mackinnon have both given valuable support. Under a new coach, a promising U 14 side has had a mixed season, winning three

and losing two matches. The younger Macwhinnie and Barley are a dangerous opening pair. Cricket at Westminster has not looked so promising for many years.

AGENDA

1. Apologies for Absence.
2. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 15th, 1968.
3. To receive the General Committee's Report.
4. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1969.
5. Election of Officers.*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:

Chairman: F. N. Hornsby
Hon. Treasurer: C. M. O'Brien
Hon. Secretary: R. Plummer

6. Election of General Committee.*
Under Rule 13, D. M. M. Carey, W. J. Gerrish and F. E. Pagan are ineligible for re-election.
The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:

†1947-52 N. B. R. C. Peroni
†1940-45 R. A. Denniston
†1956-61 M. D. Brough
†1955-61 D. A. Roy
† M. J. W. Rogers
†1948-52 P. J. Morley-Jacob
†1926-31 F. B. Hooper
†1955-60 N. Bevan
†1958-63 R. G. H. Hinton
1923-28 Dr. P. C. F. Wingate
1927-31 R. W. P. Hare
1938-43 F. A. G. Rider

7. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
8. Any other Business.

* The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, R. Plummer, 55/61 Moorgate, London, E.C.2, so as to reach him not later than October 14th, 1969.

† Members of 1968-69 General Committee eligible for re-election.

105 A.R.

To be presented to the Annual General Meeting on October 21st, 1969.

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Fifth Annual Report.

The Committee records with deep regret the deaths of the following members of the Club: R. W. Airy, R. S. Barnes, E. O. Bartlett, Sir W. R. Birchall, J. S. Brown, N. P. V. Brown, N. M. Bruce, C. E. L. Bruges, R. K. Christopherson, C. H. Clare, J. P. B. Clark, L. J. Connor, G. A. Derenburg, C. T. Firth-Osman, E. N. Hansen, W. E. Heard, J. Lowden, R. S. E. MacFarlane, Dr. D. M. MacManus, N. Montefiore, W. S. D. Munro, R. C. Oldfield, R. E. Owen, H. S. Palmer, S. H. Platt, Brigadier C. E. G. Shearman, A. Sherriff.

Capt. K. M. Symonds, G. E. Tunnicliffe, T. M. Tyrrell, R. A. E. Voysey, O. H. Walters, Lt.-Col. E. G. Wheeler, J. M. S. Whittow and M. F. Young.

Eighty-five new members were elected to the Club during the year ended March 31st, 1969.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Club held on October 15th, 1968, Mr. N. P. Andrews was elected President of the Club in succession to Col. Stuart Horner and G. U. Salvi, C. M. O'Brien and R. Plummer were re-elected Chairman, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. F. B. Hooper, N. Bevan and R. G. H. Hinton were elected new members of the General Committee.

At the meeting the General Committee's proposal to wind-up the Entertainments Sub-Committee was agreed and at a Special General Meeting held following the Annual General Meeting the proposed alterations to the Rules were approved. The General Committee places on record its warm appreciation of K. C. Keymer's services as a member of the Entertainments Committee since 1924 and as its Hon. Treasurer for many years.

The Westminster Ball was held with great success at the Hurlingham Club on June 14th, 1968 and was attended by nearly 500 Old Westminsters and their guests.

The Annual Dinner of the Club, through the courtesy of M. Tenison, was held at the Army and Navy Club on October 15th, 1968 and was attended by over 100 members and guests. The retiring President, Col. Stuart Horner, presided and the guests included the Head Master, the Dean of Westminster and Assistant Masters.

The Games Committee reports another successful year of activity. At the Annual General Meeting, J. A. Lauder was elected Hon. Treasurer in succession to N. P. Andrews, and P. G. Whipp and F. A. G. Rider were re-elected Hon. Secretary and Assistant Hon. Secretary respectively.

Football

The Club has again enjoyed a successful season and entered both Senior and Junior Divisions of the Arthurian League. The 1st XI finished 11th and the "A" XI 3rd in their respective Divisions. During the season the 1st XI played 23 matches, winning 11, drawing 2 and losing 10 and the "A" XI played 14 matches, winning 8, drawing 2 and losing 4.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup the Club played the Old Cholmelians in the first round at Vincent Square and won 2-0. The second round against the Old Chigwellians was again played at Vincent Square and the result of this match was a win for the Club 2-1.

In the semi-final the Club lost to the Old Bradfieldians 2-1. This was the first time the Club had reached the semi-final since 1959.

Cricket

The first part of the season was once again affected by rain but the Cricket week produced some excellent cricket, in the course of which 9 matches were played and 7 were won and 2 were drawn.

Golf

The Golfing Society again held three meetings, the Spring meeting at Wilderness, near Sevenoaks, the Summer meeting at Rye and the Autumn meeting at New Zealand. The usual matches were played against other Societies. Victories were recorded against Cheltenham and Repton, while losses were incurred against Uppingham and Radley.

In the Bernard Darwin Trophy the Society lost in the first round to Repton and failed to qualify for the final knockout competition in the Grafton Morrish Trophy, which was entered for the first time. The Society played in the Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition, but failed to reach the final.

In the Halford Hewitt Cup the Society was defeated by Stowe in the first round, but went on to win "The Plate" competed for by the sides defeated in the first round of the Cup.

Fives

The Fives Club had an active season with a full fixture list against Schools and Old Boys' Clubs.

Sailing

The Sailing Club again competed in the Bembridge Trophy competition in the Isle of Wight but was defeated in the first round.

Athletics

The Club was one of 12 teams which took part in the Inter-Old Boys' Athletics Match, and came 5th. R. Griggs won the High Jump and J. Goodbody came 3rd in the Shot-Putt. The Club also entered the Old Boys' cross-country race at Roehampton where J. Forest ran 3rd. The annual match against the School took place resulting in a win for the Club.

N. Nops was awarded a "Blue" when he represented Oxford in the University Athletics Match.

Tennis

The Tennis Club again entered for the Henry Leaf Cup in which it was defeated by Harrow. Three other matches were played during the year.

Swimming

The Swimming Club arranged three matches during the year, which were all lost. It also competed in the Old Boys' Relay races.

By Order of the Committee,

RAY PLUMMER, Hon. Secretary.

Games Committee

The Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club will take place at 6 p.m. on Monday, September 22nd, 1969, at the School, by kind permission of the Head Master.

P. G. Whipp, Hon. Secretary,
22 Boileau Road,
Ealing, W.5.

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Correspondence.
5. Hon. Secretary's Report for the year to May 1st, 1969.
6. Accounts for the year to May 1st, 1969.
7. To receive the names of the Section Hon. Secs.
8. Election of Officers and Members for the year 1969-70. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose any alternative or additional names for election to the Committee should send such names to the Hon. Secretary at least three days before the Meeting supported by the names of the proposer and seconder.)
9. Any other business.

After the General Meeting the new Committee will meet.

Halford Hewitt Cup Deal 1969

After our success in reaching the semi-final last year, Westminster were hoping this year to maintain our enhanced reputation as one of the accepted powers in the competition.

Unfortunately we could not field a side at full strength. Moreover, we found ourselves opposing a young side from Stowe which was certainly stronger than any of the schools, apart from Loretto, which we beat last year.

We drew an 8.30 a.m. start at Deal on a cold and blustery first day. Our luck was out and Stowe's in, and all our pairs were struggling from the outset. Indeed, except for the ever-reliable Slark and Petherick, who halved, we played below form and there were no fluctuations of fortune from hole to hole, offering the excitement which is so much part of the Halford Hewitt Cup. Four of our pairs were three holes or more down at the turn and we succumbed by $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.

The Westminster results were:

T. J. Davies	} Lost 4/3
J. H. T. Barley	

R. R. Davies }
N. B. Peroni } Lost 4/3

W. A. Slark }
Ian Petherick } Halved

R. T. Robinson }
A. C. Hornsby } Lost 5/4

Denis Ryland }
Michael Clayton } Lost 4/2

Halford Hewitt Plate Princes Sandwich 1969

This is now an established competition started in 1963 for teams knocked out in the first round of the Cup.

The winning team receives a splendid engraved silver salver and each member of the side, a pewter engraved ashtray.

We entered a team of six for the qualifying stage on the Friday. Four teams go through on the best aggregate of Stableford scores to play the semi-finals and final on the Saturday by match play.

We duly qualified and beat Dulwich in the semi-final and Kings Canterbury in the final.

The team was:

T. J. Davies
A. C. Hornsby

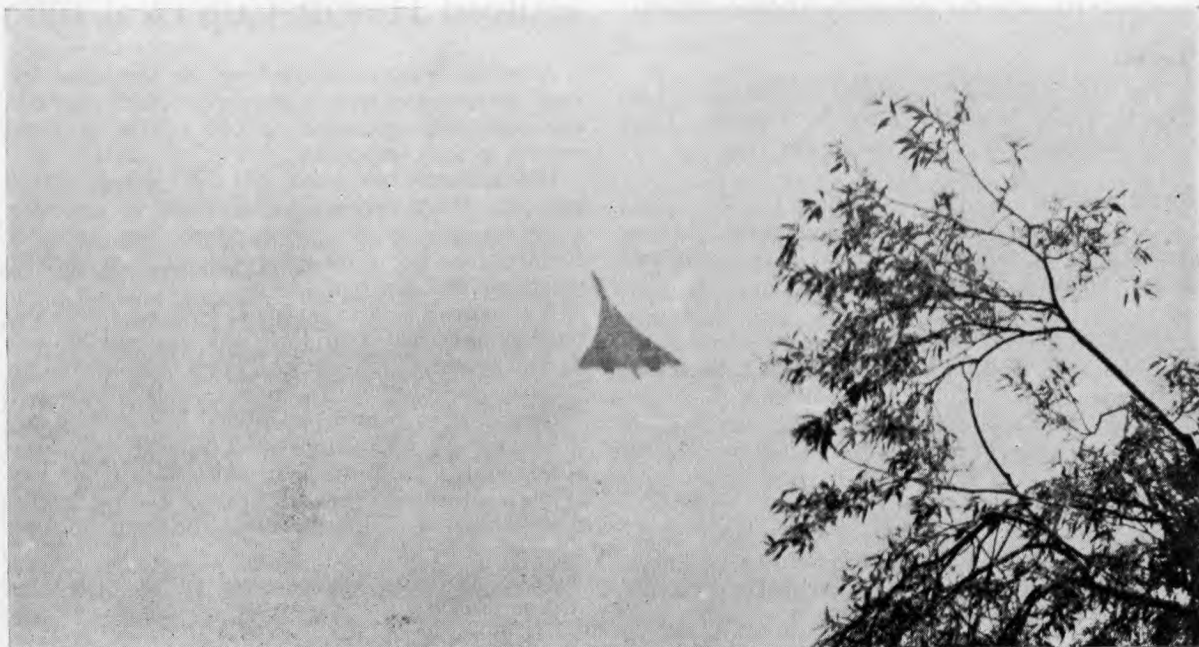
J. H. T. Barley
Michael Clayton

R. T. Robinson
Denis Ryland



▲ Photo: Sandy Johnson

▼ The Concorde. John Creedy



Dinner of O.W. Masters, Past Masters and other officers of City Livery Companies

This dinner was held in Ashburnham House on May 6th when the following O.W.W. were present: Sir Stephen Holmes, R. G. Woodward, G. W. Ilsley, Col. A. J. Page, F. Halliburton Smith, J. M. Terry, L. E. Tanner, R. H. Monier-Williams, M. F. Pearson, G. T. Willoughby-Cashell, V. R. G. Stavridi, F. A. G. Rider, and E. A. Davis.

Apologies for absence were received from: Lord Adrian, Sir Thomas Lund, Col. B. Stuart Horner, Earl of Gainsborough, J. Peter Winckworth, J. M. Hill, G. E. Young, and S. G. B. Underwood.

There were also present as guests: The Head Master, the President of the Elizabethan Club and the City Remembrancer.

The toast of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs was given by F. Halliburton Smith and Floreat by Sir Stephen Holmes. The chair was taken by M. F. Pearson and it is hoped that a similar dinner will take place again in the not too distant future.

May 6th 1969

1. Sir Stephen Holmes, K.C.M.G., M.C.
C 1909-15 P.M. Leathersellers
2. R. G. Woodward, D.S.C., M.A.
H 1934-39 P.M. Turners
3. G. W. Ilsley
A 1918-22 P.M. Founders
4. Col. A. J. Page, C.B., T.D.
B 1925-30 P.M. Watermen
5. F. Halliburton Smith
R 1915-17 P.M. Carpenters
6. J. M. Terry
A 1923-27 Quarter Saddlers
Warden
7. L. E. Tanner, C.V.O., F.S.A.
G 1900-09 Past Weavers
Clerk
P. Upper
Bailliff
8. R. H. Monier-Williams
H 1904-10 Past Tallow Chandlers
Master and
Clerk
9. M. F. Pearson, M.C.
G 1922-25 Master Drapers
10. G. T. Willoughby-Cashell, M.B., B.Sc., F.R.C.S.
A 1919-24 J. Apothecaries
Warden
11. V. R. G. Stavridi
G 1919-24 Middle Carpenters
Warden
12. F. A. G. Rider
R 1938-43 Upper Tylers & Bricklayers
Warden
Elect

13. E. A. Davies
A 1916-18 P.M. Tobacco Pipe-
Makers and
Tobacco Blenders

ABSENTEES

- Lord Adrian
G 1903-08 Past Goldsmiths
Prime
Warden
- Sir Thomas Lund
A 1919-24 P.M. Solicitors
- Col. B. Stuart Horner
C 1903-08 P.M. Ironmongers
- Earl of Gainsborough
P.M. Gardeners
- J. Peter Winckworth
G 1922-27 P.M. Mercers
- J. M. Hill
A 1916-20 P.M. Broderers
- G. E. Young
H 1923-26 P.M. Brewers
- S. G. B. Underwood
B 1939-41 Clerk Broderers

GUESTS

The Head Master
The City Remembrancer
G. A. Peacock
Norman Andrews
Elizabethan Club

The Elizabethan Club Games Committee Receipts and Payments Account 1968-69

1967-68	Receipts	1968-69	1967-68	Payments	1968-69
£		£	£		£
475	The Elizabethan Club	475		<i>Section Grants 1968-69</i>	
	Grant Overprovided 1967-68 ...		180	Cricket	180
	Fencing Section	10	150	Football	150
5	Shooting Section—1967-68		60	Golf... ..	60
	Balance, being Excess of Payments over		20	Fives	20
19	Receipts	4	20	Boat Club	20
			20	Sailing	20
			20	Athletics	20
			—	Real Tennis	10
			10	(Swimming)	—
			10	(Fencing)	—
			490		480
				Real Tennis:	
				Grant paid in arrears 1967-68	5
			7	PASDA	3
			2	Postages, etc.	1
<u>£499</u>		<u>£489</u>	<u>£499</u>		<u>£489</u>
	Balance from last Account:	£			
	Wilfred Atwood Donation	213			
	The Elizabethan Club Games				
	Committee	—			
			213		
	Deduct: Excess of Payments over				
	Receipts		4		
	Balance at Bank		<u>£209</u>		

J. A. LAUDER, *Hon. Treasurer*

P. WHIPP, *Hon. Secretary*

Examined and found correct.

H. K. S. CLARK

Chartered Accountant

Elizabethan Club Entertainments Fund Income and Expenditure Account for the Period January 1st, 1968 to Closure November 30th, 1968, The Westminster Ball—June 14th, 1968

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Hurlingham Club	885	4	4	Ticket Sales	1,237	10	0
Low Stone and Castrol Steel Bands	172	5	0	Donations	111	6	0
Stationery, Printing, Postages etc.	168	16	4				
Profit on Ball carried down	122	10	4				
	<u>£1,348</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>0</u>		<u>£1,348</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>0</u>
Corporation Tax	3	14	3	Interest on Deposit Account... ..	8	14	8
Donation—Westminster House Boys' Club	10	10	0	Unused cheques returned	1	8	
Excess of Income over Expenditure	117	2	5	Profit on Ball	122	10	4
	<u>£131</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>8</u>		<u>£131</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>8</u>

Balance Sheet, November 30th, 1968

GENERAL FUND				Closing Balance at Bankers			
Balance January 1st, 1968	197	14	8	transferred to Elizabethan Club	325	11	10
Add: Excess of Income over Expenditure for the period... ..	117	2	5				
SUNDRY CREDITOR							
Tax 1966 and 1967	7	0	6				
Tax 1968	3	14	3				
	<u>10</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>9</u>				
	<u>£325</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>10</u>		<u>£325</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>10</u>

K. C. KEYMER
Hon Treasurer

Report of the Honorary Auditor to the Members of The Elizabethan Club

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account and have obtained all the information and explanations I have required. In my opinion the Balance Sheet and the Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Fund at November 30th, 1968 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

6 Eldon Street, London, E.C.2. June 4th, 1969

H. KENNETH S. CLARK, F.C.A. *Hon. Auditor*

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