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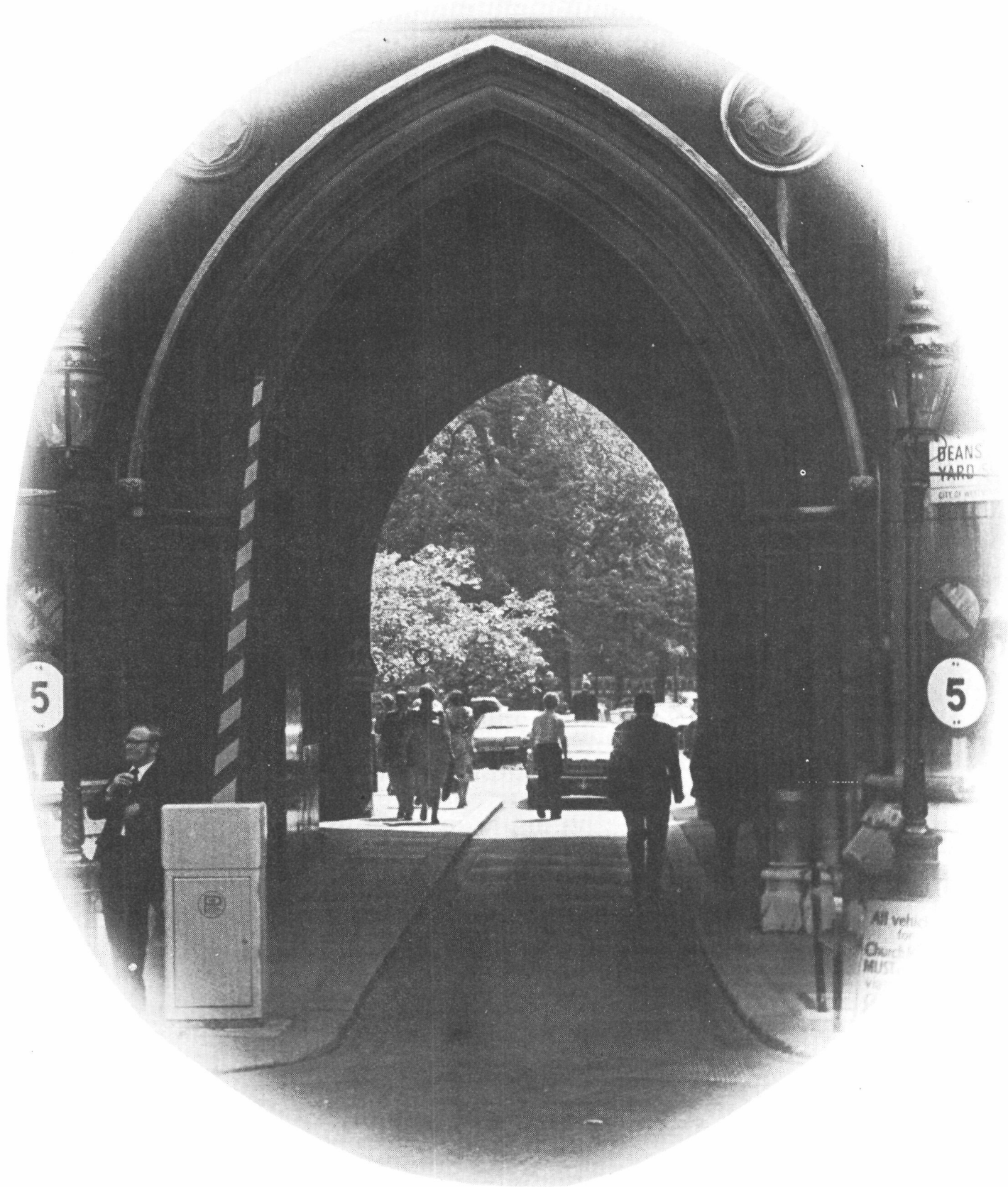
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The Elizabethan

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Editorial

Simon Target, in his article *Whatever happened to renaissance man* in the February 1979 *Elizabethan*, dealt with the problem of 'the trend of narrowing fields' in the academic side of a school. But clearly a 'well-rounded education' (which he claims schools are failing to offer) is composed not only of academic instruction but also of guidance towards a mature social consciousness. In fact the latter side of a school's function is nearly always the one which differentiates one institution most from another. The intellectual limitations, for example, are less apparent than the social introversion that a school might be furtively advocating, simply because the atmosphere of a school is more noticeable than the advantages or detriments of its academic system.

A school is always in danger of being introspective, examining itself to the point of being egotistical, by scrutinising each aspect that creates its singularity in order to preserve its lustre. Ultimately shying away from positive development. By this, I do not mean that a school should always be ready to change its policies, to adopt a new political stance for fear that it might appear outdated. However by concentrating solely on the administrative side of affairs to maintain smooth running, the school is limiting its social outlook and thus relying on the intellectual curriculum to provide the 'well-rounded education'.

Some schools prefer to enforce strict rules, ensure that clothing and language are suitably proper; others (often the 'fashionable country boarding schools') encourage their students to make what they want of their education by giving them total freedom

of movement and decision. The latter policy is risky, students generally need a guideline which they can follow, they welcome a norm from which they can deviate. In this type of school the student needs to plan ahead, decide in advance what he or she wants and is prepared to look for in the school. However the ability to create one's own path, alone, is often a product of secondary school or university education, and so some students are intimidated by the wide expanse of opportunities at a progressive school. On the other hand the school which prefers to run its students' lives is in danger of denying them the social consciousness that its students wish or ought to have. Unlike having total freedom where the student can switch from one extreme of behaviour to another, the student in an 'authoritarian' school can either submit to his or her government or rebel and be quashed.

A school, therefore, should not continually check that the behaviour and appearance of its students are compatible with the institution. Instead it should try to expand, however cautiously, by creating more opportunities and granting its students the freedom to decide to what extent they wish to make use of their 'privileges'. In this way, the students would be able to choose their own lifestyle within the flexible limits dictated by the school. The points I have raised are certainly obvious ones, as is the problem itself, but it is perhaps a temptation for a school to overlook them and to disregard the demands of its students while forming its own personality.

Derek Freedman



Questionnaire

1. Should the policy of the school be decided by democratic vote or referendum of the students, parents and masters?

	Percentages		
	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	40	44	16
1979	47	34	19

Comments: some argued that the students should have more say, while others condemned them as 'too irresponsible'. Parents were accused of being 'too detached' and one person said that the three parties would never reach a decision together. No one, however, was in favour of ridding masters of their power. One person described the E.C.A. as 'a joke' and several felt that its presence contributed nothing to the school.

2. Should a common room for smoking, on specified conditions, be introduced?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	48	43	9
1979	43	55	2

Comments: People argued that it should not be an offence to smoke outside the school, and that the presence of a room

for smoking would only encourage younger members of school. Several answered 'definitely not' and one person said 'I would feel safer'.

3. Should the school place any restriction on the length of hair?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	29	65	6
1979	35	62	3

Comments: One person answered 'Yes, if hair is a cause of scruffiness,' and another 'No, so that I may follow any new fashion'.

4. Do you think that the school aims at more than university places and exam grades?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	91	3	6
1979	61	30	9

Comments: One person replied that 'personal views in the Common Room vary enormously' and others were more emphatic when they said, 'the school definitely concentrates on academic success'. Another answer was, 'the current trend is not to; but even so a lot goes on compared to other schools', and 'there is not enough support given to

pupils doing their own thing'.

5. Should the school abolish Academic Options?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	53	30	17
1979	23	72	5

Comments: Some people wanted a wider range of options, such as pottery, cooking and history. Several suggested that they should be optional.

6. Should the school abolish compulsory Abbey?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	52	46	2
1979	45	53	2

Comments: People felt that there ought to be one or two obligatory Abbeys a week, in which announcements are made. One person said, 'Abbey is the only time in the day when the whole School is together.'

7. Should the school abolish compulsory Station?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	32	67	1
1979	23	75	2

Comments: There was a strong feeling that, in the light of the abolition of Wednesday afternoon activities, there should be one day a week for Station, and one for Guilds. Some said optional Station would 'encourage apathy' and others argued that it should be optional for the Remove. Another popular reply was that, without compulsory Station, the school would never produce a satisfactory first-team in any sport. One person, presumably an oarsman, answered, 'no, but you should be allowed to get out of Water'.

8. Should Guilds be abolished?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	17	68	15
1979	5	87	8

Comments: 'Outrageous', 'definitely not', 'they are the best part of the week'. Some felt that they would not mind Guilds going, if Saturday school was abolished. A number pointed out that while many are excellent, others are a waste of time.

9. Should the school abolish uniform?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	50	44	6
1979	39	59	2

Comments: One said 'yes, or else the girls should be made to wear a uniform', one answered that there should simply be a wider range of permissible clothing, and another that the school should not restrict 'shag' clothing.

10. Should the school abolish Saturday morning school?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	63	31	6
1979	67	32	1

Comments: The main suggestion was that Guilds should be moved to Saturday morning, and Saturday lessons to Wednesday afternoon.

11. If yes to 10, would you prefer in its place,
a) a longer term or b) a more concentrated week?

	a)	b)
1975	23	77
1979	38	62

Comments: Saturday school is more unpopular than a longer term because the former 'disrupts the weekend' and 'few other schools are subjected to it, so why us?' One person said of a longer term, 'By one week, it's O.K. by me.'

12. Do you believe in School and House ties as a system of merit?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	39	54	7
1979	53	33	14

Comments: Suggestions were that 'they should be more available to girls', and

'there should not be so many', and that the standard of, for example, 1/2 Pinks, should be relatively equal in all sports and as difficult to gain in one sport as in all the others. One person answered, 'Uh-huh, so long as I win a few.'

13. Is the school too liberal in its general attitude towards discipline?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	14	82	4
1979	6	87	7

14. Is the school too harsh in its general attitude toward discipline?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1979	28	69	3

Comments: Many people believed that the school was too harsh on a few subjects, viz: smoking and drinking, but that otherwise it maintained a reasonable attitude. Some commented that the school 'uses expulsion as a means of getting rid of trouble-makers'.

15. Would you be prepared to undertake more student labour to cut school fees?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	47	32	21
1979	45	44	11

Comments: People were prepared to do this 'depending on the nature of the work and the proportionate savings.' Some complained that there is too much academic work already and thus extra community work is out of the question. One succinctly answered 'Would you?'

16. Should the school provide comprehensive sex education for all?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	38	50	12
1979	53	35	12

Comments: Answers ranged from 'very debatable', 'who would give it?', and 'it would be a laugh,' to 'unnecessary', 'we know it all already' and 'it's a bit late if you're in the Remove and Sixth'.

17. Are you in favour of co-education as a general principle?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	92	8	0
1979	90	6	4

18. Do you think the present boy-girl ratio at Westminster is satisfactory/desirable?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	11	86	3
1979	37	59	4

Comments: Almost all the people who were dissatisfied with the present ratio of girls to boys, answered '50-50, or nothing'. One person replied, 'depends whether you're a boy or girl'.

19. Should College as an elitist institution be abolished?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	42	50	8
1979	23	69	8

Comments: One said, 'Yes, it makes the college students snobbish', another, 'on principle possibly, but it seems to work in practice' and another argued that 'the same argument could be applied to Westminster'. A scholar, presumably, called it 'a stupid suggestion', and finally, one person said, 'no, but make sure the elite get in and not cruds like you,' (Ouch!).

20. Do you think there is a lot of truth in the reputation of Westminster as Arrogant?

	Some	A lot	Don't know
1975	45	35	20
1979	73	23	4

21. Cynical?

	Some	A lot	Don't know
1975	55	35	10
1979	30	62	8

22. Apathetic?

	Some	A lot	Don't know
1975	51	37	12
1979	28	65	7

Comments on 20, 21, 22: one person wrote 'I begin to wonder if any schools aren't.'

23. Would you like to suggest some further adjective more apt in describing Westminster:

Mediocre, archaic, conservative, badly organised, easy going, civilising, complacent, lifeless, self-conscious, realistic, rich, eccentric, conceited, precocious, bourgeois, irresponsible, pseudo-sophisticated, trendy, narrow minded, diverse, boring, produces stereotypes, friendly, snobbish, over-academic, pseudoy, passé, elitist, petty, upper-class, Narcissistic, no staying power, sex-starved, liberal, self-satisfied, pompous, self-assured, diverse, inefficient, pampered, sooper-dooper, great fun, very good, well meaning, slack, xenophobic, multi-racial, nouveau riche, free, silly, pathetic, controversial, out of date, shabby, funny.

24. If you could have voted in the May General Election, for which party would you have voted?

	1975	1979
Conservative	35	27
Liberal	22	23
Labour	14	16
Communist	—	3
National Front	1	3
Ecology	—	6
Dog Lovers	—	3
Anarchists	—	1
Others	2	5
Abstentions	26	13

25. Do you think you would be happier at a different school?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	15	42	43
1979	23	61	16

26. Are you in favour under some circumstances of Abortions?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	67	29	4
1979	73	22	5

27. Euthanasia?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	58	35	7
1979	58	38	4

28. Capital Punishment?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	37	57	6
1979	38	51	11

29. Legalisation of Cannabis?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	53	43	4
1979	54	43	3

30. Is the continued existence of private education desirable?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	66	18	16
1979	77	19	4

Comments: Responses were 'Yes, unless there is a marked change in the standard of comprehensive education', 'In a revised form, I'd approve of state "academies" for the very bright with government scholarships', 'Yes, but only if available to the less wealthy also', 'No—it only worsens the rift in society between the classes' and 'Absolutely, the country is already on its knees.'

31. Would you fight for Britain in a defensive war?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	44	36	20
1979	54	24	22

32. Are you of the opinion that 'a woman's place is in the home?'

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	14	79	7
1979	3	90	7

Comments: one person answered 'When they have kids, yes. Otherwise, no,' another wrote 'as much as a man's place is', and finally one person replied, 'I love Maggie.'

33. Is there a good chance that at some stage in your life you will emigrate from Britain permanently?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1975	45	33	22
1979	23	71	6

34. If you could move Houses, would you?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1979	19	74	7

35. If your answer to 34 was yes, which house would you choose?

Busby's	— 47
Liddell's	— 21
College	— 15
Rigaud's	— 11
Grant's	— 6



Art Exhibition

36. Would you favour the introduction of A School Cafeteria?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1979	78	20	2

37. A School Bar?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1979	70	24	6

38. Vending Machines?

	Yes	No	Don't know
1979	61	34	5

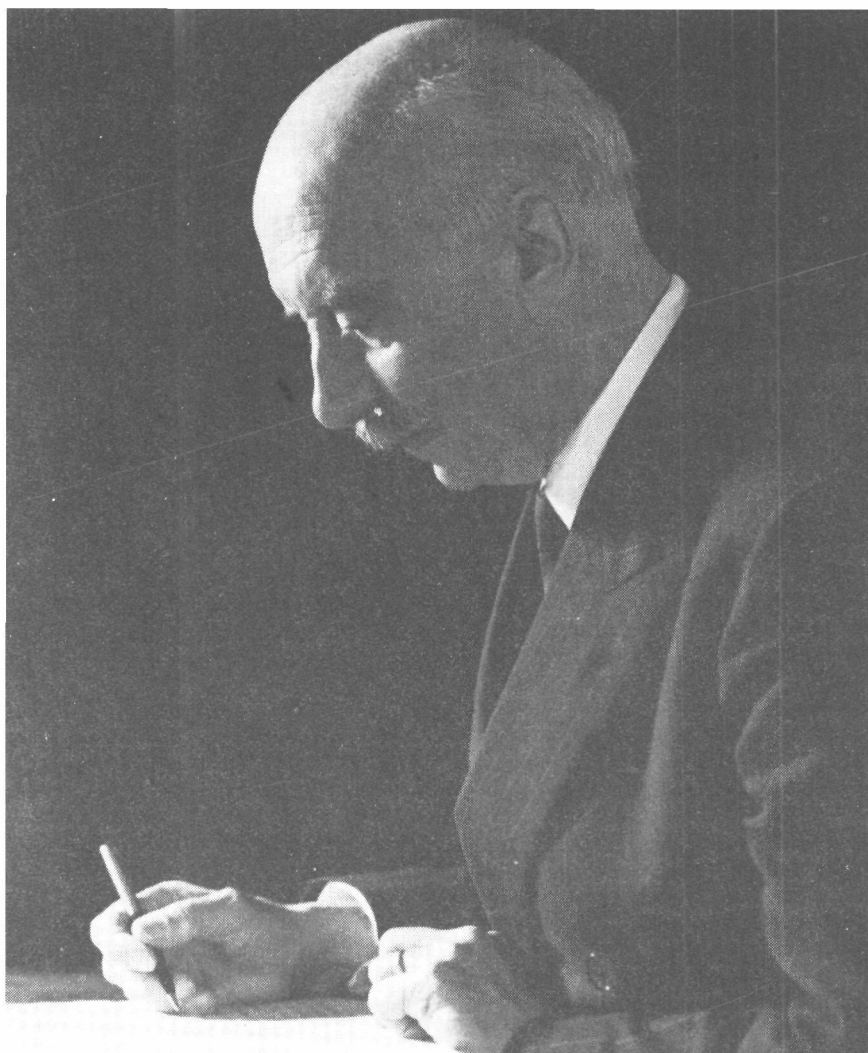
39. What are your suggestions for and criticisms of the *Elizabethan*?

Comments: Pompous and pretentious; no imagination; out-of-date and stale; well, it keeps the plebs nice and happy; too formal; bring back the *Hatchet*; needs more creative writing; falsely intellectual; pseud; concentrates on the School's merits; less O.W. news; bad Editorials; expensive; concentrates on particular events and not on the School as a whole; make it relevant to present Westminster; no comment; too conservative; doesn't represent the School; make it more enterprising; not

frequent enough; written for O.W.'s only; too much influenced by Scholars; too serious; O.K.; the writers write what they think should be written and not what they think; juvenile tendency to be trendy or pompous; very good but more interesting interviews would be welcome; very good at the minute; if possible the Editors should wrangle more articles out of the School, though it's difficult, I know.

We talked to the Head Master about various issues raised in the Questionnaire. Out of the discussion came interesting points regarding School policy, and his opinions will perhaps shed a new light on the ideals behind the way the school is run. The interview will be published in the next edition of the *Elizabethan*.

Sebastian Secker Walker
Derek Freedman



Sir Adrian Boult at 90

Sir Adrian Boult, a Granite from 1901-7, lives in a peaceful part of West Hampstead, to which he has become increasingly confined as age lessens his physical agility. Sir Adrian has however lost none of his mental vigour, and after greeting us in the hall with a friendly smile and a characteristically humble remark: 'It was kind of you to come on such a foul day'—he showed us into a small study, three walls of which were covered with shelves full of books, scores and music, and we talked for two hours with infinite ease.

Q. Did you enjoy life at Westminster?

Sir A. Yes, I think I can say I enjoyed it tremendously and without exceptions. I had one fight down Cloisters but I was hardly bullied at all. There was one incident which was rather cruel, when a large—very large—boy got hold of me one Saturday morning and said, 'You're coming Up Fields this afternoon to see the School beat Charterhouse, aren't you?' I had a ticket for Queen's Hall; actually, it was to be my first hearing of Beethoven's 9th Symphony. 'No, you're coming Up Fields' and Up Fields I went. I should think it was two or

three years before I heard Beethoven's 9th because in those days you did not hear things like that very often.

Q. How much music did you hear while you were at Westminster?

Sir A. Well, you see, I was sent to school in London because of the music. There was no school music then. The only music teacher at Westminster was Ranalow, who used to give piano lessons to anyone who wanted them, and that was absolutely all, except for one concert a year which took place Up School. It usually consisted of a performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, with an orchestra of about eight or nine and a man at the piano; Ranalow conducted—well, he stood there and waved his arms around. And the whole choir, unanimously, sang the tune in octaves: there was no question of singing in parts. Then there were half a dozen solos in the second half, and that was all.

Otherwise, of course, being in London simply meant a season ticket to the Sunday afternoon concerts at Queen's Hall, and the symphony concerts, which were alternative

Saturdays. I always went, throughout the season—except when we were playing Charterhouse!

Q. You received a lot of musical help from home; was it this which encouraged you to become a professional musician?

Sir A. Yes: I think that by the time I was 12 my mother had decided that I would probably be good enough to be a professional musician, so she persuaded my father, who was a Liverpool businessman, to let me go to Westminster so that I could go to concerts in London. By the time I was 16 or 17 I was definitely going to be a musician: I might have been a pianist, I might have been a singer, but I was definitely going to be a musician.

Q. When did you really start conducting?

Sir A. Well, I went straight from Westminster to Oxford in 1908, and there I used to conduct odd concerts for Hugh Allen [then organist at New College and director of the Bach Choir].

Q. Did you do any composing?

Sir A. Not much: I merely did the necessary stuff for the Oxford degree.

Q. What did you do after Oxford?

Sir A. After Oxford I had one whole year at the Leipzig Conservatoire. I learnt an enormous amount there. By this time I had definitely decided to be a conductor, but at Leipzig I studied everything I could get hold of: singing, piano, conducting, score-reading. Max Reger came up to Leipzig once a week to give lectures on analysis. I could never understand the peals of laughter that came out of his room whilst he was lecturing, so I joined his class the following term; of course he was a complete practical joker. Once, Nikisch [then chief conductor at the Leipzig Gewandhaus] was conducting the first performance of a work by Reger. It was known that at rehearsals Nikisch never stopped until he had gone right through the work, and then he would go back and rehearse what was necessary, and it was also known that he never took a score home to study it—he used to say that he had to create his own conception of the work out of the living sound at the rehearsal. So Reger, knowing this, went to the back of the hall at the rehearsal, and when Nikisch was about to start, he said,

'Psst! Nikisch!'

'Yes, my friend?' (Nikisch was very slow and pompous.)

'I think I'd better suggest that you go through the double fugue before going through the whole work.'

There was a pause, after which Nikisch said something like, 'I can't find it; we'll go straight through.'

Of course, there wasn't a double fugue in the work at all, and Reger shouted this out to the great amusement of everyone.

Q. What did you do after Leipzig?

Sir A. I thought I would spend six months in Vienna or Moscow, but I had a weak heart and my father asked me to come home. So I came back and carried on with my Mus.D. In those days you could not do the Mus.D. until five years after the Mus.B. Then of course the war came.

Q. What did you do during the war?

Sir A. Well, all kinds of things. My heart was still bad so I stayed at home and did recruit drill and conducted a few orchestral concerts in Liverpool. A lot of the Liverpool professional musicians were short of money as people had stopped having lessons, and we did some very cheap concerts in the slums of Liverpool and in the dock quarter. After two years the battalion I was helping to drill was sent abroad and I went to London and started translating the German press for a branch of the War Office. A few weeks after I got to London I met Fred Marquis [later Lord Woolton, food Minister in the Second World War], who was doing supply work at the War office and I became his very first personal assistant.

Q. Did you conduct any concerts in London?

Sir A. Towards the end of the war I had my first four concerts in Queen's Hall. They were in January, February and March 1918, and we did things like the second performance of Vaughan Williams' London Symphony, and then, in October 1918, just before the Armistice, we did the first performance of *The Planets*. And that was how I began in London.

Q. Did you stay in London after the war?

Sir A. Yes, I was in London for five or six years giving conducting classes at the Royal College of Music, and then in 1924 I went to conduct the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. I decided I couldn't go on in London giving occasional concerts so I made up my mind to go abroad, to America or Canada, unless I got a job, and the Birmingham post came up just in time.

Q. Did foreign conductors ever come to England in those days?

Sir A. Only after 1904 when the London Symphony Orchestra was founded. Before that there was the Queen's Hall orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood which had a contract to play at the Proms and give Sunday afternoon concerts at Queen's Hall. There was also the Philharmonic which gave about six concerts a year and was a select band of musicians who played mainly for theatre orchestras; but when a more lucrative engagement at Queen's Hall came up they would chuck the theatre and get a deputy to stand in. That was the system in those days: players often got deputies to stand in for them at rehearsals and concerts.

Sir Henry Wood insisted on abolishing this and thereby founded the L.S.O., and they began engaging Richter and Nikisch from abroad and we suddenly became interested in conducting. After that nothing happened in London orchestras until the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra started in 1930.

I joined the B.B.C. as Director of Music on January 1st 1930 and by that time it was pretty well complete. We started giving concerts in October 1930 and I became its chief conductor, as well as Director of Music, in 1931.

Q. Was it about this time you started writing books on conducting?

Sir A. No, that was earlier. When the war finished Sir Hugh Allen succeeded Sir Hubert Parry as Director of the R.C.M. and he asked me to run a conducting class. I started in February 1919 and stayed until I went to Birmingham. My book '*The Point of the Stick*' was published in 1920. I got a lot of my ideas on conducting from Nikisch at Leipzig, especially the idea of moving the stick but not the arm: he taught me and I also learned a lot from watching him.

Q. Did you also get your rehearsal techniques, for example talking as little as possible, from Nikisch?

Sir A. Yes. Nikisch hardly ever talked during rehearsals. He conducted the public rehearsals as if they were concerts but he made all kinds of exaggerations, and I learned that if you do that, the orchestra learn to follow you and you do not have to talk so much.

Q. Did you go abroad much with the B.B.C.?

Sir A. Not a lot. We did one terrific tour of Europe in 1936 and did concerts in Paris, Zurich, Vienna and Budapest. At each we had a show piece, a piece belonging to the country we were in, a well-known favourite and a British piece; I always had a British piece in the programme wherever I was.

Q. Did you enjoy conducting British music most?

Sir A. I enjoy whatever I am doing: I have no favourites. I do not necessarily enjoy British music most, but we were the only British orchestra touring at the time.

Q. Did you ever tour on your own and conduct foreign orchestras?

Sir A. Yes, I did a certain amount of that. I went to Vienna and Prague several times with Elgar's Second Symphony and other things: the foreign orchestras rather enjoyed it.

Q. Did you record with the B.B.C. at all?

Sir A. No. Beecham founded the London Philharmonic Orchestra in 1932 and he did an awful lot of recording with them. He paid them out of his own pocket rather more than they ought to have had; I could not let the B.B.C. record for less than Beecham's orchestra, so we did not do any recording.

Q. When did you leave the B.B.C.?

Sir A. I left in 1950 and started work the next day with the L.P.O., and I did quite a lot of recording with them. They arranged a tour of Russia in 1956 but my doctor said I should not go, and I did not really want to, so I said, 'Bless you children, I am not coming,' or some such words. About three or four weeks before they were due to start, a chap came to the office and asked a lot of questions about the programmes and things. Nobody knew who he was; he said he had come from the Embassy. When he learnt I was not coming he said 'Oh, well, if Boult does not go we might as well cancel the whole trip.' I do not know whether he had the power to cancel it, but I packed up and went, and we had a very enjoyable tour. I resigned as chief conductor in 1957, but I went on working with them—in fact I was recording with them at the beginning of January this year.

Q. You have conducted a lot of concertos: is this because you enjoy the extra responsibility of a soloist?

Sir A. Yes, I enjoy playing with soloists. I have never quarrelled with a soloist: I always like to do it the way they want it—I find it interesting when they want to do it differently.

Q. Do the orchestras you have conducted also feel the extra responsibility of soloists?

Sir A. No, I should say generally speaking, concertos rather bore orchestras. They prefer showpieces for themselves rather than for soloists.

Q. In what ways can you help the soloist to play with the orchestra?

Sir A. Well, I always position myself so that I can see the soloist's hands; this means turning round a bit towards the soloist, so you have to make sure the second violins can see as well.

Q. What are your reasons for sticking to the old-fashioned arrangement of the orchestra, with the second violins on the right where the 'cellos usually are?

Sir A. It was Beecham in 1911 who originally altered the old arrangement because he wanted to do something different. But I find that the balance is all wrong with the modern arrangement. You know, Toscanini, Bruno Walter or Richter would all have walked out if you had put the seconds over on the left.

Q. Finally, what do you think you will be remembered for most, your work with the B.B.C. or your conducting techniques?

Sir A. It's a thing one ought to think about, isn't it? I hope people really will conduct with their sticks and not with their arms: they should direct the music and keep still! As for the B.B.C., they were a superb collection of players before I got near them!

Penny Wright
Justin Brown



Sam Coles in the Music Centre

The Adrian Boulton Music Centre

Little Dean's Yard contains a very wide range of architectural styles, from the mellow brickwork of Ashburnham House—in Pevsner's opinion 'the best example in London of a progressive and stately mid-seventeenth century house'—to the dull neo-Tudor of Pearson's classroom block, and the plain Georgian facades on the south side. Behind the 18th century repro Singleton House a new, distinguished-looking structure has appeared, bearing the legend 'The Adrian Boulton Music Centre'. Sir Adrian, the senior living Grantite, and one of the century's really eminent conductors, has lent his name to a building which fills an important gap in the School's facilities—a music school.

The main problem in the past—and there have been other schemes—has been to find a suitable site; and the present site certainly has its limitations. For a start the view of Hawksmoor's towers from Yard is protected, as is the old brick limb of Liddell's known as the Hillary Wing. Thus any building erected could have one storey only; and the old Pink Room and its outside wall, complete with windows, had to be retained and incorporated in the design of the new building. The ground area is also relatively small, being bounded by Liddell's to the west and Ashburnham House to the east. Within these limitations the school architect, Mr. Mence, has come up with a design which answers the most urgent requirements of the music department with great skill. The main feature is the Concert Room, an elegant room approximately 36 feet long by 22 feet wide at its narrowest part (the outside wall of the Pink Room). The ceiling height is approximately 10 feet, increased in the centre of the room by three barrel-vaulted 'domes' which provide another two feet of height, and add significantly to the spaciousness of the room. The ceiling and walls are treated acoustically, the latter by means of attractive wood panels, while the floor is a pleasant wood parquet. Behind the Concert

Room, the former Pink Room has been retained, and although after refurbishment it is certainly not pink, it is probably no more likely to change its name than Wykeham's far from new college at Oxford. On the Little Dean's Yard side of the Concert Room the space has been used to provide four teaching studios approximately 9 feet by 8 feet, lit from above by double-glazed skylights, together with the plant room for the air-conditioning system. All the rooms look handsome, and visually Mr. Mence has produced an admirable design. Not the least successful part of this is the facade on to Yard, whose brickwork will surely blend happily with Ashburnham House (notice, too, how the cornice of the new building turns into the string course of its neighbour); while the imposing rusticated stone surround to the main entrance

neatly echoes Burlington's gateway across Yard.

So much for the structure itself; but will it fulfil its function? And, for that matter, what is its function? Alone among schools of Westminster's size and importance, we have hitherto lacked a building exclusively devoted to music. Musical activity has been fragmented—School, the Dungeons, the music classroom, the house music rooms have all played a part, but there has been no focal point, no proper home for orchestral rehearsals, house and other informal concerts, no single spot with which the study of the most universal of the arts can be identified. The new building supplies this vital need. We now have a room ideal for rehearsal and chamber concerts (the seating capacity is 120). It is planned to start a series of regular informal concerts in which the younger and less experienced performers will have an opportunity to play alongside the more advanced—a step of fundamental importance for the raising of standards of performance at Westminster. We also hope to bring in professionals at intervals, perhaps on the basis of a subscription series. (The Governing Body's generous purchase of a new Model A Steinway grand has provided an instrument worthy of the finest pianist.) The teaching studios, equipped with new upright pianos as well as plush carpeting, offer for the first time congenial, purpose-built accommodation for lessons and practice, with the tremendous boost for morale that it involves. Good facilities are now available to the school's musicians. It is now up to them to see to it that the exciting prospects which the building offers are indeed realised. The considerable interest shown by the school in the building already, is an encouraging sign that the opportunities will be grasped. With hard work and enthusiasm on the part of all concerned we can ensure that good music becomes part of the personal experience of many Westminsters, and part of the cultural background of all. Of these aspirations the Adrian Boulton Music Centre is the symbol.

Charles Brett

Charles Sewart, Justin Brown and Peter Muir



Pop

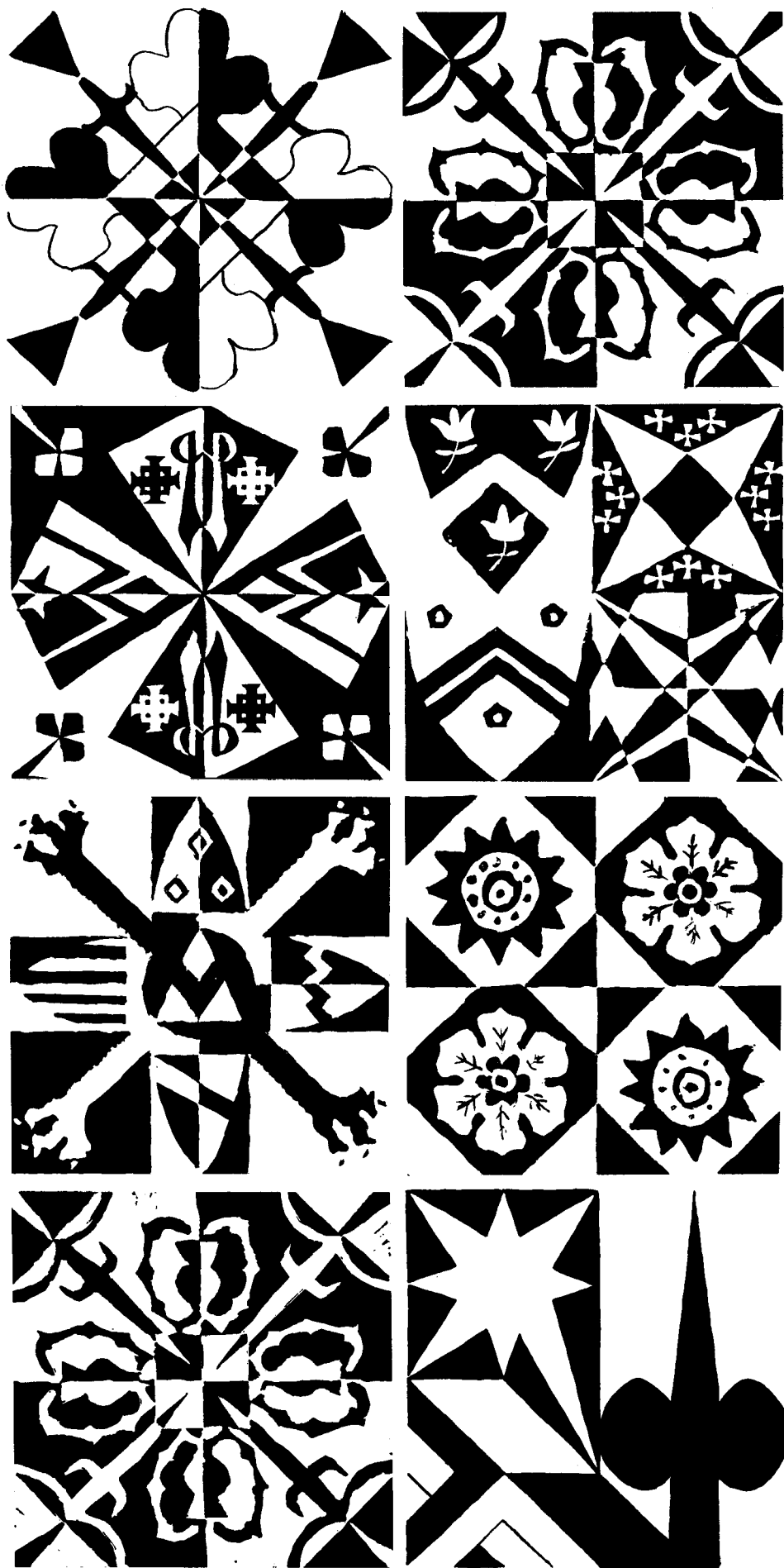
Yet another middle-aged attack on pop culture needs some special justification. Underlying this article is my own disappointment that the exciting new dawn we witnessed in the Liverpool Cavern in 1960 had led not to sunshine but to increasingly murky gloom. The emergent youth culture at the end of the '60's held the high promise of any revolution. Had we then defined our optimism, we might have made many grandiose claims: the new media would allow us to articulate a range of emotional experience hitherto unexpressed; adolescent self-confidence, the product of improved education and affluence, would modify parental orthodoxy; spontaneity would oust repression and the emotional potential of the individual would find wider fulfilment. The early Beatles' music embodied many of these aspirations and the far horizon looked too beckoning to notice the pitfalls; even Brian Epstein's suicide some seven years later failed to alert us.

Nowadays few thoughtful people can be happy with the situation. What then has gone wrong? The biggest disappointment has been the gradual, now almost complete, take-over of popular music by the money machine. The consequent exploitation of the unprotected consumer takes many forms, the most insidious perhaps being that it encourages a precociously sophisticated differentiation between material goods—my TEAC A480 is far better than your Sony TC U2. This subtle conditioning then makes way for the equally phony satisfactions of the adult world—my BMW is better than your Rover 3500; hence technical distinctions about status symbols become more important than the moral decision making about individuals.

Related is the gradual seduction of the adolescent into the world of images; the grotesque projections of the sleeve blurb writers and the escapist nonsense of the music magazines. A little escapism, preferably based on one's own imagination, does no harm but the mawkish fantasies of the manipulators can only deaden individual response. One function of their fantasies is to insulate the teenager in the unreal but standardised cocoon they weave. The cruder forms of popular music effectively separate the individual from real pressures—they encourage and protract the dependent state of childhood.

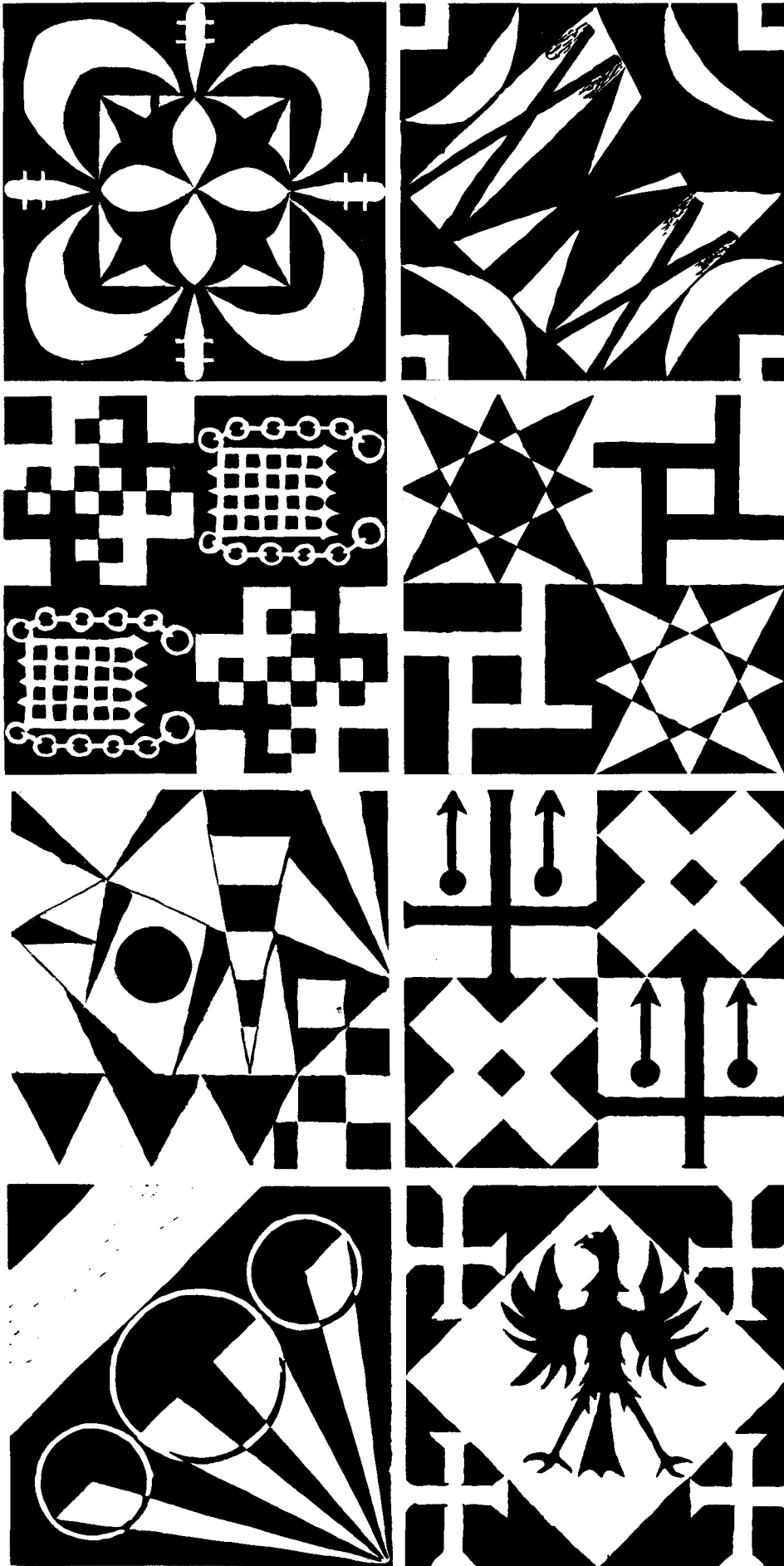
The movement is not and cannot be all bad. Genuine uncommercial music and talented individuals occasionally emerge from the formulaic vulgarities of global muzac. The pop concert can teach the adult something about informality and togetherness and nowadays kids of all classes actually play music. But I long ago abandoned any hope that popular music can effectively communicate the vivid idealism and strong, if confusing, emotion of the teenager. Instead we are forced to witness their premature corruption by money-values, the young person's expressive range grotesquely narrowed, his world reduced, in Steiner's phrase, to 'a set of acoustic surfaces'.

J. A. Cogan



Tiles by Members of the Lower Shell

L'Aubade



The stage demands to have your attention, elegant spot lights stand to left and right assuring you that it would be pointless for your eyes to stray. The cast of five sit in chairs at small tables beneath a giant screen, speaking, sometimes dancing or staying still to music. The atmosphere, built up at the beginning and sustained throughout, is refreshingly sharp and engrossing.

L'Aubade is called a music-theatre piece and as such is like very little else ever seen at Westminster. There is no singing; the talking is either on top of the music, or the words and music are separated. The fact that these two elements which make up the drama are never fully joined, might be thought to lead to a disjointed appearance. However the music seems to reflect and thus emphasize the mood of what has been said before—the accent is on the drama of the work. The music is avant-garde, imaginative, if unusual, and since it makes up half of the work, it adds substantial weight to the dramatic ideas.

The ideas in the drama of the work are undeniably subtle, some people might say obscure. It deals with the 'mental dislocation' (referred to in a note on the programme) of the nameless characters and their need to provoke response and attention from each other. The decay and despair of the characters is shown not so much in what they say as in the manner and type of speech; perhaps this lack of a concrete verbal base puts the audience in too novel a position to be able to relate to the piece immediately. Writer/director Terence Sinclair admits to slightly misjudging the audience's ability to grasp his ideas. What is missed in the first viewing however may well be caught in another.

The general surrealism of the staging is enhanced by the total absence of any white light and the inclusion of three startlingly silent films, stylishly photographed by Adam Blackburn. The care taken was typical of the whole technical side of the production—the music, performance, recording and playback were accurate and Justin Brown's piano playing was superb. Though sadly the music was not live, the reproduction was adequately faithful.

The acting was splendid. Alan Philips and Martin Griffiths added creditable performances to their long lists of Westminster stage accomplishments. Penny Boreham worthily portrayed the most fulfilled character in the play and Imogen Stubbs excelled as a woman at the end of her life. Jason Morell, who has in the past been lumbered with some pretty dud parts, was surprisingly serious and thoroughly convincing—this shows he has no trouble adapting to most roles.

But as author, composer, producer and director Terry Sinclair must take the most credit. The production succeeded through his daring dedication and talent. I hope it is not unduly optimistic of me to predict that this work will pave the way for others to expand the range of Westminster's musical and dramatic experience.

Paul Herrman

Impressions of a Westminster Girl

I came to Westminster from a single sex, North London Grammar school. The reasons I had for coming are probably similar to those of most of the girls at Westminster. It meant an exciting change after being at the same school for five years, and, as a day girl, Westminster offered all the advantages, including high academic standards, of a boys' Public boarding school.

The ratio of boys to girls in an individual sixth form year is about 4:1, and for the whole school (not including teachers) it is 10:1. About 30 girls are admitted into the school each year for the A level course, selected out of a large number of applicants. Up until the sixth form, all the pupils are male.

I have been told, and have noticed, that it is a big event when a year receives its 'real, live' girls. They become the major topic of conversation, and form the nucleus of new social cliques. In a superficial sense, they are easily and immediately absorbed into the community.

The pressure to be a social success in the first few terms is very great. I remember that in my first term, the 'thing to do' was to be seen in Yard talking to as many people as you could for as long as possible (limiting yourself to a few minutes per person). This was frightening, it was exposing yourself completely to the school, of which Yard is the centre. The boys accepted you (though they didn't necessarily *like* you) if an effort was made to talk to them. They would reject you (call you arrogant, condescending) if you didn't make that effort to communicate. Once the social manner was mastered, communication had to be spread thin to maintain the number of friends you had made. This is what I felt happening in my first term, and I think it was passed on to the new girls in the year below.

There are obvious aspects of Westminster that are related to these pressures. The girls are a minority, set apart in a number of ways. The girls are only admitted into the sixth form and above, and they are all day pupils.

They do not have to wear uniform, and their clothing is kept to a standard by the Head Master and Heads of Houses (the motto is: 'attractive, but not provocative . . .').

The school's sports facilities are not designed for girls (except for a modern dancing class) and consequently they are allowed to do social work for half their Station. The girls *are* allowed to join any of the boys sports, but have usually only been trained competitively in hockey and netball, and cannot compete with the boys who have played cricket, football and fives all their school years. Intellectually the girls are set apart. Being more select, it is assumed they are more intelligent. Being female in a male society, they have to work harder than the boys to gain intellectual respect, and as it is assumed the girls work harder, they receive less respect for what they achieve. The teachers (all but three are male) also treat the



girls as a different type of pupil. It is not easy to resist exploiting your 'feminine advantage' with a male teacher, and it is sometimes positively encouraged. I do not mean a bare thigh will get you off your prep., but as most of the teachers are used to male societies they are almost confused by a female pupil.

I am aware that most of these differences can be seen as privileges enjoyed exclusively by the girls. It is true, the girls get a lot of attention paid to them. I feel, however, the more distant the people are who pay this attention, the more unnerving it can be.

The boys of the same age, in the same class, are well known friends with whom differences are quickly seen to be superficial. The masters, and boys in the lower school, however, continue to glance sideways. These are the people who are known by sight, but rarely spoken to. Occasionally bits of gossip emerge: some lower school boy, it seems, has written on his Pink List the vital statistics of every Westminster girl (how did he obtain this information?) plus a mark out of ten. The lower school boy's teasing is most ruthless, and only they have the distance and time to invent cruel nicknames.

I believe that if you cannot understand why and in what way you are being treated

by such an amorphous mass of school boys and masters, it is easy to become excessively paranoid or at least highly self-conscious. There are ways of defending yourself, and with time the situation adjusts itself. Social pressures wear off, as new girls arrive, better friendships are formed, and the school becomes less alien.

The girls at Westminster do, I feel, have some group loyalty, and receive most support from one another. (Strangely though, I've heard new girls say, and I felt similarly when I first arrived, that the girls already at the school were unhelpful to the point of being unfriendly. I think this is because of our vanity, the new girls are a threat to the (sometimes dubious) attention we were used to receiving.)

I regard Westminster life as good training. I do not believe any other section of society could be as distinct as Westminster in its peculiarities, but as most of the girls in this school have decided to pursue careers, or at least to go to university, they will continue to be outnumbered by men, and will have two years experience behind them. I would like to think that we are one of the last generations to experience this.

Emily Tomalin

Computers at Westminster

Until last year, Westminster enjoyed the privilege of a free account on the CRC (Cybernetics Research Centre) computer at Slough. The school only paid for the telephone (needed to relay information between the terminal at this end and the computer itself), for paper, and other such necessities. Since the company made no money from us, we were limited to using it during non-peak hours. Thus, although only a small group of people used the computer, it was almost constantly linked to Slough during the time allowed, and there was not much time over. Computing was made available as a Lower School Activity, but did not receive much advertisement as there were enough enthusiasts already. Some computer studies were taught at the bottom of the school, but these were fairly rudimentary.

About a year ago, CRC changed their policy towards us, and decided to allow us only £1,000 of free usage each month, and to charge us for anything more. This may appear to be a generous arrangement, but in fact meant we had to cut down our usage by about a third. Understandably, we could not afford to overstep this limit, so strict controls were imposed on use of the terminal. The computer room remained locked for much of the time, and special permission had to be sought before use. As a result of these restrictions, most people lost interest, and computing at Westminster almost ceased to exist.

It was soon suggested that the school should buy its own computer, and follow the example of Dulwich College, the only other school that had formerly been on a free CRC account, which had almost immediately

invested in one, when their usage was limited. For some time the idea was considered, and, finally, last term it was put before the governors who gave their consent to go ahead. At present the bureaucratic machine is running relatively smoothly, and installation will probably occur in the summer holidays.

The question bothering most people is 'Can we afford to spend £40,000, and is the expenditure justifiable?' The idea is not just to purchase an expensive toy for a very small percentage of the school. The possibilities are much greater than when we only had the one terminal. The immediate practical applications are as follows. Firstly, the bursar's job can be made much easier by computerizing the accounts, which will provide much more efficiency in this department. A

computer could be used to store all kinds of other information, for the registrar, secretaries etc., much more economically than the present filing system, cutting out a great deal of paper-work. Secondly, with no restriction on time, computer science, a subject which already is of great importance, could be offered as part of the timetable. We hope to discuss in the *Elizabethan* all of these facets in more detail in future editions. If Westminster provides an education as preparation for the outside world, then it must keep pace with the major changes which occur in that world. With the importance of computing growing continually, it is essential that the school re-introduces the study of it, in a much bigger way than before.

Andrew Holmes

Russia

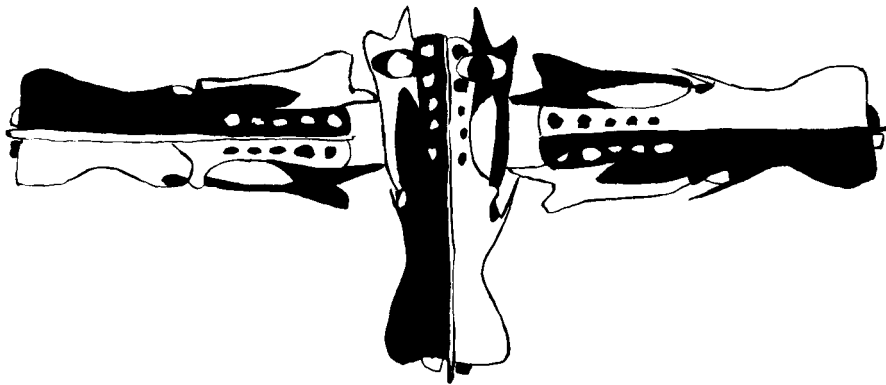
This year the school organised another Easter trip to the U.S.S.R. Unlike the previous year some of the people who went this time, including myself were non-Russian speakers. We just came along to see the country. Our tour took us from Moscow to Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, and from there to Leningrad. We spent about 4 nights in each town. Throughout the 13 days we were always accompanied by our Russian guide, Olga (30ish), whose job it was to organise the trip, take us on sightseeing tours and see to it that we did nothing we were not supposed to. If it had not been for Olga and Anne O'Donnell's competent leadership the trip would only have been half as much fun. Throughout this trip we saw a lot of beautiful sights and interesting buildings, but I do not want to write about them as you can read about those in any tourist guide. I found our close encounters with Russian manners, Russian culture and the Russians themselves far more interesting.

Most of the Russians we saw were quite chubby (the food is very rich) and dressed at the height of Russian fashion, which is at best 20 years out of date. In Kiev, which is in the south, the people looked a bit more Levantine, if that is any way to describe them. While in Leningrad they were more slender and looked more Scandinavian.

None of us, except Robert Lemkin and Brook Horowitz who had been to Russia before, had ever met any Russians. We had our first encounter with the Russians when young children asked us to swap our chewing gum for souvenir badges, or men in long overcoats and sunglasses urged us to swap dollars for roubles—at a very reasonable rate. The former kind of deal is legal while the latter could land you in a prison if you are caught. What some of us did though was to swap our old jeans, plimsolls and cigarettes for parts of Soviet Army uniforms. We slipped through customs in Leningrad with enough Army gear to dress a whole platoon. Anne O'Donnell was not too pleased when she found out later.

Our hotels were comfortable like any other hotel, except the food was often disgusting. We did however have the occasional good meal. Most of the guests were Russians or tourists from other communist countries. Some of them were very sociable and often asked us to have a drink in their hotel rooms or brought some vodka or Russian cognac to ours. They seldom spoke English so we could not really have a fluent conversation.

In Kiev we were invited to a party which is given annually for the Faculty of Geology of the local Institute. This was organised for us by the travel agency. This party took place in a Russian discotheque where they played things like Abba, the Beatles, and Boney M (not Rasputin, of course!). When we walked in, the whole thing seemed very formal. There were three rows of tables with Geologists on one side and us facing them. It looked more like a chess tournament than a party. But eventually the whole thing loosened up and everyone had a good time. It was probably



Córdoba

After a four hour delay at Gatwick airport and a night spent in a coach from Málaga we arrived in Córdoba. It is a small town situated in the heart of Andalucía, the region of orange trees and Montilla Sherry, which captures much of the beauty inherent throughout Spain. The Moors coming north from Africa after the sack of Rome brought to Spain much of their culture and language, Córdoba, being in the south, was one of the first towns to come under Arab influence. We visited the Mezquita, the Mosque, and it becomes very clear just how Arabic is the architecture.

On the following day, when we had all been fed and rested we went to the Casa Internacional where we would be studying and attending lectures about various aspects of Spanish culture. The Casa is an institution for Spanish or foreign students wishing to take courses of varying lengths in German, Spanish, French or English. Lessons were from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and the lectures took place most evenings. The lessons were mostly quite interesting and the lectures, though occasionally rather dry, were informative. One evening we had a pair of Flamenco musicians (and Lloyd Lamble) displaying their colourful and vivacious dances along with stirring gipsy melodies on the guitar. It was interesting how emotionally involved all the Spaniards became and one heard the Director of the school, Señor Eulogio Cremades, say to Mr. Brown 'David, I sometimes forget how beautiful

my country is.'

The school really did have a great deal organized for us. We spent a day in Sevilla where unfortunately it rained. We also visited a nearby Arabic fortress in the 'Sterra', desert, and even a hermitage. On the latter visit the weather made up for Sevilla and we all came back rather sunburnt.

We were very lucky in that we were in Spain during Easter. The Spanish are Catholic and take their religion seriously and emotionally. Easter week, *Semana Santa*, is something very special and each night there were long processions in the streets involving hundreds of people ranging from little schoolchildren to the aged.

The course was really most enjoyable this year. Taking into consideration the fact that we were on holiday it struck a very enjoyable balance between academic work and leisure. All of us from England escaped from the world of busy, commercialised streets packed with department stores to find narrow, steep cobbled lanes between large white-washed houses, reflecting the brilliant sunshine. The night life was very active for such a small town and together with the hot sun and lazy relaxed atmosphere during the day we had a very pleasant holiday. I must add that we all thank Mr. and Mrs. Brown very much for spending at least part of their holiday packing thirty students in and out of coaches and aeroplanes.

Sanjay Nazerali

very interesting for the Russians as none of them had ever met a Westerner. In the end it turned out that we were not that much different from each other.

What I found particularly astonishing was the Russian attitude towards culture. The average Russian reads a great deal more than the average Englishman. First editions are usually sold out within a day of arriving at the bookshops. The Russians are also very fond of going to the opera, the theatre and to the ballet. When we went to the ballet in Kiev to see 'Spartacus' the audience resembled a cross-section through Russian society rather than the upper class audience one might find at Covent Garden. The reason for this is partly the low price of a seat in a theatre: seats cost from 50p to £3.

From Kiev we continued our journey to Leningrad, which in my opinion was the most beautiful of the cities we visited. Leningrad is only about 300 years old and built almost entirely in an architectural style that is similar to that of Paris except that some of the buildings were more momentous. Here some of us had the chance to meet a few Russians not dragooned by the travel agency. So far the only Russians we had met outside the tour schedule had been on the overnight train to Kiev. A drunk Russian passenger tried to sell us his wife for 3 Roubles (£2). Naturally we declined the kind offer.

In Leningrad Robert Lemkin and I took the opportunity to do some sight-seeing on our own. While we were having a 'Morozhenoye' (ice cream) on Leningrad's equivalent of Oxford Street, the Nievsky Prospekt, we were approached by two Russian students who talked to us in fluent English. We had an interesting chat with them while strolling down the Prospekt. They spoke very freely about what they thought of the Soviet Union, its leaders and relations with other countries. We were told jokes about the KGB, the police and army officers, Russian army officer jokes are the equivalent of our Irish jokes. They also expressed their worries about a war with China. Many Russians think that the Chinese may occupy Russia in the near future. Jokes about the political tension between China and Russia are quite popular at the moment. For example: 'Any news from the Finnish-Chinese border yet?' In the evening the students invited us to visit a friend's flat on the outskirts of Leningrad.

The flat was very small and poorly furnished but quite cosy. We arrived there and met their friend and his wife who is studying to be an English teacher. The other two students study Physics and the third is a rocket propulsion engineer, an eminent scientist in his field. We conversed very freely in English, as all of them had good command of the language. We listened to some western pop music out of one of the student's record collection. It cost him £200 and consisted of 7 records. We were also taught how to drink vodka the Russian way. First take a swig of fruit juice and then knock the vodka back in one go. And to diminish the effect of the alcohol take a bit of bread straight after the vodka. Don't mix vodka and don't sip it. We talked about Russia's relationship with the West and the possibility of a war. Our



Linocut by Sebastian Secker Walker

Russian friends hoped that this would not happen and thought that Russia would not gain anything from it if she were the aggressor. Most Russians, they remarked, still had vivid memories of the atrocities that had been committed during the Second World War. 'The government is too afraid of another war to take the offensive', so they think. The government is trying to make people believe that the West is decadent. When I mentioned dissidents their reaction made me realise that I was handling a red hot poker. They seemed a bit embarrassed about it. But on the whole, they reassured us, the Russians like Westerners. We found the Russians very kind and helpful. At the end of this memorable evening we were presented with a bag full of presents. We then hailed a taxi and were driven back to the hotel through the lighted streets of Leningrad. At this time of the night the town was nearly deserted, probably because there is so little night life. Most people stay at home or get drunk, after all there is little else to do. This is why alcoholism is a considerable problem in the U.S.S.R. The taxi ride cost us two packets of chewing gum instead of 3 roubles. Taxis are reasonably priced but quite hard to find. But we were often taken to our destinations by drivers of limousines who happened to be off duty. These limousines are one of the privileges enjoyed by army officers, politburo members and the K.G.B. At the end of a journey a deal involving chewing gum and cigarettes can usually be arranged.

The next day we met again in front of the Dom Knigi, the Foyles of Leningrad. Our friends took us to their university, a beautiful old building that is situated in the city centre. We were taken into a classroom where we were surrounded by about twenty Russian girls who were all reading English to be language teachers. When their teacher, a benign looking old lady with a fixed smile entered the room everyone stood up and greeted her with a cheerful 'goot mornink'. The teacher replied in correct, well articulated English but with a pronounced Russian accent. She then asked Robert and me if

we would like to give the lesson and talk about England. So we taught them some English idioms and had a conversation about England, current affairs, shops, music and politics. The class was eager to find out as much as they could about England and showered us with questions. We felt very pleased with ourselves actually having taught at a Russian University. After an hour we left with Margaret, the student who had taken us there and went to a typical Russian beer bar where tourists do not usually go. No wonder, the beer is horrible. Then we were taken out for a delicious four course lunch at a good restaurant. We returned the favour by buying our friends a litre of rare Russian vodka, which ironically is not available to Russians, because it is only for sale in special duty free tourist shops. That day we also went to see the local zoology museum that had a collection that could easily rival its London counterpart. The most fascinating exhibit was a completely preserved mammoth that had been frozen in the ice of Siberia. Afterwards we were treated to Leningrad's equivalent of tea at Fortnum's, at the ice cream parlour 'Morozhenoye', which is a luxurious relic of the 1920's. The interior is a Russian variation of art nouveau. We had champagne ice cream cocktails and their own special recipe of coffee ice cream. Russian ice cream is probably the richest in the world and for my taste the most delicious. It is made with animal fat. After we left the ice cream parlour we said goodbye to each other and we returned to the hotel.

A week ago I received a May-day greetings card from our newly found friends, asking me to keep in touch. What impressed me most about the little that we saw of Russia were the people. They struck me as kind, hospitable, dignified and sociable. I feel that we had been not nearly as generous towards them as they had been towards us. All this is nearly enough to make one forget that one is in a totalitarian state where crimes against minorities are committed every day and Civil Rights at best disregarded.

Christian Frei

Literary Supplement

Cornelius Whurr

This is an exclusive literary society with six members, all in the Upper School. It is named after a little known English poet who lived from 1782-1853, and to whose heights of genius the writers aspire. The society meets once a fortnight in Rory Stuart's flat, to read creative pieces to one another and discuss and criticise each in turn over a glass of wine. During the year that 'whurring' has been running so far, we have all been conscious of improvements in our styles. Below are some examples of our writings (under obscure pseudonyms):

Loopus Sebastian Secker Walker.

Eronius James Gardom.

Auberon Blaize Christopher Loveless.

Cornelius Cobweb Robert Maslen.

which the highly selective editorial of this magazine have deigned to print. We hope that in future years similar societies will emerge and flourish at Westminster: for though 'institutionalising' creativity might suggest stifling it, our experiences have been to the contrary.



Lee Critchlow

Episode 1.

Introducing our Heroine

Come, gentle reader, meander gently with me down the good old country lane which runs through the little village of Tremayne in North Cornwall. The sun is shining brightly on this spring morning in 1910, lighting up the windows of the little cottages and calling to the busy housewives within 'Come, busy yourselves, 'tis time for spring-cleaning.' As we wander up the village street, the apple-cheeked old labourers smile friendly as they rest on those oak benches from their lifetime of honest toil. See, we are approaching a gateway. The iron gates stand open on their rusty hinges seeming to beckon us inside. Shall we take the invitation? The cool gravel path leading up to the old Elizabethan house famous for its oak-panelling and for the art collection amassed in the Long Gallery by the 4th Baronet along the lime walk planted by Lady Maria Fitzwimbledon in 1672 seems so inviting. Let us take a tiny peek and be gone.

Ah! I am dreaming again, I see, imagining myself back in that good old rural village where I spent so many happy hours. But, reader, do not be deceived by appearances.

This seemingly idyllic spot was once the starting-point for perhaps the most surprising and sinister train of events seen in the last century.

The house, Tremayne Manor, belonged to Sir James Fitzwimbledon, Bart., M.P., B.A., C.B., W.C., R.A.C., a distinguished statesman who had once nearly been in the cabinet and had several times narrowly missed being named in the Birthday Honours. A distant cousin of his would have been in the charge of the Light Brigade if he had not caught influenza a week before the engagement; Sir James himself had averted a diplomatic crisis by persuading the Dowager Duchess of Dunford to give up the compromising letters of the Prince of Ruprecht-Schwarzenburg. In the little leisure which he could snatch from these pursuits, Sir James had married the youngest daughter of the Earl of Marish, Lady Hermione de Fencie, who spent five years campaigning for womens' rights on the racecourse at Ascot before dying of a chill caused by the draught flowing up her petticoats as she stood on a soap-box in Hyde Park. She left behind her one three-year-old child, a daughter, by name Amaryllis. It is she who is to be the Heroine of this Narrative.

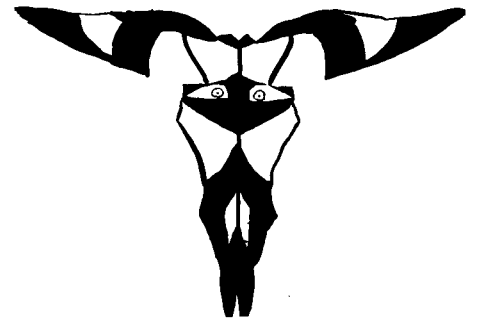
Even as a child, Amaryllis Fitzwimbledon was all that a young lady should be. She was modest, affectionate, pure-hearted, and cheerful. Her cheeks bloomed like roses, her brow shone like ivory, her raven-black hair cascaded down her arched neck in delicately trained curls, her lips, parted slightly to allow her perfumed breath to issue between her pearl-white teeth, were like twin rubies. But the crowning beauties of Amaryllis were her eyes—those deep, blue pools of limpid innocence, looking up at you with that wide trusting gaze like a calf's.

Such was our heroine, the cheering light of her father's declining days. Old Sir James loved his little daughter dearly and there were few things that gave him so much pleasure as to watch his cherub rapt in some childish pastime, threading a miniature daisy-chain on the lawn, for instance, or plaiting the sweetest little ribbon into the hair of her dear doggy, Ruffles with her tiny hands, so delicate and so clever.

It was a sad day for Amaryllis when at the age of fifteen she lost this dearest friend—no, dear reader, not Ruffles, but her aged Papa. The old man died as he had lived—slowly, obscurely and with inane dignity. As the young girl watched the last breath seep from her father's slowly moving lips, she buried her face in her hands and, as the warm tears trickled down these sadly paled cheeks, prayed to our dear Lord that her father would be happy among the angels.

But time is a great healer, and, in a few days, smiles returned to Amaryllis' lips, dimples to her cheeks. She began once more to sing and play at the pianoforte or romp on the lawn with the now rheumatic Ruffles.

It is now time to introduce to our readers, a personage who shall be of the greatest importance in the narrative which is about to unfold. Field-Marshal Cornwallis was a distant cousin of Sir James—he lived, indeed, in Guildford—and, being the only surviving relative of the Baronet, was appointed guardian of the child. He was a short, fat man with seedy moustaches which drooped despite the amount of wax with which he curled them. He dressed well, talked well, ate well, drank well and was in fact, to all appearances, a model of propriety. He was very fond of animals—little furry ones which squealed when you trod on them. He kept large numbers of white mice, rabbits and poodles in cages. He also had a collection of riding-crops, whips, canes, birches, handcuffs, pistols, revolvers, daggers, skewers and mysterious bottles. There was a cat too, but this did not live in a cage. It had green eyes and lived on a cushion in the lap of luxury. Field-Marshal Cornwallis was very talented and used to play the organ



Paul Youlten

very loudly on stormy nights and write gloomy poems by the light of a guttering candle. He had a habit of twirling his moustaches when nervous and wore an opera cloak and white gloves.

He arrived in a post-chaise one morning as Amaryllis was gambolling on the lawn with the decrepid Ruffles. The girl ran up in her usual affectionate way and embraced her guardian.

'Oh, Uncle—I may call you uncle, may not I?' she cried, kissing him lightly on his cheek. 'How glad I am to see you!'

'I am glad to see you too, my dear,' replied the other, smiling and revealing his yellow teeth. 'I hope we shall be very happy together.'

'Indeed, uncle, I hope we shall,' cried Amaryllis affectionately. Ruffles waddled up and slobbered gently on Cornwallis' hand.

'Good dog,' said he, gritting his teeth. 'Have a biscuit, nice doggy.'

Ruffles took the proffered biscuit and slowly absorbed it. There was a pause, and the old dog tottered, fell and died.

'Old age, my dear,' said Cornwallis reassuringly. He made a note on his shirt cuff. *Extracted from the novel by Auberon Blaize*

February Evening

A fog has oozed from the dead earth.
Rain clicks in droplets
On branches leathery as antlers.
In the mulch, sheeps' hoof prints
Cloy, suck, and expire.

—'What are you afraid of, my sweet?
Don't be afraid. You've been out
Alone in the big darkness, that's all.'

The house is lost in the mist.
Venturing shafts of light
Watery eyed in the vapours.
Steaming breath blends and blurs with the
trees.

Soggy sheep's wool dangles mud on the
fences.

The ear prickles to the bleat of ewes
And the black skulled caw of a rook.

You could disappear out here.
Nothing to guide you.
Nature has curled into its own
Vast embrace, denying us.

Loopus

* * * * *

I was in the garden, getting in the washing, when he opened the letter. He may have called for me, but the house is double glazed on H.P. so I didn't hear him. I can't have been out for more than a minute or so—it doesn't take long to bring in two people's washing. I suppose I must have felt something wrong as I came up the steps—when you've been living with someone, it's only the changes you notice. He had in his hand an air mail form with news of his mother's death.

I think for a moment he looked at me with real loathing. There was something frighteningly closed off about his eyes. It made my heart jump. I was actually very frightened. I realise now that his look was frightened as well—disoriented. He held out the blue paper to me. I must have put the washing down and sat on a chair before I read, because I have a dazed recollection of him striding up and down our little dining-room before settling, leaning his forehead against the wall. It was hard to take my eyes off him and read the letter. That was cold enough. It did little to reflect the standing the old lady had had in her family. In a footnote it was said she had expressly asked that I should attend the funeral. It was easy for me—I could cry about an old lady who was kind to her son's friends. The Browne family could never cry. I went into the kitchen and put on a percolator.

The journey to the funeral was odd. We set off the morning after the letter came. We had spoken little to each other in the previous 24 hours but everywhere there had been a sense of quiet desperation. We had come together because we were reticent, and cared more about our work than chasing girls. But somehow I wanted to have some way of showing that I cared. I wanted to be more than just a friend all of a sudden. I knew it and he knew it, but we had no way of expressing it.

In the car it was worse still. We resorted



Print by Matthew Lloyd

to a sort of pathetic considerateness. We offered each other the car sunglasses, cigarettes, chocolate, heater on or off, window open or closed. What I wanted most of all was to put an arm on his shoulder whilst he was driving, just to show him that he was not alone.

It took about three hours to reach the country church where the old lady was baptised and married. We were the last to arrive. He got out and joined his brothers. Three such haggard looking men! They made me realise how much he was bearing. I was used to seeing them all standing upright and confident, but all had shoulders bowed, and though scrupulously turned out, they looked unshaven and broken.

The burial service was quiet and dignified. An admirable piece of work. If I had not known better, I would have said that the brothers took it very well, but I could sense that each one was quietly cracking up.

I drove on the way back whilst he lay limply in the passenger seat. On the way we stopped for a meal at a Little Chef, some-

thing hideously unreal, sausage and chips—or was it just the surroundings and the occasion—there is always a sense in which sorrow makes one more real than ones environment.

We arrived home at about six. He collapsed onto the sofa, I onto a chair, and we talked. We talked about his mother, his childhood, his life, his hopes. Occasionally he got up and walked around slapping his arms as if cold, and then went and rested his forehead against the wall again. As we talked, I began to suspect new hope, buried deep. But then I wanted that so much. At three o'clock I did what I should have done long before. I got up too and held him in my arms, head beside his, like a kiss of peace. I could sense his shivering gradually drain away and he became relaxed in that position. Then we went to our bedrooms.

After an hour's sleep, I packed quietly and slipped away. He forwarded my possessions to the new address, and left himself, a week later.

Eronius



Print by Brook Horowitz

The Sun and Moon

The things that slither round my room
 At dead of night and moan and loom
 The one with hunched and horny back
 The other a potato sack
 That crouches on the chair just where
 My clothes were, not with undue care
 Left hanging; and the one that hangs
 A rattle-jawboned corpse and bangs
 Where soft against the bedroom door
 My dressing-gown had hung before;
 Those crawling, watching ones, and more
 Than I shall see, can see, or saw
 All slither mightily round my room
 Discuss in whispers death, and doom;
 Have smothered up my mother moon.

The moon that was at night, and when
 The curtains parted, glared at Them,
 With eyes of silver so intense
 It struck them into common-sense
 The curtains were so short and thin
 She had no trouble getting in
 And laid about her with a will
 Till all the crawling ills were still,
 Transformed by quiet, peaceful power
 To what they were within the hour;
 My clothes, my dressing-gown, a bower
 Of every day where I would cower
 Quite safe in moonlit arms, and dread

The harmless things around my bed
 No longer; terror underfed.

My parents saw my curtains lined
 With silver-muslin; they were blind
 To all the other things that lay
 And heard the words they had to say
 'The little thing can't get to sleep;
 He doesn't know that he should keep
 The curtains drawn. We'll buy a blind
 And block the light; he doesn't mind . . .'
 They brought a curled-up son of Cain
 All made of cane they said, but plain
 To me it was an iron chain
 That bound together bones and brain
 And every night he smothers light
 And cracks his allies to the fight;
 And I shall be alone tonight.

* * * * *

The Trick

Picture, perhaps, a late evening:
 Philosophers smiling
 And wining-and-dining,
 Discussing
 And fussing;

Their theories piling
 Like Cloud Castles rising:
 Surmising
 The nature of Feeling.

One, begging
 A hearing –
 Or viewing –
 Sits, drawing
 A candle towards him. Then standing,
 (Divining
 The time right for showing
 His mute theorizing,)
 He sets them all staring;
 Declaring
 He's crazy: he's holding
 His raw, red ring-finger, unflinching,
 In the candle-flame flowing
 And dancing and glowing.

Disbelieving,
 They all now are crowding
 Round, wonderingly asking
 What trick he is using.

Their chatter is faltering
 And drying and dying,
 As they hear him replying:

"Your logic is blinding;
 The trick is not minding."

Sebastian Anstruther

Final Warning

'Final Warning' is the vision of the rise and fall of the empire of the tragic isle, as recorded by the watching prophet, an apathetic figure, who records events, but makes no attempt to change them.

Given here is a slightly adapted version. The beautiful people are reincarnated from the collapse of a previous empire.

The sexual landscape is symbolic of their second chance being granted by the union of natural forces. By quarrying the landscape it ages to the form of a grotesque old woman. Sexual symbolism cannot re-occur until the fall of the empire.

The empire is seen as a disease covering the healthy planet. The hermit, and later his disciples, are strongholds of wisdom in a dark age. In the end the king is reincarnated, and the cycle begins again elsewhere.

Very grateful thanks to Robert Lemkin and Christian Frei for constructive criticism of the first draft before it was lost in Kiev and to Sebastian Secker Walker for advice for this draft.

* * * * *

... The Prophet watched from his window, a candle entered a cave between two long mounds, the candle rushed up until it was there, in the valley between the mounds. It rested there, surrounded by a fountain of crystal water.

A mountain grew above the cave forced by the pressure of the fertile planet.

The Prophet lifted his gaze, the sky was filled with flying beasts from the ark on the mountain's shoulders. The creatures flew together to the fountain then crawled away, exhausted. A stream full of fish was creeping towards them through the fountain, and some beautiful people pushed their way out of the cave, forcing it wide.

It began to rain, and sleep fell on the Tragic Isle.

In their sleep, the people questioned their experience, some said it was heaven, but one voice cried in the wilderness, he escaped Babylon but the others received him not; he was the Prophet, an early time in eternity.

He shouted that the spirit was incarnate and meditated over the fountain.

The people aged and strayed from their beauty. The incarnate spirit enveloped the candle and became one with it. There was commotion in the watching crowd, a man was killed, a lotus eater gave birth far away on the young planet.

Incarnate evil appeared before the crowd, now despondent.

'I shall be king, or we shall never be proud.'

A man who had become old stepped forward, touched the candle then walked to the hills. All around the Natural Forces quaked, the man on the hill, the Hermit, talked to the spirit.

The Prophet turned away to weep, his tears were salt. When he looked again at the valley the young men were soldiers marching away from the cave, to the sound of noise.

The army attacked a neighbouring settlement, devouring people, as soldiers or as slaves. It grew as it fed, and with the slaves a

city was built over the beauty of the valley.

The slaves quarried rock from the two hills, ageing them with wrinkled cliffs.

The Prophet saw an ant fall from the window's summit, into a pool of tears, where it struggled but was drowned. Above the window the ants had a nest, the ant that had died was emerging from its pupal skin.

In the distance the army was destroying. Devotion swelled in their brains, expelling love and reality.

The attacked ones remembered Warsaw, Troy and the sack of Jerusalem.

The Prophet understood, as did the Hermit who wept.

The Imperial Disease now covered all of the Tragic Isle. Its burden slowed down and killed the humans. Therefore the king ordered an army of eunuchs; it was made.

The sterile army marched on the lotus eaters on the mainland. The soldiers saw

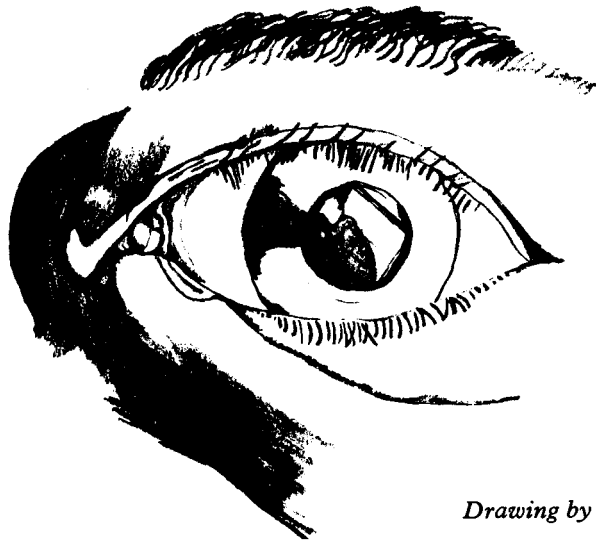
small ones, threatened by existence, one stopped. He was nothing to them. But the spirit beckoned so he ran.

In the clearing of the wise ones, they welcomed. He joined, so thought continued, enriched.

The eyes of the Prophet fell through the window of the hideous palace on the long withered mound. He looked and found the empire was ruled and the king was rich. He screamed of freedom, but the spiritual winds pushed him home. He understood his sanity, yet they theirs. Far away another empire of another Babylon met the empire. The germs fought for flesh.

The Prophet showed the king a sturgeon, which grew then fell in pieces. Blind, the king grew.

As it grew the great enemies, the worm and the mole, tore at its roots. At its branches wasps burrowed. The spirit kicked



Drawing by Matthew Lloyd

beauty and joy. They killed, and the eternal fires gasped then died.

Across the barren border of the empire the wondering people lived in peaceful coexistence. Many fled there from the empire protected by the guardian rainbow.

The Prophet watched two prisoners. One opened a door in the king's harem, then ran to the hills to join with the Hermit. The other was free and crawled to the Hermit. Others followed and the Hermit was less alone.

Turning his gaze he saw some slaves rebel. They were thrown into imperial prisons. Seeing this the Prophet shouted it, yet he shouted in the wilderness.

A dragon ravaged the land leaving a path of steel. With the steel the eunuchs made weapons. Tears flowed from the wise ones and the spirit beckoned in the cave. Thousands would walk by, but seeing the

it with the slaves, thieves gnawed its wounds and the Hermit took food from its stomach. In a far off province ruled by a son of the king a moat ran across the border and the province tore away.

The leper fell apart.

Rebels took the city.

The land split but the king kept the ugly city. All around fires were reborn. The Prophet stared from his window. The fires were yellow, bright and, filled with the spirit, the candle was swollen pushing from its innermost point, soaked with righteous anger.

The king collapsed, the fires closed in. Hydra pierced his last defence. The king was dead.

Far away on another planet, a man stood forward, 'I shall be king or we shall never be proud.'

Jock Lindsay

Poem

Accept my disembodied hand
Polished like a mirror,
And groping still to understand
The mind which makes it quiver.
Keep it where it will not wither –
Beneath Time's sand.

Exhume it from its sacred grave
Many visions after.
Let it your memory enslave,
Reflecting fear and laughter,
For only now it is the master –
Only words save Sebastian Anstruther

School Concert in Abbey

Concerts in the Abbey are always special. With tourists banished, the nave empty and the choir and transepts packed with relatives and friends, the great building imposes a community of response that cannot easily be captured on other occasions. This, one feels, is what cathedrals and abbeys are for and as we waited, on that March evening, for the concert to start, we hoped that this would be more than just an opportunity for amateur musicians to show their paces. That hope was fully realised.

The concert began with Beethoven's

Egmont Overture, a work which sometimes seems, in the concert hall, to be all gesture and rhetoric, strictly meaningless away from the context of the play for which it was written, and somehow trying to force our assent to some grand but obscure assertion. Not on this occasion. It sounded magnificent. The soaring Abbey space enlarged the dramatic pauses wonderfully and added mellowness to the tone of a confident first orchestra, playing with precision and carefully judged tempi under Charles Brett. If the music's message remained generalised and enigma-

tic, it had a grandeur that matched its surroundings.

Bach and Mozart occupied the rest of the programme, Bach's *Magnificat* being the most substantial item, performed by the School Abbey Choir, the Common Room Choir, the Under School Choir, orchestra and professional soloists. Its twelve separate sections within half an hour makes it a difficult work to bring off successfully as there is no time, as in extended works like the *B Minor Mass*, to develop the momentum that comes with self-confidence. Nevertheless the singers coped well and the work made its mark, not least in the many individual felicities such as the duet of flutes in the E major aria for alto, played very ably by Sam Coles and Terry Sinclair.

Between these two items came two performances of great accomplishment, Mozart's *Andante*, K 315 for flute and orchestra and Bach's *Double Violin Concerto*. The former gained much from the Abbey's acoustics which gave the sound a welcome richness. Mozart, of course, disliked the flute, a fact which often shows in the comparative triviality of his fast movements for the instrument. In the slow movement of the concerto for flute and harp and in this *Andante*, however, he wrote music which is not only charmingly sensuous but is touching enough to hint at deeper things. Sam Coles played it with all the sensitivity it deserves and in the cadenza gave more than a hint of his ability to tackle more technically demanding music.

The high point of the concert was undoubtedly the concerto for two violins. This marvellous work does not need great soloists to make its effect and one listener can only say that he found the performance by Justin Brown and Charles Sewart, partnered by an alert and assured orchestra under Charles Brett, as satisfying as any he has heard. In school concerts the audience can be forgiven for wanting soloists to succeed and for making allowances. On this occasion it was obvious within a few bars of the opening that we would be able to surrender without anxiety to the sublimities of the music. These two young musicians, very individual in style and completely confident, made the interplay of their interweaving lines seem effortless, and the first movement, with its invigorating ritornelli for orchestra, made an immediate effect. They were fully equal, too, to the ineffable dialogue of the slow movement—surely the most numinous music ever written—and to the tense exhilaration of the last movement, which manages, miraculously, to bring us down from the heights without bringing us down to earth.

This was playing of a high order, worthy of the work, and of the Abbey.

Michael Hugill

Print by Edwin Richards



Photo by Paul Lowenstein

The BBC at Westminster

In September, BBC 1 will be giving over 70 minutes of its peak viewing time to a documentary about Westminster. It was not easy allowing a film crew loose in the school: would they concentrate on the élitist aspect of Westminster; could they present a genuinely unprejudiced view of a public school? It still remains to be seen. However Jonathan Gili the director appeared to have no preconceived ideas. He and his team adopted a 'fly on the wall' technique. Without lights or cumbersome equipment, the cameramen would sit unobtrusively in the corner of classrooms, capturing an element of spontaneity which a formal approach would have missed.

The format of the programme is to be equally unconventional. The commentary on the film comes from interviews with the pupils and teachers rather than an outside commentator. To give the film some coherence, Jonathan Gili decided to present the school through the eyes of three of its pupils (a senior boy and girl and a scholar in his first term) and one teacher. Simon Target and I were chosen as a typical boy and girl in the Upper School—we are actually both

more extrovert and verbose than the average Westminster: but then a film about two reticent academics would obviously be dull. Simon is a Scholar and I am up Ashburnham, so the BBC concentrated mainly on these two houses, to show the difference between a highly academic boarding house and the rough and tumble of a day house. The contrast between the sedate calm of College Hall and the bedlam of Ashburnham Dining Room may not be entirely flattering, but shows the variety of Westminster life.

At first being shadowed by a burly cameraman was slightly offputting, but I must admit that being filmed was tremendously exciting. Unfortunately the temptation to play up to the cameras was enormous, especially as they seemed to go for the 'coup de théâtre' such as a staged pillow fight in College dorm., rather than the humdrum routine of most of life here. Consequently the programme may make Westminster out to be an endless round of high jinks rather than the serious academic institution it usually is.

Daisy Goodwin

Skye Camp

Easter Camp '79 did not look as if it was going to be renowned for its good weather, what with Scotland being cut off earlier in the month and a heavy snow storm on the day the Advance Party arrived in Skye. However, unperturbed the members assembled at Euston Station towards 10.00 p.m. on the day after term ended. The food and tents, in two school mini-buses having already reached Skye. The journey north was predictably uncomfortable, but no doubt this made us appreciate hard Scottish ground all the more! As dawn arrived we could make out the features of snowy hills and soon we had crossed Rannoch Moor and were in Fort William. A couple of hours later we boarded the Ferry at Mallaig to make the short crossing to Skye. On our left the snowy topped island of Rhum (a national nature reserve) and ahead Skye and the Cuillin clearly visible in the distance.

Unfortunately it was apparent from the start of the camp that although the weather might allow us some good days the conditions on the mountains would be bad throughout. The previous month's harsh weather had plastered the mountains with ice and verglas, on to which there was now a layer of soft powder snow (often likened to polystyrene balls). We therefore spent our days alternating between days on the hills and more low level trips. The latter varied between days sitting in the sun on the neighbouring island of Raasay and a 15 mile walk to the Sligachan Inn passing the dramatic Loch Coruisk. Our days in the mountains often involved wallowing in the snow filled coires in the mist not knowing where we were going. We did in fact grab a few ascents, of course, and one such day was spent on Sgurr Alasdair (the highest of the Cuillin Hills) by a group led by Eddie Smith and myself.

Having decided to climb a mountain come what may, the night before, I had severe doubts when I woke to find the campsite covered in a fresh layer of snow. After breakfast and some preliminary packing things looked brighter and we spent a couple of tedious hours adjusting crampons. We finally set off towards the mountains hoping the weather would continue to improve. The unavoidable struggle over the 'bog' was considerably shortened by the cracking pace set and we soon found ourselves quite high up looking out to the islands of Harris and Lewis. After a short rest (when it was discovered that the sweets tasted suspiciously of paraffin) we entered the ice bound coire. Coire Lagan is a magnificent coire by any standards for its sharp glaciated features have left it with some remarkable scars. For instance, on one side is some of the best climbing granite in the country. In the middle of its face sits the extraordinary Cioch, a huge wedge of rock sticking out into the coire. High on the other side the ridges culminate in an impressive gendarme called the 'inaccessible pinnacle'.

Carefully avoiding the snow covered Lochan we headed up into the deep snow, ice-axes in hand. Progress was slow and very



Photo by Roger Jakeman

tiring at the bottom where large amounts of snow had accumulated. The prospect of a thousand more feet like this was daunting, but worse still was the fact that as we got higher the snow layer thinned and the ice below was revealed. We were in the frustrating position of having too little snow for adequate support and too much to make cramponing feasible. However slowly we did make progress although a lot of slipping and sliding was unavoidable. Higher up, the slope led into a deep gully the icy walls of Thearlaich and Alasdair in either side. Eventually we struggled on to a narrow col. From here we could see some of the most spectacular mountain scenes of Skye—the black gabbro's sharp features accentuated by the snow. To our right, blocking our view, was the narrow arrête leading to the summit of Alasdair.

Conditions on this final climb necessitated the use of a rope, which is always time con-

suming. For this reason and because it was by now late in the afternoon we could not all go to the top. Eddie and I completed the three or so rope lengths to the summit belaying each other in turn. The arrête was well covered with snow and at one stage narrowed to such an extent that we were forced to edge along à cheval. We rested on the summit for a moment, to pat the cairn and to wave at some climbers on a neighbouring top, before descending to the col. Here the others were sitting cold but cheerful and after a few minutes we all headed down. Descending steep snow is not easy at the best of times (it is rather like doing down a ladder with your hands full) and we were all slipping and sliding around. After a couple of minutes the two girls, Alison Carey and Diana Fowle, resolved the situation by falling on top of each other and slipping at an ever increasing rate down the slope. Fortunately they both stopped themselves with



Art Exhibition

Drama

John Locke Society

Poor Bitos The Wrens Play

Poor Bitos is a complex play about the French Revolution. Years after the Revolution, a fashionable host decides to have a party in which the guests will re-enact some of the history of the Revolution. Disturbing psychological revelations are combined with historical insight as Bitos, who had been a scapegoat at school, becomes the victim of his drunken and violent fellow guests. 'Rag' Williams played the persecuted Bitos sensitively and accurately. William Purton played the sinister and suave host of the macabre play brilliantly. He was well suited for the part.

The large supporting cast was convincing and managed to sustain interest in this difficult and disjointed play. The costumes and props were particularly good. A few mistakes were made in the stage plan, the most important being that the dinner table was positioned so that none of the guests was facing the audience. At times too the audience was distracted from the main action by bad stage direction. But these are minor considerations. Johnny Kampfner was taking a considerable gamble in choosing to put on such a complicated and unconventional play and the gamble undoubtedly paid off.

Christopher Nineham

Airey Neave

In the Lent term Airey Neave, at that time Shadow Secretary for Northern Ireland, came to clarify for us the nature of the conflict in Ulster. Tracing out the history of the past fifteen years, he illustrated how religious issues have become entangled with increasing demands for self-determination. Had politicians taken action some time ago, both these aspects of the strife could have been resolved peacefully: but impatient terrorist factions have now introduced an element of violence which has come to characterise the Northern Ireland question. Airey Neave, himself half Irish, believed that the Irish are fiery by nature and stressed that bitterness against the English has become profoundly embedded in their consciousness during three hundred years of suppression. Hence, though the IRA is perhaps only 500 strong, it finds widespread sympathy—especially amongst the Irish population in the U.S.A. who send financial aid. If any solution is to be found, such sympathy must be curtailed and the I.R.A. crushed: for they offer no practical answers to the problem but merely prevent the possibility of a peaceful compromise. Airey Neave was angry with the media, who aggravate the problem by giving the I.R.A. sympathetic

coverage as if they were furthering a national cause: in fact they are irrational, fanatical and dangerously well equipped and trained. If the English submitted to their demands and withdrew, the ensuing bloodshed would be horrific. Our troops in Ulster are thus not an oppressive force but a peace keeping one. He had met many of the soldiers, and said they were stoic and resilient even in the face of the terrible risks they take on behalf of the civilians. He did not foresee a solution in Ulster during his own lifetime; we, in the audience, would have to strive equally hard for an end to violence in future generations. However he did feel that by establishing more local councils and thus granting the Northern Irish greater responsibilities and powers, a compromise could gradually be reached. The success of Mariead Corrigan's valiant work suggests that the majority of the Irish are only too ready for peace.

On 30th March, an I.R.A. bomb planted in his car killed Airey Neave as he left the Houses of Parliament. Such cowardice serves to highlight by contrast the bravery of a man who was prepared to stand forward and denounce terrorism in the positive terms he did.

S.M.S.W.

Sports Reports

Cricket

The selectors were confronted with the usual problem at the beginning of the season, viz an adequate pool of players to choose from but few possessing real talent. From the '77 season were Tim Bailey, Simon Hamilton, Christopher Lake, Peter Harris, Simon Beadle, Richard Welch and Robert Lemkin, all of whom were capable of useful performances. Of the previous year's Colts the most promising were perhaps Christian Wharton, Robin Platt and John Hall, respectively two seam bowlers and a leg spinner. However of the above listed we unfortunately lost Robert Lemkin, and Chris Wharton suffered a back strain from which he never fully recovered.

Since the first two 'warm up' matches were cancelled due to rain, the team had to meet the perennially strong Bradfield team having had very little practice. As a result we were dismissed for 105, Bradfield winning by 9 wickets. Two days later this was repeated at Alleyns, Westminster collapsing for 118 and losing by 6 wickets. During the rest of May we improved dramatically, defeating Highgate, making Tonbridge wait until the last ball of the match for a win, and amassing a huge total of 213 for 3 dec. against U.C.S.

By now for us the best part of the season was over; in the subsequent matches we lost heavily to Lancing, Free Foresters and O.W.W., were beaten by Butterflies and Charterhouse, and could only draw after being in winning positions against Lords and Commons and Battersea. The terrible weakness of the side was due to the batting—out of ten completed innings, there were seven in which we totalled less than 150. It was left up to the same three or four batsmen to score the runs: if these failed then the side would collapse, which it frequently did.

However there were many good points.

The bowling was of unusually high standard with Robin Platt and Chris Lake supporting Tim Bailey well throughout the season, these providing the pace attack. The spin bowlers, John Hall and Paul Wilson, although inexperienced, bowled well given the right conditions. The fielding was generally good, Simon Hamilton and wicket keeper Simon Beadle taking fine catches and the outfielding was excellent considering the bumpy conditions. Most of the batting was left up to Tim Bailey and Simon Beadle, Simon Hamilton having for him a disappointing season. David Sanders drafted in from the Colts played an excellent innings against Battersea and will do well next season.

Finally I would like to thank John Baxter for all his work organising and coaching the team, Ray Gilson for preparing the ground up Fields and coaching, Charles Tester for providing his umpiring services yet again, and Paul Jarvis for keeping the scorebook.

Tim Bailey

I would like to record my thanks to the Captain of Cricket for the past two years, Tim Bailey. The averages indicate how much the 1st XI depended upon his ability with both bat and ball, and he must be considered unlucky to be chosen only as a Reserve for the Southern Schools XI.

John Baxter

The following played for the 1st XI in '78:

T. Bailey (Capt.)	C. Ledger
S. Beadle	M. Smith
D. Sanders	C. Lake
S. Hamilton	P. Wilson
P. Harris	P. Higson Smith
R. Welch	S. Coles
R. Platt	N. Rutnagar
C. Wharton	R. Lemkin
J. Hall	J. Warburg

Football

At the start of the Play Term, the team was depleted by the departure of three Oxbridge candidates and four others who had been playing regularly, leaving a rather inexperienced group. Indeed, we lost three of our first four matches (the ref. was biased, the pitch was a quagmire and the ball was too heavy . . .). After an easy 6-3 victory over Chelsea Casuals, we went to Repton half expecting defeat. Fortunately Alistair Jones in goal was on particularly fine form, and though the defence was rather struggling throughout the match, Chris Wharton scored a magnificent equaliser right at the end. Following a bad 2-1 defeat at Lancing and a severe telling-off by the Manager, we began to play with more spirit and only lost one of our next five matches. It was at this stage of the term that we produced one of our really best performances. On November 16th, we faced an unbeaten Alleyn's team. In less than ten minutes of the match we had gone 1-0 down. Had it not been for the speed and skill of our forwards and the hard work of the mid-field, particularly Chan MacVeagh and Stephen Squire, it might have been just one more disaster. But it was not. After twenty minutes we were 3-1 up, taking Alleyn's completely by surprise and they were consequently never really able to play to their full ability. We played in the second half with as much determination as we had done in the first, crushing them eventually 8-3, it was in this match that Tim Walker scored five goals and was awarded the match ball by the Head Master. At the end of our first term our record looked like this:

P	W	L	D	GF	GA
16	7	6	3	48	46

If erratic or inconsistent performances were a notable feature of the Play Term, then the opposite was true during the Lent Term. We began with an uncharacteristic defeat away at Haileybury (the grass was in bad condition). With a few team changes having occurred by now we were a little unsettled and it was only through hard work and fight that at Chigwell we came back twice more to draw 4-4. A bad defeat against Chelsea Casuals (no excuse) gave us the jolt that we needed: it lasted until the last match of term. With a settled and experienced team we were able to concentrate on beating a few school records. Ralph Wood, whose laziness exasperated the team at the best of times, often astonished our opponents in the penalty box, for his skill was unquestionable. The end of term found him chasing the record for the most number of goals in one season. In the next four matches we scored a total of 28 goals and gave only 3 away. At UCS, however, we did have a few problems, the pitch was very sticky and combinations were hard to come by. Eventually we beat them 3-1 with a couple of late goals. At this stage of term we still had two remaining fixtures, both of which were subsequently can-



Simon Target

Leaders of the Averages:

Batting						
	No.	Innings	Not Out	Runs	H.S.	Ave.
1. T. Bailey	12		2	302	101*	30.20
2. S. Beadle	10		2	205	43	25.63
3. D. Sanders	4		0	87	70	21.75
4. S. Hamilton	12		0	216	76	18.00
5. P. Harris	12		0	167	44	13.92
6. R. Welch	10		1	100	39	11.01
Bowling						
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets		Ave.
1. T. Bailey	116.5	35	276	25		11.04
2. R. Platt	74	10	265	11		24.09
3. C. Lake	58	8	198	6		33.00
4. J. Hall	72.1	12	268	8		33.50

celled and we all thought that we had only just fallen short of several records. It was not until Latin Prayers on the last Friday of term that the truth was revealed: 'the cunning northerner' to quote Dr. Rae had exaggerated several of the records and we had, in fact, set up seven new school records.

* * *

- (1) Highest number of wins in one season (13)
- (2) Highest number of wins in the Lent Term (6)
- (3) Greatest number of goals in one season (91)
- (4) Greatest number of goals scored by an individual (R. Wood)(36)
- (5) Greatest number of goals in one game (8)
- (6) Greatest number of consecutive wins (Equalled) (5)
- (7) Record partnership of goals (R. Wood, T. Walker) (61)

Stephen Squire

Squash

Once again, Westminster squash has suffered from lack of courts, and has had to depend on the fast-decaying ones at Dolphin Square. With the exception of the matches played against Eton and Dulwich College, in which we were beaten very convincingly, we fielded extremely good teams, the most worthy performance was an extremely close 3-2 win against the mighty Cranleigh. Most of our results against other schools showed a frustrating 3-2 loss, which really is not at all indicative of how the School's squash has progressed. To be wholly successful and competitive we need extra encouragement and practice to give ourselves the edge on the many schools to whom we so closely lost.

By the middle of the season we had a confident and well-established team in Duncan Matthews, Ben Dillistone, Marcus Manuel, Tim Crook and Toby Jones. Then experience too began to show in the Colts team, who beat both Dulwich College and Forest School away from home.

And what of the future? Unfortunately Duncan, Ben, Marcus and Tim are all leaving in December, so the 1st V at the beginning of next season will lack real experience. However there is great hope in Tim Cornwell, Chris Nineham, Rob Bowers and

Andrew Torchia, all of whom did well in their Colts matches. We hope they will settle down early on next season.

Toby Jones

Judo

'Let me shoot down a few rumours': Westminster Judo is no longer a fringe sport. This year we have officially graduated to the higher ranks. Judo is now, at long last, considered as one of the major stations, in recognition of which we have got a completely new, and larger mat area. We sold our old mats to a mental hospital (!) in the Play term, and have replaced them with ones direct from Crystal Palace. These new mats are stronger, softer and lighter than the old ones, and filled with foam rubber, not Japanese Rice Straw! The increased area is just what was needed to accommodate this growing station.

On this new and better ground we faced all comers . . . and beat them too. However we did not do so well at away matches, losing against Eton, Dulwich College, and Aldenham. But at home we beat both Win-

Inter-House Athletics 1979

Pictures by Paul Lowenstein



chester and, in the last match of term, Tonbridge. This match was frighteningly close, with only five points in it (55-60).

This final win was, I felt, a fitting tribute to all the hard work the team and coaches had been putting in. With only two 'heavies' left to us now, Kevin Jackson and Phillip Lowe, and a young and mostly inexperienced junior team, we have had a hard time of it; it is nice to see our efforts being rewarded, for once.

This year hard earned and well deserved colours went to: Galatis, Heggs and Hessel-tine (Colts), Lowe and Morgan (½ Pinks) and O'Neill and Anstruther (½ Pinks).

Sebastian Anstruther

Cross-Country

This year's Cross-Country team, though limited in numbers, lacked no enthusiasm as usual. It entered into the spirit of things by having no school fixtures in the Play Term '78, but there were the school Long Distance Races, on the Towpath at Putney. The Senior event was won by the Captain of C-C, Struan Reid (GG) and the Junior by Tony Joyce (WW), surprising all by coming through in the last 10m to beat Andrew Holmes (QSS).

It is well known that the Watermen produce good runners, each year the Towpath Cup is contested—a race exclusive to Watermen. This year however, the C-C team were challenged to produce a team of four to take part. The race is twice as long as the Long Distance Race. Opposition was indeed tough and Rory Ross (WW) ran very hard, only to lose the lead in the last 1½ miles to the C-C Captain. John Vickers (GG) came in second for the C-C team.

In the Lent Term '79, we had our first fixture at the Haberdashers' Aske's Relay, 6 × 1¼ miles. Here we were unfortunate and perhaps unprepared—we finished 37th out of 38. In the Oxford Tortoises Relay, open 4 × 2½ miles, we were more successful. Lloyd Lamble (WW) turned in an excellent performance, though we later slipped back to an overall position of 21st out of 28.

There was only one school versus school fix-

ture, which was at Winchester. We had a very strong start from John Vickers (GG) who led the race for the first half. Hugo Moss (GG) put in a surprisingly good performance also, Anthony Buckley bringing up the rear. Lloyd Lamble was much missed as he had sustained injuries. The first ⅔ of the course was very hilly, the race being held up and down the Downs and thus we put our marginal defeat—95 points to 47—down to lack of high altitude training.

The Bringsty Relay was held in eight inches of snow, and Grant's regained possession of the relay baton. The Junior U 14½ Long Distance Race was won by P. Wood (GG).

Thus the C-C season came to a close, giving experience and a hope for better things in Athletics this summer. I should like to thank Richard Kennedy, on behalf of the C-C station, who managed the station single-handed and organised the matches, and who made it worthwhile with his useful advice and tremendous encouragement.

Struan Reid

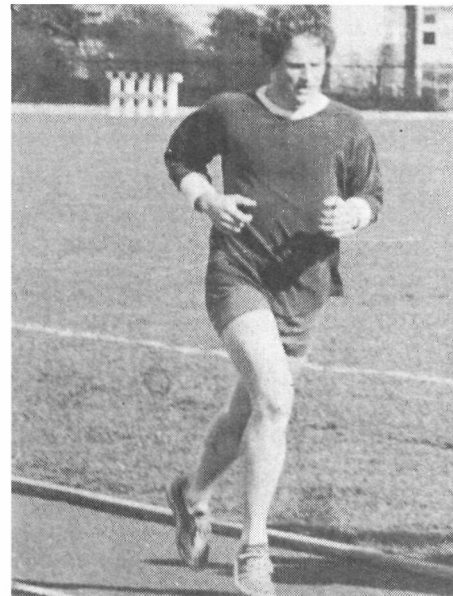
Fives

At the beginning of the Play Term the team looked promisingly strong, in experience if not skill, with the return of four old hands. The familiar figure of Richard Ray, in his third season in the first pair, was ably supported by Jonathan Hall. They won many matches and the defeats they did suffer were lost by very narrow margins; including a very successful trip to Oxford when both the first and second pairs won comfortably. The second pair, Robin Platt and Chris Ledger, played consistently but never with any real conviction; but their dogged determination was rewarded with a few victories. The third pair won a large percentage of the matches they played and congratulations must go to Paul Wilson and Tom Johnson-Smith. The Colts first pair, who looked like being the most successful pair after a very good season last year, never realized their potential.

They played very erratically, even going down 2-0 at home to Mill Hill before pulling back to win 3-2. Nevertheless they managed to win more matches than they lost. The pair, Paul Sofer with his natural enthusiasm

for the game and Jason Streets will be the mainstay of next years team. R. Lomnitz and J. Love played well and look as though they could prove a formidable pair next year. Finally many thanks to Messrs. Stuart and Jones-Parry for their enthusiastic support and coaching, and especially for the organization of the Christmas Fives Dinner, held in Mr. Jones-Parry's flat, it was much enjoyed by all.

Jason Streets



continued from page 324

their ice axes just before going over a large boulder. At this point the ropes were produced and tied together to make a 300 foot handrail which we secured at the top end with a 'dead man' (a metal plate for anchoring in snow). In this way we descended quite quickly to a point where the slope broadened out and we glissaded happily to the floor of the coire.

It was already six o'clock but the sun was still shining brightly and we sat in the snow eating a Mars Bar (our lunch). An hour later we were back at camp after another memorable day in the Cuillins. Even of those that have not yet had many such days, I am sure few will hesitate to return next year.

Roger Jakeman





Designs by Mark Atkins

The Elizabethan Club

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

Old Westminster Notes

Bulletin from the colonies

From: Peter J. Kingsley, Director, News Bureau

To: Dr. John Rae, Head Master
The Elizabethan
For Immediate Release

WATERVILLE, Maine—David M. Strage of London, a freshman at Colby College, is a recipient of a Lelia M. Forster Prize for scholarship, citizenship, and respect from classmates.

A psychology major, Strage is vice president of the class of 1982 and president of his fraternity pledge class.

The Westminster School graduate is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Strage of 67 Addison Rd.

Howard Chase (W, 1968-71) Research Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was awarded a Ph.D. in February, 1979.

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on 27th February at the Athenaeum Club. Sir Thomas Lund, C.B.E. was in the chair and thirty-five OWW. were present. The Head Master was the guest and spoke after dinner.

Letter

The Editor,
The Elizabethan.

10th May, 1979.

Sir,

Having necessarily more opportunity than many to study the entries in the Record of Old Westminsters, I may be able to contribute more than speculation to the perennial search for the oldest living Old Westminster. In the year when Sir Adrian Boult celebrated his 90th birthday, I have to disappoint both him and his backers by ranking him only fourth in my list of fancied runners.

Ahead of him I have put first, by a very short head, S. C. H. Davis (R 1897-1903), the famous racing driver and journalist, with

a 1st at Le Mans in 1927 to his credit—driving a Bentley. He was 92 this January. Close behind (only a month in it) comes the Rev. B. E. Eldridge (HB 1900-03), who held a number of livings during his fifty-year ministry. Then there is a two-year gap before we reach the 90-year-olds, headed by T. E. Rodocanachi, who was admitted up Rigauds in 1902, 'having previously been at Eton', was elected to a non-resident King's Scholarship the following year and to a Christ Church Exhibition in 1907. He was wounded at the battle of Arras in 1917, mentioned three times in despatches and awarded the M.C. and the D.S.O. Sir Adrian is three months younger, and in the same year (1889) were born R. C. S. Walters (AH 1904-07), a leading expert on our water supply, R. J. Drury (AH 1903-06), who has survived being twice wounded in World War I, and Stuart Horner (KS 1903-08) who, after a distinguished career in the East, continued to practise at the Bar to a greater age than anyone else; he has become well known to many Old Westminsters as first Chairman and then President of the Elizabethan Club.

That makes seven front runners, but only a year behind them come two very old friends—'Laurie' Tanner (no biographical details necessary) and F. G. Turner, who sent 80 boys to Westminster during his 36 years as Head Master of Tormore School.

It should be said at once that there is still an element of speculation to enliven the betting. I have heard in person from each of the above not long ago, but there may be dark horses of whom the stewards know nothing. If any such are known, please may the Editor (of the Record) be told, so that he can correct his list.

Finally a tribute to the late A. H. Pearson (HB 1900-04), who died in May 1978 on the brink of his 93rd birthday. He won a Cambridge Cross-Country Blue in 1904, and a half-Blue for boxing in 1906. He served throughout World War I in France and was none the worse for that, nor for over thirty years as a schoolmaster.

Yours truly, F. E. Pagan,

Editor of The Record of Old Westminsters.

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Fifteenth Annual Report covering the year to December 31st, 1978.

The Committee regrets to record the deaths of W. E. E. Gerrish, O.B.E. (President 1958-61) and the following other members during the year:

D. H. R. Archer, E. C. Blakstad, Major R. Bowen, H. Bridgeman-Williams, F. P. Bristowe, H. K. S. Clark, J. H. L. Clarke, Colonel W. E. C. Davidson-Houston, E. A. Davis, C. M. Goodall, O.B.E., M.C., H. G. Gooding, Sir Roy Harrod, L. A. Hart, C. Hook, J. N. Hulbert, G. H. Isaacs, The Rt. Rev. F. M. E. Jackson, S. F. P. Jacomb-Hood, W. F. Johnston, H. M. Kallas, W. K. Laing, Dr. A. W. D. Leishman, C. F. H. Lindner, Colonel C. McNeil, S. E. Mangeot, R. J. Moon, R. W. Parkyn, A. H. Pearson, M.C., T.D., B. N. Randolph, G. E. Rayner, L. F. B. Reeves, G. R. Reitlinger, M. F. Ryder, Viscount Samuel, R. W. Snelling, L. H. Sprague, D. P. Story, M.B.E., L. Trollope, Dr. J. D'A. Waechter, J. F. Westoby, H. S. Williamson, O.B.E., D. I. Wilson, and H. Worthington.

One hundred and two new members were elected to Life Membership.

At the Annual General Meeting held on October 4th, 1978, Dr. David Carey was elected President of the Club and Mr. Frank Hooper was re-elected Chairman. Mr. M. C. Baughan, Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively. Mr. P. N. Pinfield, Mr. J. S. Baxter and Miss T. Beaconsfield were elected new members of the General Committee; the latter, it should be noted, being the first lady member of the Club to serve on the Committee.

At a Special General Meeting, immediately following the Annual General Meeting, approval was given to increasing the number of Vice-Presidents to a maximum of ten.

On May 9th, 1978, the Old Westminster Cricket Club celebrated its 150th



Election Term '79: Praefectus, The Head of School, and Prin Opp

anniversary at a dinner in College Hall. The principal guest was Lord Home of the Hirsell, who proposed the toast of the Club in a memorable speech. The guest list also included a number of other distinguished names in the world of cricket.

The Westminster Ball was held at the Hurlingham Club on June 16th, 1978. Whilst those present enjoyed the occasion, the attendance was disappointing and considerably more support is needed from members if this once splendid function is to continue.

A number of absentees was also noticeable at the Annual Club Dinner in College Hall on October 4th, 1978, although the evening was an enjoyable one for those who were present. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Sir Anthony Grover, the retiring President, and replied to by the Head Master. It is pleasant to record that the Captain of the School and Prin. Opp. attended as guests of the Club; this was also the first dinner at which a lady member was present.

On behalf of the Committee
F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, October 31st, 1979, at 7.30 p.m.
July 1979

F. A. G. Rider
Hon. Secretary

AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 4th, 1978.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the Year ended December 29th, 1978.
4. Election of Officers*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as:
Chairman: Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. M. C. Baughan

Hon. Secretary: Mr. C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Sports Secretary: Mr. D. A. Roy

5. Election of General Committee*
The General Committee desires to propose for appointment:

†1931-37 Mr. C. M. O'Brien
†1964-69 Mr. M. W. Jarvis
†1951-56 Mr. M. J. Hyam
†1967-71 Mr. R. J. Grant
†1963-67 Mr. R. L. Paniguan
†1955-60 Mr. F. M. B. Rugman
† Mr. J. S. Baxter
†1975-77 Miss T. Beaconsfield
1938-43 Mr. F. A. G. Rider
1936-38 Mr. J. L. C. Dribbell
1963-68 Mr. P. A. A. Duncan
1964-69 Mr. J. H. D. Carey

6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor
7. 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, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1, so as to reach him not later than October 22nd, 1979.

† Members of the 1978/79 General Committee eligible for re-election.



Small Ads

For Sale About Vincent Square by Alicia C. Percival

An account of Vincent Square, its inhabitants and its institutions, including a history of Fields.

It can be obtained from the school store, price £4.00.

Wanted:

Any lively, descriptive letters, suitable for publication (if desired anonymously), from the last War, particularly on the campaigns in Italy and Germany (and later in Malaya and Korea), naval action (Graf Spee and Bismarck), raids on Peenemünde and the Möhne dam, and the parachute drop on Arnhem, as well as civilian reaction to V1 and V2 missiles. Please send photocopies or typescripts to Dr. E. Sanger, c/o Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.

Election of Members

The following were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B) at the General Committee meeting held on February 14th, 1979.

College

Peter Hillary Edwards, Brook House, Framfield, Uckfield, Sussex.
Edward Robert Foyson Harcourt, 60 South Hill Park, London, N.W.3.

Louis Piers Higson Smith, 15 Buckingham Mansions, West End Lane, London, N.W.6.

Edward Stephen Powys Marks, 50 Grove Lane, London, S.E.5.

William John Maslen, The Old Telephone Exchange, Vicarage Road, Lingfield, Surrey.

Rowan William Gillachrist Moore, Hancox, Battle, Sussex.

Geoffrey John Mulgan, 51 Wood Lane, London, N.6.

Thomas Gregory Quin, 55 Park Walk, London, S.W.10.

Andrew Murray Stephen, 30 Oaken Lane, Claygate, Surrey.

Charles Alexander Forbes Weir, 18 Montague Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Grant's

Timothy John Brittain-Catlin, Brucefield, Clackmannanshire. Scotland,
Sean Ashley Kavanagh, Oak House, 120 Sidney Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.
Victor Woerner Lavenstein, 10 Cope Place, London, W.8.

David Edward Harold Nutting, 1 St. Peter's Close, Burnham, Slough, Bucks.

Rigaud's

Caspar Pemberton Scott Bowden, 34 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, London, S.W.1.

Thomas Charles Louis Holt, 28 Elm Grove Road, London W.5.

Roland Francis Kester Keating, 50 Claylands Road, Kennington, London, S.W.8.

Christopher Hugh Ledger, 48 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.2.

Daniel Antony Newman, The Birches, Fishers Wood, Titlarks Hill, Sunningdale, Berks.

Busby's

Jonathan Oliver **Cullis**, Chieveley, Black Hill, Lindfield, Sussex.
Francis George Herbert Dillon **FitzGibbon**, 42 Ordnance Hill, London, N.W.8.
Andrew Mark **Spearman**, The Old Rectory, Sarratt, Herts.
Konstantin **Gräf von Schweinitz**, c/o German Embassy, 23 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.
Gian Marco **Tesei**, 28 via Massago Ruvigliana, Lugano, Switzerland.

Liddell's

Aris Nicholas **Antoniou**, 30 Chatsworth Road, London, W.5.
Simon Joseph **Auerbach**, 58/60 Berners Street, London, W.1.
Clive Malcolm **Beck**, 66 Chelsea Square, London, S.W.3.
William Julian **Cortazzi**, 8 Browning Close, Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.
Mark St. John **Gibbon**, c/o Wing-Commander J. Gibbon, Kuwait Liaison Team, P.O. Box SAFAT 21332, Kuwait, Arabian Gulf.
Matthew Steven **Greenburgh**, 14 Cowley Street, London, S.W.1.

Ashburnham

William John Rory Nicholas **Bishop**, 3 Coniston Way, Reigate, Surrey.
Mark Andrew **Bostridge**, 34 Stonehills Court, College Road, Dulwich, London, S.E.21.
George David **Capron**, 32 Amerland Road, London, S.W.18.
James Thomas **Laidlaw Cross**, 37 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.
Anthony Ross **Dworkin**, 17 Chester Row, London, S.W.1.
Arnold William **Hotopf**, Sussex Grove, 21 Daylesford Avenue, London, S.W.15.
Angus Giles Duncan **Phillips**, The Old Coach House, Moss Lane, Pinner, Middlesex.
William Peter **Rollason**, 4 Elsworthy Road, London, N.W.3.
Joseph Lee **Todhunter**, 85 Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.
Douglas Stuart **Wregg**, 5 Eglon Mews, Berkley Road, London, N.W.1.

Wren's

The Hon Jeffries Richard **Briginshaw**, 31 Alleyn Road, West Dulwich, London, S.E.21.
Simon Edward **Brocklebank-Fowler**, 2 Ponsonby Place, London, S.W.1.
David Evan Christopher **Ganeton Giles**, Flat 4, 21 Ladbrooke Gardens, London, W.11.
Anthony Daniel **Graff**, 71 Alleyn Park, London, S.E.21.
Donald James **Sturrock**, Pentland, Oakcroft Road, West Byfleet, Surrey.
Jonathan Samuel **Weaver**, 29 South Lodge, Grove End Road, London, N.W.8.
Timothy John **Winter**, 81 Swains Lane, London, N.6.

Dryden's

Jonathan Simon **Berman**, 76 St. George's Road West, Bickley, Kent.
Francis Roosegarde **Fay**, 13 Egbert Street, London, N.W.1.
Bruce Philip **Isaacs**, 225 Ashley Gardens, Emery Hill Street, London, S.W.1.
Gareth ap Michael **Lewis**, 1 Verulam Building, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.1.



Victor Lavenstein

Marriages

Lewis—Katyk On April 22nd, 1978, Gavin, son of Mr. Edward Lewis and Mrs. Michal MacPhail, to Nadezhda Antonia Valentina, daughter of Ing. Mont. and Mrs. Michal Katyk, of Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.

Obituary

Allen—On April 6th, 1979, John Willoughby Tarleton (1920-23, A), aged 74.
Baty—On March 27th, 1979, Charles Witcomb (1914-18, H), aged 78.
Bayne—On April 1st, 1979, Charles Lambert, M.V.O., C.B.E. (1911-16, KS), aged 81.
Bedford—On April 28th, 1979, David Edwin (1916-20, A), aged 76.
Clare—On April 17th, 1979, Gustav Arthur (1915-17, H), aged 77.
de Hailes—On December 17th, 1978, Captain James Phayre (1905-8, H), aged 87.
Gibson—On March 14th, 1979, Peter (1925-28, H), aged 67.
Hughes—On March 29th, 1979, Francis Vaughan (1895-1901, A), aged 94.
Lang—On April 13th, 1979, Wolfram Iveagh, O.B.E. (1909-12, H), aged 86.
Osborne—On February 27th, 1979, Eric Nathan (1927-30, R), aged 65.
Peacock—On January 3rd, 1979, Denis Ives, O.B.E. (1920-25, G), aged 72.
Powell-Jones—On September 7th, 1978, John Owen Home (1929-34, KS), aged 63.

Ward—On January 28th, 1979, The Reverend Canon Aidan Crawley Pulleine (1925-28, G), aged 67.
Wood—On December 16th, 1978, Hugh Noel (1905-10, KS), aged 86.

I. W. T. Allen

John Willoughby Tarleton Allen entered Westminster (Ashburnham) from Marlborough in 1920, going straight into the Sixth Form. He came of a distinguished clerical family, his father being the missionary theologian Roland Allen, whose experiences in Pekin in the 'Boxer' rising had given him a depth of insight that influenced his later writings on the methods and difficulties of St. Paul. It was not unnatural, therefore, that his son should have looked forward, from his earliest days, to a missionary career. At Westminster he proved to be a sound classical scholar and a promising oarsman, and he combined a quiet, dry humour with an unsuspected clarity and resonance of diction that enabled him to win the annual Orations in his last year, John Gielgud being the runner-up. Certain personal idiosyncrasies, notably his insistence of spelling his first name with an I instead of a J, and his successfully-upheld objection to writing Latin or Greek verse, were never paraded as affectations, nor was his wit, when exercised in class, allowed to degenerate into exhibitionism or impertinence. He read Honour Moderations and Greats at Oxford, rowed for his college (St. John's) and after taking his Degree went out to the Sudan to plant cotton. Here, for the first time, he had experience of British colonial administration, of which in his Oxford days he had been critical and mistrustful. Confronted with the reality, he was in his own words, 'converted to imperialism' and joined the Colonial Service.

The rest of his life, amounting to nearly fifty years, was dedicated to Africa. Posted to Tanganyika in 1930 he served first in Education, then in Administration, with a five-year period as Deputy British Agent in the Western Aden Protectorate; on his retirement when he was Deputy Provincial Commissioner (Lake Province) he served for seven years as Warden of University Hall in Makerere College, Uganda, and in the course of these various appointments he had become an outstanding authority on Swahili language and literature, a field in which he was active and productive to the very end.

He died at his home near Oxford on the 6th April last, in his 75th year, and is survived by his widow, three children and eleven grandchildren. His collection of Swahili manuscripts, unrivalled in the world, is now housed in the University Library of Dar-es-Salaam, and up to the very day before his death he was still examining photographs of early Swahili texts and completing an edition of yet another Swahili classic. His influence, exercised through his lectures, his publications and his personal example, cannot be adequately expressed, but Westminsters who knew him will see how fully he realized those early ambitions in a way quite unimaginable when we were young.



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The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet 29th December, 1978

1977		£	£
£	GENERAL FUND		
	Balance at 30th December, 1977	13,906-86	
	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	787-00	
	Profit on realisation of investments	850-93	
		<hr/>	
	<i>Less: Tax</i>	15,544-79	
13,907		<hr/>	15,415-63
	112 SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (see below)		410-38
	INCOME ACCOUNT		
	Balance at 30th December, 1977	3,377-68	
	Excess of Income over Expenditure	258-93	
3,378		<hr/>	3,636-61
<hr/>			<hr/>
17,397			19,462-62
<hr/>			<hr/>
£	INVESTMENTS at cost		£
15,786	Market value at 29th December, 1978 was £22,272		18,137-73
	CURRENT ASSETS		
1,611	Balances at Bank	2,055-58	
	<i>Less: Sundry Creditors</i>	<hr/>	<hr/>
		730-69	1,324-89
<hr/>			<hr/>
17,397			19,462-62
<hr/>			<hr/>

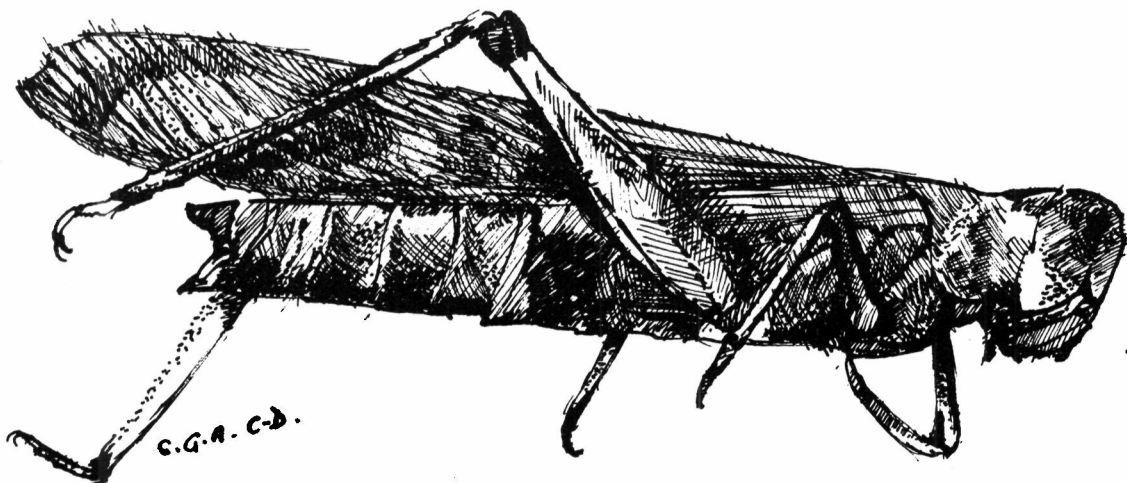
REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

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 29th December, 1978 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Honorary Auditor

4, Grays Inn Square

Christopher Clement Davies



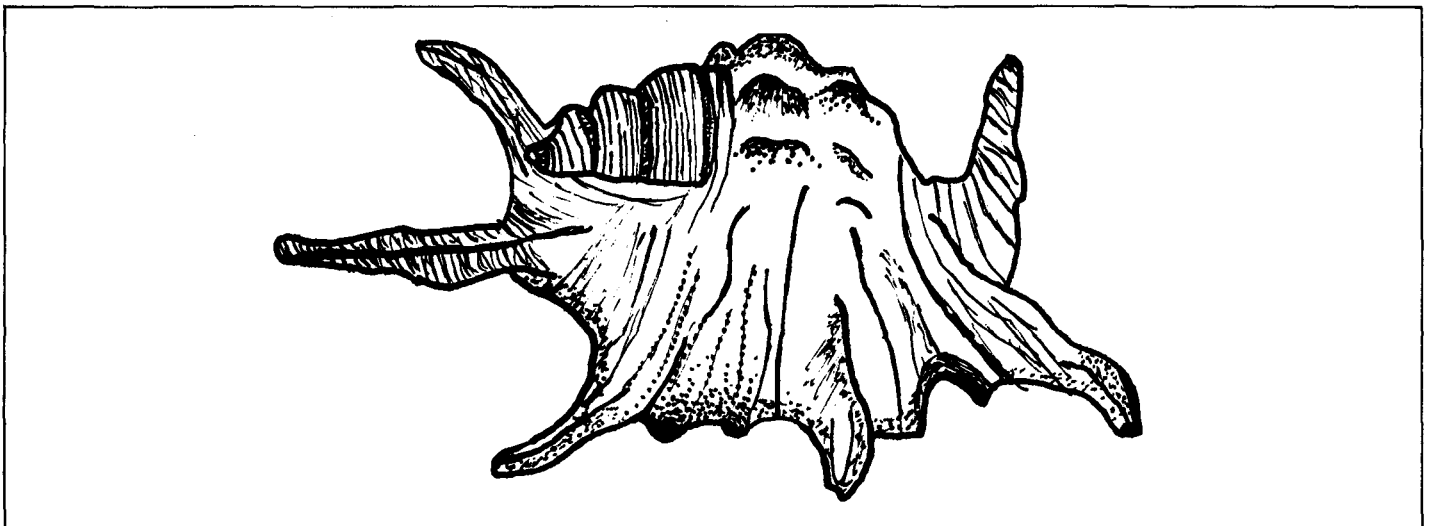
Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 29th December, 1978

1977	£	£
45 Administration		62.31
125 Honorary		125.00
457 Taxation		520.83
— Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant		50.00
950 Sports Committee		1,570.00
500 <i>The Elizabethan</i>		1,333.28
83 Loss on Dinner		95.22
Loss on Cricket Club Dinner		146.82
Loss on Ball		289.83
787 Excess of Income Over expenditure		258.93
2,947		4,452.22
£		
1 Annual Subscriptions		1.00
1,814 Termly Instalments (proportion)		3,148.00
1,132 Income from investments (gross)		1,303.22
2,947		4,452.22

Sports Committee Funds

	£	£
Balance as at 30th December, 1977		37.37
Gross income	22.81	
Less: tax	9.11	
Grants		13.70
		1,570.00
Grants Paid		1,621.07
		1,250.00
		371.07
At Midland Bank		39.31
		410.38
Barclays Bank—Cheques not presented		220.00

Paul Drake-Brockman



Pembroke

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PEII Finalists	Bristol	Caribbean
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—International Firms	Manchester	Zambia
Partnerships	Nottingham	South Africa
Newly Qualified/Tax	Oxford	Iran
Tax Specialists	Sheffield	Middle East
Temporary	Southampton	Far East

Enquiries are welcomed from students, parents, career masters.

In the first instance please telephone, or write, Mark Pembroke F.C.A.,
A. M. Pembroke C.C. quoting home telephone number.