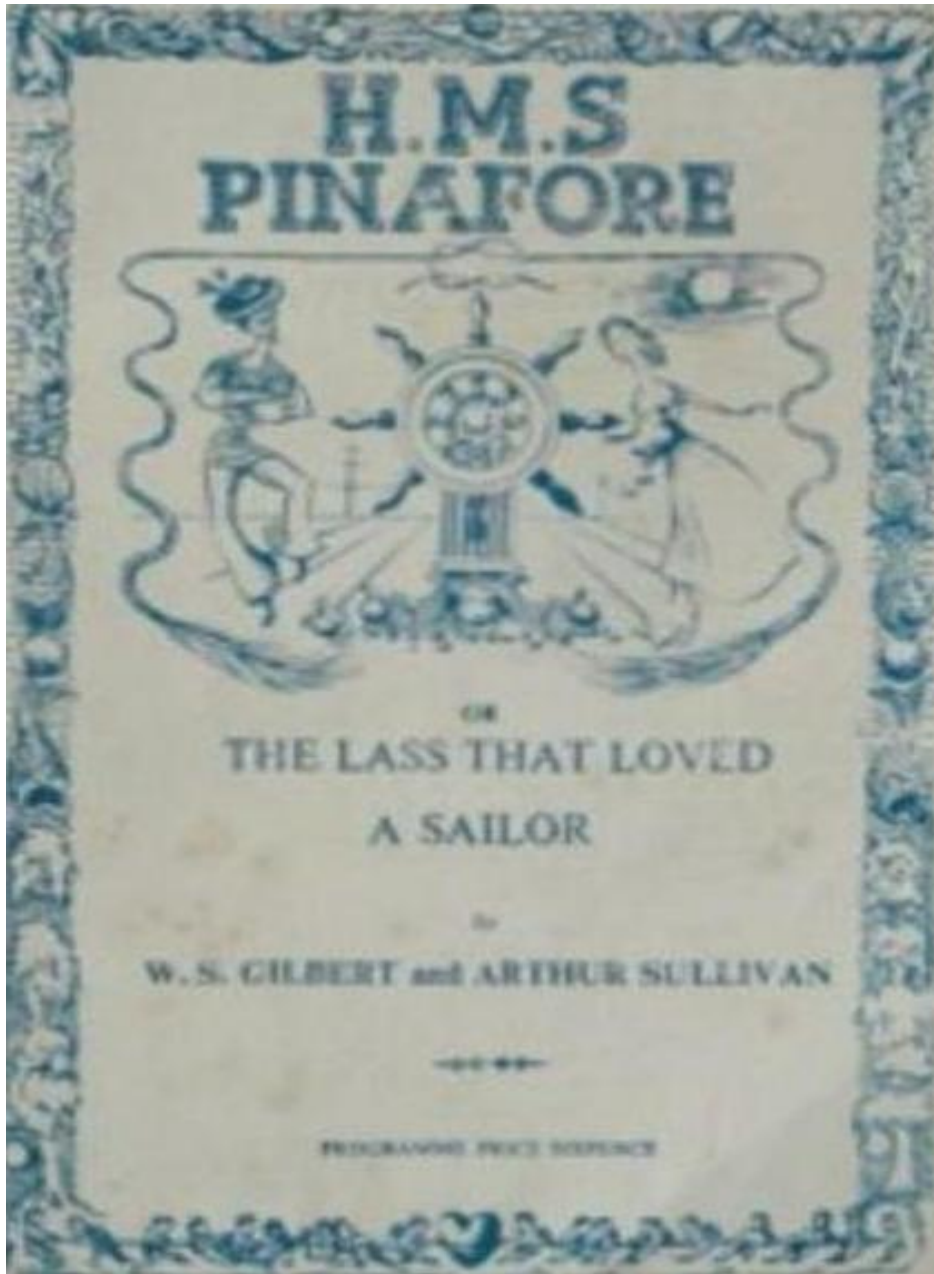


**1960**    *H.M.S. Pinafore*  
**1961**    *The Ascent of F1*  
**1962**    *The Pirates of Penzance*  
**1963**    *Iolanthe*

**1964**  
**1965**    *Iolanthe*  
**1966**    *Becket*

1960



# H.M.S. PINAFORE

by  
W. S. GILBERT  
and  
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

(By kind permission of Miss Bridget D'Urbey Carey)

## CHARACTERS

THE KING, SIR JOSEPH PORTER K.C.B.

(*His Lord of the Admiralty*)

DAVID MARGERISON

CAPTAIN CORCORAN

(*Commanding H.M.S. Pinakoy*)

JOHN LORD

RALPH RACKSTRAM (Able Seaman)

IVAN SEXTON

DICK DEADEYE (Able Seaman)

CHRISTOPHER MORE SWALL

BILL BOOTHBY (Boatswain's Mate)

GERALD STYVIE

BOB BECKETT (Carpenter's Mate)

ANTHONY COOPER

JOSEPHINE (The Captain's Daughter)

PHILIP CHAPMAN

HEBE (The Admiral's First Cousin)

BRIAN LORD

MRS. CRIPPS (Little Boatwain)

(*a Portsmouth Barbant Woman*)

DEREK WILSON

## CHILDREN

A. R. Carpenter, R. E. Dally, R. N. Devlin,  
K. R. Dimes, R. England, B. W. Foulds,  
B. P. Gurney, D. R. J. Griffiths, R. F. J. Harrison,  
R. V. Hill, D. V. Lander, M. J. Lewis, D. J. Smith,  
D. J. P. Vale, A. R. Wilson.

## MARINES

D. A. Dennis, C. R. Newton.

## FIRST LORD'S OFFICE, COUSINS, GUESTS

J. F. Aikin, D. C. Cannon, R. E. Davis, J. C. Frost,  
A. A. Green, D. K. Hill, L. M. J. Jones,  
M. J. L. Smith, M. J. Fox, G. J. Macdonald,  
R. P. Miller, R. J. Norfolk, A. J. Parson,  
J. Brown, F. M. Rogers, A. Symonds, I. C. Vokes.

## Members of School playing in the Orchestra

T. A. Sage, A. Ching (Violins), M. W. Walker (Flute),  
R. F. Macdonald, C. D. Tyler (Violoncello), Mrs. N. N. Martin (Pianoforte)

**SCENE—** The Quarter-Deck of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, off Portsmouth.  
Act 1: Noon. Act 2: Night.

Captain Cotton is popular with his crew and happy in his command, but he is secretly troubled by the sick affection shown by his daughter, Annette for the First Lieut., Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., who seeks her hand in marriage. The cause of Annette's reluctance is soon discovered to be her love for Ralph Rackstraw, a common sailor on board her father's ship. It is a love which she does not acknowledge even when Ralph boldly summons up the courage to lay claim to her before her, and their passion seems destined to founder at the social gulf which lies between them. However, all is not lost, for Little Bannock, a plump and pleasing barbers' woman, knows more than she seems to know. Indeed, things are not at all what they seem.

The Opera Produced by  
**MR. A. A. JACKSON**  
The Music Directed by  
**MR. C. G. CHAPMAN**

Valuable assistance in rehearsal given by  
**MR. N. N. MORRIS**

Stage Manager and General Assistant on most matters relating to the Production  
**MR. S. MARSH**

Costumes and Wigs by Make-up by—	R. J. Simmons and Co. Ltd, 1 Tottenham Way
Business Manager	Mr. G. Harris
Box Office Manager	Mr. W. A. Charlton
Front of House Manager	Mr. E. B. Allogg

Scenery designed and constructed by the School Art and Craft Group under the direction of Mr. F. Knox and Mr. A. Richardson.

Lighting directed by Mr. J. Acorn.

We are grateful to all those members of Staff, parents and boys whose individual contributions remain unacknowledged but whose help has been invaluable.

There will be an interval of twenty minutes between Acts 1 and 2 when refreshments will be available.

Tickets and Programmes printed by D. A. Brubaker, A. E. Smith, and other members of  
**THE INSTITUTION PRESS.**

*The Ascent of F6*

THE play, written nearly twenty years after World War I, is topical today, nearly twenty years after World War II. The hero's idealism is not common now, Mr. and Mrs. A are better off materially, but the spirit of disillusionment remains, the powers that are are still suspect, and the Moon has taken the place of F6.

Somebody has described the play as "a sardonic charade". If it is a charade, the characters are merely puppets manipulated by author and producer to point a moral or adorn a stage, painted masks representing strongly-marked characteristics: the idealist, the demagogue, the Press Lord, the Common Man, the perfect Second-in-command—in other words the Chess Pieces, pawns moved by the author to make a play.

If that is so, the ceremony demands presentation, production, lighting, ritual, all the tricks of the trade, and strongly-characterised rather than subtle acting. Michael Ransom (Christopher Shrubbsall), pictured as torn between the desire to be at grips with a mountain and the desire to dissociate himself from the politics of the mountain, is the only complex character; his aloofness at normal times and his authority in action were well brought out. We certainly preferred him on the mountain. His soliloquies are most difficult, and we largely guessed what they meant. One thing that they meant, it seems, is that only failures are idealists.

Michael fails entirely against Mrs. Ransom (Andrew Sproxtton) to whose arguments for climbing F6 he gives in, unconvincingly, simply because he is told that idealists do not hate their brothers. Both in this scene and in the last scene Mrs. Ransom looked charming, spoke well but rather too fast, and even sang nicely. But it seems an easy victory.

The climbing party is amply distinguishable: Gunn (David Margereson), with an L-plate for climbing but for nothing else, brash, hearty and successful (one wonders whether the authors had ever been on an expedition with such an impossible companion!); Shawcross (Malcolm Love), self-righteous, jealous and emotional, and not economical in his gestures; Lamp (Alan Glover), the apostle of Polus Naufangia and all things botanical (and what a dull character to play!); the Doctor (Gerald Studd), a good fellow, as all Rugby forwards are, the eternal No. 2, to whom no torch is passed on. The emotional tensions on the mountain came over well, the climbing hut lived, Gunn died with *éclat*, the dead march upwards after the death of Lamp was performed with all ceremony.

The go-getting party is amply distinguishable: James Ransom (Joseph Harris) and Lord Staggmantle (David Stracey), looking and speaking like Harris and Stracey respectively, but both effective and both born for TV; General Dellaby-Couch (Roger Harrison) and Lady Isabel Welwyn (Stuart Harling), Thunderguts and his lady, the Empah and All That. As satire against the art of publicity the play is very funny.

Mr. and Mrs. A. (Alan Austin and John Row), the Common Man and Woman, got across most adequately the jingle of the rhyming couplets with their smart cynicism. An Announcer (Anthony Carter) seemed to have studied his medium. For the evening he was our TV heart-throb.

And the Abbot (Derek Wilson) inveighed at length against the evil that is brought about by the will for power in men's minds and urged the necessity for self-surrender. He said it very nicely and was probably convinced by it. A very difficult speech, which we personally did not understand until we read it again.

The last scene is a kind of variety act—like most variety, good in parts to all men. Unlike the Epilogue to "Saint Joan", for instance, it says nothing new; the Chorus largely reiterates the idea of disillusionment and the Doctor, one's sole hope of cheerfulness, is dismissed in half a dozen lines. The answers of James, Stagmantle, Isabel and the General in the "Any Questions?" part of the programme were well done.

The staging and lighting were excellent, the noises-off convincing, the music played with gusto, the crenellated ridges stood out against the sky, F6 looked really slippery and, having stood precariously on the utmost pinnacle, we can say that it was quite a mountain.

Above all, the whole thing was fun to watch.

1962

“ *The Pirates of Penzance* ”

THE opera was cursed, for two of its three nights, with what surely must have been the worst fog of the winter. It was a pleasant change to be able to see clearly the morsel of ruined chapel by moonlight, and the piratical rocks of Cornwall, salmon-pink and dove-grey, shining like the heights of F6, only more sedately.

Devotees of the box could no doubt look askance at the over-acting that G. & S. tolerates and almost demands. Perhaps they considered that the Major-General (David Margereson) over-did it in the first act and was much more entertaining in the second, particularly in the candle scene. On the other hand they could agree that Ruth (Rupert White) had a face worthy of Coronation Street. The part, happily guyed, was made more amusing by the violent contrast between the singing and the acting voice. The Pirate King (Alan Austin), quite well abetted by his lieutenant Samuel (David Baker), sang powerfully and, in the second act, explained most comprehensibly the mystery of the Leap Year paradox. Frederick (Derek Wilson), adorned with a regrettable toothbrush moustache, was suitably confused by the situation and sang loudly and surely. The Major-General's seventeen daughters, of all shapes and sizes, were led by three unusually sprightly and attractive young things (David Williams, Barrie Frost, and Thomas Singfield). One of them looked so doll-like that one imagined she would lie down periodically and close her eyes. Mabel (Eric Bardell) looked like a boy acting a girl's part, had one of the most difficult entries in all G. & S., sprinted through *Poor Wandering One*, and improved as the opera went on.

The Sergeant of Police (Edward Goldsmith) looked the part, was not particularly reminiscent of the trumpet's martial sound on his first entrance but, by the time the coster had finished jumping on his mother, was very much at home. The Chorus of Policemen were very funny, and the Chorus of Pirates, on their cat-like tread, rocked the Baths Hall to its foundations.

The orchestra, to our unmusical ear, did not drown the singers; the production had no lapses, and provided some business which we could recognise as being new. The Major-General at one point mentioned that he had whistled all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*. So he had. We would say that, on the whole, the infernal nonsense from *Pirates* was even better done.

W.P.

## "G & S." by "M.C.G.S."

THE final curtain call of the last performance has been taken and the cast moves off the stage amid exclamations and mutual exchanges of "Well done!", "First rate!" and "You were great!" Everyone feels well satisfied, but, for some of us, this is mixed with an indefinable emptiness in knowing that this is our last school production.

There is no school activity quite like that of a dramatic production, particularly when the choice is a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Not only does this involve the majority of the members of the School in some way but the establishment becomes charged with an atmosphere and expectancy that increases with time.

The first rumours begin during July when the closing school year compels thought on projects for the Autumn term. The intelligentsia and the modernists who are still unravelling the complexities of "F6" react scornfully to the suggestion of "another G. & S." Nevertheless, under the lighthearted cry of "Must cater for the masses" there comes a rumbling and moaning to show that voices are being tuned up.

By the beginning of the new term a few choir practices have served as appetisers and some of the "naturals" have been cast. Finally an influx of extra-talented first-formers completes the casting; from now on it will be blood, sweat and tears all the way. However, as time goes on, results are seen and impromptu choruses ring out from the prefects' room and gym changing room, the number of these increasing in proportion to extra practices and rehearsals. Time marches on and as half-term draws near an element of panic creeps in. After a frank assessment of the position and a few home truths the cast are reconciled to spending one morning out of half-term in attacking the little-known contents of Act II together with some finishing touches to Act I.

At this point the production is affecting people in many ways. Owing to the producer's experiments during rehearsal numerous dances have been attempted: the Madison, Loop-de-Loop, Okey-Cokey and Bossa-Nova—all have been tried and the vast majority discarded. But one is left with the consolation that we already know the steps of any new dance invented in the next twelve months. Principals are generally called by their G. & S. equivalent and chance remarks are heard during the day such as "I should like to see Fred at break"; "'morning, Sam . . . 'morning, P.K."; "Are you a part-time policeman?"; "Will Kate and Mabel stop fighting!" and many others.

With a superhuman effort in the closing stages the cast are informed optimistically that they may yet "put on a decent show". Weeks of hard work are coming to an end and weariness gives way to enjoyment at doing something well. The dress rehearsal gives one a chance to see the scenery in position for the first time, and also to realise the smallness of the stage. Finally comes the ultimate transformation of the character as the last touches of make-up are added, amid gasps of delight, or horror! Armed with cutlass or candle each hopes he will make no more mistakes after tonight.

Even at this moment, when the actual performance may seem an anti-climax after previous effort, the appalling state of the weather calls for further examples of ingenuity and loyalty. More than one heart has been gladdened as it catches the whistled notes of "Pour, oh pour the Pirates' sherry" somewhere close by in the fog. Almost unbelievably a full house awaits us on the last night, giving rise to another attack of nerves and increased tension. Then it is all over; only the memories and photographs remain, as well as the satisfaction which makes one say "I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

D. A. BAKER





## IOLANTHE

THE LORD CHANCELLOR .....	<i>V. E. Hatzfeld</i>	
EARL OF MOUNTARARAT .....	<i>P. Chapman</i>	
EARL TOLLOLLER .....	<i>A. Sproxton</i>	
PRIVATE WILLIS .....	<i>R. F. Harrison</i>	
STREPHON .....	<i>B. E. Lord</i>	
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES .....	<i>J. H. Marraner</i>	
IOLANTHE .....	<i>M. Hughes</i>	
CELIA } .....	} <i>A. R. Pearmain</i>	
LEILA } <i>Fairies</i> .....		} <i>M. H. Porter</i>
FLETA } .....		} <i>A. J. Strivens</i>
PHYLLIS .....	<i>S. V. Reece</i>	

"Daddy, I *do* like the picture of the gentleman with the wig on the front of the programme."

"Yes, my dear, that is supposed to be the Lord Chancellor. You will find that the one on the stage doesn't look like the picture at all. That is called Artistic Licence. The one on the programme looks like a very kind Master of Latin Law at school."

"Daddy, it says here that there are fairies in the play. I don't believe in fairies."

"No, but there used to be fairies once and so this is History, and History is good for you. Some people don't believe in Peers either and threaten to knock down their House. If that happens this opera will be yet more Historical and still better for you."

"When are the Peers coming on? I think the Fairies look very nice and they all seem to know their words although I can't understand a lot of what they're singing about, and the very little red-headed fairy is lovely, and the Fairy Queen looks very fierce, and Strephon looks very handsome and very sad, and I should very much like to have Iolanthe as a Mummy, but I can't help knowing that the fairies are boy fairies pretending to be girl fairies and I want to see some big boys in the Sixth Form being Peers."

"You are probably right. Boys pretending to be girls are all right up to a point, but perhaps the clever Mr. Gilbert kept the Peers off the stage for too long. As for the Fairy Queen, wouldn't you look like a rather unkind Headmistress if you had nineteen fairies to look after as well as one in the doghouse at the bottom of the garden? But here come the Peers!"

"I like the Peers. They look funny and they sing some good songs, and I can generally understand what the Lord Chancellor is singing about, although he has a face like a full moon. And I am awfully glad some Peers are Socialist, because I wouldn't like Mr. Wilson to have nobody."

"Yes, the Lord Chancellor is what is known as a discovery, because he is much better than anybody thought he would be. And because this is History there were no Socialists in it originally, so that the Producer had

to monkey about with the words to put the Socialists in. Incidentally, the presence of Liberals in this opera is one of the main reasons for the survival of the Party to this day."

"Oh !"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I liked that bar of chocolate you bought me during the interval. While I was eating it I heard you talking to a lady who said that some of the music was difficult to sing. You looked as though you didn't know, but they must be singing it rather well, because it sounds easy . . . That soldier in the sentry-box has a good song, but he doesn't seem to know what to do with his rifle as much as the soldiers outside Buckingham Palace do."

"Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan often seem to put a good song at the beginning of the Second Act. The soldier sang it rather nicely, too. As for the ordering of his arms, this is a nuclear, not a rifle, age."

"Coo ! Daddy, I laughed fit to bust when the Law gentleman and the two Chief Peers sang about love making the world go round. And when they sang it a second time and did some new tricks I wanted it again. Did they make up those tricks themselves ?"

"I'm told they did. The two Chief Peers were certainly very funny all through."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I liked it very much. I am glad Phyllis married Strephon. She deserved to, because she sang so nicely when she took turns with two or three other people. And she looked much happier later on . . . You told me that my big brother and sister once went to sleep half-way through a school opera. I didn't want to — and it wasn't because you said you would crown me if I did . . . Why are they clapping those two gentlemen in the black clothes and the white shirts ?"

"They are the Musical Director and the Producer. The Musical Director teaches them how to sing and the Producer does almost everything else. They are clapping the Producer, not because he is leaving this term, but because he has worked hard. I wouldn't have his job for all the tea in the Staff Room and the sugar in Uncle Jackson's cup. And he is thanking all the other people who have worked hard and deserved praise — and there are plenty of them that you and I haven't talked about."

W.T.J.P.



Phyllis - S. V. Reece Strephon - B E Lord

1966

“ BECKET ”

RELIGIOUS fervour is often dramatic: Becket, St. Joan, Luther — all have formed impressive subjects for plays. In this play there is also the almost inevitable opposition of the State, the smouldering antipathy between Norman and Saxon, and the basic loneliness felt by both Becket and the King — with the result that the producer has ample, if not embarrassingly ample, material to put over. The many changes of scene in the play, ranging from the Vatican to the Saxon peasant's hut, necessitate simple, flexible scenery, such as the easily-movable arches representing wooden beams on one side and stylised trees on the other, which were effective enough in this production; the considerable cast, while providing plenty of variety, also provides a greater number of potential pitfalls; the women's parts are so essentially feminine that it is very difficult for an all-boy cast to make them credible — the less said, the more convincing the acting.

The producer was lucky, or well-advised, in a crudely lascivious Henry (A. W. Baker) and a Becket (P. W. Fellows), remote and withdrawn even in the scenes of gaiety early in the play. While the King and Becket necessarily carried the burden of the action, the four Barons (D. C. Croxson, W. S. Foster, M. T. Fain and P. M. Chapman) tossed it about drunkenly, growling in good Mitchamere as adequately as Shakespeare's Dukes swore in good Stratford-atte-Bow French. Theirs is almost a fool-proof part and they were more than adequate. The French King Louis (L. St.J. Jarrett), perhaps a French author's revenge for Shaw's Dauphin and Shakespeare's French King in “Henry V”, is everything that Henry II is not. It is a telling contrast and was well acted.

The Little Monk, the symbol of Becket's temptation of martyrdom, suggests the obvious comparison between “Becket” and Eliot's “Murder in the Cathedral”, a much more closely-knit and perhaps, because of the unity of its theme, an easier play to produce than Anouilh's box of varieties. Anouilh's dialogue is clever enough but in its apparent pointlessness is difficult to put across — the conversation between Henry and Becket on the plain of La Ferté Bernard, well done as it was, is inconclusive in every way except that it means the final break between them. People, one supposes, are always falling out with their friends, and life is inconclusive; and the great ones of history are no exceptions. The School has no reason to be ashamed of its presentation of these historic truths.

W.T.J.P.



P W Fellows Henry II - A W Baker and two Barons - W S Foster D C Croxon