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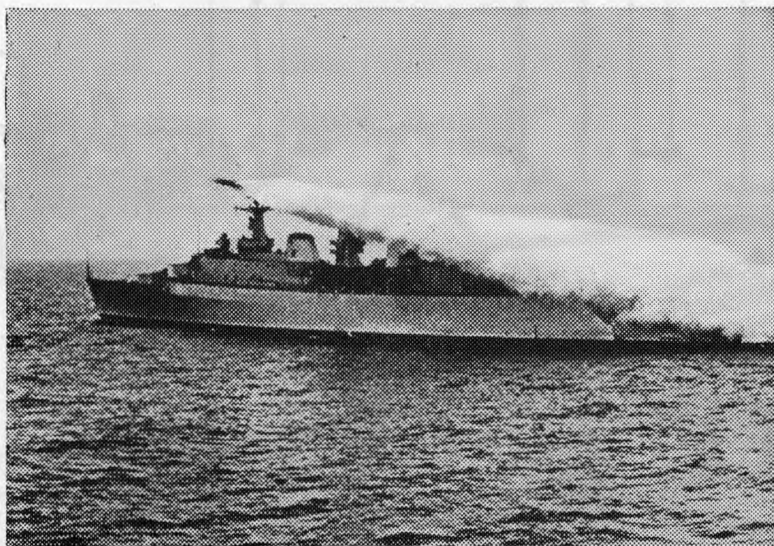
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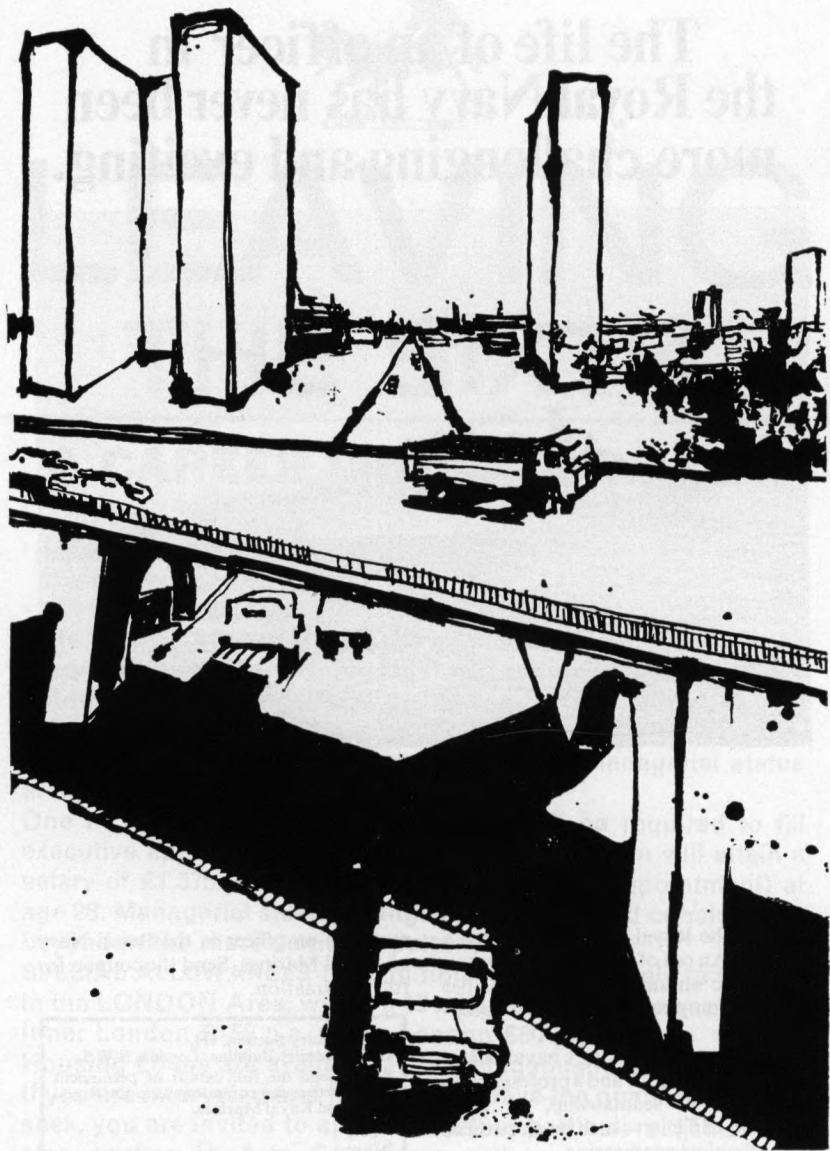
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THE ELIZABETHAN

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ISSUE No. 659

Editor : *Neill Ross*

Sub-Editor: *Ian Patterson*

A WESTMINSTER NOTEBOOK

V. G. B. BULMER-THOMAS, Praefectus and Captain of the Queen's Scholars,
F. O. H. COULSON,
H. J. R. DERMOTT, Head of Ashburnham,
E. S. FUNNELL,
R. KERR,
M. J. PETTIT,
N. A. ROSS, Head of Rigaud's,
and N. J. WAKEFIELD, Head of Wren's
have been appointed School Monitors.

The Games Committee has made the following appointments:

H. VON HARRACH, Head of the Water,
C. ST. G. C. STANBROOK, Captain of Lawn Tennis,
F. P. HALSTEAD, Captain of Shooting,
R. G. H. KEMP, Captain of Swimming.
R. T. WYNN-JONES has been appointed Head of Music.

I. K. PATTERSON is appointed Editor of *The Elizabethan*,
and S. GARRETT is appointed Sub-Editor.

The Head Master and Mrs. Carleton gave a party up School on November 11th. In contrast to their quiet wedding in the summer, School was

filled with five hundred guests, and ranged along its length were azaleas and anemones. An engraved silver salver, presented to the Head Master from the boys at the end of last term, now stands in No. 17.

PRIZES

The following list of prize winners is by no means comprehensive; space prevents that. Congratulations are due to all winners, both mentioned, and not.

The Marshall Memorial Prize to V. G. B. Bulmer-Thomas,
The Bethune Prize to J. D. Rose,
The Webb Music Prize to T. Prag,
The Neale History Prize to A. J. Vinter,
The Knapp Fisher Prize for Music to A. Starling,
The Cheyney Maths Prize to W. J. Porterfield,
The Stebbing Prize to P. D. Craze,
The Vincent Prize to A. W. A. Peterson,
The Gumbleton Verse Prize to P. D. Craze and A. L. Franks,
The Mitchell Essay Prize to O. P. Albery,
and the Eastlake Art Prize to M. Thistlethwaite.

Rigaud's is something of an architectural black sheep; standing next to its prettier looking neighbours, it seems awkward, gauche almost, and out of century. However, the interior at any rate has in several months undergone a complete metamorphosis. The large dormitory, of a distinct Tom Brown flavour for size and coldness alone, has become five warm, comfortable studies. An old Rigaudite would not recognize his house of years ago; present Rigaudites are grateful not to.



While the 1st XI could not decide whether to lose to Aldenham and Lancing or hold Winchester and make history by beating Repton—hitherto almost mythically regarded as invincible—for the first time in twenty years, the Common Room seemed to be in no doubt as to their own abilities on the football field. A motley collection of khaki shorts, maroon and navy squared shirts, and red and white striped rugger vests disguised and belied a unity of play that resulted in a Grove Park XI's being defeated by eight goals to nil. A week later the same team was matched against the school 2nd XI. The pink and white halves combining with the harlequin colours sported by the opposition were dazzling enough, and the Common Room, still keeping their own goal intact, triumphed yet again, this time by four goals to nil. At time of writing, we eagerly—and with some fear for reputations on both sides—await the matching of Masters *v.* 1st.



Three new masters have joined the Common Room this term.

Mr. D. E. Brown was at Fitzwilliam House, before teaching at Brentwood. The Fifth are learning Spanish for the first time, with him. He is a keen and accomplished all-round sportsman.

After some years in the Royal Corps of Signals, and at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Mr. W. S. L. Woolley took part in the British Antarctic Survey. His sport is rowing, and photography too claims much of his spare time.

Mr. C. B. Wightwick went from St. Edmund Hall to Germany to teach at Bremen. He has come to teach Modern Languages, and before coming to Westminster taught at Hurstpierpoint and Denstone.

We hope that they will enjoy being at Westminster.

Despite the patterned border and crest on its front the Almanac has looked sadly bare of exciting content—or perhaps only to someone looking at his sixth Play almanac. As a guide to the term it has always lent a certain heightened dramatic quality to the months, the black lines, ruling off the weeks, pinpointing each stage of the term as it rushes past. At a glance, one could see that November 5th fell on the exeat for the first time in several years. Those who rather felt that cheering the Sovereign was inadequate manifestation of their joy at Parliament's salvation from the hands of Fawkes and company were able to show their pleasure in somewhat more violent terms by burning that gentleman in their own back-gardens. Less violent was Mrs. Carleton's well attended talk on writing a biography; Buchan at one stage, in fact, was top of the literary hit parade. The New Modern Languages Society met several times—Mr. P. Anderson spoke in German on German broadcasting—the Weybridge course was rowed by Westminster oarsmen with moderate success, as was Marlow. Dr. Barnes Wallis spoke to a rejuvenated Science Society on Aeronautics, and Dr. Grey Walker on Mental Machinery. Plays were, as ever lately, to the fore; Busby's were acting one, and the Chamberlain's Men read some. The Debating Society, discussing the motion that this House would leave the public schools well alone, gave ample reason for strong opposition, and Busby's held a Communion service up house. Friday afternoons saw one or two lonely contingents in mufti drilling in Yard; and Westminster's latest contribution to the world of Natural Science is a spider that flourishes only in its natural habitat of S.W.1. Floreat *Aranea Westmonasteriensis*.



The annual Shrove Tuesday dinner for O.W.W. solicitors and articled clerks will be held on Shrove Tuesday, February 22nd, 1966, at the House of Lords by invitation of Lord Rea. Particulars of the dinner will be sent to O.W.W. who have attended previous dinners. Any other O.W. solicitor or articled clerk who would like to attend is asked to inform Mr. E. C. Robbins, Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London, W.1.

“WESTMINSTER SCHOOL”

by John Carleton

It seems that the general attitude of Westminster boys towards the public schools is one of censure; this at least was evident from the recent debate which discussed their future. But one fact emerges from any discussion, whether of the public schools in general or Westminster in particular, is

a sense of immediacy which not only makes for enjoyable reading, but also, and here the excellent illustrations help, also recreates the atmosphere of a period, enabling us to watch more closely the construction of all that makes up the school as we know it today. In the sixteenth and early seven-



Grant's kitchen in Victorian days

by kind permission of Rupert Hart-Davis

that Westminster is different; it is a school standing in a privileged position in the centre of London, aloof from an amorphous mass of other schools. By-passed to a great extent by the Arnold reforms of the nineteenth century, the school has remained, as the Head Master points out, almost unscathed both by “almamatricide”, and, more important today, by that sentimental idolization from which others have suffered.

A present-day Westminster, eyeing the book critically, will pick it up, hopeful perhaps of being able to condemn it on one of these grounds. He will be disappointed, for the many different anecdotes which enliven the narrative will ensnare his attention, and the comparisons he will draw with the school he knows, will give rise, as he reads further, to emotions almost as varied as the anecdotes themselves.

By his frequent use of quotation from records and contemporary accounts, from diaries and reminiscences, the Head Master has been able to instil into what is primarily a history of the school,

teenth centuries, for example, life at Westminster was so different as to be almost incomparable, and although “a barrel of double-beer” (at three shillings and sixpence) was listed as part of the scholars’ diet, their lot can hardly be envied. Feeling must be mixed, too, about life under the ferocious Dr. Busby. Nobody today longs for a return of the birch, especially wielded as vigorously as it was in his hand; and central heating and bed-studies are a far cry from the vast, cold dormitory. Yet under him the school produced the most famous men of the age: Sir Christopher Wren, John Locke and John Dryden are three cited by the Head Master. One cannot help thinking that perhaps, had one been at Westminster then, a distinguished future would have followed as a matter of course.

This would not be an undeserved reward, either, for life was hard. The boys rebelled against the masters, and among themselves; a Royal Pardon had to be granted to the King’s Scholars, when eleven of them were charged with murder;

an eleven year old new-boy wrote of his first night: "I am all over ink, and my fine clothes have been spoilt—I have been tost in a blanket and seen a ghost." Westminster were renowned for their skill with their fists. Boswell records in his diary that Lord Ossory gave young James Boswell half a

less, the history of the school provides the best background against which to see Westminster's present position. There will be some who feel that a knowledge of the school's history would be of no value to them; others will, or do, find it interesting. But of course, it is not necessary. The Head



Westminster Frolics by kind permission of Rupert Hart-Davis

guinea, remarking that "he never saw a Westminster, but he tipped him." But this must have been small consolation for such a life, for one could hardly meet Lord Ossory every day.

Besides the social history of the school, the Head Master has written chapters on the school's architecture, on the school and the Abbey, and on the Latin Play. We are granted also the chance to learn how ditch-leaping degenerated into organized athletics, how the swimming station migrated from the murky waters of the Thames to Dolphin Square and its blue pool, and even how the morals of boatmen were raised, so that instead of drowning, boys went to Henley Royal Regatta.

The final chapter is devoted to a "School Portrait". Here the emphasis lies on the individuality of Westminster and its pupils. Always being at the centre of things, one feels little need of tradition as something to fall back on. Nonethe-

less, the history of the school provides the best background against which to see Westminster's present position. There will be some who feel that a knowledge of the school's history would be of no value to them; others will, or do, find it interesting. But of course, it is not necessary. The Head Master's book, is by no means merely a history: within its basic framework it introduces the reader to the personalities of those who have been in some way connected with the school, and in this way he is able to convey an impression of the school as a living entity.

The first motive a boy will have to open this book will be curiosity; he will want to find out how the familiar image of the Head Master appears in print. Having read the book, he will know much more about the school; perhaps he will retain vivid pictures of the six-week-long challenge of two hundred and fifty years ago, or of a uniformed Second Election saluting masters from Monos in the first world war. He will find something to criticize, even if it is no mention of Peter and Gordon among the famous sons of Westminster; and he will find much to praise as well; or if he is not given to praising history books, he will enjoy it surreptitiously.

THE PINK PRESS

There have been many attempts to capture the imagination of the school with new magazines; each year, it seems, produces its own addition. But as the original editor leaves, the magazine fades, and sometimes before he leaves. Too often

the cynic's cry of "one journal, one edition, next one please" is founded in reality. One would hardly suppose that the fault lay in a lack of ready material; contributors always need several helpful hints before pen is put to paper for any publication,

but Westminster is a potential fount of work that could be exciting inside Dean's Yard and out. Articles do not float together into print; the force required to combine them into a presentable format is considerable. And even if an editor decides to have the energy to put something together, get it printed somehow, and then sell it, he may find that the surprise and joy of creation wanes second time round. The second novel is harder to write than the first; and the second edition of a magazine too. It has been said before; another time will not hurt.

What is the justification for existence of a Westminster magazine? And what do Westminsters want to read that they cannot find elsewhere? Apart from matters closely connected with the school itself, politics, theatre and book reviews, for instance, are better left to the weeklies. Where a Westminster magazine can say something worth reading is in subjective material in the form of poetry, personal experience, events viewed from a peculiarly Westminster angle. The only news articles that this sort of magazine can afford to print are up to the minute reports of matches and society meetings. But possibly the most important of all functions that could be fulfilled is the opportunity afforded to potential authors and poets to communicate their talent to other people, and thereby to themselves.

Such then the abstractions of school journalism. How do the present magazines compare with these standards? The *College Street Clarion* is printed every fortnight; this in itself is no small achievement. It has become so established as to be almost taken for granted. Yet one likes to see it every two weeks. The *Clarion* in some senses serves the same purpose as looking in the mirror or at a photograph of oneself. One likes to see oneself or the establishment one belongs to in print or on celluloid. This is not just a question of self-importance; it lends to oneself and events an objective quality so that one can stand back and view them as part of a greater whole, and as one section of the general scene of events. It gives one the feeling that what is happening is news, and that it is important and worth recording. This, and added morsels of information about matches and societies, constitute the basic character of the *Clarion*. Regular features, like its "High and Low" column and editorial give a sense of cohesion to each issue. "High and Low" is predominantly a selection of house notes; one easily forgets that the *Clarion* is wholly a one house affair, yet it manages rather cleverly to combine a certain parochial flavour with a universal outlook extending to many events. The

end of October saw the beginning of an interesting series of correspondence on school music. Obviously its capacity to run topical exchanges of viewpoint is a strong point in the *Clarion's* favour. Feature articles, however, tend to be somewhat naive in style and viewpoint; but one of the most happy features of the magazine is its cover drawings, attractive and sometimes witty: Adam meets Eve, with the world's first woman in polo-neck sweater and kinky boots, its first boy friend in a floral tie and herringbone trousers. Very much a Carnaby Street Genesis here.

In sharp contrast, in its comparatively sophisticated lay-out and content, is *Jester*. This is a new venture and we have been promised a second edition this December. Articles for last term's issue were contributed by writers in and outside Westminster, masters and boys. The greater range from which they came produced a correspondingly better standard of writing; and criticism when it was levelled—as of the Albert Hall Beat poet convention—instead of falling flat on a wave of rather half-hearted and loosely argued invective, was cohesive and convincing. Humorous writing is perhaps the most professional of styles to achieve, and one feels that this side of *Jester* was the least impressive. The highest standard of this sort of writing has been seen in the *Trifler*; but this often exciting, sometimes pretentious, magazine has not appeared this year; one hopes the loss will be made up in the next. But if the *Trifler* was not there to publish poetry, *Jester* was, and included in a decently lengthy poetry section poems better than a lot we have seen. One of the most attractive aspects of this magazine is its Gourmet's section, which realistically took into account the pocket range of a Westminster. This page was written in a racy style, that in some ways typified the vigour of the paper as a whole. Even the index, with each article under its own defined heading—Financial section, Film section—let the reader know he was in business with this one.

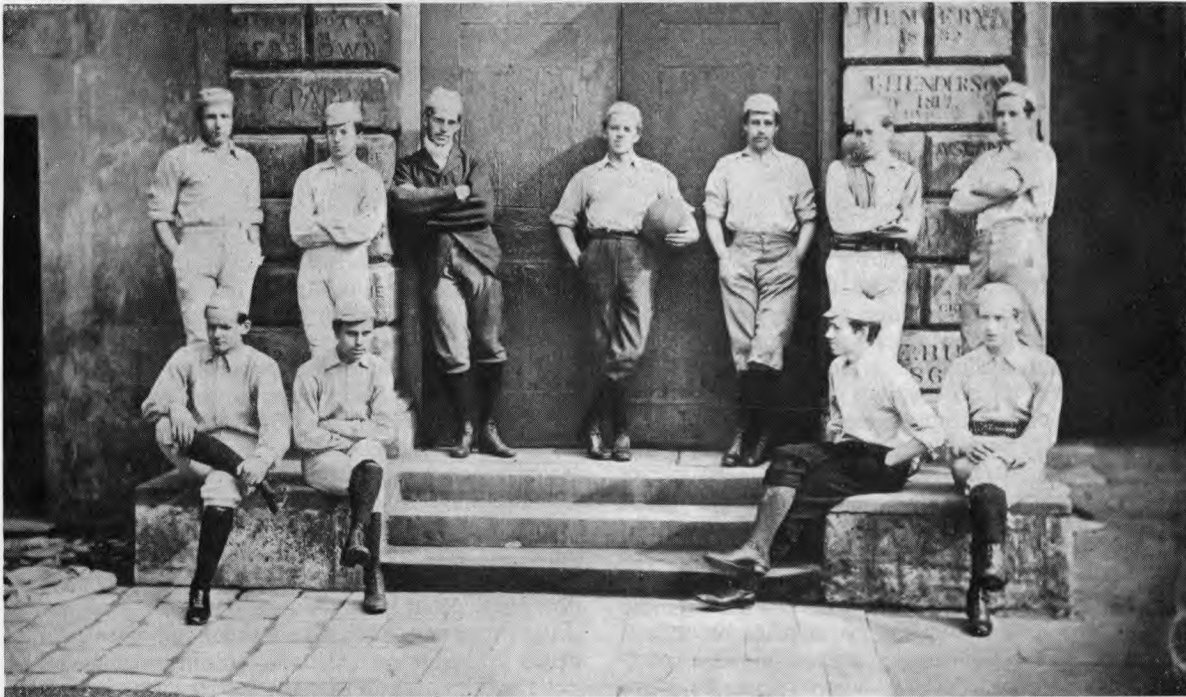
Anything that is written here about *The Elizabethan* will be in danger of being interpreted as a failed attempt to steer between self-glorification and apologia. As the school's official organ it records events that those who have left will want to know, and those who are still here will want to read later. How much of a chronicle it becomes and how much a barometer of the current climate of opinion at Westminster depends very much on the editor at any given time. As a past editor succinctly put it: *The Elizabethan* is by its very nature like *The Times*, yet can veer towards the *Guardian*, keeping clear of the *Telegraph*.

OLD WESTMINSTERS IN SPORT

By Richard W. Pollard and John B. Goodbody

Westminster's indifference at sport is commonly accepted, but what has astonished us, is that this is really a myth. What truth there is in it has been established in comparatively recent years—the 'forties and 'fifties were a desert of mediocrity especially in cricket and football—but there are signs that Westminster sport, both at school and old boy level, is improving at the present time.

the harsh headmaster of Eton, caned his boys on their return—not one gathers so much at annoyance at their defeat but because he had refused to allow the game to take place. At soccer, too, Westminster played an important part in the formation of the game. The School abstained briefly from joining the Football Association at its inaugural meeting in 1863 owing to the preference for its



Formidable-looking team of ninety years ago

Archives

Moreover, the fact is that Westminster helped to mould the structure of several sports and for a period—at the turn of the century—produced a remarkable number of international sportsmen.

The first sportsman that we can trace of any real note was Sir Thomas Bunbury, who owned the first Derby winner, Diomed, in 1780—thus starting a line of races which has gone on so enthralingly until the present day.

Sixteen years later, Westminster played Eton at cricket in the first recorded school match and defeated them at Hounslow by 66 runs. Dr. Heath,

own brand of rules, but four years later were admitted to the Association and in 1871 C. W. Stephenson, Old Westminster, was a member of the octet who founded the F.A. Cup on the basis of the Public Schools' House matches.

Football, indeed, has provided Westminster with a large number of its most notable sportsmen. There was, of course, N. C. Bailey who obtained a Cup-Winners medal and captained England on frequent occasions. As a mobile defender, he was capped 19 times and held the record for the most number of international appearances until the

immortal Steve Bloomer's 20th in 1905. In all, Westminster have furnished 11 full football internationals. W. R. Moon was a gymnastic goalkeeper and a Middlesex County cricketer. He played for England on seven occasions at football. Then there was R. R. Sandilands who was at outside-left in England's most talented forward line of the nineteenth century—that of Bassett, Bloomer, G. O. Smith, Goodall and Sandilands which, for reputation, was not exceeded until the Matthews, Mortenson, Lawton, Mannion and Finney attack of 1947. The 1896 side destroyed Wales 9-1 and were described by *The Times* correspondent at the match as "a splendid 1st".

S. S. Harris, an inside forward of erudite distribution, won seven caps and played with Bloomer and Woodward in a formidable inside-forward trio of 1904-06. Other full internationals include R. T. Squire, W. F. Rawson, A. H. Harrison, W. M. Winchworth, J. G. Veitch, the inside-left in the all-Corinthian side to represent England in 1894 and two more F.A. Cup-winners medallists, R. W. S. Vidal and H. E. Rawson. More recently, there has been C. R. Julian, an Olympic Games amateur competitor in 1920, and C. A. Harvey, an underrated Scottish amateur international in 1931-32. Since then, there has been some endeavour and little success.

Probably the most distinguished of all Old Westminster sportsmen were the Doherty tennis playing brothers. Both R. F. and H. L. were Wimbledon singles champions—nine times between them. They also won the doubles together on eight occasions.

Both were Olympic gold-medallists at Paris in 1900 and three years later, they captured the Davis Cup for Great Britain. H. L. in fact was victorious in all twelve rubbers in the Challenge Cup Round between 1902 and 1906—the only incident of an immaculate record in the history of the competition. Two other tennis players have won national titles: T. M. Mavrogordato, British Covered Courts doubles champion in 1921, and D. P. Gordon, Junior Wimbledon Doubles champion in 1955.

At Table-Tennis, the Honourable Ivor Montagu is an old Westminster of note—being the President of the International Federation.

There have been few bright spots in the school's cricket record. One was L. J. Moon, also a football Blue, who appeared in four Tests in South Africa in 1905-6 averaging 22.75 as a batsman. In this, the "Golden Age" of cricket, Westminster did manage to provide four members of the 1900 varsity match including R. N. R. Blaker, another football Blue, who was a member of Kent C.C.

during the era in which they won the County Championship. Other leading County players of this time: G. L. Crowe for Worcester, F. Street, a captain of Oxford at football, and the three Moon brothers, L. J., E. G. and W. R. who all played for Middlesex. Between the wars, there were four Old Westminsters of distinction: C. H. Taylor, an Oxford Blue for four years who compiled 109 in the 1923 Varsity match; R. G. H. Lowe, the last player to achieve a hat-trick in the Varsity match (1926); W. N. McBride, a double blue at cricket and football, who had County cricket with Hampshire; and G. B. F. Rudd, who represented Leicester between 1919 and 1926.

Since the war there has been only one—C. C. P. Williams, who captained Oxford in 1955 and afterwards represented Essex.



H. L. Doherty

Archives

The most famous name in Westminster "Water" is unquestionably H. R. A. "Jumbo" Edwards, winner with L. Clive of a gold medal in the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics at the coxless pairs and also a member of the winning coxless fours crew the

same year. He also captured two gold-medals in the 1930 Empire Games and swept the board at Henley in 1931 being a member of crews which won the Grand Challenge Cup, the Stewards Cup, and the Silver Goblets. His coaching has been prodigiously successful subsequently and his influence in rowing is considerable. However, there have been other important rowers from Westminster. The British eight for the 1924 Olympics contained two Old Boys of the School: R. G. Bare and H. W. M. Dullely. Twelve years later, in Berlin, J. C. H. Cherry and M. P. Lonnon were members of the Leander crew which represented Britain. Previously, E. D. P. Pinks—aptly named—won the London Sculling Cup and was runner-up in the Diamond Sculls in 1913. G. A. Ellison was President of the Oxford University Boat Club in 1933-34 and, of course, several Westminsters have competed in various Boat Races among them H. M. Young, C. E. Wool-Lewis.

Of all sports, especially in recent years, fencing has earned Westminster most prestige.

P. M. Turquet achieved the amazing feat of being an English international for 26 years and was sabre champion of Great Britain in 1951. E. B. Christie was captain of the British foils team in the 1950 World Championships, while P. Webb and C. A. Whitney-Smith were both British Universities' Foils Title-holders. This year, N. Halsted was a magnificent success at the World Student Games in Budapest.

Track and Field Athletics have thrown up one tyro in recent years—R. J. T. Givan, who clocked the best time for a 16-year-old male in the 880 yards in athletics history. He also recorded 1:52.4 for the 800 metres in 1959—a time which ranked him equal 10th with the brilliant Gerhard Hopp on the European Junior (Under 20) list for that year. Two great athletes were at Westminster at the time of the First World War—J. C. Ainsworth-Davis, a gold-medallist in the British 4×400 metre relay squad at the 1920 Olympics and also H. A. Meyer, a successful novelist and editor of books on the sport, who was double Sussex sprint champion and an Oxford Blue. Finally, in 1964, the present cross-country secretary of the Old Westminsters Athletic Club, J. G. Forrest, set the second best time by any Oxford athlete in the gruelling Cumberland Three Peaks Race—22 miles of exhausting hillside.

Boxing has rarely attracted any attention at Westminster. But there is one outstanding exception—R. Rawson, who secured the A.B.A. heavy-weight crown in 1920 and 1921.

Although golf has not occupied an official status

within the school, nevertheless many Old Boys have done startlingly well.

The Hartley brothers R. W. and W. L. both played in the Walker Cup for Great Britain against America in 1932. H. W. Beveridge appeared for Scotland against England in 1908 and for the Amateurs against the Professionals in the Coronation Foursomes in 1911. W. A. Slark was an England golfing international in the 'fifties while H. Gardiner-Hill became captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1956.

Swimming, one of the school's more successful sports in recent years, has owed much to C. Doxat, the multi-Middlesex champion and record-holder and who was placed 2nd in last year's Southern Counties individual medley championships.

Cycling has enabled A. C. Nesbitt to gain Oxford representation from 1893-6. There are two particular oddities. Two Westminsters have gained Blues in major sports at University which are not played at Westminster—rugby union and hockey. They are B. G. Scholefield, an Oxford Blue in 1922 at Rugby and H. A. Carless, who also was a Tennis Blue, was chosen for Cambridge at Hockey.

Westminster have produced two racing aeroplane pilots of international significance. There was G. W. Hamel, who in 1912 won the first Aerial Derby—a flight of 81 miles round London—and who looped the loop 14 times before King George V at Windsor, two years later.

In 1931, C. W. A. Scott set a new world record for a flight from England to Australia and three years afterwards he was awarded the British gold medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society for winning the England-Australia air race.

S. C. H. Davis became a well-known racing driver of the 1920's and was winner of Le Mans in 1927.

There are other double University Blues in addition to those already mentioned. N. M. Beyts boxed for Oxford in 1937-9 and also was selected for Oxford in athletics at Javelin throwing. A. H. Pearson, too, won Blues for athletics and boxing and captained the Cambridge Cross-Country running team in 1907. One man who lays some claim to being the greatest all-round sportsman nurtured in Dean's Yard is triple blue I. V. Ivanovic who represented Cambridge at three separate sports—water-polo, athletics and swimming in 1933.

Finally, as an engaging maverick one should chronicle the achievements of persistent fisherman R. Pashley who landed 678 salmon at a total weight of nearly five tons in 1936.

The authors would like to apologize for any omissions and would welcome hearing from any Old Westminsters who feel either that they, or contemporaries, should have been included.

ANGLES ON ABBEY

Donne observed that company was the atheist's sanctuary; at Westminster, it seems, the greater the company, the more secure the sense of refuge. The difference between a lusty hymn in an insistently secular House dining room, and a lame *Te Deum* cringing under the lantern may be no reliable guide to religious conviction, but it says a great deal about how the respective gatherings feel. No, the formidable and apparently indispensable presence of the national shrine is singularly chilling.

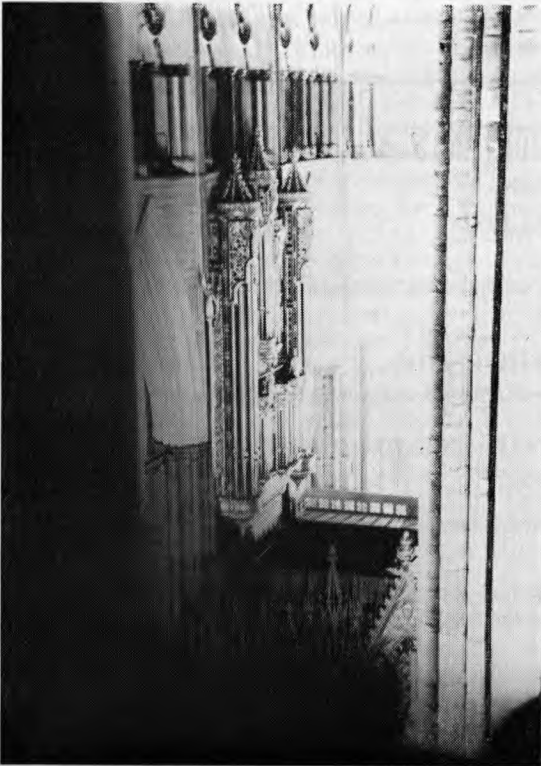
The reverence of the occasional visitor is not a standard for critical comparisons. Awe is itself a cold emotion, largely incompatible with familiarity. The outsider's idealizations cannot help us. It is, indeed, a remarkable building—but who cares on a draughty December morning after institutional breakfast? Architectural rhetoric perhaps cuts a little ice with the present generation as all other

elevated expressions. It is, indeed, a privilege to be able to worship there—or it would be, if we were able to worship. There is so much more of the place than the congregation, that unless the assembly is of one heart and mind, it readily surrenders to the embarrassed half-silence which the cold stone seems to demand.

For those of different sensibilities, other forms of idealization come to mind, mostly in the form of vignettes: silhouettes in the Dark Cloister, flying buttresses spying on Ashburnham garden from a supercilious height, refreshing coolness on a hot summer's day; motionless banners presiding like petrified ghosts over Henry VII's chapel. But by all of this, no doubt, most of us are ultimately unmoved. Or even unaware. Compelling, yet ostracized; ubiquitous, yet unloved; hours of tedium and vacuous frustration, and, maybe, a few ephemeral moments of pleasure or consolation, as different as one individual from another, matching exactly the Abbey's protean identity, and, like the whole place, powerful in our recollections. Are we, after all, so sure of our verdict, should we ever be called upon to declare ourselves in favour of a decree absolute?

"Abbey" for a Queen's Scholar means predominantly a Sunday, or a Saint's Day procession; the battle between an intractable tie and an intransigent collar; a good deal of standing, sitting and kneeling while the Service is said and sung; and sometimes the comforting thought that by taking one's statutory, surpliced part in the morning service one is giving hard-working parents, now onlookers, a rare glow of satisfaction, tempered with amazement.

What else? Sermons on a Sunday are listened to and discussed if they are audible and topical: Dr. George MacLeod's United Nations Day sermon, and the Dean's exposition of Dr. Ramsey's words on Rhodesia both made deep impressions. The more theological, abstract sermon often lacks the warmth and immediacy to catch a boy's interest. Then there are the more rare and splendid occasions of State, when scholars may either take part in the procession or serve more humbly as stewards at the doors. Like other vital relationships, that between the Abbey and the Queen's Scholars is a two-way process of giving and receiving, service and privilege, and it forms a prominent part in a scholar's time at Westminster.



Abbey pipescape

Photo: P. G. Hollings

A further privilege lies in the use of St. Faith's Chapel for evening prayers. Like any other routine this can lose its edge through familiarity, but for some, as for me, it represents a unique place of stillness, particularly needed in a close-packed community.

In the past two years, the Dean has entertained the Queen's Scholars on the eve of Commemoration, and shown them the Deanery and the Jerusalem Chamber; after which the Dean and Chapter have come to St. Faith's to join in College Prayers. Besides being a most pleasant occasion, this is a good symbol of how potentially fruitful the Collegiate body is. It is not only a matter of service and privilege. Anglican canons, versed in the conflicts of the world as well as in the refinements of theology, and intelligent, often sceptical, school-boys have a lot to give each other.

To those of us who belong to Westminster, the Abbey offers a continuing invitation.

An invitation to look up at the soaring gothic arches, to allow our minds to be lifted above the trivia of the common round and to consider, for a few brief moments, the great questions of life and

death, love and friendship, meaning and purpose, against which we are so successfully insulated by the affluent world in which we live. An invitation to look back over nine hundred years of Christian witness, to remember the round of prayer and worship offered in this place on more than thirty thousand successive days, to meditate upon the faith which has inspired the lives of so many of the great men of our nation who are commemorated around the walls. An invitation to look forward to our own lives which lie before us, exciting in their possibilities, yet so full of doubts and uncertainties. An invitation to lay bare our own lack of faith, the fragile shell of our self-sufficiency, to recognize our need of love and forgiveness and grace.

Of course we don't always accept the invitation—sometimes the Abbey seems merely old and out of date, sometimes it seems no more than a prop of the Establishment, sometimes it makes us want to scream. Yet all the time the Abbey stands four-square, patiently, unmoved by the vagaries of man, waiting for those rare moments when it can speak to us its message—moments of truth perhaps, precious moments which may yet serve to make our lives more worthy of Christ's love.

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**ARNOLD TAYLOR, F.B.A.A., F.C.C.S.,
STAMFORD HOUSE, 2/4 Chiswick High Road, London, W.4**

A GREEK MEMORY

"A cold coming we had of it", just the worst sort of boat for a journey; the sea was rough and sheep had run over the deck all night.

"Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending and nocturnal air
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
When morning rises?"

Shivering and unshaven, sickened rather than stirred by the ubiquitous smell of Turkish coffee we shuffled down the gangways to where a two-faced, if not three-headed Cerberus snapped up our silver sops and seemingly pointed the way to Hell. It is unfortunate that one's first sight of Crete should be Iraklion harbour.

It was not until we had journeyed at least as far as Cnossos that Homer became convincing:

"Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil,
And ninety cities crown the sea-girt Isle."

That weird, half-constructed Labyrinth of rooms that seemed too small in every dimension, frescoed princes with eyes of such colour that saw nothing—bulls, double-axes and that amazingly fragile, delicately but vividly coloured pottery: "The warm South" and an Egyptian flavour had made Minos' palace totally different from anything on the mainland. We finally admitted defeat at Triada, where we crossed a river, swollen by a morning storm, on donkeys, and then eating soft unripe almonds walked up a gentle slope through citrus groves. The dark waxy green of the leaves made a harlequin contrast with the yellow and orange of the fruit; water dripped from the branches and the air, soft after the rain, was heavy with lemon scent. We broke through into a clearing and saw the now familiar maze of stones interlaced with blossoming cherries. It was impossible to analyse such beauty, put it "prisoned and wriggling on the wall" for a historian's cross-examination. One could not see behind the almond-covered views and the long grass where bees droned from flower to flower.

At Olympia, too, in the ungrudging hours of the night, one could only lie down with Odysseus between the olive trees and listen to the nightingales, mongrels and donkeys joining in an ill-assorted but bewitching chorus. Already low, the river idled past the broken but imposing pillars; and in this crumbling state one accepted it as a master-

piece—cherry-blossom, grey stone and glistening river—like a Chinese painting. It was vastly easier to admire the man-made beauty of Greece at Delphi; all around, the hills "like giants at a hunting" seemed so uncompromising that the utterly unexpected splendour of stadium and temple seemed a triumphant defiance of a challenge of:

"See or shut your eyes, said nature peevishly".
The result was a union of two genres of beauty that might have denied synthesis.

In the incredibly barren heart of the Peloponnese we had stumbled on the perfect temple of Baiae, surrounded by land where "nothing throve" Farmers faced with the pathetic struggle to raise a crop from land as fertile as a drawing-room floor leaned on spades as we passed and greeted us with voices as hoarse as the Frog gardener's at Queen Alice's door. Little pockets in the rock of crumbly red soil supported a few vividly green blades of corn.

"As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair in leprosy."

And there in the middle of it all was Baiae. In a recreation of the Rubaiyat, wilderness had become "paradise enow".

It was a comparable surprise when, with a quick change of gradient from three-in-one to about ten-to-one-on, feeling like Eliot's magi we entered the valley of Sparta "wet below the skyline, smelling of vegetation". Those fierce eyed saints looked down on us at Mistra, a plethora of Byzantine churches, their red domes round as Rubens cherubs, as we looked down on Sparta. Along the banks of the Eurotas olives were whispering in one of those warm inland breezes. To this day Sparta lives up to her standards: the hotel where we drank gruel of a truly Spartiate thinness closed early, and the oranges growing in the street were too bitter to eat.

At Mycenae more than anywhere the old spirit remained. Bestiality rather than regality seemed epitomized in the lions over the gate and it was easy to imagine that threatening image of the watchman crouching there "like a dog". It seemed natural there for sleepers to dream those night-mares of nature gone mad—the child turned viper sucking at Clytemnestra's breast, the two eagles tearing the foetus from the belly of the pregnant hare. What a setting for Aeschylus' chorus to

scent the blood of infanticide and cannibalism enveloping the place. So many things in Greece are smaller than one expects: the enormity of the beehive tomb at Mycenae struck with all the

greater force and set the most Eton-collared of minds wandering from Fuseli's sketch of Achilles and Patroclus to Homer, without definition but perhaps with aspiration to appreciation.

COBBLER FOOT



Photo: P. G. Hollings

The "Ornaments Fund" which Colonel Stuart Horner inaugurated last year with the gift of £1,000 has enabled the School to buy another object of Westminster interest which appeared recently in the saleroom—a portrait of William Foot, who was the school cobbler in the 1830's. The portrait (of which very few engravings exist) shows him standing with his head thrust forward belligerently and holding in one hand the strap with which he used to belabour junior boys who interrupted him in his work. It was a time-honoured joke to send unsuspecting new boys to provoke his wrath, and in his other hand is a piece of paper on which can just be discerned the words: "Please give the bearer two measures of strap-oil."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY MARKET AND FAIR

As part of the arrangements to celebrate its 900th anniversary the Abbey is holding a Market and Fair in Dean's Yard, from Tuesday, July 19th to Saturday, July 23rd, 1966.

The Fair, which is in aid of charity, has as its theme "One People", hence twenty-five different charitable organizations have been invited to run their own stall in the Market. One of the twenty-five is the Westminster School Society, which plans to display and sell fine needlework of a really high standard, e.g. quilting, silk and velvet patchwork, tapestry, gros and petit point, embroidery, lace.

Fifty per cent of the net profits of each stall will be retained by the Charity running it; the other fifty per cent will go into a pool from which all the expenses of the Fair will be met. The balance will then be divided equally between all the organizations taking part.

This will provide a splendid opportunity for the Society to augment the funds which it holds for the benefit of the School. A considerable and varied stock is required to furnish the stall for five days, and although the Society is already in touch with various people and organizations who are making articles for it, our net must be cast much wider. We hope that anyone who is willing to make, give or offer suitable articles (or can suggest where or how to obtain them) will write to the Hon. Secretary at 5a Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1, as soon as possible. As well as seeking gifts of stock, the Society is ready to commission and pay for work to be done specially for it.

There are only six months in which to stock our stall, and we need to start now.

A TALE OF UNPREDICTABILITY

FOOTBALL 1965

It is perhaps a comfort to pools experts that the results of Westminster's 1st XI do not come under their aegis; it is more likely that the housewives, blindfolded and armed with pins, will come out with the right result. To quote *The Times*: "If Aldenham lost to Bradfield 4-3, and beat Westminster 6-1, and Winchester drew with Bradfield 4-4, by how many goals could Winchester be expected to beat Westminster?" The result was a 1-1 draw.

Certainly the season started on a high note, with the team confident of success. Admittedly the first match, against Westminster Hospital, was a rather unsatisfactory win (2-1), but the ball was moving well up the field, and it was only in front of goal that our inexperience showed itself. At this stage there were probably twenty players who stood a fair chance of a place in the team; this added to the sense of urgency as we began the season.

against good opposition, and, as is often the case, played a great deal better. The defence fought hard but the forwards could not score, with the result that the ball was in our half for two-thirds of both matches. Both times the strain was too much, and we lost 4-0 and 4-1. These two defeats had a fatal effect on the team's attitude in the matches that followed. The sense of anticipation and excitement before, and complete freedom during the match quickly disappeared. There was a terrible sense of doom, almost of gladiators being sent out to face lions which could not fail to kill. The performances of the team sank to a level low indeed. The results hardly bear mentioning. Chelsea Casuals, a skilful team, were allowed to do much as they liked, and beat us 7-1; Dulwich Hamlet Juniors won by an even greater margin. But the most bitter pill of all was a 6-1 defeat by a mediocre Aldenham side. There was that fatal look of resignation on many of the faces that returned to the dressing room. R. Kemp, however, was improving with every match, and A. Orr, who was later injured in practice, was also playing well. But M. Pettit was as captain more than anyone else responsible for the revival which followed the Aldenham match; up in the forward line to add more punch, and out of his accustomed position at wing-half, he showed the team an example of determination which they finally followed.

Against Winchester we all had confidence in each other, and were unlucky not to beat one of the best school sides. Towards the end, we dominated the match and hit the post once, the bar twice. It was good to see the opposition becoming worried and making mistakes, while we remained calm. But still the tale of Westminster's unpredictability is not told. No one, I think, enjoyed the game against King Edward's, Witley, and a side whom Winchester would have beaten easily defeated us 2-1. This strange lack of enjoyment persisted against Lancing. The match seemed more of an ordeal than a revelation; in the first half, when they were not playing well, we followed suit, and the score was 1-1 at half-time. But Lancing are a good enough side not to miss the sort of opportunities given them in the second half. Again, desperation bordering on panic set in and spread until we were all affected; we lost 8-1.

The prospects for the future were not a good talking point. Before the Repton match, however,



Full-Back directs operations

Photo: P. G. Hollings

In the next two matches against Guy's Hospital and the Old Bradfieldians the team came up

there was again this impression of real determination in everyone; we were all rather more nervous than usual, and impatient to play. The victory that followed was a psychological triumph in two ways; broken confidence had been restored, and secondly, no Westminster side had previously beaten Repton in twenty-five years. The closeness of play, the destruction of the jinx, recreation of confidence, all these made this a victory more

satisfying than any other. Repton were the more skilful side, but were beaten by hard tackling and hard running. C. Pike was an immensely relieving sight in goal; many times I saw with horror the backs of Repton forwards descending on our goal-mouth, but each time the ball was cleared or saved. The supremacy given by that one goal, a fine shot by R. Kerr, was tenaciously held till the last. One hopes that this refound spirit of determination will do too.

A RUSSIAN BOSWELL

Francis Carline

August 13th En route for Russia; Slavonic day-dreams are rudely shattered by the news that the train will not leave for another two hours. This will probably be the pattern for all future train journeys. For a party of sixty-five the two hours were fully required. At Tilbury a numbered ticket led me straight to my cabin, where I lost contact with the rest of the world. Until dinner came to the rescue. Quite a good, Russian-looking dinner, though we were not offered fried perch as advertised. Sturgeon—yes, caviar too!—was provided the next morning.

14-17th Glorious days; deck chairs, sunbathing. What does one do all day—of which we have four whole ones? The day is divided as follows: at eight o'clock we have breakfast, three and a half hours, lunch-tea, four and a half hours, tea-dinner at seven o'clock, one and three-quarter hours. The day was thus split up by announcements for the meals, which were generally agreed to be the highlight of the voyage.

15th The ship docked at Gothenburg, during Sunday morning. We went ashore in small groups, as usual throughout the trip. The supposedly bustling commercial Swedish city never really woke up—does it ever?—to give us much impression; though there was no shortage of trams. Forty-eight hours later, Helsinki. Here Alexander II's russianization—is that the right word?—gave us a foretaste of things to come.

18th Disembark; goodbye "Ivan Franko", and thanks for an entertaining trip! Leningrad fully lived up to the accounts I'd received of a magnificent and unsullied architectural piece. It's hardly surprising that the city as a whole is regarded by the authorities as an historical monument; so the buildings tend to be restored rather than demolished. The perfect place for the lover of eighteenth and nineteenth-century architecture, built to the designs of the best architects the Tsars could lay

their hands on; the Italians Rastrelli and Rossi are prominent. Perhaps the city owes all this to being no longer a capital. The hotel, an enormous tourist palace, similar to the ship in its complicated layout, was a twenty-five minute bus ride on a "self-service" bus. The usual pattern in the U.S.S.R. is to place five kopeks (irrespective of journey length) into a box, and help oneself to tickets. It is convenient, but not important, to have the right change; if not, a collection must be taken from other passengers. Perhaps the best way to see a city is to take a walk, using a map that leaves most things to the imagination. I set off with Mr. Zinn who is organising the whole trip alone, and Mr. Stokoe. That evening there was a gun salute and a beautiful fireworks display.

19th It's very impressive, the architecture of the Tsarist Palaces. Those belonging to Catherine II (the great one) are designed by Italian architects and finished in a distinctive green and white colour scheme. The one principally studied was Catherine's summer palace at Tsarskoye Selo (Tsar's village) a few miles from Leningrad; it's now named Pushkin; the poet spent much of his youth there and regarded it as his native town. The Nazis, who were surrounding Leningrad, revelled in the destruction and looting of this beautiful, refined place, but restoration has proceeded fast.

20th The State Hermitage, attached to Catherine's winter palace, is very much the equivalent of the Paris Louvre. Some say that you should either go through it thoroughly or not at all. We paid it lip service. Just to see the Rembrandts, late Titians, and one of the earliest collections of Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings is worth it.

21st Novgorod, an ancient, and important town before Ivan IV (the terrible one) had a wonderful collection of old Russian churches, in addition to the ancient Kremlin. A unique sight, but the

churches are very much museum pieces, restored after Nazi destruction.

22nd Listened to the Sunday service in St. Nicolas'—perhaps the finest, and sole functioning, cathedral in Leningrad; magnificent, ornate; solemn chanting, an emotional experience without parallel elsewhere.

23rd Moscow doesn't seem so very large on the map; but everything in it is on a large scale, proportional to a country occupying one-third of Asia. Large modern administrative and industrial buildings dominate the city, where it is not dominated by the Kremlin. But between the great blocks are old streets, sometimes with the old-style wooden houses still standing. These were the rule in Moscow while the great palaces were being erected in Petersburg, and as long as the new housing scheme remains uncompleted the old houses continue in use. Dive down an endless escalator to the Moscow metro. See very few indications as to what station I'm in, and no advertisements. But each station has its own distinctive interior design and decoration, often very impressive. It seems that the whole of Moscow moves underground; trains go every two minutes but are always full. Just as bad as Oxford Circus.

24th The monastery of Zagorsk is like another land in comparison. The chief outpost of the Orthodox religion, the Russian Vatican, it has to keep to itself. There was a serene relaxed, atmosphere amid the beautiful sixteenth-century churches and refectories.

25th The weather is glorious; has been all the time in Moscow. The programme no longer conforms to meal times: today lunch at 4.30 and dinner at 10.30 after the ballet—"Giselle" by a Rumanian company.

26th A much looked-forward-to coach ride to the country, passing some Russian provincial towns on the way. The objective was a country house—images of Chekov's cherry orchard; here the march of time stopped completely in 1910 with the death of its occupant, Tolstoy.

27th I'm told gramophone records are very cheap in Russia; rushed off to the department store (GUM) to stock up.

28th-29th "Sunny Kiev" poured with rain all day. But there were compensations: the interior of the cathedral of St. Sophia, with magnificent frescoes and mosaics, both religious and secular, of the eleventh century. The parks and greenery were in vast proportion to built-up area. It was interesting to feel oneself in a different Russia, where a slightly different language, Ukrainian, is spoken, but . . . perhaps we had lost the energy to sightsee at last.

Journey's end. Full circle; Tilbury, gulls, September greys—England.

CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor
The Elizabethan

Dear Sir,

May we bring to the notice of your readers, especially those who were at the School before the war, the Memorial Fund which is being established to perpetuate the work of Arnold Goldsbrough?

Few musicians combine in one person the talent for first-class performance with the capacity for patient scholarly research; in Goldsbrough this duality was developed to a point outstanding in his generation, and it gained him an esteem quite unique in the musical profession. His death whilst still at the height of his powers has left a sorry gap in the thin ranks of those who can offer both authenticity and virtuosity in the performance of Bach, Handel, and the Baroque period generally.

The Memorial Committee, formed last January and already commanding distinguished support, aims to sponsor the publication of Goldsbrough editions and recordings, and it hopes, in the longer run, to found a postgraduate award which may assist future students to follow the same lines of work. To launch this appeal there will be given a series of concerts in London and also in Birmingham at which many of the leading artists who were associated with Goldsbrough will give their services.

Arnold Goldsbrough was a lifelong friend of Westminster, and had charge of its music from 1921 to 1924 and again for a short while in 1931. His boundless vitality, warm generosity and power as a teacher will be remembered by all who knew him and who followed with admiration the development of his career in later years.

So we feel that musical Westminster will wish both to attend the brilliant concerts which will be offered this November (the London ones are on November 9th, 16th, 23rd) and to subscribe to the Memorial Fund. All details may be had from The Secretary, Goldsbrough Memorial Committee, 11 Mansfield Street, W.1.

Yours faithfully,
ADRIAN C. BOULT
H. COSTLEY-WHITE
JOHN CRUFT
JOHN ENGLEHEART
C. THORNTON LOFTHOUSE
DONALD SWANN

July 1965

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

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- G 1960-65 GREEN, ROGER JOHN, Packsaddles Farm, High Beech, Loughton, Essex.
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- W 1961-65 HARRISON, PETER RICHARD, 3 The Knoll, Beckenham, Kent.
- B 1960-65 HARRISON, MICHAEL ARTHUR DAMER, Chickney Hall, Broxted, Nr. Dunmow, Essex.
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- G 1961-65 JOHNSON, NORMAN MCINTOSH, 55b Langley Park Road, Sutton, Surrey.
- R 1961-65 KEIL, CHRISTOPHER, 30 Uxbridge Road, London, W.12.
- R 1962-65 KNOWLES, RALPH CHURTON, Fossetts, Broad Lane, Lymington, Hants.
- G 1961-65 MACDONALD, KELVIN ALISTAIR RAMSAY, 12 Melina Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.
- G 1961-65 MACKENZIE, RONALD, 88 Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.
- A 1960-65 MADSEN, MICHAEL FRITS, Ruxley Spinney, Mountview Road, Ruxley, Claygate, Surrey.
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- B 1960-65 PRAG, THOMAS GREGORY ANDREW, 6 Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.
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- G 1961-65 ROBBINS, NICHOLAS HYDE, 30 Royal Avenue, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.
- B 1960-65 SAMUEL, MARTIN JONATHAN, Little Murrays 79 Home Park Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.
- R 1961-65 SEARLE, JOHN MICHAEL, 32 Newton Road, London, W.2.
- G 1961-65 SMITHAM, MICHAEL ERNEST JAMES, Little Orchard, Woodstock, West Clandon, Surrey.
- B 1961-65 STEWART, JOHN HUGO, 33 Gilston Road, London, S.W.10.
- A 1960-65 TENNANT-EYLES, JAMES WILLIAM, Foxhill Farm, Kingsey, Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks.
- A 1961-65 THOROGOOD, EDWARD WILLIAM, 203 Hook Road, Chessington, Surbiton, Surrey.
- G 1960-65 TIZARD, ANDREW HENRY, Ickenham Manor, Ickenham, Middlesex.
- C 1964-65 TRILLING, JAMES LIONEL, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.
- B 1961-65 VAN DE WEYER, MARK SYLVAIN BATES, 88 Frognal, London, N.W.3.
- R 1960-65 VINTER, ALEXANDER JOHN, 11 Templemore, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey.
- W 1961-65 WALPOLE, DEREK ORFORD BASIL, The Orchard, 222 Chase Side, Southgate, London, N.14.
- A 1963-65 WARREN, ADAM HUGH, 12 Stanley Gardens, London, W.11.
- G 1960-65 WILLIAMSON, TREVOR BATESON, 12 Suffolk Road, Barnes, London, S.W.13.
- R 1962-65 YORKE, PETER FRANCIS ALLAN, Cherry Wood, Brassey Road, Limpsfield, Surrey.

A mild October sun, the Devonshire countryside, and above all the quiet unhurried tenor of life at Dunchideock House made an ideal setting for a gathering of members of the 52nd Westminster Scout Troop of pre-war days.

Between October 1st and 4th twenty-two people came and went as they pleased, wandered round Dartmoor or the garden, slept, ate and above all talked. Who, thirty years ago, could have predicted the owners of the various cars parked in the drive?—the Jaguar belonging to an eminent divine, the Mini of the space-research scientist. Who could have foreseen that four doctors would not be enough to stop two headmasters talking about education?

Edinburgh proved within easy striking distance although it was realized that those invited from Australia and South Africa would not be able to come. It is hoped that on the next occasion many more will come along to enjoy what has now been proved to be a thoroughly successful weekend.

OLD WESTMINSTERS FOOTBALL CLUB

December 11th The School v. O.W.W. at Vincent Square.

December 18th O.W.W. F.C. v. Old Carthusians at Godalming. (Arthur Dunn Cup 1st Round.)

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club will be held at the School on Tuesday, April 5th, 1966, at 6.15 p.m. by kind permission of the Head Master.

D. A. ROY,
Hon. Secretary.

49 Pebworth Road,
Harrow.

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
 2. Minutes.
 3. Matters arising.
 4. Hon. Secretary's Report on the season 1965/66.
 5. Annual Accounts.
 6. Election of Officers for the season 1966/67. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose a candidate for office should send the name, together with the names of the proposer and seconder, to the Hon. Secretary not later than three days before the meeting.)
 7. Honorariums.
 8. Any other business.
- The Club supper will be held on Saturday, February 19th, 1966. All those who would like to attend are asked to contact the Hon. Secretary, D. A. Roy.

SWIMMING

The past season was a very successful one for the Club. The results were as follows:

v. Old Citizens	Lost 30 points to 40
v. The School	Won 53-47
v. Old Cholmelians	Won 38-22
v. Old Chigwellians	Won 50-34
v. Old Whitgiftians	Won 36-34

The Club just failed to reach the final of the Public School Old Boys Relay.

If anyone is interested in the swimming section, all communications should be addressed to C. Doxat, Hon. Secretary, 1 Alexandra Mansions, West End Lane, N.W.6.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' CRICKET CLUB

Hon. Secretary: M. J. HYAM,
96 HILL BROW, HOVE 4, SUSSEX
BRIGHTON 56578

REPORT ON 1965 SEASON

The 1965 Season started badly but happily improved, the Fortnight at Vincent Square again being a success.

In the two-day match at Godalming, the Club had the better of a drawn game against the Charterhouse Friars, who were dismissed for 84 in their 1st innings, chiefly due to splendid bowling by C. J. Broadhurst, who took 7 wickets for 20 runs. Following on, they made 279 leaving O.W.W. to make 111 runs for victory in short time. Spirited batting by C. de Boer and G. A. Lewis saw the 50 up in 21 minutes but the task proved too great and the Club were 34 runs short at the close.

The game against Incogniti provided an exciting finish with Lewis making a fine 104 not out, which won the match.

J. W. Myring scored an undefeated 116 against Oatlands Park and there were other good performances by M. A. Hall, de Boer, R. P. C. Hillyard and J. F. Mortimer.

Apart from the Fortnight, difficulty was experienced in fielding strong sides on occasions and it is hoped that next year members will apply in good time to match managers and not wait to be asked.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' GOLFING SOCIETY

In March, Tony Grover's annual invitation match v. Old Uppinghamians was rather disastrous on two counts. Firstly, we were again rather soundly beaten on Saturday, 20th, at Brancaster and we were washed out by the weather at Hunstanton on the Sunday.

In the Halford Hewitt, our side consisted of Tudor Davies and Barley, Slark and Petherick, Spencer and Bulgin, Ryland and Anthony Hornsby and Grover and Richard Davies. Your Secretary had arranged to watch proceedings but was unfortunately prevented at the last moment from doing so. Most excellent accounts of the three rounds played were written up by Noel Hornsby and these were circulated to members of the Society. In summary, we beat Brighton 5-0, Dulwich 3-2 at Sandwich, and lost to Tonbridge 2-3 at Deal. Although we might well have won the match against Tonbridge which was played in heavy rain, we must congratulate Davies and Barley and Slark and Petherick on each winning their three matches.

The Spring Meeting was held on April 29th at Addington. The Silver Birch for the best scratch round was won by Barrie Peroni and the Graham Cup for the best net by Anthony Hornsby, with the Circuit Salver for the best net for players with handicap 12 and over went to John Kirkup. The Barnes Goblets Foursomes Stableford Competition was won by John Barley and Fowke Mangeot. The attendance was 17 which for mid-week was quite good.

The Summer Meeting at Royal Ashdown on May 29th was by contrast poorly supported; only 12 people turning up on a Saturday. The Miller Salver for the best bogey on handicap was won by Harold Lindo. The Foursomes Stableford under handicap was won by John Kirkup and Davis Coaten who received a prize presented by the Society.

The match on the following day was cancelled in advance for lack of support and it is unlikely that the Committee of Royal Ashdown will wish to retain the fixture as we have failed to raise a full side for the last three years. A letter of apology was written to the Club.

Similarly, the match v. Old Radleians at Royal Ashdown on June 27th (a Sunday) had to be cancelled by the Captain, Richard Davies, for lack of support.

As holders we entered for the Bernard Darwin Competition Public School Old Boys sides aged 50 or over. Our team had two changes from last year, Champness and Johnson taking the place of Abrahams and Blaker. We were defeated 4 matches to 1 in the first round by our old friends and rivals Uppingham.

Interest in the Society seems very hard to retain despite circulating members with notices of each Meeting and raising sides for matches seems difficult. To me it seems essential that the Committee meet more often than hitherto and I hope that our new Captain will ensure this occurs. The Committee should, I feel, study various suggestions for improving attendance.

The new Secretary will automatically become a member of the Elizabethan Games Committee but we are entitled to another member to be appointed by our Committee.

I would like on relinquishing the job of Hon. Secretary to say that, although the results of my efforts have disappointed me, I have enjoyed considerable support from the other Officers and particularly from the Hon. Treasurer, Denis Ryland.

F. J. A. MANGEOT.

OLD WESTMINSTERS

Mr. L. J. D. Wakely, O.B.E. (G. 1923-28), Deputy High Commissioner in Ottawa, has been appointed H.M.'s Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Rangoon. He was appointed C.M.G., in the recent Birthday Honours.

The following appointments were noted in the Birthday Honours: C.M.G. Lt.-Col. I. Innes Milne, O.B.E. (K.S. 1925-30) Foreign Office.

Mr. J. A. Peck (K.S. 1919-24), Assistant Legal Adviser to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

O.B.E. Mr. B. A. Bernacchi, Q.C. (Ash. 1935-39) for public services in Hong Kong.

Major J. A. G. Corrie, M.C. (H.B. 1931-36) Under Secretary, Prime Minister's Office.

Col. P. Beeman, D.S.C., R.M. (Ash. 1930-35) has been appointed Royal Marine Aide-de-Camp to H.M. The Queen.

Mr. Peter Masefield (R. 1928 (Jan.-Dec.)) has been appointed Chairman of the British Airports Authority which is to control Heathrow, Gatwick, Stansted and Prestwick airports.

Mr. R. Cawston (G. 1937-40) has been appointed Head of Documentary Programmes, Television, B.B.C.

Brigadier E. H. G. Lonsdale, M.B.E. (G. 1926-31) has been appointed Director of Supplies and Transport (Army) with the rank of Major-General from May 1966.

Major-General Norman Foster, C.B., D.S.O. (R. 1923-27), G.O.C. Royal Nigerian Army 1959-62, has been appointed to the new post of Inspector of Army Security in the Ministry of Defence.

Mr. Nigel Lawson (H.B. 1945-50) has been appointed Editor of *The Spectator*.

Mr. Hume Boggis-Rolfe, C.B.E. (R. 1925-29) has been appointed Secretary of a Law Commission under the Laws Commissions Act, with the rank of principal Assistant Solicitor. Mr. Boggis-Rolfe is an Assistant Solicitor in the Lord Chancellor's Office.

MARRIAGES

CARLETON : ROBERTS—On August 5th, 1965, at West Hendred, Berks, John D. Carleton (H.B. 1922-27) Head Master of Westminster, to Janet Adam Smith, widow of Michael Roberts and daughter of the late Very Revd. Sir George Adam Smith, D.D., F.B.A., Principal of Aberdeen University.

STANCLIFFE : SMITH—On July 17th, 1965, in Westminster Abbey, David Staffurth Stancliffe (G. 1956-61) elder son of Canon Michael Stancliffe and Sarah Loveday, eldest daughter of Philip Smith of Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

DEATHS

ARGYLE—On August 24th, 1965, at Repton, Harold Victor Argyle (G. 1902-04), aged 78.

BANBURY—On August 31st, 1965, as the result of a road accident, the Revd. Justin Bray Banbury (W. 1949-54), of King's Lynn, aged 29.

BROWN—On August 22nd, 1965, at Cambridge, Bertram Goulding Brown (H.B. 1893-99), aged 84.

CRAIES—On October 7th, 1965, at Little Chalfont, Bucks., Constantine Craies (R. 1896-99), aged 83.

DE GANS—On July 18th, 1965, as the result of an accident, David Anthony De Gans (W. 1960), aged 18.

EAGER—On July 1st, 1965, at Sevenoaks, Basil Mervyn Eager (H.B. 1925-27), aged 54.

FAILES—On July 19th, 1965, at West Runton, Norfolk, the Revd. Canon Bernard James Failes, O.B.E. (R. 1900-06), late Vicar of Watton, Norfolk, aged 77.

GATES—On July 19th, 1965, at Lake, nr. Salisbury, Edward Alfred Gates, O.B.E., M.D., M.R.C.P. (R. 1887-91), aged 91.

GEARE—On August 20th, 1965, after a long illness, Henry Leslie Geare (Q.S. 1900-05) of Wimbledon, Solicitor retired, aged 78.

GENISSEAU—On June 3rd, 1965, Louis Pierre Eugene Genisseau, Assistant Master (French), 1929-34, aged 78.

GODSAL—On May 5th, 1965, in Sussex, Charles Philip Lloyd Godsall (R. 1922-24), aged 58.

HAMERTON—On July 29th, 1965, suddenly, Geoffrey Hamerton, Assistant Master 1953-65, aged 49. (An obituary for Mr. Hamerton will appear in next March's issue.)

MACPHERSON—On September 10th, 1965, Arthur Stewart Macpherson (H.B. (Non-res. K.S.) 1909-15), for many years principal German Master at Dulwich College, aged 69.

MEYER—On June 18th, 1965, suddenly at Edgware, Edward Arthur Meyer (K.S. 1906-11), aged 72.

MOON—On August 27th, 1965, accidentally drowned, William Edward Penlygon Moon (G. 1925-28), son of Edward Gibson Moon (O.W.), aged 54.

MANSFIELD—On June 8th, 1965, the Revd. Edward Greysbrooke Mansfield (G. 1931-34), Vicar of Witley, Surrey, aged 47.

MURISON—On September 10th, 1965, suddenly at Birmingham, Anthony Bertie Logan Murison (K.S. 1921-26), only son of the late Sir William Murison, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, aged 58.

PEARSON—On September 16th, 1965, Angus Charles Pearson (B. 1960), aged 18.

PICK—On June 21st, 1965, George Philip Pick (Ash. 1908-12) of Hindhead, Surrey, aged 71.

RODGER—On August 2nd, 1965, George Lancelot Graham Rodger (Ash. 1910-15) of Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex, aged 69.

SHELDON—On September 18th, 1965, Walter Basil Sirr Sheldon, O.B.E. (Ash. 1923-27), aged 55.

SWANN—On August 28th, 1965, Geoffrey Swann (Ash. 1897-1902) of Walkern Croft, Stevenage, aged 82.

WATERFIELD—On June 2nd, 1965, Sir Alexander Percival Waterfield, K.B.E., C.B. (K.S. 1901-06), aged 77.

WILKINS—On July 23rd, 1965, Trevor Hamilton Wilkins, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (H.B. 1892-97) of West Chiltoning, Sussex.

WILLIAMS—On June 13th, 1965, as the result of a flying accident, Douglas Alexander Williams (H.B. 1947-52), aged 31.

WILLOUGHBY—On October 1st, 1965, in Vancouver, Peregrine Heathcote-Drummond Willoughby (G. 1919 (May-December)), son of the late Brigadier-General the Honourable Charles H. D. Willoughby, aged 60.

WILLOUGHBY—On June 14th, 1965, Cecil George Willoughby (K.S. 1914-20), aged 63.

Harold Victor Argyle was a son of the late Edward Argyle of Tamworth, Staffs, Solicitor, and was up Grant's 1902-04. He was admitted a Solicitor in 1910 and practised at Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. He served in both World Wars. Four of his sons were up Grant's.

Bertram Goulding Brown was a son of the late Walter Brown of Regents Park, and was a Home Boarder from 1893 to 1899. He was afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first class in both parts of the History Tripos, and played chess for Cambridge 1901-04. He was a well-known Cambridge "character", his eccentricities endearing him to successive generations of pupils whom he coached for the Historical Tripos for over 60 years in a room which appeared to have been untouched for a similar period. He died at Cambridge on August 22nd, aged 84.

The Revd. Canon Bernard James Failes, O.B.E. (R. 1900-06) was the youngest son of the late Revd. Watson Failes, Master of Rigaud's (1894-1907) and afterwards Vicar of Ashbury, Berks. After leaving Westminster he went to Queens' College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1911. From 1927 to 1958 he was Vicar of Watton, Norfolk. He was an Hon. Canon of Norwich.

Many Westminsters will have seen with regret the death, at the age of 91, of Dr. Edward Gates, O.B.E., who was the Medical Officer of the School 1923-48. He was a son of the late Philip Chasemore Gates, Q.C., and was up Rigaud's (1887-91). After taking his M.D., with high honours, he practised for a time at Florence, Italy. He served throughout the First World War, and was awarded an O.B.E. for his services in East Africa. He was twice married and had two sons at the School.

Henry Leslie Geare was the elder son of Henry Cecil Geare of Hampstead, Solicitor, and was a Q.S. (1900-05). He was admitted a Solicitor in 1909. A devoted Old Westminister he was for many years an Honorary Steward of the Abbey, and a familiar figure at Abbey Services where he will be greatly missed. His son was elected a K.S. in 1933.

William Edward Penlygon Moon, who was accidentally drowned on August 27th, was the elder son of Edward Gibson Moon (O.W.) and was up Grant's (1925-28). He was a Civil Engineer. His younger brother and two of his uncles were also at the School.

Walter Basil Sirr Sheldon was a son of Walter S. Sheldon, M.R.C.S., and was up Ashburnham (1923-27). He was a solicitor, but during the last war rose to be a Colonel in the R.A.S.C., and was made an O.B.E., and also a Commander U.S.A. Legion of Merit.

Sir Alexander Percival Waterfield, K.B.E., C.B., was a distinguished member of a distinguished Westminster family. He was a son of William Waterfield (O.W.) and a grandson of Thomas Nelson Waterfield (O.W.). He was admitted a K.S. in 1901, and was Captain of the School 1906-07. Elected head to Ch.Ch. Oxford in 1907, he took a first in Mods and Greats and was Hertford Scholus (1909). In 1911 he entered the Treasury of which he became Principal Assistant Secretary. In 1939 he became First Civil Service Commissioner, and as Chairman of a selection panel introduced drastic changes in the method of selection of candidates for the administrative class of the Civil Service. He retired in 1951, but in 1958 he was appointed Commissioner on Wages and Salaries in Malta.



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Student Technician: Minimum qualifications are five passes in the G.C.E. at 'O' level, which must include mathematics, English language and physics. Technical drawing is also desirable. This is a four- or five-year apprenticeship and boys are given release from work for the National Certificate or other appropriate courses.

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