

The Elizabethan



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Commemoration of Benefactors

The Latin Service in Commemoration of the Foundation and Benefactors of the School will be held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, November 17th, 1970, at 8.30 p.m. After the Service there will be a Reception up School and in Ashburnham. Dress: Dinner Jacket. Admission to the Abbey and the Reception will be by ticket only. Old Westminsters who wish to be present should apply for tickets not later than Saturday, October 10th, to the Reception Secretary, 17 Dean's Yard, S.W.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. It is regretted that not more than two tickets can be sent in response to any application. No tickets will be issued before October 19th.

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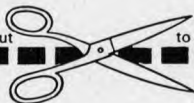
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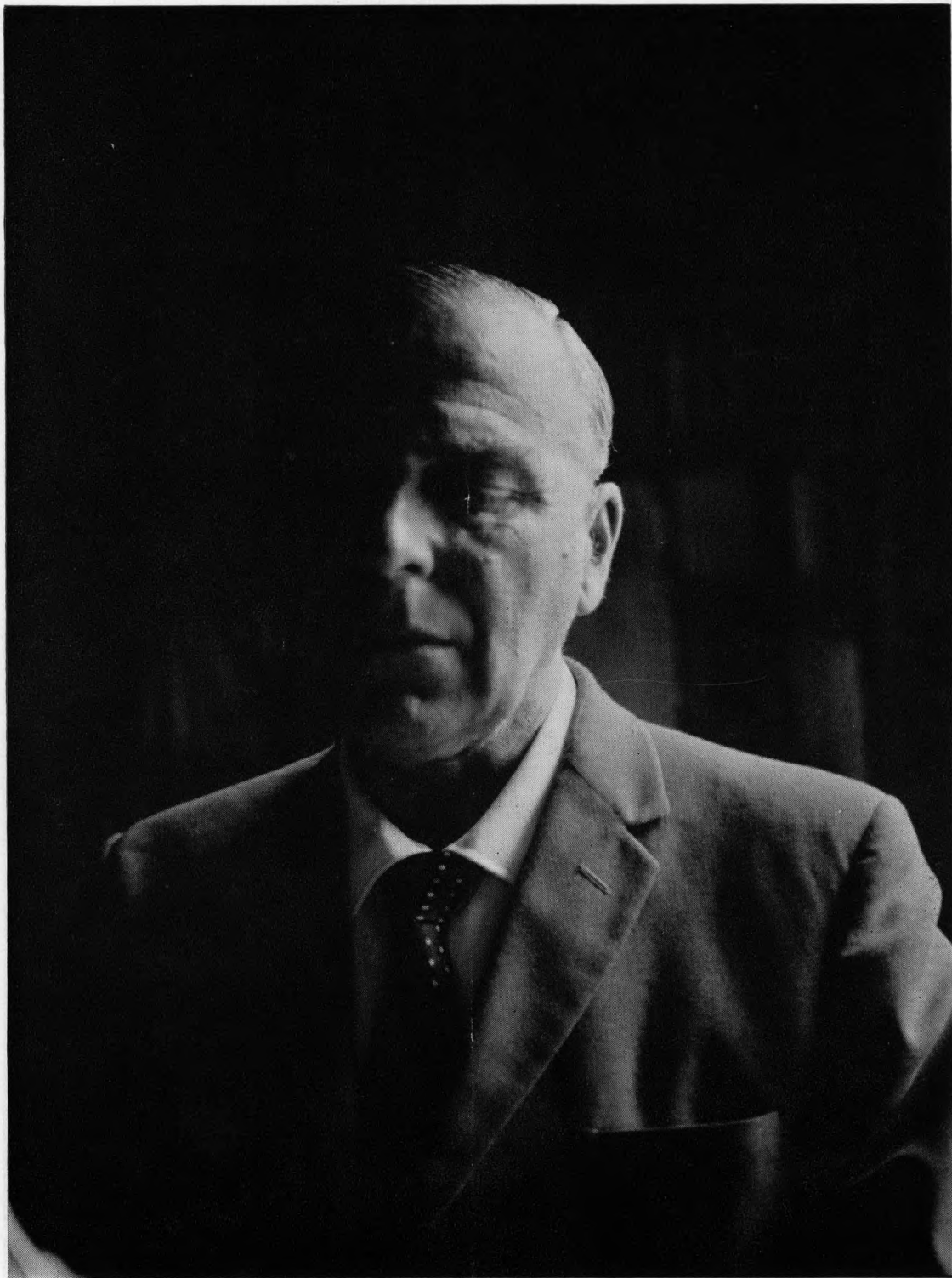


photo: Hugh O'Donnell

THE ELIZABETHAN

Editors: Adam Harvey, Martin Orbach

... exit with applause

JOHN DUDLEY CARLETON

Homeboarders	1922-27
Merton College, Oxford	1927-30
Master at Westminster	Play Term 1930
King Edward VI's School, Southampton	January 1931—July 1931
Westminster: working on muniments and coaching at Water	September 1931—July 1932
Master	September 1932—September 1941
Special Operations Executive	September 1941—June 1945
Under Master	May 1949—June 1957
Head Master	June 29th 1957—July 10th 1970

From a recorded interview with John Carleton:

I sent up for Gamage's Christmas Catalogue and also a Bassett-Lowke's catalogue—I was a keen model railway enthusiast—and they both happened to arrive together and also my prep school took the *Sphere*, a weekly magazine. There was a most absurd picture: 'Our Artist's impression' of the old monks of Westminster singing carols from the triforium in the Abbey—why they were singing from there I don't know—a most uncomfortable place to sing from and to my certain knowledge they never did. Anyway, I innocently thought, being 12 or whatever it was—I'd heard of Westminster, I suppose from the Grease—how lovely to go to a school where I could go to Bassett-Lowke's, Hamley's and Gamage's and listen to the old monks singing in the Abbey. We were doing monks at the time and obviously, looking back, I can see I

hadn't got to the chapter on the Dissolution of the Monasteries so I vaguely thought, well here they all will be singing carols like billy-o when I arrived.

But I really don't know how on earth I persuaded my parents, particularly my father, to let me come here since I had a sure and certain career in front of me in the Navy, having already passed into Dartmouth—and how he agreed to my going off to the extraordinary waiting-house Thring's, which was a pretty odd beginning to a public school career, I just don't know. I simply bullied my parents into sending me; I think I made a fuss and cried and I had my own way.

You mention Thring's:

The nearest analogy today, I suppose, would be the 'Waiting Houses' in Dean's Yard and Barton Street, but whereas they are virtually within the precincts and are run by Masters, Thring's was over a mile away from the school and its housemaster was a retired Lieutenant-Commander who never came near Westminster except to attend the end-of-term concert.

It so happened that my arrival at Thring's—my Westminster debut—coincided with an evening of dense fog. The taxi had ground its way from Sloane Square, where my father and I had been staying in an old-fashioned hotel, and had cruised uncertainly around a maze of dilapidated streets. At last it came to rest; my new trunk was unloaded, and while the choking vapour swirled around us we stood awaiting an answer to the front-door bell. The answer, when it came, was unexpected. We had come to the wrong house, and the frowsty woman who stood revealed in the gaslight made it clear that she was expecting visitors of another sort. Abashed, we climbed back into the cab and renewed our search. My father sat in gloomy silence while I, too young to see the humour of the situation, felt numbly that it was an inauspicious beginning to a public school career.

And when Thring's was disbanded?

I became a sort of Paying Guest together with Robin Harrison, the late Warden of Merton College, Oxford, in the attic room at the top of No. 3 Dean's Yard. Robin and I shared the top floor there and it was a rather nice place to be really because one had one's own room, and a lovely view over the Abbey. I nipped into College whenever I wanted to but at the same time had the advantage over its inhabitants—they didn't have any studies or anything in those days—and then retired to my 'domain'.

Your interest in the surroundings?

I think that I first became interested in the history of Westminster because I did not like the food provided in College Hall for lunch. Every day, as a small boy, I would arm myself with a couple of bars of chocolate from the school tuck-shop and make off through the Cloisters to the Abbey, nibbling them surreptitiously. Occasionally, and particularly if the weather was cold, I would go straight into the Abbey, and eat them in a side chapel while I examined the monuments, thrusting a half-finished bar hurriedly into my pocket if anyone approached, for I had been well brought up and knew that it was wrong to eat in church. It was not long before I grew bolder. At that time, as today, extensive repairs were going on in the Abbey, but in those less regimented days the authorities were less vigilant, and I would often find a turret door left open and would slip in when no one was looking and run lightly up the spiral staircase to the triforium or higher still up to the roof.

But most of all I loved to slip out on to the parapet above the great rose window of the South Transept. Below me was the school, looking like an



architect's model from my vantage point, its various buildings dovetailing with those of the Abbey to form an intricate jig-saw. I already knew enough about the history of the place to know that I was also looking down on the Benedictine monastery which gave the school its birth.

I used just to wander off—I don't know why—I wasn't a particularly athletic chap—I then rowed in the 2nd VIII I think. I remember I enjoyed that—I rowed for Merton College in Oxford—and I got to know the Abbey well, partly because Mr. Tanner was so kind to me; I don't know how I first got to know him, but there he would be hour after hour up there in the muniment room. He taught me to read the manuscripts and I daresay when I got better I was really quite a help to him with the cataloguing—so I really got to know the Abbey well before I left school.

What then was the position as regards Abbey services ?

In my time the service was held in a very hole-in-the-corner way—at first in Poet's Corner—South Transept only—and the vergers came and put a rather dismal Victorian Gothic brass lectern thing up and there were pews then with benches and no music and most people did their prep. Then, in 1925 I think, the Abbey gave permission for us to use the Choir and the Organ, but with tremendous reluctance—they said the boys would destroy the pews and get the hassocks dirty or something. We said, 'No, they won't, don't be silly,' and ever since then it's gone on.

And the ties between the School and the Abbey ?

Well yes, they are close obviously, and there are difficulties from time to time. I mean I'm sure we annoy the Abbey a good deal, but on the other hand, having lived cheek by jowl for 400 years and more, we must get along together. By and large there have been many good friends among successive Deans and Canons.

In 1932 you returned as a master to Barton Street

14 Barton Street was then let at a very low rent to Sir Herbert Baker (who built Busby's)—actually it was very handy to have an architect's office round the corner—eventually he was turned out, but the house was used as bachelor quarters and was not then divided up into flats as it is now. Anyway we went in there—there was Laurence Burd, 'Preedy' Fisher, James Peebles who was later Head Master of Hereford Cathedral School, and Bob Llewellyn who was the School Chaplain.

But you soon moved into Busby's as House Tutor

Busby's was formed in about 1925 (before Church House was built) in a very pretty Georgian terrace divided into houses. We got the leases back in 1925 and knocked the houses together—Nos. 6 and 7—then Church House wanted to knock them all down and build, in the usual way, but we stuck out and said we wanted another boarding house . . . this was eventually finished in 1936. Then Busby's moved in. The Housemaster was Robert Hilary. On his death C. H. Fisher was appointed Housemaster and asked if I would like to be House tutor. So I had a couple of rooms and there I lived—until the war I suppose. I was away in the war and then came back and went for a short time as tutor to Busby's; then I went and lodged in the Under School—so complicated isn't it this place—in No. 3 Little Dean's Yard. They had been in Grant's during the war and then when Grant's came back they used No. 3—College was blitzed—the back part (Grant's dormitory and where Matron lives) which hadn't been blitzed—they used that as form rooms, and some of the form rooms were in No. 3. I had a bed-sitter in No. 3 for, I suppose, three or four years until I took over College, which was then in Liddell's, and had been since the end of the war. We knocked through a medieval doorway towards what



Busby's House photograph

is now Mr. Keeley's study—they were two completely different houses but I knew there had been a medieval door there and I suggested knocking a way through and joining them up. We used the whole of Liddell's except Mr. Keeley's form room, which was John Christie's study. We knocked a way through—we were always doing that—from the bigish Liddell's dormitory into this house. My study, where we're sitting now, was the Biology Lab—rats being dissected and all that sort of thing.

When Walter Hamilton came as HM he said he really must have a decent study—quite rightly—so we then moved the Biology Lab up into what is now Mr. Ross's room. When the Churchill Club was operating Mr. Ross's room was the ladies' loo—a dozen cubicles and pipes going all over the place.

When I became Under Master College was still in Liddell's; I had a year in Liddell's. I moved into College in the summer of 1949. We were due to move into it in January but there was something wrong with the steel-frame inside the Burlington 'cigar-box' as it were; it set up the most ghastly resonance—you slammed a door and you could hear it intensified right at the other end of College and one floor down. I couldn't believe it when I first heard it—it sounded like the roar of the blitz. It was quite impossible to move in, and so then we had endless conferences with the architect and the Governing Body and this, that, and the other and the architect couldn't understand it and Sir Henry Tizard enlisted government help and machines were brought and pressed against the wall and gauges flickered about and time was getting on. We had a D-day because the King was coming to re-open it and we couldn't alter that. They suggested cutting through the steel girders embedded in concrete but of course that was a major job, but in the end they put up that Ryvita stuff on the ceiling to try and deaden the resonance, but I remember when the King was walking round he said—the architect was walking just behind—'What the devil's all this stuff on the ceiling?' And I nearly said 'It's just because of the architects being so incompetent, sir', but I said 'That's acoustic material, sir'. He said 'Well, it looks a bit ugly'—and I hope the architect heard it!

By this time had the School altogether lost its shabby image ?

It only began to lose its shabby image after the war though Harold Costley-White did do a great deal really, but it was bringing it up from the difficult days of the nineteenth century. After the war it was different—the buildings looked like the ruins of Warsaw but by this time the school had got a sort of resilience; you see, before the war there were a whole lot of absurd customs like—I think some schools still go on with them—no boys below the Shell may put their right hand in their left pocket, except on alternate Wednesdays, that type of thing; and these rules had been kept on I think—this is my own private theory—because the school had fallen on such difficult days that everything was jealously preserved; the slightest hint of any reform was bitterly resented, absolutely by everybody; take College for instance—College was even worse than the rest of the School and everyone in College was too ashamed to let the townboys see it! That's my theory about it and I'm pretty sure that's right, but gradually it began to change a bit though it took a long time.

Any particular changes in the several generations ?

I think there has been a change; Newspapers have been talking about generation gaps, and I somehow feel perhaps I'm getting old. I think in the last five years or so there has been a great difference of people at school age; you are more different from say people aged 25, than people 10 years ago of school age were from people of 25 then—I don't think it's only just hairstyles. . . .

Do you feel, then, you have lost contact with the School as Head Master ?

There's so much administration and a good deal of outside work ; days go by without my hardly seeing anyone, which is rather sad really. I miss it through having been in College ; the friendly atmosphere of lunch and the evening and going around chatting sort of thing, while as a Head Master you feel really very much sort of detached : well it's a different sort of job that's all. In one way it's nice being able to do some of the things one can, at other moments it's just rather a chore sitting at one's desk, making speeches outside and that sort of thing.

Did you never feel you wanted to leave ?

No, no, no—I absolutely adore the place.

And what are you most attached to ?

It's difficult to say, really—the mixture of buildings, and also, I think, to be quite honest, it's been the fun of seeing the place getting better and better and better. You see, it is difficult to imagine how this place, through no fault of its own, having been absolutely the tops in the eighteenth century, just collapsed in the nineteenth—at one time there were only 67 boys in the school—as near extinction as any school could get—and it has been to me a great joy to see, to help, so far as I could, in the expansion. Even between the wars one would go out to a sherry party in S.W.3 and occasionally someone would say 'Westminster? Never heard of it!' I remember how, about 15 years ago, a nice woman with a typical Harrods manner said 'Westminster? Is that a proper public school?' I had long ceased to be nettled by that and said, 'Depends what you mean by a proper public school?' And she said, 'I mean a School like Stowe?' I said, 'Oh dear me no—we've owned our own buildings for hundreds of years'—and she didn't see that her leg was being pulled at all. But it is a great joy to me to see the school well known, and it is well known simply because it should be—academically and otherways I think it is, as schools go, good. I wouldn't think it is built up on a false reputation.

But it jolly well had to be struggled for, I can tell you, and from the financial point of view, another thing—not that we've got a great deal of money now, but after the war when you wanted a form room done up and it was going to cost 25 pounds, the Bursar said 'Sorry, you'll have to wait till next year or the year after'. To that extent, really it's been a terrific struggle, and now, at last, at last, all right."



Photo: Hugh O'Donnell

1920's

"When you're asked if there's anything you remember doing when you were young what can you say, or if you do say something it sounds so damn silly in 20 years' time—you know what I mean. Journalists expect you to say 'Ah yes, I swarmed up the West Tower of the Abbey—the answer is, I didn't...'"

G. P. Maguire (1927-31), now Second Master at Cranleigh School, describes Westminster in the 20's

The School John Carleton knew in the Twenties? A Westminster of today would doubtless claim it another world. But I'm not sure, having had the fortune to pass my working life in schools, that it was basically so different. Certainly some things would seem strange nowadays; everyone in black morning dress or Eton jackets, for all the world a colony of untidy penguins milling round Yard. Some used to shine their top-hats by soaking them under the cold tap; this reduced their life and stability, but it produced a superb sheen. Tall railings around Dean's Yard, taller ones fronting Ashburnham; two ugly fives-courts between Rigaud's and the plane tree. School, before the blitz and its brilliant reconstruction, a dark shadowy place of panelling and discreet armorials, with a strong aura of the past, from which Latin Prayers at the end of the long afternoons did nothing to detract. And other haphazardly remembered points: the deafening clangour of the Abbey bells at their Thursday morning practice; on bright days, masters clustering for Break on the Yard flagstones; winter fogs of every variety and colour. Then, anecdotes, some possibly apocryphal; Smedley and the Busby busts; the stout Burrell drawing a huge geometry circle on the board . . . "Thet's my figure"; Simpson, that splendid pillar of the School for so long, blushing furiously when embarrassed; or Willett, in the trousers of the morning dress he always wore, but its jacket replaced by a School blazer, carrying grass-cuttings from the Ashburnham garden he tended so lovingly to the window-boxes of Grant's. Etheridge, said to live on hot water for lunch; Hilary, with his deep, fascinating voice, enthraling us in Latin lessons; Knight, with his sudden explosions, but one of the kindest of men and most effective of teachers. I would have given my ears, too, to sit for History under Lawrence Tanner, among the white rooms of the Library. And the Head Master, grey hair parted meticulously down the centre, his congregation counting how many

times in his sermon the phrase "fundamental bases" would recur.

Within the far more hierarchical frame obtaining in Independent education then, Westminster was, as now, mature and liberal. The ethos was good. This came of many things; an intelligent staff, boys from able families, and not least the buildings, school, cloister, and abbey, their influence pervasive. There was much adult bearing, self-discipline, among its members, and yet individuality was tolerated. For example, I recollect, between fencing sessions beyond Dark Cloister, Angus Wilson delighting us with such unlikely topics as Mrs. Baker Eddy. Much of this remains true; but there have been changes. Corporal punishment has gone; and, though much exaggerated nonsense is written about it, a good thing too. For

"Birch shall blush with noble blood no more . . .

Till Westminster's whole year be holiday."

Not that, except very rarely, it was excessive; but it could be surrounded by a measure of ceremonial claptrap that was, even in those days, bad. Nor did the School, though centred in London, make enough use of the educational opportunities at its door, except that distinguished people came to speak . . . on one occasion, if memory serves, even Mahatma Gandhi.



John Carleton, aged 14, in the Boat House

Meanwhile:

At 9.20 every morning in term-time in the years 1922-1927 there could be seen emerging from 3 Little Dean's Yard a tall, slim figure, head to one side and tilted slightly forward, clad in a tail-suit and top-hat and carrying a delicately furled umbrella. It was John Carleton on his way to school. He walked the 40 or so yards across Yard and disappeared into the recesses of Ashburnham whence some minutes later he emerged, now without top-hat and umbrella, with a throng of other "day" boys on their way to Abbey.

It would have been unthinkable in those days for him to have gone to school in anything less than the full prescribed attire. School life then, as well as being more austere, was more closely regulated and customs and conventions zealously upheld. Indeed, a parent of a Westminster boy in those days could have advanced the reasons which, two decades later, a Conservative Minister of Education gave for sending a boy to Eton—belief in God, belief in the classics, and belief in beating.

Religious services had a prominent place in the school day, Abbey in the morning, Latin prayers up School after formal lessons were over, and for boarders house prayers before the younger boys went to bed. Boarders were allowed home at week-ends but few, if any, went home every week-end. The majority remained at school and had to attend at least two Abbey services. On a Sunday afternoon there might be a concert in the Albert Hall and the museums were open; otherwise it was a case of occupying oneself.

R. N. Heaton, 1925-30

A Spy-Ring

Among the boys there was a variety of talent, which may be judged from the fact that they included the present professors of Arabic and of Medicine at Oxford and of Finance and Accounting and of Applied Thermodynamics at Cambridge. There were, of course, others who achieved distinction in other walks of life, such as the law, diplomacy, and the Church, as well as one whose name, for very different reasons, is probably the most widely known.

R. N. Heaton

Anthony Grover (1921-24), now Chairman of Lloyd's:

I went to Westminster in September 1921 and John Carleton came to the same House in January 1922. I remember him as a new boy very well and perhaps my earliest impression of him was of one who was always immaculately dressed in days when many of us probably looked pretty scruffy. This was not entirely our own fault as during the Winter terms it was the general practice to play a communal

game of football on "GREEN" in all weathers. As we wore the regulation school dress of those days, tails for the Seniors, Eton jackets for the Juniors, one's shoes inevitably suffered in the process. I can only assume that John Carleton was able to maintain his sartorial elegance because he was a Water man and therefore took no part in the scrim-mages on "GREEN".

School in 1921 was very different from the present day and this is not very surprising. The Masters for the most part seemed very venerable and included Fox, Nall, Liddell, Smedley, Etheridge, Bonhote, Earp and Burrell (Baa-Lamb). Among the younger Masters was Donald Knight who took the Lower IV in which my career at Westminster started. He was a brilliant cricketer and he spent many evenings in the Summer "UP FIELDS" coaching boys in the nets and himself demonstrating every shot in the game in the most elegant style. It is not often that boys are lucky enough to have an England batsman to coach them and many good cricketers were at Westminster at that time, C. H. Taylor, R. G. H. Lowe, W. N. McBride among them.

In my years at School, as now, we were privileged to witness many historic events at the Abbey and to have a grand-stand view of the Opening of Parliament. It was this connection with both Abbey and Parliament that perhaps more than anything else made one proud to be at Westminster, and John Carleton throughout his long career at the School did as much as anyone to strengthen these ties.

The Classics censored!

Every Play Term (except in 1925 when Queen Alexandra died) life, particularly in College, was dominated by the Latin Play. The Prologues from the polished pen of Dr. Costley-White and the Epilogues, written by a succession of accomplished O.W.s, were reproduced in full in *The Times* for the delectation of a wider audience.

It was at this time, too, that the long-standing Terentian monopoly was broken and Plautus' "Rudens" reintroduced into the cycle because the "Eunuchus" was considered to be improper. Forty years later, in 1966, when John Carleton was Head Master, the "Eunuchus" was revived, a mark of the greater liberalization of the school's conduct and outlook. Was there perchance any glimmering of this in his mind in the Play Term of 1926 as, once more equipped with top-hat and umbrella, he wended his way back to 3 Little Dean's Yard?

R. N. Heaton



1930's

Barton St, a showy centre of the avant garde?

"... oh yes, it was a very aristocratic street then, perhaps it is now; at the end was a house facing down which belonged to a splendid chap called Major 'Fruity' Metcalf who was a great friend of the Prince of Wales—there were vast parties, everyone drinking champagne, throwing champagne glasses out of the window and this sort of thing. Next thing there was Lord Runciman (of Munich fame) living there and a very different cup of tea—grand parties with footmen—they used to put red carpets across the pavement, and then when most of the party had gone in they would roll them up (not to be profaned by any passers-by) and occasionally the late guest would arrive and the footmen would take their carpets and SSSHH-WEEEEEEEEEP."

The contributor of this article was in College from 1932-37:

The liberal outlook and slightly cynical attitude to life certainly existed in the thirties and I put this down to the school's situation slap in the middle of London. One could also argue that the urban existence and large number of day boys accounted for the general weakness at sport. There were so many interests that one was not driven to sport as the only outlet. An Old Wellingtonian once complained bitterly to me on this subject and it will be recalled that Wellington was the background to Harold Nicholson's famous character J. D. Marstock.

We were very lucky in the quality of teaching at that period and the ability of masters to impart knowledge gracefully and honestly. I remember Andrew Wordsworth, our English master, asking Pattle, a K.S. who could not pronounce his Rs, what he considered the greatest current social evil. Pattle, with strong Communist leanings, replied SNOBBEY (snobbery). Wordsworth, mis-hearing but in no way put out, reflected and said "Sodomy—Oh I don't think so... still perhaps

you're right". We had a French master called Monsieur Bourgeois who was a great man and one of the few foreigners not to be ragged. He had a unique overcoat with a red fox fur collar and always wore a stiff "boiled bosom" shirt to work. If the class pleased him he would give a rendition of Cyrano de Bergerac's speech about his nose which was worth father's termly cheque to Drummond's Bank. We also had a tiny and totally horrible Nazi German master called Boehm who dribbled when he spoke. An enterprising Grantite (Grant's always to the fore in heartiness) once knocked out the cane bottom of the Herr Doktor's chair and the little man jack-knifed into a most unusual position. This position years later happened to James Bond in "CASINO ROYALE" with painful consequences from Le Chiffre, but once again we were too liberal to take full advantage.

J. E. Bowle was always a one for laying on good

lectures and it says a lot for him that within a year John "Inside Europe" Gunther, W. S. "Shakes" Morrison and Lord Alfred Douglas could be made available. The last named actually was visited.

L. H. Burd, C. H. Fisher, J. R. Peebles and J. D. Carleton kept open house in Barton Street at week-ends. We played rather indifferent fives and ate huge teas but, my word, the trouble they took with backsliders in trouble with exams. James Peebles made a classic joke in College Hall when the Head Master, H. Costley-White, annoyed at unruly behaviour, was unwise enough to say "Let me remind you that you are all my guests here". "Yes Head Master, paying guests" replied J. R. P. and collapsed with mirth at his unparalleled wit.

The word "Demo", now on everyone's lips, originated in the 1930s and must have coincided with the activities of Sir Oswald Mosley and Harry



College Dormitory before and after preparations for the Play.

Pollitt. A curious society was formed at Westminster called U.F.P.F. by—I think—Michael Cherniavsky. Quite what its aims were I never found out as every speaker was howled down.

There was very little beating at any rate in College. I only got the regulation tanning pole treatment once after a "Case" and quite rightly so for flicking pats of melting butter off a knife at one of the portraits in College Hall. The attitude of the Monitors was genuinely more in sorrow than in anger at a barbarian. Third Elections were always the most bumptious.

We had an archetypal Dean in Dr. Foxley-Norris whose huge stomach was only just contained by his apron and who walked with a rolling gait which none of us learnt to imitate properly.

The Greaze was really rough. I was voted into it by my form two years running, won nothing and hated every second.

Lamprobatrics was taken seriously. In 1934 took place one of the best cricket matches in which I ever played. College, under John Alderson with John Powell-Jones as the only other "pink", beat the school by 231 to 201 runs. R. H. Angelo was Captain of Cricket and there was no love lost between the two teams. Claude Taylor referred to the game afterwards in *The Elizabethan* as "light hearted". He must have been joking or in another dimension.

One of the nicest memories of Westminster, if you lived in, is the week-end. Very few people about, the Library at your disposal and London itself half asleep. The parks to walk in, the Thames to look at, museums and cinemas on hand and always in the background Big Ben.

William Barnes, the same election, writes:

Charles Kingsley records in *Westward Ho* that Salvation Yeo, like all members of his family, was warned by seeing a white bird, invisible to others, when he was about to die. This phenomenon of seeing an apparition just before an important event is common enough in other families, especially those with Celtic blood. It is rare, however, for the apparition to give its version of the story and it may therefore be of interest that, at almost every important event in John Carleton's career, I have appeared. Welcome or not, I have been there: a sort of doomsman.

Though 11 years younger than him, I was there in 1922 when he first came to Westminster as a boy: he may not have recognized the doomsman being pushed around the cloisters in a pram, but I was there. I was there 10 years later when he returned to Westminster as a master: we appeared together. I was there when in 1938 he published his book about Westminster, quite incorrectly described in the

preface as a "mere sketch": it is a fascinating historical study. I appeared again in Herefordshire during that wartime exodus which he described so vividly in the last *Elizabethan*. I appeared when in 1950 he welcomed King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at the reopening of College. I appeared (though this time to Dean Don as Chairman of the Governing Body) at the time when John Carleton was appointed Head Master. I was there at one or two significant moments during that Head Mastership. When he decided to marry and took his bride to see Mr. and Mrs. Christie at Oxford, I was there (by chance, did you say?). And when finally last summer he announced his intention to retire and drove away from Westminster across France, away from it all to a remote provincial inn, I was there.

These are my credentials for writing something—however inadequate—about Westminster in John Carleton's time. I remember best the 1930s, the years of the gathering storm, an atmosphere which later generations, fortunately for them, may find it difficult to recapture: the years when, on the debit side, we had Ribbentrop's son preaching National Socialism in the Busby Library and when some of us (but not, let me emphasize, John Carleton) were fraternizing with the Hitlerjugend in the Odenwald and bringing home swastika flags: the years when, on the credit side, we were organizing the United Front of Progressive Forces, and frightening the more staid, conservative old Westminsters: the years when King Henry VII's Chapel was reopened for use by the Order of the Bath, when the King's Scholars again took a leading rôle in the Regalia procession at King George VI's coronation, when, at almost the last Play ever to be performed in College Dormitory, the King and Queen were present.

For this last event, John Carleton was, I suspect, more responsible than at the time appeared on the surface. The programme of the visit bore all the marks of his sense of a historic occasion, his traditionalist, organizing genius, and the letter inviting the King to visit his royal college was drafted by John's friend and mine, Dick Whiskard, whom Rex Whistler has commemorated in paint and Laurence Whistler most beautifully in poetry.

As I look back, the main difference between Westminster as it now is and Westminster as it was between the wars derives from Dormitory and the Play. The Play, written by Terence or exceptionally by Plautus, and always followed by an Epilogue full of Latin puns written by a distinguished Old Westminster, was in those days such a central feature of the Westminster year that it is always difficult to realize that Westminster can go on without it. Coming as it did at the end of the Play Term—

the very name emphasizes its importance—it interfered dreadfully with the normal school work of those aspiring to university scholarships. But it was in itself a much wider education of a different sort: it taught adaptability, as we turned out of our Houses and emigrated for the second half of the term to Saigues: it taught administration, as a complicated secretariat had to be set up to handle the issuing of tickets and invitations: it taught some of the social sciences—and, I hope, graces—as those accepting had to be fitted as comfortably as possible into uncomfortable seats. And it centred on Dormitory, where at other times young men saw visions and old men dreamt dreams, and where one would lie awake staring into the great void and listening to the hooting of the barges on the Thames. I am happy still to possess a series of photographs of Dormitory, as it then was, being dismantled for the Play.

So, if there is one thing which I find it difficult to forgive John Carleton, it is that during his reign—and once again I suspect largely owing to his influence—when College was restored, Dormitory was destroyed and split up into a series of small, low-ceilinged rooms. It thus became impossible ever again to stage a Play there and one unique aspect of education at Westminster was done away with. Wren designed College to have a lofty ceiling just as he designed St. Paul's to have a lofty dome.

But, in every other respect, Westminster has during the last 48 years gone from strength to strength, building up an enviable reputation for scholarship while reinforcing its traditional links with the Abbey and its royal patrons. Some schools produce types: as he walks into the room, you say to yourself "That man was at Dotheboys Hall" and you are right. It is Westminster's achievement that its product is so individualist as not to be typed. As John Carleton leaves, he must see, like Belshazzar, the writing on the wall: "Bene, bene, tecum, upcarleton" which is by interpretation (as all Latin scholars will instantly recognize)—in your time all has gone well, very well, up School, Carleton (and please, Mr. Printer, do not spell up with a capital U).

But it is not only the fingers of a man's hand which are writing over against the candlestick upon the plaister: the firm of Newsom, Donnison and Short is also busy writing on the wall, and Westminster is almost certainly on the threshold of revolutionary changes such as, in all its long history, it has never experienced. Within a decade, it will no doubt be comprehensively co-educational. Let us hope that the doomsman proves a worse prophet than Daniel. If he does, it will be worth another tanner.

1940's

"Eton and Trinity must have been the institutions least affected by the war. They went on dressing for dinner right through the blitz. I remember being asked down to Eton to dine once in 1940 and the invitation card said black tie; I rang and said: 'Look, I've hardly changed out of my clothes for a week or so'. We were sleeping in what is now the music practice rooms. I was filthy dirty. The idea of putting on a black tie! They were quite surprised: 'Are you not dressing in London nowadays?'—'No need to dress for fire-fighting'."

Nigel Lawson (1945-50), now Editor of the *Spectator*, describes the 40's:

Mine was the first post-war generation. It was also, I suppose, the last pre-television generation, which may perhaps have accounted for the flourishing state of the school societies at that time—Pol. and Lit. Soc. and Deb. Soc., as they were always known, in particular. Objectively it was a period of rapid change: the air-raid shelters were gradually removed from Yard and Green, Vincent Square was reclaimed and eventually made fit for use, the size of the school (172 boys in my first term in 1945) almost doubled, and for no apparent reason the name of my house, Homeboarders, already merged with Ashburnham into Homeburnham when I arrived at the school, was changed, as soon as it regained its separate identity, to Wrens—thus establishing Westminster as an early victim of the neophilic heresy.

Yet for all that, I do not recall any change in the quality, character and ethos of the school. An unsuccessful attempt was made, towards the end of my time there, when John Christie retired to Jesus and was replaced as Head Master by Walter Hamilton, a shy man who imagined himself to be the reincarnation of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and who, upset by some aspects of the relaxed, informal and (to our eyes) civilized Westminster way of life, tried to make it conform, at least outwardly, to the simpler virtues of a good minor public school.

It is, of course, his successor, John Carleton,



whose departure prompts these musings. Yet although I was lucky enough to be given an exceptionally fine education at Westminster, it must be said that John Carleton played little part in it—largely because I was at that time a mathematician. My chief memories of him are two. One is that the first thing I had to do on arrival at Westminster as a new boy was to surrender to him my clothing coupons. (My housemaster, James Peebles, had not yet returned from the army and John Carleton was acting as *locum tenens*.) This was my first encounter with any Westminster master. My second memory is of him teaching us English in the Shell, when he would supply every boy with a copy of the *Spectator*, and make us read it, in the hope (chiefly) that we might learn from the superb prose style of the late Harold Nicolson's weekly column. Clearly a most enlightened man: would that there were more like him today.

An extract from a letter—Dick Faber (1938-43)

"I remember him as a well-liked master, who was very much attached to the school (and had already written a book about it) and who used to hail people with a loud 'wotcher', which was very much Westminster slang then."

John Carleton's Westminster

T. M. Murray-Rust, housemaster of Grant's from 1938-45, writes:

In 1927, when John Carleton for the first time "left" Westminster, a significant change was being forced on the School. A staff of distinguished but ageing Masters was coming up to retiring age, premature death had taken a toll, and a band of mere youngsters, as we must have seemed, was starting to take their places. John, as a boy at school, started a friendship with us then that grew and flourished during the coming years.

On coming down from Oxford he took a post at King Edward VI School, Southampton and his short contact there with one facet of the "state" system gave him some knowledge and appreciation of how the majority of the nation's children were educated. This experience, at the time unusual for one whose life was to be so closely tied to the independent system, stood him in good stead in later years. But obviously he wanted to get back to Westminster, and this meant waiting for a suitable vacancy to occur. Suitable? Well, the Head Master, Dr. Costley-White, agreed to appoint him in 1932—as a teacher of mathematics! I was perfectly happy to have him as a mathematical colleague, and believe that he would have contributed much fresh and original teaching. However, this never came to the point of testing. Mr. L. E. Tanner's duties with the Abbey were becoming more demanding, and so John was enabled to re-orientate himself towards the spheres of history and English. The mutual influence on each other of John and Mr. Tanner is a story in itself, not only in connection with the Abbey but very much in connection with the teaching of history to Westminster boys.

If the later period, when John became, first Under Master and then Head Master, was designated his period of *power*, the run-up to this, from the time when he was first appointed to the staff, could emphatically be called his period of *influence*. As a young man in those days, it was not difficult for him to develop a natural ease of association with the boys. His intimate contacts with the Abbey and all its ways gave him particular opportunities here. His teaching was enriched by his great interest in people—whether they were characters of history or literature, or whether they were living persons. Out of School he readily joined in the

athletic life of the boys, as a very full-time rowing coach and as an enthusiastic, and effective, fives player. Many of the boys who first came under John's influence at this time have repaid his interest in them by their contribution later on to the School when it came under his leadership.

John's range of friends and acquaintances—yes, and relations (he seemed to have an infinity of cousins!)—was extensive and varied. But no chances were lost of interesting them in the School's work and welfare, and he readily called on their services if he thought that they could help. This "controlled gregariousness" was particularly, and most obviously, valuable during the School's war-time emergencies, but in fact it was on call throughout both his period of influence and his period of power. It fitted in with his impassioned belief that Westminster should not only be in London but *of* London, a belief that was increasingly put into practice in the return from evacuation in 1945, but which was already becoming well established before the war.

John can claim that, in one way or another, he had been personally associated with each of the School's houses, in their pre-war designations. This included two periods of experience with the boarding houses as house-tutor, first an all too short and very happy partnership with me in Grants and then a transfer to Busby's, a position which he resumed after the war before his appointment to College. These contacts with the boys' lives "all round the clock" not only gave him added opportunities of influence but also increased his computer-like store of Westminster experiences on which he was to draw when his own periods of power came along.

The Elizabethan has already paid tribute to his specific services towards the School's welfare, and indeed its survival, during the war period. But something more important still became possible when for those years, he remained closely with the School in spirit but was not permanently with it in person. He could stand back for a while and see the School in the perspective of a wider world; and he could think his thoughts and make his plans for influencing its post-war paths. I walked these paths with him for only three years, but these were long enough for the freshly-born Phoenix to show that it was going to be a new animal. New, in its adoption of the increased liberality of human relationships carried over from the life of evacuation; new, in its readiness to adopt London; new,



John Carleton as Under Master

in its clothes; new in many of its buildings; to some extent not new in its re-use, to good advantage, of some of its traditional "peculiarities", such as the availability of a weekly boarding system (the best of both worlds?), and, of course, its close links with the Abbey. All of this fitted in with John's thinking over the years. But it now seemed to him that there was an urgency for the Westminster ways of life to be at any rate known, if not appreciated, beyond its immediate circles, and he turned his influence in the direction of "public relations"—believing that this could be reputedly developed without incurring the stigma of advertisement. His personal network could be, and was, used to good effect.

In 1949 John took up his appointment in College, and his period of power started: a period when to a large extent he could start putting into practice *on his own initiative* the things he believed to be good and right, not only for the School as a historic institution but for it as a human community of human beings of diverse talents, diverse interests and diverse ages. Over the hours and hours of discussion with him that had taken place since 1929—during termtime at the School, in holidays all over the place—a number of catch-phrases recurred again and again among us. One was "controlled flippancy"—a firm belief that the most serious and effective work was carried out in an atmosphere of understatement and even frivolity. Another—the most vital of all—was the constant reference to Westminster as "the school that is *different*": not better or worse by comparison, but inevitably different. The king-pin of John's thinking was this matter of how best to develop such difference, not

only for Westminster looking inwards on itself but for Westminster looking outward on the world of which it was a part and with which it had to live.

J. M. Wilson, Housemaster of Grant's from 1948 to 1963, and now Registrar, writes:

Any attempt to assess the contribution which John Carleton's Head Mastership has made to the history of Westminster School would be a premature exercise until it can be seen in the context of that very history to which it has contributed. One thing, however, is surely certain: those who included his coat of arms in the ceiling of the restored School, linking him with the history-making Head Masters of the past, were guilty not of presumption but of foresight.

Not that much foresight, perhaps, was needed as his identification with Westminster has been so complete that for generations of boys Westminster has become inconceivable without him, generations for whom he was not necessarily their Head Master. It was obvious that his attitude and ideas had typified and modelled the Westminster that was emerging after the war and establishing itself in its old surroundings, with links and echoes from the past but consciously and deliberately not seeking to revert to type and restore the old values which John Carleton saw so clearly were no longer applicable to the post-war world.

There must have been, and there were, many Old Westminsters for whom the vanished top-hats and tail coats, the reduction in esoteric vocabulary, the incomprehensible disappearance of cherished and artificial conventions, the abandonment of an atmosphere of dissociation from current social pressures, meant decadence and disaster. Reverberations from such quarters can still occasionally be felt but they sound dully and almost meaninglessly on the confident, if sometimes too self-conscious, wall of modernity which embattles the school of today. The claim to be "different" may always have been made of Westminster in the public school system but never has the claim been better founded than during the last 13 years.

It would be untrue to say that this "difference" represents a cult; it is no more than the natural development of the system of values with its subtle nuances and emphasis, its controlled sensitivity to change, so quietly and so effectively instilled through the influence and example of John Carleton himself. It was immediately evident even to one coming to Westminster after the war, with no knowledge of the school's previous history or of John Carleton's place in it that his personality was unobtrusively pervasive, and his transition from Assistant Master to Under Master to Head Master was such a natural and obvious progress as hardly to excite comment, though it is in fact a rarity in the history of schools.



Photo: on holiday in 1957

1950's

It is in no sense belittling the vision and achievements of his immediate predecessors to say that his personality was all the time helping to shape the fortunes and the future of the school.

It was during his time as Master of the Queen's Scholars—perhaps the happiest of all his years at Westminster—that his philosophy blossomed to fruition. There his instinctive sense of pageantry and occasion, dignity without pomposity, scholarship without pretention, pragmatic idealism, liberalism not divorced from tradition, and all with a gracious, easy touch free from solemnity, were to advance the developing pattern of the Westminster of today. His interregnum between the retirement of John Christie and the arrival of Walter Hamilton made it seem, when he became Head Master seven years later, that he was merely resuming a position he had previously occupied. It is no exaggeration or discourtesy to say that the transition, taking place as it did in the middle of a term on St. Peter's Day, 1957, was not only natural but almost unmarked.

It has not gone unmarked since, and his departure, representing as it does the end of an era, will not be unfelt, for it has been during his years as Head Master above all that those qualities which had all the time been operating significantly but unostentatiously, and always so unauthoritarian in their impact, have fostered the atmosphere of today's Westminster.

To define that atmosphere will perhaps be easier a generation hence but among its elements will be not only the liberalism and toleration, which are by now conventional, but an attitude of trust in and between all members of the community, the recognition and promotion of the best in individuals rather than suspicion and repression of their worst; an acceptance of the ability and readiness of boys to make responsible decisions; a realism and a sense of proportion which does not convert mole-hills into mountains.

Such an atmosphere cannot be the creation of one man but it is largely the product of one man's consistency and undeviating devotion.

"I took over for a term of interregnum because John Christie went off to Jesus at Christmas and Walter Hamilton couldn't be released until May by Trinity and so I was acting Head Master for a term. And that was when I introduced our own Westminster Entrance exam without telling either my predecessor or my successor or the governing body. I must have been pretty green. . . ."

David Miller was in College from 1949-54, with John Carleton as Housemaster. He returned to Westminster in 1961-62 to teach, when John Carleton was Head Master.

My chief impression of my return is the rewarding one of confirming friendships as colleagues with those whom I had known as masters, though some even then had also been friends: John Carleton especially I had remembered as one who had a perfect knack of being a friend to pupils without losing their respect—though I also remember my surprise that some of my friends in other houses did not seem at first to share this respect. I think they mostly did later.

Of changes between my first and second times at the school the most evident was the attitude to Abbey. We, as far as my own perhaps limited observation went, had taken part in Abbey services as a matter of course, sometimes even with pride; evening service in St. Faith's, with the dimly lit walk through cloisters, aisle and transept, was something to be grateful for. The Coronation was a real thrill. We lived for it for weeks, straining our voices, later vexingly referred to by *The Times* as "clear trebles", to reach the top A on the final "Vivat" at rehearsals. I still have my copy of the short pantomime written by John Carleton, for performance at a House Supper, round the theme of a second performance of the Coronation for commercial television; it struck me at the time as extremely funny, and still does.

Another obvious, external, change was the division of the College Election Rooms and dormitories by partitions on the pre-war model; I thought, as O.W.W. will, that this might be more of a loss than a gain. Possibly the amount of life at school over week-ends had diminished; usually, before, about half the house had stayed there, and there was a pleasantly relaxed atmosphere in which one could

get to know members of other elections. Being a member of a school team was still enough prized to make it worth staying on Saturday afternoons for a match.

The changes were, it seemed to me, details; the continuity was what struck me more, and this was

largely, I suppose, because of the many members of the staff who remained the same; and especially because of John Carleton's continuing presence, which seemed part of the place. It was a very civilized, diplomatic and friendly presence, and one which I shall miss.



After Princess Margaret's Wedding in 1960—by courtesy of Associated Newspapers

"Beneath whose care these walls completed rose"

Perhaps no period of Westminster history has seen more reconstruction and new construction of school buildings than that of Mr. Carleton's Headmastership.

Circumstances were of course peculiar. The war, in particular the bombing raid in 1941, had done so much damage, and in addition there was so much need for more space and accommodation after the war that a huge and expensive programme of reconstruction was inevitable. Fortunately some of the money for it was met by the War Damage Commission and some, like the cost of new science laboratories, came from the generosity of "big business". So thoroughly has this building and rebuilding been done that it is hard to realize as one looks round the precincts now just how sad and derelict it all looked in 1946.

Conditions, however, that allow new buildings to replace old ones and the old and inconvenient by the modern are not unfortunately always the blessing they might sometimes seem. The tragic destruction of so much of the school could have been made so much sadder by a tasteless, undesirable reconstruction. How possible this is, is adequately demonstrated by the building that replaced the picturesque and charming old house known as "Turles", or the unforgivable rebuilding of Rigaud's that spoilt a dignified, if somewhat sober, late eighteenth-century terrace.

But the gods were good to us. We had a Head Master to whom all things Westminster were dear, and who had in large measure the aesthetic sensitivity to see that nothing went up that would not raise rather than lower our previous standards. No one was more active in foreseeing possible horrors, watching architects like a hawk, and suggesting just those touches that lift a building from the ordinary to the elegant, from the serviceable to the civilized.

Justice can hardly be done to all the reconstructions, new buildings and alterations that have been carried out in the last 13 years in so short an account as this. It will be necessary to pick out one or two of the more obviously important examples for some attention, and to be content with a few remarks upon the remainder. School must be given special attention and the new science laboratories. College, although owing a great deal to Mr. Carleton's ideas,

is not within the period of his Headmastership. It was completed in 1950.

School presented problems. As the ancient nucleus of Westminster, the hearth-stone of our house, it was not surprising to find many Old Westminsters who wanted it rebuilt just as it had been before. However, it could only have been a piece of taxidermy, so to speak, a stuffed image of something departed and now dead, and it was highly desirable that it should be seen to be very much alive. The result is very successful, modern without losing any of its ancient dignity. In fact, to judge from mid-nineteenth-century photographs, it is now beyond measure a finer looking chamber than it was 100 years ago.

Throughout the last 13 years the arms of Old Westminsters of distinction have been quietly going up on the walls of School and its vestibule. At present the colours are perhaps a trifle sharp, but when time has mellowed them they will make an even greater contribution to the general effect. Also in the field of painting is a "Trompe L'oeil" high up on the west wall and painted by Miss Gick (responsible for the Liberty Boy Tablets in College). It might be said to be by way of the Head Master's signature on the successful completion of a noble and beautiful room.

A great deal of planning went into the proposals for the new science laboratories, and an age was spent in investigating every possible and impossible site before they were finally erected upon the site of the old fives courts. These laboratories are probably the most necessary addition made to the school buildings in this century.

Among the several other operations come the new fives courts, begun in 1958, that have made such an improvement in Ashburnham Garden. Then the elaborate "face-lift" that was given to Dr. Sanger's Modern Languages Room, only equalled as a highly successful transformation by the Lecture Room. Nobody that did not know it before can appreciate that this very beautiful room was once a particularly dark, drab, depressingly ugly place. For the present writer, the new Art Room was bound to be a special thrill, with its fine view over Little Dean's Yard and College Garden. An amusing contrast, the new Art Room, with the bomb-damaged, delapidated VI Form Room in which the

first art classes were held after the last war. That room has also since been wholly transformed: new windows, new floor, new decorations and furnished with bookshelves, some of which came from what is now the Greene Room.

The tale of building goes on: alterations to the Boat House, to the Pavilion, in the Boarding Houses,

everywhere. And still more are always possible. What more lasting and solid memorial to Mr. Carleton's years as Head Master than these that will print the period upon the minds of Westminsters for decades to come.

L. C. Spaul

1960's

"By and large I think people here are jolly nice."

J. S. Woodhouse, now Head Master of Rugby School, was Under Master from 1963 to 1966:

On arrival at Westminster in 1957, I quickly grasped one thing: the wonderful "urbanitas" of its new Head Master. He had always professed the belief that the Scottish border coincided with Oxford Street; I particularly relished his habit of changing into a country suit in order to visit a football match at Vincent Square, as if it were one of the remoter corners of Wiltshire. But there are other marks of urbanity, beyond the sense of dress and occasion—sociability, hospitality, a wide range of friends, good judgement of people—and these also have distinguished John Carleton's Headmastership.

The main part of the School's rebuilding had been done in the period of his predecessors; but the opening of the redesigned School by the Queen and Prince Philip at the Quatercentenary in 1960, was one of the early fruits of his Headmastership. The same year saw also the launching of the successful Appeal, for £250,000, largely to endow College and so relieve the fee-income of the burden of these Scholarships.

In the 1960's, much thought was given to the revision of the Curriculum. The Science Schools were rebuilt, and the Annual Tizard Lecture founded. The choice of subjects in the Upper School became more flexible, though this meant sacrificing the system of "forms", with their distinctive identities. Numbers rose; a higher proportion of masters came to live near by, in newly acquired School property. [Other changes were in the C.C.F. which became voluntary, and later ceased, and in the creation of the alternative "Guilds".] The School Play was revived on the rebuilt stage, and in addition to this and the

termly concerts, there began a healthy proliferation of smaller, informal happenings in drama and music. The Lecture Room changed into a small theatre; recently the Art School has been redesigned. But with all this development, filling out the detail of School life, traditions held their place. The Latin Play, under Mr. Zinn's benign skill, contrived to be both ancient and modern; and if the audience had "small Latin" and were doubtful when to laugh, they had only to listen out for Mr. Moylan. New "Te Deums" were commissioned for the old Commemoration, and fresh roses laid yearly on Elizabeth's cold tomb. The guest list for Election Dinner profited from the Head Master's wide circle of friends, and the seating plan was assembled with meticulous care. But it remained, in spite of all the visitors, essentially a "School" function, being redeemed from the necessity of Speeches by the admirable device of the Epigrams, and the rather approximate fit of the Queen's Scholars into their tails and white ties.

When speeches were needed, such as at Dinners of the Old Westminster Society, it was the Head Master's that one looked forward to, for its timing, and its unflinching lightness of touch.

The end of an era

Recently came his marriage to Janet Roberts, an occasion of general rejoicing, not least to the English Department. From this distance of 82 miles, and three and a half years, it is not difficult to discern that John Carleton will leave Westminster well poised to meet this new decade. But a full perspective of his Headmastership must await the author of the School's next History. One hopes it will contain as much knowledge and humanity as the last one, which has, on its last page, the characteristic remark, free of pedantry, "it is boys, after all, that make a School".



Two Royal visits

D. D. Dickinson (1963-68), now at Trinity College, Cambridge recalls an almost forgotten institution.

I remember the Corps being abolished. It lasted just long enough for me to cheat my way to the rank of Able Seaman; but, luckily, not long enough to test these mythical abilities. In its place came the Guilds, most notably the Drama Guild which now provides a much greater scope for the potential actor than the perennial Miles Gloriosus of the parade ground.

Regular attendance at Matins in the Abbey on Sundays was modified to include the occasional School Communion Service in Henry VII Chapel, or a service in Church House, and Morning Abbey itself was sometimes enlivened, if not improved, by a modern service. Overt changes like these were followed by more indefinite ones. The abolition of the Corps made it possible to follow fashion and grow long hair.

Entente Cordiale

Attitudes towards authority varied with the authorities involved, but they usually kept the balance between insolence and acquiescence. Somewhere, in the school at present, is one boy who, when new, was reprimanded for eating in Yard. His reaction was amazing. With a guilty cry of "Sorry sir" he rammed the offending ice lolly into his trouser pocket and refused to take it out until he had reached his house. But such selfless obedience

was rare. Smoking and drinking always continued more or less, and School Monitors who were allowed into pubs officially to discourage the rest, could indulge in the delightful game of pubhunting, which at once exercised their legs and their tactical ingenuity. There was more exercise than that provided, of course. Enthusiasm for different stations waxed and waned, but the choice was so large that I think most people must have found a niche that suited them. (Some did take it all very seriously. There was one housemaster who threatened to deprive some one of his house seniors for "Fraternizing with the enemy" (*sic*), during a house match.)

"A master of delegation"

Over all this John Carleton presided as constitutional monarch. He was always quick to defend Westminster from outside attack. Someone once complained of the dirty long hair of certain Westminsters. He replied in a letter of which he was justly proud that "it is as ridiculous to equate long hair with dirty hair as long legs with dirty legs". As for internal affairs it was always hard to distinguish what he did from what he caused to be done, or from what merely happened. He was a master of delegation.

There can rarely have been a more arbitrary mixture of tyranny and democracy than Westminster. But with very few exceptions it worked remarkably well. Its lasting merit was that it was, and is, always slightly changing. What I have written is already out of date.



The Headmaster and the Dean

For an occasion

Of old the Romans acted comic plays,
As well on funeral as on festal days ;
And here, though mirth should all our souls employ,
And our glad genius give a loose to joy,
Grief still intrudes, since he must disappear
Whose mourned departure claims a duteous tear ;
Beneath whose care these walls completed rose,
Whose style each secret art of judgment shows.
Oft as th'election's yearly feast displays
His weight of sense and elegance of phrase ;
Let neighbouring tombs his matchless wit declare,
More worth than all the mouldering sculpture there.
Forgive the last respect to him we show,
To whom in virtue trained ourselves to owe.
If aught too much his nicer judgment sees,
Tis thus, thus only that we would displease.
But all besides our duty will approve,
The sons and patrons of the place we love ;
And though small praise our mean performance
draws,
Will crown our master's exit with applause.

Samuel Wesley, O.W.W.,
on the retirement of **Dr. Freind**,—Westminster
Head Master—in 1733.

The Rev. G. A. Elliston (1923-28), now Bishop of Chester, gives a personal impression of John Carleton

I have known and valued the friendship of John Carleton since I entered Homeboarders in the autumn of 1924. He had by that time been at the school two years, and already had created an almost legendary reputation for his knowledge of the Abbey and the School. It was generally believed that he was an expert climber and that his exploits had taken him into many obscure corners of the great building, regulations permitting or not permitting.

There was however no doubt about his love of Westminster and his extensive and discerning understanding of its history and significance.

That understanding has been put to good use as far as Westminster is concerned. For if ever there has been a case of the right man in the right place at the right time it is John Carleton, at Westminster from 1922 to 1970. He has put his love for Westminster and his unique knowledge of its affairs unreservedly at the disposal of the school ; he has been the right-hand man of a succession of Head Masters ; he has been there with his particular contribution to make in peacetime, in the destructive agony of war,

in the testing time of exile, and in the demanding period of reconstruction. He has brought a special quality to his time as Head Master. Westminster has cause to be grateful to him.

John Carleton has not allowed his historical sense or his affection for Westminster to cloud his judgement. His history of the school displays a remarkable insight into its varying fortunes, for he has never been anything but honest in his appreciation of both good and bad times.

It might have been expected that someone so devoted to all that the School and Abbey represent would have been a hidebound conservative, determined to preserve all the symbols and practices inherited from the past—Latin play in College Dormitory, top-hats and tail coats, the lot.

Yet his influence upon Westminster has been liberal and statesmanlike. He possesses an understanding of the past, a capacity to sift the relevant from the irrelevant, a readiness to encourage change when the times demanded it. He has steered the school into the second half of the twentieth century, keeping it mindful both of its debt to history and its duty to the present and the future. And, as far as one can judge, he has never lost his sense of humour in the process.

It is difficult to think of the school without John Carleton. It is good to know that his arms Up School will always keep Westminster mindful of one of the great Head Masters. And in the hearts of those whose lives he has touched in many generations there will be abiding affection and gratitude.

In his book about Westminster, John Carleton writes:

In a school so well documented as Westminster it

Finally, what are you going to do now?

"Well, we're going to move; the thought of moving all my books to a house already absolutely overflowing with books: I don't really know what we're going to do about that. We're going to an awfully nice house near Holland Park.

Are you going to write?

Oh yes, I shall write; we're going to America this "Fall" for about two months and then we shall come back to Lansdowne Road and we're thinking, perhaps, of buying a house on the outskirts of Bath. Somebody said to me last week, "I hear you're moving to the West country"; I said "Yes. W.11!". I think on the whole for a month or two, I shall be quite glad to do nothing, and have a little more leisure.

is possible to get plenty of glimpses into the past, often tantalizingly brief, but enough when pieced together to form an impression of the school as a whole at different periods. At odd moments my mind is occupied with this jig-saw puzzle, but I cannot pretend that I really spend much of my time thinking about the history of Westminster. The weeks fly past, the days are full of present duties and future plans, and for me, and still more for others, the past is only a seldom-used backcloth to the ordinary scene. There are occasions however—a centenary or some other anniversary—when history takes the centre of the stage. Then dates are furbished up and precedents consulted, and everyone becomes momentarily aware that the school has once had other occupants and that our modern machine for living and learning, comfortable, efficient and running to a smooth and regular timetable, was once the haphazard and rough-and-ready place described in former chapters. Inevitably, on these occasions, it is the famous names which get the limelight. No one remembers those countless occupants of our ancient buildings who in their day were just as ordinary and just as modern as ourselves.

The famous men are praised, the buildings are flood-lit, the sound of music and conviviality fills the air; and then the guests depart, the lights go out, the gates are closed, and piety is satisfied. This is the pattern, and it is right that on occasion we should pay our grateful tribute to the past. But much as I enjoy these festivities I am glad when they are over and when we can get back to ordinary routine. It is boys, after all, that make a school, not famous Old Boys and, still less, famous old buildings. I watch boys come and go, and as the stream flows by I cannot help reflecting that it is strange that schools should pride themselves on their antiquity when they can pride themselves on their perpetual youth.

I shall be getting on with a life of Dudley Carleton, who was Ambassador to Venice and The Hague in the sixteenth century. So by the time I've got to The Hague and Venice, the British Museum and the Public Record Office. . . . Dudley Carleton was a most prolific letter writer. There are hundreds and hundreds of letters extant. He must have pen-pushed practically every day. He was at school here in the sixteenth century then he was a bit of a sucker in some ways; he got involved in the Gunpowder Plot innocently, but he was the fellow, believe it or not, who leased the fatal cellar, to the Gunpowder plotters, the other side of Bridge Street.

New address: 57 Lansdowne Rd, W.11.
Tel: 799 1324.

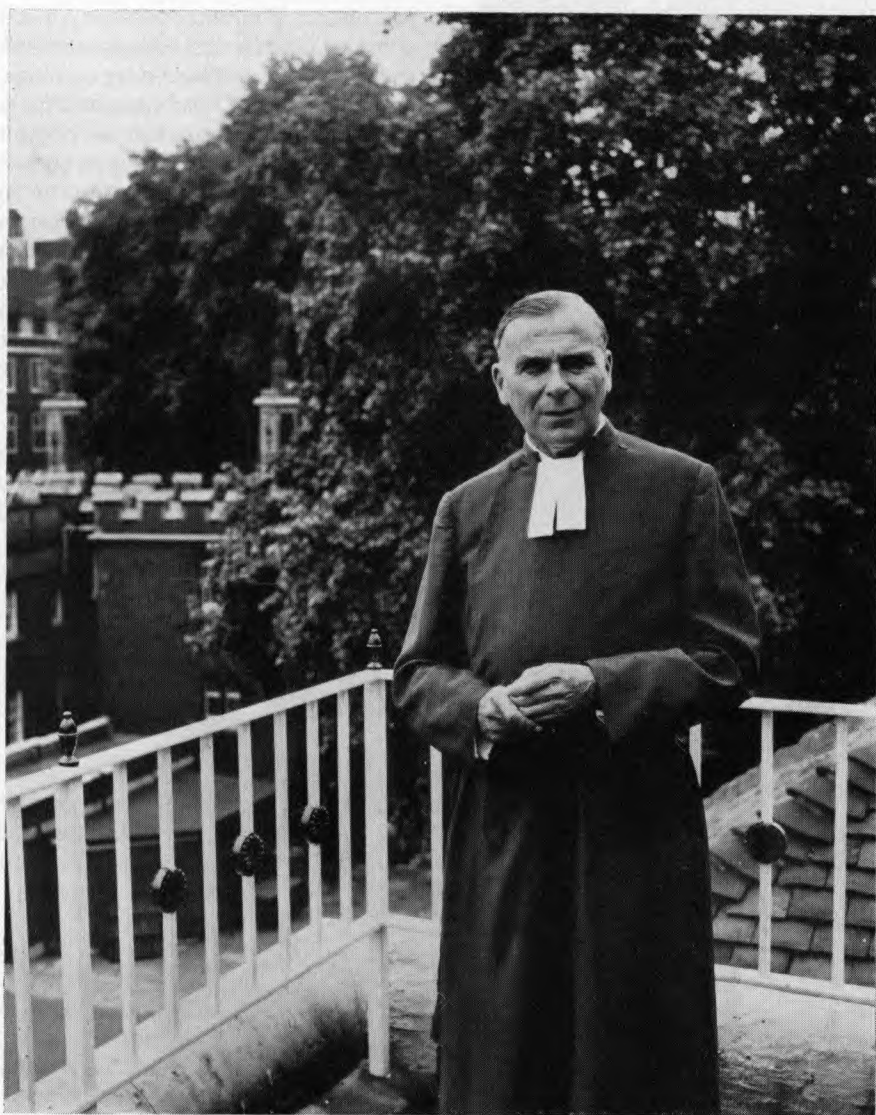


Photo: Hugh O'Donnell

Happenings

The Latin Play

The Westminster Latin Play opened with a bang—the first bomb of Plautus' **Captivi**); this, the ancient precursor of the Aldwych World Theatre Season, gives one a rare chance to step inside another culture more fully than simply reading works in the original or translation, and one is perhaps in danger of accepting this contribution too lightly; it would after all be surprising if one could "appreciate" a play over 2,000 years old without making some effort on one's own part.

This year's play does require more effort. It divides more sharply than usual "those in the know" from the "unfortunates" in that much of the play—especially the first half with its two long opening soliloquies—turns on the comedy of language: for instance, the intricate scene when Tyndarus and Philocrates playing each other to deceive Hegio, pointedly laud their own praises. The *Captivi* is more restrained than many of Plautus' other plays: as in Terence, the emphasis is on character, and this

combined with the unusual absence of a highly involved plot, makes the actual acting of supreme importance: the characterization, not the plot, carries the play along. Taunton gave a most brilliant performance of the parasite in a fantastical check suit and clad in this he was certainly the highlight of the play. He was backed by numerous other "Competent caricatures" (competent is perhaps too little praise, but has the virtue of beginning with a "c"); Macwhinnie as the outraged, pseudo-epileptic Aristophantes, Mackenzie as the guard, Low as the B.B.C.-Latin speaking Philopolemus, Pritchard—the Savoy Page Boy outraged by the vulgar actions of the "lower class" Ergasilus, and Utley whose portrayal of just the right sort of smooth nastiness as Stalagmus was only marred by being made to look too young. (I ignore cries of pedant.)

The difficult part of Hegio—the largest and most important part structurally since it co-ordinates the whole play—was admirably coped with by Joe Earle's sustained performance, whose evenness established the high tone of the play against which



Photo: John Creedy

the other characters were set: while Matthews' stylish performance (I'm not sure I liked the style) as the unfortunate Tyndarus succeeded more often than not in bringing out a certain nobility in the slave's character, without forfeiting any of the comedy in such situations as his interchange with Philocrates (Madge), than Aristophantes.

Due to the choice of play, Mr. Zinn, in his production, was faced with a greater problem than usual in finding a compromise that would please the various sections of the audience, and provide a modicum of farcical slapstick while scrupulously respecting textual accuracy and the play's integrity. Quite rightly in this play he did not overdo the slapstick: and overcame the danger of losing the attention of at least part of his audience, by keeping up the pace, and by the customary inventiveness of his production (Hegio leading the muscular Aristophantes by a cord) and the consequences of this attachment; the use of pronounciations. If a modern audience found parts of the play overlaboured (the Tyndarus-Philocrates boosting of their own egos; Ergasilus' sustained joy in the last act) it is Plautus' fault rather than the production's: but I found the generally high standard of acting, the language and the inventiveness of the production made up for any thinness in the play.

Gavin Lawrence



Photo: John Creedy

The Passion of Christ was a magnificent spectacle in the half-lit Abbey; an unfortunate defect was that to anyone not sitting in the centre the voices were often inaudible.

Two reactions:

Three years ago, when Easter was early, we had a real Passion Play, this time there was just an Abbey service. The service was a compilation of readings by members of the school interspersed by folk songs with a Christian angle, and sung by a group of Cambridge undergraduates. Surprisingly this particular service appealed both to the believer and the non-believer alike. To the Christian it was another approach to a well-known subject, and to the non-believer it appealed for purely aesthetic reasons. In fact it was a considerable dramatic achievement (of J.C.D.F.s and D.A.H.s) with involvement being the main theme.

N.W.

The story of the passion of Christ, like all great stories, can be told effectively in innumerable ways. Read, dramatized or set to music it has succeeded in different periods and contrasting circumstances. At the end of the Lent Term an attempt at a novel version was made in the Abbey. The dramatic reading by boys variously positioned at floor and clerestory level about the choir and the crossing was often powerful. The voices did focus on the simple cross and the schoolboy Christ. The music was less compelling. The Chaplain of Jesus College, Cambridge, and some student friends with guitars sang in the folk idiom. Sadly the attempt at directness by such means appeared pretentious in the magnificence of the Abbey and before the sophistication of Westminster boys and their parents and friends. A welcome experiment failed. The tellers had misjudged their circumstances.

R.J.W.

The School Concert this Term, which took place in the Abbey, was held in honour of the Head Master. Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart made their usual visits to this building, which once again proved itself not entirely suited to their music. There was beautiful solo playing from Michael Trend and Anthony Wilson in Mozart's third Horn Concerto and his Clarinet Concert. The rest of the time was taken up by English choral works. The first was Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on the Old 104th, in which the virtuoso piano part was taken by Anthony Peebles, a highly successful Old Westminster. The other two were Coronation Anthems: Handel's majestic "Zadok the Priest" and Parry's "I Was Glad". In these works the large orchestra and choir with full organ, were able to make best use of the Abbey's acoustics, and the result was a magnificent mass of sound, which we hope brought to the Head Master happy memories of the Coronation of 1953.

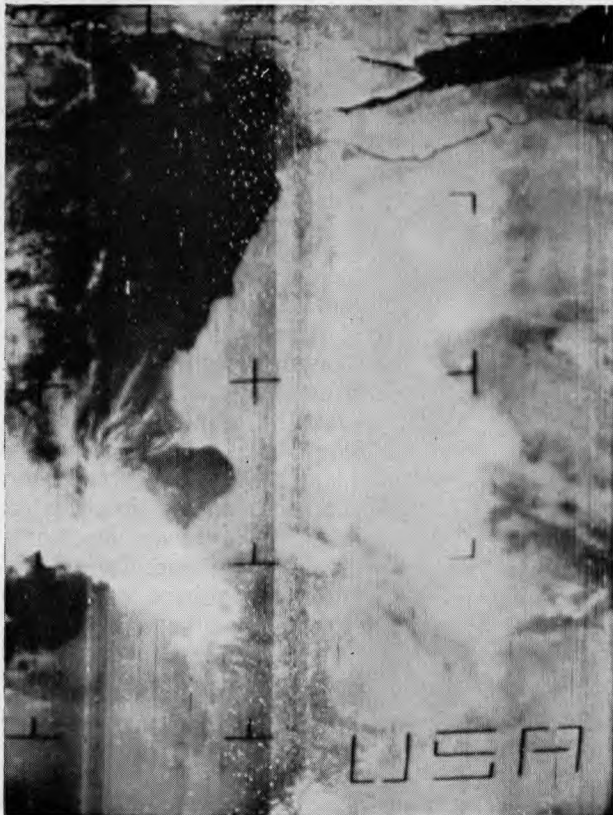
Societies

Summer Janus

Few could resist the lure of racket, slip and "take her home" for a meticulous analysis of the **Donovan**

Report (Pol./Lit. **R. A. Jackson**) but Alfred's posthumous reputation (William Thomas, **Mr. Patrick Wormald**, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford) was more resilient in the face of the seductive bloom in college garden. Plautus in Yard challenged **Parliamentary Reform** (Pol./Lit. **Mr. Humphrey Berkeley**) in the Busby Library while Dr. Busby may have been responsible for a twentieth-century population decline for an eighteenth-century increase (William Thomas, **Mr. H. Habbakuk**, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford). The St. James's grass tempted but a few from the life of a political correspondent (Pol./Lit. **Miss Nora Beloff** of **The Observer**) and a dedicated group were not rehearsing in Abbey but involved in Numerical mathematics (Robert Hooke, **Dr. J. Fox**, Director Oxford University Computer Laboratory). Congratulations to Simon Berrill and John Bolton for persistence against the odds and not least that the General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress had to solve the press crisis.

Film Society has shown a wide variety of films this term spanning the British new wave, the French new wave, Shakespeare, and a Biblical epic.



Picture (showing the Suez canal and the Nile) received at the Westminster Labs from the American weather satellite ITOS 1 as it passed from N. Africa towards Europe at about 1500 hrs GMT 30/5/70 at a height of 1400 km.



The grounds of L'Assage Aux Hommes, included in a Guilds Day expedition to Bayeux—photo: John Creedy

First came Schlesinger's **Billy Liar** which was not really appreciated by the majority due to the poor acoustics up School. Pasolini's **Gospel According to Saint Matthew** was an interesting statistic on the Westminster train of thought—attendance was minimal—however, those present seemed duly impressed. No one could quite understand why Godard's **A Bout De Souffle** is supposed to have had such a profound influence on the cinema, but on the whole it was well received. A revolution was achieved in the showing of Olivier's **Richard III**: Film Soc. at last solved the echo problem. Last came **King Rat**, Forbes's rather macabre portrayal of life (a masterpiece?) in a Japanese P.O.W. camp.

By coincidence two of these films, *A Bout de Souffle* and *King Rat*, were among those suggested in *The Elizabethan* last term. Next term Film Soc. is also hoping, again independent of *The Elizabethan's* suggestion to screen Hitchcock's **Rear Window**; also next term probable films are: the "controversial" **If, Los Olvidados**, about Mexican juveniles, and . . . yet another **Marx Brothers**.

Rustle, an uncommitted inter-school magazine, which, edited largely by Westminster boys, veers towards literary contents in opposition to **Free Press** appeared at Westminster in March. It needs response from students to increase circulation and contributions from schools.

Language Laboratories at last! Two laboratories were installed at the end of May at the cost of about £1,000 each. Their basic function is (with the use of tapes, mikes and earphones) to allow individuals enough speech practice. Apparently twiddling the knobs is very entertaining.

Geography Exhibition: Films and a collection of photographs were shown in Mr. Ross's room, European Conservation Year.

On May 18th, **Michael Stern** talked in Abbey about the mixed-racial aims of **Waterford School** in Swaziland. He is Head Master there. Later in the week some boys discussed how Westminster could help Waterford: only financially it seemed, though

more personal forms of contact are a possibility. *The Elizabethan* will help.

New School Monitors appointed last term were: J. E. Barker, P. J. Fabricus, Head of Liddell's, N. V. Hartshorn, Head of Wren's, G. J. L. Lawrence, Head of Ashburnham, N. J. Margerison, Captain of Queen's Scholars, P. W. Matcham, G. H. M. Niven, Head of Grant's, N. R. Walton.

This term: S. J. F. Barber, N. R. Haslam, R. R. Pooley.

Masters leaving this term are Mr. Walwyn and Mr. Horsley. We are sorry to say good-bye.

Many thanks to Mr. Brock for his help in getting contributors for this issue.

Sport

Cricket

Poor results so far this season, especially since the team has mainly been drawn from last year's very successful Colts side. A rather defeatist attitude towards batting has unfortunately resulted in no consistent run-scorers. This is a pity, as without doubt, the bowling is better this year than it has been for a long time, with John Sanderson from the Colts and Anthony Macwhinnie from the Junior Colts both showing maturity in bowling far above their

age, and easily holding their places in the side. Paul Matcham (Secretary) and Simon Berrill have proved to be exceptionally good off-spinners, and one hopes they will get a lot more wickets.

A special mention should be made of this year's Colts and Junior Colts where Yellowlees and MacKinnon in the Colts, and Cohen (3) in the Junior Colts have all made 50s. Their results so far read: Colts: Played 7, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 1. Junior Colts: Played 6, Won 2, Drawn 4, Lost 0.

1st XI scores:

Lancing 205 for 8. Westminster 100.

Westminster 116. Bradfield 117 for 4.

St. Edmunds Cant. 166 for 8. Westminster 97 for 8.

Westminster 197 for 8 (S. Berrill 70).

Lords and Commons 129 for 10

Westminster City 96. Westminster 57 for 6.

Westminster 146 for 8. U.C.S. 88 for 5.

Sherborne 203 for 8. Westminster 58.

Water

The winning of the Junior Pennant at the Tideway Head seems to have been the high point of the 1st VIII's season. This term they have won Junior Vllls at Putney Amateur Regatta and at Wallingford Regatta. At the Metropolitan Regatta they won Junior/Senior Vllls. On three occasions they were defeated finalists. A good year for John Lever (Head of Water).



The First VIII—photo: Hugh O'Donnell



Cricket—photo: Hugh O'Donnell.

Correspondence

Dear Sir,

"Complaints," you ask on p. 153 of your April issue, "where are they?" Thus directly challenged, I feel at last I must give off the clouds of steam pent up by my safety-valve of inertia.

That issue was different from its predecessors in actually having many pages of information, and on a topic which I found very interesting; in fact, almost any kind of information from someone connected with the school about anything he is really interested in telling us about seems to me probably worth having. Yet as for news about the school at present, this issue was of a piece with other recent ones: apart from news about Drama and Sport (well covered, I thought), there just was so little.

As examples of what I found tantalizing, I offer the following. Also on p. 153, à propos boys' "lack of enthusiasm for anything outside their own narrow spheres", you say defensively: "But then there are so many other things to do in the middle of London, aren't there?"—All right, tell us, what **are** people doing? Is it **all** unprintable? Under Music on that same page, you tell us nothing—is nothing happening? Under Free Press you mention what sounds like a very interesting venture—but you say nothing of its contents or aims. On the next page, under Divinity Lecture, you mention that some boys help weekly at St. Thomas—this is interesting, I would like to know more about it.

What your recent issues have been doing is to give the impression that apart from Drama practically no one now at Westminster is interested in anything except himself. If this is a false impression, please rectify it; if it is true, then, Sir, I shall hasten to acquit you of the blame, and to remove my sons' names from the waiting list.

Yours sincerely, **David Miller**

Dear Sir,

I am not in any way complaining about what you said I said at our interview. But I would also like to point out to any readers who may have been surprised to see me in the rôle of Black Panther leader of the opposition, that I also said a lot about life at Westminster at Whitbourne that was not quite so negative. In particular I would not like to go unsung the inspiration of my friend David Simpson through whom the Westminster School life was not only preserved but renewed. He revealed a talent for improvisation, enjoyment, risk-taking and friendship that in retrospect seems not just admirable but amazing.

Yours sincerely, **Robin Denniston**

Old Westminsters—Obituary

Lawrence Henry Burd. Lawrence Henry Burd's death on May 4th, 1970 will be regretted by all who knew him. He was a man of rare talents and abilities. Every Old Westminster will recall the big powerful frame, the deep voice, the determined and forceful character, the sharp intelligence, and above all, the astonishing competence with which he did anything to which he set his hand. Few men could pursue an occupation with more determination or greater energy and enthusiasm.

Although his work in the biology laboratory took up a great deal of time and thought, he always seemed to have inexhaustible reserves to give to other interests. He was a trained and very able horticulturist; played sensitively upon the oboe in the school orchestra; he was a superb photographer and even held a qualification in theoretical and practical horology. He was a craftsman of the highest order guided by a fine academic mind.

To his contemporaries before his retirement in 1960, no sporting event, no kind of occasion seems complete now without his sturdy figure, large reflex camera ready for use, to be seen tirelessly adding to the unsurpassed photographic record he had built over the years of every aspect of the school and its life. A member of the Royal Photographic Society and a photographer of great range and calibre few professionals could equal him at his best.

Lawrence did not wear his heart on his sleeve. It took time and a fellow-feeling to learn much of the man beneath the surface, and such time was rewardingly spent. In the 14 years that I knew him, I came to know him as a man of great sympathy and kindness, of artistic sensitivity, and great integrity. He always did what seemed to him right with unassailable sincerity. He had no patience with pretence, or with circumlocution, or with the meaningless parade of empty courtesies that pass with some for good intentions. He would always do one the usually undeserved honour of assuming that your standards and your courage were as great as his own. A man to whom generations of Westminsters owed much, and to whom I am grateful that I felt I was his friend.

L. C. Spaul

Queen's Award

Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct **John Lomer Adamson**, Administrative Officer, Wembley, Middlesex.

For rescuing a child from drowning in the River Thames.

Reprinted from Supplement to *The London Gazette*, May 12th, 1970.

Commemoration Service

The Latin Service in Commemoration of the Foundation and Benefactors of the School will be held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, November 17th, 1970 at 8.30 p.m. After the Service there will be a Reception up School and in Ashburnham. Dress: Dinner Jacket. Admission to the Abbey and the Reception will be by ticket only. Old Westminsters who wish to be present should apply for tickets not later than Saturday, October 10th, to the Reception Secretary, 17 Dean's Yard, S.W.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. It is regretted that not more than two tickets can be

sent in response to any application. No tickets will be issued before October 19th.

Deaths

- Kirlew**—On Jan. 26th, 1970, Thomas Oliver Kirlew (1891-97, A.), aged 91.
- Campbell-Johnson**—On Feb. 15th, 1970, Keith Campbell-Johnson (1958-64, A.), aged 24.
- Milne**—On Feb. 16th, 1970, Douglas Duart Williamson Milne (1902-6, H.), aged 81.
- Reid-Dick**—On Feb. 19th, 1970, John Francis Reid-Dick (1934-38, B.), aged 49.
- Lygon**—On Feb. 24th, 1970, The Hon. Richard Edward Lygon (1931-35, H.), aged 53.
- McCleary**—On Feb. 25th, 1970, Fergus Homersham McCleary (1915-19, A.), aged 68.
- Thomson**—On Feb. 24th, 1970, Thomas Kenelm Thomson (1915-16, R.), aged 70.
- Elliston**—On March 4th, 1970, Julian Clement Peter Elliston (1924-24, K.S.), aged 58.
- Corbould**—On March 10th, 1970, Francis Wilfred Paul Corbould (1923-27, A.), aged 60.
- Buschmann**—On March 11th, 1970, Marcel Julian Adolphe Charles Albert Buschmann (1911-12, R.), aged 73.
- Garcia**—On March 28th, 1970, Michael David Garcia (1948-54, A.), aged 34.
- Binyon**—On April 11th, Denir Edmund Fyner-Clinton Binyon (1919-24, K.S.), aged 64.
- Ellis**—On April 20th, 1970, Thomas Iorwerth Ellis (1913-17, A.), aged 70.
- Longhurst**—On April 12th, 1970, Henry Birt Longhurst (1904-08, H.), aged 79.
- Keely**—On April 22nd, 1970, Thomas Calder Southwell Keely (1897-1902 (c.)), aged 86.
- Willcocks**—On May 1st, 1970, Robert Waller Willcocks (1900-05, G.), aged 82.
- Cowell**—On May 1st, 1970, Ronald George Cowell (1911-13, A.), aged 71.
- Burd**—On May 4th, 1970, Lawrence Henry Burd, Biology master at the school 1929 to 1960.

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster solicitors and articulated clerks was held on February 10th at The Law Society's Hall.

Mr. M. H. Prance was in the chair and 36 O.W.W. were present. The Head Master and Mr. G. W. R. Morley (Vice-President of the Law Society) were the guests and spoke after dinner.

The Elizabethan Club

RAY PLUMMER
Hon. Secretary.

June 15th, 1970.

AGENDA

1. Apologies for absence.
2. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 21st, 1969.
3. To receive the General Committee's Report.
4. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1970.
5. Election of Officers*

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment as

Chairman	F. N. Hornsby
Hon. Treasurer	C. M. O'Brien
Hon. Secretary	F. A. G. Rider

The Old Westminsters' Athletic Club

The Club entered the Public Schools Old Boys Cross Country Race over the Inter Varsity Course in December 1969, and the team finished 6th, with McNair 8th individual and Forrest 9th.

The highlights of the past year's Athletics have been the winning performances in the Old Boys' Athletics Championships and in the match with the School in March of Griggs in the High Jump, and also the winning discus throw in the 1970 Varsity Match by Nops, competing for Oxford.

The club still lacks depth in the throwing events (notably the javelin) and new members would be most welcome.

J. G. Forrest, The Oast House, Shepherdswell, Dover, Kent

Old Westminsters' Football Club Season 1969-70

This season has been another successful one for the club. The results of the two teams were:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Goals Against
1st XI	19	9	6	4	41	27
"A" XI	14	5	1	8	31	38

The leading goal scorers were, in the 1st XI, N. Pinfield 10, M. A. Hall 6, T. Sroke 6 and in the "A" XI, R. Bateman 6, R. Lucas 5 and A. J. T. Willoughby 5.

In the Arthurian League, in which both teams compete, the 1st XI finished 5th, out of 15 teams, this is the highest position ever obtained, and the "A" XI finished 8th out of 11 teams.

In the Arthur Dunn the Old Westminsters' lost to the Old Harrovians in the first round by 2 goals to nil, after extra time. This was the only disappointing result of the season.

During the last three seasons the Club has been reasonably successful and everybody has thoroughly enjoyed their football. But future success depends on the support of all Old Westminsters' interested in football and therefore anybody, especially boys who have just left the school, who wish to play, should contact The Hon. Secretary: D. A. Roy, 49 Pebworth Road, Harrow. Tel: 01-422 2878.

Important Dates for Season 1970-71:

August 27th	Training starts at Vincent Square. Every Thursday at 6 p.m.—everybody welcome.
September 19th	Practice game at Vincent Square.
December 5th	School v. Old Westminsters' at Vincent Square.
December 12th	1st Round of the Arthur Dunn.

6. Election of General Committee*

Under Rule 13, N. B. R. C. Peroni, R. A. Denniston and Dr. M. D. Brough are ineligible for re-election.

The General Committee desires to propose for appointment

†1955-61	D. A. Roy
†	M. J. W. Rogers
†1948-62	P. J. Morley-Jacob
†1926-31	F. B. Hooper
†1955-60	N. Bevan
†1958-63	R. G. H. Hinton
†1923-28	Dr. P. C. F. Wingate
†1927-31	R. W. P. Hare
†1924-28	R. Plummer
1950-55	J. A. Lauder

1953-58
1954-59

D. J. A. Williams
P. L. M. Sherwood

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

*The name of any other candidate for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, R. Plummer, 55/61 Moorgate, London, E.C.2, so as to reach him not later than October 13th, 1970.

†Members of the 1969-70 General Committee eligible for re-election.

Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Club will be held at The Army & Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, S.W.1, on Tuesday, October 20th, 1970, at 7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m.

The President of the Club, Mr. N. P. Andrews, will preside and Dr. John Rae, the new Head Master of the School, and the Dean of Westminster have accepted the Club's invitation to be its guests.

The General Committee of the Club anticipates that many members of the Club will wish to attend the Dinner to welcome Dr. Rae. But accommodation is limited and members are invited to make early application for tickets to the Hon. Secretary, Ray Plummer, 55/61 Moorgate, London, E.C.2. Cheques should be made payable to The Elizabethan Club.

Dress: Dinner Jackets. Tickets are £3 each, inclusive of wines during dinner.

Members are reminded that no guests may be invited other than members of the Governing Body, masters at the Great School and the Under School and persons connected with the School. It is known that within these categories there are a number of persons who would appreciate an invitation, and if any member is willing to entertain a guest he is kindly asked to inform the Hon. Secretary.

106th Annual Report

To be presented at the Annual General Meeting on October 20th, 1970.

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

The Committee records with deep regret the deaths of the following members of the Club:

G. M. Barker, G. S. Blaker, Sir George Boag, Major M. Castle-Smith, Dr. E. C. Corfield, W. W. Dolton, H. B. Dover, F. P. Dyson, Rev. C. H. Edmunds, J. C. P. Elliston, J. A. Farmer, A. R. C. Fleming, J. L. Hackforth, Dr. D. B. I. Hallett, W. L. Hartley, Air Vice-Marshal Sir George Harvey, M. C. Houdret, R. S. Hunt, R. A. Kaye, J. E. Lloyd-Williams, L. S. London, Col. J. W. Lugard, L. F. Maxwell, Rev. N. C. Moore, R. J. V. Peter, H. A. G. Phillimore, Lt. Col. W. Seton-Anderson, A. Stuttaford, E. C. Walker, E. E. C. Watson, and Rev. Canon G. E. A. Whitworth.

One hundred and nine new members were elected to the Club during the year ended March 31st, 1970.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Club held on October 21st, 1969 F. N. Hornsby was elected Chairman of the Club in succession to G. U. Salvi and C. M. O'Brien and R. Plummer were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Dr. P. C. F. Wingate, R. W. P. Hare and F. A. G. Rider were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Annual Dinner of the Club, through the courtesy of Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison, was held at the Army and Navy Club on October 21st, 1969 and was attended by over 100 members and guests. The President, Mr. N. P. Andrews, presided and the guests included Dr. Walter Hamilton, the Head Master, the Dean of Westminster and Assistant Masters. After dinner the President presented the Head Master with his portrait to mark

the Club's appreciation of his outstanding service as Head Master.

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

Football

The Club had one of its most successful seasons. The 1st XI finished higher in the Arthurian League than ever before and was only beaten three times. The 1st XI finished 5th and the "A" XI 8th in their respective divisions. During the season the 1st XI played 19 matches, winning 9, drawing 6 and losing 4; the "A" XI played 14 matches, winning 5, drawing 1 and losing 8.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup, the Club was disappointingly beaten in the first round by the Old Harrovians.

The Club had an enjoyable tour at Easter to Aldeburgh.

Cricket

During the season the Club played 11 games, of which six were won, four lost and one drawn. After a defeat at the hands of Haileybury in the first round of the Cricketers Cup, the Club beat the School and drew with Oatlands Park.

In the Fortnight at Vincent Square good wins were registered against the Incogniti, Lancing Rovers, Stock Exchange, Dragonflies and Free Foresters, in particular on the two Saturdays. On the first, Lancing were bowled out on a perfect wicket for 50 by Pain, de Boer and Broadhurst, and on the second the Foresters were once again easily beaten when Pain took 6 wickets for 20. The batting honours went to Lewis who made 104 not out against the Dragonflies. In the other two games of the Fortnight the Club lost to the Adastrians and the Old Citizens and later in the season lost to Beckenham Wizards.

Golf

This year the Society entered for the Halford Hewitt, Bernard Darwin and Grafton Morrish knockout tournaments. In the Halford Hewitt the Society lost in the first round to Loretto and also succumbed in the first round of the Bernard Darwin. In the Grafton Morrish the Society failed to qualify for the finals. A team was also entered for the Royal Wimbledon Putting competition, but again failed, but only just, to reach the finals. The match against the Old Cheltonians was cancelled because of snow. The Old Uppinghamian match was halved after two days of golf, while the matches against the Old Reptonians and Old Radleians were both lost.

The usual three Society Meetings were held and enjoyed by everyone. An encouraging note is that the numbers attending these Meetings are slowly increasing.

Fives

The Club had an active season of 17 matches, winning 8, drawing 3 and losing 6. The usual fixtures took place against Schools and Old Boys' Clubs.

Sailing

For the first time for many years, the Club did not compete in the Bembridge Trophy Competition.

Tennis

The Tennis Club again entered for the Henry Leaf Cup. Three matches were played during the year, of which two were won.

Lawn Tennis

The Club has once again become active. In the D'Abernon Cup the Club was beaten in the first round by the eventual winners, U.C.S. The School was convincingly beaten by the Club. An American Doubles Tournament was played at Vincent Square, which was won by Keith Harrison and John Quertier.

The Elizabethan Club Games Committee Receipts and Payments Account 1969-70

1968-69 £	RECEIPTS	1969-70 £	1968-69	PAYMENTS	1969-70 £
475	THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB GRANT ..	525	£	SECTION GRANTS 1969-70	
10	1967-68 GRANT UNCLAIMED: Fencing	—	150	Football (Incl. £30 Special Grant) ..	200
4	EXCESS OF PAYMENTS OVER RECEIPTS	—	180	Cricket	180
			60	Golf	70
			20	Fives	20
			20	Athletics	20
			—	Lawn Tennis	10
			10	Real Tennis	5
			—	Swimming	10
			20	Boat Club	—
			20	Sailing	—
			480		515
			5	1967-68 GRANT IN ARREARS: Real Tennis	—
			4	ADMINISTRATIVE EXPENSES	8
					523
				BALANCE, being Excess of Income over Expenses	2
				J. A. LAUDER, <i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	
				P. G. WHIPP, <i>Hon. Secretary</i>	
£489		£525	£489		£525

BALANCE AT BANK June 1969 ..	£ 209
<i>Add:</i> EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER PAY-	2
	£211

BALANCE AT BANK 21.5.70	£ 224
<i>Deduct:</i> CHEQUES NOT PRESENTED ..	13
BALANCE IN HAND May 1970 ..	—
(including Wilfrid Atwood Fund) ..	£211
	£211

Examined and found correct
H. KENNETH S. CLARK
Chartered Accountant
June 1st, 1970

was lost. Roy Griggs high jumped 5 ft. 10 in., a Vincent Square Record, and Nick Nops (1st in the 1970 Varsity Sports Discus throw) threw the school discus 165 ft.

John Goodbody, the Club Captain, has moved into National class at Judo during the past year. At the 1969 Israel/Maccabish Games, he won a Bronze Medal for Britain in the light heavy-weight class, and he was first reserve for the British team this spring after being placed third in the British Championships.

By Order of the Committee,
RAY PLUMMER, *Hon. Secretary.*

Presentation to J. D. Carleton Esq. on his retirement as Head Master

Members will be delighted to learn that as a result of the letter sent out by the President, Norman Andrews, over 500 members responded and the amount available for presentation was over £1,500.

In consultation with him, John Carleton said that the form of gift which would give the greatest pleasure to Mrs. Carleton and himself would be the opportunity to travel and in particular to visit East Africa. It was therefore agreed to present him with a cheque for this purpose.

The Committee was most gratified, not only by the amount subscribed, but particularly by the affection and regard shown in the large number of letters received from many parts of the world.

It was clearly impossible to invite everyone to a formal presentation. A small reception therefore took place in Ashburnham, after the Club Committee meeting on May 27th, attended by about 35 Members at which Mrs. Carleton was present.

The President made the presentation, which in addition to the cheque included a pair of Charles II silver Goblets, to provide an outward token of the Club's esteem.

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters Arising.
4. Correspondence.
5. Hon. Secretary's Report for the year to May 1st, 1970.
6. Accounts for the year to May 1st, 1970.
7. To receive the names of the Section Hon. Secs.
8. Election of Officers and Members for the year 1970-71. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose any alternative or additional names for election to the Committee should send such names to the Hon. Secretary at least three days before the Meeting supported by the names of the proposer and seconder.)
9. Any other business.

After the General Meeting the new Committee will meet.

Membership

The following new members have been elected:

A	1965-70	Carter, Simon	30, Wellington Square, S.W.3.
B	1965-70	Crawshaw, Alan	31, Turle Road, Norbury, S.W.16.
A	1966-69	Melville, David Hillary	Garden Flat, 10, Hampstead Square, N.W.3.
R	1966-69	Sanderson, Nicholas Francis Waley	10, Holly Terrace, Highgate West Hill, N.6.
G	1967-69	Van Dalsen, Hubrecht Antonie	14, Abbey Lodge, Park Road, N.W.8.

In a short speech he referred to John Carleton's long and continuous association with Westminster in various capacities for almost half a century, and spoke of the great service that he had rendered and of his devotion to the School.

The Head Master expressed his deep appreciation and assured everyone that he would not be departing from their midst, as he would always hope to maintain a close association with his many Westminster friends through his membership of the Club.

To the Editor (The Elizabethan)

Sir,

I cannot thank individually all the numerous Old Westminsters who contributed to the magnificent gift which was presented to me in Ashburnham House on May 27 by the President and the Committee of the Elizabethan Club. But may I through you, Sir, express my warm and deep thanks, and say how tremendously I appreciate the generosity of my many Westminster friends. When I said to the President that I should like the presentation to take the form of a travel fund I never thought that I should be handed a cheque for nearly £1,500 (not to mention two fine silver drinking bowls). My wife joins with me in gratitude for a gift which would enable us to circle the globe.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN CARLETON

Games Committee

The Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club will take place at 6 p.m. on Monday, September 21st, 1970 at the School, by kind permission of the Head Master.

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

The Elizabethan Club Income and Expenditure account for the year ended March 31st, 1970

1969 £		£	£	1969 £		£
44	ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES ..	42		3	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	3
53	HONORARIUM—Miss Francis ..	53		3	LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS (proportion) ..	—
157	TAXATION	189		1,202	TERMLY INSTALMENTS (proportion) ..	1,257
	GRANTS			431	INCOME FROM INVESTMENTS (gross)	473
500	<i>The Elizabethan</i>	500		5	PROFIT ON CLUB DINNER	10
475	The Games Committee	525				
		1,025				
	WESTMINSTER SCHOOL QUATER-CENTENARY APPEAL					
52	Tenth payment under Deed of Covenant (gross)	52				
—	PORTRAIT OF HEAD MASTER	327				
363	EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE	55				
		£1,743				
£1,644				£1,644		£1,743

- Notes: 1. The Club has entered into a Covenant to make 10 annual payments to the Westminster School Quatercentenary Appeal of £52 10s. Od. less Income Tax.
2. The Club holds £300 3½% War Stock under the Henderson Bequest, the interest on which provides prizes to go with the Henderson Challenge Cups. The income for the year of £10 10s. Od. was transferred to the School Prize Fund.

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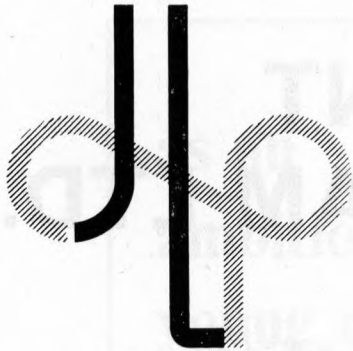
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