

THE ELIZABETHAN 2010

ISSUE 729





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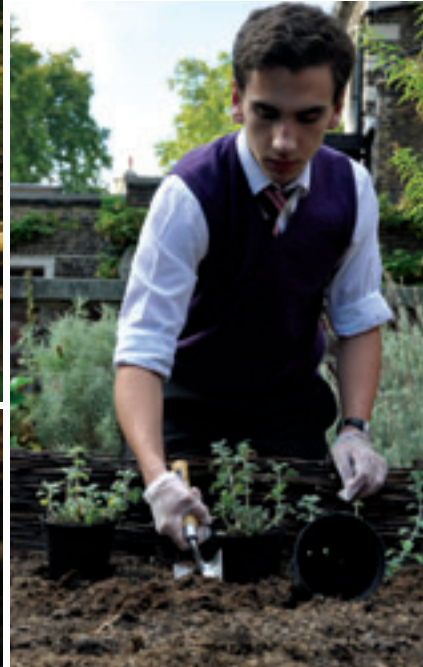
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WELCOME TO THE ELIZABETHAN 2010

The Head Master, Dr Spurr, introduces this celebration edition of The Elizabethan.

As I write this we are almost half-way through our 450th anniversary year and preparations are being finalized for the Royal Visit on 21 May. The aims for 2010 have been: first and foremost to enjoy ourselves; then to bring all constituencies of the Westminster community together – the School, the Abbey, pupils, parents, teachers, support staff, former pupils and their parents; and, of critical importance, while we celebrate our past, to reflect thoughtfully on our present and plan to ensure an equally successful future. And, as the pages of The Elizabethan show once again this year, there is much for which to be thankful and proud. It never ceases to amaze me as Head Master how Westminsters both remain extremely successful academically and are also so fully and vitally involved in the rich wider cultural and sporting life of the School. A full report on the Royal Visit and other celebratory events will appear in next year's Elizabethan.



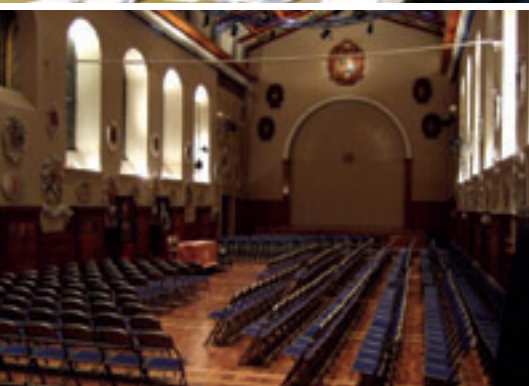
"This year, there is much for which to be thankful and proud."





450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS WESTMINSTER: A ROYAL SCHOOL

2010, and the visit of HM the Queen which will mark the 450th Anniversary of the re-foundation of Westminster by the first Queen Elizabeth, seems to offer a perfect opportunity to look back at some of the royal connections adorning the school's past, writes TJPE.



■ This has been a royal foundation, in fact, not merely since 1560 but from 1540, when, following the dissolution of the Benedictine Abbey of Westminster, Henry VIII established 'the King's newe Colledge' and made provision for two masters and forty scholars to carry on the tradition of the old monastic school. With the introduction of the label 'King's Scholars' at this point we find recognition of the royal status of the institution – but it is right that we should mark 1560 as a foundation date, for Queen Elizabeth, while keeping her word to 'do all things as her father had done' nonetheless deepened and enhanced the connection. The Head Master, Under Master and forty scholars (now 'Queen's Scholars' – with the stipulation that, unlike at Eton, the designation should be taken from the ruling monarch) were a full part of the collegiate foundation, headed by the Dean, and with close links to Christ Church, Oxford and Trinity, Cambridge. Elizabeth herself, along with major figures at her court such as the Cecils, took a close interest in the foundation as a whole, and the school in particular – attending plays (then in

College Hall), hearing epigrams and conducting impromptu examinations *viva voce*, and intervening directly to allow the appointment of William Camden, though a layman, to the Head Mastership.

At Westminster, church and state meet – and the close proximity of royal ceremonial, political life and the business of government has offered the school a peculiar vantage point from which to view history in the making. Being part of the foundation – with, until the Public Schools Act, no independence from the Abbey – may have meant a struggle for resources and recognition at times, but it also placed the school at the heart of great occasions. Foremost among these is the coronation – of which nobody currently in the school has direct experience. The scholars' attendance at the ceremony rests on their status as part of the collegiate body, and at the last thirteen coronations (since that of James II) it has been their privilege to be first to greet the new sovereign with cries of *Vivat!* It has been claimed that in this they represent 'the people', playing the part of the crowd at medieval coronations – and initially the

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"The close proximity of royal ceremonial, political life and the business of government has offered the school a peculiar vantage point from which to view history in the making."

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Vivats were a genuinely semi-spontaneous shout, described rather unflatteringly after Queen Victoria's coronation as 'murderous screams of recognition'. For George IV, the scholars not only shouted *Vivat Georgius Rex* six times but shouted and clapped at various other points during the service (despite a general feeling that the new King's treatment of Queen Caroline was shameful), so it is perhaps not surprising that since Edward VII's coronation the shouts have been carefully choreographed and incorporated into Parry's anthem *I Was Glad*, which has been used at every coronation since.

The whole collegiate foundation is part of the regalia procession for the coronation; Dr Busby carried the ampulla for Charles II in 1661 and John Christie, only weeks after his appointment, bore the queen's ivory rod in 1937. The town boys too had a tradition of attendance (though not participation); they were placed in the triforium to watch until at Queen Victoria's coronation pressure of space meant the scholars themselves had to be located there. Of course, for most Westminster's a school career passes without a coronation taking place – but there have been many other



"George II's son the Duke of Cumberland was regularly present at the Play and other school events; although never formally a pupil he was treated as a sort of mascot by the boys."

moments of royal ceremonial at which the school has been represented, including weddings and funerals, the lying in state of Queen Alexandra and the burial of the Unknown Warrior in the nave. One should also add, perhaps, the annual attendance of the fifth form, now well established, to watch the Queen arrive at the Palace of Westminster to open Parliament – a chance for every pupil to watch living history on their doorstep.

Familiarity with the Abbey and its royal connections, of course, has not always bred respect. It is true that Westminster often rallied round to save the Abbey when it seemed to be threatened, by staving off a Parliamentarian mob in 1641 or by dousing a fire in the Lantern in 1803, but in truth they were sometimes rather a threat themselves. There is a long tradition of desecration by Westminster boys – from the use of the cloisters as a playground and 'fighting mill' to the old favourite of going round the Confessor's Chapel by skipping from tomb to tomb, without touching the ground. In the eighteenth century, numerous Westminsters broke into the Abbey to spend the night in the Coronation Chair, and carve their names for posterity to prove the point, something Curzon, Assheton, Lister and Pelham all managed in 1740. Even that pales into insignificance beside the action of one Andrewes in 1766 when, reaching into Richard II's tomb through a hole left for pilgrims to touch the King's remains, he stole the royal jawbone. The relic was finally returned by his descendants in 1906.

Despite all these signs to the contrary, Westminster remained staunchly loyal to the crown, following the example set by Busby in the seventeenth century, when the school stood firm amidst the tumults of the Civil War and Interregnum. Several well known stories deserve repetition: when the whole college was summoned to sign the National Covenant in the Abbey, Busby absented

himself as 'sickly' (and got away with it); the 'schollers bonfire on the King's Coronation day' went ahead as usual and, as Robert South later recalled, 'we really were King's Scholars as well as called so; nay upon that very day, that black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder I myself heard ... that the King was publicly prayed for in this school but an hour or two (at most) before his sacred head was struck off.' This loyalty brought its rewards after Charles II's Restoration in 1660. Famously, when the King visited the school it was to be told by Busby that he would be keeping his head covered in the royal presence, as it would not do to allow the pupils to see their Head Master doffing his hat to any man, even his King – an explanation Charles liked so much he gave Busby a throne-like chair to enhance the point.

In later generations, royal attitudes towards the school were not entirely consistent. George I gave £1,000 for the new Dormitory, despite the Jacobite sentiments prevailing in the Deanery under Atterbury. George II, beset at times with the conflicting claims of a generation of great Old Westminster statesmen, had mixed feelings – but his son, Frederick Prince of Wales, perhaps to spite his father, professed great affection for the school and for the Head Master, Robert Freind. Such enthusiasm would soon wane; George III, who had never liked Newcastle and took against Rockingham (both OWW), extended his love for Windsor into favour for Eton, and declared himself an 'anti-Westminster'. His son William IV, it was said, died of grief when in 1837 he defied his doctors' orders to attend the Westminster and Eton boat race – and Westminster won. It should be added though that this was the Etonians' viewpoint, and William had made a point of attending the Latin Play in 1834, giving £100, though it was quite certain he had understood not a word.



"In the eighteenth century, numerous Westminsters broke into the Abbey to spend the night in the Coronation Chair, and carve their names for posterity to prove the point."



450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS COMMEMORATIVE COMMISSIONS

Westminster Anniversary Illumination

By Alison Merry. Commemorates the special relationship that has endured between the School and Elizabeth I.

As Westminster entered its nineteenth century decline – with only 67 pupils in the school by 1841 – royal attitudes changed once more. Prince Albert, along with Lord John Russell, the last OW Prime Minister, was a prominent figure in the campaign to move Westminster out of London and reinvent the school in the Home Counties, and it is said the two men actually went in search of suitable sites. Not that the ‘old’ Westminster was forgotten; in 1858 Albert brought the young Prince of Wales to the Play, causing Queen Victoria some concern about the ‘very improper’ content of the event and the effect it might have on her young son’s mind.

As the school grew in the twentieth century, and faced the ravages of two World Wars, royal visits marked more particular landmarks in Westminster’s development. Just before James Gow’s retirement as Head Master, George V attended the Greaze with Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York – and when Dr Gow recounted the famous story of Charles II’s visit to Busby, the King insisted he should emulate his great predecessor in keeping his own head covered throughout, much to the consternation of a generation of rather etiquette-conscious Westminsters. The Duke of York would visit again, as George VI, when he and Queen Elizabeth attended the Latin Play in 1937, an occasion when flaming torches were used to escort the royal party across Yard, in re-enactment of eighteenth century prints, and the link snuffers outside 17 Dean’s Yard were used once more for their original purpose. In June 1950 the King and Queen returned, to reopen College and mark the first stage of the school’s post-war re-building. Queen Elizabeth II has visited on the occasion of the Quatercentenary in 1960, and to open the Robert Hooke Centre in 1987 – while the Prince of Wales attended David Summerscale’s last Election Dinner in 1998, enquiring beforehand if decorations were to be worn, and being informed that as the Head Master had none, the answer was no.

There is perhaps one further royal connection to mention – ‘Royal Westminsters’ themselves. George II’s son, the Duke of Cumberland, long before he grew into the Butcher of Culloden, was regularly present at the Play and other school events; although never formally a pupil he was treated as a sort of mascot by the boys. Something similar could be said of Prince Frederick, second son of George III, whose frequent attendance was commented on in verses and epigrams. Finally, in 1984, Lord Nicholas Windsor, younger son of the Duke of Kent, was admitted to the school – but, even without royal old boys in the *Record of Old Westminsters*, the school had long been, and remains, a royal one.



Commemorative Mug

Designed by Emma Bridgewater. A proportion of the profits from the sale of mugs is donated to PHAB.

How to order

To buy the mug or limited edition copies of the Illumination, and for further details of 450th Anniversary Celebrations, go to www.oldwestminster.org.uk



450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS COMMEMORATIVE EVENTS

Right: Monument to Queen Elizabeth I by Matthew Spender (OW)



During 2010 and continuing to January 2011, events have been organized to celebrate the School's 450th Anniversary.

Historically the connection is with the Collegiate Foundation of St Peter in Westminster Abbey. The Charter granted by our Foundress, Queen Elizabeth I, on 21 May 1560 re-founded the former Benedictine monastery at Westminster as the Collegiate Church of St Peter under the governance of a Dean and Chapter and as a Royal Peculiar, that is not subject to bishop or archbishop but directly answerable to The Sovereign. Westminster School became independent of the Dean and Chapter's governance in 1868 but the close relationship remains. In late May, Her Majesty the Queen unveiled a statue of her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth I, in Little Dean's Yard; a series of anniversary lectures for pupils and parents began in January and continues to the end of the calendar year; the herb garden in College Garden has been replanted; a commemorative medallion has been struck, and an illumination of the school's history commissioned; The Elizabethan Ball will take place in the precincts in July, along with a host of other celebrations. Full reports on these events will appear in The Elizabethan 2011 and the next edition of The Westminster Newsletter.



Above and right: Replanting the herb garden in College Garden

Right: The Head Master and Chris Clarke, Senior Tutor, by the time capsule.



Above: The Head Girl and Head Boy by the time capsule.



450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS ANNIVERSARY LECTURES

A series of anniversary lectures for pupils and parents began in January 2010 and continues to the end of the calendar year.



Education Policy in an Age of Globalization

The second lecture was given in March by BBC Home Editor Mark Easton, who examined the role of education in an increasingly globalised world, reports Matty Wnek (HH).

■ His talk was an investigation into how the changing conditions of employment and information dissemination might affect the way an education is valued, and explored how this might direct education and training policy on a national level as well as the choices we make in acquiring skills individually. This wide perspective lent itself to broader trend analysis, which Easton marshalled to great effect with frighteningly long-range graphs and international comparisons. For students

in the audience it was possibly a little daunting to contemplate ourselves as a single component of an international workforce where even being part of a league table figure is intimidating enough, and when we heard about the fearsome efficiency of the foreign education systems we would be competing with there was a chance we would all be leaving rather disheartened. However, the latter part of the talk focussed on how this expanding of the competitive arena would reassert the importance of creative intelligence and make the ability to synthesise and manipulate information the sought-after skill more than just the ability to remember a lot of information, which was welcome news for those of us with more revision to do. In all, in a season with a largely retrospective focus, a picture of the future painted by an expert was incredibly valuable and gladly received.

Further information

For more details of the 450th celebration events, see the website at: www.oldwestminster.org.uk

The English Renaissance and Reformation: The Re-foundation of Westminster School in Context

In January the first in a series of lectures given to celebrate Westminster's 450th Anniversary took place up School, report Nick White (BB) and Josie Richardson (GG).

■ Parents, teachers, and students from all years battled through thick snow to hear Dr Susan Doran FRHS, give the inaugural lecture of 2010 on the foundation of our school. The wintry conditions were a striking link between today's Westminster, and that of 450 years ago. In the year of our foundation by Elizabeth I in 1560, the winter was so cold that there was ice-skating on a frozen Thames for several weeks. We have it lucky.

Dr Doran addressed a rapt audience on the Reformation, the Renaissance, and the beginnings of this ancient school. She began with the foundation of our school, reminding us first of all, to our great disappointment, that our founder, and the person to whom we owe our greatest debt of thanks, was not the venerable Elizabeth I, but a more dubious character, Henry VIII. The English reformation spanned centuries, and was pivotal in shaping the history of our country and of our school. Ms Doran guided us through it expertly, to our great enlightenment. Westminster has been through much; it has survived the dissolution of the monasteries and the turbulent religious period of the reformation, School survived the Luftwaffe and we have even survived New Labour. To the future!





UNIVERSITY EDGE SUMMER SCHOOL AT WESTMINSTER

Westminsters share the highest aspirations for university, but for many of London's pupils such aspiration can be elusive. In July 2009, Westminster School offered an inspirational programme for some of London's brightest state school sixth-formers, called University Edge Summer School. Volunteering to help out, I enjoyed meeting fellow pupils from across London who helped me to see Westminster with a fresh perspective, affirms Will Benet (DD).



"The programme's goal: to demystify access to the top schools and universities and encourage students from a broader range of backgrounds to aim high."

In partnership with Future Foundations, Westminster School aimed to bring together 60 gifted Year 11 state school pupils from across the various boroughs of central London. The goal was to raise career aspirations, attainment and access to top universities with an intensive week-long immersion programme covering personal development, leadership training and subject-specific tutorials.

While we were all the same age and year at school, I had the advantage of having familiar surroundings. Most of the students did not know anyone else in the programme. They also had to deal with the great history of the school – adjoining Westminster Abbey with a history stretching back to the 12th century and a cast of great past pupils from the scientist Robert Hooke, to the architect Christopher Wren, and the philosopher John Locke. With one of the highest Oxbridge acceptance rates of any school in England, Westminster School could easily be seen as a daunting place even for London's best and brightest. Yet this made it an ideal fit with the programme's goal: to demystify access to the top schools and universities and encourage students from a broader range of backgrounds to aim high.

Within a few hours, we were fully engaged. The Future Foundations team constructed activities that encouraged collaboration as well as useful personal reflection. Over the week, students created their own

personal vision and were counselled on how they could take individual responsibility to set goals toward that end.

During the afternoon sessions, Westminster teachers helped aspiring biologists skillfully to dissect rats, linguists poetically to discuss Spanish and French literature, and economists actively to debate the underlying causes of the recent credit crisis. From being daunting, Westminster had become their school too. During break, Dean's Yard became a football pitch, College Garden reinvented itself as a new and very scenic lunchtime canteen, and we enjoyed leaping exuberantly off the benches in Yard for

their hopes for 5 As at GCSE. While this might be considered a 'modest' expectation for Westminsters, such an achievement is difficult in some schools where the teaching is largely focused on attaining a C grade or above pass-rate for the majority of students. Many state school teachers have the challenge of catering for a very wide range of abilities, and as one boy said, "covering the whole syllabus in detail is just not an option." Another girl shared with me how her teachers were very encouraging but she needed to "put in the extra hours at home to learn new topics that her class just would not have time to learn."

After three years at Westminster, I felt an increased sense of gratitude. I realised I had taken for granted that my teaching would extend beyond the syllabus and how my teachers and classmates had taught me how to question, think for myself, and strive for excellence. Thanks to my new friends at summer school, I came away with a much greater appreciation of the value of my own Westminster education.

This programme was made possible by the large number of Westminster teachers who volunteered their own valuable summer vacation to take part. A very special thank you goes to Mr Kembell who led the organisation at Westminster and to the other teachers who took part, including Mrs Lambert, Mr Witney and Dr Kowenicki.



photos. I made many friends and found that we had a lot in common. We were all curious and enjoyed plunging into new experiences despite previous anxieties.

It was that willingness to seek out opportunities and dare to dream that these students had in common. Some students confided

Westminster, in partnership with Future Foundations, will offer high achievers across London a second programme this summer from July 19th – July 23rd 2010. Many state school pupils will be queuing up. I highly recommend that Westminsters join in too!



"I once heard some idiot say "What's glorious about being dead? The glory is in their preparedness to give up their life in this world – to lose the love of their parents, family life, never to watch their own children growing up well and successfully."



REMEMBRANCE: THE ABBEY ADDRESS

Should we remember those who have fallen in wars? Why should we remember them? Who exactly should we remember? asks Douglas East, who gave the Remembrance address in Abbey on 6th November. This is an edited version of the original address.

■ I remember that Hitler did not succeed in invading this country in 1940. If he had, none of us would be here in this wonderful building today. If his invasion forces had been able to cross the channel I should certainly have been killed and all the rest of the defending forces with me. Your great-grandparents would never have had any children, certainly none surviving, and you wouldn't be here. If you doubt this, talk to anyone whose families have been closer to the Holocaust. Hitler failed because the Battle of Britain, as it came to be called, was won by the pilots of Fighter Command. Many died; more were badly wounded or burned. They died to save us from Nazi tyranny. I think we should remember them.

Over every war memorial in the kingdom are the words "The Glorious Dead". I once heard some idiot say "What's glorious about being dead?" The glory is in their preparedness to give up their life in this world – to lose the love of their parents, family life, never to watch their own children growing up well and successfully, losing their own hoped-for careers and all their achievements with them. They live on in the next world, safe, but sadly missed by those they had to leave behind. I can hear some of you thinking, "How does he know there is a life after death?" Well that's another story, for another day, but I do know. Still I remember them.

Then there are those so hopelessly wounded that their survival cannot be called life, and yet they were not given the mercy of being allowed to die. When I was in training for the Navy I had a back injury which put me into a naval hospital for a couple of weeks. Being more mobile than most I was made chaplain's messenger and I had to walk through surgical wards. In the centre of one, propped up on some pillows and stripped to the waist because it was hot, was a boy of 18 with both arms blown off at the shoulder – never again to scratch the end of his nose, never to take himself to the loo, and perhaps worst of all never to put his arms around someone he loved. That boy is, for me, the iconic image of the horrors of war. Sixty-six years later I can see him still and weep for him. They gave more for you than all the rest and their giving went on, and on, and on.

Then there are the conscientious objectors. I'm a conscientious objector to war and I am sure all of you are too. But wars are started by aggressors and they have to be resisted. One sort of objector I totally respect: their convictions or religions prevented them from taking up arms and killing but they went straight into the thick of it – stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, paramedics of all kinds and in the bombed cities of this country auxiliary firemen and heavy rescue servicemen digging people out of the rubble of bombed buildings: them I totally respect. I think they had a worse war

than we did. We pulled the triggers and they picked up the pieces. Many were wounded or killed; I remember them too.

The vast majority of those who served through the war survived without being severely wounded, but they spent up to six years of their lives away from their homes, their families and their growing children, and in terrible conditions – steaming tropical jungles, dry, hell-hot deserts and freezing Arctic convoys and hardship of every possible kind, with the constant strain of being the objective of the enemy.

There are so many who should be remembered – the bereaved, the displaced, the prisoners of war who fell into Japanese hands, and above all we must not forget the Americans who fought beside us all the way from the Normandy beaches to Berlin. We could not have defeated Hitler without them. Their representatives are out there on the north Green in their British Legion berets and their medals, tending the crosses and the poppies in the Field of Remembrance. It was opened yesterday by the Duke of Edinburgh, himself a surviving serviceman. Go out in break or the lunch hour and talk to them, and ask them what they and all those they represent think about the need to remember. But remember them all anyway. They gave a lot of their lives for you. You can remember me if you like! I'm one of them.



And what about the Germans? For Hitler and his gang of thugs I have no pity but there were many German people who didn't like Hitler any more than we did. But once he had turned his country into a police state under a military dictatorship, there wasn't much they could do about it. When I was dropping depth-charges onto U-boats I always hoped that the men in the steel coffin below were all dedicated Nazis. But I don't think they were – a couple of Nazi Party officers to report any lack of allegiance to the Fuhrer perhaps. But most of the men were just like me – fighting for the country they lived in, "My country right or wrong". Three quarters of the U-boats and their crews went to the bottom. Their deaths saved many Allied lives. I think of them.

I hope none of you will ever have to fight a war. My hope for you is that you will all live peaceful, happy, contented, fulfilled and useful lives. Bless you all.

450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY PRIZE

Established to encourage the school community to capture the spirit of events at Westminster School and Under School during 2010, the 450th anniversary of the School's re-founding, the 450th Anniversary Photography Prize competition is open to all pupils and staff of Westminster School and the Under School. Photographers are invited to be as creative as possible, while remaining faithful to the commemorative theme.

Prizes will be awarded in four themed categories and awarded to winners in three distinct groups: Westminster School pupils, Under School pupils and staff (from either school). The competition will run during the 2010 calendar year only. Submissions are due by the end of Play Term 2010, followed by judging and an exhibition in Lent Term 2011. For full details of the prizes and how to enter, see <http://intranet.westminster.org.uk/photoprize/greatschool/index.asp>.

The competition runs all this year, sponsored by Westminster School and the Steenberg Caerus Foundation, a Dutch family foundation which supports non-profit projects in education, culture, history and nature (<http://www.defotoprijs.nl>).

WESTMINSTER NOTES AND QUERIES LAUNCHED

In January EAS announced the launch of Westminster Notes and Queries, a forum for discussion of aspects of the history of Westminster School, its pupils and its teachers. Everyone in the school community is invited to contribute articles, post queries or make suggestions, which should be submitted to the editor at: eddie.smith@westminster.org.uk

Current entries include pieces on the date of the foundation of the school, Tudor education policy with regard to the school, Westminster's Ghosts and the Cambridge Pink Boat of 1829. Responses are encouraged and as much as possible will be posted within Sharepoint.

To find out more, see Westminster Sharepoint online at <http://sharepoint.westminster.org.uk>. Please note that Sharepoint can only be accessed by those with valid logins for the Westminster School network (current pupils, staff and parents), and the previous year's Old Westminsters whose accounts remain valid for a year after leaving.

SALVETE



Dr Patric Choffrut

Dr Patric Choffrut was born in Paris in a very international milieu – mother half Italian, father half German; he and his two brothers all married foreign spouses. He studied German and English at the Sorbonne and prepared for the Agrégation d'Anglais at the Ecole Normale Supérieure (rue d'Ulm). He has taught in French and American universities, mostly languages but also the history, sociology, and the economic characteristics of the countries whose languages he speaks.

His 1400 page long dissertation was written about one of the most influential Jewish US labor unions. He loves classical music (especially the opera), and art (especially paintings), and now lives in London, spending his free time in Paris and Provence.



Bianca Hix

Bianca Hix joined Westminster School in September 2009 as the new German assistant. Originally from Frankfurt, she is studying English and French at Johann Wolfgang von Goethe University. She enjoys working with Westminster pupils and playing an important role in the German Department where she has not only prepared candidates for IGCSE and Pre-U examinations but also accompanied the successful Upper Shell trip to Berlin in October 2009.



Ben Parker-Wright

Ben Parker-Wright studied Mathematics at Hertford College, Oxford, specialising in set theory, topology, and analytic number theory in his final year. After graduating in 2005, he worked at a London-based actuarial firm before deciding to switch careers to teaching in 2008. He completed his PGCE at the Institute of Education, London, in 2009. He enjoys tennis and walking, and has completed a marathon and a triathlon, albeit rather slowly.



Dr Sharon Ragaz-Barrenger

Dr Ragaz was born in Canada to British parents. She has been working in the UK since 2001, and has also lived in the former Yugoslavia, Ireland, Venezuela, Brazil, and Luxembourg. She obtained her doctorate in English Literature from the University of Toronto, specializing in literature of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; her thesis is a study of the historical fiction of Walter Scott. She has taught English at the universities of Toronto, Cardiff, and Oxford (where she was a fellow of St Anne's College). A special interest now is in textual scholarship and histories of authorship and publishing (which happily combines her love of both literature and history). Before coming to Westminster, she had embarked on researching and writing a biographical study of Maria, Lady Callcott – a formidable scholar, artist, traveller, and author. She has two grown-up sons, one in Vancouver and one in Toronto.



Andrew Tolley

■ Andrew Tolley read Maths at Clare College, Cambridge, where he specialized in pure topics including algebra and topology. He then defected to Oxford for a PGCE as a member of St Stephen's House, before making the transition to gainful employment at Westminster. He is Master in Charge of Squash Station and his interests include eighteenth-century German music.



Hannah van Dijk

■ Hannah van Dijk joins the History department after four years teaching at Charterhouse. Her life before that has been fairly varied: she grew up in Kent via Holland, studied Medieval and Modern History in Birmingham (in a house next to the Cadbury factory) and then taught in Africa for a year. London is her preferred destination and she is enjoying the cultural opportunities that the location of the school presents.



Franklin Barrett

■ Franklin Barrett was born in Chichester and has been a groundsman for over twenty years, working mainly in the independent schools sector. He spent eight years at Brighton College, six as Head Groundsman at Reigate Grammar School and a year as Grounds Manager at Uppingham in Rutland, as well as enjoying two spells in Australia.

Although his playing days are now over, he is keen on cricket and football and actively supports Sussex CCC and Portsmouth FC. He and his wife Sarah both love living in London which is a new experience for them.



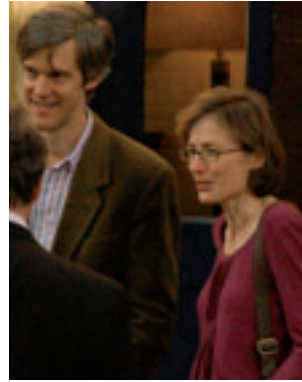
Georgina Hill

■ Georgie graduated from Central St. Martins School of Art in 2000 with a degree in Fine Art and joined a multi-family office in Mayfair as PA to the two Directors of the Group's corporate finance business and to the Group CFO. She joined Westminster in September 2009 as PA to the Head Master. Her interests include travel, art and cookery.

VALETE

Dr Frances Ramsey

■ Frances Ramsey left Westminster in July 2009 to become Principal of Queens' College, Harley Street. With her departure Westminster lost an exceptionally talented teacher, one in a senior position who has been able to push the glass ceiling for women at Westminster ever higher.



After completing her doctorate at Merton College, Frances took a part-time research assistant post at Warwick University. She was appointed to Westminster by the redoubtable Valerie St Johnston and very much her protégé, quickly earned plaudits all around – her knowledge, her precision, and her carefully constructed analyses were exemplary and an important part of the reconstruction of the department. She played a significant role in advising the

pupils on preparation for their university entrance and the gradual increase in numbers of historians going up to Oxford and Cambridge, including, of course, one of her successors in the department, Tom Edlin, who remembers her as a teacher who inspired a generation of her pupils with her example of academic integrity, coupling a clear intellectual rigour with a humane understanding.

He recalls Frances's cool-headed approach to the teaching of GCSE History in its earliest days, "when the coursework was even less reputable than it is today and still included the infamous 'empathy question'. She showed Upper Shells how to treat the task with detached yet good-humoured commitment, in the knowledge that better things lay ahead. It was, of course, a peripatetic age (Frances taught us, if memory serves, in the Camden Room and Room 32 as well as Sutcliff's...) and we were soon shown (by example) how to bring what we needed to class without fail and (by a mere glance) how to follow the 'less is more' approach to justifying lateness on the grounds of having come all the way from Chemistry... In the Upper School, those of us fortunate enough to have coincided at A level with her (sadly brief) period as Head of Department might remember the grace and tact with which she convinced us that we wanted to be in a set other than that we had initially preferred, and the work she put into preparing candidates for their university applications and interviews. For myself, I owe Frances a great deal. She became, particularly in that mad Play Term of the Remove, when officially she didn't actually teach me, my unofficial tutor, offering advice on reading and preparation, and tacitly, by her enthusiasm for my choice of her old college, Merton, showing constant support and approbation. Walking across Yard as a Mertonian and OW a few months later, I encountered her, suddenly, as an old friend – and returning to teach alongside her ten years on I found a colleague both welcoming and where necessary with the perfect degree of cultivated amnesia."

Her manifest abilities meant that Frances rapidly accumulated responsibility just as soon as she had settled into the teaching: she was appointed as Librarian in the days before the School employed a professional librarian and became a resident House Tutor in Purcell's. With Valerie's departure Frances took over the mantle of Head of the History department and for two years guided it in a period of very productive stability. Further promotion followed and she was appointed Director of Studies in 1998. In many ways she defined that role, bringing a professionalism to the post and establishing structures within which the School still operates.

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She bravely took on the challenges of introducing complex database management software and the teething problems of the early days of IT in the School.

In the New Year, 2003, Frances took over from Jonathan Katz as Master of The Queen's Scholars. Her role included persuading doubters to become boarders – successfully using the catalyst of a visibly happy house to further her argument. Perhaps one of the more difficult tasks for the housemaster is tackling the doubt that besets Queen's Scholars who find themselves in academic difficulties when their peers find the work easy, or conversely the task of concentrating and sustaining effort on something that comes naturally. With sensitive intervention she helped numbers of boys and girls through crises. She managed a team of experienced tutors, tactfully winning their complete confidence. She always seems abreast of interesting detail – at the end of a Station afternoon she always knew, as much as the most enthusiastic sportsman in the House, every detail of every match played, and could enter into some very involved post-prep discussions about the latest cricket events. Her ability to multi-task knows no bounds; some of us as tutors in College have observed Frances, at the end of a very busy teaching day and an evening of College activities, put aside time to supervise Edmund's trumpet practice, do some History marking, and still have time to sew on numerous name labels to Eleanor's socks and sports kit.

No one can have been better prepared for this next appointment. She brings to a central London girls' school not only experience in the mixed school of Westminster but also her own educational experience in mixed Prep (The Dragon) and senior school (Oakham), a spectrum of experience broad and deep. Queens' is fortunate indeed.

Throughout her time at Westminster, Frances has had the warm support of her husband Christopher, who appears to have the same talent as Hermione in Harry Potter for being in two places at the same time. We shall miss his displays of talent with the cricket bat with his children in Yard on a Saturday morning. We shall miss too the assaults on all senses by Edmund and Eleanor – their names no surprise to historically aware observers... **EAS, SCS, TJPE (OW)**

A Final Word

In my time at the school I have had Dr Ramsey as both a housemaster and, for one year, a history teacher, adds Vyvyan Almond (OW). This means that I have had the undoubted benefit of her advice, pastoral support and teaching, as well as the more dubious privilege of observing at first-hand the effect of waking up a working mother of two at one o'clock in the morning. It is to her credit, I think, that in no such situation did she show undue irascibility. She embodied the tradition of give-and-take between students and staff which makes Westminster such an enlightened place to live and study.

I am particularly grateful to Dr Ramsey for her patience; As someone who has never held on to a room key for more than a term, has had to borrow a master-key on numerous occasions, including in the holidays, and has disputed vehemently every alteration or suggestion in the College for all five years, I feel I have received from her an extraordinary tolerance and good will. I cannot imagine that the girls of Queen's College will be anything like as difficult as the Westminster Scholars, so she should have no trouble in her new posting at all. In fact, I suspect she may even start to miss the challenge.

Dr Gary Savage

Under Masters, unlike Head Masters, rarely join Westminster from outside. Unfazed by the weight of custom and practice, Gary Savage strode into Yard on the first day of the Play Term 2006, from where his voice, encouraging the lingerers, exhorting the untidy and generally cheering the lively throng on their way, has resonated ever since. His career at Eton over the previous decade had been rapid: Assistant History Master, then Head of Department for two years, followed by Master in College from 2002–2005. With that pedigree he



was ready and able to tread the Westminster stage. Right from the start, Gary was impressed by the energy of the place and the intellectual buzz, both of which qualities closely matched his own.

The move to Central London suited both him and his wife Natalie who, as a high-flying TV producer, immediately felt at home in their new location. If Jimmy, their dog, missed the playing fields of Eton, St James's Park, Millbank Gardens and other areas where Westminsters sometimes

wander off piste, soon became his hunting ground. Convinced that able and ambitious pupils achieve their best when properly supported and with clear boundaries, Gary set about introducing greater structure to all aspects of Westminster's pastoral care. This included the disciplinary code which, as he often pointed out, is the other side of the same coin. In doing so he quickly gained the respect and confidence of pupils, their parents and all members of staff.

The Under Master's job description is full and varied. With 750 pupils and some 200 members of the Common Room Gary has rarely had an idle moment. Not that he would have wanted it to be different. Speed of action has been combined with attention to detail, energy with stamina, planning with omnipresence, sternness with compassion, a watchful eye with a listening ear, academic prowess with administrative efficiency. At times he might have thought that he was measuring out his life with emails or single-handedly stemming the tsunami of government regulations, but he has never been in any doubt that, at the heart of all he has achieved, has been a total commitment to the welfare of both pupils and staff. He has really enjoyed his engagement with pupils, from the editors of Pink to his History pupils in the Lower Shell, and has always appreciated the friendship and support of the Common Room.

Four years on he is about to take up the number one position at Alleyn's, a school that usually commands the candidacy of someone looking for their second headship, a tradition which was abandoned in Gary's case in recognition of the impressive reputation he has earned 'on the circuit'. As he leaves us he can look back on a period of considerable change – all Houses, for example, with the sole exception of Rigaud's, have had a change of Housemaster – skillfully and securely handled. Above all he will be remembered for his successful nurturing of a civilized, respectful and caring community of scholars. **MSS**

Dr Jonathan Katz

It is not hard to understand why the prospect of Westminster School without Jonathan Katz is an unsettling one. Although he has clocked up an impressive 26 years at Westminster, years alone are not what have made him iconic: rather, the range and centrality of the work he has done, his sympathetic but firm relationship with pupils, so often accompanied by that trademark twinkle in the eye, and, perhaps above all, the brilliance of the breadth and depth of his academic knowledge, experience and enthusiasm.

From the moment he was recalled in 1987 from Oxford to Westminster as Master of the Queen's Scholars, Jonathan has been at the heart of the academic life of the community: not just by virtue of his position in College, but he has taught as a member of the German and Classics departments, has been the Head of Classics for the last 8 years, has taught Italian to GCSE, conducted a weekly class in Sanskrit and Hindi, and, with Michael Davies, was responsible for establishing the study of Critical Thinking, thereby setting the School on the path to the study of Philosophy at A level. In these different fields he has worked closely with many different members of the Common Room; all have experienced the easy charm and energy with which he dispenses his extraordinary knowledge, the good humour and fund of anecdotes and jokes with which he lightens the most serious of conversations!

Jonathan's work in the Classics Department has been inspirational: an adjective used by many of his pupils to describe his lessons. His teaching is driven by his passion for the subject and fuelled by his scholarship within it. He has enjoyed being his own Head of



Department, because as an individualist he teaches what he feels enthused by or what he feels the pupils ought to know – exam curricula often could wait! But in this conversion of personal passion into educational reality, there is always a powerful sense of purpose – an awareness of the civilizing force of education, and of the inspiration which studying anything with enthusiastic curiosity brings.

His musicality generates Jonathan's passionate appreciation of the sound of Latin and Greek.

He directed two plays delivered in Latin, recalling the Westminster tradition of *The Latin Play*. Under his guidance the School has won unprecedented success in the London Schools Classical Reading Competition: and, in his vigorous organisation of the Election Dinner in recent years, both the music and formal recitation of Latin poetry have reflected his personality. Whilst the healthy numbers studying Latin and Greek to A level are testament to his success as Head of Department, Jonathan's vision for Classics has never been limited to the confines of Westminster. He has, by his support and personal involvement as teacher, facilitated the expansion of 'The Classics Academy'; founded by an ex-pupil, the Academy offers Latin to GCSE after school to pupils from local State schools. It is through Jonathan's initiative and drive that 6th Formers travel each week to St. Olave's and St. Saviour's school in Lambeth to teach Latin to small groups of pupils.

His concern to broaden access to fine education lies behind the £250,000 and more he has raised for the Scholars' Bursary Fund. In College Jonathan displayed the same gentle wisdom and irreverent sparkle which he could bring to a Classics lesson. As one ex-member of College recalls: "Dr Katz treated us like responsible, thinking adults – even those who didn't quite deserve it. He didn't impose rules for their own sake. Whilst he was a great observer of all the traditions of College – some of which he watched with concern but with an instinctive understanding of their importance – he was something of an innovator: responsible for unheard of luxuries like the College microwave (located, of course, in the laundry room!) or the creation of a television room (locked most of the time so as not to distract the boys from their Greek prose composition!). Dr Katz did understand that there was more to life than academic achievement. He felt great pride in our achievements and was himself central to many of them. The scholars and girls in his charge were very fortunate to have had a truly thoughtful and sympathetic housemaster, whether he was reading bedtime stories to the First Election, or helping more senior members of the house to navigate life in the upper school."

Amidst the bureaucratic absurdities of the modern world, Jonathan has always demonstrated an admirable ability to stand back, smile calmly and do just as he would have done anyway. His responses are forceful but measured, as he demonstrated in many a Housemasters' meeting; they are shaped by his humanity, and by his belief in the benefit that derives from the cultural breadth and the independence of thought which he has always encouraged and sought to nurture in his pupils. Jonathan is the sort of teacher that makes one proud to be associated with Westminster School. We wish him and Kalyani all the best as he returns to Oxford University to teach there (amongst other things...).

AEAM

Dr Jonathan Katz – Music

Jonathan Katz has made an astonishingly valuable and varied contribution to the musical life of Westminster School. When he first came as a teacher in the 1970s he performed as soloist and accompanist while also teaching some class music, running the Choir and carrying out duties as organist before the arrival of Charles Brett as Head of Music. In fact he had not fully given up on the idea of making his living from music in those days – one of several different paths he could easily have followed and eloquent testimony to the description of him as 'Renaissance Man'. After he returned as Master of the Queen's Scholars, as he recalls, the grand piano in the Master's Drawing Room was "in pretty constant use" with pupils playing, practising, performing

duets, and singing. Jonathan took great care and pleasure preparing the College Concerts which were always highly varied and entertaining, and naturally he took the lead preparing the Scholars for weekly Compline in St Faith's Chapel, and for the elaborate liturgy of the Commemoration services in the Abbey.

The Music Department had cause to be highly appreciative of Jonathan's work as an accompanist, and in my own time as Director of Music at Westminster I witnessed many fine performances in House Concerts, Soloists' Concerts, Contemporary Music Concerts and other high profile affairs such as David Summerscale's *Desert Island Discs* leaving tribute, in which he played the Slow Movement of Schubert's elegiac final Bb Major Piano Sonata, and later Bach's St John Passion in the 2002 Abbey Concert for which he played the harpsichord continuo. Perhaps most memorable of all was his joining the internationally renowned flautist William Bennett and the Allegri String Quartet for the 1995 Sir Adrian Boult Memorial Concert playing the Bach Suite for Flute, Strings and Continuo up School.

Jonathan's repertoire and interests are encyclopaedic: he plays the Harpsichord (his own French instrument was exquisitely decorated by Dale Inglis from the Art Department) as well as the Piano and Organ, and he is an expert in Indian Classical Music, holding the position of Visiting Professor at the Music Department of Princeton USA for a period of time. As an accompanist he was always sensitive to the solo performer and possessed that crucial 'musical empathy' needed for the role. Advanced pupils often sought him out as their accompanist of choice. His well-articulated 'clean' harpsichord technique transformed freely to sonorous pianism for Schumann, Brahms and other 19th and 20th century masters, and his interest in contemporary music was evident in the number of challenging works he performed in the annual Contemporary Music Concerts as well as debuts of pupils' compositions. Music at Westminster will be the poorer for his departure. **GSTJH**

Debbie Harris

Debbie joined the Maths departments at Westminster from City of London Girls School in September 1991. In the classroom, Debbie had the knack of making Maths accessible for all, from the very able to the less so. She had a particular skill in rekindling the confidence of those who were inclined to struggle with the subject.

During her nineteen years at Westminster, there were so many areas of school life where she became fully involved, displaying immense professionalism and dedication. Those in Purcell's were



treated to the full Debbie experience. When we moved in to create Purcell's, Debbie was expecting our first child, and nightly lessons in pregnancy and preparing for childbirth were a feature of the late evening check-in! In the House, Debbie was always so approachable and without batting an eyelid could handle the trickiest of pastoral situations, or provide wise counselling and advice which calmed many an anxious student. This rapport with the pupils was quite remarkable, and invariably gales of laughter rang out through the House whenever Debbie was

on her rounds. Indeed girls would very often stay up until she reached their room on the nightly final check so they could have a chat or even ask for help with their homework – and it didn't matter what the subject was, Debbie always had the answer.

Her pastoral skills received a wider audience when Debbie was appointed Head of Girls in 1994. Though much of the visible side of her job was concerned with the length of skirts and refereeing the battle between the dress code and the strictures of fashion, she worked tirelessly to improve the position of girls in the School, both in terms of facilities and pastoral care.

The Common Room also recognized Debbie's pastoral skills and elected her as their President, a position which she held for five years. During that time, she touched the lives of a great many individuals as

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well as working on behalf of the whole community, always making time to speak with those who needed support or advice, as well as making herself accessible to all. Common Room meetings were presided over with a firm hand at the tiller enabling real progress to be made.

Common Room events took on a new lease of life, whilst her end of term speech to the Common Room was an eagerly anticipated performance of sparkling wit and sensitively prepared content; everyone who was mentioned felt special, valued and appreciated. Indeed, it is to her great credit that that only did the Common Room became more inclusive over this time, but indeed the whole community; she saw the ancillary staff being just as fully involved in the functioning of Westminster.

After masterminding a new professional development system for the teaching staff, Debbie moved onto the Senior Management Committee as Senior Master. Here too, her no-nonsense approach and ability to look at situations in ways nobody else had thought of came to be much valued. She had the knack of injecting great humour into the most mundane announcements at Monday morning break.

Debbie moved onto a new Senior Management role at Marlborough College in January 2010. It is not surprising that the first comment that has come from Marlborough since Debbie returned there is that 'the Westminster Common Room must now be a much quieter place.' It certainly is! **RRH**



Selma Thomas

■ Since the School acquired Ashburnham House and Little Dean's Yard became our own private courtyard, Ashburnham has been the physical centre and the focus of the School. As buildings have been acquired, some not contiguous with the historic centre of the School, so Ashburnham has become ever more important as a hub lest "things fall apart, the centre cannot hold". From the dusty

old Library which I visited for a whole two minutes when I was interviewed forty years ago through the energy and passion devoted to it by John Field, Hugh Eveleigh, and Selma Thomas, the Library has maintained and extended its position at the centre of the School. If John began the process of modernizing, and Hugh had the iconoclastic task of blowing away cobwebs and establishing its place at the heart of the School, then Selma has capitalised on her predecessors' achievements and ensured that it is absolutely everything that a Library should be. It has devoted staff, for whom no enquiry ever appears to be any trouble, who are ready to explain the gradual change in technology to pupils once they are at the School and who delight in introducing pupils to the potential available to them.

Selma has been a graceful and warm director of proceedings. She has been ready to respond to new demands: the success of the Library has meant that opening times have needed to be extended and more space has been found. With the new media she has increased the CD and DVD range available, occasionally only as entrapment for pupils who want a DVD but feel they should show willing by borrowing books too. Selma has guided her devoted staff in their response to the changing demands of the curriculum: books are recommended to help with extended essays, (sometimes really quite exotic) displays appear to encourage reading, new additions to the Library are paraded. The expanding number of books, and their increased use, remains the most important testimony to her correct judgment.

Above all Selma is respected for her kindness and her gentle way of enquiring how things are; she knows a broader cross-section of the pupils and of the staff, of their foibles, their strengths, their weaknesses and their concerns, than probably any other member of the Common Room. It was an important decision that Head Master Mr Jones-Parry made, that the Librarian should be considered very much as a teacher in the School: very much in the egalitarian style of the Westminster

Common Room, Selma was quickly assimilated into the community.

The slightly clipped consonants give away Selma's South African background; her first degree was from Rhodes University, Grahamstown, where she stayed to do her Librarian's Diploma. Moved by the unhappiness of the country and the inequalities, she and her husband Chris took the route that they had explored in their travels which brought them and their family to England in 1986, first to Heathfield, then to Wellington, where Selma and Chris were able to work together in the same School. From 1994 Selma was the very successful School Librarian at Eton College. One can only surmise what it is that has brought a trail of Etonian staff towards Westminster in the past few years, but we were enormously lucky to recruit her to Westminster in 2004. And now, she and Chris are off to their delightful home in northern France, where Chris will paint and sculpt and Selma will read, and they will grow plants and food, and Selma will undoubtedly create a reading group... Their family and their friends from Westminster will not allow them to feel isolated.

Selma's contribution to Westminster has made a significant difference to the School as a whole and to very many individuals. She has encouraged staff to advertise and explain what they are reading and why, she has encouraged the Archivist to display fine parts of the School's collection, she has helped pupils advertise their fundraising and she has welcomed both OWW and parents with young children coming to interview. The end of this year will be the last as presiding eminence at the Library tea party; she will be quite an act to follow! **EAS**



Aidan Sproat

■ Aidan came to Westminster in 2005. From the beginning, he proved to be a bundle of brainy energy – except that bundle suggests a shape at odds with Aidan's wiry athletic frame. In the classroom, his chief desire is to communicate a love of Maths, not to introduce disciples into an arcane religion. Aidan wants mathematicians, whatever their age, whatever their level of ability, to have fun and learn through the fizz of enjoyment.

Indeed 'fun' is Aidan's watchword. He knows how to be positive without becoming creepy. In Busby's, his tutoring was exemplary, and his contribution to House Drama and House Music included writing the score for a hilarious entertainment, "Dame Millie Tapp's Music Hall." For a week after it had finished, the participants would break out into song in my class, before falling about in laughter. My attempts to elucidate the beauties of Milton were drowned by stereophonic giggling.

And on the subject of music, Aidan's conducting was something else. He founded Sinfonietta and encouraged them in all manners of waltzes and marches. Encouragement consisted of leaping into the air, stabbing imaginary midges with the baton. Everyone, including the audience, had a whale of a time.

It is rare to meet anyone who lightens the burden of the working day, but Aidan's zestful good humour and compassionate understanding made him a first rate colleague. As Vice-President, he arranged party after party for a delighted Common Room, each one seeming more exotic than the last.

He also had the ability to persuade us all into helping him out: one afternoon, I remember being required to inflate over two hundred pink balloons. To this day, I will never understand how Aidan's honeyed banter overcame my instinctive reluctance.

The Wellington Maths Department will have to watch out – Aidan's capacity to overcome opposition is second to none. We will miss Aidan a great deal. And 'we' includes not only the students and the Common Room, but those who attend and work with the PHAB course: this year Aidan will be in charge and I am sure that he will manage that particularly complex responsibility with his usual zealous super confidence.

Aidan leaves to manage Wellington's large Maths department. Their gain is our loss. Still, in his twenties he has the prospect of a wonderful career ahead. Who knows? Perhaps in a decade or two, he may return as Headmaster. Now there's a thought – keep the party poppers on hold... **GG**

OBITUARY SAM HOOD



■ Sam Hood was a clever and high-achieving scholar at Eton and Balliol. After a brief period of University lecturing he came to teach Latin and Greek at Westminster from 1996 to 2001; he also happily and committedly joined the English Department, having quickly attracted the attention of colleagues as a lively and subtle critic of poetry. In 1998 I had the great pleasure of taking Sam with me to help run a Lower School Greek Trip. My niece Judith Katz, then an

undergraduate, came along as a fellow traveller and 'elder sister' to the Fifth Form and Lower Shell lads. Those boys have all grown up now, and I know some of them are still in touch with Judith. Sam and Judith fell in love, and not long after we returned they became partners for life; their first child, Miranda, was born in 2007.

After leaving Westminster, where he had been an effective and popular teacher with forthright and energetic views, sparkling wit and humour, and a challenging, candid approach to argument and personal engagement, Sam trained as a lawyer. He also devoted a part of his time to writing, and latterly a larger part to looking after Miranda while working part-time as a barrister for the Government Legal Service. Early in August last year, while Judith was expecting their second child, Sam suddenly collapsed while out on his bicycle; he died later that day, at the age of forty-one. Amaryllis was born in October. At a memorial event held at their home near Henley in September, family, friends, colleagues and former pupils gathered to pay tributes and talk and think about Sam and the extraordinary impact he had made on all of us. Alongside his intellectual brilliance, Sam was a most attractive, funny, engaged person who always took friends and pupils seriously. He loved argument and debate, in which was a dogged and determined player of a hard game. But above all he was a wonderful father – to my eye second to none – and it is a deep privilege to be able to add my personal affectionate memories to those of his many former friends and colleagues at the school. **JBK**



Joan Crossley

■ The Revd Dr Joan Crossley is leaving Westminster to become the Chaplain at KCS Wimbledon. This is very much a case of 'our loss is their gain'. She will be sorely missed by all those she has got to know and who have got to know her over the last two years. Although she came to Westminster from eight years in a parish in Bedford, she already had some chaplaincy experience (at Great Ormond Street) and more university chaplaincy and teaching

experience (her doctorate is in the History of Art). Thus equipped she took to Westminster like a duck to water. She sometimes referred to her sojourn at Westminster as her 'sabbatical from parish ministry', but she seemed to be a full-time rather than a part-time member of staff. When asked about the number of hours she was working, she said that she enjoyed the people at the school so much and that there were so many wonderful things to be involved with – whether yoga Station or the Book Club, John Locke, plays, concerts and lectures – that she found it hard not to be here. As well as teaching PSHE and Sixth Form options on slightly esoteric subjects like the language of clothes and the evolution of the image of femininity in Disney movies from *Snow White* to *The Frog Princess*, she has also been instrumental in keeping the Chaplain sane. Female staff have also appreciated her pastoral care and/or priestly presence. A final measure of her success is that the governors have agreed that in future the school will fully fund the post of assistant Chaplain. **GJW**

John Goodall

■ John is leaving us to take a full-time Master of Business Administration course at Imperial College, London from October. Imperial's MBA course has the reputation of having a pronounced entrepreneurial focus and so should suit John's business acumen down to the ground. John is very astute. When he joined the Economics Department in August 2007, he had just sold his stake in the City headhunter firm that he had helped establish

and run. With the credit crunch and the recession about to strangle business growth, that was nice timing.

John has taught here for three years with the same relentless enthusiasm and infectious enjoyment that he arrived with. He has lots of ideas and energy and nothing gets him down. Taking on an extra duty or running extra lunchtime revision classes, for example, just isn't the sort of thing that bothers him. Equally, his enthusiasm and resourcefulness in running

football sides was much appreciated. He is always eager to engage in debate on whatever is the topic of the day and we shall miss his combative political and financial views and the amused, chuckling tones in which they are launched in classroom, corridor and Common Room.

It has been a busy three years at home, too. John and Emily's family has grown with the addition in January 2009 of Agatha, sister to Dominic who himself was born in October 2006.

More likely than not, when John's MBA course is over in the Summer of 2011, he will establish another start-up company, having had a year to research, project and plan. Moreover, by then recession should have fully given way to boom, a propitious time to start a new venture. Nice timing. Very astute is John.

We wish Emily and John happiness and good fortune in all that they embark on. **SCH**



Terri McCargar

■ Terri McCargar grew up in Minnesota in a family that numbers many teachers and so she found it easy to fit in to school life. She married and moved to England in 1993 and pursued a career as a children's book editor for eight years. Then in 2003 she changed careers (just as well, as she is a born librarian) and retrained as a librarian at UCL.

She came to us with experience gained at The London Library and the Young People's Library Services at the London Borough of Richmond upon Thames. Her cheerful and relaxed manner hides the real dedication and commitment that she brings to every task that she undertakes both within and beyond the Library.

Skills gained in publishing and editing have not only been evident in the library's website and displays, but also in the production of 'Visions', the creative magazine published last year, and the 450th anniversary celebration programmes and flyers.

Terri is passionate about reading and has a love of books (she has a total lack of ability to say "no" when there is the slightest opportunity to add to her collection of children's books). She feels strongly about the role of libraries in helping young people to fulfil their potential and has been very enthusiastic about teaching researching and referencing skills to pupils.

Although Terri has been at Westminster for a relatively short time she has been a supportive and energetic member of the Library staff, who have all found her a joy to work with (especially after her first can of Coke Max of the day). Life will be a little duller and quieter without

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her lively presence and infectious laughter drifting through Ashburnham House!

Her new role as the Librarian in charge at Latymer Upper will be exciting from day one – her first task will be to move to a brand-new purpose-built library. They are extremely fortunate to be gaining the services of such a talented and dedicated Librarian. **ST**



Laurel Glockner

■ We were most grateful when Laurel Glockner joined the English Department for two terms at Westminster in 2008 to cover for an

extended sick leave and returned to cover two more terms in the next year for another colleague's maternity leave, finally departing at Easter having made a lasting impression on pupils and colleagues alike with her continuous, energetic flow of ideas. By her own account she relishes a challenge, having variously run an annual drama festival in Ely Cathedral, been Head of English at four schools in succession, and edited international research for the National Association of Gifted Children. After retiring from Warwick, she was asked to cover for the Head of English in Ascot during a term of school inspection and was pleased to then come to Westminster where she greatly enjoyed the articulacy and wit of Westminster pupils. Commuting daily from Oxford was not without strain however, and it is with a sense of relief that she returns to teaching more locally. Known for her gregariousness and ebullient interest in all aspects of school life, especially the history and events of Westminster life, she leaves with the promise of return visits, with thanks to everyone who has made life at the school so enjoyable. **RJP**



THE COMMON ROOM YEAR

■ The Common Room has now settled very much into the new rooms freed up by the extensive programme of building work that has taken place over the last few years. In estate agent-speak, the CR now benefits from extensively restored period features, superb access, well-appointed interior spaces and all modern conveniences; in real terms we have a fine selection of very handsome rooms that show off variously the finest Victorian, Georgian and mediaeval features of 17 and 18 Dean's Yard. The improved spaces have also given us the chance to show off the Common Room's material treasures, and it is a delight to hear the CR's grandfather clock chiming gently in the corridor. The walls benefit also from several kind donations: both Eddie Smith and Giles Hayter have given art to adorn our walls: Eddie gave two fine Bunbury (OW) prints of scenes from Shakespeare plays and Giles kindly gave a painting from his recent series of exhibitions; many CR members have Hayter originals of their own and it is a delight to see the fruits of Giles's transition from full-time to part-time teaching.

The change in surroundings has been accompanied by changes in the CR support staff. Tessa Stewart, former CR secretary, left to be the senior management's secretary at Lady Eleanor Holles. Steve Sylvester has been appointed as the school's first reprographics technician and the work he does to keep our temperamental photocopiers behaving is quite extraordinary in reducing stress. Further changes have occurred in our CR committee, and whilst Gavin Griffiths remains at the helm in his capacity as CR President with Nick Simons as treasurer, Aidan Sproat has been replaced by Peter Sharp as Vice President and Helen Prentice as Social Secretary.

This year we have enjoyed sporting success in many forms. Most notably, we have reclaimed the croquet trophy from the Abbey in a fiercely-fought battle at Vincent Square in

September. We have high hopes for another victory again this year and last year's winning team members (KYA, MCD, TJPE, GMF, AJS, ACT, CJRU, PHW) are sure to figure prominently in the line-up. The CR has also notched up victories against the students in both Cricket and Netball, with a draw against the First XI in hockey and a narrow defeat on the football pitch. Outside the confines of the school precincts, staff have continued to excel in national and regional fixtures with the South London Team Triathlon seeing Helen Prentice, Jeremy Kembal and Simon Wurr take first place. Strong performances in 'The Grim Challenge' – a gruelling race over an assault course built on a tank testing track – were seen from Huw Williams, Richard Kowenicki, Peter Sharp, Mark Feltham, Helen Prentice and Hannah van Dijk while Simon Wurr took a tremendous first place out of nearly five thousand runners.

An important aspect of the life of the Common Room remains our social encounters. Last year's summer event saw a total transformation of Ashburnham Garden; theatre lights and swathes of fabric brought opulence to a candle-lit dinner under the stars in a tremendous celebration of the end of the academic year. The Abbey community joined us for another progressive supper, which was again very well attended, and the Common Room Christmas Dinner featured a generous selection of festive Karaoke thanks to the technological capabilities of Anthony Sheehy.

It's often remarked that very few things seem to keep teachers away from work, and that it's usually easier to come into school when ill than to arrange cover. Rarely do events conspire to keep staff away from the school and the incidents over the last year or two that have left other workplaces decimated – snow, swine flu, norovirus etc. – seem to have had little effect on us. This year saw a dramatic exception, however, with the eruption of Eyjafjallajökull leaving staff stranded across the globe. Stories of marathon journeys from far-flung destinations arrived bit by bit as teachers returned days late for the start of term. With nearly a fifth of teachers and staff absent – spread from Africa and Japan to California – you might wonder how the school was able to run. In fact, everything was ok; the Head Master reported that Remove students had not really noticed any major disruption. Was this a sign that our 'all hands to the pump' mentality had triumphed – or is it simply that the pupils are largely indifferent to our presence when we are here? Either way, if even an act of God was unable to keep us out of our classrooms it seems unlikely that we have anything to fear should the Charities Commission ever come-a-knocking. It'll take more than that to keep us out! **AJS**



SEPTEMBER SATURDAY

The first thing I must say about September Saturday was the fact that, contrary to its name, it was held during the first week of October, reports a bemused Helena Pike (PP).

■ Being new to the school, I assumed this was another strange Westminster tradition; I was soon given the 'perfectly normal' explanation: because we began school later this year, the whole event had been shifted backwards. So September became October in all but name. In Purcell's we had the task of coming up with a house stall to contribute to the surprisingly varied collection of stands to be situated around Dean's Yard, Yard and up School. This was easier said than done.

Our original idea was quickly vetoed: it seemed every other house had chosen to set up a baking stall. Our next decision was to have a stall where people could decorate plain cakes and biscuits, but this was refused on the



"The houses produced teams full of serious boys, dead set on winning."

grounds that health and safety had declared it too dangerous to make food on the premises. Undeterred, we finally settled on a hot chocolate stall that would serve people warm drinks, carefully decorated with whipped cream and tiny, beautifully positioned marshmallows. In the end, this was a success and, although we were left with a rather messy table to clear away, we actually managed to sell a fair number of drinks and so contribute at least to the grand total raised by the event.

Apart from working on the house stall, I had also been signed up along with several other members of Purcell's to take part in the tug of war. This I spent the whole day 'looking forward to' with distinct apprehension. Nonetheless, Purcell's were eliminated so quickly that we were left to enjoy the rest of the matches without worrying about our own. Although the girls seemed to see the whole idea as just fun, the rest of the houses produced teams full of serious boys, dead set on winning and it was endlessly amusing to watch the extent to which Busby's would go to secure the apparently coveted title for their house.

All in all, I was pleasantly surprised by the enjoyment of September Saturday and incredibly impressed by the scale of the event. It certainly overshadowed my previous experience of school fetes and I find myself, at the end of it all, looking forward to seeing what next year will produce.





PHAB 2009

Phab 2009 was a huge success. It had to be, as this was Mr Johnson's (aka AJ) last Phab, writes an awed Rebekah Harper (CC).

■ Everyone was ready to make sure that his last year would be memorable when he got swine flu. This hit hard, but Mr Sproat hardest, who thought he wasn't taking it over till 2010. Nevertheless, he stepped up to the challenge and orchestrated a week that we would never forget.

Phab is all about team work, emotional and physical support and a chance to meet fascinating, new people, many severely disabled. When the guests arrived, I was nervous that I wouldn't cope with the responsibility of caring for someone unknown with very specific needs. I was lucky to be going into this overwhelming week with my friend Camilla and we both took care of one guest, Helen Sherratt.

The theme this year was ABBA: the workshops; the PHABBA hoodies; the relaxing movies; the dress code for disco, including pink wigs and amazingly painted faces; and of course the music all week, which formed a love/hate relationship with us – we couldn't escape it. However one David, 'the Womanizer', eventually rebelled, enjoying some Michael Jackson, surrounded by blondes (his favourite females, though Laura almost converted him to brunettes).

As the week progressed, we got to know each other through workshops and activities, guests and hosts sharing life experiences and pastimes. What impressed me was how the activities guests loved were similar to those loved by hosts. One went skiing regularly, helping to train younger people even though mostly wheelchair-bound. Another has writ-



"Conroy, who had severe memory loss could remember the lyrics to all the songs with ease."

ten successful books and set up her own company. They all had very independent lives. One of the hardest things was recognising that our guests fully comprehended everything around them – you could tell their enjoyments or dislikes, although they could not all fully express themselves. One of the things I strove to do through the week was to communicate in different ways with individuals who could not converse easily. This was helped by group activities that allowed everyone to be creative and free.

The most enjoyable events were the karaoke, disco and band nights, as it was exciting to see people, some physically disabled, being so exuberant. Their lack of inhibition and self-confidence had hosts

looking on enviously. Those in Liddell's danced enthusiastically through their house singing routine. Amazingly, Conroy, who had severe memory loss could remember the lyrics to all the songs with ease, and Paul's persistent stutter disappeared when he sang!

Everyone grew through the course. Guests started picking favourite hosts, whether that meant they had a blonde female feeding them at every meal, or that the girls ranked their devoted boys in order of 'fanciability' and commitment. One-time No.1s had to be consoled as they adjusted to a lower standing, having failed to keep up with high standards.

The course has changed the way I look at school. Each time I walk through Yard, I see

PHAB 2003–2009 THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC

A personal valedictory by Andy Johnson, (OW) who has run the Phab programme since 2003.

I made notes outlining what I wanted to say at my last Phab Show as course organiser in July. It was both the most rewarding and the hardest set of thanks to make. This was because it was very personal, and because I remain convinced that Phab speaks for itself far better than anybody else can speak for it. It may also have been because I had to sing ABBA's 'Thank You for the Music' to a packed School before speaking, and I really can't sing. I am delighted to take this opportunity to say those thanks again (without the singing).

Thanks go to my friends, both teaching and non-teaching staff, who have helped organise and run Phab with me since 2003.

I remain eternally grateful, in particular, for their ability to know exactly when to prevent me from taking myself too seriously. Being able to appreciate the wrong joke at the right time is a qualification needed by all Phab staff. Special thanks go to Aidan Sproat who was under the impression that he would be running Phab in 2010. At 24 hours notice, however, Aidan had to run Phab 2009 until I was released from swine-flu-related house arrest. He did a fantastic job and I've never been so relieved not to have been needed.

Thanks go to my friends, the Guests, who come to Phab every year from all over the country. David Ryan passed his driving test last Autumn, so beware of the route from Cornwall to Westminster in July from now on! Simply by being their diverse and beautiful selves, the guests have inspired me and so many others. More than that, in one week and through the real friendships that come out of that week, they frequently teach Westminster students more valuable things than we classroom teachers can manage in five years of very expensive lessons. What price the wisdom of one hour chatting with Dorcas?

I would also like to thank all the Hosts who I have been fortunate enough to share Phab with over the last decade. I myself was twice a Phab host. In 1991 I roomed with James Gusterson, whose electronic keypad speech this July will remain one of the most precious moments of my life (and stimulated a bout of mass public crying up School). In 1992 I roomed with Neil Ross, who, quite remarkably, still speaks with me regularly despite the fact that I am a Chelsea fan and not a girl.

Phab changed my life. To have been able to use my experiences to help provide that

opportunity for others is a privilege and has given me more satisfaction than anything else I have done thus far in my career. Phab is education in its truest sense, and all who participate have my utmost admiration and respect. Phab is not a charity through which the 'haves' help the 'have nots'. Phab is a community in which everybody has much to learn and everybody has much to teach, irrespective of circumstances and backgrounds.

After almost 20 years of being associated in various roles with Phab, I am beginning to understand what Phab has taught me. In this overwhelmingly competitive world, and in this highly selective school, where the pressure is so often to do better than others, it is vital to remember the equal value of all. Phab means so much to those who are involved because it doesn't preach this message; it proves it. Don't take my word for it, go and see the Phab Show this July. I am proud to be part of the Phab community and will never stop supporting it. Thank you all for your inspiration and friendship.

"Phab is education in its truest sense, and all who participate have my utmost admiration and respect."



BUTTERFLIES

The Commonwealth's theme for 2010 is *Science, Technology and Society* and one unusual way in which they wanted to draw our attention to this was to perform a Butterfly Release, reports KAPW.

So it was, that, with loyal supporters and bemused tourists looking on, 54 Westminster pupils (one for each member of the Commonwealth), Dr Danny Sriskandarajah (Director of the Royal Commonwealth Society), The Head Master and The Dean simultaneously each released a Painted Lady butterfly in College Garden on a glorious late April afternoon. The sleepy little creatures did not take to the air particularly willingly, but the fascination and joy these beautiful insects brought to all those assembled was plain to see.

PROJECTS IN THE COMMUNITY

While some are on the football pitch or squash court, a significant number of Sixth Form and Remove choose to spend their Tuesday or Thursday afternoons working in the Community, writes BJS.

Projects are diverse. Boys and girls in the Remove are now working at the Frank Barnes School after a year's training in British Sign Language. Others travel to Peckham to work with children at Westminster House, a youth and after-school club. Amongst other projects, we also share tea and conversation with the elderly at the Pullen Day Care Centre and assist in the classroom at a number of local primary schools. All who participate agree that it is refreshing and fulfilling to spend time outside the 'Westminster bubble'.

The opportunity to recognize and develop personal strengths is invaluable.

As part of the School Development Plan, we hope to extend the number of projects in the community, so that, soon, every Westminster will have the opportunity to take part, regardless of their Station commitment.

everyone dancing in a conga line; in Grant's dining room I hear the noise of party blowers blasting; up School, memories of Kyle in a leotard and, of course, Mr. Sproat singing. It is odd to sit in the lecture room remembering the hundreds of cushions and duvets there during the movie showings.

When the course had ended, we were all dead on our feet. Short of sleep, days of caring for the guests, and the amazing fun had left us drained. Spending a week so full of intense

emotions made it odd for me to think about seeing other people and returning to normality. For the next week I couldn't cope with spending time with someone who didn't share my memories, who couldn't laugh about all the mad things we'd done. For me it wasn't the new perspective that I gained on life I felt was most important. It was the cooperation of the hosts, some of whom I had never really met before, with the guests, with whom we worked to create an incredibly memorable week.



TIME TEAM HEROES

In September the Westminster medievalists visited an archaeological dig around the foundations of Westminster Abbey to unearth evidence of a sacristy reputedly built by Henry III, a dig conducted by Channel 4's legendary Time Team, reveals Celia Oldham (GG).

■ Among other artefacts, we saw a web of complex wall-foundations, a very rare type of tile from Edward the Confessor's reign and, movingly, pins used for securing funeral shrouds. We had our tour, narrowly avoided getting mown down by an impressive mechanical digger and met the Team itself, including one of medieval History's greatest heroes, Tony Robinson. The visit was a rare opportunity and a great success.



JOHN LOCKE SOCIETY

The John Locke Society continued its long and illustrious history this year with a series of excellent speakers, enthuse Harry McNeill Adams (QSS) and this year's president, Jamie Kleinfeld (WW).

■ The society has flourished, with over 100 members turning out each week to hear a vast range of speakers. The Society is one of the most enjoyable parts of Westminster's weekly routine, with the speakers often highly entertaining as well as learned and informative. From the world of politics, we heard Nick Maxwell of the Fabian Society; then the following week, to prove that there's no bias to John Locke, we heard Michael Heaver, the Chairman of young UKIP. Both talks attracted strong audiences who were prepared to ask the speakers uncomfortable questions. The world of law was very well-represented. Hugh Tomlinson QC, one of Britain's leading Human Rights Lawyers, and star of recent TV drama "On Expenses", talked about the ins and outs of the Human Rights Act. Clare Algar came from Reprieve and gave a similarly

enlightening talk on their work and continued attempts to stop human rights abuses around the world by various governments, including our own. Sir Adam Roberts, one of the most distinguished OWs in recent decades, addressed a packed audience on the need for a thorough historical perspective on terrorism and how this would lead to a more enlightened approach to tackling the problem of extremism. Moreover, his impassioned and erudite defence of the upholding of the Geneva Convention was a thorn in the side of apologists everywhere. In the run-up to the latest Chilcot Enquiry, Lord Butler illuminated his previous findings and explained how events leading up to and during the invasion of Iraq have affected political discourse in Britain.

On a more scientific note we listened to Professor Stephen Oppenheimer and, most excitingly for Harry, a world expert on tigers.




"Nick Clegg recently said that the John Locke society was one of his most formative experiences at school."

Katie Hopkins, The Apprentice would-have-been, spoke on maximising our productivity by reaching our fullest potential, despite already being in a privileged environment. Responding to tabloid accusations, she displayed her famous diplomatic tact and wit.

Ishtiaq Hussain offered fascinating insights into his experiences in the world of Hizb ut-Tahrir, the Islamic fundamentalist group seeking a global Caliphate. His critiques of the methods and aims of the 'War on Terror' certainly gave us all food for thought.

Bonnie Greer, fresh from her Question Time appearance with Nick Griffin, used her speech to anticipate the challenges to be faced by our generation in the future, particularly in the post-Obama context. Craig Jenks OW, speaking in the tempestuous period in between the BA strike and the fateful Icelandic volcano, heartily told the audience how the airline industry is destined to suffer a net loss, and indeed has ever since the days of the Wright brothers.

Nick Clegg, who at time of writing aspires to be the next Prime Minister, recently said that the John Locke society was one of his most formative experiences at school. With a programme like this, it's not hard to see why. Not only does every John Locke increase your knowledge, it makes you think. Go to as many meetings as is feasibly possible.



"Mrs Male assures us that the pupils at Westminster are really very polite."

INSIDE SCHOOL DINNERS

Nicola Male has been leading the house-keeping team at Westminster School for over twelve years. With several hundred pupils, the majority of whom are ravenous teenage boys, and a very large body of staff to feed and care for every day, this is no easy feat and we are intrigued to meet the brains behind this organization, write a curious Vir Bannerjee-Bulchandani (QSS) and Helena Pike (PP).

■ There can be no doubt that the dining hall is an integral part of the school. You only have to stand in Yard around lunchtime to watch the near stampede of people heading for food to understand this. Catering alone requires 40 people to keep Grant's and College Hall alive, while there are a further 42 people elsewhere in the school dealing with everything else needed to maintain the school, including the massive task of cleaning boarding houses as well as academic spaces. We can only begin to imagine the scale of the operation that lets the school remain open from dawn till late into the night, and Mrs Male is no stranger to working late. The frequent school events and formal dinners have kept her up until midnight in the past just to ensure that everything goes according to plan; while the pupils' day begins routinely at 7.30, others are up and about well before then.

Looking after a school the size of Westminster presents obvious challenges, but, as in much else it does, Westminster is by no means ordinary. We don't simply have

one dining room, but two – on opposite sides of the school no less. If you think this sounds complicated, Mrs Male can recall the days not so long ago when there were two more (in Rigaud's and Liddell's) and while the current dining rooms have their own kitchens, there were none for the other houses. This meant all the food was prepared in one place and then ferried across yard hurriedly to be served up to hungry children. As it now stands, the majority of meals are produced in the kitchens of each hall. However, some things cannot be stored or made in one or the other and so the transportation of food continues to take place.

Dealing not just with so much food, but also so many people on a daily basis can be draining. While we pupils think little of the brief encounter that we have with the lunch staff each day, they come into contact with every single one of us. Reassuringly, Mrs Male assures us that the pupils at Westminster are really very polite. They all say please and thank you and smile nicely. That said, there

are the occasional few who are not quite so well-mannered in their dealings with the catering staff. Not rude as such, just short and somewhat unappreciative. Does it upset her? Not really, more the people who are running 'front of house'. It's not fair for them when they're working so hard. Perhaps we should remember this more when we're next queuing for our carefully-prepared food.

We talk more on the running of the kitchens and she enlightens us as to the thought and time that goes into the process of simply choosing what food to serve up. The whole thing takes a surprisingly long time: the discussion of the menus starts an entire term in advance. It's organized on a three week cycle, incorporating 'special' days and dishes from the previous terms that were particularly popular. To be honest, it isn't the greatest shock to be informed that pizza, chips, burgers and roasts are firm favorites, which might explain their frequent and not-unwelcome appearances on our plates. Despite this, they do try out new meals all the time, Mrs Male explaining that

they look as far as the nearby high street for inspiration. It takes a few repetitions to get the 'feel' for a dish – to see what the reception is. Speaking of student response to food, she informs us that there is a spot on the intranet for food feedback. They might not get inundated with emails, but the occasional comments from students are made – comments that are nonetheless taken into account. One recent achievement from former school council member, Alexander Thanki (RR), ensured that the menu for tea received its rightful place alongside all other important meals on the intranet. It is integral, after all: students are aware of what is on offer. That said apart from the suggestions to improve internet access to food related queries, they have received some odd comments in the past, the latest being an impassioned plea from a boy to switch back to the 'smaller bananas, please': the larger ones were just too much to stomach. Who knew that a humble fruit could cause so much grief?

YOUNG ENTERPRISE GOING ALL THE WAY

Our company, Scrunch, was founded in September 2009. Scrunch's thirteen members are all Sixth Form pupils from Westminster School, who set out to take advantage of the Young Enterprise Company Programme and gain some crucial business experience early on in their lives, writes Cher Chung (PP).

■ The last six months have proven to be transformational for every participant, improving our business, sales, communication, and administration skills. At the same time, the company has had to endure failures as well as success; Young Enterprise has exposed us to the two contrasting sides of business.

Scrunch distributes small foldable strawberry-shaped bags, called "Scrunches", in the UK and abroad. We import these bags from China, making use of the company members' broad variety of international connections. We then sell

tion at the Young Enterprise Innovation Awards 2010. Our company was awarded the best company in Westminster district out of more than 20 other Young Enterprise companies. We also won the best presentation award at the semi final. However, most importantly, we learned organization skills, leadership and people skills. Young Enterprise has offered us an experience that cannot be drawn from books. We started out as a group of teenage novices in the world of business and came together in the end as a cohesive

"We were also confronted by the problem of dwindling motivation and low morale."

the Scrunches at retail price to family and friends, at school, and in Camden Market. We negotiated wholesale deals in both England and Germany.

Throughout the whole process, from looking for the best name for our company to setting up a market stall in Camden Market, we have come a long way. There were substantial challenges to meet, including problems with communication and co-operation. We were also confronted by the problem of dwindling motivation and low morale. A lack of experience in the retail sector also proved to be a hindrance for us when we set up stalls at school and at Camden Market. Despite unfavourable conditions, we did our best to sell our products and put up an impressive business presenta-

tion at the Young Enterprise Innovation Awards 2010. Our company was awarded the best company in Westminster district out of more than 20 other Young Enterprise companies. We also won the best presentation award at the semi final. However, most importantly, we learned organization skills, leadership and people skills. Young Enterprise has offered us an experience that cannot be drawn from books. We started out as a group of teenage novices in the world of business and came together in the end as a cohesive



HOUSE SINGING THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

The drama! The tension! The tears! The smiles! The raw emotion! Is this the final of the X Factor? No, even better – it's House Singing 2009! bursts out Nick White (BB) ecstatically.

■ It was a terrifying walk up to the stage for each of the six Houses that qualified for the final round of this venerable competition; particularly terrifying was the almost Communistic chant of a loud Dryden's rabble: 'Red Army, Red Army!'. Once assembled, the lights fell, and the only remaining task was to sing.

Some Houses performed this task with more skill than others: many with more hilarity. The range of vocal ability was heart-warmingly large, and it was a pleasure to see the younger years taking part with such vigour.

All the performances were enjoyable in at least one sense of the word, with impressive performances from Liddell's and Hakluyt's, but it was Busby's that stole the show with a slick, professional, and above all entertaining performance of 'Video Killed the Radio Star'. Huge cheers welcomed Busby's back on stage for their encore, and even the most rabid members of the Dryden's contingent clapped and sang along happily to the chorus.

It is beyond doubt that the overall effect of the House Singing this year has been an uplifting and unifying one for all members of the school, in all years, and in all Houses. May it return one day soon.



"All the performances were enjoyable in at least one sense of the word, with impressive."

IN MEMORIAM, HOUSE SINGING SING WHEN YOU'RE LOSING

James Ware (MM) has gallantly spent five years trying to win House Singing. This is his story...

■ There was only one event which every new Westminster knew about before they had even had their first day at the school. There was only one event which made every Westminster long for the start of the Play Term on their exotic summer holiday. There was only one event that proved Westminster's don't just sing when they're winning.

It may seem to an outsider like this is about as overly sentimental as someone could get over an extra-curricular event and that this is a clear symptom of exaggerated nostalgia for the school I'm about to leave. After all, don't most schools have a House Singing competition? Yet this devotion to House Singing is shared by everyone and even the most cynical are soon inducted. This induction begins with the myths of House Singing from generations past: of College Fifth Formers in drag, the atmosphere up School which was only comparable to a bear pit, and the year so-and-so's brother did *that* in front of the whole school.

The next step in this exact science of preparation was the beginning of rehearsals. These consisted of the younger years being bribed out of their common rooms with promises of eternal glory and/or House ties and the whole House cramming themselves into the least small room available. The House printer, which always mysteriously failed when it came to printing out last-minute prep, suddenly spewed out endless lyric sheets and the ever-reliable hifi belted out the tune. The basic pattern of a rehearsal thereafter was to emphasise over and over again the importance of volume, pull out the dance moves which were recycled annually and most probably had not be seen in a public space since at least a decade before any of us were born and then emphasise the importance of volume again. Once content that improvement was being made, performers becoming less self-conscious and several voices had been lost, people were released to run to their lessons.

This continued for months and word spread through the school as to which Houses were hot this year and an article was normally published in Pink with odds for every House. Secrecy and anxiety were key at this stage and fuelled the break-consuming rehearsal process. Then came the crucial moment of the first rehearsal with the band, which consisted of poor souls who had volunteered themselves for the cause and struggled to find sheet music out of their own pitiful resources. The whole House processed to the Manoukian and crammed into an even smaller and warmer room than usual, quickly to discover that it sounded great (optimism and self-belief being key) but needed to be louder. This message was repeated for the next few rehearsals and particularly emphasised when another House was in earshot as the attempts at psychological intimidation began and the first reminders of what we were fighting for were brought about in chant-offs in the corridors before returning to the real world of lessons.

Then came the date circled in everyone's almanack from the start of the year: the date of the qualification round. There were more butterflies present at school that day then are housed in the Natural History Museum and teachers must have noticed pupils whose mind was a world away, focused on the seven-minute slot which would make or break their House's dream that lunch time. After motivating ourselves over a final sing through up House we would process in Yard and wait outside School. A cheer would erupt to signify the end of the previous House's effort and then we entered. If the judges had employed KGB advice they could not have achieved a more effective set up. They awaited us alone behind a desk in the empty hall, and calmly told us to prepare. The end of the song always came as a relief and was prompted by mass cheers and refrains of the proud name by which we were united. The traditionally cryptic, "if you get through you must

(continued on next page)



"The basic pattern of a rehearsal thereafter was to emphasise over and over again the importance of volume."

Then came the most crucial time of the school year: song decision time. This was a process presented in the most democratic light but ultimately the decision came down to a Remove consensus backed by their housemaster. There was a year in which my housemaster put his job on the line by overriding the Remove's chaotic decision making process and selecting a song of his choice. What would have happened if we hadn't made the final is unimaginable.



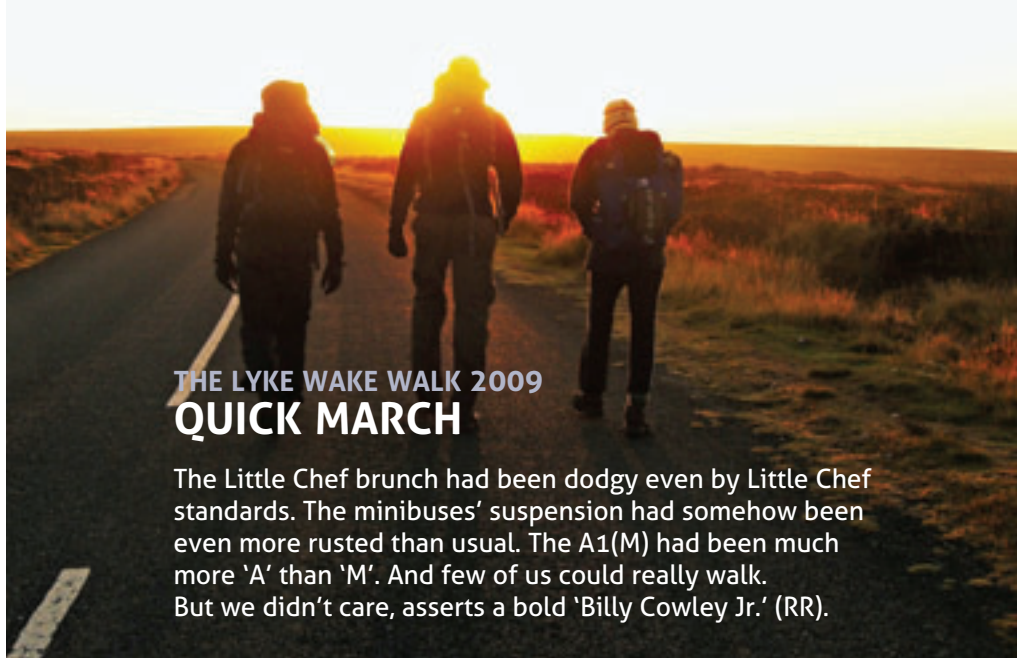
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improve this” issued from the judges and then began a nail-biting afternoon awaiting the results on the intranet. The whole school must have been informed in seconds as word spread faster than a Milne’s 4x100 metre relay team and the response was congratulatory signs and costume decisions in successful Houses and grumbings of “We were robbed” and “There’s always next year” among the unsuccessful.

The day itself was a blur of chant rehearsals and people showing off their take on the costume code, which over the years included everything from pyjamas to angels and cowboys. Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for and, after a motivational speech in the House which usually included the phrases “Friends, Romans, Milnites”, “I have a dream” and “What we do today echoes in eternity”, we descended on Yard in a sea of colour and a barrage of proud House chanting which must have been a confusing multisensory assault on any nearby tourists. School was transformed with professional lighting and microphones in place and each House got the moment on stage which they had dreamt of. The silver cup, more valued than any other precious object in the world, was then presented and one jubilant House got to give another rendition of their number while others rued what might have been.

Yet with House Singing it was more true than usual that it was not the winning but the taking part that counts. Although I feel robbed not to have ‘House Singing gold medalist’ on my school CV and could fill a whole issue of the Elizabethan with reasons why my House most definitely was worthy of the honour each and every year, that’s not the point. House Singing always provided an invaluable opportunity for the whole house to come together and to integrate. While House Singing may be off the agenda because some got just a bit too over-excited by it even by our own standards, I sincerely hope that one day it can be resurrected or at least another event can as successfully fulfil its role of integrating the House at the start of the year and introducing that collective sense of belonging which is so important to the House system.

So Milne’s were robbed annually. Yet I hope future generations will also get the chance to prove they and their Houses don’t just sing when they’re winning in the only event which has left every Westminster with so many great House memories.



THE LYKE WAKE WALK 2009 QUICK MARCH

The Little Chef brunch had been dodgy even by Little Chef standards. The minibuses’ suspension had somehow been even more rusted than usual. The A1(M) had been much more ‘A’ than ‘M’. And few of us could really walk. But we didn’t care, asserts a bold ‘Billy Cowley Jr.’ (RR).

■ For after an uncomfortable return journey from the North Yorkshire Moors on the first Monday of October half-term, the sole emotion that we were experiencing was one of enormous satisfaction (and, admittedly, surprise) at having successfully completed all forty miles of the Lyke Wake Walk within the time limit of twenty-four hours.

Naturally, as the walk was to be attempted in teams, an unofficial competitiveness had developed from the moment that we had signed up, and so on the day of departure the anticipation and tension were quite apparent. This increased dramatically when, on leaving Dean’s Yard, one of the minibuses came into sudden and unexpected contact with the entrance barrier. The latter shattered, a security guard became irate, and the embarrassed driver pointed out that the resultant hole in the roof simply replaced the window that was jammed shut by chewing-gum. Yet we continued northwards, hoping that that would be the only breakage of the trip. That very same night found all five teams of pupils, about twenty-five in total, spread out somewhere along the route amongst the heather and underneath the stars of the Yorkshire hills.

The Walk consists of a complete crossing of the Moors along their main west-east watershed, a distance that is more than a third the width of the country at that latitude. To complete it in the limited time, one must walk through the night – and so fall in rabbit holes, tread on nesting grouse, and be constantly blinded by over-bright head torches. Having started walking at around 22.30 on the Saturday, by the time we reached the breakfast checkpoint we were already pretty tired, although the majority of the walk still remained. Yet the competitiveness returned when our team spotted the group behind us approaching fast over a ridge, and so we left breakfast, provided by a gang of very cold teachers, sausages in hand so as not to be overtaken. We quick-marched along a deserted lane into a blinding pink sunrise. A lonely road sign pointed the way to the aptly-named village of Great Fryup, which rather unfairly was back in the direction of breakfast, as if to remind us of what we were missing.

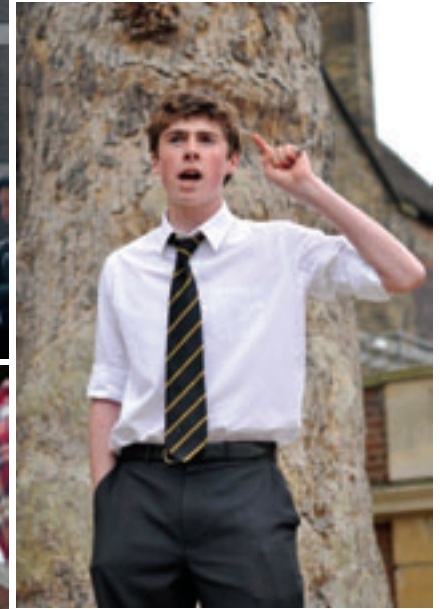
We later passed Cockayne Head – the highest point of the walk – sniffing incessantly. It was soon after this that the hallucinating began, with one group member becoming



“A lonely road sign pointed the way to the aptly-named village of Great Fryup, which rather unfairly was back in the direction of breakfast.”

convinced that I was somehow negotiating the rocks, streams and clumps of bog myrtle on a red and yellow plastic scooter. Weighed down by the paraphernalia in our rucksacks, the following final few hours were a bit of a blur, despite the pain of blisters.

And then we reached the end, still in a daze, yet managing the compulsory ‘sprint’ finish. Pasta, longed for after forty miles of cereal bars, was dished out by the teachers, led by the indefatigable Dr. AK. Sleep then came easily, after thirty-six hours of none of it, despite being on the particularly firm floor of a village hall. Waking up the next morning was not so immediate, yet come brunch-time there we were back at the Little Chef. The minibuses’ suspension was more rusted than usual. The A1(M) was still more ‘A’ than ‘M’. And few of us could walk. But we truly didn’t care – in fact, we were thrilled.



Email to: The Electoral Commission
CC: Stephen Spurr
From: The Acting Returning Officer,
 Patrick Beardmore (BB)

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL CONSTITUENCY MOCK ELECTION 6TH MAY 2010

As required by the Representation of the Schools (Public) Act (1883), I write to report on the Mock Election held in this constituency on 6th May 2010.

There was a series of debates (non-televised). Open outcry rules were met by the traditional soapbox and megaphone. In a technological



"In a technological leap into the abyss, most of the 17 candidates recorded a one-minute election broadcast."



leap into the abyss, most of the 17 candidates recorded a one-minute election broadcast.

A highly creative poster campaign was waged, making full use of the diversity of images that the internet offers. The printing all but did for the colour cartridges in the library.

Parties represented were agreeably diverse – Labour, Anarcho-Capitalist, LibDem, United Progressive, Independent (x3), Christian People's Alliance, Death Dungeons and

Taxes, Alliance for Green Socialism, Green, Communist, Global Warming, Left List, SA2010, UKIP and Conservative. Displays of inter-party violence were discreet.

Turnout was 66%. There were enough ballot papers for all the electors (can't think why I am mentioning this).

Regrettably, however, I am bound to inform you that certain irregularities did occur:

- A high proportion of the electorate was not

- 18 years of age and was therefore not eligible to vote. Some members of Fifth Form Ward were confirmed as aged 13, but were nevertheless issued with ballot papers.
- The polling station in the library closed early (4:45pm), so that no-one had the chance to complain about being turned away at 10pm.
- Some of the party election broadcasts were very entertaining; an obvious break with parliamentary tradition.

In a further break with reality, a clear winner emerged. Thanks to the efficiency of the tellers, an early declaration was possible, at 6pm in Yard. Michael Clark (LibDem) polled twice as many votes as his closest rival and was duly elected to represent the aforementioned constituency.

A REMARKABLE SCHOOL: WATERFORD KAMHLABA

In this 2010 anniversary year, Westminster has nominated as its overseas Charity a remarkable school. BJS writes about Waterford Kamhlaba in Swaziland.

■ “A school like no other...” My hackles rise when I hear that sort of claim. And yet when I returned to London after seven years of living and working at Waterford, I would find myself resorting to such clichés. Sitting high on a mountainside campus above Swaziland’s capital, Mbabane, this extraordinary school has its roots in the idealism of one man... and then many more.

We need to go back to 1963. Mandela has been arrested: a new maximum security prison has been built on Robben Island. Apartheid dominates South Africa with an iron fist. In 1960 at Sharpeville, police kill 69 protestors and injure about 180 more. South Africa is a pariah in the world but this is little comfort to black South Africans whose lives are led as *‘hewers of wood and drawers of water.’*

And then we have an idealist, Michael Stern: a Headmaster of a ‘black’ school in

“Nkosi sikelel’ iAfrika”. Tears are shed and people are stunned.

Summer 2010: Apartheid is over. But the challenges of contemporary Africa cry out. Today Waterford seeks out promising pupils from conflict and post-conflict settings, boys and girls living with the social and emotional consequences of HIV/AIDS, individuals living in poverty and deprivation, and orphans who have lost – or never known – their real family.

Waterford pupils achieve some of the highest academic standards in Africa and continue the tradition of developing a sense of social responsibility and the skills of leadership. Last year every student who completed the IB diploma went to university, including a number to Ivy League colleges and to Oxbridge.

Key is the Community Service programme. Through “Comm Serve” pupils gain a sense of responsibility and contribute to last-



“The pupils build the classrooms with their bare hands and the School flourishes.”

Apartheid South Africa, who can no longer operate in this society. He takes flight to Swaziland. Here in this small kingdom, he climbs up a hillside, looks down onto a plateau and says “Enough room for a cricket pitch. This is where we’ll build.”

So Waterford opens its doors in February 1963 with just sixteen pupils, but these are pupils whose living together challenges neighbouring Apartheid South Africa. After all, some of the pupils are black and some are white. The pupils build the classrooms with their bare hands and the School flourishes, and goes on to educate the children of diplomats, intellectuals and South African opposition activists, including Mandela, Tutu and Sisulu.

February 1990: Mandela is released. The news reaches the school and within seconds the pupils and staff are singing

ing change in Swaziland’s local communities. Or sometimes not.... The challenges are real and not every project has a fairy tale ending. There can be terrible disillusionment as pupils are confronted by cold economic realities and by the sheer scale of the task in hand. This year some thirty different projects encompass orphan care and education, literacy, health education – especially TB and HIV/AIDS – and environmental initiatives.

The School keeps costs as low as possible and provides financial support to many pupils. These bursaries are offered solely on the basis of financial need, and it’s hard to meet the targets.

I worked here for seven long, hard years. I saw bravery in the face of the most appalling adversity and triumph in the jaws of hopelessness. It is a remarkable place... By raising money, we are sending Waterford not just a powerful tool but a token of our commitment, our support and our love.



■ The tradition of the College cook tossing a pancake over the deceptively high Greaze bar up School is an eagerly-awaited annual event. To a new Sixth Form pupil, the event, dating from 1753, certainly sounds unorthodox: thirty or so boys do battle royal on Shrove Tuesday for a bit of pancake.

So, as we poured into School, the competitors got ready by changing into something not too precious and prepared for glory. Once begun, the scrum itself lasted for a matter of seconds. Amidst raucous cheers and an atmosphere amongst the crowd akin to that of zealous believers, Ed Muffet (BB) emerged victorious, clutching a sizable chunk of the pancake and thence his reward, a sizeable gold sovereign. The Dean begged a Play, the Head Master consented and all concluded that it was a very fine Greaze indeed.

The ‘live web-cam’ screening provided for the Fifth Form and Lower Shell for the first time this year proved a controversial decision, but reports suggest that the actual broadcast enjoyed both high resolution and a remarkably good view of proceedings. Indeed, transmission added something of a feature-film quality to the whole outfit.





THE GREAZE 2010 A PROPER DO

Something flies through the air with all the grace a small, horsehair-reinforced pancake can muster, landing perilously close to the first row of spectators. Then, in the traditional fashion, there is a right proper fight, discloses Beatrix Parnaby-Price (MM). The Greaze has begun.



MY BRILLIANT CAREER THE PERILS OF OXBRIDGE INTERVIEWING

My entrance examination for Oxford hadn't gone swimmingly, having foolishly confused the words 'arbitrary' and 'absolute' in my essay on the precepts for rationality, confesses Ollie Wood (MM). My argument consequently made no sense, as I earnestly stressed that a distinction must be drawn between rationality as a subjective concept, and as a... well... subjective again...

■ I was thus quite relieved to receive my invitation to interview, albeit at a different college to the one I had chosen. I arrived late Sunday night and collected my information package and room key from the empty porter's lodge. I found my room was already occupied by a bearded East Anglian – my roommate. I've always appreciated the importance of lucky charms for some people, though I've personally never adopted the custom. He had, literally: he had brought a cat. This was no Brasenose.

My first interview was Economics and I'd like to think I handled the questions on David, Goliath and the declining slingshot industry reasonably well, having fortunately recently attended a lecture on game theory and the 'Nash equilibrium', which I think was at least the underlying meaning of the question.

The next day was Politics, and comparing the differences between the German and British political party systems wasn't quite what I'd hoped for; having spent ages reading and researching the work of Hume, Hobbes and Rousseau. I like to think their combined wisdom helped me more for the following questions on the ethics of underage sheep slaughter.

By the time I reached the Philosophy interview, discussing whether I'd rather destroy the Sistine Chapel or the Grand Canyon no longer seemed that strange (FYI – don't choose the Sistine Chapel – Michelangelo's dead so we can't just rebuild it).

All in all, my four days in Oxford were somewhat weird and generally quite unenjoyable. Can't wait for next year...



COLLEGE: "Abbey involvement has again been a main feature of College life and has spawned the roaringly successful 'College Hymn Singing Society'."

COLLEGE

■ The arrival of The Shark from Wren's has breathed new life into College and brought with it a spate of disappointing results in House competitions. Fortune dealt us a duff hand and, robbed of House Singing qualification by a travesty of justice and political voting, and with depleted running teams, we instead focused our attention on House Netball, formerly a College speciality. After storming the group stages however, we were pipped to victory by a whisker in an honourable 7-4 loss to the

eventual winners, Dryden's, who were blessed with a talented shooter who proved too much for a team with an, at best, sketchy knowledge of the rules. Abbey involvement has again been a main feature of College life and has spawned the roaringly successful 'College Hymn Singing Society'.

House spirit is running high as ever in this tightly bonded community and the change of management under MHF has instilled a renewed sense of pride in the house.

GRANT'S

■ As ever, Grant's strides confidently into the future, eager to see what's around the next bend. Personally I'm hoping for some sort of Robot-Dinosaur fusion but that may not be feasible. Perhaps it is the forward thinking nature of Grant's, which whilst obviously commendable, may have, as in past years, distracted us from sporting pursuits. I think it's fair to say though that whatever the event, be it House Football, Chess, Netball or the Bringsty Relay, regardless of the actual result, we've retained the moral high ground. I feel that future

who was tapping his feet along with great gusto. This was neatly followed by the Drama competition, for which Grant's put on a stunning performance directed by Tom Craig and Celia Oldham. The showcasing of Grant's' thespians was applauded by Grantite and non-Grantite alike, though I suspect I was not the only one who was rather disappointed by Peter Huhne's failure to wear a dress. Admittedly the role didn't call for one, but sometimes plays need to be brought up to date.

House Singing was a prime example of Grant's charitable

GRANT'S: "Matron got a puppy!"



generations will take note and say "Grant's, ever gracious in defeat, were the true victors in the end, for they brought back gentlemanly conduct to English sport, so besmirched by Premiership footballers!" That may be a bit long-winded, so possibly a "Wooh for Grant's!" would suffice. However, despite Grant's' less than perfect sporting record, I can confidently say that I have noted the winds of change blowing, and fully expect Grant's to excel in the upcoming Sports Day, signalling the beginning of a 1,000 term domination of sport by the House.

The arts were an altogether more successful arena for the House this year. The Grant's Concert was a fantastic display of House talent, and from what I could see, thoroughly enjoyed by all, particularly Dr. Spurr

nature, as we affably bowed out of the competition so as to give the other Houses a chance. I'm not sure the world is ready for Grant's collective singing voice, and until we get rid of those pesky appendages we call ears, I doubt it ever will be.

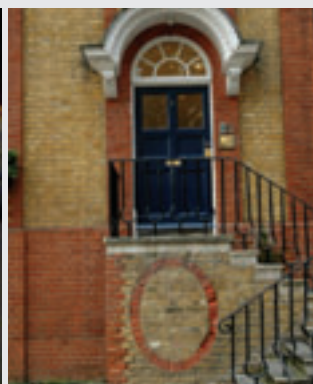
On the pastoral front, aside from our fearless leader Mr Hargreaves' sunny disposition and his continued war on small spaces remaining unlit (oh, the lamps!) there is only one real piece of news... Matron got a puppy! Presumably, Biscuit will one day grow into a dog, but until then it is possibly the cutest thing (sorry Dr. Williams) known to man, and has the house in raptures. I wish I could just have written about the puppy, but unfortunately – as you can see from above – Grant's just keeps on achieving!

RIGAUD'S

■ *"The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment, but it is no less a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy"*. So spoke John F. Kennedy. He indubitably had Rigaud's in mind when he said this, for it has been an especially magnificent year for our noble House. Yes, tragedies there have been. Having not won a House Singing trophy since the glory days of '07, we hoped to make history this year, but were robbed of our trophy by a well-coordinated but undistinguished Busby's unit. Our hopes to continue the legacy of the legendary Barkhordar-Littlejohns debating duo were sunk when we crashed and burned in the House debating competition. Memorably, we

the game as Will Reid, Jamie Miles, Jamie McPherson and Oliver Greenburgh amongst our ranks? Lawrence McNeill shone as a beacon of sporting achievement, winning the Towpath in spectacular fashion – a true model of physical prowess, and an all-round general geezer. Let's wish the lad well in recovering from his knee injury. Other athletic paragons included Dom Richards, Satya Gunput and Will Miles, who together helped us secure a victory in the Towpath seniors.

The wealth of masculine accomplishment in Rigaud's should not eclipse the achievements of our girls, who, led by Miss French, performed a very polished version of 'Sampson and Delilah', with Louisa Ellis as Delilah, and token male



RIGAUD'S: "We turned out en masse for the epic confrontation that was House football, but were beaten to a humble second place."

turned out en masse for the epic confrontation that was House Football, but were beaten to a humble second place by the Hakluyt's hooligans. And of course, who could forget the rousing – yet doomed – resistance that our maverick House Chess team put up against their determined opponents? As for House Rock-Climbing – who knows what happened?

Tragedies there have been indeed – but still we have triumphed. The legendary Satya Gunput showed his fencing talents to the world at the Budapest tournament, coming 54th out of the whole world. The House Play stole the show at this year's drama festival, reaching the finals, and provoking as much laughter as it did outrage. The cast, which included veteran character actor Ben Wessely, thoroughly deserve their accolades. Yet again, we won House Fives – who could expect anything less with such titans of

Henry Taylor as her brawny item. We also witnessed the emergence of two oratorical talents within our House, as Charles Edward-Sealy and Michael Clark began to flex their political muscles. We await great things from them. The boarding community was pleased this year to welcome latecomer Hugh Pickering as a member of 'the crew' – and what a veritable addition he has been; a veritable role-model for all the younger boys. I'm sure Rigaud's will also join me in applauding the wealth of initiative and inspiration that our most popular Head of House in recent times, Will "Big Mack" Miles, brought to us this year, and similar gratitude should doubtless be bestowed upon our peer supporters, Evie Prichard and noted badman Jiayi Chen. We look forward, then, to a new year as we have looked back over the trials and tribulations of the previous one, knowing that, in Rigaud's, we don't just make history – we eat it for breakfast.

LIDDELL'S

■ Liddellites. Liberal Democrats. At first glance, it would seem that these two groups of people have little in common. However, on closer inspection there are a number of similarities, a few of which I would like to point out. Firstly, the names of both groups begin with an L. Secondly, both parties have chosen the colour yellow to represent themselves. Thirdly and most importantly, both have at some point included Nick Clegg. In fact, further parallels might be drawn between these two big Ls – in recent years neither has exactly been a heavyweight in their respective worlds. Fortunately it looks like this is about to change.

As Mr Clegg (LL) has been enjoying recent success in the political debates, so too has Liddell's, but in the rather more important field of House competitions.

At the start of the year we hit the ground running, or rather, dancing to our own rendition of 'Holding out for a Hero' by Bonnie Tyler. This all-singing, all-dancing affair involving lots of face paint, foil and capes managed to secure us a third equal placing in the House Singing Competition, a worthy effort, much enjoyed by all those involved. The term 'mixing bowl'

we lunged into the House Netball tournament with a newly found competitive streak. After an afternoon of skilful intercepts, bounce passes and apparent fouls, we emerged from Vincent Square placed 3rd equal, having narrowly lost by one goal to Wren's (eventual runners-up), said goal having been conceded in the dying seconds of the match. On the musical side of things, we finished off the term with a good showing in the Liddell's and Hakluyt's House Concert, with eight times more Liddellites this year than last year's lone pianist!

This term we dusted off the old trainers once again to compete in Sports Day, fielding a full girls' team to complement the boys. We came out with a valiant 8th equal overall, but with notable wins in individual events in all age groups, an awe-some victory in the junior 4x100m relay, and a refreshing 4th place in both the junior and hotly contested senior 4x400m relays. The girls too grabbed a healthy number of points in all of their events.

Off the track, the new additions to the Liddell's boarding roster – the girls – have applied a feminine touch (albeit a small one) to the once-feral inhabitants of the TV



may have taken on an entirely new meaning for many people (see <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xmx0A1zcqds>).

The Lent term brought more respectable performances, but this time in the sporting arena – not traditionally a strong point for Liddell's. In the Bringsty Relays we gritted our teeth and got down to business, coming 8th overall, with the seniors coming 6th out of 11 houses, bettering our last year's overall ranking by 3 places! With a spring still in our (collective) step,

room. They integrated instantly and can now often be found in the TV room amongst the boys attempting to keep them in line.

This year has been bountiful for Liddell's – we're performing better in almost every respect, and we're still gaining momentum. We are in pursuit of excellence, tackling any competition we find head-on. In the words of the illustrious Mr Clegg in the recent television debates, "I believe we can rise to all those challenges". Liddell's is on the rise...

ASHBURNHAM

■ A new, collectivised report to celebrate being under the new management of AJ.

ASHpirations:

"Ashburnham is completely fantastic. I wouldn't change to another house in a million years – I'm not being sarcastic."

"With all this fundraising, we're practically Cashburnham"

"This year, Ashburnham has ultimately failed – Milne's is still not just a pile of ash, rubble, and bad memories."

Competition:

"Andrew Hyer's heroic leadership only just failed to clinch Ashburnham that most coveted House Chess victory!"

"The Junior Football Team's style of play was so unique that they were the only team who managed (not) to score a single goal"

"On the day after House Singing, two of my friends were saying, 'Ashburnham didn't deserve 2nd place...', then, in a minute, they changed it to 'Ashburnham only deserved 2nd place.'" It was strange."

"Ashburnham House Singing: giving hope to the underdog one blonde wig and badly sung Blondie song at a time..."

"The wet fish of inspiration slapped into the face of conformity, leaving a large weal of controversy. Such was The Bacchae."

"220 tube stops in one day (before the Oyster Cards broke): 'Tube 'CHALLENGE'? Nope. It's just tube easy."

"After nearly 30 minutes of blood, sweat, tears and bouncing, the last bounce was bounced, and the Great Space Hopper marathon came to an end."

"Sports Day: We Ashburned them"

Relaxation:

"Ashburnham asks such compelling questions as, 'Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavours, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?'"

"Even a banana can become a tourist attraction."

"We started painting our common room one Sunday morning in November and a mere five hours later it looked, in the nicest way possible, like a rainbow had thrown up on our lockers."

"There is a dance mat located behind the computers. Sometimes we play really loud music and dance like nobody's watching.... because nobody is."

"A second later, and the toast is gone."

"It's like a daily puzzle: trying to figure out where and what is making that smell in the Common Room."

"On hot days Ashburnhamites find themselves stuck to the fake leather sofas."

There were three things we wanted to see flourish in Ashburnham this year which we are proud to have achieved:

- (1) Inter-year bonding
- (2) Support for individual Ashburnhamites who wish to express their Ashburnham-bred principles in society
- (3) The ability to surprise our competition

The first and second were achieved, especially through the vehicle of our house play 'The Bacchae', evident from the Fifth Form – Remove carnation exchange later that



ASHBURNHAM: "On hot days Ashburnhamites find themselves stuck to the fake leather sofas."



term. Members from every year group enjoyed choreographing bacchic rituals together under the guidance of our 'avant-garde' Sixth Form. Our Head of Sports, a strong believer in eliminating discrimination in sports, personally exercised a solely 'man-on-woman' marking policy during House Netball. Although this caused some dismay in the other Houses, we supported our representative in his endeavours to work towards his ideals. Several Ashburnhamites are also taking part in the school's mock election.

The third occurred in House Football, where Ashburnham shocked a complacent Rigaud's side after winning on penalties against Dryden's in the first round. This, we felt, was the real triumph in the tournament and we relished it accordingly. In short, Ashburnham have had an eventful year. "We've got three syllables."



WREN'S

■ This has been a fantastic year for Wren's with the House enjoying great success. Mr. Wurr proved himself, from the very start, very able and organised in his first year as Housemaster. We started off brilliantly with Wren's making the second round of the House Singing competition, performing Robbie Williams' 'Rock DJ', undeservedly missing out on a placing in the final. Newcomers to the House also settled in well with the Sixth Form girls producing a brilliant American bake stall for September Saturday which raised a huge sum of money for this year's charity.

In sporting terms we again surpassed ourselves and managed to take the lead in the House Football quarter-finals against the favourites, only to lose harrowingly

on penalties. In House Netball we comfortably made it to the final for the third year running but our winning streak came to an end against a strong Dryden's team in the final. We also managed to come third in Sports Day which is a fantastic result, the best for many years.

The Wren's Remove will be thoroughly missed next year as brilliant role models to the years below, metaphorical boots which the current Sixth Form will no doubt thrive in. We are also very sad to say goodbye to Dr. Katz who has been a member of the House for many of his 35 years at the school, tutoring generations of Westminsterers. We wish him well and good luck with his new position in Oxford.



WREN'S: "This has been a fantastic year for Wren's with the house enjoying great success"



DRYDEN'S

■ This year shone a new light on Dryden's, no longer the House that just wins all the trophies but also one with enough spirit to liven the dead. It saw our first-ever successful expedition up School to compete in House Singing finals, which was truly a memorable experience for everyone there that night.

Dryden's drama production of 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest' saw a range of years embrace their lunacy and so convincingly that, once again, we reached the final of another tournament.

Each year group has shown their mettle this year, displaying phenomenal performances in a number of categories. For example the 5th form and Lower Shell have for the third year running held onto the 'Junior Six-A-Side Football'

DRYDEN'S: "Claiming the House Netball trophy after it had cruelly been prized out of our grasp by the *House That Shall Not Be Named*."



trophy; the Upper Shell won their category for the 'Towpath'; and the Sixth Form and Remove planted another flag in the territories of Westminster claiming the House Netball trophy after it had cruelly been prized out of our grasp by the *House That Shall Not Be Named*. And of course who could forget the collective effort for the House Chess trophy, to add to the already cluttered mantelpiece?

Another exhilarating example of the inspirational strength of Drydenites was shown in the Senior Six-A-Side House Football. With a depleted team due to injury, Dryden's gave a truly heroic performance; accomplishing our best performance in years by reaching the final and only narrowly losing to the (professionally-aided) Busby's side.

Next Year we will sorely miss Dr Boulton who is taking up the position of Under Master. In the past five years Dr Boulton has transformed Dryden's from half a corridor to an whole empire with the trophies and the heads of opponents to show for it; we wish him the best of luck.

MILNE'S

■ Dr Hartley took over from Dr Walsh as Housemaster this year, and has ensured Milne's House Spirit rages unabated. The annual sponsored house walk in early September meant we all trundled off from Hampton Court to Richmond along the Thames in aid of Trinity Hospice, the main House charity, and provided a good opportunity for the new Sixth Form to integrate.

This year, a spot in the House Singing final proved elusive (indeed, some may say, unjust) [see *James Ware's valedictory to House Singing elsewhere in this section, Ed.*], but following this travesty our Drama Festival play 'The Actor's Nightmare' was especially popular and very narrowly missed out on a second performance in the final evening. Glossing swiftly over House Netball, we came fourth in House Football, although a keen pundit later noted, "we didn't score quite enough goals", but, as the Towpath and Bringsty relay winners, we've still brought home a fair quantity of silverware.

Fiercely competitive House Quizzes at Christmas and Easter were a chance to dazzle each other with our (lack of) general knowledge, and the House Concert, shared with our close neighbours Ashburnham, featured a star performance from our very own Doc Hartley!

Our domestic improvements are both avant-garde and extravagant:

MILNE'S:

"Our domestic improvements are both avant-garde and extravagant: our new electronic noticeboards are surprisingly orange."

our new electronic noticeboards are surprisingly orange, and a shiny new toaster has found its way into the senior day room, making a House a home and all that.

PURCELL'S

■ Over the summer, Purcell's was subject to a huge overhaul – not only were many of the rooms redecorated and the whole House painted, but the new management was settling in. As well as 11 new Sixth Formers joining, easily outnumbering the 8 Removes, Doctor Ward-Smith, Mr Jones and Tristan (not forgetting George the cat,) took residence in number 5. Having said goodbye to the Harrises at the end of last year, (after fifteen years), we Removes now had to show everyone the ropes – and quickly, because this, like last, has been a very busy year.

Other than our day-to-day house life, including the weekly trip to the TV room to enjoy "Glee" on our new flat-screen TV, once again Purcell's has participated in several House events this year. House Singing was not as successful as we would have liked, given that we didn't qualify for the final, but the House definitely got to know each other a lot better over the course of the rehearsals. House Drama, a new competition, unveiled some hidden theatrical ability in several of the girls, especially Emma Fairhurst, who won the Best Actress award for the whole competition. Congratulations go to all the girls involved for producing a very slick piece of drama. Carnations Day coincided with the House Drama competition, so February was



a very busy month. Nonetheless we managed to spread the Valentine's Day love around Westminster (with the invaluable knowledge and help of by matron!) and raised over £1100, to be split between two charities, both with connections to girls in Purcell's.

More recently, we had the House Netball competition – which was great fun for all. Before the event, we had a House Netball bonding evening, which every member of the House attended, even those who had never played netball before, and was the basis for the selection of our team. Even though the team did not make it further than the heats, we reconciled ourselves in that we won a game, despite the average height of the team being by far the lowest in the competition! We also proved that we are the most dedicated sporting House, given that we fielded the only girls' team in the Bringsty Relay this year – well done us! Still to come this year for Purcell's is our Soirée and Athletic Sports, for which we have high hopes after our 4x100m relay team did especially well last year, and hope to do so again.

So Doctor Ward-Smith has had to hit the ground running with her House-mastering (which proved quite literally impossible at the start given that her foot was in a cast for the first term and a half!) but she has done a great job and Purcell's is as busy and bustling as ever, and will continue to be under her management. And as for George, the real new master of number 5, he is having a great time too – 20 girls to come and give him a back-rub whenever he so desires – bliss!

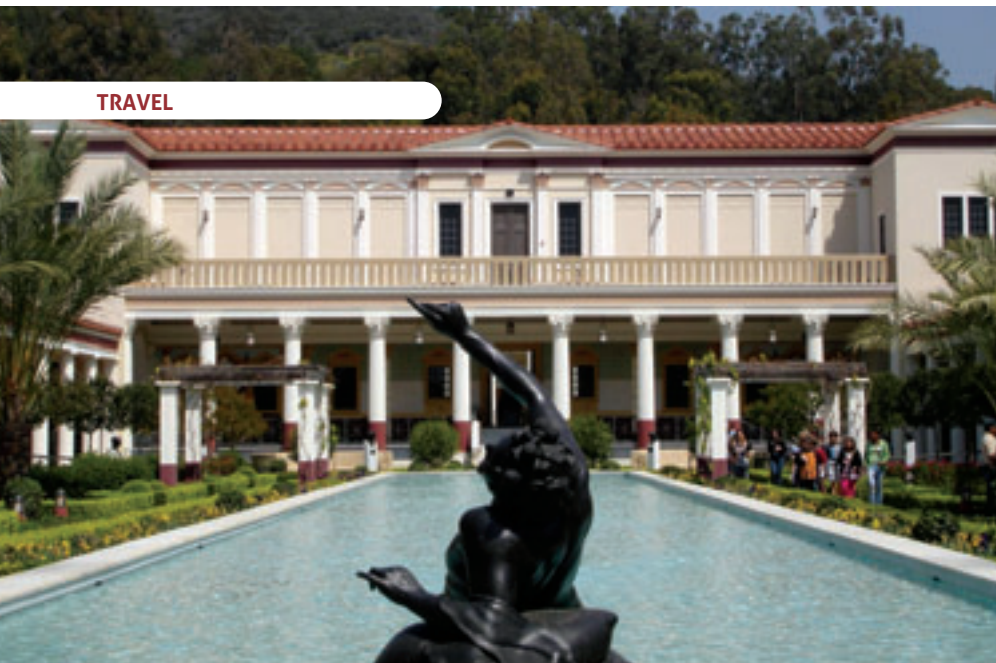




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TRIP REPORTS PHILIP HENDY AWARDS

In 2009 the travel bursary for Art History was awarded to Eliza Easton (HH), who went to Los Angeles, and to James Ware (MM), who went to Beijing.

LOS ANGELES ELIZA EASTON (HH)

■ The Philip Hendy prize is something special. It allows the winner to pick a destination and use the generous award to immerse themselves in the culture of that place. But to me it was so much more than that. The prestige that accompanied the grant given by Westminster meant that the doors of not only the museums I visited, but to unopened exhibitions and even a research library for senior academics were flung open.

Using the grant of £1000 I travelled to Los Angeles to do research for my Remove project on the life of John Paul Getty. Once called the “richest man on earth”, he used the wealth he amassed during the Great Depression to collect impressive antiquities, French nineteenth century furniture and paintings.

More than that, Getty was an extraordinary individual. Although followed for much of his life by rumours of Nazi affinities and tragedy in the shape of his grandson’s abduction, he was committed not only to improving his own cultural education, but that of those who had grown up near him, in his hometown of Los Angeles.

To me, this is what makes Getty so interesting: his passion for bringing ‘culture’ back to his country. So it was fascinating, with the help of the grant, to go and see how he did this, first with the Ranch House, where he kept his first small collection and later with his Villa. The Ranch House is not normally open to the public but after I sent a letter to one of the curators describing the prize I was invited to take a look around with her. Although the house has been renovated beyond recognition, the courtyard retains the famous monkeys that were the centrepiece to

his collection before he moved it inside, fearing the, albeit rare, L.A. rain. It now houses the offices, photography studios and research library for the Getty Villa. I am planning to pursue History of Art next year and it was useful to see the curatorial side of things.

The actual Villa was impressive too: with an excellent range of antiquities and an opportunity to look at a new exhibition being set up, it was certainly a highlight of the trip. The Getty Center was also fantastic, and using a letter from the school I was able briefly to visit their incredible research library. At this point a fire broke out in the forest surrounding the museum which led to an evacuation. Unfortunately, I was the only visitor without a car. This necessitated a six-mile walk through poison ivy, but a non-fat iced-soy chai-latte saw me right and I was able to manage the Los Angeles County Museum of Art the next day. In fact I was able, over the next two weeks, to explore fully the Los Angeles cultural world. The prize provided an independence which enabled me to travel from museum to museum as I pleased, often deviating from my highly regulated timetable. I visited the Museum of Contemporary Art, the Norton Simon Museum and the Palm Springs Art Museum, as well as some of the impressive sculpture gardens that this forgotten cultural hotspot has to offer.

My tan may not have been impressive, most of my expedition being spent in museums, but it was truly one of the most interesting and liberating trips of my school career. I would like to thank all the History of Art teachers, as well as Philip Hendy, for inspiring such a unique and brilliant prize.



BEIJING JAMES WARE (MM)

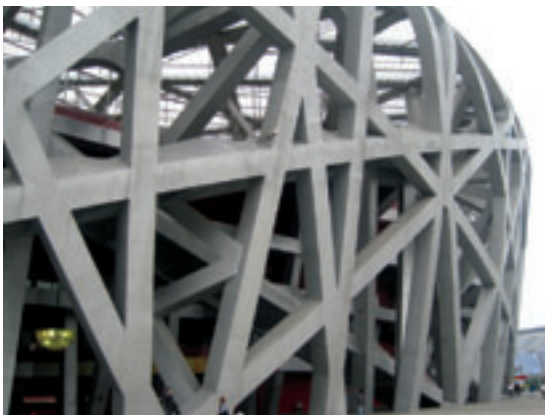
■ Ever since a renowned Art History personality announced my name as winner of this prize, I had been looking forward to my evenings of obsessive internet research finally paying off in a perfect trip to research the architecture of the 2008 Olympic Stadia. So when I landed in Beijing several months later I was, unsurprisingly, sick with excitement.

I soon caught my first glimpses of the stadia I had travelled here to see. I was simply blown away by these two sporting temples and equally fascinated by the number of Chinese tourists who wanted my photograph!

For dinner, I met Lucy Hiu, a student whom I had contacted from London and she took me to her favourite spot, under the bright lights of Hohai Lake. I tucked into the local specialities.

The next morning it was straight to the landmark synonymous with Communist China, Tiananmen Square. I enjoyed taking in the spectacular Forbidden City with an audio guide informing me of its history. I then went to the very different National Centre for the Performing Arts. Only a five minute walk away, this building resembles a giant egg and stands in the middle of an artificial lake. After booking my tickets for an opera there, I explored some local *hutongs* full of market stalls, before sampling the compulsory Peking Duck at a restaurant with pictures on the walls of George Bush and Che Guevara also sampling the dish. Later I made my way to the Temple of Heaven, a stunning example of ancient Chinese architecture which had clearly inspired the stadia, with its distinctive repeated use of square and circle motifs.

I had to rise early the next day, for the long journey to the Great Wall of China.



The Wall was unbelievably beautiful and I am still preaching that everybody ought to visit it as it really must be one of the most wondrous landmarks in the world. That evening my student friend took me to a local restaurant where I enjoyed such delicacies as jellyfish in vinegar, which, I must admit, I'm not surprised hasn't caught on at chippies here. We walked around the stadia at night which were even more mesmerising lit up.

I also got to see the interior of the Water Cube, before revisiting the inside of the Bird's Nest. In this magical space, I had a little time to meditate on the whole experience. Not for long though; I needed to do some crucial research at the informative Museum of Ancient Architecture.

Next stop was the Summer Palace where I met my student friend again. In line with local custom she insisted on taking photos of me in front of everything we visited.

We set off to see the opera at the National Centre for the Performing Arts only to be thwarted by the Chinese state's decision to close off central Beijing for their rehearsal of the 60th Anniversary Parade. Disappointment aside, I did see more tanks than I'd ever seen on television in my lifetime. It gave me a new understanding of the true power of modern China.

We had our last supper at a traditional restaurant where you cooked your own food in a broth before exchanging gifts and bidding each other farewell.

I was sorry to leave Beijing after a trip which was everything that I expected it to be and so much more. Seeing the glorious stadia and other examples of mind-blowing Chinese architecture in reality filled me with a passion that has fuelled me through my Pre-U research project. I am already dreaming of my next trip!

GOLD DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD EXPEDITION 2009 RAIN IN WALES SHOCK!

At the end of an extremely busy Election Term, three groups piled into sweltering minibuses to go to the Brecon Beacons. We had all completed our training earlier in the year, either in Skye or the Black Mountains, and as such we all felt entirely prepared for the 4-day venture we were about to undertake. How wrong we were, concedes Isabel Reicher (PP).

There were two all-girl groups and one all male and as such, it felt very much like it should be a boys-versus-girls affair. But a little into the expedition my group realised that it would be a victory in itself to complete the walk, and we would have to put all our efforts into our own activity rather than competitive strategies.

Day one was absolutely beautiful (one person suffered sun-burn that lasted till September!); we were able to appreciate the Welsh scenery in all its glory, our feet were gloriously blister-free and our morale sky-high. When we got to our campsite we were astounded at the density of sheep in the next-door field, which were so loud we genuinely heard the location of our campsite long before we saw it!

Day two showed us the kind of weather we had expected – cloud and drizzle. Given that morale is so important, this was not very helpful. We had our longest route on day two and so when we eventually reached the campsite, we were ecstatic at the thought that half our walking was over (and that our guide had left us with some instant hot chocolate sachets – bliss!).

Day three proved to be our most “extreme” route – we had to climb steeper

mountains and walk along higher ridges than on any other day. Thick mist and heavy rain were unhelpful, especially for one member of our group who discovered that her water-proof trousers weren't. The campsite, disappointingly, sold delicious-looking cream teas, which we weren't allowed to buy, and instead we had to make do with our (less appetising) boil-in-a-bag suppers.

Day four was the only day when our group got lost, but it didn't matter because the sun was shining once again. We made it to the end very quickly when we heard talk of ice-cold lemonade awaiting us at the pub that served as our finishing line. The sense of achievement as we sat down to enjoy said lemonade was amazing. Our feet were blistered, we were hungry and exhausted, and yet we all found energy to tell the other groups our stories from the last four days, and to hear theirs.

Thanks to Dr Prentice for organising the whole expedition and our local guides Tom and Robbie – for continued support, blister first-aid and supplies of chocolate digestives, without which I don't think I would be here writing this!



“The campsite, disappointingly, sold delicious-looking cream teas, which we weren't allowed to buy.”



SANTIAGO CHILE EXCHANGE

The four weeks I spent in Santiago in August with my exchange partner, now a great friend, were among the most rewarding, interesting and above all enjoyable weeks of my life, declares James Crandall (DD).

I was collected by Mattias, his father and his grandfather and was introduced to my first Chilean cultural experience – an afternoon ‘asado’, a barbeque, but which in Chile means of a large family gathering involving an awful lot of meat. I was thankful for such a relaxing first weekend because come Monday morning, it was time to work. The six Westminsterers attended classes like any other pupil at the school: we wore uniform and played sports, even participating in the annual school day celebration. Working from 8 until 4, we had little free time, but that was offset by both after-school activities and an insight into Chilean social life on the weekends.

Our presumption that we wouldn’t have to do prep was gravely mistaken. After we all received our first bollocking for not handing in our work, our efforts tripled. I had a maths test every week, studied Romantic literature, performed a group piece in Music and learnt about the intricacies of the immune system, all in Spanish. Learning about subjects in a different language immersed me in the language and vastly increased my vocabulary. Their broad curriculum allowed me to study subjects such as Biology, Music and indeed English which I’d had to drop at A-level. I was amazed at how tantalising it was to have a taste of all of those subjects, particularly at A-level standard.

I’m going to miss the way the school was run. Although similar to Westminster, there were several cultural and administrative differences, some of which I would love to import. Their annual school day celebration

was a particular highlight, where year 8 and above competed over two days, in activities ranging from inter-year football, dodge ball and volleyball to gaming console competitions. For those of you familiar with Guitar Hero, and considering the exchange for the coming year, I defy any of you to beat the kids in Chile; they are in a league of their own. Everyone in the school crammed into the main hall for the performances, watching year groups humiliate themselves with a dance routine in a heart-warming and good-natured way. The sense of community was tangible, perhaps due to the gated nature of the school, or maybe just an inherently Chilean cultural affinity.

Socially, it was just as hectic, and arguably more fun. Within minutes of our arrival we were invited to our first Chilean party, and included in most of the activities our peers got up to in the weeks thereafter. After being in the same school for four years, it was incredibly refreshing to immerse myself in a new social circle and make new friends, some of whom I really miss. At their parties we also encountered another example of Chilean openness – their love of dancing, albeit to questionable music. I discovered standing around awkwardly to be a distinctly British pastime as I was constantly pulled onto the dance floor time and time again, self-consciousness left at home, the hosts’ ability to dance raunchily (referred to as ‘burning clothes’ on account of the friction involved) quite remarkable.

It was without a doubt the most eye-opening and exciting month I’ve ever had.



CHILE: “For those of you familiar with Guitar Hero, and considering the exchange for the coming year, I defy any of you to beat the kids in Chile; they are in a league of their own.”

My language improved vastly, and while not fluent, I can definitely hold a conversation, while my cultural awareness grew even more. Huge thanks to The Grange School for inviting us to share such a fantastic experience.



CLIMBING IN CATALONIA EXCEEDING EXPECTATION

From the start, all of us were in agreement: sun, food and soaring scenery, Catalunya had it all, offers a smiling Sacha Mehta (QSS).



CATALUNYA: "Some of us had also subjected our skin to unimaginable horrors on the sharp rocks, giving the best possible evidence for all our exertions."



■ What's more, over our four nights in the charming old village of Eroles, we would be interspersing Pyrenean climbing with just the right mix of poolside relaxation and five-a-side football. All of us got on well, we had possibly the best combination of accompanying teachers, and many of the older climbers assured us that the instructors were some of the nicest we could possibly meet.

We were right, but Catalonia exceeded our expectations. After an uncertain flight to Barcelona, and a shaky start (delays, glasses lost mysteriously in lakes), things could only get better as we discovered the wonders of Spanish soft drinks (Trina) and Catalan vegan cuisine (the things one can do without meat!). Of course, to get a quick fix of chorizo and other assorted regional cured meats, we had the supermercados at our disposition, whenever we left the small hilltop village that already felt like home.

We stayed with our instructors, Gee, Ella and Catalonian Carol, in a large, beautiful house, decorated with the latter's own personal touch, of which we had heard many strange stories. Its uncanny, artistic feel and fantastic colour-coded rooms (complete with fake mirrors, a bidet on the toilet wall, eerie lighting and an oddly placed tree) enlivened our nights in Eroles, and ensured that we left with photographic memories of our time in Catalonia.

And what of the climbing? Well, we had variety, quantity and quality

in plentiful supply, as we moved on to different spots for all of our three 4-hour climbing sessions, with, at times, up to 7 or 8 different routes for the ten of us to choose from. These ranged from the soft to the truly challenging, allowing every single boy to be sufficiently challenged. Afterwards, not only did we have stiff muscles to show for our toil, but some of us had also subjected our skin to unimaginable horrors on the sharp rocks, giving the best possible evidence for all our exertions.

With the bright Spanish sun shining and the Catalonian scenery doing it justice, however, none of us minded in the slightest. We concentrated rather on savouring our time swimming in lakes, playing riverside Frisbee, or testing our football skills against what looked more like the FC Barcelona youth team than a bunch of talented locals (a 10–1 defeat, but a most enjoyable experience nevertheless) or among ourselves (a tense affair of frustrating crossbar rebounds, gory tackles, and sweet one–twos).

Every part of this expedition was as enjoyable as the next, and even the car journeys, spent debating everything from religion to the most worthy Catalonian football team, via 'the best way to present an anagram', ensured that we left with more than just a burgeoning love for the people and language, a bagful of fond memories, photographs and a strong suntan.



GLIDING IN YORKSHIRE TO INFINITY AND BEYOND

On a clear day, the view from the Perspex canopy of an ASK 21 glider three thousand feet above the small Yorkshire town of Pocklington stretches from the Pennines in the West to the sea at Flamborough Head, gulps 'Janus Puchacz' (RR).

■ Being able to see the English landscape from this perspective was certainly one attraction of the August gliding trip. However, refreshed after six weeks of summer holiday, we seven pupils, along with Doctors Boulton and Agyare-Kwabi, wanted something a little less relaxing and static than a fine view. Happily, our two instructors were able to supply each of us with about twenty flights over the five days. Their teaching methods were undoubtedly brilliant. For being called 'a bloody Southern pansy' by a large Yorkshireman is not a pleasant experience. And this is no less the case when he is disapproving of your rudder movements in a glider's cockpit with the only thing separating you from him being the altimeter, and when you do not really know how to use the parachute. After about four seconds of flying you make very few mistakes.

There were also tractors to drive for retrieving landed gliders, steak pies, Northern slang to learn, and every morning, to markedly improve (apparently) the aero-dynamics, a night's worth of droppings left by the hangar's other aerial inhabitants to clean off the fibre-glass wings. Despite these distractions, by the end of the week we could all take off, fly a circuit with some thermalling along the way, and land, un-aided and un-prompted. I thought it one of the most satisfying and potentially addictive experiences possible – at least in Yorkshire. And in case that was not enough, the last flight for each of us gave the instructors a chance to show off their aerobatics skills. We were provided with several 'g's of acceleration in the loops, aching eyeballs and violently sagging cheeks, and permanent memories of a fantastic week.

GLIDING: "I thought it one of the most satisfying and potentially addictive experiences possible – at least in Yorkshire."



MUNICH EXCHANGE 2009 BEFORE AND AFTER SHOTS

We can all remember each other's apprehensive faces at Heathrow; months, we thought, never went quickly, confess Dan Cornwell (BB), Jocelyn Turton (QSS), Alex Russman (BB), Ali Grodzki (PP) collectively.

■ But months in a foreign country on a school trip speaking an unfamiliar language were bound to go even slower. Mr Hennig took a group 'before' photo, and the faces were a grim mix of forced smiles and concealed regret.

The worries deepened as we arrived in Munich airport. Delayed bags and a thunderstorm did not calm what was an already very anxious group of students, though the words of comfort (in German by this point) from Mr. Hennig did ease the first stages of transition. We soon spotted our respective exchanges, and immediately the world seemed a thousand times friendlier – they spoke slowly, offered to carry our bags, and most importantly, they were wearing broad grins.

The next four weeks were some of the best and most formative that we'd ever had. We were all based in 'Puchheim', a small, leafy suburb of Munich that looked wonderful in the sunshine. We fell into a fantastic routine that made the days fly by all too speedily: German school most mornings, bleary-eyed and holding packed lunches lovingly made by our acting parents, while the afternoon held excursions through Munich, from art galleries to breweries, lots of reading, and lots of food. Evenings would be spent chatting the hours away with our exchanges or their parents, a pastime that only got easier and more sought-after as our seemingly brief time in Munich



MUNICH: "The next four weeks were some of the best and most formative that we'd ever had."



VENICE: "Our large group of boys attracted endless attention from the guards."

continued. The weekends consisted of nights out and trips to local landmarks. It was surreal: the timetable planned by the Westminster German department, the cycling around leafy Bavaria in glorious weather, the fact that we all lived close enough to visit either each other or our German counterparts unannounced, and the love and care shown by all those we came into contact with.

We'd all like to thank the German department for making this long-standing tradition possible and devoting so much of their time and effort into bettering our German and giving us the opportunity to experience a different life. Mr Hennig and Dr Baughan performed great feats of organisation, generosity and patience, for which we are indebted to them. Thanks also to Frau Wagner-Schwarz from the Puchheim Gymnasium school for doing the same, and thanks finally to the families who so warmly accepted us into their homes. Our gratitude to them goes far beyond their keeping us in good health – without exception they made the homes in which we stayed a wonderful place to be and to learn German.

The group assembled on our final morning with partners from both sides being forced to say goodbyes. Mr Hennig took the 'after' photo. Our faces were a bittersweet mix of great happiness at having had the unique trip and unmistakable sadness that it had to come to an end when we had been feeling that we could happily stay there for the rest of our lives.



VENICE EXPEDITION GUARDING THE GUGGENHEIM

We arrived by boat early in the evening, giving us an excellent view of Venice by night, us well as showing us just how many mosquitoes can live in a swamp. But despite these blood-sucking pests we were still able to catch a glimpse of the unique architecture, concedes Jack Boardman (DD).

Nowhere is this better shown than in St Mark's Square, which we visited the following day, as well as both the massive Basilica di San Marco and the Doge's Palace. There we saw how Venice takes its architecture not only from ancient Rome but also from the Byzantine Empire. Both the Basilica and the Doge's Palace are very different from the churches and palaces of other Italian cities; the Basilica resembles an orthodox cathedral and the Doge's Palace is specifically built to represent how the people of Venice held the power rather than an autocrat.

The next day we sped into the world of modern art with a visit to the Peggy Guggenheim Institute, one of the greatest collections of modern art in the world. What makes this institute so special is the fact that the paintings and sculptures are presented as if it was still Peggy Guggenheim's house rather than an art gallery. Despite the incredible value of the art exhibited it is not behind glass. Because of this our large group of boys attracted endless attention from the guards: we had a grand total of four following us!

As well as going to Venice we also went to the island of Torcello which at one point was a city even larger than the fledgling Venice but was turned into a ghost town by a series of plagues. It now has very few inhabitants but still contains some churches and a large bell tower which one can go up in order to gain a view of the Venice and the surrounding islands.

It just remains for me to thank Mr Street and Ms Jorgenson for taking us on a thoroughly enjoyable and educational trip.

SEPTEMBER EXPEDITIONS AT PLAS MENAI RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND

Slicing through the water at white-knuckle speed, you've lost control and you're heading towards the concrete slipway when your crew notices a sizeable green buoy with a spike on top pointing out of the water not more than two metres away, bawls a damp Michael Clark (RR).

Swiftly ducking to avoid it, a sudden gust takes your boat from an unexpected side, forcing it onto a dangerously steep angle. There are five ropes within reach, only one of which will slow you down. In the second before you're in the water you grab it, only to realise that not one but two of your crew are sitting on it...

■ Welcome to the memorable experience that is the annual school expedition to the National Watersports Centre at Plas Menai on the Menai Straits. On arrival we were assigned a Pico dinghy each, given a crash course in rigging for those who didn't know already, and towed down the Menai Straits to a cove, known for obvious reasons as 'Bungalow Bay'. Those who had never sailed before were quite safe, as the winds and current were minimal compared to the rest of the Straits. However, there was more than the odd splash. In fact, the first person to leave shore and attempt the simple figure-of-eight course capsized in less than four seconds. Even for experienced sailors the course took some getting used to – on the first day everyone capsized at least once.

The second day we ventured further out into the main body of the Straits and sailed triangular courses, doing more than just sailing up and down along straight line. All the Lower Shells, who had been sailing the day before, continued with it, as did the Upper Shells with their windsurfing. With a few breaks for theory, this continued all day.

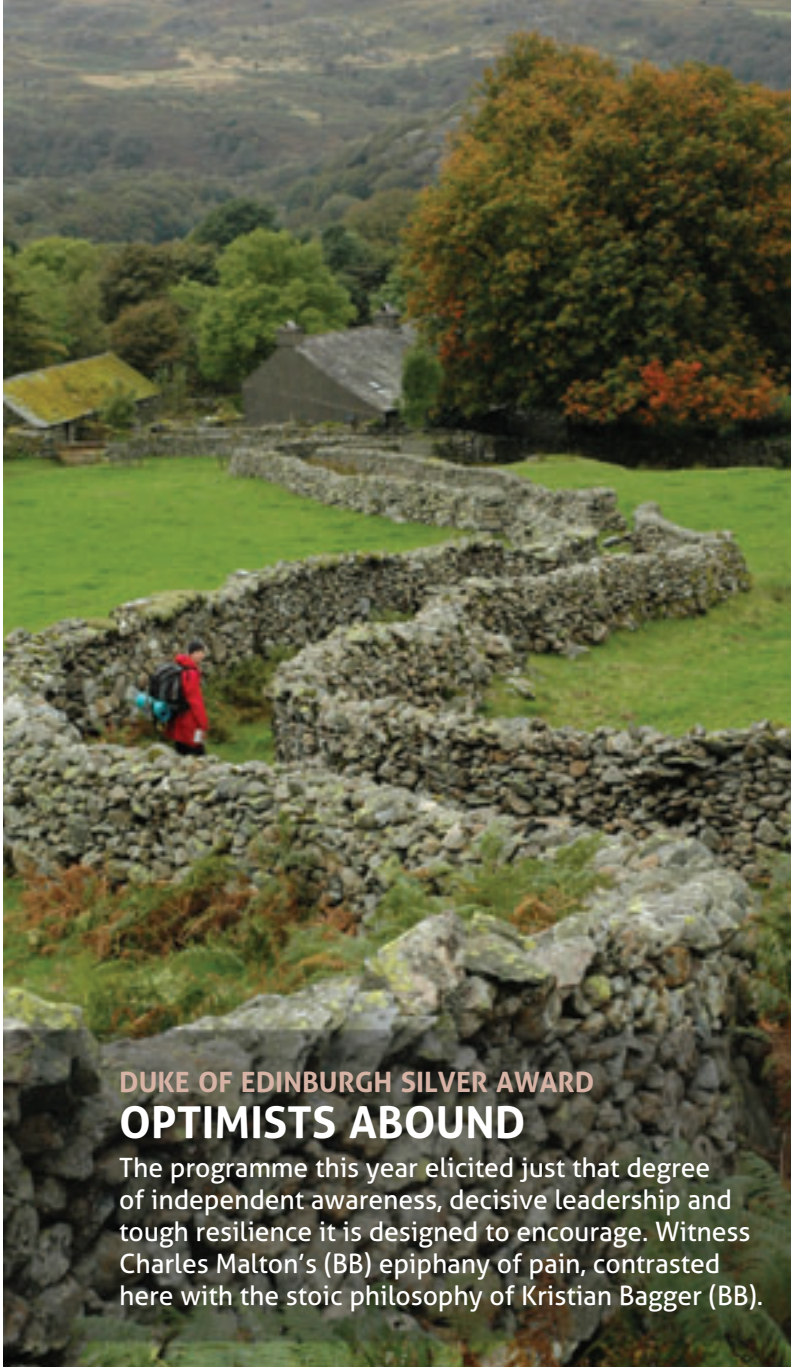
Things got a little more interesting on the third day. We had been told we were going to begin racing and that at lunchtime half the Upper Shell were going to switch from windsurfing to join us. We set about the morning's three races with a will. I won two and Toby Goodman walked away easily with the second race. An exciting afternoon followed, in which we and the new Upper Shells braved the racing current and gusts that run down the middle of the Straits to cross to the Isle of Anglesea, which certainly took some doing! There we continued on a far more tricky triangle course race. We had five more races, the winners of which have sadly been forgotten.

Arguably the best was yet to come. We knew Friday was our final day, but as we walked to our Picos, we were told we would instead be sailing a boat that goes three times faster – the Dart 16 catamaran. Excited, we took these out in groups of three, informally racing one another along the straight course. Then we decided to make a break for the nearest town. We almost made it too, but moments before we entered the marina one of the instructors came racing up, unsportingly, in a speedboat to tell us in no uncertain terms to go back, at which point the incident chronicled in the first paragraph occurred.

Evidently, we lived to tell the tale and having received various certificates and said goodbye to our instructors, we returned sadly to London wondering where all the water and speed had gone.



PLAS MANAI: "Then we decided to make a break for the nearest town."



PEAK DISTRICT: "People sometimes say, 'It can only get better from here'. People are wrong. The next day, I ran out of snacks."

DUKE OF EDINBURGH SILVER AWARD OPTIMISTS ABOUND

The programme this year elicited just that degree of independent awareness, decisive leadership and tough resilience it is designed to encourage. Witness Charles Malton's (BB) epiphany of pain, contrasted here with the stoic philosophy of Kristian Bagger (BB).



■ Why? cries Charles. That was the one word that echoed in our thoughts as we pulled sodden jumpers from our grime-ridden rucksacks and trudged off once more in the direction of yet another nameless peak in the Lake District. Why, in a society that has not only invented the car but has also discovered the benefits of permanent shelter, were we participating in this ludicrous alpine exercise?

It had all appeared so simple in Weston's nine months earlier – a pleasant ramble over some scenic countryside, with a royal certificate to boot. Then we reached Langdale. No, there was no B&B to sneak off to; no, there was no handy mountaintop café: it was just us and the sheep. And when we got back to base? Well, no one but our beloved mountain leaders would think that a full 'Kit Check and Return' was an enjoyable way to celebrate the conclusion of the most exhausting three days of one's life; indeed, only they would think that those three days were fun in the first place. Some of us even questioned whether this was merely a stress-management course in disguise.

So what did we learn from this apparently 'educational' experience? Aside from an in-depth knowledge of the optimum angles for tent-pole erection, the only thing that I 'discovered about

myself' was that if the Duke of Edinburgh becomes King, I'm leaving the country...

Though Charles may be slightly sceptical about the experience, I personally learnt many new things during the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, a few of which I'll share with you now, offers a reborn Kristian.

First, never defy Charles, affectionately known amongst our group as 'Der Fuhrer' when he hasn't had a good night's sleep. On the first day, we took ourselves along at a leisurely pace, the sun was out, and everyone was happy. But I later realised that was because we had been sleeping on beds the previous night. After our first night under canvas, I was greeted by a guttural moan from the tent next to me. Charles had forgotten his teabags, one of the two things that he couldn't live without (a newspaper being the other). Once started, we soon found ourselves walking *much faster*, perhaps instinctively, as Charles stalked behind, muttering incoherently and occasionally barking a command. From then on, things only went downhill, though, sadly, not literally.

The first day had been bearable, probably because it was relatively flat. But later it felt as if we never stopped climbing uphill, no matter

how much higher we went. This is, I realised, an immutable fact of life, as is the fact that when things get bad, it starts to rain. When we finally reached the campsite, bedraggled and exhausted, just before nightfall, we were faced with the impossibility of putting up a tent which seemed to have shrunk in the wet.

People sometimes say, 'It can only get better from here'. People are wrong. The next day, I ran out of snacks. While I wasn't too worried about how I'd suffer without a regular energy intake, imagine the despair when I realised that I would now have nothing but instant noodles to eat for two days.

Over the next few days, we would trek across mountains, leap nimbly across (or in some cases, fall clumsily into) streams, witness some of the loveliest vistas I have ever seen, scramble down rocky cliffs, and guiltily hop over fences. It was hard work, though the friendliness of the people we met was very enjoyable and helped me to muster the strength to continue when things were tough.

There were plenty of good things about the D of E scheme, too. I've become better friends with my team mates, I've seen some beautiful landscapes, and I've had a great time into the bargain, though it was tough, and I could barely bring myself to get up each morning. But would I do it again? Not a chance.



RUSSIA 2009

ADMIRING COMMUNISM AND CATHEDRALS

As Westminster's Russianists, we had it all before us, as we embarked upon an memorable, exhaustive six-day tour of Russia, claim Charles-Edward Sealy (RR) and Sacha Mehta (QSS), recalling the October trip.

■ Red Square, more vast and striking than we could ever have imagined, was presented to us in the afternoon and at night, and photos filled up many an SD card.

In such a culturally and historically rich city as Moscow, idleness was a crime; having just assimilated St Basil's Cathedral's splendour, we were next confronted by Russia's second largest collection of art, and all its stories.

Of course, no visit to a city so steeped in history would be complete without viewing its origins, and those of its rulers, starting with the Kremlin. Beside sombre administrative buildings, Cathedral Square, a snapshot of the Tsar's whole lifetime (birth, upbringing, coronation and death, all in the same place), gave us, through its many, well, cathedrals, another insight into the splendour of Russian art.

Nestled in the city centre, Kitai Gorod ('Chinatown', we remarked, offhand: 'Stick-Town', corrected our guide, Elena), the birthplace of the Romanovs, was unassuming, and in this, the site of the first embassy to Russia (British), Russian design's tradition of imitating Western styles was revealed. Later, the Museum of Moscow's delightfully enthusiastic guide immersed us in the history of Muscovy. Next, to Novodevichy Cemetery, where everyone worth their salt was buried (actors, composers, generals, authors).

However, to feel the Moscow vibe, one must go up city, and stop and stare, awestruck, at huge, chandelier-and-mosaic-clad metro stations, heaving with sculptures and depictions of famous battles.

RUSSIA: "This Communist innovation, bringing palatial décor, and punctual, efficient trains to the people, had every boy admiring."



This Communist innovation, bringing palatial décor, and punctual, efficient trains to the people, had every boy admiring and, of course, photographing, every stage of the journey.

When the following day we took an overnight train to St Petersburg, the monarchy's capital, we could only wonder if it could match its modern counterpart. We were soon to find out as, cramped beyond recognition in tiny, four-berth compartments that could only have been meant for two, our minds wandered, trying to picture this famed historical city. Hours later, groggily assessing the city before us, we realised that we had failed.

As we drove down the embankment, our new guide Maria pointed out the first building of the Hermitage. We casually looked around, but as she continued ('and this is also the Hermitage'), our gapes grew progressively larger. Viewing every exhibit (and it only has space to display one-third of its items) would take nine years.



BERLIN: "We knew what Germany had in store for us: a lot of fun, some tricky grammar and arctic temperatures."

UPPER SHELL BERLIN EXCHANGE, 2009 FACEBOOK FOOD NERVES

When we received the details of our exchange partners at the end of the summer term our trip to Germany seemed so far away, but by September it hit us that at half term, we would be in Berlin, cry Milo Constable (RR) and Nick Williams (MM).

It was most pleasing too, to visit the real 'Piter', as the locals call their city. Accordingly, every lunch break, we hit the town, taking advantage of its many cafés, feverishly buying souvenirs, all the while delighting in seeing who could pass as a Russian longest!

The contrast we observed daily when returning to our hotel on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, was astounding. As we left the town centre, we passed inhabited but clearly unfinished, towering, other-worldly blocks of flats, missing features often just replaced with a tarpaulin.

Our long-suffering teachers, fully aware, no doubt, that too many museums and not enough lively atmospheres would make us very dull boys indeed, had planned evening expeditions to jazz clubs and Russian folklore shows, to the extent that, as is always the mark of an immensely successful trip, we felt ourselves 'very Russian' at the end of it!

■ At Heathrow, typical blokish thoughts were circulating: 'My exchange partner looks way fitter than yours' or 'Oh no... How am I going to have any fun stuck with a German family for a week?' The anxieties and banter continued onto the plane and into Tegel airport. Suddenly it hit us that we were actually just about to spend a week with people with whom our only previous contact was a brief Facebook conversation asking us what food we liked. We were about to immerse ourselves in Berlin. I think it would be fair to say that even the most suave were feeling butterflies crashing inside.

After an insightful weekend during which we explored the lesser-known Berlin with the expertise of our ever-helpful exchanges, we knew what Germany had in store for us: a lot of fun, some tricky grammar and arctic temperatures (the last-minute decision to pack a coat was definitely worth the thought!). Berlin is a unique city and Herr Hennig and Dr. Baughan were on a mission to make sure we saw nearly all of it. The sight-seeing was undertaken with typical German efficiency; we took in the magnificently modern Reichstag, the brutal but wonderful *Fernsehturm* and made an extremely eventful trip to the Berlin Zoo (just ask the crocodiles...), not to mention fascinating trips to the Brandenburg Gate and the Berlin wall; all these and more in just five days! We even had time to fit in an infamous *Currywurst* and multiple races up the stairs of U-Bahn stations, all won by Dr Baughan.

Many thanks have to go to Herr Hennig, Dr. Baughan and our wonderful language assistant Bianca Hix for managing to organise the exchange: not only did the trip improve our German, but it also helped us make new friends, appreciate a different culture, and most importantly, the trip left us with many wonderful memories. And to all you Lower Shell Germanists or those in Fifth Form thinking of taking up German, you are in for one helluva trip!

BOULDERING IN FONTAINEBLEAU

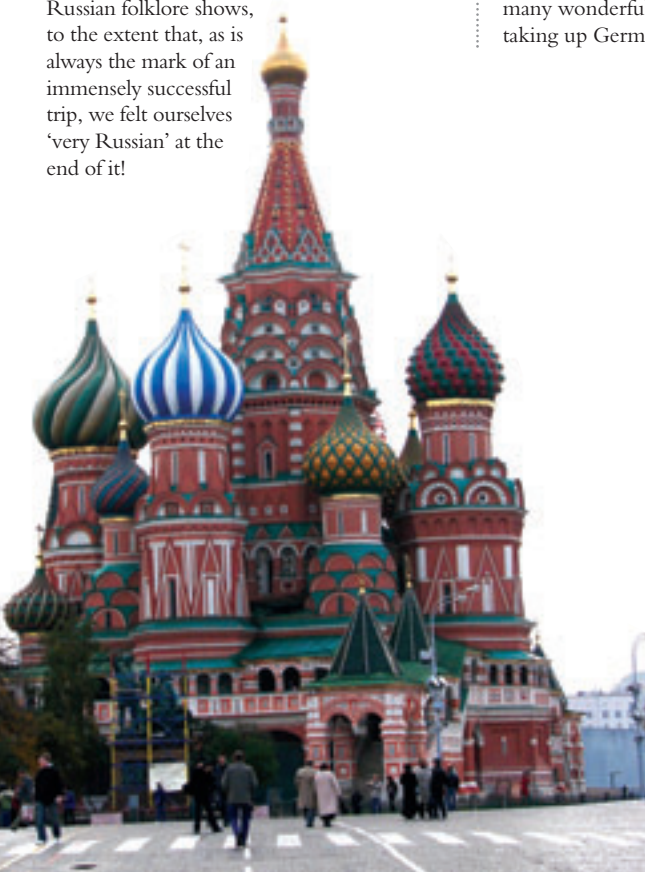
Dominic Smith (DD)

■ Last October a few dedicated climbers took the opportunity of a no-school weekend to go to the boulder-climbing mecca that is Fontainebleau. The trip started as any good climbing trip does: driving down the motorway to Dover we heard an ominous clunking sound as something released itself from the roof. We pulled over and Nick Smith (OW, former deputy head of climbing, posing as an adult and leader of our group) climbed up top to check what it was but couldn't find the source of the noise. Later we found out that it was our supply of climbing chalk which had flown off, the white powder scattering across

the motorway. We had visions of police scouring the roadway, wondering what this stuff was.

Early next morning we set out, dying for a piece of the French sandstone, and it didn't disappoint: the great boulders lay scattered round on soft sandy ground. After a solid day's climbing we headed into town. The next day we visited a new region of the forest and climbed, among others, the famous route called La Marie-Rose. A few exhausted hours later we set off home, this time unhindered by anxiety, apart from the ominously low levels of fuel in the tank.

It was a top trip and hopefully will be an annual event from now on.





UPPER SHELL SPANISH IN CÁDIZ, OCTOBER 2009 CHOCOLATE CON CHURROS, PLEASE

All things considered, it is probably fair to say that not everyone has huge expectations of school trips, claims Aidan Pinter (GG). Armed with a basic understanding of 'credit crunch' and the knowledge that our airline had gone into liquidation that very morning, we braced ourselves for a very long day of travelling. However, after the anticipated delay – more hours than Heathrow Terminal 3 could ever entertain a group of 25 boys – we finally arrived at our destination to be greeted warmly by our host families.

■ The oldest city of the Iberian Peninsula, Cádiz stunned us with its architecture – from Moorish and Baroque to Gothic and Renaissance – and, as such, its unique atmosphere and layout, the result of centuries of change and expansion; we were lucky enough to see some of the more emblematic examples during our stay in this otherwise typical Andalusian city. On one particularly memorable outing, we visited the famous *Torre Tavira*, a watchtower higher than almost all other buildings in Cádiz – both ancient and modern – equipped with a periscope rising through the roof above the city; with light reflected and passed through a series of movable lenses, a live image was projected on to a screen in front of our eyes – this was the Big Brother of 18th century Spain; after all, surveillance didn't begin in 1984!

Not all our excursions were under the supervision of *los señores* Witney and Berg: after lessons ended each morning, we were allowed free time to explore the meandering streets and quirky little alleyways of this ancient city, usually experiencing something worth joking about the following day – throwing fully clothed into the Mediterranean the only boy reluctant to go swimming when we visited the beach, for example.

During the first few days of our stay in Cádiz, we would often hear the locals rave about how particularly great the *churros* were here. But as time went by, our efforts to actually find authentic examples of this traditional Spanish pastry were anything but



CÁDIZ: "Our teachers at the Academia K2 escorted us en masse to a secluded location: at last we could sample the long-awaited chocolate con churros experience."

successful; we desperately searched every café asking – in the best Spanish we could muster – if the owners knew where they could be found, but alas in vain. It was not until the penultimate day that our teachers at the Academia K2 escorted us *en masse* to a secluded location: at last we could sample the long-awaited *chocolate con churros* experience.

Our mid-week tour of the *casco histórico* – the heart of the old city – led by Carlos, our legendary teacher and guide, was equally memorable: we laughed politely at his witty



UPPER SHELL SPANISH IN GRANADA ANDALUCIA BECKONS

In the first week of the October Exeat, a group of Upper Shell Spanish students, accompanied by Mr Craft and Miss Leech, went on a language course to Granada, the historic city in the Andalucía region of Spain, reports Ben Ireland (RR).



GRANADA: "These families were, without exception, kind and welcoming."

jokes, despite our inability to understand any of them, but he nevertheless kept us entertained and informed during the hottest and most tiring moments of our classes and city visits. The cathedral, with its awe-inspiring golden dome, provoked a number of questions, some, though, more expected and orthodox than others: 'How on earth did they build this back in 1635?' one pupil enquired; another – vexed by earlier failed endeavours – was far more concerned with the immediate problem that still faced us all at this stage: 'It's great, I love it, but where can we buy *churros*?'

■ We were based at the *Don Quijote* Language School, a welcoming and relaxed place in the heart of the city. Despite the daunting prospect of seven hours of Spanish lessons per day, the trip managed successfully to combine its two main aims: learning Spanish and enjoyment.

In addition to the language element of the trip, there were several excursions over the course of the week, designed to broaden our cultural perspective of Spain. Among these excursions there was a tour of the spectacular Alhambra, given by someone who actually worked at the Palace, and an exploration of the Albaicín, the oldest district of the city, led by one of the teachers from *Don Quijote*. There were also evening flamenco and singing classes at the school.

In addition to academic study, there was free time at lunchtime and in the afternoons for socialising, shopping or just wandering around the streets of Granada, and, with an 8.30pm curfew, ample opportunity to get to know the families we were staying with. These families were, without exception, kind and welcoming, and it gave us a genuine insight into the lifestyles of the Spanish: they spoke only Spanish, they cooked only Spanish food, and they lived in the way they normally would.

Thanks go to SC and CML for organising the trip and taking up their holiday to accompany us on what was an enjoyable and informative week, and a valuable experience for those preparing for Spanish GCSEs this summer.

ICELAND, OCTOBER 2009

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS

It had been a quiet night on the little island of Heimaey, just off the Icelandic coast. It was the 23rd of January, 1973 – deep in the heart of the Icelandic winter, and the little village lay sleeping peacefully, chronicles Christopher Leet (AHH)



ICELAND: "The result was a strange, ascetic landscape with twisting moss columns and deep moss-lined hollows."



■ It was about two in the morning when the volcano hit. An eruption fissure, a mile long, opened up just a few hundred yard from the town and started spewing out 3500 cubic feet of tephra and lava a second, effectively bulldozing a good fraction of the town.

So I didn't know quite what to expect from our trip to Iceland. We landed in Reykjavik, Iceland's capital and the northernmost capital in the world after a four hour flight. We spent the night there, then left on our road trip which covered a huge 120 mile loop along Iceland's south-east coast. On our way we passed ice fields, geysers, volcanoes and plains.

One of the places that we drove to was called Pingvellir. At Pingvellir, it is actually possible to see the rent in the earth where North America and Europe are drifting apart. We walked up a 12 foot wide crack in the ground, with 10 foot basalt cliffs on either side. To our right was America, to our left was Europe, and in a couple of million years' time, the two black cliffs will be thousands of miles apart. Running in a tight band nearby was a web of narrow twisting cracks six feet deep. Pingvellir also holds the remains of the ancient Norse parliament which started around 930 AD – the oldest democratic parliament in the world.

The most exciting part of our journey was exploring the icecaps and glaciers. We hiked around the glacier Skeiðarárjökull's foot – getting so close that we could look at the trapped air bubbles in the clear blue ice, and walk round the gigantic ice boulders the glacier left behind. The highlight of the trip though, was taking a snow groomer up the Myrdalsjökull icecap – a huge sheet of ice that buries Mt. Katla under 700 meters of ice. The view that we saw as the snow groomer climbed up the

face of the glacier was incredible – huge crevasses and folds in the ice itself. The conditions were harsh – there was a blizzard and howling winds.

The thing that really stands out in my mind though, is the Eldhraun. In 1783, the Laki volcanic eruption triggered the largest lava flow on record, covering miles of wetland with matte black basaltic rock, thrown up into great columns and domes by steam explosions. Over the centuries it was colonized by moss spores, creating a forest of moss a meter deep, stretching from horizon to horizon. The moss followed the shape of the rock and the result was a strange, ascetic landscape with twisting moss columns and deep moss-lined hollows, like a stormy sea frozen and covered with moss – unforgettable.

Our schedule was always packed. We walked behind Seljalandsfoss, a waterfall which plummets 200 feet off a cliff. We swam in a geothermal spring in the middle of a lava field. We even boiled eggs in a geothermal vent at Hveragordi. All in all, it was a memorable trip with once-in-a-lifetime experiences. I arrived back at school the following Friday, with no film left in my camera. Iceland is a unique place and it was a great trip.

A big thank you to SEL, PHW and SB for leading the trip.



REMOVE CLASSICS STUDY TRIP TO RHODES GREEK VS INDIAN

The sun on your skin, the sand between your toes and an azure Mediterranean sky above: paradise, sighs Alexia Millet (BB).

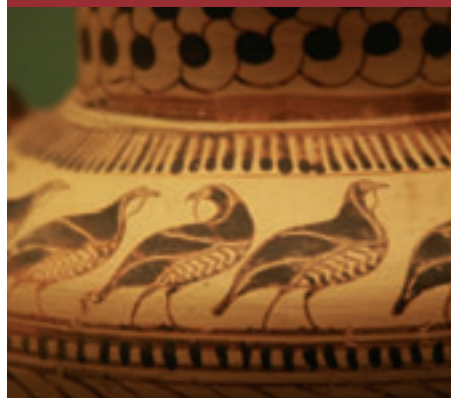
■ You hear the locals lazing in the beachside *kafenion*, whiling away the afternoon with iced coffees, cigars and cards. You roll over, only to find your Thucydides unseen and Dr Katz's admonishing looks nudging you in the back. This was no holiday. This was a hard-working, late-night-philosophising, cultural whirlwind. With no fewer than twenty six unseen translations under our belt after six days (including two done amid delays and screaming babies at Gatwick on the outbound leg) we gained much more than a suntan.

Days were a balanced mixture of leisure and labour. Mornings were spent on the terrace of our accommodation, grinding away at past papers dating back to the 1950s under the Hellenic sun, while the afternoons passed us by either on the beach or visiting the cultural sites of Rhodes Island. We explored both the Lindos acropolis and the medieval Old Town of Rhodes, rebuilt by the Knights of Rhodes in the early fourteenth century, opening our eyes not only to the familiar classical history of the island but its later Byzantine and Ottoman past.

We did not absorb Greek culture so much as consume it, putting away as many of the notorious *souvlaki* as we could in the town's little *tavernas*. That said, a mid-week pining for the taste of Birmingham brought us (thanks to Sam Viner's urgings, later blamed by him on the Drs Katz) a culinary low point: the 'Lindian Indian': Lindos's local and, with good reason, only curry house. However, several hours of hiking to view the island in its natural glory and nights debating Shakespeare's sonnets under a star-studded sky saw us past our greasier moments.



RHODES: "This was a hard-working, late-night-philosophising, cultural whirlwind."



In true Westminster style, no trip could be complete without an excess of banter, attempts at Yard football in places from the sublime to the ridiculous and lashings of difficult Greek syntax; and in no way did our expedition to Rhodes fall short. It seemed that one minute we were reading Sophocles's *Antigone* in a haunting cove to the lilt of the Aegean, and the next we were blinking in the electric glare of Terminal 3. Yet the remains of sand in our trainers served as a reminder that we had learnt a lot and laughed a lot. A huge thank you to Dr Katz for teaching us, inspiring us and generally dealing with us. We all agreed that we had a wonderful time, which will, we are sure, linger in the memory as long as our verbs.

[Additional note from JBK: It seems to have done the trick. You were all offered conditional places on the strength of your immense diligence, sun and *souvlakis*.]

MILTON ACADEMY AND THE VERMONT SKI TRIP HIGH CULTURE

We reached Boston for our visit to Milton Academy in time for morning classes. The classes were generally small with interesting courses on offer even to the lower years, announces Stratis Limnios (AHH).

■ In the afternoon we moved down to Cambridge, Mass. to see America's answer to Oxbridge: Harvard University. During our tour we even got to have a look in some of the messy dorms as well as the 'modern' science building supposed to have been designed to look like a camera. That afternoon we embarked on a lengthy journey up to Vermont, 'the Green Mountain State'.

On arriving in Killington, we recognised the sweet, unmistakable smell of 'Mountain Green Resort', which engulfed us as we walked through the annoyingly slow automatic doors. We settled down into our individual and quirky condos before going out to an all-American restaurant, the Grist Mill. The following day, after a very early start, at least for us layabouts, we set off for our first day's skiing. The temperature that day was a nice, warm 0 degrees and after some foolish Lower Shell overheated, we all shed layers and enjoyed the slopes with everyone's favourite coach, Duffy. Most of the evening was spent watching brilliantly entertaining American television, sitting in the Sauna and Jacuzzi and eating endless tubs of Ben and Jerry's.

The volume of Ben and Jerry's we ate seemed to increase in proportion to the decrease in temperature which plummeted to a really rather chilly -30 degrees. Tree-skiing was the highlight of our week, with various amusing accidents and face plants. On top of that, we had the pleasure of laughing at the ridiculous clothing, or lack thereof, sported by the Lower-Shells. Dinners were typical of the haute cuisine expected on a CD school trip: either pizza at 'The Outback' or American burgers at the aptly named 'Double D's' (don't be afraid to ask why when you pay a visit).

As more snow was made on the slopes and more runs opened, our time in Killington started to run out. After our 'awards ceremony' we parted from our fantastic ski coaches, Duffy and Lee, and packed our bags, ready to set off the next morning, looking forward to the next day's shopping trip and of course Christmas, which was just around the corner.

We knew that the Green Bay Packers were playing that night and CD was most definitely going to be watching attentively as we waited for our flight. We reached Manchester's New Hampshire Mall for frenzied shopping. Unlike many shopping centres in London nowadays, it was a festive place to be: gold and red adorned the numerous Christmas trees and all the shops were playing Christmassy music. Much shopping and

VERMONT: "Tree-skiing was the highlight of our week, with various amusing accidents and face plants."

an hour's drive to Boston later, we arrived at what was unfortunately to become our home for the night: Logan Airport.

As far as the return flights are concerned, let's just say that we won't be taking US Airways again. It's amazing what airlines think they can get away with, if they can blame the weather. The possibility of four days stranded in Logan Airport and missing Christmas was only averted by the brilliant British Airways manager at Logan who conjured up seats on full BA flights. It did mean that some had to travel business class and could easily develop a liking for it. We arrived in snowy London two days late having also spent the night in Glasgow. Oh and the Packers lost, by one point, in the final second.



SNOWDONIA 2009

WALKING THE WALK

I don't know how the others on this trip described it when it came up in conversation in the weeks leading up to it, confesses Demetris Ioannides (AHH), abetted in this account by Gabriella Lewis (HH).

■ If they're anything like me, then there was plenty of bragging. "You know I'm going mountaineering in Snowdonia for two weeks in December...we have to walk 16 hours a day with backpacks that weigh twice our bodyweight" and "they say it sometimes drops to minus 40 up there", are just a few of the exaggerations I tossed around casually to gain the respect and admiration of my peers.

The trip started out a picture of serenity, as we awaited the minibus in Dean's Yard, carolling, while the snow cascaded gently down. One long journey (with accompanying bad folk music and organisational entropy) and trip to Nando's later, we arrived. The most immediate challenge was 'the making of the beds', a rite of passage which took some several tries. The physical challenges we faced were more than tough enough: eight hours of walking each day in the (just) sub-zero temperatures, battling the elements, the terrain, and the biting cold. Thankfully we were led by a qualified BMC

MUNICH EXCHANGE 2010 VISITORS ARRIVE IN LONDON

When we first arrived at Westminster School from Puchheim in late January, we were astonished. The sight of the school as well as the area around was really impressive. We couldn't wait to finally go to school and spend a whole month here, write exchange visitors Thomas Hain, Dominik Schenk and Brian Waagemans.





SNOWDONIA: "A raging cloud of ice particles swept over the top of the mountain where we stood, threatening to blow us over the edge."



mountain leader and renowned physics ace, Mr Sharp, who clinically forged a clear route for us through the white abyss. On the first day, in scenes much reminiscent of 'The Day After Tomorrow', a raging cloud of ice particles swept over the top of the mountain where we stood, threatening to blow us over the edge. Were it not for Mr Sharp's pathfinding skills, we may well have been stranded there indefinitely.

I am of course exaggerating the level of snow and cloud, as we could in fact see for miles most of the time – and what a pleasure that was. Stunning views of glorious snow-coated mountain faces greeted us from every direction. In the foreground were deep valleys with glistening lakes in their distant pits. Taking pictures was about the only thing people were willing to take their gloves off

for – that and munching on 'essential mountaineer's fuel' such as wine gums and chocolate buttons.

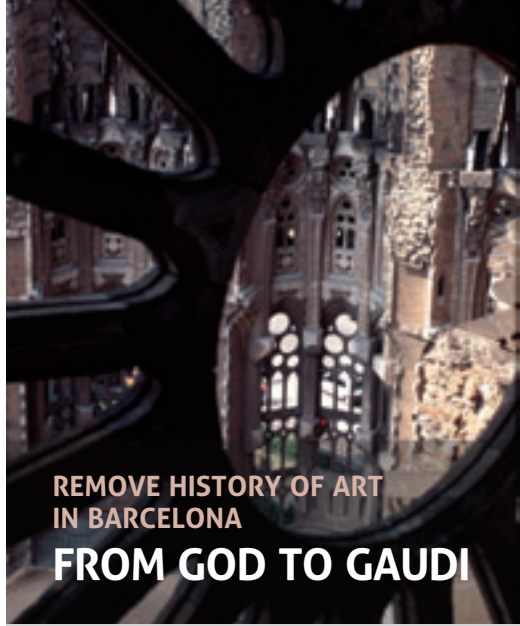
The highlight of the trip was without a doubt the snowball fight and ensuing snow antics. Being covered completely in frictionless waterproof clothing meant we were able to slide down the slopes with ease at speeds almost in excess of 7 mph.

To cap it all off, on the journey home we were granted the privilege of hearing the whole of Madonna's landmark album 'Confessions on the Dancefloor'. We are immensely grateful to Dr Agyare-Kwabi, Mr Sharp and Mrs Sharp for their good humour and for taking such good care of us: in the immortal words of AK, 'Everyone needs a little TLC on a mountain'.

■ Two days later we had our first lessons and enjoyed the experience of being pupils here. We attended lessons, went to lunch at school and were able to participate in various sports such as Eton Fives, Gym Fitness and Football.

Over the first couple of days we had to get used to wearing a school uniform and adapt to the language, which made it a bit difficult to make reasonable contributions in the classroom. But thanks to the teachers we were able to cope with this quickly. The experience of the open relationship between teachers and pupils even outside the classroom, and the smaller classes, were very interesting.

We thank everyone who made it possible for us to go to this school for a month, enjoy the House plays and go to lectures. Our special thanks go to Mr. Hennig, who took care of us as well as Purcell's and Grant's Housemasters for accommodating two of us, all the other teachers involved and of course our host families. They always made sure we were comfortable and had a great time here in London, as well as during half term. We are now looking forward to welcoming our exchange partners in Germany.



REMOVE HISTORY OF ART IN BARCELONA
FROM GOD TO GAUDI

Our arts extravaganza in Barcelona began in the gothic quarter, visiting the fascinating Museum of History; its incredible crypts demonstrating a level of structural complexity easily missed from an external view. Most intriguingly of all, the museum contained many urban development models, showing lucidly the growth of this fascinating city, writes Felix Reade (LL).

■ Our second day was packed with action, starting at the beautiful *Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya*. We ate an overpriced lunch at the top of Montjuic, from which we could enjoy the panoramic views of the city, the Sagrada Familia standing out most memorably, and with the Mediterranean just visible in the distance. The Miro Foundation, followed by the Picasso Museum, were our next stops after lunch. The Miro was pleasingly frivolous in comparison with the somber arrangements of Romanesque frescoes in the MNAC. Almost as exciting as the art itself were the buildings in which the Picasso and Miro were housed, 5 Gothic palaces and a remarkable work of the International Style respectively.

The next day centred on Gaudi. A few blissful minutes of respite were spent lolling on the sundrenched roof of Casa Mila, and then we were on to the Sagrada Familia, which was magnificent in its proportions despite being unfinished (construction is expected to be over by 2026, having started in 1882). That evening we went to a Flamenco show, an art form not covered in the syllabus, but crucial to an understanding and appreciation of Catalan culture.

Sunday was not only my birthday but also the day that we were to visit Barcelona's Museum of Contemporary Art (MACBA). The temporary exhibitions we were to enjoy were by Rodney Graham and John Baldessari, both artists that I had not yet been introduced to. Graham was remarkable and alluringly enigmatic; Baldessari was fun. Unfortunately the next day's Mock exams called for our return to London after a lovely and informative four days. Many thanks to Dr. Cockburn, Mr. Street and Mrs. Chappell for fantastic trip, and an invaluable artistic experience.

AHH ALSTON TRIP: FEBRUARY 2010 QUIZZES AND CURRY IN CUMBRIA

Originally we were to go to Alston in January but due to extreme weather conditions our visit was postponed. As a result, the excitement was all the greater, insist Mikhail Hameedi and Jamie Griffiths (AHH).

■ There was a scramble for rooms when we arrived and we split into groups – Solid Snake, Stopping Power and Sleight of Hand. After unpacking (mainly throwing clothing on the floor) we embarked on a night walk. We set off feeling scared, but pushed on, making it back to the cottage where we retired to our rooms and sugar-induced hysteria.

Sleight of Hand cooked a fantastic breakfast the next morning, setting the mood for the day. We visited Rheged to see an Imax movie of an Everest expedition; it was extremely moving. The scale of their challenge made our Hadrian's Wall walk seem pathetic. Coke and chocolate fuelled our walk to Housesteads. The views were brilliant. We entered the Fort museum to rest and consume more junk. When we emerged, Mr. Johnson had arrived in another minibus and we sped off to Tesco. Sleight of Hand decided that dinner would be Fajitas. We were given a price limit and we argued over the correct ingredients. Dinner was huge.

The next day, Solid Snake were dragged out of bed at 6am to prepare breakfast. We were told we would be going to Durham for the day before coming home for a surprise. Jed was dreadfully ill. He actually went a shade of light green. We managed to go around the cathedral and see the shrine to St. Cuthbert, its founder. Afterwards we were assigned a quiz, including such amusing activities as 'call Mr Johnson from a pay phone'. Jed was in no shape for the quiz.

Back at Alston we met Lindsay.



ALSTON:
"Down in the mine there was a lot of arguing, and it was a fantastic team-building experience; we learned to listen to each other, which proved very taxing."



In the back of his car were heaps of helmets and flashlights. We heard the words we had been eagerly awaiting: we were going down the mine.

Driven to the middle of a field we expected the mine entrance to be huge, surrounded by machinery. Instead, we saw a hole in the ground. It was freezing, with water gushing into our wellingtons. Down in the mine there was a lot of arguing, and it was a fantastic team-building experience; we learned to listen to each other, which proved very taxing. Finlay found the way out in the end. We were all convinced we had travelled for miles.

The next day we set off to the Lake District for a long walk. It started with a steep climb, in which the path got narrower and steeper until we were reduced to climbing on our hands and knees up the snow-lined hill. On the last stretch of the climb, Eddy slipped, barely holding on. Max started to pull Eddy up the side of the

hill, till we reached Angle Tarn. It was beautiful, completely frozen with an island in the middle. We trekked back towards the minibus, trudging along discussing anything we could think of, including offensive jokes. Finally we reached what we thought was the end. Then Mr. Johnson gave us a proposal – wait at the spot for the minibus or go the extra mile (literally). We all sweated profusely on the way back.

Later Mr. Johnson freewheeled down the hill to the cottage. We were relieved to find ourselves alive. He is an epic driver, it has to be said. Our Indian takeaway that evening included an infamous Vindaloo, ordered by Jed. He took the spice well, starting to sweat and blush slightly due to the heat, and almost everyone gave it a try. I found it pretty spicy even though I only had one spoon. Mylon found it completely bland due to his Sri Lankan cuisine being much hotter. Elyas had five spoons of the curry then started to retch; it had completely destroyed his bowels, which we all bore testament to that night.

Sadly, the next day, we had to leave. It was a fantastic trip. By the end we all knew each other extremely well. We not only learned to get along as a team, but also many of Mr Wood's interesting science facts. Alston was enjoyed by all, as well as the teachers (we hope).

CHILEAN EXCHANGE: JANUARY 2010 LONDON LEG

During our four weeks in the capital, Westminster pupils would frequently ask us 'How are you finding London?' or 'What do you think of our school compared with yours?' As hard as we tried, we simply couldn't sum up our experience of this exchange in just a few words, at the same time reluctant to bore our interlocutors with our collective sense of awe and wonderment, confesses Emilia Macchi, of The Grange School, Santiago de Chile.



CHILEAN EXCHANGE: "It is now quite impossible to believe those who speak of the English as cold or unaffectionate."

■ After 'Team Grange' was selected – Max Fischer, Josef Searle, Josefina Sepúlveda, Bernardo Echavarrí, María José Mendoza, Martín Giannetti, Kevin Steinsapir and I – time passed very quickly and we became more and more excited by the day as anticipation grew. And the truth is we were not disappointed. Above all, it is now quite impossible to believe those who speak of the English as cold or unaffectionate: in no time at all, we felt entirely at home and included within the school community and beyond.

The variety of nationalities and cultures that Westminster encompasses is an admirable facet of the school, and pupils whose roots are from all over the world have a place in this institution, promoting a totally inclusive atmosphere; it was simply delightful to spend afternoons pointing out significant words or aspects of our country, as well as learning about the family backgrounds of our newly-found English friends.

The academic side was equally remarkable: amazed by the fascinating subjects that Westminster offered us, we couldn't wait to arrive at school each morning to attend classes in Art History or Religious Studies, for example; it was a pleasure to learn from the teachers, who were completely devoted to and enthusiastic about their subjects. On the extra-curricular front, there were extensive options from Kayaking to Fencing, which

at The Grange we don't have the opportunity to practise; these opportunities didn't just surprise us, but we also observed just how much Westminster pupils appreciated and took advantage of them.

For the boarders among our group, the school day continued well after 4pm. But for many day pupils at Westminster, too, remaining at school after classes is their choice, and a very tempting one for many: they have tea in the cafeteria, use the computers, study in the library or play pool with classmates in their common rooms; should the evening find them still there, supper is offered alongside the boarders. It is often said that schools are more than just classes and books; Westminster is the clearest of examples.

Just when we thought our stay couldn't get any better, we had a whole week's holiday before returning to Chile, during which several of us discovered new regions of England, or even different countries in Europe. Staying in London wasn't a bad choice either, though, and the sheer number of things to do and places to visit meant that we simply couldn't fit everything in. Furthermore, it was awesome to share one of the most beautiful, elegant cities I've ever known with such indescribably great people, people whom I will never forget. Thank you Mr. Witney for organising everything so enthusiastically and, of course, thank you Westminster!



SIXTH FORM ART HISTORY TRIP TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

SENS AND SENSITIVITY

On an overcast January morning we met the Gothic splendour of the Cathedral, looming over the roofs of the modern town. It was immensely rewarding to see this magnificent architectural feat in real life: photographs can't do justice to such grand architecture, writes Jerome Kamm (LL) in this constructive report.

■ We were split into two groups, and were taken to visit the roof space and stonemason's workshop in turn. Our guide, Heather Newton, pointed out the section of window mullion from which a large block of masonry had recently collapsed, falling with Indiana-Jones-like drama just behind a group of tourists. There is now extensive structural work being carried out, as the incident highlighted weaknesses throughout the south-west transept. Nevertheless, we climbed a hidden, claustrophobic spiral staircase to the impressive crossing tower, where we got to stare 100ft into the space below and then to marvel at the views from the top. With each step we appreciated the skill involved in designing and building such a structure with simple machinery while still retaining an emphasis on height – the constant Gothic quest for 'verticality'.

Thankfully, we descended an entirely different flight of stairs which weren't so much of a squeeze! Back on firm ground, Heather pointed out the place where the Cathedral's first architect, a Frenchman named William of Sens, fell from the scaffolding above, landed on the presbytery floor and was paralysed. He died soon afterwards, and the Trinity Chapel (East end) was completed by the aptly named William the Englishman.

We were then taken to the stonemason's workshop and shown around by Darren, one of Heather's colleagues, with his dog, Holly. The former (accompanied by some well-timed barks) highlighted the restoration work constantly in progress. It involves replacing poor quality Victorian masonry, yet also surveying and rectifying the damage that Heather had pointed out earlier.

Each piece of Caen stone is cut individually and sculpted by hand with the aid of meticulous templates, made by Darren himself. Although accuracy is a priority, Darren stressed the importance of sensitive stonemasons adding character to the material by "trying not to be perfect". Then, we were given the chance to try our hands at chiselling in the workshop – a surprisingly satisfying experience.

The excursion was a truly enjoyable experience and added a new dimension to what we had been taught throughout the year. Our thanks go to the Canterbury Cathedral staff for giving us such informative tours and to Mrs Chappell for orchestrating the trip.

FINLAND ICE MARATHON 2010

REACHING THE FINNISH:
SPEED-SKATING IN KUOPIO

Minus thirty-five degrees centigrade probably isn't usually associated with fun. Certainly, if the only thing we achieved on the Finland trip had been the mildly frost-bitten noses, or, bizarrely, stomachs, as Mr. Riches and Dr. Boulton did, it wouldn't have been worth it. But we did do more than get cold, writes 'Siebrand Kuiper' (RR).



FINLAND: "We regularly got very hot – something which cannot really be avoided when in a Scandinavian sauna surrounded by fat naked men."

In fact, we regularly got very hot – something which cannot really be avoided when in a Scandinavian sauna surrounded by fat naked men. And when we got too hot we would run outside and roll in the snow, our hands sticking to the metal door handle on the way back in. And when we had sweated sufficiently and frozen enough skin to the door handle to be deemed not too feeble by the fat naked men, we went to Kuopio's finest Viking-themed restaurant and ate reindeer steaks and tar ice-cream.

Oh, and we also did a bit of Ice Marathon. A couple did the fifty kilometre race, the other six did the twenty-five, and all got at least respectable times. This was despite the competition only being Finns (to whom skating comes even more naturally than eating fish), and the Dutch (who are the sport's most devoted enthusiasts). Concentrating on the ice in front of us to avoid catching a skate in one of the numerous cracks took our minds off the physical effort of a marathon around a desolate frozen lake.

Perhaps it was the unlikely motivation provided by the live performance from

Finnish Pop Idol, Koop Arponen. It might have been the blessing given to us by the two friendly Mormon missionaries from Utah, there to convert Finland from fish-eating to God. For the American member of the group, it was most likely the calling of the Disney channel back in the room. For me it was the thought of a sauna, with or without the fat naked men. But somehow, we got over the Finnish line.

And then we realised that what we had just done was one of the most rewarding, exhilarating experiences that exists (at least in Finland), and that we had been on what is probably the most fantastic trip that the school offers. It was my last school trip, of more than fifteen over five years, and not one has been unsuccessful. The majority have been thanks to a small number of teachers, and they have provided me, alongside many of my peers, with some of the fondest and most lasting memories of the school, and indeed of my childhood. I am more grateful than the fish of Finland following the Mormons' undoubtedly successful mission.

NEW YORK ART TRIP
NEW WORLD VISIONS

We were welcomed to the city in true New York style: with sweltering heat, cholesterol-laden food from the Skylight Diner and yes, an enthusiastic crew of light-sabre choreographers, maintains Rosie McBurney (PP).

Fortunately the weather cooled pleasantly, though sadly we never saw the Star Wars enthusiasts again, and our lunches remained heart-attack-inducing. It was odd to see people making detours to buy fresh fruit but I guarantee some of us would have come down with scurvy otherwise.

The first day began with a bang, a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Due to its enormous size and impressive collection, the few hours that we had there merely whetted our appetites. Our next stop was 190th Street to visit The Cloisters perched up in the Bronx with an impossibly sweeping view of the Hudson River. Sadly our guides were not dressed in medieval costume as Mr Street had promised and we were frequently warned that the oil in our skin could dissolve the entire building. Despite all this we saw beautiful 12th century stonework literally pieced together in order to form this hodgepodge construction.

Later it was off to the theatre to see a British production transported to the Big Apple. Alfred Molina and Eddie Redmayne

AACHEN, MARCH 2010
BY MAINLINE
TO CHARLEMAGNE

It's 6am on a no-school Saturday: where would you like to be? For twenty-one Remove pupils and four intrepid members of staff the answer was undoubtedly St Pancras Station, claims Meg Trainor (HH) bravely.



portrayed Mark Rothko and his assistant Ken, respectively. Their accents were convincing and performances incredibly evocative. For a play consisting entirely of the philosophical and intellectual musings of Rothko we were all captivated throughout...and for some of us the added bonus being Redmayne's shirtlessness. The combination of excitement and jet lag meant that we all trudged back to the hostel and passed out for the night, some of us still in our clothes.

The next day we assembled groggy-eyed at the Frick. Described by some as a 'cosier' version of the Wallace Collection – a collector's home, now a museum. Ironically there was an exhibit of paintings from the Dulwich Picture Gallery. A leisurely pause involved for most of us hefty lunches, Central Park and climbing cherry trees. Then it was onwards and upwards, or rather round and round the Guggenheim for a show of 'Paris and the Avant-Garde' that was as enjoyable as its incredibly slippery floor.

The following morning saw a long walk first to the Whitney where its Biennial varied greatly from the Frick, being all American art instead of European. In the afternoon we walked to the Neue Gallery where we saw Otto Dix's first retrospective in America. It was refreshing to come out of the enthralling yet harrowing exhibit into the balmy sunshine of 86th and Central Park. Here we had a major group-bonding session with Ms. Alaluusua during which even the most obstinately inartistic released their inner creativity. We sat and drew our surroundings, the buildings and occupants of Central Park, viewing New York in a more contemplative and observant way.

Our last morning was spent at MoMA, a blockbuster of modern art: our stomachs were turned by performance artist Marina Abramovic, our understanding of what constitutes art challenged by Minimalism and our jaws made to drop by Picasso's 'Demoiselles D'Avignon'.

Thanks to Mr Street, Dr. Cockburn and Ms Alaluusua we were able to have three different perspectives on the art and our surroundings. For a mere five days in the New York we accomplished a staggering number of things and had an immense amount of fun – the only time we truly rested our legs was on the flight home.

■ Before us was a day of epic adventure led by Dr Brown: Aachen, the cultural and administrative capital of Charlemagne's empire following his coronation in 800, awaited us via two trains and four countries. One comrade down, it was Aachen Cathedral or bust. Despite delays and worried looks all round, we were sustained by innumerable games of Mafia and arrived in Aachen to a speedy lunch of mysteriously sweet, swirly baked goods. While a small part of the cathedral remained similarly mysterious due to restoration works, we were suitably wowed by its 9th Century arches, shimmering mosaic decoration and relics, such

as the golden shrine of Charlemagne containing both Jesus' loincloth and swaddling clothes. Our cheery guide whisked us around the Cathedral's main attractions and we witnessed the sights in time to secure our places on the train to Brussels a mere two hours after arriving in Aachen. Following a brief whirl around Brussels and a flurry of pizza we found ourselves back on the Eurostar. Another delay could not get us down. In fact, with the company of increasingly heated rounds of Twenty Questions, and of course fresh memories of Aachen, we were returning from our odyssey (almost) before we knew it.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP REFRESHING SWANSEA

The first thing that strikes the attention of the visitor to Swansea is the refreshing sea breeze from the Bristol Channel. There is certainly a sense of revitalisation in the city, with extensive redevelopment work ongoing in the Maritime Quarter as part of a regeneration programme which has changed parts of the city almost beyond recognition in the last thirty years, writes Richard Howell (DD).

■ Staying at the University of Wales and Swansea, sandwiched between sandy beaches and the plush Singleton Park, members of the Sixth Form Geography Field Course had the most attractive location in the city. However, with only four full days to complete the volume of work prepared by Mr Harris and Miss Leonard, there was a sense of urgency and enthusiasm to begin as soon as possible.

We began by a study of the catchment area of the River Ilston, walking from the source of the stream to the mouth of the river in a single day. Needless to say, there is little substitute for a hands-on approach which took the form of wading through the river channel taking measurements of depth and velocity. Ben Wessely completed this task with consummate ease and good humour, notwithstanding becoming decidedly wet in the process.

Our fieldwork rapidly progressed to urban areas, studying land use and housing from the suburbs to the central business district. Despite heavy bombing during the Second World War, there remained some stunning Victorian terraces in the Uplands area, overlooked by the grey uniformity of the semi-detached housing in Townhill which dominates the skyline.

But surveying rural villages in the Gower proved to be the most popular activity. The friendliness and hospitality of the residents in agreeing to answer questionnaires is rarely matched in London; nor their sense of community and belonging. In villages such as Scurlage, local people feel bound together by shared services such as a drop-in medical centre and chip shop.

Swansea and the surrounding countryside are very different to London and the Home Counties and are sometimes maligned by the ignorant as a result. Nevertheless, the field course substantially enhanced our understanding of human and physical geography in addition to being an interesting and actively enjoyable start to the Easter holidays.

GOLD DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD TRAINING 2010

ALMOST THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD

Skye: a medium-sized island of the Inner Hebrides; mainly mountainous; population 9,232; sun appears on an almost weekly basis. Taking into account the fact that it's Scotland, that's not too bad – no challenge for a bunch of 17 Westminsterers, especially if we get to stay most of the time in a youth hostel, right? asks Robert Natzler (WW).

■ Right – except the weather was the worst in the history of Westminster visits, the youth hostel had only one working tap, one gas hob and no flush for the toilets, and the sun decided to take a holiday until the moment we piled into the minibus at the end of the week. Horizontal hail, a runaway tent and an overly cheerful BBC Radio Skye presenter all added to the fun, although, as Andre, the Russian mountain guide noted, “the view from up here would be excellent if it weren't for the storm clouds”. Which was gratifying to know, since we wouldn't have wanted to have spent the best part of a day scrambling up the steep slopes for nothing.

Reading through all that, you could be forgiven for thinking the trip was less than a runaway success. Well, you'd be wrong – despite the odds, and without as much as a grumble, we pressed on. We climbed Craig Alasdair, the tallest mountain on the island at over three thousand feet, and fought an ecstatic snowball fight a kilometre above sea level. We mounted the precipitous plateau of the Quirang, and in the best British fashion played rounders until the inevitable loss of the ball over the cliff. Whilst the rock-climbers, trapped by a snowstorm in the hostel, slowly succumbed to cabin fever, the D of E-ers battled through the elements, waking one morning to ten inches of snow outside their tents. Thanks to the culinary genius of Dr A-K, high morale ensured no problem proved insurmountable – except the Inaccessible Pinnacle, but that's because we didn't realize we'd need ice-axes in spring time, so that doesn't count.

And, most importantly, we all ended feeling incredibly tough, enchanted at the smallest touch of civilization, and just about in one piece.



SKYE: Andre, the Russian mountain guide noted, “the view from up here would be excellent if it weren't for the storm clouds”.





SKYE CLIMBING





SICILY EXPEDITION

The odds were against us. On leaving the airport the heavens opened, and the wrath of Zeus fell upon us, proclaims Callum Bungey (HH)

■ While sheltering in a café we were told that our coach wouldn't arrive for an hour or so. Thus we began to learn the most important rule of Sicilian life: Relax, everything will be all right ... eventually. Several hours later we left.

One of the most interesting things about our trip to Sicily was the eccentric people we met. During our tour of the magnificent ruins of ancient Syracuse, past the great temples and amphitheatres of Magna Graecia, we met a peculiar, tall and rather scruffy Sicilian man. None of us knowing much about the site, he offered to guide us around the archaeological park, claiming the group he had been hired to guide was unable to get there due to a collapsed road – the result of the horrific weather. As we went around he spoke with exuberant passion, flitting between Pidgin English, French, Italian and Sicilian. He claimed the city as his personal property, decrying – with boundless enthusiasm – the Spaniards and Romans as barbarians, arsonists and invaders, waving his arms

like a willow tree thrashing in a storm.

When not touring historical sites, taking long treks from town to town in the pouring rain, standing on railway tracks or falling into potholes, we spent several hours – and one whole day – lounging on the beach where we were staying. Hours spent swimming in the sea, playing games of *Stones* and *Briscola*, and – in the evening – standing on the flat roof terrace watching dramatic lightning storms at night filled up much of our time.

We crowned our visit to Sicily with a day-long ascent up the apocalyptic slopes of Etna. Rising to 2900m by cable car and off-road truck, we made our attempt at the town alongside our knowledgeable mountain guide. All around an unfathomable wasteland of grey ash and the occasional black volcanic bomb stretched into the dense sulphurous fog. The effects of the thin air were so great we had to

send Zanesh and Ms Veninata back to wait with the trucks, neither feeling well – illness having already left Milo back at the flats. Stopping close to the peak due to a combination of mist and the possibility of large volcanic bombs, we made the descent of a vertical kilometre hurling ourselves down scree slopes of pumice, stopping to peer into craters, vents and at buried houses – roofs laden with volcanic sands.

In conclusion, despite the occasional bout of illness and the weather, an exciting, relaxing and memorable time was had by all. In respect of which, we offer our greatest thanks to Mr Hooper, and especially Ms Veninata for her introduction into the vibrant, yet 'chilled' culture of the island.



SKIING IN LES MENUIRES, 2010 BEST EVER YET AGAIN

Our expectations are such these days that we just expect things to get better and better. That was the best ever 'Britain's Got Talent', or 'the most amazing premiership season' or 'even the best school league table position ever; again', sighs TP.

■ So it is too with expeditions. Last year I eulogised Les Menuires; the excellence of the skiing in the three valleys, the ease of access to the slopes, the quality of the hotel and the ski equipment and the level of service from everyone involved. Last year we were also very lucky with the weather.

So this year could it be better? Well actually, yes. This year we had really good furry pink trapper hats. Plus the snow was even better than last year – honestly it was, and we had full, three valley lift passes so we could hob-nob with the oligarchs and their poodle-wielding, fur-clad, lady-friends for morning hot chocolate in Courchevel, nip back for a spot of braying with the middle aged Sloanes in Meribel for lunch, storm over to val Thorens to plough the steep and deep with the crazy Dutch dudesh for tea and still be back in the nice, familiar, functional grim

LES MENUIRES: "This is the blackest of black runs in the murky world of karaoke."

urban sky-city that is Les Menuires for a pre-prandial on the porch. Perfect.

Also the cultural lacuna that was the lack of karaoke last year was properly addressed and we sang our little hearts out. I must mention Kit's rendition of The Darkness's 'I believe in a thing called love'. This is the blackest of black runs in the murky world of karaoke and it was a performance that Justin Hawkins himself would have loved to have heard, if it were not for all his other more pressing personal issues. As they say in skiing circles, 'Ososome'.

Furthermore, this year there was bowling. We were rubbish at this, but then no one goes to Westminster to be an ace at ten pin bowling, do they? Still it was great fun, and a fairy-lit val Thorens at night rather reminded me of my own town of Cromer-by-the-sea in a kind of Cromer-on-the-moon kind of way. Next time I shall check out the enticingly named 'Roc and Bob'.

So it was top touring again in the Hotel Skilt. Last week I received a letter from the manager, quite unsolicited, saying we were the best school group they've ever had – again, so things got better for them too. Next year is all booked and I'm already looking forward to another year of sustainable growth in the fun department. I thank you all, staff and students alike.

ANCIENT GREECE REVISITED SURVIVING SPARTA

A phalanx of Westminster pupils and teachers touched down in Athens at Easter, ready to immerse ourselves in Ancient Greece, exclaims Alex Matthews (HH).

■ The first night was spent in the shadow of the Acropolis for a last supper before being split into two, apparently more manageable groups. By the morning Group A, led by Mr. Low, had been whisked away; we in Group B, led by Mr Mylne and master fixer Petros, our Greek tour guide, began with a leisurely stroll on the Acropolis. The Parthenon impressed all of us in the dazzling sunlight as did the wise discourse from Mr. Mylne delivered on the very spot where Socrates had inspired his followers at the Greek *agora* or forum.

Thus began our grand tour through the highlights of Ancient Greece. On arrival at Delphi, our hungry group fell on the hotel food

after known as the Theoxenia Experience, followed at the Hotel Theoxenia, where every comfort known to humanity had been excluded from our stay.

A day of rest and relaxation saw Group B continue the Olympic theme, with beach and village football, swimming in cold, clear Mediterranean waters and braving the infamous, but wholly unseen, spiny weaver fish. Mrs. Barton's field hospital was, however, full to capacity with walking wounded from the football game.

Sparta followed, with the same line being repeated to the point of irritation by all, "This Is Sparta!". In fact, there wasn't much left of Sparta either before or after our arrival.



before searching out the nightlife of the village. This did not take long. A second glorious day of sunshine accompanied us as we explored the ruins of the ancient sanctuary of the Oracle of Apollo. Soon we were divided further into three platoons of crack soldiers, with the Athenians under the command of General Mylne; Mr Barton's Spartans; and Mrs Barton's towering Olympians. Olympia itself was next, the sheer size and scale of the place helping to keep the interest up of those who found the sunshine too distracting. An impromptu race on the ancient Olympic running track allowed Westminster boys to show the watching world how the flame of excellence at piggyback racing yet burns brightly. Then there was a long and winding road, with a short stop to admire the view from the hilltop Castle of Karytena, to Andritsena. A night of hell, there-

Mycenae was a highlight, where Westminster's Athenians, Spartans and Olympians clambered across the ruins of an ancient civilization, jumping from rock to stone, only suffering one casualty amongst its ruined pillars (requiring four stitches to a cut leg and a shot of tetanus). The same day brought us to the very impressive 15,000 seat theatre at Epidaurus, where Mr Barton demonstrated the amazing acoustics with an excerpt from Romeo and Juliet which nearly caused a fist fight between our Greek tour guide and an irate local singer who objected to Shakespeare (or Mr Barton's acting, it was not clear which).

Too soon our ten days were up. We returned to Athens to a final battle speech upon Philopappos Hill delivered by General Mylne, who declared it his greatest Greek campaign. We all agreed. It had been a triumph.



UPPER SHELL TRIP TO CHIOS 2010 IN HOMER'S FOOTSTEPS

In April, twelve Upper Shell classicists set out for Chios, the fifth largest Greek island, led by Dr Katz and Mr and Mrs Sharp and accompanied by Professor Mark Ronan, who has joined the Combined Set to learn Greek. The aim of the trip was to work hard and play hard for a week, discovers David Wong (QSS).

■ Each day we awoke to the intense Mediterranean sun and a view onto Chios Town and the port. We worked from 9am to noon, translating from Latin and Greek. From midday we explored the island, and in the evenings consolidated what we had done in the morning, making progress with set texts. We listened as Dr Katz read stories, sometimes going beyond midnight and always making us think about different ethical dilemmas.

We enjoyed many local dishes and delicacies, but above all Chios is the only home of mastic, a resin from the tree *Pistacia Lentiscus*. We made the most of a unique opportunity and visited the village of Mestá, and were taken to a farm where we learned how to prepare the trees for harvest. Calcium carbonate is used to coat the ground, but, as this was a rare opportunity, it was also used as ammunition for some petrol-powered leaf blower warfare!

Visiting the historic Nea Moni – a world heritage site with some of the finest medieval art in Greece in its beautiful mosaics and frescoes – we walked up the ancient mountain Provateio towards the hermitage from where it is said three monks came and found an icon of the Virgin Mary in a myrtle bush. Despite bringing it inside, it kept reappearing in the bush. Around this time the monks told Constantine that they had had a vision that he would become emperor. He built Nea Moni on the site where the icon was found. The icon remains in the church – a sign from God telling the monks where to build the church.

'Homer's Rock' is a craggy outcrop where Homer allegedly taught the youths of Chios. Here we recited lines from the *Odyssey*. Near Emborios, a small town near the south coast, lie the ruins of an ancient Chian settlement. Here Dr Katz recited for us the first part of the *Iliad* in a Homeric style which we will always remember on a rosy-fingered morning.

We had the opportunity to visit a farm in the Kambos region and collected eggs, saw the new-born lambs, scared some sheep and apol-

GREECE: "Here Dr Katz recited for us the first part of the *Iliad* in a Homeric style which we will always remember on a rosy-fingered morning."

ogised to some goats. We learned about the desalination system, crucial for the crops, particularly the mastic trees, which need very pure water. We were also taught a little plant biology and heard something of the politics and economics of mastic cultivation. Afterwards we were taken to an ancient church with fine frescoes and visited a sweet shop in the village of Armolia, which provided us with Greek sweets of an astounding quality.

From sunny beaches we braved sea urchins and weaver fish to swim in the sea, cold but refreshing in the glorious weather. On the last evening we had the 'Chios Cheadle Championship' final. Throughout the week, we had been receiving vocabulary tests, and a premier league of six players was established. Four finalists, Johnny Church, Nick Lorch, Kshitij Sabnis and I got through to a tense final. With Dr Katz as quizmaster flinging long rounds of words at us, the nail-biting contest went on into the small hours. I just managed to hold out long enough to earn the title.

We worked hard on this trip, experiencing the historic and beautiful island from many different perspectives. The taxi drivers who ferried us around all week deserve much praise. Many thanks are also due to Dr Katz, who organised this fantastic experience, and to Mr and Mrs Sharp.



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JOHN HOUSE ART HISTORY PRIZE

FIAT LINGOTTO: THE ROOF AS A HIDDEN CONVENTION

This is an edited text of the winning John House Art History Prize essay, by Vittorio Boccanera (BB).

■ In the early 20th Century, economic factors completely re-shaped the notion of space and of how places could be perceived by the population of Turin. Certain features and incidents were essential in constructing the Lingotto as we see it today. The roof-top test track was taken as an example by Le Corbusier in his planning for Algiers. This track, although the only one of its kind, cannot be justified for reasons of utopian futurism; it was a simple logical consequence of the unprecedented production levels which the organisation expected to achieve in a car factory built as a challenge to United States Industry. Le Corbusier's buildings, such as **Ville Savoye at Poissy** constructed in 1927–1928, differs in style, both because of an ideological development but also because of the increasing economical constraints. It is not surprising therefore that the Lingotto inspired Le Corbusier to adapt certain features of Trucco's architecture within his own constructions. Le Corbusier went on to publish his book *'Towards a New Architecture'* in the same year as the inauguration of the Fiat Lingotto, six years after the final project plan had been decided. He ends his book with the following words, *'The Fiat Firm has taken advantage of the urbanisation of our mechanical époque.'*¹ As a result, several key aspects of the Lingotto were taken from Le Corbusier, such as the use of the roof as an uncontaminated space whereby functional

use was exploited to its full potential, and at that time, was regarded as a real breakthrough in architecture.

Ville Savoye at Poissy uses several trademark features of the Fiat Lingotto, such as the spiralling staircases, but most importantly the roof as a garden for relaxation and entertainment. It is a contribution to nature for having used up the original natural space. Le Corbusier takes this one step further. Whatever the area he used up as the ground plan of the

structure, he would compensate for by using the roof. This not only gave the structure a sense of luxury and of privacy, but also a perception that architecture was really fusing with nature. Fiat however needed a place for testing their products and with limited space and money at the time, due to the Lingotto taking more than 25% of their capital to build, it was necessary for this track to be as close as possible to the firm for efficiency.

The two roofs are visually extremely different because of their two different functions. Le Corbusier's Roof at Ville Savoye is very structural and somewhat industrial through the ramps and the heavy black horizontal lines highlighting the break of the interior from the exterior. It tries to echo a sense of purity and relaxation through its stunning white brightness and can without doubt be seen as a reference to the ideological approach to the divine that constructions like the Parthenon had in the 5th Century BC. The Fiat Lingotto is on the other hand much less restrictive in its visual aesthetics; it is purely functional and was built to serve that function to the best of its abilities. The long oval track on the roof signifies speed and its width shows the scale of the amount of cars on that track at the same time. Although these two roofs are visually very different, also due to their scale, their mutual approach to industrialisation is very noticeable as is their influence from previous architectural ideas.

¹ Siffredi, Giovanni *'Venti Progetti per il future del Lingotto'*, [TORINO, Società Editrice Umberto Allemandi & C. ,1986, p.43]



THE JEREMY BENTHAM PRIZE ESSAY

There was an excellent batch of entries for the Jeremy Bentham Prize Essay competition this year, writes TW, Head of Theology and Philosophy. Pupils wrote on a wide variety of topics from Political Philosophy to Ethics to Church History. There were, however two clear winners.

Naomi Ishiguro wrote on the Ontological Argument for the existence of God. This is one of the most important arguments in the history of Philosophy and a lot of great philosophy has emerged both in its defence and in reaction to it. Originally proposed by Anselm of Canterbury in the eleventh century, it simply states that if we understand God to be the greatest conceivable being then we must concede that he exists. The argument has preoccupied the greatest minds in the history of philosophy including Kant and Descartes. In her essay, Naomi tries to figure out exactly what is wrong with the argument.

By contrast, Serena Coulson asks to what extent Augustine was influenced by his pre-conversion involvement in Manichaeism. The two essays follow in abridged form.

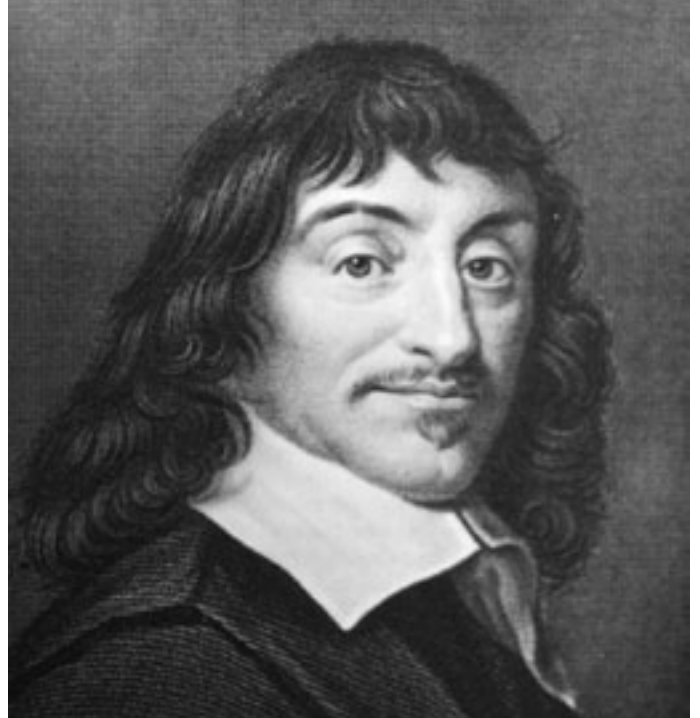
The Ontological Argument for the existence of God Naomi Ishiguro (MM)

■ The common reaction to the Ontological Argument is that articulated by Bryan Magee, who said, 'It's an abnormally disconcerting argument... because anyone who hears it... is bound to feel there's something wrong with it, and yet when you try to put your finger on precisely what it is that is wrong with it you find it startlingly difficult to do so.'¹ Philosophers throughout the ages have been confronted with this problem, leading to the huge number of objections to the Ontological Argument. However, as is pointed out by Anthony Kenny, 'the most interesting thing is that while many great philosophers through history have thought there was something wrong with the Ontological Argument they all give different reasons for saying that it goes wrong. To this day there is no consensus about what is wrong with it'. This lack of consensus leads Kenny to go even further in his discussion of the argument, saying that because of the discrepancy between many philosophers' views on the argument, 'indeed, there isn't any consensus that there is something wrong with it at all.' So is the ontological argument really an illusionary trick and an astonishingly deft sleight of hand of logic, as it indeed appears to be to so many great thinkers? Or does the lack of agreement into what the scaffolding of this trick is point towards the conclusion that it is not a trick at all, and that the argument does indeed stand up?

The lack of consensus as to what exactly is wrong with the ontological argument is in part due to the wide variety of different strands of ontological argument that exist, each of which apparently requires a separate refutation.

In comparing the arguments of Anselm and Descartes, the arguments are sufficiently different to need separate refutations, which obviously contributes to lack of consensus as to what is wrong with 'the ontological argument' as a whole. There has been more of a consensus reached as to what the exact flaws are in Descartes' argument, but regarding Anselm's argument philosophers still seem to be largely in disagreement and disarray, having outlined a general set of ideas which can be used to criticize the argument, but which disconcertingly don't appear to go to the heart of its logical sleight of hand.

Philosophers have attempted to step back from criticizing the specific individual ontological arguments, instead trying to prove that the very notion of 'a successful ontological argument' is impossible. However, even in this area there is still discrepancy between arguments over why this is the case, with philosophers veering between different types of *a priori* objection to the completely different parody-based objections. So far philosophers have not reached a consensus that the concept of an ontological argument is invalid. This may be seen by some to suggest that there is a possible ontological argument out there, though the increasing consensus over the flaws in the existing specific arguments might force them to concede that we haven't yet discovered this successful ontological argument. Others may prefer to



"Is the ontological argument really an illusionary trick and an astonishingly deft sleight of hand of logic?"

conclude that the lack of consensus as to what exactly is wrong with the ontological argument does not suggest that the ontological argument has any viability as a successful argument for God's existence, but that instead that we have simply not yet succeeded in going to the heart of exactly what is wrong with it, though one day we will manage to achieve this.

There are no obvious conclusions to draw from the lack of consensus, only that the ontological argument is a philosophical conversation that is only just beginning, and that the future will undoubtedly yield much valuable thought on this subject, whichever way the ideas turn.

¹ Magee, B. (1987) 'the great philosophers', Oxford University Press, p. 70

To what extent did Augustine's Manichaean past influence his theodicy? Serena Coulson (HH)

■ Augustine first encountered Manichaeism as a student in Carthage, the decadent city where 'a frying pan of sinful loves was spitting all about'. The refreshing Orient-tinged approach to Christianity fitted in well with the adventurous life of the young man who felt alienated from the Catholic Church of his supremely pious mother, Monica.

The provocative sect was founded by Mani (216-276 AD), who received a revelation in Mesopotamia and promptly appointed himself as an 'Apostle of Jesus Christ'. The group believed strongly in dualism, specifically that the forces of Light and Darkness are engaged in a constant battle both symbolically and in reality. Darkness, or Evil, assails Light, which represents God and goodness, yet neither is strong enough to overpower the other once and for all. As a result of this warring, shards of pure Light are scattered throughout all beings on earth, forming the Soul or 'divine spark' within us. The material world was regarded by Manichaeans with revulsion, matter being considered a temporal prison from which we should escape so that our souls might rejoin the force of Light in heaven. Manichaeism suited the young Augustine, who famously pleaded for 'chastity and continence... but please, not yet'. Using the Manichaean belief that the Soul remains untainted by any assaults on the body by Evil, he comforted himself with the thought that despite his various indiscretions 'at least the good part of him remained throughout, unsoiled'.

Augustine later converted to Catholicism, inspired by Ambrose and Neo-Platonism. He subsequently dedicated, with the 'zeal of the convert', a great deal of his work to contesting the Manichees on the problem of evil. His theodicy differs greatly from theirs mainly in the way he seeks to defend God's omnipotence. Augustine removed the undermining dualistic element and replaced it with privation; arguing that 'corruption exists not by itself, but in some substance which it corrupts; for corruption itself is not a

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substance'. For this fundamental reason, Manichaeism and the theodicy of Augustine appear to be entirely at odds and it would seem that the group influenced Augustine's beliefs only in the sense that he felt provoked into creating a theory as opposed to their beliefs as possible.

Nevertheless the suggestion that Augustine retained a lingering allegiance to Manichaeism despite his conversion remained a source of concern for some of his contemporaries. The matter was brought up during his ongoing argument with Pelagius concerning free will, which would last for nearly twenty years. Pelagius found contention with the tradition of baptism whilst Augustine's approval of the act in order to cleanse the child of original sin suggested a strong Manichaean undertone, as one can clearly see elements therein of their pessimistic beliefs regarding the soul's entrapment in a body of evil.

However, Augustine's lingering pessimism regarding the soul's encasement in evil represents perhaps not Manichaeism but the struggle of his piety and dedication to Christ to resist being smothered by the repressive aspects of Catholicism he encountered – such as the religious ambitions of his mother that led to him being made to abandon his lover and become a clergyman against his will. Augustine's description of the moment that inspired his conversion when he opened his copy of the Apostle Paul at random leaves us with no doubt that from that moment on he had no desire to emulate the ways of the Manichees again:

'[I] read in silence the first heading I cast my eyes upon: *Not in riotousness and drunkenness, not in lewdness and wantonness... but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh and its lusts (Rom. 13.-13-14)*'

He speaks of the 'shadows of hesitation' flying away and 'the light of steadfast trust' pouring into his heart. At that moment, the power of Light that the Manichees speak of triumphed over the dark force of Evil once and for all and Manichaeism's hold over him was broken.

THE GUMBLETON PRIZE THE GIFT

This year's winner of the open creative writing prize was won by Imogen Dean (GG) for her short story, published here in full.

■ This was the first drinks party Beatrice had been to since Jack died. Jack had been a natural at parties, full of easy chat and ice-breaking chor-tles, but always with one eye out to spot if Beatrice needed rescuing. She hated parties: the forced smiling and simpering, or worse, the mounting desperation as lulls in conversation threatened to slide into silences. That was how they had met forty years ago. Beatrice had been marooned between chattering groups, gulping her wine, wondering whether to put on a welcoming smile or a determined look of 'I'm alright on my own, thanks'. Jack had bobbed up to her like a lifebuoy. But today, for some reason, she felt happy to face the fray alone.

Beatrice turned the corner into York Terrace, surprising herself with the confidence of her tread. Normally, her sense of direction was hopeless, and she would need to take regular, furtive glances at an A-Z or an invitation concealed in her handbag. Today she couldn't remember even seeing the invitation; it must have been languishing somewhere on her mantelpiece. But she felt sure she should be heading for number 6. Without hesitating, Beatrice mounted the steps up to the large, stucco-fronted house. The door opened as she approached.

'Upstairs, please, madam.' A butler took her coat with a slight bow. Beatrice smiled and moved up a grand staircase that wound round to a stone landing. Double doors opened into a high-ceilinged room. It was a library: dark green with rich red drapes and, unusually for a library, magnificently lit with chandeliers. A real fire burned in the grate.

'Champagne, madam?' A second butler held out a silver tray of glasses. Beatrice took one immediately, and swallowed a good mouthful. Perhaps she was going to enjoy this party.

Two strides into the room, she stopped and took another gulp of champagne. As she surveyed the group of people ahead of her, her blouse began to feel damp against her armpits. She realised she was about to pay for her over-confidence. This was clearly the wrong party. Most of the people here were in their late teens or early twenties. She felt embarrassed; embarrassed to have made a mistake; embarrassed to be 65 at a teenagers' party. Beatrice grew hotter as she considered her means of escape. How stupid to grab a glass and start drinking before she had taken a look at the party. She stared at the guests again. The number of children there was surprising too. The odd older man, captain of industry type, was scattered through the crowd, but even so, this couldn't possibly be the right party.

'Oh, Beatrice, dear, there you are. I bet you never thought there would be a party!'

A woman in her mid twenties, tall, plain, was leaving her group of friends and coming towards Beatrice with arms outstretched in welcome.

Beatrice was confused. It was odd to be greeted so warmly by someone she did not know. And what a bizarre remark! Why should she come to a drinks party but be surprised to find a party? But worst of all, as Beatrice continued to stare at the young woman, she felt there was something faintly familiar about her.

Beatrice was used to struggling to remember names. But this was new and disturbing, this sense of being unsure if she knew someone or not. Was it a further development in the ageing process? A signal of incipient Alzheimer's? Beatrice searched for a polite response.

'I'm sorry, just remind me what you do.' It seemed the safest gambit.

'Oh, Beatrice, I'm an English teacher, of course.' The woman laughed. Then a more pensive look crossed her face. 'But maybe you are thinking of someone older; I can't quite remember.'

Beatrice was nonplussed. The woman continued more cheerfully, 'I bet you're looking forward to your gift!'

That settled it. The woman was clearly crazy. Beatrice looked in desperation towards the nearest group of guests, frantic to find a pretext for leaving this madwoman before she was embroiled in any further nonsense.

'Yes, that's right, Beatrice, dear,' said the woman, noticing Beatrice's roving eye. 'Do come and meet everyone else.'

Beatrice moved forward uneasily, eyeing the captains of industry as the most likely familiar faces. Mercifully she recognised and even managed to retrieve the name of Tom Hatton, managing director of Whitecrest International, with whom she and Jack had been friendly at one time. She hadn't seen him for more than fifteen years; in fact, she hadn't even been sure he was still alive.

'Tom, dear, how are you? How simply wonderful to see you!' She rushed to him, hugging him and kissing both cheeks. The relief made her more gushing than normal.

'Beatrice, dear, welcome, welcome,' said Tom.

'You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. And you were looking very good then. Wasn't it just after you had taken over that company, I can't remember its name?'

Beatrice was genuinely pleased to see Tom Hatton; in many ways, he had been more her friend than Jack's, despite all their shared wine and cricket conversations. She had always had a better business head on her shoulders than Jack, and she always felt Tom valued her views and advice. And Beatrice's comments on Tom Hatton's appearance were genuine: he had the glow of a successful business man in his mid-fifties, rather than someone approaching seventy.

'Quite right, dear. The pinnacle of my career.' Then with a wink, he added, 'But you'd expect me to look that way, wouldn't you?' Beatrice smiled, unsure whether this last remark referred to the past or the present.

'Of course, it was downhill after that. The recession hit us hard and we just couldn't climb back.' His face clouded. 'Had to resign in the end. My doctor said it was definitely the cause of the heart attack.'

'Oh, I'm sorry,' said Beatrice. 'I didn't know you'd been ill.' She paused, wondering whether this was a suitable moment to mention Jack's death. She wasn't sure if Tom knew; sometimes people were embarrassed to raise it themselves. 'Did you hear that Jack...'

'Did I hear, did I hear?' Tom interrupted her with what could only be described as a guffaw.

'Aunt Beatrice! Come over here!' A young woman's voice rescued Beatrice from the uncertainty of how to respond to Tom's curious reaction. Beatrice turned and saw Jack's niece, Eloise, beckoning to her. Perhaps she was at the right party after all.

'Oh, hello, Eloise; I didn't see you when I came in. How are you?'

'Oh, I'm fine, I suppose.' Eloise had never been one for overt enthusiasm; she was far too high-minded for frivolous conversation. Beatrice was surprised to see her here. The last she had heard of her was that she had shot off to some remote corner of Africa as a voluntary teacher, much to her parents' chagrin. They had had high hopes of a dazzling legal career for Eloise after her three years of law at Cambridge. And besides, there was so much disease out there, and Eloise's constitution had never been strong.

"As she surveyed the group of people ahead of her, her blouse began to feel damp against her armpits. She realised she was about to pay for her over-confidence. This was clearly the wrong party."

Beatrice had always found Eloise a dull conversationalist: far too earnest. But now she was feeling more relaxed, she could enjoy the room. It was beautiful. It was large and quite formal in terms of architecture, but managed to be cosy at the same time – a balance Beatrice had never achieved in her own forays into interior design. This was the kind of room she could spend the rest of her life in. She listened to Eloise with only half an ear, hoping to catch a more interesting conversation she could move on to.

'I didn't arrive here much before you,' Eloise continued in a rather mournful tone. 'And the terrible thing is, I don't think Mummy even knows I'm here.'

'Oh, is your mother coming tonight?' Beatrice's spirits rose at the prospect of seeing her sister-in-law, whom she had always liked.

'Well of course she isn't,' snapped Eloise. 'Anyway,' she continued more brightly, 'they haven't given you the gift yet, have they? That's the best bit, really. Mine was lovely, but I expect yours will be a lot bigger.' Beatrice frowned. More talk about some gift or other. It was most puzzling. She was contemplating whether to pursue the subject of the gift when a burst of laughter deafened Beatrice, and she turned round to see a group of youngsters chatting.

'Yes, it was all a bit much. Head of school, captain of the first eleven, and A levels looming. Still, I got my priorities right and put cricket first.'

'Oh, so your brother Jason's here too!' exclaimed Beatrice.

'Don't be ridiculous,' said Eloise. Beatrice stared at the boy who was speaking; like Jason, he was in his late teens; like Jason, he looked like Jack in his old school photos. Beatrice felt confused again; she was sure it was Jason, but then even head-in-the-clouds Eloise should know her own brother.

'I'm sorry,' said Beatrice, 'but you must admit that boy over there does look like Jason.'

'You've always thought Jason looks like Jack, Auntie,' said Eloise. 'You're always looking for family likenesses.' Beatrice decided to ignore the comment. She leant against a bookcase and looked around her.

'So here you are, Beatrice.' Another timely rescue. Beatrice turned to face a girl, no older than nineteen, standing in front of her. 'You're earlier than I expected you'd be.'

She was arm in arm with two other girls of similar ages. Her hair was dark blonde, shoulder length, gently wavy. It was the face of a girl who was shy, but had made her mind up to have fun – and was succeeding. An attractive face. But a face that Beatrice found unnerving. It reminded her of herself. But no, at that age, Beatrice had been heading off to read English at university, and felt sure she had had an altogether more scholarly look to her. She thought again. Of all the people, Beatrice had met this evening; this woman was undoubtedly the most mystifying. She was dressed as if she came from a different era: long skirt, blouse tucked in, peep-toed high heels. And somehow, this woman reminded Beatrice of her childhood, of rainy afternoons spent playing board games with her family, of traditional Sunday lunches cooked by her mother. Her mother. Standing in front of her. Then Beatrice noticed she was holding something and to her horror she realised it must be the infamous gift.

'Well, here you are darling, what we've all been waiting for.'

She handed the parcel over to Beatrice who realised with acute embarrassment the whole party had stopped to watch her open the gift. Bewildered, Beatrice began to unwrap the gift, revealing a leather bound photo album. More confused than ever, she flicked through. The album was full of pictures of Beatrice: a baby in her mother's arms; a school girl with plaits; capped and gowned as she collected her degree; smiling nervously on her wedding day and on, on through the years.

'It's interesting you've chosen your forties,' the girl continued as Beatrice gazed from her to the album, uncomprehending. 'Not many do in the end. But then I suppose you were the quintessential 'have it all' generation in your forties: still working full-time, young children, looks still OK. For most of us, it's youth or childhood we want. Before responsibilities took over, before dreams were broken and disillusion set in.'

Beatrice was thinking, trying hard to be rational.

'I don't know why you started driving again after Jack died.' Beatrice wasn't seeing the girl now; she was only hearing the voice. That familiar voice; sure in its views, confident in its advice. 'You weren't short of money; why didn't you take taxis everywhere? Your sense of direction was always hopeless, and at your age, your reactions weren't fast enough. You were asking for trouble.'

Driving. Beatrice concentrated. Driving to a party because she'd left it too late to book a cab. Trying to read the map as she drove. Squinting at the small print. Registering the red light when she was already beyond it. The deafening thud of the impact.

'You've got a good turn out, though,' said the girl. 'Sweet of that old English teacher to show up.'

Beatrice glanced down as a waiter filled her glass. She froze as she caught sight of her hand. It wasn't her hand any more. No age spots, far fewer wrinkles. The crunch of metal filled her head again.

'Am I dead?' said Beatrice. 'Are you all dead?' The room broke into laughter and applause.

'Not bad, dear,' said Jack, turning away from his young cricket cronies. 'About forty minutes, I'd say. That's quite good going.'

'I only took twelve minutes,' said Beatrice's mother. She had always liked the last word.

'We know, we know,' said Jack, who liked the last word too. 'But you'd been ill.'

But Beatrice barely heard. She was flicking through the album. It was a wonderful gift: such a detailed, careful selection. A gift she could gaze at for eternity.

PRIZE GIVING 2009

Cultural Perspectives

Alexander Allen (Dryden's)
Edward Drayton (Rigaud's)
Kay Hann (Purcell's)
Joshua Harris-Kirkwood (Wren's)
Philip Howe (Liddell's)
Hans Larsen (College)
Avalon Lee-Bacon (Grant's)
John Owen (Rigaud's)
Becca Tusa (Busby's)
Geography: First Prize
Debra Guo (Dryden's)
Geography: Second Prize
Joanna Kaba (Wren's)
Geography: Third Prize
Fortune Penniman (Dryden's)
Gibbon History Essay: First Prize
Felix Hale (Busby's)
Meredith Kerr (College)
Gibbon History Essay: Second Prize
Humphrey Thomas (Ashburnham)
Becca Tusa (Busby's)
Gibbon History Essay: Third Prize
Kempe Brydges (College)
Oliver Rees (Grant's)
Jeremy Bentham Essay: First Prize
Richard Evans (Rigaud's)
Isabel Falkner (Wren's)
Jeremy Bentham Essay: Second Prize
Vyvyan Almond (College)
Arjav Trivedi (Hakluyt's)
Biology: First Prize
Konrad Wagstyl (Hakluyt's)
Biology: Second Prize
Rahimah Abdul Halim (Purcell's)
Benjamin Conyers (Rigaud's)
Sophie Ladbrooke (Dryden's)
Tom Surr (Dryden's)
Biology: Third Prize
Rory Curnock Cook (Rigaud's)
Ekow Eshun (Rigaud's)
Dara Farimani (Grant's)
Sophie Kelly (Grant's)
Maskelyne Physics Essay: Physics
Olivia Pranker Smith (Busby's)
Philip Henty Travel: History of Art
Eliza Easton (Hakluyt's)
James Ware (Milne's)
Sir Richard Stone Economics Essay: First Prize
Sabreen Shah (College)
Sir Richard Stone Economics Essay: Second Prize
Debra Guo (Dryden's)
Joe Northover (Ashburnham)
Sir Richard Stone Economics Essay: Third Prize
Louise Moss (Liddell's)
Joseph Rahamim (Wren's)
Ellie Weir (Purcell's)
Frederick Young (Ashburnham)
Takashi Funaki Art Prize: Junior
Chad Brooker-Thompson (Wren's)
Takashi Funaki Art Prize: Senior
Annabel James (Purcell's)
Art: REM
Hunter Farquhar-Thomson (Milne's)
Jessica Norman (Liddell's)
Art: VI
Christopher Arnold (Milne's)
Ewen MacArthur (Busby's)
Art: US
Alexander Fitzgerald (Dryden's)
Raffik Poole (Liddell's)
Art: LS
George Cox (Busby's)
Kolya Stubbs (Liddell's)
Art: V
Charlie Barton (College)
Luke Hone (Hakluyt's)

Biology: REM

Alexandra Hughes (Rigaud's)
Olivia Pranker Smith (Busby's)
Biology: VI
Ju Won Cha (Wren's)
Ben Stewart (Liddell's)
Biology: US
Sam Green (Milne's)
Patrick Peryman Owens (College)
Biology: LS
Jamie Cranston (Rigaud's)
Oliver Jones (Milne's)
Biology: V
Udayan Bannerjee-Bulchandani (Rigaud's)
Christopher Leet (Ashburnham)
Chemistry: REM
Michael McManus (Ashburnham)
Rohan Sakhrani (Ashburnham)
Chemistry: VI
Ju Won Cha (Wren's)
Chemistry: US
Will Benet (Dryden's)
Il-Kweon Sir (Grant's)
Chemistry: LS
Callum Bungey (Hakluyt's)
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
Chemistry: V
James Alster (Dryden's)
Udayan Bannerjee-Bulchandani (Rigaud's)
Drama: REM
George Rowell (Rigaud's)
Drama: VI
Allegra Le Fanu (Milne's)
Drama: US
Peter Huhne (Grant's)
William Peck (Liddell's)
Drama: LS
Johnny Church (Liddell's)
Daniel de Lisle (Busby's)
Economics: REM
Thomas Hierons (Busby's)
Economics: VI
Robert Millar (Grant's)
Maria Rioumine (Wren's)
Kyle Thetford (Busby's)
Electronics: REM
Timothy Lonsdale (Busby's)
Electronics: VI
Nick Chambers (Grant's)
Electronics: US
Jack Kemp (Dryden's)
Electronics: LS
Max Naylor Marlow (Ashburnham)
English: REM
Annabel James (Purcell's)
James Manning (Dryden's)
English: VI
Serena Coulson (Hakluyt's)
Allegra Le Fanu (Milne's)
English: US
Gabriel Trueblood (College)
Natango von Thun-Hohenstein (Liddell's)
English: LS
Ben Ireland (Rigaud's)
Daniel Marx (Grant's)
English: V
Kazimir Butrimas (Wren's)
Robert Oldham (Busby's)
French: REM
Amy Thompson (Busby's)
Fiona Reid (College)
French: VI
Calypto Blaj (Milne's)
Charlotte Skinner (Dryden's)
French: US
Peter Huhne (Grant's)
Jerome Kamm (Liddell's)

French: LS

Edward Carter (Ashburnham)
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
French: V
Zaeem Bhanji (Grant's)
Adam Evans (College)
Geography: REM
Debra Guo (Dryden's)
Khushaal Ved (College)
Geography: VI
Robert Millar (Grant's)
Meg Trainor (Hakluyt's)
Geography: US
Cosmo Godfree (Grant's)
Il-Kweon Sir (Grant's)
Geography: LS
Gabriel Cagan (Dryden's)
Nicholas Lorch (College)
Geography: V
James Adams (Liddell's)
Rupert Henderson (Grant's)
German: REM
Sam Carr (Grant's)
Charles Chichester (Grant's)
German: VI
Antonia Millard (Wren's)
Alexander Russman (Busby's)
German: US
Edward Aldred (Rigaud's)
Adam Smith (Grant's)
German: LS
Milo Constable (Rigaud's)
Alex Rafter (Ashburnham)
Greek: REM
Michael Aylmer (Grant's)
Meredith Kerr (College)
Greek: VI
Louisa Dawes (Dryden's)
Jamie Drey-Brown (Busby's)
Greek: US
Martin Chan (Wren's)
Ted Tregear (Busby's)
Greek: LS
Edward Carter (Ashburnham)
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
Greek: V
George Bustin (Rigaud's)
Kwesi Peterson (College)
History: REM
Vyvyan Almond (College)
Robert Bowdery (Grant's)
History: VI
James Crandall (Dryden's)
Camilla Turner (Ashburnham)
History: US
Richard Howell (Dryden's)
Ted Tregear (Busby's)
History: LS
Gabriel Cagan (Dryden's)
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
History: V
James Adams (Liddell's)
Cameron Joshi (Milne's)
History of Art: REM
Hunter Farquhar-Thomson (Milne's)
Alice Godwin (Purcell's)
History of Art: VI
Emma Hollaway (Wren's)
Ewen MacArthur (Busby's)
Latin: REM
Freddie James (Grant's)
James Male (Wren's)
Latin: VI
Heewoon Bae (Ashburnham)
Fiona Reid
Latin: US
Jack Kemp (Dryden's)
Alex Stewart (Hakluyt's)
Latin: LS
Haydn Child (Dryden's)
Nicholas Williams (Milne's)
Latin: V
Aditya Chander (Hakluyt's)
Vikram Jayaswal (College)
Mathematics: REM
Michael McManus (Ashburnham)
Mathematics: VI
Anna Seigal (College)

Mathematics: US

Philip Cohen (Ashburnham)
Dominic Foord (Milne's)
Mathematics: LS
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
Nicholas Williams (Milne's)
Mathematics: V
Charlie Barton (College)
Music: REM
Maya Amin-Smith (Hakluyt's)
Jury Verkade (Purcell's)
Music: VI
Adam Cigman Mark (Grant's)
Music: US
Ivo Tedbury (Hakluyt's)
Ted Tregear (Busby's)
Music: LS
David Wong (College)
PE: V
George Bustin (Rigaud's)
Eden Fung (Ashburnham)
Physics: REM
Michael McManus (Ashburnham)
Konrad Wagstyl (Hakluyt's)
Physics: VI
Sebastian Kosasih (Liddell's)
Theo Reynolds (Hakluyt's)
Physics: US
Patrick Beardmore (Busby's)
Physics: LS
Kshitij Sabnis (College)
Physics: V
Christopher Leet (Ashburnham)
Religious Studies: REM
Arjav Trivedi (Hakluyt's)
Flora Zackon (Wren's)
Religious Studies: VI
Rosa Bennathan (Liddell's)
Matty Wnek (Hakluyt's)
Religious Studies: US
Cosmo Godfree (Grant's)
Benjamin Sales (Busby's)
Religious Studies: LS
Johnny Church (Liddell's)
George Cox (Busby's)
Religious Studies: V
James Alster (Dryden's)
Barnaby Raine (Grant's)
Russian: REM
Jeremy Holt (College)
Alexander Labrom (Grant's)
Russian: VI
Alexander Darby (Liddell's)
Max Glanz (Rigaud's)
Russian: US
Sam Brodsky (Ashburnham)
Will Reid (Rigaud's)
Russian: LS
Sachin Gupta (Wren's)
Sacha Mehta (College)
Spanish: REM
Venetia Baden-Powell (Milne's)
Alicia Queiro (Liddell's)
Spanish: VI
Amedea Kelly-Taglianini (Ashburnham)
Maria Rioumine (Wren's)
Spanish: US
Hugo Schlesinger (Busby's)
Roland Walters (Busby's)
Spanish: LS
George Hage (Liddell's)
Benjamin Wetherfield (Hakluyt's)
Technology: US
Gabriel Trueblood (College)
Technology: LS
Harry Vos (Liddell's)
Adrian Whitelegge Music Award
Anthony Friend (College)
Chemistry – Published Author
Rahimah Abdul Halim (Purcell's)
Alexandra Hughes (Rigaud's)
Olivia Pranker Smith (Busby's)
Cheyne Mathematics: Junior
Martin Chan (Wren's)
Cheyne Mathematics: Senior
Andrew Hyer (Ashburnham)
Cricket – 1st XI Most Improved Player: PE
Jeremy Holt (College)
Cricket – 1st XI Player of the Year: PE
Alexander Fiskén (Ashburnham)

Cricket – 2nd XI Player of the Year: PE Adam Smith (Grant's)
 Cricket – U14 Player of the Year: PE George Bustin (Rigaud's)
 Cricket – U15 Player of the Year: PE Kshitij Sabnis (College)
 Elizabethan Club Head Master's Prize
 Jeremy Holt (College)
 Natalie Loh (Purcell's)
 Elizabethan Magazine Photography: Second Prize
 Arav Gupta (Milne's)
 Elizabethan Magazine Photography: Third Prize
 Edward Myung (Liddell's)
 Fifth Form Creative Writing: First Prize
 Kazimir Butrimas (Wren's)
 Fifth Form Creative Writing: Second Prize
 Christopher Leet (Ashburnham)
 Fifth Form Creative Writing: Third Prize
 Udayan Bannerjee-Bulchandani (Rigaud's)
 Fred d'Arcy English
 Harry McNeill Adams (College)
 Gibb French
 Benjamin Wetherfield (Hakluyt's)
 Gumbleton Creative Writing
 Tom Craig (Grant's)
 Roxy Rezvany (Ashburnham)
 Harvard Book Prize
 Jonathan Harel-Cohen (Milne's)
 Hugo Garten German
 Oliver Jones (College)
 John House History of Art: First Prize
 Theo Gordon (Grant's)
 John House History of Art: Second Prize
 Alice Godwin (Purcell's)
 Alasdair Maher (College)
 Laetitia Weinstock (Wren's)

John House History of Art: Third Prize
 Avalon Lee-Bacon (Grant's)
 Humphrey Thomas (Ashburnham)
 Martin Ball Piano Prize
 Ian Tsui (Grant's)
 Martin-Leake History Essay: First Prize
 Fred Tomlinson (Dryden's)
 Martin-Leake History Essay: Second Prize
 Christopher Leet (Ashburnham)
 Robert Oldham (Busby's)
 Martin-Leake History Essay: Third Prize
 James Adams (Liddell's)
 Hamzah Ahmed (Liddell's)
 George Bustin (Rigaud's)
 Maundy
 Ben Collis (Wren's)
 Sebastien Fivaz (Wren's)
 Freddie James (Grant's)
 Oliver Rees (Grant's)
 Rohan Sakhrani (Ashburnham)
 Otilie Wilford (Grant's)
 Mitchell History
 Celia Oldham (Grant's)
 Maria Rioumine (Wren's)
 Neale History
 Hayley Chapman (Dryden's)
 Rachel Stott (Busby's)
 Oli Bennett Drama Award
 Rachel Beaconsfield Press (Hakluyt's)
 Maxwell Dikkers (Dryden's)
 Peer Supporter
 Sid Agarwal (Busby's)
 Joshua Benson (Wren's)
 Kunal Choraria (Hakluyt's)
 Benjamin Conyers (Rigaud's)
 Liberty Gordon-Brown (Rigaud's)
 Sophie Kelly (Grant's)
 Alexander Labrom (Grant's)

Nicholas Leese (Dryden's)
 Lara Markham (Ashburnham)
 Louise Moss (Liddell's)
 Guy Nakamura (Milne's)
 Jamie Palmer (Liddell's)
 Natalie Puddicombe (Busby's)
 Sabreen Shah (College)
 Khushaal Ved (College)
 Ellie Weir (Purcell's)
 Philip Webb French
 Joe Northover (Ashburnham)
 Solti Music
 Louisa Dawes (Dryden's)
 Special Classics: REM
 Dipesh Mahtani (Liddell's)
 Special Classics: VI
 Oliver Jones (College)
 Special Classics: US
 Il-Kweon Sir (Grant's)
 Special Classics: LS
 David Wong (College)
 Special Drama
 Louis Lunts (Liddell's)
 Stuart Leaf Modern Languages: French
 Jamie Kleinfeld (Wren's)
 Stuart Leaf Modern Languages: German
 John Owen (Rigaud's)
 Stuart Leaf Modern Languages: Russian
 Max Gill (Busby's)
 Stuart Leaf Modern Languages: Spanish
 Joe Northover (Ashburnham)
 Walker History
 Felix Hale (Busby's)
 Jessica Norman (Liddell's)
 Whitmore History
 Meredith Kerr (College)
 John Owen (Rigaud's)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY CONFERENCE

Westminster pupils took their still-wet poster summarizing their ideas about what faith means to contemporary society to a debate in Church House, confesses Beatrix Parnaby-Price (MM).



"In today's consumerist society, our imaginations are shutting down and we live unremittingly in the moment."

JOHN LE CARRÉ MASTERCLASS A MOST WANTED WRITER

In October, the novelist John le Carré visited Westminster to present two seminars on creative writing, reports Vir Bannerjee-Bulchandani (QSS).



"Le Carré explained what it meant to be a 'professional' novelist, discussing his constant search for morally important ideas to explore."

■ He began by discussing how his unusual past shapes his novels. Le Carré's life is remarkable: frustrated with the establishment, he ran away from Sherborne School aged sixteen and took up residence in Switzerland. He studied foreign languages at the University of Berne before being recruited by MI5. While working for the intelligence services, he was inspired to write, and his 15 years in the field lend a rare credibility to his spy fiction.

The main focus of le Carré's talk was his most recent novel, 'A Most Wanted Man'. For him the novel is more than just a medium for entertainment. He sets out to broaden his readers' minds, and in the book, he confronts the inept and morally dubious approach of Western civilisation towards the threat of radical Islamism.

The breadth of experience le Carré drew on to write 'A Most Wanted Man' is worthy of a novel in its own right. He described to a captivated audience how he arranged secret meetings with Yasser Arafat at the height of the Lebanon conflict, interviewed former inmates of Guantanamo Bay and lived with the Chechen community in Moscow's slums.

Finally, le Carré explained what it meant to be a 'professional' novelist, discussing his constant search for morally important ideas to explore, as well as the more mundane aspects of writing, such as the delicate process of converting books into films.

The seminars were broad in scope and yet constantly insightful. John le Carré's exciting take on literature was true inspiration for Westminster's budding writers.

■ We were to speak with the Archbishop after a series of lectures by prominent theologians. Revd. Richard Coles opened the afternoon arguing that the media must play a more prominent part in reinstating faith at the centre of public affairs. Prof. Elaine Graham introduced her very own 20:20 vision in her predictions for ethics over the new decade, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Rowan Williams, countered that in today's consumerist society, our imaginations are shutting down and we live unremittingly in the moment. Yet the Church is a place where parts of our humanity that might otherwise be repressed – joy, love, depression – can go without fear.

We certainly took new ideas away. Enjoyable as the conference was, however, several visitors remain permanently affected, returning home bearing traces of our poster. Apologies.

THE PARENTING FORUM

The Parenting Forum started life as The Continuing Education Programme until two years ago, when the name was changed to reflect its work and current aspiration, writes Philip Hewitt, the school counsellor.

■ In 1997 David Summerscale, then Head Master, responded to the growing need expressed by parents for support and opportunity to think together about topical social and educational issues in relation to adolescence. Like the establishment of the Counselling Service for pupils two years before, the triangular relationship between pupil, home and school was seen to be of growing importance. Now the Parenting Forum plays a part in balancing the triangle by creating a learning space just for parents, giving time for parents and teachers to talk about their concerns.

The first speaker was Peter Wilson who at that time was the Director of Young Minds, which was and still is a leading charity concerned with the well-being of young people. Peter returned at our tenth anniversary and by then there had been a succession of distinguished speakers who had set the scene for lively and thought-provoking discussion. Westminster parents,

"Westminster parents, like their offspring, are never short of ideas."



like their offspring, are never short of ideas and the present formula in a friendly, 'café style' arrangement ensures a supportive and more intimate setting. Parents have accepted the idea that they have much to learn from each other as well as from 'the experts'. Accordingly the expression of mutual concerns to do with young people and family

life are given legitimacy without the focus being on individual academic progress.

The Parenting Forum, effortlessly chaired by Christopher Clarke, the Senior Tutor, has become a part of the institution but not institutionalised. The Head Master encourages a wide range of external speakers in a culture of sharing and participation, with myself, Amanda Jørgensen, Head of PSHE, and Roseanne Morgan, Medical Matron, working with the parent members of the committee who are indispensable in planning the meetings. This has led to a creative process and enhanced further the supportive learning experience it was always intended to be.

Ted and Vicky Leavitt, parents of three Westminsters, and who have done much to aid the running of the committee and maintaining the website for the last eight years, write, "The Parenting Forum is a long-running programme that goes from

strength to strength. We particularly enjoy seeing 'sell-out' crowds either up School or in Grant's. Plenty of work has gone towards establishing the current syllabus and format. In Play Term, there is typically a general programme discussing relationships between student, school and parent. While relevant for all, it is particularly so for parents of new entrants to Fifth and Sixth Form. During the following two terms, the topics are more specific, possibly new or sometimes part two of an important topic – drugs, internet, alcohol are a few examples. If you haven't had an opportunity to attend a session in the past, we encourage you to visit the Parent's section of the Westminster intranet and for summaries of recent sessions and feedback/comments from those who have attended."

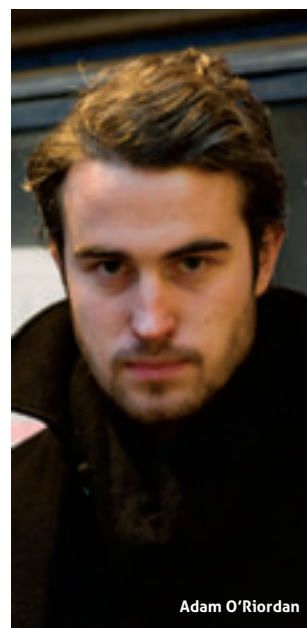
BEN JONSON SOCIETY

In the autumn lecture, Dr Ian Patterson gave an insightful talk on 'Poetry and the Subliminal' report Xinlan Rose (DD) and Helena Pike (PP).

■ He presented the audience with five seemingly obvious poems, and then proceeded to explain the concealed ideas within them. One marvellous example exposed the 'bury' in St Buryan in a poem about a deceased friend of the poet's. This demonstrated how one's first impressions of a poem can often be superficial and that a close examination of apparently less noticeable features can reveal fascinating extra layers.

In January, the award-winning poet Adam O'Riordan came to talk to a Lecture Room full of avid sixth-form English students. He read a selection of poems from his new collection, 'In the Flesh', influenced by his family's past and the close relationships within Wordsworth's family. His inspiration came from his experience at the Wordsworth trust where he became the youngest poet in residence in 2008.

O'Riordan opened his metaphysical poetry collection with a series of sonnets called 'Vanishing Points': three seductive snapshots of his father's family and his growing disconnection with his Irish heritage, using natural imagery as devices



Adam O'Riordan

to convey the romantic relations between his ancestors. His other poems explored objects from the Wordsworth cottage interlinked with his personal life, keeping the intensity and rawness within his poems. The striking element of O'Riordan's poetry was his eliding of two different subject matters enhanced by elegantly balanced paired phrasing.

ASTRONOMY WEEKEND

■ Eight pupils, PS and KAPW ventured into darkest Surrey in February for a weekend of Astronomy. Based at the charming Hindhead Youth Hostel next to the Devil's Punchbowl, we spent the time studying various aspects of the subject and were treated to a wonderfully clear sky on the final evening when, armed with a range of telescopes and binoculars, we had a fine

observing session: nebulae, star clusters and planets were there in all their celestial glory. Even the asteroid Vesta obliged – a memorable bonus. Perhaps the most rewarding and inspiring sight, though, was the majestic Milky Way itself: scores of stars strewn across the black vault overhead. Many think these things are a long way away. In fact, we found them barely 35 miles from London.

HISTORY OF ART SOCIETY MULTI-DISCIPLINARY VIEWS

As soon as I saw the History of Art Society Lecture programme was headed by a talk on the Toledo Cathedral 'Cain the Rapist', I knew that the Society had once again chosen an extremely diverse range of speakers, enthuses Eliza Easton (HH).

Complete with analysis of the new Dolce and Gabbana advertising campaign as an image of sexual domination, the talk may have shocked the Sixth Form, but for the Remove it was a rousing example of how research could both fascinate and prove relevant, especially as we were in the throes of our Pre-U 'Personal Investigations'.

But the Society doesn't look only to the scholarly. We were hurtled from this researched address to an exhibition, the art of Suad al Attar curated by Ewen McArthur, which transformed our classroom just a few weeks later. Attar's art brought much of the mysticism of her Iraqi homeland as well as half the Common

Not only did each talk educate, but the multi-disciplinary nature of Art History could be felt overwhelmingly.

The diversity of the talks can be demonstrated by Eva Bosch's "Art and the City of Barcelona". Having just returned from Barcelona, many of the Remove were expecting a quick recap of what they had seen there, perhaps aimed more at the year below who were yet to study the fascinating city. In fact Bosch looked at the city through the eyes of Miro, and more literally through a video camera; the talk was more of a 'show and tell' of her film on the great man than anything else. Accompanied by Catalan music, it was remarkable

"Bosch looked at the city through the eyes of Miro, and more literally through a video camera."



Room to Weston and inspired artists and Art Historians alike.

The programme then careered back into academia with a discussion of Medieval Art and memory by Oxford lecturer Gervase Rosser, which challenged spectators both artistically and philosophically. This was followed by Nick Ross's "Art and the City of Florence" which walked the audience through the metropolis, guided by his encyclopaedic knowledge, and a lecture on medieval castles by John Goodall (keenly enjoyed by the medieval history department). Each had their own emphasis, whether it was to be philosophically challenging, transporting or historical.

to hear personal anecdotes of an artist many were so familiar with.

From Florence, to Barcelona, then to Vienna: the final stop on our aural travels was the beautiful Austrian capital, described by Diane Silverthorne. As artists like Schiele and Klimt are not in the curriculum, it was an excellent chance to fill the gap, as well as being a dynamic talk.

But for me, the best talk of the year was the last: Prof. John House on "Reading Van Gogh". It may be because I am an avid Van Gogh fan, or perhaps down to the atmosphere created by the new location in the Millicent Fawcett Hall, but the Old Westminster spoke with both drama and conviction about the relationship between Gauguin and Van Gogh during their cohabitation in Arles, also informing my visit to the recent Royal Academy Exhibition. It was the perfect way to finish a year in the society, and I would like to thank the History of Art department for working so hard to make it an enjoyable one.

HOOKE ON SCIENCE: SUCCESSSES BEYOND THE LAB

2009–10 has been another active year beyond the Science and Technology curricula.

The Biology Society has continued to thrive, with a range of well-attended talks, arranged and given mostly by members of the Upper School, but with occasional visiting speakers.

Meanwhile, the Hooke Magazine editorial board have been busy and it has also been a fine year for success in national competitions.

Rohan Sokrani was the winner of the Royal Society of Chemistry's national prize short essay competition, with a piece about chemistry in everyday life. There were Gold Medals aplenty awarded in the respective UK Olympiad competitions (9 in all). Martin Chan and Andrew Hyer made it through to the top 20

nationally in the Chemistry competition, and the latter was joined by Anna Seigal for the same stage in the Physics competition. In the end, Andrew was selected for the national Olympiad team and will join a prestigious line of Old Westminsters who in the past have represented the UK at the World Physics Olympiad competition: well done to him. For his account of how the selection went, see his separate article on page 68.

The Chemistry research group has continued to break new ground, too. Thirteen students are working on five different projects. A paper has recently been accepted for publication in the *Journal of Chemistry Education* with a number of others having been submitted at the time of writing.

HOOKE LECTURES

This annual series of Science and Technology lectures has been taking place in the Lent Term for a number of years and this year has continued with its aim to reflect the eclectic output of Robert Hooke himself, writes KAPW.

The series opened with a talk on Hacking the Brain by Lewis Dartnell, of UCL. Dr Dartnell made a great impression here when he gave a John Locke talk last year and popular demand brought him back on the Hooke platform. He did not disappoint: his entertaining lecture looked at how illusions (optical and auditory) can reveal details of brain function as well as being simply fascinating. Few of us will ever forget the Spanish castle illusion, I'm sure. The second talk was about The Science of High Speed events, given by Dr Bill Proud (Imperial College). Again, there was plenty with which to "wow" the audience, but at the same time Dr Proud presented a detailed insight into the history and technology behind the methods of catching images of explosions, collisions and all sorts of other spectacular and often catastrophic events. Our third

speaker was Dr Mike Clugstone (formerly of Tonbridge School) whose talk, The Ten Greatest Ideas in Science, was based largely on the Peter Atkins book of the same name. Dr Clugstone's enthusiasm for science in general was evident throughout his talk and again the speaker successfully trod the line between being entertaining and informative with great skill. The final talk in the series was a rather special one. For many years, Prof Mike Edmunds (Cardiff University) has been involved with the fascinating study of the incredible Antikythera Mechanism, a device found in a shipwreck in the Mediterranean at the turn of the century. His talk was spell-binding – a compelling tale of intrigue, embracing technology, ancient history and astronomy. A fittingly thought-provoking and astonishing way to round off the 2010 series.

WESTMINSTER/IMPERIAL COLLEGE LECTURES BIOMEDICAL MIRACLES

Following on from the Summer School initiative a series of Science lectures was offered in the Play Term for pupils from Westminster and from other schools, reports JRGB.

■ The purpose was to show the nature of scientific research, requiring creativity from many disciplines. The Institute of Biomedical Engineering, in the Faculty of Engineering at Imperial College, is a Department that capitalises on expertise from electrical, aeronautical and mechanical engineers, chemists, biologists, medics and computer specialists, mathematicians and other interdisciplinary fields. Dr Judit Nagy, Director of the Proteomics Facility there, generously offered to arrange for four speakers over two months.

Dr Rob Fenton directs the coordination of research activities within the Institute, promoting technologies that provide engineering solutions to medical problems. His lecture focused on the research that was needed by his team at GlaxoSmithKline which successfully developed the first rationally designed antiviral treatment for influenza, Relenza™. He gave a powerful and challenging account of the ups and downs of this work together with some of the thought processes needed to solve problems along the way. He said afterwards that he had been impressed by the high level of questioning he experienced from the audience.

Dr Konstantin Nikolic is an electrical engineer by training. He spoke on 'Neural Implants – Technology to help blind and deaf people', the development of electronic devices using nano-

the adventurous and imaginative to tackle. The ingenuity and the technology are impressive, but so are the challenges.

Dr Conrad Lichtenstein used 'Genetic analysis of Muggles, Witches and Wizards' to show how sampling large populations can be used to identify the genetic variation responsible for human disease and drug response. His examples (including a novel view of hyenas) were suitably striking and certainly ensured attention was not lost. You really had to have been there!

The last lecture was given by Dr Judit Nagy on 'Proteomics: the solution for personalised medicine'. The proteome is the entire complement of proteins, including the modifications made to a particular set of proteins, produced by an organism or system. This will vary with time and distinct requirements, or disease states, that a cell or organism undergoes. There is therefore considerable interest in these variations and how they can be measured. Dr Nagy showed how the Institute was developing sensing devices for the analysis of protein and how the results would improve diagnosis and treatment.

The enthusiasm of those (from a number of schools and year groups) who heard all four lectures was evident. There were plenty of challenges for the audience, some related to difficult material but all of them to the excitement of the chase. The

lectures admirably fulfilled their purpose. We are very grateful to Dr Nagy for the time and effort needed to arrange for the speakers who made the lectures such a success.

"A few of the many problems associated with cochlear and retinal implants have been solved, but a huge number remain for the adventurous and imaginative to tackle."

electronics to be used in neural implants. He showed that a few of the many problems associated with cochlear and retinal implants have been solved, but that a huge number remain for

CHEMISTRY OLYMPIAD THEORETICAL SUCCESS

The Chemistry Olympiad is designed to select a team of 4 pupils from the UK to participate in the International Chemistry Olympiad. We entered 28 pupils this year, picking up 6 Gold, 12 Silver, 7 Bronze and 3 Commendation Certificates.

Two pupils, Andrew Hyer and Martin Chan came in the top 20 out of over 2000 candidates and were selected for Round 2 in Cambridge, narrowly missing out on a place in the final UK team of four. Andrew Hyer (AHH) reports on the proceedings.

■ After a number of very robust performances (kudos in particular to those Upper Shells who participated despite not knowing some of the advanced chemistry required, and still did very well), 20 people were selected to go on to Round 2, which led to Martin and me going to Cambridge at Easter.

The selection camp is amusingly direct. Rather than faff around with training during the camp, they have pared it down to as short a process as possible. You show up one day, and they give you dinner. The next day, you sit two 3-hour+ exams (one practical and one theoretical), and on the last day they give you

a really dangerous opponent, with the result that I was lynched by popular vote with astounding rapidity. Ah well...

The results of the selection process come out. Our hearts are in our maths – mine in particular. I have done (I think) very well in the theoretical paper, but made up for this by spilling half of my product all over the floor during the practical test. Will I get into the team in spite of this? Will my theoretical skill be enough to make up for my awesome practical ineptitude?

No. I am not selected for the team. Martin is not selected either, but (being in the Sixth Form) he has next year to com-

"I have done (I think) very well in the theoretical paper, but made up for this by spilling half of my product all over the floor during the practical test."

breakfast, tell you the team of 4 (and the one reserve), and kick you out.

And what do the greatest chemical minds of our generation spend their free time doing? We spend it playing Mafia. Unfortunately, as the one who introduced Mafia to the chemists there I acquired a (deserved) reputation for being

pete as well. Still, it was a pretty fun camp. In fact, if you're in the right frame of mind, Olympiads are almost universally entertaining, as they give you a chance to try your hand at problems beyond the rote, formulaic nature of public exams. If you get the chance to try even the first round of one, do give it a go!



WINNER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CHEMISTRY'S NATIONAL PRIZE SHORT ESSAY COMPETITION

I SPY CHEMISTRY

I never gave much thought to the role Chemistry plays in my everyday life, but the true magnitude of its importance struck me on a Saturday evening some weeks ago, ponders Rohan Sakhrani (OW).

It was my friend's 18th birthday party that night. I was awoken by my alarm clock after my evening snooze. The ticking of the clock suddenly got me thinking about the importance of Chemistry. My clock itself was powered by the chemical interac-

tion of the zinc and manganese dioxide electrodes with the alkaline electrolyte in the batteries. My mind was wandering and I was running late. Lathering up in the shower cubicle, I realised how everyday phenomena such as the cleaning action of soap is taken for granted – chemically, soap is a sodium salt of fatty acids formed by the alkaline hydrolysis of a triglyceride. Soap has a dual hydrophobic and hydrophilic nature – the hydrophobic part is attracted to grease, while the hydrophilic part is attracted to water molecules. This effect loosens the grease particle from the surface medium resulting in a clean body (or clean clothes). With nothing but Chemistry on my mind, I got dressed. There was Chemistry in my fancy dress too – my orange nylon outfit. We had recently completed a laboratory practical where we had made a few strings of 6,6 nylon via a polycondensation reaction of hexamethylene diamine and 1,6-hexanedioic acid. The absolute pervasiveness of the subject is astounding, something to which most of us remain oblivious. I then rushed to the dinner table to be greeted by a plate of salad. The Chemistry all around me was mind boggling. I stared

at the tomatoes – brightly coloured due to the presence of carotenoids (lycopene) in the chromoplasts. The conjugated pi systems in the structures of the carotenoids lead to the formation of chromophore regions. Electrons in the ground state in these regions absorb light in the blue end of the spectrum to move to an excited state, resulting in red wavelengths being reflected. At the other end of the table, my grandmother was taking her statin tablets, which aim to slow atherosclerosis by inhibiting cholesterol synthesis and increasing the synthesis of LDL receptors in the liver.

All these musings about Chemistry had made me late, and I demanded that my mother drive me to the party. The car had been refuelled with a new high-octane fuel ensuring a smoother and more efficient drive by reducing the knocking characteristics of the fuel. Such technological advances are only possible due to chemists spending hours in laboratories to determine the composition of the most practical and commercially viable high performance fuel. I then looked at the airbags, which offer protection by inflating with high pressure nitrogen gas in a crash, produced via another chemical reaction – that of sodium azide with potassium nitrate.

I expected the rest of the evening to be different. However, once at the party and with alcohol in my bloodstream, yet again, I lapsed into the wonderful world of Chemistry...

"Lathering up in the shower cubicle, I realised how everyday phenomena such as the cleaning action of soap is taken for granted."



BIOLOGY SOCIETY

The new BioSoc committee members were bursting with ideas and potential new ventures for the Society after their selection at the end of the Play term, 2009, writes PHW.

Most popular was a dissection event, still in the planning stages, which promises to be a fascinating and exciting occasion. Other ideas included making the Society's meetings more discussion-based, beginning the meetings with a topical 'headlines' slot, organising a BioSoc blog and planning a '2010 Event' to be held on September Saturday.

This year's meetings have been themed, with topics ranging from the attention-grabbing 'sexual reproduction' to more conventional themes such as the pharmaceutical industry.

Corty Linder gave a fascinating presentation on 'The Science of Laughter' which was very popular and set the standard for the remainder of the year. Patrick Perryman-Owens and Suli Doris gave exceptional presentations about 'The Evolution

Means to be Animal', which formed the basis of a thought-provoking discussion.

'The Euthanasia Debate' at the end of the Lent term was a great success. Chaired by Johnny Falconer, this involved two-minute speeches from Jamie Miles, Bamaby Raine, Mark Kumleben, Roxy Rezvany,



"Patrick Perryman-Owens and Suli Doris gave exceptional presentations about 'The Evolution of Sex' and 'Bedroom Zoology' respectively."



of Sex' and 'Bedroom Zoology' respectively. Needless to say, this meeting was attended by pupils from all years as well as a number of curious members of staff! Johnny Falconer managed to attract and enthuse a large audience with his passionate talk about the (occasionally dubious) roles of the pharmaceutical industry and Mark Kumleben proposed some controversial philosophical views on 'What it

Stephen McHugh and Gabriella Lewis and a lively floor discussion.

Most recently, Professor Shitij Kapur from Kings College London presented his work to the Society on psychosis and the mechanisms of antipsychotic drugs. This extremely well-attended event informed and inspired the audience to consider questions such as 'Why does a drug blocking a neuroreceptor change your perception and your ideas?'

The committee would love to take all the credit for the achievements so far, but we would also like to thank Dr Williams for keeping meetings running smoothly. Future themes include "Genetics" and "CSI: Westminster" and the committee is looking forward to the 2010 event, with exhibitions, dissections, experiments and more – see you there!

DEBATING SOCIETY MANY MORAL VICTORIES

After our star debaters were cruelly rejected by the England selection committee, this year's season became an exercise in demonstrating the grave mistake of that decision, declares an aggrieved Matty Wnek (HH).

So, true to narrative this was one of Westminster's best-ever seasons. We made the final at UCL tournament and the Oxford Union tournament, won the LSE tournament, made the semis at the Cambridge Union and were the moral victors at many more. The A team's best debate was undoubtedly the final of Oxford where they had to oppose the motion 'This House would replace all age restrictions with psychological tests of maturity including but not limited to interviews with psychiatrists and aptitude tests etc' in a debate where the feasibility of such a policy was conceded early. But, faced with an almost-truism, our heroines came up with "the most complex argumentation ever seen in a schools' debate" (Lewis Iwu). Unfortunately the argument was too complex even for the panel of distinguished judges, but, whatever. We all had fun debating the morality of pornography about six times in the season, and must have

we debated some outrageous motions with the Goliaths of the uni circuit, got to watch world champions at their best in the final, and had our first experience of a Debating social.

Westminster A, headlined by Roxy, have had the chance to take LSA Debating this term, and so can say with confidence that even better seasons are anticipated in the years to come. We would urge anyone and everyone with an interest to get involved in what is an amazingly fun and valuable extra-curricular activity: most particularly since both Matty and Roxy intend to judge at university level and are set on channelling our fiery vendettas into dealing out the justice we never received! We are also working on perfecting our training technique, principally involving getting off at the right stations.

The juniors are placed to perform strongly at the ICYD Finals. Barnaby Raine and Louis Willis topped both the team and speaker tabs at

"Unfortunately the argument was too complex even for the panel of distinguished judges, but, whatever."

proposed more than five self-evidently impossible wars, the greatest surely being Roxy Rezvany's bravura attempt at proposing 'This house would allow Israel to find and kill all at-large Nazi war criminals by any means necessary.' Our prize for winning the LSE schools tournament was free entry to the largest non-international university debating tournament, which was an amazing experience:

the London regional round, making a powerful impression on the judges.

We are grateful for the support of Richard Allnatt, always thoughtfully managing Westminster Debating, and Lewis Iwu, who provided excellent additional coaching based on his experience as one of the most successful Oxford student debaters of recent years.



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE REPEAT VIEWING

This year was the year that the Westminster School General Knowledge Team acquired its first and, as some naysayers might insinuate, last sex symbol, laments Harry McNeill Adams (QSS).

Alex Gутtenplan's (WSGK Team 2003–2005, 2006–2008) riposte to Jeremy Paxman's doubt about his knowledge of WH Auden gained him an instant online following, people posting statements like "irresistibly gorgeous – it's what's between a man's EARS that counts" and "Can't deny it, he's a cutie" and, most bafflingly, "I'd like to take him home and make him tea and cook him spaghetti". Odd. Anyway, as well as being a sex symbol, he won the entire competition in stunning fashion, with his Emmanuel College, Cambridge Team beating St John's College, Oxford 315–100. Pre-dating this achievement by approximately ten months was an equally spectacular victory by our own General Knowledge Team, who won the

Schools Challenge for the fifth year in a row. It felt more difficult this year than it had in previous years, probably due to the lack of said Alex Gутtenplan. We were pushed quite hard in several matches, including our second round match, the semi-final and final, but pulled through, never more excitingly than in the final against RGS Lancaster, where we were level with just one minute to go before pulling ahead by answering the last two starters and sets of bonuses correctly. We had preserved the great legacy of "Gutty" for another year at least. The team was Michael Clark, Peter Hitchcock, Harry McNeill Adams and Jeremy Holt. Watch this space. You might be seeing them again some time.

HISTORY SOCIETY NEW FOR OLD

Play Term saw the birth of the History Society led, by Abbas Kazmi and Selena Yang. The Society aims to provide an opportunity for students to discuss different periods of History which are often not on the syllabus. We hope to provoke passionate and vigorous debate along with an element of fun and amusement.

The Society kicked off in November with a well-attended lecture on the controversial question 'Has Stalin been misjudged by History?' The Society has also run a series of discussion seminars where students discuss various historical questions such as 'Was World War Two inevitable?' The questions were intended to be broad in order to allow the students to branch off into other areas. The Society has seen students from all years attend.



ENGLISH SOCIETY

The English Society did not disappoint this year. Drawing on Westminster's fine literary tradition, this year's custodians, Joe Hazell and Ben Bayley managed to steer the Society to ever greater heights of sophistication and discussion, as an elite group of literary fans attended every week, writes Joe Hazell (QSS).

■ We saw a fine and diverse range of literature presented for discussion. Opening with successful talks on William Blake by Ben Bayley, and William Wordsworth by Joe Hazell, we moved from Romantic poetry into much more diverse country. Over the course of the first term, there were many highlights – *Waiting for Godot*, with discussion led by one of the stars of the school production, Ed Cherrie, was particularly well received, as was a talk on Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* by Nick White. The English Society preferred to stay away from the



mainstream classics of English literature, instead moving into niche literature where the truly interesting intellectual discussions could be had. To this end, we enjoyed a heated discussion led by Leon Craig Cohen of *Sputnik*

Sweetheart, a translation of Haruki Murakami's Japanese novel, and a talk by Will Lim on *We* by Yevgeny Zamyatin, prompting many of us to read this lesser known piece of dystopic fiction. After talks on Louis MacNiece and Stephen Spender by Ted Tregear, Dylan Thomas by Tilly Barr, and Lewis Carroll by Ben Bayley, we moved on to the more risqué ground of the so-called 'Beat Generation', with the highest turnout of the year for a lecture on Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* by Joe Hazell, and a talk on Alan Ginsberg by Beatrix Parnaby-Price.



■ In September a professional dealer in classical antiquities, Mr James Ede (OW), gave an amusing and informative talk about his life's work in buying, selling and studying Graeco-Roman and Egyptian objects. He brought along a small collection of fascinating, and in some cases beautiful, pieces and even encouraged us to think of starting our own modest collections as he had done back in his student days.

The other speakers we heard in the course of the year addressed a range of topics that brought us, as classicists, closer together with other disciplines, and it was a pleasure to have our meetings attended by pupils and teachers from several other departments.

Raphael Lyne of New Hall, Cambridge spoke on 'Tragedy from Sophocles to Shakespeare.' His lecture provoked many questions and comments from the floor on the relative power and significance of tragedy and comedy. Dr Philomen Probert is one of Oxford University's lecturers in comparative and historical philology, an Indo-Europeanist with wide interests and particularly well known for

"Sir Brian is an internationally known expert in the history and theory of rhetoric."

her two books on Greek accentuation, one of which we use as a textbook in the school. Her talk on the origins of the Latin language placed Latin in the more general context of early Italic dialects, and she engaged stimulatingly with the audience over some early text samples which served as an introduction to the Indo-European background of Italic languages.

Prof. A.C. Grayling of Birkbeck College, London, called his excellent lecture 'The Ethics of Enlightenment'. He identified certain crucial moments in the history of Western thought as 'enlightenments', and made us think about the relations of philosophical speculation to social and political history. There was some vigorous discussion afterwards, particularly on whether we should regard Athens of the fifth centu-

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Society this year continued to invite distinguished scholars – philosophers, dramatists, linguists and historians – to speak to pupils and answer their questions in a number of meetings on Friday afternoons, writes JBK.

ry BC as an enlightened or a restrictive society, or both. Dr B. Ward Perkins (Trinity College, Oxford) discussed 'The Fall of Rome and the End of Civilization' (as in the title of his award-winning book) from the point of view of the economic historian but resting his arguments also on archaeological evidence, much of it newly assessed by him in his own publications. His expertise in coinage and other artefacts was greatly respected by his audience, and there was much to learn from his methods of argument, quite apart from the particular focus of 'Late Antiquity'.

In a lively and unusual lecture on ancient education Dr Eleanor Dickey of Exeter University presented some exciting evidence, recently published from papyrus fragments, for language-learning in antiquity, including notably a fifth-century AD phrase book probably compiled by a Coptic and Greek speaker to prepare travellers to Latin-speaking regions. Professor Sir Brian Vickers returned to the school to talk about rhetoric and feeling in Shakespeare's sonnets. Sir Brian is an internationally known expert in the history and theory of rhetoric, and is a most

effective advocate for its study as a tool for appreciating both classical and English poetry. The final speaker of the year is Professor Ardis Butterfield, a specialist in medieval English and song. As I write, we still await her lecture in May, but it promises to link poetry and music and show us how textual scholarship can help us in appreciating beautiful literature.

It is a pleasure to report that we have very high, almost unprecedented, numbers studying Latin and Greek at the school at the moment, and some of the Sixth Formers have been coming with me once a week to help teach Latin at St Olave's and St Saviour's School in Lambeth. Signing off in my final Westminster term, I take great personal pride in our pupils' achievements. Among other things we have been taking verse reading (and even a little composition) quite seriously, and this year we won two good first prizes in the Classical Association competition – Harry Winter (USh) for his Virgil recitation and Il-Kweon Sir (VIth) for a most distinguished reading of a Horace Ode.

PHILOSOPHY SOCIETY BASIC MORALITY

This year's Philosophy Society, run by Mohsen Mostafavi, Ben Wessely and Dominic Williams was the most successful student-run society this year, pulling in an average of thirty pupils, mainly Sixth Formers, each week, asserts Dominic Williams (BB).

Each week a generous teacher or pupil would chair a discussion in the Camden Room on any facet of Philosophy they chose, giving a short introduction to the subject and then opening the topic to the floor.

One defining feature of our ground-breaking Philosophy Society was the establishment of the Chatham House rule, "When a meeting, or part thereof, is held under the Chatham House Rule, participants are free to use the information received, but neither the identity nor the affiliation of the speaker(s), nor that of any other participant, may be revealed". However we have decided to release the chairs of each Society meeting and their subjects.

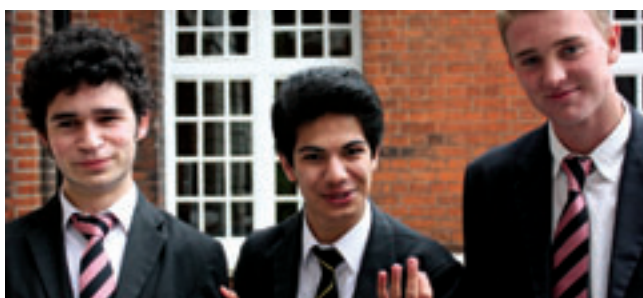
Among those kind enough to give us some of their valuable time was the Chaplain, who was at the centre of our earlier series on medical ethics, triggering some highly charged debate on the subject of abortion, occasionally between himself and another teacher at which point we were all able to sit back and watch in awe. Mr. Woodroffe provided a different perspective on ethics and Mr. Crole provided an engaging treatise on Western consumerism. Our sole pupil speaker was Alexander Thanki, speaking on the Philosophy of Art, essentially asking how we could define art. Dr. Katz fol-

lowed this up with some further thoughts and an encouragement to read further into this subject. We would especially like to thank Mr. Davies for coming to every meeting and always contributing the most insightful comment at the end of the discussion. He also led one of the most frustrating (yet most satisfying) meetings on the philosophy of language and introduced us to the word 'qua'.

One of the highlights of Philosophy Society's year came in

of Genetic Intervention. He spoke to over a hundred of us, questioning our basic moral codes; for example whether, when a train was heading along a track which held ten people tied down we would shift the tracks so that the train only killed one person on the other line. This goes straight to the point on the subject of interventionist moral stances. He was truly engaging. It was fantastic way to add to our continuing discussion on ethics, and more specifically bioethics.

"He also led one of the most frustrating (yet most satisfying) meetings on the philosophy of language and introduced us to the word 'qua'."



the form of Jonathon Glover, a former Fellow at New College, Oxford, currently a lecturer at King's College London and well-known author of several bioethics books, for example *Causing Death and Choosing Children: The Ethical Dilemmas*

Last of all I would like to thank everyone for turning up to our Monday lunchtime meetings; obviously it would not have existed if there wasn't any enthusiasm and Westminster's have proved how much there is.

POLITICAL SOCIETY UNANIMOUS AGREEMENT

The leadership of the Political Society this year definitely reflected what government would look like if we had been forced under a triumvirate of Cameron, Clegg and Brown, admits Roxy Rezvani (AHH).

One of us wanted to stick to a conventional format and hopefully provide stability to Westminster's extra-curricular scene; another was optimistically keen to apply new ideas in order to draw dormant political minds in through the doors of the Camden Room; the last showed his colours in the chair with economic hand gestures yet total control, allowing him to make sure everyone had their say when they attended a session. There were a few merger sessions with the Debating Society, one of which was on the question of whether prisoners should be allowed to vote in elections. This allowed the audience to sit back and listen to some highly analytical speeches, with one speaker suggesting that prohibiting prisoners from voting would be equivalent to "polluting their drinking water" (a highly elucidating simile, of course). Over the year we noticed a shift in the spectrum of membership from Remove and Sixth Form to Lower Shell and Fifth Form, signifying what we liked to think was a knack of really addressing the issues relevant to the lower school (or perhaps the passage of time after the UCAS deadline).

The most contentious topic was 'Should British Forces pull out of Afghanistan?' and the least contentious topic was 'An evaluation of Cameron's policy of tax breaks for married couples'.

Running the Political Society this year has definitely entertained my Wednesdays, and I am sure fellow chairs Ben Maconick and Harry McNeill Adams would agree.

NEW WAVE SOCIETY

We had our very first New WAVE Society outing and full programme of various cultural outings in the Lent Term, declares modest organiser Il-Kweon Sir (GG), reporting on the revived society which aims to take full advantage of the huge range of cultural activities available in central London, aided by Carl Rietschel and Flo Curtis.

We had a wide choice of different arts ranging from an early Japanese film at the BFI to a Donizetti opera, with sizeable groups on most of the outings.

What did the *Lady Forget*, by Ozu was a great start to the term, and discussions on the cinemato-

graphic techniques absorbed the group on our walk back to school, while George Benjamin's birthday concert was an impressive beginning to the musical side under the baton of Esa-Pekken Salonen, shortly followed by a fantastic interpretation of a Tom Stoppard play *Every Good Boy*

Deserves Favour at the National Theatre.

After exeat, there was another film at the BFI: *Letters from an Unknown Woman* directed by Max Ophüls which told the emotional story of a woman's unrequited love for a womanising musician. The two great events were the opera *Elixir of Love* at the ENO and Anne-Sophie Mutter's performance of the Brahms Violin Concerto. In the Election Term, we look forward to a smaller but no less interesting programme of outings.

We would like to express our thanks to all the teachers who have offered to lead the society to these events, and we hope they enjoyed it just as much as we did.



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THE CHOIR TOUR SWEET MOAN

Apparently it's a Dutch custom to give each performance a standing ovation. Or maybe we really were that good. In either case, the Westminster School Choir was showered with rapturous applause at each of the (fully-booked) concerts it gave on its first-ever choir tour to Holland, admits a modest Ted Tregear (BB).

■ The programmes consisted almost entirely of English choral music, with some Italian Renaissance madrigals and that slightly dubious Englishman, Handel, so this was music with which the audiences were mostly unfamiliar – but they still seemed enthusiastic at the end of it all.

The tour details had only been finalized at the very end of the Election Term, and so once back at school the choir only had a few weeks to put together about twenty new pieces of music, some exceptionally difficult, and to rehearse them all to performance standard. Certain ill omens were observed which made the race against the clock even harder, and put the successful outcome of the tour in jeopardy: damp weather, complications with visas, an incomplete number of passports at the airport; and a mysterious vomiting sickness which spread through the camp on Wednesday night and lingered on for some of Thursday. But time and fate combined



couldn't put a cork in the exuberant musical spirits of the Westminster Choir, and it was these spirits which showed through in the resultant performances.

Our base in Holland was the bustling metropolitan hubbub of Sneek, in Friesland.

Here, we stayed in the luxurious Stayokay hotel, situated on the outskirts of the town, which had a large room with a borrowed electric keyboard on which we rehearsed. Admittedly that involved an fair amount of time (a seven-hour Sunday rehearsal was a



THE CHOIR TOUR: "Time and fate combined couldn't put a cork in the exuberant musical spirits of the Westminster Choir."



notable highlight) and though it seemed unbearable at the time, it produced such fantastic results in the end that it was all worth it. The result was to give a clear picture of how much we were really capable of achieving – sadly, the picture was so good that the rehearsal schedule was ‘reinvigorated’ on our return to school.

All credit must go to the staff who managed to achieve two almost impossible things during the course of the week. The first was a controlled and cultural day-trip to Amsterdam, which left no indelible stain on Dutch

culture. The other was the social bonding of about forty pupils of all age groups who had all previously been individual singers, and the emergence from these talented singers of a talented choir. This may sound very easy, but it's surprisingly difficult to pull off, and it takes teachers as committed as the ones who gave up their Exeats to do it. We came back from the choir tour as a Choir.

SENIOR PIANO COMPETITION HIGHLY TUNED

On a chilly Thursday afternoon, I found myself stumbling into the Manoukian Music Centre, hands in pockets, a music score tucked under my arm and my heart racing. I was about to take part in the 3rd Westminster School Piano Competition (Senior Section), writes Cher Chung (PP).



■ I arrived early, only to find a few contestants already there. Seeing them nervously glancing around and tapping their feet, occasionally flipping through their pieces, did not calm the butterflies in my stomach.

At four o'clock sharp, Mr. Law announced the beginning of the piano competition: I was the first contestant. With a sharp intake of breath, I walked towards the piano with shaky legs, sat down and waited for the signal from the adjudicator to begin playing. I was playing the Sonata in C minor by Mozart and in the brief seconds of waiting, I frantically reminded myself to watch for the chords in the middle and not to panic when playing the triplets in the left hand part. At the same time, I tried my best to keep my foot on the pedal from trembling too much.

With a nod from the adjudicator, I placed my hands on the keyboard and hit the first chord. From the second my hands came in contact with the keys, it was as if I forgot I was in a competition. Notes flowed out naturally and the way I wanted them to. My piano teacher always told me that the highest level of piano-playing is to forget oneself and be completely immersed in the music. Even though I am still a long way from having the highest level of piano-playing, that was the first time I understood what my teacher meant. I really started to enjoy the passion and climaxes of the Mozart. Of course, my playing was not flawless. I admit there might have been a few missing notes here and there, but it didn't really matter to me anymore. In that short period of five minutes, I forgot where I was and just simply enjoyed the melody of the piece.

In the end, I got commended and I was very excited about it. However, the important thing about the competition was not the results, but whether I enjoyed the process. If everyone had a good time in performing for others, then everybody was a winner.



CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CONCERT THE UNFAMILIAR TRADITION

The Contemporary Music Concert gave a glimpse of the variety of the year's activity in the Music Department, among both its performers and composer. The audience was fully engaged with the music that was offered to them. Oscar Dub (BB) and Il-Kweon Sir (GG) record an exciting evening which encouraged a move away from the familiar.

■ School was in an unfamiliar layout, at an unfamiliar time, with a few rows of seats facing West where there was a huge space for the orchestra and performers, but this strange unfamiliarity and the new balance (the Latin Prayers seating being changed, usually facing North with a much smaller stage, was somehow important) created an atmosphere where one could easily approach the newest music on the scene. The programme proved as diverse as ever, presenting fresh new student works alongside a wide selection of essential repertoire from the past hundred years: individual movements of Bartók's *Contrasts* and Poulenc's *Sextet* whetting the appetite with the boldness of the violin solo line and the clarinet's sharp notes that penetrated through the sounds of the other two instruments; a selection from Lutoslawski's *Dance Preludes* for clarinet and orchestra; and a collaborative performance of Webern's *Piano Variations Op. 27*. Each piece had its own special flavour and particular charm and we enjoyed this greatly. The highlights of the first half were two duets. Volker David Kirchner's *Lamento d'Orfeo*, performed by Ivo Tedbury on the horn and Jonathan Katz on the piano where the rules of piano playing, disturbed by the extended technique of plucking of the strings inside the piano, gave a sensation of freedom and the deep tones of the horn warmed the atmosphere with a feeling of calm vibrancy. Among this array were also some less established works: Pärt's *My Heart is in the Highlands*, Kirshner's *Lamento d'Orfeo*, Takemitsu's *Distance de Fée* and Tristram Cary's (OW, KSS 1938–42) tape work *Steam Music*. The latter brought a new perspective on industrial noise by changing noises from trains into music, creating a new world with laws and melodies of its own. The standard of interpretation proved high, clearly the result of care and attention on the part of all involved. As soloists, Rebekah Harper, David Wong, Louisa Dawes, Ivo Tedbury, Ted Tregear and Aditya Chandler all excelled, each rising to the technical challenges of demanding repertoire.

Student pieces played an equally important role in the evening, displaying a broad range of contrasting styles and influences and taking up common concerns in post-20th Century new music. These included Benjamin Wetherfield's fragmentary piano piece *Decision b* with the composer as soloist; Adam Cigman-Mark's sensitive and atmospheric setting of Hardy's *To an Unborn Pauper Child*, beautifully set in an almost circular form; Sasha Stubb's electro-acoustic fantasy *Bravura in B-sharp wavering ascent...* which bound the rainforest with the piano and infused new ideas into the music in a pitch black setting; two episodic orchestral pieces by Ivo Tedbury and Ted Tregear, each displaying accomplished use of orchestral colour. Tedbury's *Growth and Ebb* conveyed images of bitter clarity, as if setting a scene for a film,



reminding some of Shostakovich and Debussy. Tregear's *Night Comes Quickly* was a depiction of night. The slow atmospheric beginning with just the cellos and basses set a prophetic feeling that lasted throughout the piece, and slowly joined by the other strings, the layers produced an intertwining effect, making this night a very charged one. And in the final few seconds, we realise the prophecy was the coming of dawn, and this resolution to the tension in the music was drawn with a long gradual crescendo, marking the return of the Sun, that engulfed the whole hall and lit School as the night outside progressed.

Thank you to all those who made this evening as great as it was, and especially to Dr Savaskan for organising it, the composers, and the School Orchestra for such a wonderful evening.



CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CONCERT:

"The latter brought a new perspective on industrial noise by changing noises from trains into music, creating a new world with laws and melodies of its own."

**ROCK CONCERT
SINGLES
NO MORE**

There was a nervous excitement amongst the large group of students gathered outside the doors to school. Voices and chatter boiled louder and louder as the minutes dragged on before the doors finally cracked open and the enthusiastic audience rushed in to claim the best seats, cheers Sam Williams (RR).

■ The opening set was full of promise. The Chaplain, Mr Hayter, Mr French and Mr Blackwell performing confidently and really engaging with the crowd, they paved the way for a superb student contribution.

What followed was an intimate lone performance by Evie Prichard, which was perfectly judged and ensured the crowd knew that they were in for a fantastic concert. The Sixth form were well represented by an amazingly energetic set full of punk attitude interrupted by a stage invasion from a very excitable horse. A memorable set followed from Dr Black and the Free Radicals, including a reggae cover of the Killer's *Mr Brightside*, which fuelled the audience's massive applause. An excellent final performance by 'The Yardbirds' provided the perfect high note on which to end as they received rapturous applause for their final song, *Superstition* by Stevie Wonder.

Despite all of the excellent performances the real story of the night was TAFE as they stole both the show and the hearts of every girl in the audience with several undeniably brave covers including Beyonce's *Single Ladies*. As they stripped down to nothing but identical leotards the four Removes were cheered on by a very vocal female section of the audience. Needless to say, by the end almost everyone in the audience would have put a ring on it.

SCHOOL CONCERT WESTMINSTER ABBEY WALL OF SOUND

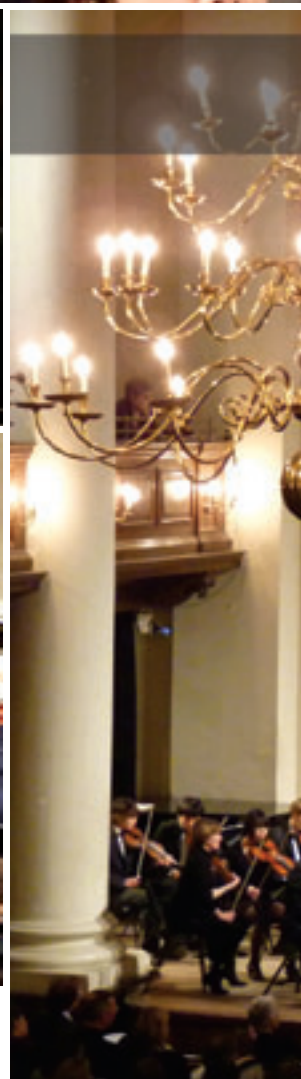
The concert snapped to attention with a brisk rendition of Walton's *Crown Imperial March*. Even though the piece lacks the Elgarian conviction, it works on its own terms: as Tim Johnson coaxed the big tune to the fore, the audience no doubt had difficulty suppressing a manly tear, writes GG.

■ Britten's *Courtly Dances* followed. The cavernous Abbey acoustic did not befriend the scintillating orchestration, but the conductor managed to lift his players sufficiently and Britten's fifties vision of Tudor Britain proved to be fun without becoming cutesy.

The two choral masterpieces that followed – Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms* and Haydn's *Nelson Mass* were aided and abetted by the Westminster Chorus, a group of two hundred singers that includes students, teachers and parents.

Two hundred singers is a lot of singers. As a result, Tim Johnson worked miracles to manoeuvre this lot around Stravinsky, without too much damage. Usually, one would expect to find such numbers belting out *Elijah* on a wet Friday evening in Huddersfield, circa 1880. As it was, the sound production was surprisingly deft, even if it was rather like watching a hippo that had been trained to tap dance.

The Haydn was much more successful. The Chorus produced a wall of sound that was genuinely impressive, filling the Abbey



SCHOOL CONCERT:
"The Chorus produced a wall of sound that was genuinely impressive, filling the Abbey."

and partially drowning the soloists in a gush of enthusiasm. Once again, Tim must take credit for inspiring such numbers to such heights. The joyfulness of Haydn's masterpiece poured across the appreciative audience. This was a memorable evening, and all those who participated deserve every credit.





ST JOHN SMITHS SQUARE SCHOOL CONCERT



CANTANDUM

Cantandum, the Common Room choir – a high quality chamber choir with a distinctive and impressive sound, an interesting and sometimes unconventional repertory and a highly musical membership – continues to thrive, writes GMF.

■ This year hasn't been entirely without problems, mostly with the loss of a couple of key singers and, more worryingly, some of our financial support, but we have rallied round! Two or three new members have stepped in to the gaps, the entirely, wonderfully supportive School Society has significantly increased their grant to us and, as a result, we are back on triumphant form. The Society's generosity, warmth and enthusiasm have enabled us to put on a number of exciting concerts with orchestra and has sustained our endeavours for a number of years, and we remain as ever deeply grateful for their confidence in us.

This time last year we gave an outdoor concert, in Ashburnham Garden, of summer music, including Kodaly's evocative *Matra Pictures* and the UK premiere of Vanhal's *Missa Pastoralis*. The evening was however far from summery and many members of the audience were sensibly wrapped in blankets or overcoats, with umbrellas handy just in case – we're rather hoping for better weather for this term's offering, an exciting project in conjunction with the Drama department. We are currently rehearsing a masque, *Ode on the Spirits of Shakespeare*, by the English Enlightenment composer Thomas Linley, which forms part of the School's 450th anniversary celebrations. Linley was a friend and pupil of Mozart and might have achieved similar greatness had he not died in a boating accident at the distressingly early age of 22.

2009 was a bumper year for musical anniversaries and our Play Term concert celebrated most of them, with a concert of works by Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Rheinberger. In the Lent Term of this year, for our annual concert at St Stephen's Rochester Row, we turned to Stainer's *Crucifixion*, a terrific piece of Victorian choral writing which also features five superb hymns for audience participation. Normally we find soloists from within the choir but, on this occasion, we engaged two professionals (one of whom sings with us on a regular basis); the overall result made it probably the best concert we have ever done, full of energy, vitality and musical commitment.

We continue our regular visits to sing the choral services at St John's Smith Square, which have become a welcome part of our choral year and give us an opportunity to engage in smaller ensemble singing and to explore the glorious repertory of composers such as Monteverdi, Palestrina and Victoria.

If you have not yet discovered our homepage please do bookmark it and keep in touch!

<http://homepages.westminster.org.uk/cantandum>

CANTANDUM: "We gave an outdoor concert, in Ashburnham Garden, of summer music, including Kodaly's evocative *Matra Pictures* and the UK premiere of Vanhal's *Missa Pastoralis*."

LOWER SCHOOL PLAY ANIMAL FARM

George Orwell ironically subtitled his tale 'A Fairy Story', reveals Harry Vos (LL).



communist ideals. Once the animals think they have created their utopia at Animal Farm, they sing and march around Mr Gumbrell's fabulous set, a straw-strewn barnyard dominated by two huge barn doors, above which windows and a balcony opened for vignettes and the narrator's bird's-eye view. Director

Squealer was played ferociously by Keelan Kember, who delivered the crushing line, "Do you never laugh, Benjamin? Laugh when I tell you to." The remnants of the animals, those who hadn't been slaughtered by the pigs, looked on with sympathy. The atmosphere created by

"The spectacular staging, and the parodic ending were far from the fairy story the young boy started to read about at the beginning of the play."

■ The play starts with a young boy (Barnaby Raine) narrating from a prodigious book in his bedroom poised above the set. A costumed choir was found singing below. At this point, the audience wondered if they had come to see a pantomime with singing animals. However, Old Major's (Merlin Beyts) powerful voice reminded us that we were watching a production of one of the most powerful political allegories of the 20th Century.

The songs, written by Adrian Mitchell, echo Marx's

Peter Chequer brought the pigs' betrayal of Animalism (Communism) to light, with the pigs shouting down at the other animals from the balcony, exploiting their position of authority over the proletariat. The animals are slowly reduced to being the serfs they once were when owned by Mr Jones, the farmer. Mollie the horse, played lightly in a white corset by Rupert Henderson, lightened the tone of the performance with naïve lines that further annoyed the pigs.

the lighting and the daunting set was eerie and sad. The animals became increasingly hoodwinked and unable to think for themselves. Napoleon and his fellow pigs become more and more like the humans they originally revolted against. The spectacular staging, and the parodic ending were far from the fairy story the young boy started to read about at the beginning of the play. This production gave light and animation to a modern classic and was a thoroughly dramatic staging of a familiar but thrilling fable.



DRAMA TOUR DIARY SOUTH AFRICA

In summer 2009 a troupe of dedicated Westminster actors under the direction of CJB, Head of Drama, took two productions, 'Hamlet House of Horror' and 'A Survivor's Tale', on tour in South Africa.

James Ware (MM) sent back dispatches to those who couldn't go with them. The following is from James's emailed diary entries.

Dear Hamlet House of Horror fan club members

You join us five days, 7,000 miles and one of each show down the line. Our 28 hour journey was not without its problems. Before we had even set out we were one key cast member down because Jessie (our Ofelia) had been struck down by flu, and our prop gun, or 'Gunny' as he has been affectionately nicknamed, continued to cause problems as after each leg of our journey we were hanging around at firearm customs points trying to, and ultimately succeeding in, getting it through without having to resort to bribery. With the integrity of the company still intact and Meg (our stand in Ofelia as of 72 hours before the opening show) reciting lines over and over again at the back of the minibus, we arrived in a pleasantly sunny Grahamstown – if only winter in London was like it is here! After

"We headed back to base for hair, make-up and costume and received the great news that Vyvyan's ankle was severely sprained rather than fractured and so the show must, and could, go on."

settling in at our comfortable university accommodation, we went for a pizza together and were informed we looked like one big happy family.

...*Survivor's Tale* opened at 10 and we had a great audience and a positive reaction. Straight afterwards we headed to Vicky's (our venue for *Hamlet*) to continue teching *Hamlet* and on the journey realised Vyvyan's ankle (Claudius), injured when rehearsing a backwards run over a step that morning, was more serious than first realized: after being carried to the venue where a lot of ice was applied he went to casualty. Meanwhile we finished teching

Hamlet and our new handmade stools were delivered. Vyvyan made a cameo appearance at lunch, and we reached the stage where he was borrowing a crutch from Chris which highlighted how desperate things had become. We headed back to base for hair, make-up and costume and received the great news that Vyvyan's ankle was severely sprained rather than fractured and so the show must, and could, go on. We headed over to Vicky's in full costume and make-up, silently handing out flyers and the hype and excitement surrounding our show was plain for all to see...Vyvyan arrived to a hero's welcome as we got into the venue and set everything up. We just had time to rerehearse some of Vyvyan's scenes and get the adrenalin going, to compensate for some of us having had less than 11 hours sleep since Saturday morning, before the audience were flooding in.

The show went brilliantly with Meg deserving a special mention with a phenomenal performance which left some audience members asking afterwards which member of the cast had been an understudy because she fitted in so well. Vyvyan also soldiered on despite earning the tag 'comic crippled villain' and being laughed at by the audience constantly...

The publicity drive continues as *Hamlet* is quickly becoming the most talked about show in Grahamstown and *Survivor's Tale* is in the paper as "Best of Fest"...

Dear Westminster Theatre Company fan club members

We have now completed our run at the Grahamstown festival and thankfully without any more drama, apart from that which was intended.

On Thursday morning we awoke to find a review for *Hamlet House of Horror* in Cue, the official festival newspaper. This included Vyvyan's face on the front cover looking particularly 'evil unclench' and then an incredibly positive review adorned with a picture of a reflective Hamlet. It doesn't seem to be available on the internet but we will be bringing plenty of copies home with us. Considering another show's review stated that it made the reviewer feel embarrassed to be part of mankind we were all over the moon.

Great reviews of both shows followed in The Herald, a national newspaper over here, and on Saturday our run came to a close with a great final performance of each show. That evening we were treated to the hottest ticket in town to see a popular South African band called Freshlyground whose music, an indescribable blend of different styles, was popular all round...

On Sunday, despite the end of the run, we awoke to more good news: in Cue's summary of the festival we got a mention for our ability to compete with professional productions despite consisting solely of students. Then we set off to Cintsas in the minibus and were greeted with



"The real highlight was the so-called elephant interaction when we got to feed, stroke and even get sprayed by elephants up close and personal which was an unforgettable experience."

Robinson Crusoe-esque apartments blended into the forest with beautiful views over the beach and sea and we were able to sit back and watch the sunset from our balconies.

Today we have had the chance to chill but, in keeping with the trip so far, it has been far from unexciting. We set off early this morning, after our communal first Malarone tablets, on a safari drive and saw zebras, giraffes, water hogs, various deer and wildebeasts, and had our jeep chased by a lion! The real highlight was the so-called elephant interaction when we got to feed, stroke and even

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get sprayed by elephants up close and personal which was an unforgettable experience. Then it was back to the restaurant for the largest steaks we have ever seen – they looked large enough to fill the lions up!

This afternoon was our own time to relax on the beach and enjoy our surroundings. Preparations are now underway for this evening's premiere series of Westminster Theatre Company's Got Talent judged by our very own teachers, with Mr. Barton keen to step into the boots of Simon Cowell.

Dear Westminster Theatre Company fan club members

■ The old saying goes that all good things must come to an end and that has now been the case for our tour.

The talent show allowed us to exercise our creativity with both teams presenting various moments of the tour in an amusing light...

The next morning our two days of seemingly endless driving began, although they did give us the opportunity for some window-gazing and to take in the real South Africa and appreciate how lucky we are compared to so many people. The price we had to pay for this experience came at lunchtime when all that was available was the infamous Wimpy which certainly brought a whole new meaning to their slogan "enjoy every moment"!

That evening we arrived at our overnight lodging at Umhlanga Rocks thanks to the tireless efforts of our driver Mike. We entered our rooms and opened one of the cupboards only to discover that inside it was a beautiful tiled bathroom with a shower and the largest bath I have ever seen, which looked more like it belonged in a honeymoon suite than a B&B. We popped out for dinner at a local Indian then came back to watch 'Mamma Mia' on the common room's projector screen, an experience which ensured we saw the singing skills of the cast in a very different light.

We woke up early to breakfast by the pool before hitting the road again... To ensure we had the authentic all-day driving experience again our good friend Mr. Wimpy provided us with lunch before we

"We were driving down long roads in the middle of nowhere with "Crime Alert – Do Not Stop" signs next to them in the dark."

hit Stop Go signs at road works, which last for up to half an hour because of African time. This delay meant we were driving down long roads in the middle of nowhere with "Crime Alert – Do Not Stop" signs next to them in the dark. Thankfully we did not stop and made it safely to the border with Swaziland where we didn't face any problems and then arrived at our destination, the Waterford Kamhlaba School in Mbabane. We were made very welcome by our hosts, the school children of our age who had ended up congregating in Swaziland from countries all over the world thanks to the United World Colleges scheme. After a quick dinner in the school canteen, which left us pinning for College Hall, we bedded down on the floor of our hosts' dorms.

In the morning (we headed) up the hill to their impressive theatre where we had a group workshop with their theatre studies students given by our teachers and their head of drama. This culminated in us being split into random groups and given an hour to devise a piece on the theme of insignificance. The pieces were very varied, ranging from a city tour in the promenade style in which we were told to ignore the trash that were the tramps, to a piece basically involving four people being tied together by a rope. We had time for lunch at the canteen before heading off for some final souvenir shopping at this collection of huts in seemingly the middle of nowhere which all sold identical goods. After obtaining our souvenir salad spoons and wooden animals we went back to the school to begin our make-up ritual and tech rehearsal at the theatre...

In keeping with the pattern of the trip we had one final early breakfast before parting with our beloved Gunny... some final souvenir shopping at the airport before leaving South Africa for a final time. On the plane we were rewarded for all our efforts by some empty seats allowing some of us to stretch out...

This certainly had been the trip of a lifetime and the best two weeks of our lives.



WAITING FOR GODOT

It takes audacity and ambition to tackle Beckett's great play *Waiting for Godot*, even without a successful West End revival fresh in people's minds, declares Naomi Ishiguro (MM).

■ This daring production stood up in glorious defiance of the recent Ian McKellen/Patrick Stewart version, carving itself a truly distinct identity. Directed by JECA and SNC, it was characterised by wonderfully strong performances from all five actors, something which was sharply drawn attention to by the beautifully minimal set and subtle lighting design. The actors did not just provide good individual performances, but worked together as a tight ensemble to reveal the nuances and quirks in the relationships of mutual reliance between the characters. The companionship between Edward Cherrie's Vladimir and William Peck's Estragon managed to be touching without being sentimental, due partly to Peck's interesting interpretation of Estragon as possessing real anger at their powerless, purposeless, grindingly cyclical existence. His achievement was nicely balanced by Cherrie, whose Vladimir was hauntingly empathetic in his good-natured determination to endure. A highlight was Cherrie's lonely monologue towards the end, delivered so openly to the audience that we were brought truly to

understand his need for Estragon as a witness to his existence, and to recognise in him our own need for other people.

The relationship between Max Glanz's Pozzo and Tom Craig's Lucky was no less moving. The alteration in their dynamic between the two instances when they appear was particularly striking. It was shocking to see the transformation of Glanz's robust and exuberant Pozzo into a condition of vulnerability and total reliance on Lucky. However, part of the effectiveness of the transformation of Pozzo was in how the fragility and dependence on Lucky that becomes so extreme in the second half were visible in their embryonic form in the first half, with the audience given the impression that a lot of his pomp and circumstance was simply hot air. This was something that was complemented by Tom Craig's grave and measured portrayal of Lucky, whose grimly determined yet affrightedly fragile interpretation seemed to get right to the heart of the play in addressing the phenomenon of human endurance, articulated by Beckett



"We were left with an almost uplifting impression of the comic aspects to the absurd nature of life, the universe and everything."



with, 'I can't go on. I'll go on.' and by Vladimir and Estragon in the exchange, 'ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this. / VLADIMIR: That's what you think.'

Godot is a play that can easily become unpleasantly bleak, a fate this production avoided by staying true to Beckett's strong sense of humour. Through various moments of ridiculousness, including some brilliant slapstick sequences involving boots, and some skilfully comic gnawing of a carrot, we were left with an almost uplifting impression of the comic aspects to the absurd nature of life, the universe and everything.

All-in-all the quality and intelligence of the evening's entertainment reassured the audience that even if life really is just one long wait for Godot, then surely this wait cannot be quite as futile and bleak as Beckett seems to suggest. If, whilst waiting, humanity can produce creations of such emotional and intellectual energy as this play and this production, then that wait is most definitely a worthwhile one, and the achievements of human life are certainly a lot more magical and less futile than Beckett's desolate imagery of giving birth astride a grave would have us believe.



EXHIBITION ROW

The world premiere of *Exhibition Row* by Tom Lamont was performed in Millicent Fawcett Hall at the beginning of Lent Term. Set in London before the First World War, the production concerned three characters: an invalid, his friend and his nurse, writes Xinlan Rose (DD).



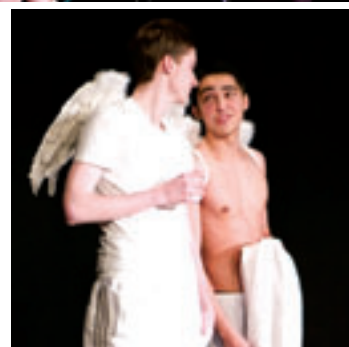
HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL STAGE TEARS

This year, the Head Master asked all houses to produce some sort of dramatic piece as part of a competitive festival of drama, confirms a modest but proud Helena Pike (PP).

■ This was to honour the anniversary of the school and just one small part of numerous celebrations and festivities that are taking place throughout 2010. The pieces had to be performed during one week, on consecutive nights, with the winners announced in a grand finale, judged on the final night by renowned actress and Old Westminster, Imogen Stubbs.

All much easier said than done, especially when your house only consists of around 20 people, all of whom are girls. Nonetheless, Purcell's somehow managed to pull together a respectable rendition of Tom Stoppard's

After Magritte, a bizarre tale of confusion supposedly based on the iconic *The Son of Man* painting by the artist – to remind you, it's the one of the business man with an apple for a head. Although it involved several late-night, last-minute rehearsals in empty class rooms and eventual reliance on cross dressing and painted facial hair to add the finishing touches, I think it pulled together all right. It certainly managed to hold its own on the night much better than in the rehearsal (so much dialogue was missed in some scenes, that certain characters didn't actual make it on stage during the final run-through).





■ The play charts the declining health of the invalid Bruce, played by Peter Huhne, and the developing relationship with his nurse Elinore, (Matty Wnek), against a backdrop of intellectual and political change and growing international tension. His pugilistic friend Hugo, (Johnny Lofts), is sent to fight in the trenches and the nurse also volunteers to serve at the front. The play presents how war drastically changes people and the entrapment of those stranded back home.



to say exceeded the expectations of the majority of the school. Who would have thought teenagers could reproduce *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* to such tremendous effect?

Yet at the end of the day, prizes or no, I realise that I actually liked taking part. Despite being a demanding commitment on top of everything else that goes on at school, the sense of satisfaction and, dare I say, pride at the closing curtain was far from surprising. When the last bows had been taken, although there was an almost audible sigh of relief from actors and production teams across the boards, there was also an undeniable element of sadness. It was the end of something that had been enthralling to participate in and I know that the whole event will be remembered with fondness. It was certainly a fitting way to commemorate the anniversary of the school.

In the end there was an unbelievable variety of plays on display, all of which were remarkably enjoyable. Everything from a reworking of a Greek tragedy (courtesy of Ashburnham), to a somewhat altered version of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (by College.) It was, in fact, Grant's who stole the show and first prize with their clever, funny and sometimes disturbing depiction of a cocktail party. That said, one cannot overlook the other finalists, all of whom I think it might be safe



WEST SIDE STORY, THE SCHOOL MUSICAL QUITE SOMETHING'S COMING

So the Westminster bubble finally burst – into *song*! After months of careful preparation and exhaustive toil, the eagerly-awaited and much-hyped *West Side Story* finally materialised for its four-night run in April. Alexander Thanki (RR) writes about the words and drama, while Adam Cigman-Mark (GG) considers the drama in the music.

■ Would it live up to expectations? Would it do justice to Bernstein's and Sondheim's legacies? Would it be an all-round, rollicking, rip-roaring success? Yes! Yes! and Yes! is the resounding consensus from those who managed to get seats at one of the most enthralling cultural attractions that Westminster has dished up in recent years. It was a dazzling spectacle. The cast were flawlessly decorated in fitting fashion, with slicked-back hair and snazzy suits for the boys, and dresses, ribbons and Vera Ellen-style hairdos for the girls – a cornucopia of 1950's style. The set was similarly in period, with a sense of grimy, corrugated, urban confusion captured to near-perfection. With all the ingredients for a tremendously good-

looking show, coupled with a wealth of dramatic talent and supremely competent directing, it was no surprise that the production exceeded many of our highest expectations. Ed Tyrell and Naomi Ishiguro led the cast beautifully as the doomed lovers Tony and Maria. It was a convincing, heart-felt effort from both of them, and they carried off their roles with an air of consummate professionalism. The loving couple set the bar high – could the rest of the cast do them justice? Well, they certainly did. Without exception the multitude of Sharks and Jets, boys and girls, and supporting characters acted out the turmoil of love and war with tremendous skill and dedication. Will Peck was the committed, proud Riff, the leader of the Jets



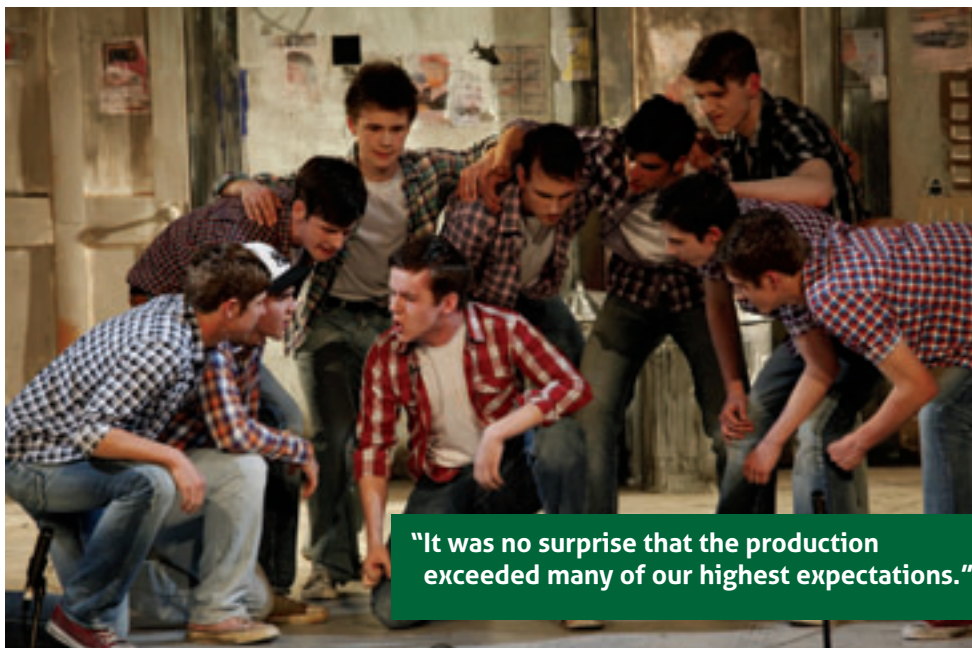
– an important role, and one played with perfect dynamism. His rival, Bernardo, the confrontational, charismatic Shark boss was carried with appropriate gusto by the talented Jonathon Lofts. The two lads' respective entourages were filled with an assortment of fine actors who set the scene brilliantly for a dramatic tribal confrontation that captivated us all. The presence of the girls provided us with a secondary battle – the gender battle. Sophie Roche gave a fantastic performance as Anybody's, the tomboy who struggled to gain acceptance with the blokes – and equally memorable was Antonia Millard, who, as Anita, gave a lively, passionate performance as the harbinger of tragic fate. Fred Nathan

gave his outstanding best as everybody's favourite copper, Officer Krupke, Tom Craig offered a stupendous performance as Lieutenant Schrank, and the ever-impressive Ed Cherrie was the drugstore owner, Doc. These fine combined talents gave us the performance of a lifetime: they gave us energy; they gave us comedy; they gave us tragedy. Most of all, they gave us art. It was certainly one of the most moving shows that this reporter has ever seen, and it is clear that Westminster has no deficit of talent, commitment, and sheer, raw brilliance.

Few works in the musical theatre canon are as difficult to pull off as *West Side Story*. The cast, as well as facing vocal demands on an almost operatic scale, must perform dance routines by Jerome Robbins, one of the most notorious, albeit brilliant, taskmasters of the Great White Way. Add to this a score which is famously taxing on the orchestral players,

and one is left with a show which is a challenge for any professional company. For a school production, it might have seemed to some almost impossibly ambitious.

Yet the long rehearsal period paid off in performances that managed to balance the work's multifarious elements with remarkable success. Bernstein's jagged syncopations and angular melodic lines were pulled off with élan by a cast that had evidently been well versed by Guy Hopkins and the musical team. The band, reinforced by professional players, performed the score with sparkling drive and accuracy, while Jets and Sharks alike shone in their respective numbers. As Anita, Antonia Millard's dazzlingly belted paean *America* was a highlight of the first half. The opposition, led by Will Peck as Riff, were no less impressive in superbly rhythmic renditions of the *Jet Song* and *Gee, Officer Krupke!*, Sondheim's magnificently pointed attack on social ostracism.



"It was no surprise that the production exceeded many of our highest expectations."

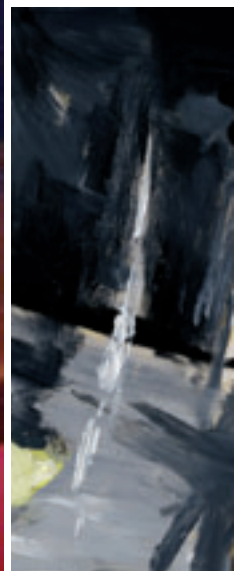
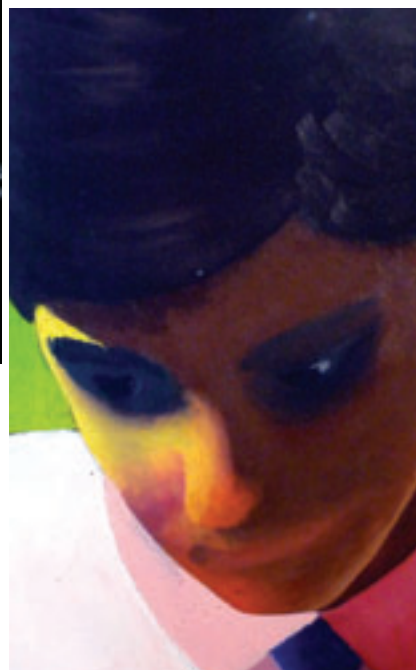


Any vocal roughness was more than appropriate to the angst-ridden youths depicted.

Indeed, there was an authenticity, in terms of age if not social background, to the cast that would be hard to come by in any professional staging. This was especially true of the two leads, who together displayed an impressively convincing chemistry. As Tony, Ed Tyrell was especially strong vocally, seeming wholly at ease with the treacherously high *tessitura*. The fluctuating time signatures of *Something's Coming* posed no problems, as they famously did to José Carreras in Bernstein's own recording, much to the composer's distress. Naomi Ishiguro as Maria dealt similarly successfully with the upper reaches of the role, especially given her vocal origins as an alto. The unblemished purity of the character was beautifully conveyed without it ever becoming grating, as theatrical depictions of unmitigated virtue are liable to do. Jo Richardson's solo was heartbreaking. Throughout, Bernstein's occasionally sentimental attitude towards social redemption was kept in check in an inspiringly exuberant evening.

DURING REHEARSAL





THE ART SHOW 2009 QUOTING THE GREATS

The Art Department's Summer Show celebrated the achievements of those pupils sitting their GCSE, AS & A2 examinations, reports SJC.

■ The Department buzzes with activity – every inch of space bearing witness to the creative outpouring of lively and curious minds as imaginative, expressive and reflective endeavour. The pupils work spontaneously and unselfconsciously directing instinct with intelligence in a fluid interaction.

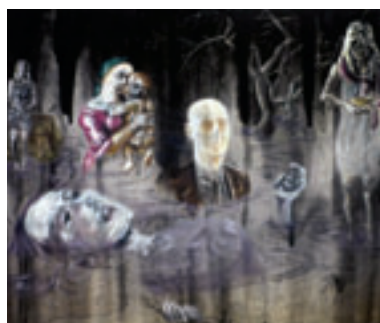
The work is rich and varied and the methods designed to augment meaning through appropriate gestures and conventions. Intention and meaning fuse through the notion articulated by Paul Klee who said that “first there is the gesture, the mark, but even before that there is the idea”. Themes are evident: psychological portraits, dramatic imagery bathed in the extremes of light and dark, notions of identity, literary allusions, homage to the masters transcribed subtly and irreverently. Images of pure abstraction arrive from the careful study of observed phenomena – the first cause is always to look. The fine tradition of printing at Westminster continues through the articulation of imagery through linocuts and the majesty of etching.

The walls are covered in the grand achievements, but these are merely the tip of the iceberg, for the real effort is seen within the pages of the sketchbooks and the developmental processes. Numerous gorgeous drawings and exploratory paintings are confined to the carefully sequenced pages of those portfolios, and should be revered artefacts in themselves. In the drawings you see the cut and thrust of decision-making and the tumble of emotional expression locked down, said Matisse, by “the additional element of permanence.” The small-scale studies in

paint are like poems in colour, shape and form – beautiful and purposeful, helping steer the ambition of the final canvas. The sculptural maquettes anticipate on a large scale the layering of multi-media to excite the senses through texture and inventive use of materials.

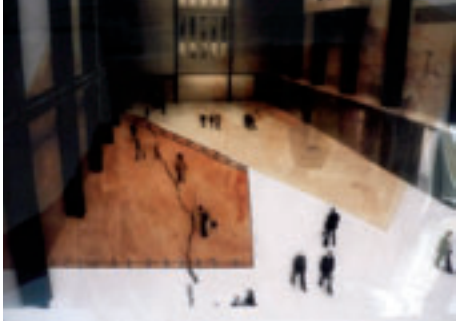
The excitement of the Summer Show spurs the pupils on. It is a massive effort to bring to a close their endeavour, but the chance to show the world their worth, their skill, their art – it is a chance to reflect on an incredible journey. It is worth all those hours, all the time and effort. When they look back in ten years these creative achievements will have stood the test of time.

They are great pupils and they make Great Art.



“Images of pure abstraction arrive from the careful study of observed phenomena – the first cause is always to look.”





MORE LIFE STILL IN THE ART DEPARTMENT

The Art Department played host to a series of exciting initiatives this year which allowed pupils the chance to engage in creative activities and liaise with professionals at the top of their game, outlines SJC.

■ We were thrilled to invite Norman Ackroyd, a senior Royal Academician and master print-maker to the studios in Sutcliff's to run an Etching workshop for Sixth Form and Remove artists. Norman's work is astonishingly beautiful and the depth of his knowledge was illuminating and inspirational – he is a man driven by more than just passion, but his enthusiasm was undoubtedly infectious.

Sir Richard MacCormac RA was welcomed to the studios where he engaged the



PHOTOGRAPHY

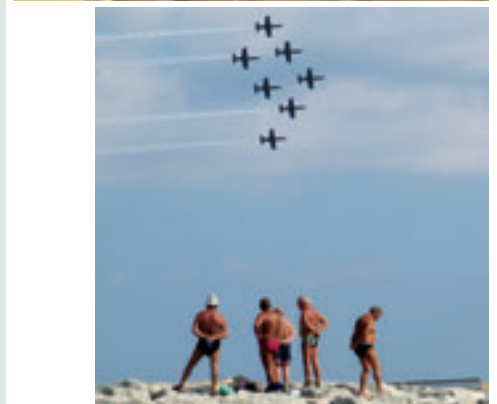
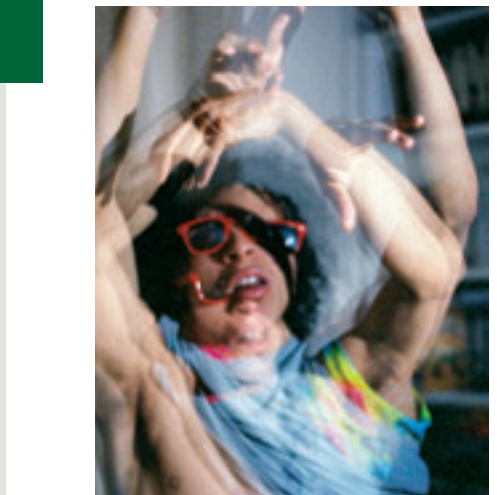


"Pupils developed wacky stories appropriate for the theme by dressing in strange Japanese and Western garb."

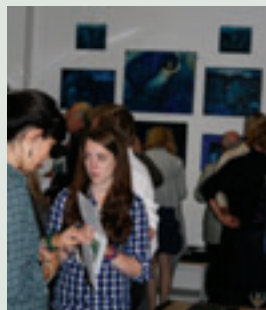
potential architects of the Sixth Form and Remove in a thrilling lecture/conversation about the nature of architecture. As an OW he knew well enough to expect some serious debate and probing questions. His recent exhibition at the Royal Academy, 'Building Ideas', provided an opportunity to examine some of the key projects that illustrate the special position of his firm's (MJP) practice within contemporary British architecture.

Delegates from Kagoshima University in Japan ran a series of workshops for both Sixth Form and the Lower Shell in which the Japanese Emaki scroll painting served as inspiration for the production of some highly spirited group activities. Emaki are narrative scrolls believed to be a precursor of cinema and Anime. Pupils developed wacky stories appropriate for the theme by dressing in strange Japanese and Western garb and subsequently pasting the photographs onto a combination of traditional and contemporary backgrounds.

A group of 10 pupils from the Upper Shell, Sixth Form and Remove all participated in a fundraising activity organised by the DAHRA Foundation (Designers Against Human Rights Abuse) for Barnardos by hand crafting a Kid-Robot toy called a Munny. These strange dolls were given over to some exceptionally inventive treatments and auctioned off at a lively fund raising event in Shoreditch. The Westminster team raised some £580 for charity with Lian Rose claiming the prize for the most successful sell at £140. Check them out at <http://play-create.dahra.org>



PHOTOGRAPHY CONTINUED



SUAD AL-ATTAR EXHIBITION MEMORIES OF BAGHDAD

In September, Westminster proudly presented 'Memories of Baghdad': a small exhibition of Iraqi-born, London-based artist Suad Al-Attar's rarely seen smaller paintings, recalls Ewen MacArthur (BB).

■ With over twenty solo exhibitions and as the first woman artist ever to exhibit alone in Baghdad, Suad Al-Attar is now a prominent figure and renowned artist. Her work forms part of private and public collections around the world, including the British Museum.

Her work is largely rooted in the past; Arab literature, myths, ancient sculptures, manuscripts and frescoes originating from the successive ancient civilisations centred in the basin of the Tigris and the Euphrates provide much of her creative stimulation. This search into the past, with such strength of feeling, shows a need to find continuity in the history of Iraq from Ancient Mesopotamia to the present day.

Her insistence on imagination and recollection is evident in her work. Painted from her memory, leaves contain no horticultural accuracy just as the cities bear no relevance to any actual view point. Instead her paintings form an amalgamation of emblematic arches, structures, trees, fruits and wildlife. Being away from home, working in London, heightens memories and helps shape a version of the past tinged with myth and symbol; she consistently explores her relationship with her homeland, longing for both it and its defining past. This is apparent in her paintings not only of Baghdad but also of Baghdadi

"She creates an identity that marries a subjective and a cultural impetus of the past within its present day ruins"

myths and legends. A similar sense of longing is felt in her depictions of paradise: her trees become powerful symbols of life as well as of Iraq, with the recurring motif of the palm tree. Much of her painting seems to depict some sort of golden age but a disconcerting sense of impending doom lingers throughout.

Suad Al-Attar's work often references oral myths and legends, alluding to an idealised memory of Iraq's prosperous past as opposed to depicting scenes of historical accuracy. Making use of images and symbols, such as Assyrian bird-headed figures, depictions of Gilgamesh and mythical creatures, she creates an identity that marries a subjective and a cultural impetus of the past within its present day ruins, given the current war-torn state of Iraq, with much of its heritage looted or destroyed. This recaptured lost culture, her depictions of paradise, her impenetrable gardens or harmonious cities are images of peace, privacy, escape and solitude, often with no signs of human dwelling: "Everyone has a place he wants to escape to" explains Suad. Baghdad itself, the houses, the mosques, the Tigris are the material of personal childhood memories, a city she left painfully with her husband and children in 1976.

Her heightened atmospheres, transcendental lighting, sombre or vibrant palettes, create imagery that can seem incredibly exotic to a western eye, occupying a twilight zone somewhere on the border between dreams and reality, happiness and sorrow. Her mark-making, sometimes rigid and geometric or sometimes loose, with large amalgams of colour, portray a distorted reality. Through the process of addition and subtraction, her thinly layered paint and the dry scorched canvas creates these elusive images of a vision either emerging or disappearing. 'Memories of Baghdad', its myths, legends and past, line the walls. It was a revealing, poetic and much-enjoyed exhibition.



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SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL 1ST XI

Played: 23
Won: 10 Lost: 12 Draw: 1
Goals For: 39 Goals Against: 50

After a disappointing season in 2008–09, great play was made in the report of the Nietzsche quotation that “What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger”. Spot on as it happens, as much of the previous year’s team returned mentally and physically stronger.

JDK and coach Paul Barnes began by putting the emphasis on strength, fitness and team-building as well as the technical and tactical. Lacking a full squad, a couple of defeats in training matches brought the starting line-up into focus. A narrow loss to the Old Westminster was notable also for the first of several breathtaking left-foot strikes from Forrest Clancy.

The season began in earnest with the ISFA Sixes at Chigwell School where, having been consigned to the Plate, Westminster saved their best for the afternoon where victories over Kimbolton, Oswestry and St. Bede’s Hailsham (the reigning ESFA U19 champions) saw us reach the Plate Final for the first time. Alas, Ardingly proved our nemesis.

The momentum was carried forward into the match against Eton, our first in the Elgin Capital Southern League. Noah Viner slid in the opener which heralded a prolonged Etonian bombardment. However, the defence held firm heroically and a famous victory was sealed with a swerving long-range free-kick from Clancy.

After which, John Lyon arrived and although Westminster were the better side, the game was still in the balance until deep into the second half the 1st XI powered their way to a 9–1 victory with William Miles and Patrick Meade scoring in multiples.

There followed defeat against Ardingly in the Boodles ISFA Cup, despite a stunning long-range strike from captain Vittorio Boccanera, and then away to Brentwood in the League after a poor performance. The team scored a victory over

Forest in the next League match, courtesy of another Clancy cracker. Following such a stirring performance it was galling to lose the next two matches to Alleyn’s and Lancing, but we played well in patches.

It wasn’t good after Exeat against Latymer, although the opposition were. However, the next match away to the ‘auld enemy’ Charterhouse proved to be one of the games of the season. A Clancy screamer gave us an early lead before the wheels fell off and we went into the break 3–1 down and fearing the worst. However, Boccanera and Miles brought the scores level in a thriller which finished breathlessly level at 3–3.



“The next match away to the ‘auld enemy’ Charterhouse proved to be one of the games of the season.”



House Competitions

Junior six-a-sides:	DD
Senior six-a-sides:	BB
Senior 11-a-side:	HH

After the Lord Mayor’s Show came a disappointing home performance against a well-organised Chigwell side and a defeat which was ultimately to cost us dear in the League.

The rollercoaster continued as the team won the next three matches, beginning with a League victory away to Aldenham, followed by Bradfield at home to a great crowd in a League match. Westminster spoiled the party courtesy of a tremendous performance including a penalty-save by Yannis Sossidis before Miles gave us the lead. Under great pressure, Richard Downey grabbed the clincher with a breakaway goal. Now if Eton didn’t win their last game then we could win the

division with victory in our final match. Buoyed by this, we travelled all the way to KES Witley and dominated to win by another predatory strike from Miles. Alas, Eton had scored a last-minute winner to clinch the division and we slipped to narrow defeat in the League game against Highgate.

The Lent Term began with snow everywhere but somehow King's Canterbury beat the elements and a good pitch allowed us to express ourselves in a convincing victory which included a stunning volley from Viner. There then followed three successive defeats to a strong Harrow side, to Hampton and to Latymer in the LIS Cup.

We outplayed Corinthian Casuals thoroughly but George Fellows' scorcher was all we had to show for it, and at St. Paul's, for the first time for two seasons, we came from behind to win a match with a stirring second half performance.

A bizarre refereeing decision robbed us of a draw at Dulwich but rounded off the season in grand style with a comprehensive home win against City of London with the last from Meade a contender for goal of the season anywhere.

This was a side that improved massively on its efforts of the previous year; there were many highs and fewer lows on an Independent Schools circuit where there were no easy games. Resolute and organised in defence, they played attractive, sometimes breathtaking, football, and worked hard on their fitness throughout, seeing the benefit during the course of the season. Captain Boccanera led with rugged determination in midfield; in goal, Sossidis was a major factor in the team, keeping seven clean sheets; the defence played a large part, with Rafé Fletcher and Jamie Drey-Brown ever-present; Alex Stewart gave an assured season in defence and Fellows was a rampaging left-back; Downey and Schlesinger both promised much for



SEASON: 2009/10
FOOTBALL 2ND XI

Played: 17
Won: 5 Lost: 8 Draw: 4

■ Let's get the low points out of the way first: with the burgeoning talent filling this year's squad, the overall record is disappointing and doesn't reflect fully the outpouring of blood (on occasion), sweat and lactic acid. The losses to Eton (0-5), Latymer (0-5) and Chigwell (0-2, after dominating for 75 minutes) were grim; we won't talk about them...

So, on to the highlights, and there were plenty. The squad had a remarkable unity and spirit, which never rarely got frayed, despite the BIG personalities involved. The quality of football, both individually and as a team,

Forest, an extraordinary match against Aldenham ending in a 4-3 victory, a hard fought, gutsy battle with Highgate (2-1), and possibly the season's pinnacle, a 1-1 draw against Charterhouse which saw Westminster at their dogged best.

And what of the players? Those leaving us can be very proud of their contributions to Westminster football while the Sixth Form have, to a man, staked their claim to bigger and better things. Particular mention must go to Will B and Dom M-G who scored the lion's share of the team's goals, to Charlie S



next season and Meade formed a potent mix with his high skill level. Up front, Viner showed strength, skill and a growing eye for goal whilst Clancy belied his tender years with a sweet left foot and the ability to do something extra-special in the last third. Special praise goes to Miles who worked tirelessly out wide and up front, finishing as the leading goal-scorer. There were useful contributions too from squad members Oli Wood, Mylo Portas, Huxley Ogilvy and Oscar Hard.

Finally, I would like to thank everyone involved in the Station: Matt McEntegart for the Monday Plyometrics sessions; Paul Barnes for his expertise, and humour; groundsman Franklin Barrett and assistant David Wicks; and, thanks too to the many parents and spectators. **JDK**



"The Sixth Form have, to a man, staked their claim to bigger and better things."

who came on in leaps and proverbial bounds in goal and to Harry M.A. who captained the team with maturity.

Goal of the season had many contenders. The ones that *nearly* made it include Tom F's screamer at Forest, Will B's effort from the touchline in the same match (it *wasn't* a cross Will, we know!), Dom M-G's left footed shot on the turn at Highgate and Tom W's flying header to win against Aldenham. The best of the lot, in my mind, was Oli J's dipping bullet from 30 yards out to win at Highgate.

To the players not yet mentioned – Max, Huxley, Dom R, George, Oscar, Dom W, Gus, Ben, Sam, Oli R, Blaise, Chris, Nick – space restricts me from telling everyone how brilliant you were this season, but rest assured we all know really! **PHW**

improved dramatically with the expertise and enthusiasm of Matt McEntegart. Many of the squad made valuable contributions to the 1st XI during the season, including a permanent promotion for Oli Wood.

There were some fabulous performances, notably the 3-1 win in a fiery match at

SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL 3RD XI

Played: 15

Won: 2 Lost: 10 Draw: 3

Goals For: 17 Goals Against: 45

■ The Third XI enjoyed a competitive season. They were disappointed with the results, but their team spirit and honest endeavour earned them two good victories. A close-knit squad played for each other and thoroughly enjoyed their football.

After holding Eton for twenty minutes, the boys eventually succumbed to pressure and lost 4-0. This flattered the home side but Westminster resolved to become fitter and more positive in their approach. So at John Lyon, where a fine equaliser from Gus Lewis gave Westminster a chance, the team fought all the way to the end. But a 3-1 reverse there was followed by a 5-0 thrashing by Brentwood and it was beginning to feel like a long season.

Sam Green was outstanding at Alleyn's but Westminster did not take their chances. A 3-0 defeat there highlighted the need to score goals. At Ardingly, Ben Bayley scored and the boys produced a good performance, though again defeated (2-1).

October ended with a keenly-fought contest against the Common Room. Green was as classy on the ball as ever and the Third XI enjoyed a good share of the possession. A wonder goal from Luke O'Donoghue helped the CR XI to a comfortable 3-0 victory. Dr. Kowenicki and the evergreen Mr. Feltham played very well for the Staff.

The season turned when Tim Bengier and Raff Poole scored good goals to hold Latymer to a 2-2 draw at Vincent Square. Finally the boys had registered a 'result'. A defeat followed, 5-1 to Charterhouse, where a Ware penalty which Bengier had earned was all the boys had to show for their efforts. That was soon forgotten as Westminster comprehensively outplayed Chigwell in the next match. Ware's neat finish, followed by a passionate badge-kissing celebration, was not enough to decide the outcome and Chigwell equalised against the run of play. Westminster were frustrated at the final scoreline of 1-1.

That elusive first win came with a flourish at Aldenham, where strikes from Bengier and Bayley followed an excellent opening goal from Baquiche. Westminster had the



3RD XI: "A 3-0 defeat there highlighted the need to score goals."

lion's share of possession and played beautiful football. Ware's penalty confirmed the victory at 5-3. So spirits were high before the Bradfield match but from the moment that Poole lost his way out of the changing room Westminster were in the wrong frame of mind to take on the home side. Soft goals were conceded and although Ware's cross/shot gave the Pinks hope, 4-1 was a fair result.

A bizarre game against KES Witley, who arrived over an hour late, could only be played over thirty minutes. A Lewis header and a fluke from Green squared the game at 2-2. In semi-darkness Westminster lost on penalties, as they did in a more conventional way at Harrow (3-1). When Baquiche stretched out one of his long legs to score at St. Paul's, Westminster registered a late-season win (2-1). It was disappointing, therefore, to lose 4-0 at home to Dulwich in the final game.

Thank you to Paul Whittle for his coaching and congratulations to the squad on their award of Third Pinks: Aspinall, Assomull, Baquiche, Bayley, Bengier, Brodsky, Green, Lewis, Poole, Richards, Saadat, Theodosiou, Viner, Ware and Williams (Dom). **JAI**

SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL U16A

Played: 11 Won: 5 Lost: 4 Draw: 2

■ We can be satisfied with our performance this season. After eleven fixtures away from home we still managed to secure a winning season in the form of five victories, two draws and four defeats. The spine of our team was an essential component of our success and more often than not we were able to field our first choice players to form this backbone. We were very competitive whenever we did: Sammy Skipper and Conor Meade at centre back, Mylo Portas and Ben Cooke in central midfield and Sebastian Foster as striker. This spine was very well complimented by other equally important players in their respective positions. Aram was more often than not a safe pair of hands in goal, while Nick Jones and Johnny Church completed a strong defensive unit. Oli Knox was a highly effective right midfield player while Anthony Pulsford improved considerably over the course of the season and quickly established himself as a regular. Other players that distinguished themselves included Evan Kountouris as a holding midfield player and Oliver Jones and Alex Ho as tenacious full backs.

Highlights of the season included a well-earned 2-2 draw against Eton and a stunning 2-3 victory against Bradfield. Although we lost four matches we only encountered two teams that were technically better than ourselves, Charterhouse and Harrow. We were at full strength against Harrow, which was just as well, as we suffered a 2-0 defeat to an exceptional side. Harrow will undoubtedly prove a challenge to our first eleven over the next couple of seasons and there are several players in this Westminster team that can look forward to that prospect! **PAH**

SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL U16B

Played: 6 Won: 1 Lost: 5
Player of the season: Alex Ballard

■ A high spirited and constantly improving football team took the field this season under the banner of the U16Bs. Let us focus on one game in particular, the 1-0 THRASHING of Aldenham, with a late goal by Evan 'Can Wait' Kountouris. This was a mighty upset, away from home, against the odds, David vs Goliath, etc. etc. The Aldenham players looked like they had been steamrollered, and the blustery weather didn't dampen the Westminster spirits. OK, so they lost the other games, but they were committed, energetic and showed real character in the fight throughout the season.

Let us name the band of brothers who played their utmost for the team. Led by Captain Constable (a rank issue here?) they had the goalkeeping exploits of Alex Ballard to thank with some unbelievable shot-stopping. The defence contained stalwarts such as Alex 'Swinging from the' Rafter and Kieron 'Been anywhere nice' Laidlay. Conor Taylor filled in at most positions over the season including a brief spell in goal. Oscar S-B and Lian 'Red' Rose ran the show in midfield, in the manner of Graham Dorrans, with skill and pace added by Alessandro Venerandi and Fergus B-W. Great support came through the likes of Leo 'Lionheart' Lang, Harry Henderson and others, whilst players of the class of Alex Ho, Anthony Pulsford and Dom Sando all helped out from the A squad. **CJRU**



SEASON: 2009/10
FOOTBALL U15A
Played: 18 Won: 4 Lost: 11 Draw: 3

■ After a very successful U14 campaign the previous year, the U15A team endured somewhat tougher times this year, although the season certainly had its high points; the last two results suggested that the green shoots of recovery are emerging for next year.

We travelled to Eton for the first game of the season in optimistic mood having beaten them in 2008-9. Despite creating plenty of chances and putting two of them away, we were outmuscled a little and ultimately went down 4-2. What followed the following week at home was a real heart breaker; 2-1 up with a minute to go against John Lyon, we conspired to ship two in the last 60 seconds to lose 3-2. This would become a bit of a theme for the first half of the season as a

whole; playing well for long sections of matches, getting in good positions, but not quite being able to get over the line.

The first win of the season arrived emphatically in the first round of the ISFA cup away at Stanborough. Despite only arriving minutes before the kick-off (GAB's navigation when driving a minibus isn't what it might be), the team put on a footballing masterclass to be 4-0 up at half-time and ultimately come away with a 9-0 win. Although we lost comfortably in the second round to Brentwood, the game will be best remembered (by us at least) for a 30 yard screamer by Milo Johnson that was still rising when it almost broke the back of the net.

After playing excellently only to go down controversially 3-2 against Bradfield at home in the last minute (Kit Winder's first wonder goal of the season having earlier made it 2-2), the team put this disappointment behind them to end the Play term on a high with wins over Highgate and KES Witney.

Highlights of the Lent term included an excellent 1-1 draw away at Harrow. Results of any kind in this fixture are at a premium, and despite being under the cosh in the first half, we were ultimately disappointed not to nick it at the end after Nick Schwartz almost bundled up a rebound from a George Bustin shot.

After a few disappointing results the season ended on a real high with a 3-0 win against Latymer Upper and a battling 1-1 draw against Dulwich, featuring Winder's second wonder goal of the season.

In terms of individuals, George Grylls had an excellent season between the sticks, with outstanding support from Kwesi Peterson at centre back. Johnson was very much the midfield general, with Winder supplying the quality from the wings. Schwartz was a tireless, belligerent (in a good way) presence up front. **GAB**



U16B: "Let us focus on one game in particular, the 1-0 THRASHING of Aldenham."



SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL U15B

Played: 13 Won: 1 Lost: 9 Draw: 3
Goals For: 26 Goals Against: 44

■ The statistics are a little unkind to the U15 B team who were very unlucky to come away with just one win this year. Four of our defeats were by a single goal, including successive games in which we showed considerable depth of character to battle back to equality from 2–0 down against John Lyon and 3–0 down against Alleyn's, only to concede another goal in the last few minutes of each game.

Noah Dickens was the star of the attack for the first half of the season, scoring an incredible nine goals in nine games before Christmas, the last two for the A team, to whom we generously loaned him for the rest of the season. Without Noah we found goals harder to come by, but when they did come they were often crackers – Ed Sellers' fine strike in our last game being piped to the post in the goal of the season contest by Will Ariss's free kick away at St. Paul's, which would still be accelerating now had it not found the back of the net. Louis Ariss, Vikram Mashru and Merlin Beyts also produced some scintillating attacking football at times.

The season might have been different without the misfortune we suffered in our seventh game. Having finally shown what we were capable of with a 4–0 destruction of Aldenham, the B's travelled to Bradfield, and quickly found themselves 2–0 up, playing some superb football, until Tommy Walters fell awkwardly in a tackle and broke his wrist. The team battled on gamely, but conceded yet another late winner to lose 3–2.

Tommy's strength and athleticism in midfield was to be missed for the rest of the season, and we all hope he will be back and fighting fit next year. In his absence, James Kerr and Lachlan Alexander stepped up to the plate to form a hard-working and energetic central midfield pairing. James in particular deserves a special mention for his incredible versatility, which included scoring a superb solo goal from the right wing, ably deputising in central defence,



"Will Ariss's free kick away at St. Paul's would still be accelerating now had it not found the back of the net."

and scoring an injury-time equaliser playing as a makeshift striker against Latymer! There were also some performances to remember in defence, particularly from Toby Goodman, who had one coach speculating about how good our A-team defence must be to keep him in the B team, and Dom Drey-Brown, whose spectacular goal-line clearance in a hard-fought 1–1 draw away at Harrow was just one example of his value this season. Mark Jerjian, George Troop, Daniel Ocampo and Isaac Kang also deserve mentions for their contributions to the defence. However the man who we most often found ourselves thanking for saving our blushes was our heroic goalkeeper, Chad Brooker-Thompson, who is my nomination for player of the season. Well done to the whole squad for your hard work this year – your performances deserved more reward than a single victory! **BPW**

SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL U14A

P: 15 Won: 7 Lost: 7 Draw: 1
Goals For: 35 Goals Against: 32

■ The season started with an away fixture to Eton. We had had just one training session and our captain, Oliver Iselin, was injured. The first match of the season is always a nerve-racking one as it is always difficult to judge the strength of the squad. The Eton match was highly competitive and the result was 4–3 to Eton who scored the winning goal in the final minute. It was clear that we were going to score goals but we looked vulnerable at the back: two of our back four had been former midfielders who we were reinventing in defensive roles. The next game was a well-deserved victory over John Lyon.

The season continued with some hard-fought losses against Brentwood, Forest and Alleyns. The season reached a turning point with a rare result for a Westminster team – an away victory at Charterhouse, where we put on a display of attacking football that Brazil would have been proud of. This was a real turning point of the season which led to us only losing two games in nine, against Bradfield and Harrow, and included convincing wins against Chigwell, Aldenham, KES Witley, Latymer and Highgate.

The season ended at Dulwich in a similar way to the start; an away fixture that we looked like drawing until they scored a winning goal in the final minute. It was a frustrating end to a very good season; however, it was a very strong performance and this group of players looks capable of great things over the next few years. Henry McNeill was our top scorer with 9 goals, closely followed by James Fairhead and Ben Leslie with 7 each. Our player of the season award was Oliver Iselin and our most improved player of the year award is shared between Goalie Kenki Matsumoto and defender Charles Murphy. Goal of the season award goes to Matthew Baden-Powell for a halfway-line effort against Aldenham.

Our record overall is a successful season, particularly considering the quality of our opposition. The entire squad performed exceptionally well over the season and I want to thank all of the 19 boys that played for the team. While we operated a core squad of 14 players for most of the season, it is a testament to the strength in depth that the players who played for only a few games slotted in easily and did not look out of place. Thanks also to JJK, MNR and RK for all their support, hard work and making it such an enjoyable and rewarding year. **JRG**



SEASON: 2009/10 FOOTBALL U14B

Played: 12 Won: 6 Lost: 6
Goals For: 34 Goals Against: 34

■ The large cohort of budding footballers this season meant that competition for places was high and it was only in the Lent Term that the team settled and proved that they were a force to be reckoned with.

The boys faced a tough fixture schedule at the start of the season and did well to keep the matches competitive against strong Eton, Brentwood and Charterhouse sides. The narrow loss against Alleyn's half way through Play Term was disappointing, but proved valuable for striker Niko Siracusa who bagged a hat trick and earned a place in the A-team.

It was from this point that the team really began to take shape and players found their most effective positions. Captain David Elliott Johnson and the hard-tackling Rory Taylor, formed a valuable partnership in central defence and were ably backed up by full backs Ben Wilson-Smith and Sam Winters. Zi Ding Zhang used his skill and aerial ability to dominate the central midfield and Charlie Strachan showed us his silky skills and deft touch every now and then. Other players worthy of mention include Angus Mylne, our irrepressible keeper, who didn't actually do Football Station; Fergal Hanks, our right winger who started the season in goal; Yujie Shi, who seemed to have the ball glued to his foot during his mazy runs, and Will Stevens who came into the squad late with his raw pace and brute strength.

The highlight of the season was perhaps the gritty last performance against a strong Dulwich side, where we came out victorious and ensured that the season came out exactly neutral; winning as many games as losing and scoring as many goals as conceding. This is a solid platform to build upon next season. **RK**



SEASON: 2009

CRICKET 1ST XI

Played: 17 Won: 12 Lost: 4 Draw: 1

After one of the most successful seasons in the School's history in 2008, we were all apprehensive about the 1st XI's prospects for 2009. Unnecessarily. The team not only retained the London Schools' U19 Cup but also won more games in a season than any other Westminster 1st XI in history!

It was a momentous season which started with the sternest test against Charterhouse who made 163-8 despite the efforts of leg-spinner Alex Fiskén. Westminster did not start well and the customary rout looked on the cards but Haroun Hickman resisted along with 14 year-old Leo Nelson-Jones until a brilliant direct-hit run-out ended the youngster's resistance to leave Charterhouse the victors.

Despite appearances we took heart that Westminster had given Charterhouse a real game for the first time in ages. So spirits were still high and there followed a run of straight wins over the Butterflies, Lords & Commons and Alleyn's. Against the former, highlights were the spin bowling of Keval Patel and the batting of Fiskén and Ollie Wood, whilst Alex Stewart and Fiskén did the damage against the Parliamentarians before securing an eight-wicket win.

Alleyn's saw Jeremy Holt help post a score of 168 all-out which proved way more than par as Fiskén tore the heart out of the Alleynians' innings. His mesmerising spell of 6 overs, 3 maidens, 6 wickets for 11 runs included finishing the game off in grand style with a hat-trick!

The winning run was broken by a strong MCC side against whom Westminster were able to bat out for a commendable, if somewhat tedious, draw before producing one of the most disappointing performances of the season away to an Aldenham side which we should have beaten.

Winning ways were rediscovered in the LSCA U19 Cup with a comfortable win over Hampstead School, the highlight of which was the 174 run partnership between Wood and Holt. However, in the next game an outstanding individual performance, despite the best efforts of Fiskén, saw us slide to defeat against Merchant Taylor's.

Nevertheless, great 'bouncebackability' was shown with a winning run of four matches either side of half-term which began with victory against the Old Westminsters in the inaugural Jim Cogan Cup where Holt and Patel were the main batters, after which a composed bowling performance closed the game. This was followed by a thrilling two-wicket win at Chigwell where Patel's batting and catching set up a victory, finished off by Jack Burdell.

Next came an U19 Cup victory by four wickets over City of London where Stewart and Patel took the honours, and, momentum was maintained with a crushing win over John Lyon with the spin twins, Patel and Fiskén doing all the bowling before the target was reached relatively easily.

It's often only a short step to complacency as demonstrated in the narrow defeat against St. Dunstan's. Hence more 'bouncebackability' was exhibited as the season was rounded off spectacularly with four more wins on the trot against Alleyn's, Kingston GS, Dulwich and Highgate. The re-match with Alleyn's was the

semi-final of the U19 Cup: Wood saw us to a match-winning 147-5 which was confirmed by Fiskén tormenting the Alleynians once more. Jones destroyed Kingston GS as they were bundled out for 79.

Next up was the LSCA U19 Final with a re-match against Dulwich College. They batted first but Westminster showed the merits of 'TCUP' (Total Composure Under Pressure) as they held Dulwich to 140 all out thanks largely to the three spinners. Patel and Holt then batted with consummate professionalism to close out a deserved 9 wicket victory.

The season was rounded off in style against Highgate as we posted 177-2 thanks to a partnership of 145 between Holt and Harry McNeill Adams, and, the win was secured with a polished bowling and fielding performance by Patel leading the bowling effort.

This was a record-breaking season, the like of which we may not see again for quite some time. The side retained the LSCA U19 Cup for the first time and achieved more victories in a season than any other Westminster 1st XI in history as far back as the 19th century.

Seven players made it into the Wisden Schools Averages with Patel, Fiskén and Holt 'doing the double'. Holt transformed himself into a genuine all-rounder, and Patel captained the side with tactical nous and technical skill. McNeill Adams kept wicket exceptionally whilst Fiskén's bowling took 45 wickets from only 126.5 overs – at a strike rate of 16.91 – including four 5-wicket hauls and a hat-trick, all of which made him one of the outstanding schoolboy bowlers of 2009. Many other players in the squad played their part during the season and formulated a winning team.

Thanks to everyone connected with cricket Station for their efforts throughout the year, and especially JAI for filling in as Master i/c during my paternity leave; Paul Weekes, groundsman Franklin Barrett and his assistant David Wicks, and Tony Japhet for continuing to score for us, and especially to Jonathan Hall for all his hard work, expertise and good humour over the last ten years. Thanks also to the many parents for all their support. **JDK**



"This was a record-breaking season, the like of which we may not see again for quite some time."

Leading Batsmen

J. Holt: 489 runs at 44.45
K. Patel: 323 runs at 24.84
H. McNeill Adams: 294 runs at 22.61
O. Wood: 288 runs at 26.18
A. Fiskén: 227 runs at 17.46

Leading Bowlers

A. Fiskén: 45 wickets at 10.26
K. Patel: 30 wickets at 19.30
A. Stewart: 19 wickets at 14.26
J. Holt: 15 wickets at 17.60
O. Jones: 15 wickets at 19.86



CRICKET TOUR: EASTER 2010 CRICKET 1ST XI: BARBADOS TOUR

Played: 5 Won: 3 Lost: 2



■ The temperature greeting us in Barbados was a mere 20 Celsius warmer than Heathrow; dauntingly the first match awaited us the next morning at the Lodge School where the island's five-month drought was broken by a downpour onto an uncovered pitch. It proved a good toss to win for Westminster as they inserted the opposition and the drying wicket helped their bowlers with extravagant bounce off a length. Whilst the bowlers' didn't take maximum advantage of the conditions, they did enough to reduce Lodge to 28-4 with Ollie Jones leading the way. Nevertheless, the opposition dug in and recovered to 137-5 and with their Barbados player's innings blossoming, 200 still looked a real prospect. However, Keval Patel then produced the champagne moment of the match as he took a full-length diving catch to dismiss the oppo's star player off a full-blooded pull from a Jones long-hop. Good bowling from Alex Stewart and Leo Nelson-Jones saw Lodge all out for 173 in the last over.

In reply, a promising start from Harry McNeill Adams and Nick White was partly undone by sloppy running between the wickets. What followed though was a match-winning 133 run partnership between Patel and Oli Wood, full of glorious stroke-making and excellent running between the wickets. The target was reached with some 14 overs to spare. The comedy moment of the tour came as Wood, having incorrectly assumed that he had hit a boundary to bring up his fifty, chose to tie his shoelace in the middle of the wicket rather than regain his ground. Alerted by his teammates, he then put his bat in the crease only to then crouch outside his ground tying his lace. Finally, as the fielder's throw came back, he ended up sprawling full-length in the dust to get in – pure comic genius!

The second match was against Foundation School and this was played at the excellent Four Square Oval which was the best ground upon which we played on tour, and on winning the toss our top batsmen revelled in the conditions. After the early loss of



BARBADOS: "We put in a request for tougher matches for the remainder of the tour and that's exactly what we got."

White, Patel and Fred Spoliar put on over 130 before the latter had to retire temporarily having almost spontaneously combusted with heat exhaustion. Unfortunately, with 10 overs left the innings stalled as none of the other batsmen came to terms with batting at the death. So the innings closed at a slightly disappointing 197-8 which, as it turned out, proved more than enough in the face of disciplined bowling and fielding from the Westminster side.

If truth be told the opposition so far (bar a few players) could have been stronger and older. Therefore, we put in a request for tougher matches for the remainder of the tour and that's exactly what we got as the last three games were genuinely even contests. The very next day we faced a stronger Deighton Griffith side which won the toss and chose to bat in the searing heat. Again disciplined bowling and fielding saw us





restrict the opponents to 172–2 off their 35 overs including a stunning caught-and-bowled from Stewart. Unfortunately, the effects of playing in the heat two days running, as well as our first experience of Bajan fast bowling saw us stumble in reply to 36–5 off only 8 overs. The run-rate was good but nobody could build a partnership and wickets



kept tumbling until Tom Fitzsimons was left high and dry as we were bowled out for 115 with 11 overs still remaining.

Things nearly went from bad to much worse when the Carribean cool-down that followed nearly proved calamitous as groundsman Franklin Barrett got into difficulties, demonstrating the danger of turning your back on the sea. A potentially tragic situation was averted due to the presence of mind and bravery of Oli Jones, Shancil Patel and Kshitij Sabnis, to whom we all owe thanks.

The penultimate game saw us lose the toss again and get sent into the heat of the field on a small ground by Alexandra School. However, the bowlers and fielders responded well and with more than half the overs gone the opposition had been restricted to 69–3 with K. Patel leading the way. Unfortunately, the wheels then well and truly came off in the face of a blistering onslaught from Alexandra's diminutive middle-order batsman who hit a century off no more than 60 balls. Catches fell and there were wides and misfields galore as the last 17 overs went for 160 to leave a target of 230 to win. In reply, K. Patel and McNeill Adams batted beautifully to steer Westminster into a winning position but by the time Milo Johnson and Max Arevuo had put on 39 for the last wicket, a manageable target had become unattainable and the result was defeat by 16 runs in a quality encounter.

With two wins and two defeats, the last match saw everything to play for. A late change of opposition did not deter Westminster even though they lost the toss and were inserted on a wicket that was still drying by the Barbados Select XI. They were soon 28–4 but McNeill Adams and Williams dug in to make sure that the bowlers had something to defend, and, a late flourish from Stewart and Fitzsimons took the total to a respectable 146–8. Whereupon the team scrapped and battled all the way to stay in the contest. There was some much-improved ground fielding and some excellent catching (particularly a one-handed effort by S. Patel and a boundary skier by Fitzsimons) as the spinners K. Patel and Nelson-Jones strangled the life out of the Select XI's innings. Gradually the run-rate rose and the Westminster team held their nerve to run out deserved winners by a thrillingly narrow 6 run margin.

This final victory was a terrific way to bring to an end an excellent, serious and even relaxing tour. Thanks to Franklin Barrett, JAI and CJRU for all their assistance as well as to the Williams family for providing friendly faces and support in foreign climes. Most of all though, thanks and congratulations to the team, who showed genuine progress and who made the trip so enjoyable and memorable. Now for the English season! **JDK**



SEASON: 2009

CRICKET 2ND XI

Played: 6 Won: 1 Lost: 4 Draw:1

■ We had a splendid season of exciting matches. Jack Burdell, in the Upper Shell, was the mainstay of our batting, scoring an aggregate of 170 runs over six matches, including 58 in a first-wicket partnership of 84 with Frederick Spoliar (35) against Kingston Grammar School. The best bowling performance was Kit Gallagher's with 5 for 12 against Allyn's. We brought about most dismissals by catching. For example, of Ben Colli's 4 for 21 against Aldenham, all were caught. Ben was our resourceful and determined Captain; Khushaal Ved our wily and knowledgeable Vice-Captain.

Rather cheekily, we entered the London Schools' Cup competition in addition to the 1st XI, hoping for a head-line grabbing upset. In reality, we were knocked out in the first round but shall try our luck again in the 2010 competition.

As usual, we tried to give as many as possible of the very large senior cricket squad of 44 the chance to participate in at least one match. All were ably encouraged by Mark Mason and the other of our outstanding coaches.

The Captain and Vice-captain for the 2010 season are Cyrus Mahludji and Krishin Assomull, respectively.

SCH, GPAB and MHF

SEASON: 2009 CRICKET U15A

Played: 10 Won: 2 Lost: 7 Draw: 1

■ The season had a wobbly start with a loss to Kingston GS and even a superb spell of bowling (4 wickets for 4 runs) by Conor Meade couldn't win the close match against Alleyns. Alessandro Venerandi picked up three cheap wickets against Highgate, but a close match went against the Westminster team again. A much better per-



formance with the bat gained a draw against Aldenham, with Kshitij Sabnis hitting 37 not out and Conor Taylor knocking 33 quick runs. A heavy defeat followed to a very good St Pauls team, with captain and keeper Sabnis 33 not out in a losing battle. Merchant Taylors were also too strong despite Sabnis falling agonisingly short of his half-century.

Then came the magic of the cup, where a strengthened U15 team beat Southfields with the best bowling figures of the season (4 for 2) for legspinner Tristan Jones, and good performances from the U14s stepping up a level, including 38 not out from George Bustin. The team were unlucky not to progress further as they lost a close match in the next round that they should not have done from a winning position – some lessons were learnt there.

The most heroic team performance came in the draw against Chigwell, in which Conor Taylor shepherded the tail through some hostile bowling to save the match – much as Monty Panesar and James Anderson did a few weeks later in the Ashes!

The closest limited overs finish came at St Dunstons where only 8 runs separated the

U15A: "Then came the magic of the cup, where a strengthened U15 team beat Southfields."

team, with Westminster on the losing side despite very tight bowling from Leo Lang and Tristan Jones – the spin twins gaining 3 wickets apiece – and an enormous six in the closing stages from Conor Meade.

In all it was an enjoyable season, as I am sure all the participants would agree. The results did not perhaps go as well as they could, but there was much to build on and they had a fantastic team spirit. There was good bowling throughout from Meade, Jones, Lang, Venerandi and Henderson. The fielding was strong, especially from Alex Ballard and Oli Jones (joint best fielders as it transpired!) The player of the season though was the captain, competent wicket keeper and highest run scorer by far, Kshitij Sabnis. Thanks to Mark Mason for all his coaching and to KAPW and AJ for their staffing.

CJRU



SEASON: 2009

CRICKET U14A / U14B

U14 A Played: 10 Won: 7 Lost: 2 Draw: 1

U14 B Played: 3 Won: 0 Lost: 3 Draw: 0

■ The Under-Fourteens proved to be a talented and enthusiastic squad who thoroughly enjoyed the season. Winning helps, of course, and any victory over Charterhouse is as sweet as it is rare. Well marshalled by captain George Bustin, the U14A had



their bowlers to thank for restricting 'House to only 113 in 30 overs. Tom Johnston-Purvis maintained an excellent line and moved the ball at good pace. Twice he was on a hat-trick and Luke Hone applied the pressure at the other end. This allowed Milo Johnson, who had earlier bowled well, to biff a quickfire 56 not out. Kit Winder and Johnston-Purvis both batted with composure to ensure a comprehensive 6 wicket victory.

A draw at KGS left the Westminster team frustrated after a game of fluctuating fortunes. Batting first on a pitch offering assistance to disciplined bowling, Westminster started brightly enough and looked to be reasonably well set with Winder and Johnson batting beautifully. However, a steady stream of middle-order batsmen provided the home team with catching practice to leave Westminster teetering perilously at 77-6. Thankfully, Johnson batted through and found a willing partner in Akshay Sabnis. In an inspired move, Bustin brought himself on to bowl and took 6-13 in 5 overs which allowed the visitors to sniff the win. Surrounded by 5 slips and 2 gullies at the death, Kingston held on for a draw.

Local rivals St. Paul's claimed the bragging rights by winning both games in Hammersmith. Oliver Draper's 43 for the Bs was the Westminster performance of the day.

Alleyn's, Highgate and Aldenham all proved unable to cope as the Westminster willow-wielders continued along their merry way. Johnson again showed his promise and Bustin was a very consistent performer. The bowling unit was at its most disciplined at Aldenham. Four wickets apiece for Johnson and Richard Singh dismissed the home side within 20 overs, allowing the skipper to stroke the side home with a breezy 51*. Meanwhile, the 'B' team had a good game against Aldenham. Alex Winter took 3-31 and Robert Oldham 3-41, but despite a fighting 47 from John Phipps the School lost by 68 runs.

Merchant Taylor's is always a tough assignment. Tom Johnston-Purvis excelled but a batting collapse undermined Westminster's chase. Kit Winder hit some big shots but the end came quickly that day. The Bs were competitive that day, in a game that saw disciplined bowling and enterprising batting. But some 'Keystone Kops' fielding and running the wickets from both sides surprised the spectators. Captain Joe Andreyev's buccaneering 44 with support from Milo Beyts, underpinned a steady Westminster total of 132-8. The home team quickly got amongst the opposition, with Walters, Andreyev, Bhanji and Jayaswal all taking wickets. But the visitors scraped home with 3 balls to spare.

The season finished enjoyably with some good results. Winder and Johnson combined to lead the As to victory against Chigwell, while the Bs lost in a high scoring game against John Lyon. Tommy Walters bowled well that day, while the As trounced their opposite numbers by 134 runs. The last game of the season ended in success, but only just. Johnston-Purvis and Luke Hone bowled St. Dunstan's out for 110. The As made hard work of their target, but won an exciting game by one wicket.

Many thanks to GB and Simon Massey for their expertise. Congratulations to George Bustin, Milo Johnson and Leo Nelson-Jones for being invited to join the First XI tour to Barbados. Good luck to all boys who represented the School and I hope they enjoy their cricket in 2010. JAI



WATER: "Winning the National Schools regatta and the Fawley cup at Henley Royal Regatta in 2009 is clearly the historic high water mark of Westminster Water."

WATER

■ **CD writes:** The Westminster School Boat Club water ledger contains records of racing from the spring of 1813, although there is certainly evidence of earlier racing in boats on the river.

Early racing took the form of private matches and later on organised regattas, the most prestigious of which, Henley Royal Regatta, commenced in 1839.

The pinnacle of achievement for any boat club is to win at Henley Royal Regatta, but despite being involved from very earliest times, this success had so far eluded us. Westminster has come very close, losing in the 1990 and 1992 Princess Elizabeth finals and reaching the semi-finals a number of times, but a Henley medal had remained out of reach: until now.

For 2009, we chose to focus on sculling and to target the Fawley Challenge Cup at Henley for school and club junior scullers. No single school crew had ever won this event and our success was even more poignant since the cup had been presented to the regatta by his family in memory of Nicholas Young, OW.

The exploits of the Quad at Henley are recorded below by Pierre Thomas (HH 2004–09) who, together with Tom Fielder, Wilf Kimberley and Dan Rix-Standing made up the Fawley winning crew. It is difficult to fully appreciate the incredible talent, knowledge, patience and motivating power of coach; Bill Mason but he has taken ordinary school-boy enthusiasm to extraordinary success!

The Quad Report

After an impressive winter at Westminster School Boat Club, our hopes were high that this would be a summer to remember. With a few hiccoughs along the way, so it proved.

The summer kicked off with Wallingford regatta at Eton's 2000m Olympic facility, in



which the top quad raced senior quads. Here they encountered not only the Maidenhead crew who dubiously claimed to have won the National Sculling head, but also the designate Great Britain U18 Quad.

The race did not go entirely to plan with the crew just managing to hold on to beat Maidenhead, albeit by a smaller margin than was hoped for. However, despite leading by a second at 500m gone, the top quad was overhauled by the GB crew, who finished 2 seconds up.

Next came the National Schools Regatta in Nottingham. This was the time to take revenge on Maidenhead. The first two rounds went by smoothly and the crew reached the final, whereupon coach Bill Mason wove his magic. He instructed us to seize the race in the first 500m. The crew executed the plan flawlessly: a 3 second lead at 500m was extended to 11 seconds by 1500m, going on to produce a stunning finish that arguably marked the end of many crews' challenges for Henley. On a perfect day in Nottingham, the Westminster quad asserted themselves as the fastest crew in the country in some style.

In final preparation for Henley amidst the A1s and A2s, the quad raced at Marlow

International Regatta in Elite Quads. This provided the welcome opportunity to have another crack at the GB quad that had beaten us at Wallingford, as well as the U23 GB lightweight quad, and hugely powerful Leander men's crew. The crew was the same, but thanks to Westminster parent Paul Burdell's outstanding generosity the crew were now in a brand new wing rigger Empacher Quad. Could the boat help make up the deficit?

The crew scraped through the early rounds and went to the start of the Elite Final ready to take on the best. The quad attacked the race taking a lead of over a second at 500m over the GB Junior crew. This gap remained much the same over the next 500m, with the Leander quad alongside providing a useful block for pushing off. Over the next 500m however the GB crew drew back level. The Westminster crew, already racing our best tailwind race ever, attacked again. Leading into the last 250m, the call went up from the bowman: "We're up, we're up", as we again led Great Britain. The last call came: "ALL IN!! GO! GO! GO!", as the crew lifted for the line and scored a spectacular victory over the GB crew by a few feet. It was a glorious feeling.

(continued on next page)

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Our aim for the year had always been to arrive at Henley being very hard to beat. Having been seeded thanks to our earlier successes, we had the comfort of not racing till Friday. Here we comfortably beat a Royal Chester and Queen's Park composite. On Saturday, the hard racing began in earnest. We had the first race of the day against Melbourne University and Barwon Rowing Club, Australia. Tipped to be the fastest crew in the event, we went into this race anxiously, knowing that if we came through, things were looking good. Then Wilf let his nerves get the better of him on the first stroke. So mighty was his leg drive that he fell off his seat. For most crews this would have been catastrophic, but not for us. Wilf having regained his seat, we set off like a crew possessed, three lengths down and only forty seconds into the race. Just as it mattered most, we found the best rhythm we had ever had in a race, led on by stroke Tom Fielder. The crew clawed back the open water separating us from Melbourne, inch by painful inch. With extraordinary tenacity and determination Westminster caught Melbourne in the middle of the enclosures and went on to win by nearly a length.

In the semi-final, late on Saturday evening, the crew performed a rather more textbook scull against a Northern Composite of Yarm School and York City rowing club. Westminster led from the start, and were never really pressured. Despite a sudden stomach upset, the whole crew went onto the river for the last race of the regatta.

After almost 200 years trying, was the Westminster School Boat Club finally going to get a Henley victory? The quad got off to a now customary fast start, but then stuck with about half a length to the good. At halfway, this distance was the same. We struggled to squeeze out to 2/3 length by the enclosures. We were not at our best into the mammoth headwind; it was just dogged belief that we would win that saw us through: we wanted it more. When it came down to it, we gave everything we had, and a little bit more. Pain is temporary, glory is forever!

CD continues: Winning the National Schools regatta and the Fawley Cup at Henley Royal Regatta in 2009 is clearly the historic high water mark of Westminster Water and behind it, the entire boat club contributed to an incredible season which also saw nine Westminster boys selected for the Great Britain Under 16 rowing team. At Henley, Westminster also had a half share in a second quad (Sam Burdell and Joe Lines) that made the quarter finals, and the Upper Shell VIII pre-qualified for the Princess Elizabeth and won the first round against Sir William Borlase before being stopped by Shrewsbury in the next.

The Summer Season had opened well, winning the Victor Ludorum at Poplar Regatta after wins by the J14 Octo, the novice and J16 fours and a 6.03 record-setting win by the J16 eight. That same weekend the quad was in Belgian winning the Belgian International Under 23 title.



WATER: "The crew clawed back the open water separating us from Melbourne, inch by painful inch."



Another early racing tradition dating back to 1829, the Eton and Westminster match was rekindled this year with a four-nail match win by the quad against Eton's second eight.

At the National Schools Regatta, the results suggested Westminster crews just get better every year. Both J14 octos made the semis and missed the final by one place. The J15 VIII came fourth in the championship event but snatched bronze in the quads event. The J16's took silver in the coxless fours and junior quad finished the long weekend off with Gold in the Forest cup.

At Marlow Regatta both quads and the J16 VIII were impressive enough to pre-qualify for Henley and the J15 eight finished the season with a fine win.

The J16 crew took time out from Henley preparation to race successfully at the Great Britain Under 16 trials. Jack Bannenberg, Ted Tregear, Benji Sales and Roland Walters made up half the British VIII that later helped secure GB's best-ever match result against France, and Dan Powell, Ed Muffett, Ivo Tedbury, cox Arav Gupta and J15 George Bradbury were selected as the GB coxed four, together with coach Iain Pritchard.

The 2009–10 season started with similar goals but also with an additional target of our top scullers making medal-winning boats at the World Junior Championships. In November's Scullers Head a Westminster win was not a surprise but it was Kimberley who won the junior pennant in an amazing 16th place overall, with Fielder having to settle for

2nd junior pennant in 17th place!

Not to be left behind, Walters was the fastest J17 in 46th overall, Powell 80th overall and Bannenberg 121st/500. To put this into perspective last year Fielder finished 51st and Kimberley 68th, and our top single last year was Thomas in a coincidental 46th place – and we thought that was good!

At Hampton Head further upstream on the same day the J15's and J16's were racing in the biggest junior event ever with over 800 entries. The Bradbury/Freddie Foster double was the fastest J16 boat and fourth double overall. In the 85 boat J16 singles class Bradbury finished 8th, Karpov 16th, Matthews 17, Hanton 44th.

In February, again at Hampton our flagship boat, the junior quad of Fielder, Kimberley, Bradbury and Bannenberg had a mighty challenge to top last year's fifth overall, especially since composite combination crews of aspiring GB athletes were able to join in this year.

The challenge was met head-on and Westminster not only won the quad event by a good margin but also managed an incredible third overall, beaten only by a few seconds by the first eights of Hampton and Bedford Modern School. Half of last year's successful Westminster GB J16 team members

(Tedbury, Sales, Powell, Walters) came second in the J18 coxless fours with a good row.

A last minute re-scrambled J15 eight (Ripley, Kim, Dean, Evans, Scott, Mockett, Fung, Ahmed) ably steered by new cox Emma Holloway were 7th of the 33 J15 eights.

One of our two equal J14 Octuples (Brochard, Conceicao, Frost, Fitzgerald, Behling, Anderson, J. Thompson, Bradbury, and Ramambason) was able to race in its first-ever open event and was rewarded with 7th/25.

At Quintin Head our top crew was an experimental GB composite of Westminster and Walton Rowing Club which won overall, including beating the eights of Hampton, St Edwards and Shiplake. Our Upper Shell crew with Bannenberg were a remarkable third in Junior Quads. The junior four also won the fours event and the J15 eight were second.

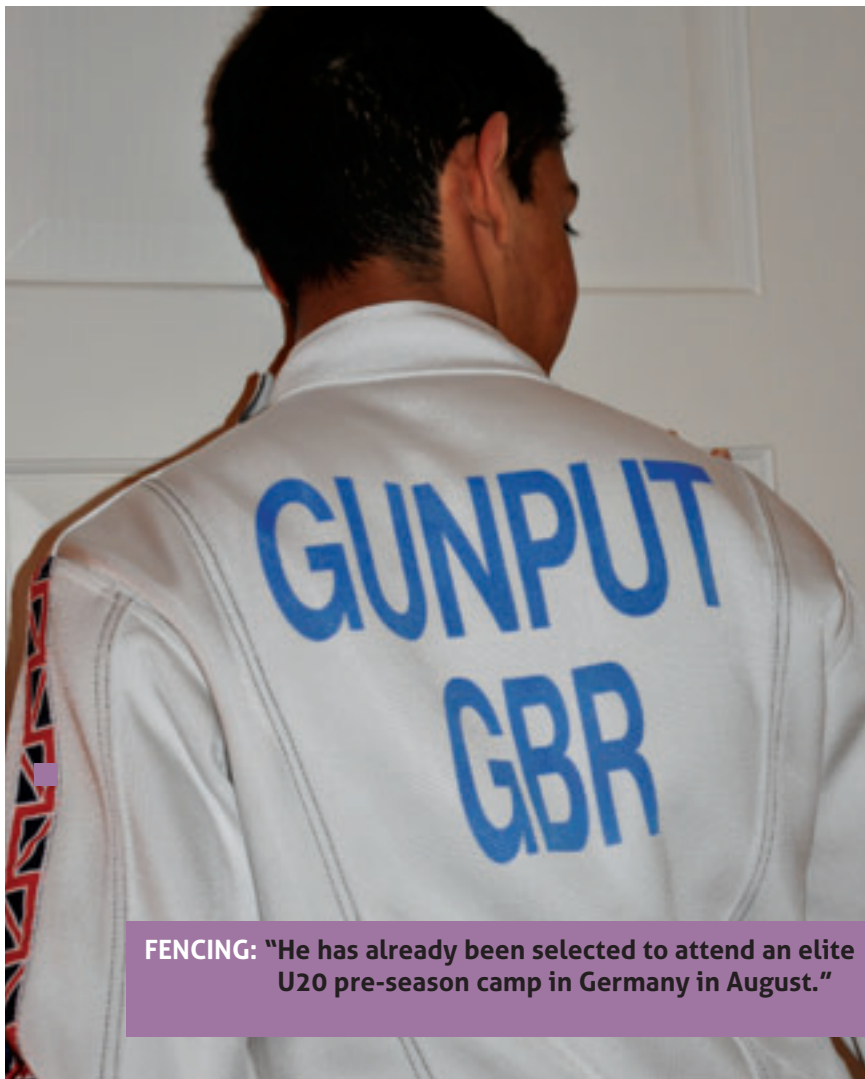
At the Schools Head in March, organised by Westminster, there was an eerie echo of last year's final sculling head results, The Westminster top quad came second to Maidenhead Rowing Club. The junior four from the top squad also finished an excellent second behind Molesey Boat Club, both crews being top school crews. The J15 eight competed in the top J15 championship event finishing sixth.

At the Sculling Head event the following day the J16 quads faded to second place in J16, behind Nottingham Rowing Club. The second J14 octo finished second in their event, 5 seconds behind Shrewsbury and the third octo went one better to win their event! The first octo had a good run but finished 10th in a tight field.

The last week of the Easter holidays was taken up with the traditional Boat Club training camp in Ghent, Belgium which also includes the Belgian international junior championships where some fantastic results were gained by all squads.

J14 coxless Quad 3rd (Bradbury, Hanton, Anderson, Lewis), J14 coxed Quad 4th (Dobson, Doumar, Chwu, Fitzgerald cox Moss), J15 coxed Four won J16 Fours (Gunn, Evans, Dean, Scott, cox Moss) J16 Double won (Bradbury and Matthews), J16 Quads won (Bradbury, Matthews, Karpov, Foster) J18 Four won J18 coxed and 3rd in J18 coxless (Walters or Linder, Sales, Powell, Tedbury, cox Gupta) J18 sculling group (Fielder, Kimberley, Bannenberg, Bradbury) won J18, Under 23 and Open Quads in various combinations. Under 23 singles: 2nd Fielder, 3rd Kimberley.

Meanwhile at GB J18 trials Easter assessment, Bradbury made a meteoric improvement to leapfrog Fielder and Kimberley to be ranked fourth in singles. Fielder and Kimberley have been outstanding in trial boats and have been selected for the GB junior team to race in Munich in May. Astonishingly, at the April Great Britain Junior trial regatta, all three made the A final and finished third (Wilf), fourth (Tom) and Fifth (George). We eagerly anticipate the summer of 2010.



FENCING: "He has already been selected to attend an elite U20 pre-season camp in Germany in August."

FENCING

■ The pressure of the great forebears of Westminster fencing did not weigh too heavily on the new generation as success was achieved both individually and as a school throughout what proved to be a challenging season.

The school matches started in earnest in October, with the team in all year groups performing admirably, leading us to success in all but two of the matches – a couple of uncharacteristic performances yielding unexpected losses. Special mention must go to Nick Chambers, Alex Robinson (Vice Captain), Matthew Williams and Satya Gunput (Captain) for representing the school for five years with distinction and dedication.

Promising performances by the Vth form namely Forbes Anderson, Alex Bishop, Tom Kwoh, Theodore Shack and Pip Woolley show that talent is coming through the ranks and with dedicated and applied training, success at national level is a possibility in the future. Forbes in particular has already made steps to increase his training and now attends a club outside school in addition to regular school training.

In truth, for those aspiring to enter the U20 international squad, the season started in late August, as the first of the selection events took place in London. Progressing through the selection rounds Satya put on a solid display in the U20 nationals in Sheffield and achieved an impressive result at an Adult Open, seeded first at the end of the group stages.

Satya's first taste of World Cup fencing came this year in Budapest at the beginning of the year: despite his inexperience at a world class level, he surprised the selectors by not only qualifying with room to spare at the group stages, but also by defeating a seasoned Polish fencer at the knock-out stages before losing a close fight against an Italian fencer. Finishing 54th at that World Cup meant that he was selected again for another World Cup, namely Gothenburg. Once again, Satya qualified comfortably for the knock out rounds from a field of over 200 top fencers. He has already been selected to attend an elite U20 pre-season camp in Germany in August to prepare for the next season. We wish the departing Captain all the best in his international sporting career.

The Station would like to take this opportunity to thank RDS for his inspired leadership and special thanks must go to JB for stepping 'unto the breach' when we were rocked by the temporary absence of our Head of Station, ensuring the smooth running of the Station.

The Remove would also like to express their deep gratitude for the patience and constant presence of Westminster Fencing coaches (Tomek, Maciek, Leo, Dave and Jo). Without their continued support, all of the achievements mentioned would never have been realised. **Satya Gunput (RR)**

CROSS COUNTRY

■ Cross country has continued to thrive at Westminster and although the school has perhaps been short of athletes at the very front of the field, strength in depth is better than in any other year in recent memory. The feats this winter have been all the more impressive given the number of enforced absences and injuries; four key members of the 'A' team from last year were unavailable throughout the season but new faces have emerged to bolster the school team. The season's statistics speak for themselves: of the 33 schools that Westminster have competed against, there have been 24 victories and only 9 defeats, a record that few other Stations can match.

The Long Distance Races in September provided the usual pre-season test and demonstrated who had kept themselves fit over the summer. Milne's (Juniors & Overall), Dryden's (Inters) and Rigaud's (Seniors) won the Boys team events, with Ashburnham topping the Girls team competition. Each of these Houses supplied the individual winner in the same age group: Ji-Min Lee (MM, Juniors), Sammy Skipper (DD, Inters), Lawrence McNeill (RR, Seniors) and Flora Moujaes (AHH, Girls). Hot on its heels was the Towpath Cup, an annual event involving OWW, Common Room and School teams, which this season was won by Lower Shell Christopher Leet who pipped Tom Sutton and Tom Quinton by the tiniest of margins.

As ever, the King's Trophy on Wimbledon Common heralded the start of the cross country season. Philip Cohen (23rd) led the scoring six home to a surprise 4th place out of 22 teams, while the B team's 12th place won them the prize for the best B team. Despite nobody breaking into the top twenty, thirteen Westminsterers finished inside the top 85 (out of 150). Given this performance, results at the RGS Guildford Relays (8th and 20th out of 26 teams) and a narrow defeat at Harrow were very disappointing. Fortunately, this dip in form didn't extend to the GRIM (an 8 mile, multi-terrain event on an MOD tank-testing site that includes water hazards, glutinous mud and scramble nets) as Westminster athletes supplied eleven finishers in the top 150 (out of over 2000!) as well as winning both the Male and Mixed team events.

After the skirmishes of the first term, the Lent term always brings

bigger and tougher challenges and this year even the weather chipped in with Arctic conditions, treacherous pavements and the cancellation of the Knole Run. Victory over Winchester (for the fourth year in a row) was quickly followed by the London Schools Championships on a cold and very muddy Hampstead Heath, and for the seventh consecutive year, Westminster emerged as the best school in the capital. The Senior team of Will Miles, Philip Cohen, Dominic Richards and Corty Linder were comfortable winners, a feat matched by the Inters team of Sammy Skipper, Su-Min Lee, Johnny Church and Mylo Portas. In the other team races, the Girls team of Flora Moujaes, Rebekah Harper, Meg Trainor and Rosie McBurney won bronze medals whilst the Junior team finished a creditable 5th. Sammy Skipper (2nd in the Inters race) achieved the school's best individual placing in well over a decade with excellent performances also coming from Flora Moujaes (7th in the Senior Girls race), Will Miles (8th in the Seniors) and Su-Min Lee (9th in the Inters).

The Bringsty Relays on Wimbledon Common matched Hampstead Heath for mud and hills, but this didn't deter Rigaud's (who won the Senior event) or Milne's (who continued their domination of the Inter-House events, by winning both the Junior and Overall titles). Elsewhere, the school's Senior team won bronze medals at the Ranelagh Cup in Richmond Park with Alex Clarke and Alex Diaz emerging as the team strongmen, whilst Westminster finished 8th out of 16 in the South East Schools Championships at Harrow, with the best run of the day achieved by Will Miles.

Right at the very end of the Lent term, three Westminsterers achieved the distinction of being selected to represent London at the English Schools Cross Country: Sammy Skipper and Su-Min Lee in the Inters race and Will Miles in the Seniors event, and with three others nominated reserves for this prestigious event, future success seems assured. My sincere thanks go to the school captain, Tom Sutton, who has been ever-present all season, to CDR for helping at the London Schools and to HJLD who has organised the Thursday Station afternoons. **SDW**



ATHLETICS

■ Like Liverpool in the 1970s and 1980s, Hakluyt's yet again won the Inter-House Athletic Sports title – the eleventh such occasion in the past fourteen years. What does JJK feed them?

The Inters category witnessed the fiercest competition: Noah Viner was an impressive winner of the 100m in 11.7s, Dominic Williams surged to 400m victory in 55.8s, Sammy Skipper just held off the challenge of Oscar Hard in the 1500m whilst Ed Muffett won both the high and long jump competitions. However, the best



individual performance came from Mylo Portas who led the Inters 800m to win in a new school record time of 2:09.0.

Other highlights at the Athletic Sports included victories in both the Junior 100m and long jump by Kwesi Peterson), Tom Surr's 11.7s in the Senior 100m, Oliver Jones's 55.4s in the Senior 400m, Jeremy Holt's double in winning the Senior 800m and 1500m and Natalie Fiennes's double victory in the Girls 800m and long jump.

At the London Schools Championships two Westminsterers represented the borough: Mylo Portas recorded a huge new personal best in the Intermediate 800m of 2:05.7 to win the London Schools Championships, whilst Kwesi Peterson ran 13.0 in his heat of the Junior Boys 100m. Away from the track, Westminster was well represented in the Assembly League which continues to be a good source of competition for those pupils keen to keep their distance running ticking over during the Election term. Finally, my continued thanks go to PAB and JRG, whose expertise and good humour has been greatly appreciated during our twice-weekly Station afternoons in Battersea Park. **SDW**



TRIATHLON

It was one of the first full days of sun there had been all year, and a huge crowd was gathering in Hyde Park. It was the 4th SPW Annual Hyde Park triathlon. Students Partnerships Worldwide is a charity which supports young people's health and education, and campaigns to save the environment in which they live. It was founded by the late Jim Cogan, ex-Under Master and ex-Master of the Queen's Scholars.

vital facts, strapped to his bicycle at impossible angles. These, however, were to no avail as after the normal six laps of South Carriage Drive, he started upon another. In true dramatic fashion, he heard our cries telling him to stop, and

TRIATHLON: "No one had thought to look at what time the race started."



The triathlon begins with a 400m swim in the Serpentine, then a 15 km bicycle sprint and finishes with a 5km run. Our athletes for these events were Cat Buizza, Cyprien Brochard and Johnny Church respectively, who were in turn led by RAK. I had been told I was to meet the athletes at 11:15, but after five minutes of frantic searching, I still could not find them. Suddenly, I saw Cyprien making a dash for his bicycle, with Cat on his heels, who was herself followed by an army of friends and family wielding cameras and shouting encouragement. Stage one, the swim, had been completed in an excellent time by Cat who came second in her race against around 15 others.

Cyprien started off his race apace, guided no doubt by the array of gadgets designed to tell him his speed, distance, estimated journey time and many other

realising his mistake, charged off the side of the course, bicycle in tow, headed to the transition area.

Here he met Johnny as planned, who immediately set off around the 5km course. We waited with nervous anticipation, trying to work out our current time (no one had thought to look at what time the race started). In what seemed like an impossibly short time, Johnny was back, and aided no doubt by his cross country skills, he arrived first in his race.

We later discovered that our team was the fastest group team in the competition, and the fifth fastest in the whole competition with a time of 53 minutes. With such a resounding victory, it was time to celebrate. So we did.

Charles-Edward Sealy

GOLF

The Golf Station family grew this year, welcoming new members from the Lower Shell, Upper Shell, and Sixth Form. Of course, this meant that a larger minibus was required, so the new LDV Maxus became our full-time work-horse.

The weather throughout the Play term was harsh, so the few holes that we managed to play warranted acute mental and physical tenacity. Range sessions were therefore *de rigueur*, with an emphasis on improving our ball-striking in preparation for on-course play.

The initial Lent term sessions were strikingly similar to those of the Play term, except that they included our first ever snowball fight! One snowball, delivered with utmost skill by Patrick Beardmore, found its target in the form of Mr Hawken. After that, because of the snow, we played on course using orange balls, which proved to be quite comical.

The following weeks provided surprisingly beautiful playing conditions, so we were at the 9-hole course at Central London Golf Club quite regularly – the scores were a testament to the impressive progress made by all Station members.

On the final Thursday of the Lent term, a bantam golf team of four journeyed to Sevenoaks for a clash with Tonbridge School's squad.

Tonbridge were exemplary hosts, however, as the grim sky yielded its fair share of tears,



GOLF: "As the grim sky yielded its fair share of tears, Westminster made their formidable opponents weep in terror."

Westminster made their formidable opponents weep in terror. Our captain, Kit Gallagher, was first to tee-off, and while he surged convincingly ahead in his match, Nick White dazzled with his 3-iron mastery. Jerome Kamm and Alex Petrenco rent the raging sky with penetrating ball trajectories before all four matches were forced to abandon the course in the wake of a truly apocalyptic thunderstorm. The final score was Westminster 3 – Tonbridge 1, affirming a perfect win-percentage for Westminster Golf this year!

The shot of the season, as chosen by Gary, our coach, was a 245 yard 3-wood to 3 feet, by Carl Rietschel.

Our heartfelt thanks goes to SCH, JCW and Gary Clements for putting together a such a memorable two terms of golf.

Jérôme Kamm (LL)

STATION



ETON FIVES

Management of Westminster's Eton Fives, variously viewed as hot potato or slickly handled rugby ball, passed to me this year (the 4th master i/c in 5 years)... and what a pleasure it has proved to be! The position and availability of the Courts, the particular facility of the sport to be played and enjoyed by combinations of members of both sexes and of all years have continued to attract considerable numbers to play. Amidst those numbers are some seriously good players; this is a Station which is played very competitively and which never loses sight of the fundamental pleasure the game offers.

The increased use of the Westway courts enabled the numbers to be accommodated and gave a decent amount of playing time to each player over the week. The purchase of skipping ropes to promote fitness and speed of foot and to involve players even when not on court has been a success too.

The standard of Fives played has been good and enthusiastic at all levels: well illustrated by the fact that the first U15 pair (James Alster and Leo Nelson-Jones) and the junior Girls pair (Rosie McBurney & Nicola Ho) remained undefeated in matches until the Nationals. Westminster was able to enter record numbers for the Schools National Championships. All the 74 individuals who took part learned a lot and enjoyed playing competitive Fives in a National event, even if success was mixed.

The U14 squad is an exceptional year for the ability in depth which it contains: pretty much all the players donned Fives gloves for the first time ever in September, but they have come a long way and been competitive in many matches. There has also been considerable competition for places in the top pairs of the U15 squad, despite the dramatic success of Alster and Nelson-Jones at first pair. The U16 group may be the smallest, but what they lacked in numbers they made up for in hard work and potential, even if they need to find a more bullish, competitive



ETON FIVES: "The U14 squad is an exceptional year for the ability in depth which it contains."

streak. Playing Fives in the Sixth Form is always hard – the few fixtures for this particular age-group can give the impression of being the 'lost generation', but they are the torch-bearers for the year to come and have shown enthusiasm, growing skill and strength on court: unappreciated they are not. The Remove Fives players have been supreme ambassadors for the game and the School: always competitive, always good-humoured and always willing to spend time helping those lower in the School. Callum Brock, Sam Williams, Adam Robinow, Shaneil Patel, Frances Sinden and Harriet Allan all played some excellent Fives and won important matches against the likes of Charterhouse, Shrewsbury and Eton, even though results at the Nationals were a bit disappointing. They thoroughly deserved their Pinks. Thanks as ever to Matt Wiseman for his inspirational coaching and the wise way he manages to instil in the players a serious and competitive approach to playing whilst keeping the Station fun and high-spirited.

AEAM

ROCK CLIMBING

We have had a great year at climbing station. I think we have had the most enthusiastic and involved group since I have been climbing at Westminster. This year, as always, we have been frequenting Mile End Climbing Centre, which has been made even more exciting by the advent of the first Westminster-held Independent Schools Competition. This was taken on with great dedication by the staff at Mile End and our own master of climbing, RAK. This competition was a great success, with Westminster school winning five out of six trophies. The team was Charles Holland, Kyle Thetford and James Skinner for the seniors and Dominic Smith, Henry Wilson-Smith and Marshall Bradley climbing for the juniors. The same group of climbers was to

ROCK CLIMBING:
"It has been a pleasure to climb in and out of school with a friendly and very accomplished bunch."



be seen on their weekends competing across London in the Southern Indoor Bouldering Competition with great success.

There have been expeditions to the Isle of Skye and to Fontainebleau in France; the former to do some mountain climbing and the latter for bouldering. These were very successful with involvement across the board from Lower Shell to Remove. See the travel section for full accounts of these trips.

I have had a brilliant year as Captain of Climbing Station. It has been a pleasure to climb in and out of school with a friendly and very accomplished bunch. The level of ability has been very high this year, with skill and effort not just limited to the team. Competition climbing is all very well, but what really instills pride for the Station is seeing people climbing on expeditions and at Mile End. With very strong and dedicated younger years the future of the Station is in safe hands. **James Skinner (DD)**



HOCKEY: "This year has really shown the high standard of hockey possible at Westminster."

HOCKEY 1ST XI

Played: 11 Won: 6 Lost: 4 Draw: 1

Hockey at Westminster truly stepped up a gear in the 09/10 season, with the 1st XI playing 11 matches in total (plus participating in a tournament) and finishing the season on a high. The highlight of the season was Westminster storming to an 8–0 victory against King Alfred's in which Jamie Cranston chalked up a hat trick, before Jack Burdell scored his own magnificent hat trick from midfield. The 1st XI also faced up to one of the toughest fixtures of the season admirably in a match away at Alleyn's. With grit and determination (and the promise from manager, Simpser, of a McDonald's in return for a win), Westminster played two halves of resolute hockey, Alex Donger playing a commanding role in midfield, and were rewarded with a convincing goal from a short corner from Horace Keating. Ed Cherrie was determined on the wing and distributed the ball excellently, with Jack Davies uncompromising in his position at sweeper, keeping the Alleyn's attack at bay to leave the score at an impressive 1–0.

Earlier in the season, at the start of the Lent term, Westminster Hockey audaciously took up its toughest challenge yet; the Middlesex Under-18 Tournament, hosted by Merchant Taylor's School. We played some outstanding hockey and benefited from the experience. That same week, we encountered UCS, displaying great motivation and panache. Several well-established attacks forced the UCS keeper to display some heroic saves, denying shots from Matt Hutton, Keating and Alex Robertson. Johnny Falconer took no prisoners in midfield. We were unlucky to come away defeated by 3 goals to 1, having given away some careless

short-corners, but even UCS admitted the score line didn't do justice to the match at all.

The 1st XI also encountered Latymer Upper twice: superb matches. Keating was instrumental in both matches, creating chances through swift breaks down the wing. In response to Westminster's two goals from Keating and Robertson, Latymer threw everything they could at the Westminster defence. However, Gabriel Trueblood, Tom Calf, Alex Russman and Donger were impervious and kept out 7 short corners during a tense period of 5 minutes with Alex Jones, making his debut in goal, responsible for three more astonishing, acrobatic blocks: a 2–1 win. In the second match, Falconer and Keating marked their mutual birthday in style with a goal apiece, alongside Dylan Morgan who played outstandingly as striker and added two more goals: a 4–2 victory.

The final match of the season was against the Common Room and the Firsts felt confident, having won four successive matches leading up to it. Both teams played majestic hockey, with Ollie Negus playing decisively for the 1st XI on the left of midfield and Hutton and Robertson linking up seamlessly to each put a shot inches past the post. Keating was there to steady the ship and responded to the Common Room's goal with one of his own: 1–1, a well-deserved result by both teams.

This year has really shown the high standard of hockey possible at Westminster, and for me and the other Removes, it has been a privilege to be a part of it. Next year, I have no doubt the team will go from strength to strength, especially under the expert direction of Mr. Simpson who I'd like to thank for all his hard work in setting up the fixtures this season, as well as for his invaluable coaching. Many thanks also to SEL, TJPE and TP for their regular help each week at training sessions. **Alex Robertson (GG)**

BODYSTEP

Bodystep has seen a surge in popularity this year, and is now running two extra sessions a week to accommodate all the enthusiastic, lycra-clad 'steppers'.

Although Bodystep does not have the sporting weight of other stations such as Water, it should not be underestimated. In a good session, we are able to work through ten tracks, each of which is designed to work on different areas, such as cardiovascular fitness, muscular endurance and agility. In fact, an hour's session of stepping can burn as much as 800 calories (the equivalent of a Big Mac and fries!)

BODYSTEP:

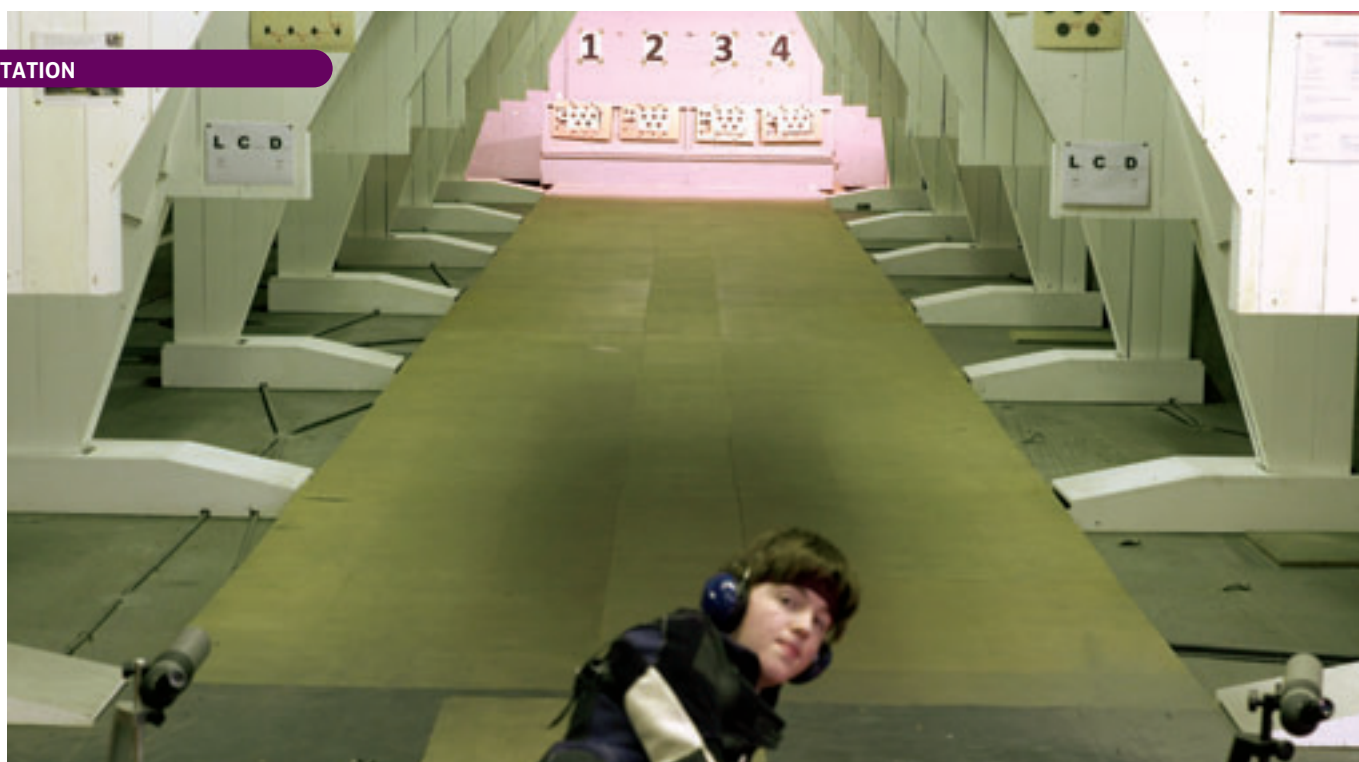
"We do have a unique, bi-annual fixture in our diaries: the legendary 'Bring a Boy to Bodystep' day."

Bryony, our fantastic instructor, has introduced some new tracks, which have required us to learn some challenging choreography – but we have also enjoyed perfecting some old favourites such as 'Ring the Alarm' and 'Vogue.'

Although it is not a competitive station, we do have a unique, bi-annual fixture in our diaries: the legendary 'Bring a Boy to Bodystep' day, which is always well-attended as the boys come to demonstrate their stepping prowess.

Apart from its fitness benefits, Bodystep is also a great way to escape from the pressures of our academic lives. It is the perfect station for any girl who wants to keep fit and release some endorphins in a sociable environment – with the added convenience of being just around the corner from school.

Niamh Tupman (HH)



SHOOTING

■ For Shooting Station the past year has been one of great success – it really hit the mark. A year-long dry spell was ended in the Play term by Westminster's first inter-school victory in years in a home match against RGS Guildford. This was soon followed up by an away game against Epsom, a highly experienced shooting school which has people in the national squad and offers scholarships for shooting prowess. Westminster overcame the hurdle of the unfamiliar and challenging 'Country Life' format (involving moving targets which appear at random intervals) to storm to victory. Most recently, our A and B teams played St Bede's at home and won on both five-spot deliberate targets and rapid-fire skirmisher targets.

Not wanting to restrict itself to conventional one-on-one matches, Westminster shooting branched out by entering several teams for the British Schools Small-Bore Rifle Association Postal League competition. Throughout the term the targets shot by each competitor were collected and posted to the BSSRA to be externally marked and collated. One of our teams, consisting of James Pranker-Smith, Michael Young, Brett Capewell, Edward Millett, and Fred Blundun came second in division 3 of the League, outshot only by Lancing College. Hotshot teammates Leon Craig Cohen, Hugo Lucas, Charles Malton, Louis Prosser and Theo Rigden won division 5 for Westminster.

Rifling through the archives uncovers two big in-school shooting events. The House Shooting Competition was fiercely contested. Dryden's and College gave it their best shot, but it was Haklyut's which finally emerged triumphant, winning the House



SHOOTING: "Dryden's and College gave it their best shot, but it was Haklyut's which finally emerged triumphant."

Shooting Cup. Michael Young was the star of the competition, scoring an impressive 98 points out of 100. We also saw the first Staff vs. Pupils shooting match, in which the Common Room put forward a crack team of its best shooters. The pupil average of 89.2 was narrowly edged out by the staff average of 90.4, but the top eight pupils beat the top eight staff by 97.6 to 94.0. On the staff team Matt Wiseman proved that his sporting talent is not confined to Fives with the single highest score in the competition, a perfect 100.

Looking to the future, the possibility of an OW shooting team for those who wish to continue with the sport after leaving school was proposed and has gained momentum, and with luck will come to fruition. We hope that shooting at Westminster will continue to grow and strengthen over the coming years as it has through the last. **Fred Blundun (QSS)**

SQUASH

■ On Sunday 6th December 2009 the Westminster School Squash Team played its first match since 2006. AJT took over the reins as Master in charge of Squash in September and entered seven players into the 5th Surrey Open Independent School Squash Team Tournament at Epsom College, a national competition with over thirty schools participating. Westminster, captained by Abbas Kazmi, entered two teams. Overall Westminster came tenth in a tournament where skill levels were very high. We encountered teams from amongst others, St Pauls, Epsom College, Merchant Taylors and KCS Wimbledon. Squash Station has grown over the years and at its peak in the Lent term there were around fifty boys and girls doing the Station every Tuesday and Thursday at the Southbank Club in Vauxhall London's largest squash and fitness club. At the end of each term there is an internal tournament and this year the senior tournaments were won by Abbas Kazmi with Luke Rix-Standing as runner up, while the junior tournaments were won by Riki Houlden. Things look bright for Squash Station with a promising crop of young players coming through under the watchful eyes of our coaches Jason Barry and Stacey Ross. Many thanks to AJT and the coaches for a successful season. **Abbas Kazmi (HH)**

LEAVERS 2009

Rahimah Abdul Halim	PP	Hunter Farquhar-Thomson	MM	Avalon Lee-Bacon	GG	Iona Seligman	PP
Sid Agarwal	BB	Emma-Victoria Farr	AHH	Nicholas Leese	DD	Sabreen Shah	QSS
Alexander Allen	DD	Mark Fellows	RR	Josephine Lethbridge	AHH	Kate Shall	DD
Vyvyan Almond	QSS	Thomas Fieldman	HH	Ilya Levantis	MM	Yik-Han Siah	MM
William Amherst	DD	Natalie Fiennes	HH	Joseph Lines	RR	Peter Smith	RR
Maya Amin-Smith	HH	Sam Fishwick	DD	Natalie Loh	PP	Sami Start	HH
Chris Anguelov	GG	Alexander Fiskén	AHH	Timothy Lonsdale	BB	Alex Stephens	WW
Brian Au	AHH	Sebastien Fivaz	WW	Louis Lunts	LL	Hugh Sultoon	HH
Michael Aylmer	GG	Alexander Foster	MM	Alasdair Maher	QSS	Milo Sumner	BB
Venetia Baden-Powell	MM	Pascoe Foxell	WW	Dipesh Mahtani	LL	Tom Surr	DD
Rachel Beaconsfield Press	HH	Anthony Friend	QSS	James Male	WW	Orfeo Tagiuri	WW
Jack Beanland	MM	Tom Friend	AHH	James Manning	DD	Sammy Talalay	HH
Joshua Benson	WW	Rupert Galway-Cooper	GG	Lara Markham	AHH	Piran Tedbury	HH
Maude Blake-Sanders	PP	Anna Gibbs	BB	Ramana McConnon	MM	Jonathan Tham	WW
Tom Boothman Meier	AHH	Max Gill	BB	Ella McGinn	MM	Jonathan Than	DD
Robert Bowdery	GG	Alice Godwin	PP	Michael McManus	AHH	Humphrey Thomas	AHH
Hannah Bowen	RR	Theo Gordon	GG	Jake Mellett	BB	Pierre Thomas	HH
James Brashko	DD	Liberty Gordon-Brown	RR	Leo Michelmore	AHH	Amy Thompson	BB
Gabriel Broadhurst	MM	Anna Grinevich	PP	Ali Mohajer-Bastami	BB	Catherine Tillson	RR
Catherine Brown	LL	Debra Guo	DD	Louise Moss	LL	Hannah Timmis	MM
Kempe Brydges	QSS	Felix Hale	BB	Edward Myung	LL	Arjav Trivedi	HH
Samuel Burdell	MM	Joccoaa Hand	MM	Guy Nakamura	MM	Bonnie Tse	PP
Dominic Burrell	WW	Kay Hann	PP	Sophie Neve	HH	Felix Turner	WW
Sam Carr	GG	Jonathan Harel-Cohen	MM	Sam Newmark	HH	Becca Tusa	BB
Henry Casserley	LL	Jackson Harris	LL	David Nordlinger	BB	Milan Vadher	LL
Miheer Chanrai	RR	Joshua Harris-Kirkwood	WW	Jessica Norman	LL	Khushaal Ved	QSS
Charles Chichester	GG	Hannah Hauer-King	HH	Joe Northover	AHH	July Verkade	PP
Kunal Choraria	HH	Haroun Hickman	WW	John O'Connor	BB	Konrad Wagstyl	HH
Rhea Clubb	DD	Thomas Hierons	BB	William O'Donnell	MM	Laetitia Weinstock	WW
Ben Collis	WW	William Higham	LL	Elana Osen	PP	Ellie Weir	PP
Christianna Coltart	HH	Ben Hinson-Raven	DD	John Owen	RR	Ottilie Wilford	GG
Benjamin Conyers	RR	Jeremy Holt	QSS	Jamie Palmer	LL	Damian Winter	GG
Ella Cory-Wright	CC	Philip Howe	LL	Amar Patel	LL	Frederick Young	AHH
Alexander Crawford	DD	Alexandra Hughes	RR	Tasmin Patel	DD	Flora Zackon	WW
Charlie Critchley	BB	Francis Jagger	QSS	Fortune Penniman	DD	David Zargaran	AHH
Rory Curnock Cook	RR	Annabel James	PP	Olivia Prankerd Smith	BB	Henry Astley	GG
Benjamin Davies	RR	Freddie James	GG	Natalie Puddicombe	BB	Dorothy Hung	PP
Maxwell Dikkers	DD	Matthew Jones-Parry	BB	Alicia Queiro	LL	Georgina Neuhaus	HH
Samuel Douek	AHH	Phil Juncker	LL	Joseph Rahamim	WW	Napper Tandy	GG
India Dowley	RR	Joanna Kaba	WW	Harry Read	GG	Christopher Evans	DD
Edward Drayton	RR	Marie Kang	AHH	Oliver Rees	GG	Charlie Slater	BB
Bethan Edwards	MM	Sophie Kelly	GG	Daniel Rix-Standing	BB	Nicholas Wilson	WW
Karim El-Borhami	GG	Meredith Kerr	CC	Emily Robbins	GG	Pierre Park	MM
Ekow Eshun	RR	Rebecca Kinder	GG	Jonathan Roberts	HH	Kingsley Advani	WW
Richard Evans	RR	Alexander Labrom	GG	Sophie Rosenheim	HH	Jesse Beller	BB
Thom Fairhead	GG	Sophie Ladbrooke	DD	George Rowell	RR	Sami Kattan	WW
Isabel Falkner	WW	Hans Larsen	QSS	Rohan Sakhrani	AHH		
Dara Farimani	GG	Joon Lee	GG	Camilla Satow	MM		



All will be revealed in the next edition.