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THE ELIZABETHAN

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Editors of *The Elizabethan* :

R. Jones-Parry (Senior Editor)

P. J. B. Medlicott

I. S. Asquith (Advertising Manager)

A WESTMINSTER NOTEBOOK

M. V. HOLLAND, Captain of the School,
R. T. E. DAVIES, Head of Grant's,
J. C. L. BEVERLEY, Head of Rigaud's,
K. CAMPBELL-JOHNSON, Head of Ashburnham,
W. CRAN, Captain of the Queen's Scholars,
and
P. N. PINFIELD,

have been appointed School Monitors.
Captain of Football: P. N. PINFIELD
Captain of Cricket: R. S. HOLLIDAY
Captain of Athletics: C. R. McNIEL
Captain of Fencing: A. D. COLLIER
Captain of Lawn Tennis: R. A. POWLES
Captain of Shooting: W. J. B. MEAKIN
Captain of Fives: C. M. W. LATHAM
Captain of Squash Racquets: R. K. GARDINER.

Her Majesty's Inspectors visited the School for four days before the Exeat. The team was led by Mr. D. G. O. Ayerst.

THE BUSBY PLAY

Translated from the German play, *Das Heilige Experiment*, by the Austrian Fritz Hochwalder, *The Strong are Lonely* was first introduced to the British public in 1955 by Sir Donald Wolfit. The two main characters were played by R. de Freitas and J. S. Wright, the present secretary of the society. The cast numbered about twenty, one of the largest casts of any Busby play so far.

Mr. Pole has already started auditions and readings for this year's School play. On the short list are *Coroliamus*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Voyager*, and several other modern plays by foreign dramatists.

There are three new masters this term. Mr. G. Boys, was educated at Tonbridge and Cambridge. He taught mathematics at Eton and Rugby before coming to Westminster. He finds that the Westminster knows more of books than the Etonian and more of the world than the Rugbeian. Mr. M. Hill, who has also come here to teach Mathematics, was "born in Surrey, bred in Kent, and partially educated at Cranbrook and Oxford, where during four enjoyable years he divided his time between playing hockey and tennis and becoming a proficient puntsman". He likes to spend as much of his vacation time as he can afford in visiting the Continent. Mr. C. S. Martin left Busby's in 1956 and spent his National Service in Malaya with the 10th Gurkha Rifles. For four years he read Modern Languages at St. Andrew's University, where he spent his time in cabaret, singing medieval church music, and in the Students' Union of which he was President for a year. He is of course well known at the School, not least for his assistance at the annual C.C.F. camps. Finally, Mr. Stokoe has returned to the School from Stowe to help on the Science side for a year.

BUSBY'S

Rebuilding up Busby's includes two new study rooms, leading off at the back of the house, and a "gallery" at one end of the Under. This gallery will become a reading room. The same end of the Under will be sealed off from the other part of the room to form a separate entrance hall. It is hoped that the whole will be ready for occupation by next term.

ARNOLD FOSTER

Arnold Foster, who died suddenly in October of this year, was born at Sheffield in 1898. He served in the Great War from the age of 16 and then went to the Royal College of Music, studying composition under Vaughan Williams, with whom he remained a close friend until the latter's death. In 1929 Mr. Foster succeeded the famous composer Gustav Holst as Director of musical activities at Morley College. In 1926 he came to Westminster to teach music, and remained on the staff until his retirement in 1961. In addition to his work with the school, he founded and ran the Arnold Foster Choir and orchestra, which continues to flourish. Amongst his own compositions are a fine piano concerto, some excellent settings of medieval carols, the opera *Lord Bateman* and other pieces. He was a fine pianist and horn player, but it was as a choir trainer that he particularly excelled. During the war years at Whitbourne, a disused stable was transformed into a music school, where he taught, conducted, trained choirs, and organized concerts.



Arnold Foster

(Photo: Her Majesty's Government)

He commuted to and fro from Whitbourne Hall, a mid-nineteenth century rendering of the Parthenon where he lived, on a bicycle. This he rode more slowly than one would have believed possible. Despite his great interest in the pupils he taught he retained a sardonic wit and a lugubrious manner, lightened by an astonishingly active left

eyebrow. Adverse conditions, of which particularly in the 1939-45 period there were many, both depressed and stimulated him. He achieved high grade performances from often inexperienced performers by fierce concentration and by the inspiration of his own deep musicianship. In his choice of music as well as his standards of performance he was an unregenerate highbrow, who refused to make concessions for the sake of easy success. We mourn the death of a great teacher and good friend, a personality who stands out from schoolday memories for his uncompromisingly adult approach to his pupils. Mrs. Foster has the thoughts and sympathy of all their many friends in her bereavement.

TREVELYAN SCHOLARSHIP

This year the final entry for the Trevelyan Scholarship from Westminster was a small one. The subjects chosen, however, covered the usual wide and varied field. The results of the candidates' efforts will appear in December.

A. D. Collier's survey of the life of the Vaqueiros cowboys of Brazil was conducted during the Westminster expedition there. It dealt with the life of the Vaqueiro and his family, his past history, and a sketch of his future development.

"Prison After-Care" was R. Jones-Parry's title. He made a survey of After-Care, including both voluntary and statutory organizations, with some suggestions for improvements. The study involved interviewing prisoners, prison officials and officers of the organizations concerned, and visits were made to Pentonville and Birmingham prisons.

A. F. H. Villeneuve attempted an unusual study of the work of the "Mission Ouvrière Saints Pierre et Paul". He stayed for three weeks at the Mission's headquarters near Marseilles to gather information for his project. The Mission is based on the priest-worker movement and is concerned with the welfare of the French proletariat.

The Examiners have recommended the following for election to Westminster Scholarships at Christ Church:— P. M. P. Hall (Modern Languages); R. Jones-Parry (English); D. S. Rampton (Science); and to the Westminster Exhibitions:— R. J. T. Hall (History); N. D. Simms (History); K. Campbell-Johnson (Modern Languages); D. F. J. Piachaud (Mathematics).

MUSIC

The two performances of Benjamin Britten's *Noye's Fludde* in the Abbey at 8.0 p.m. on December 12th and 13th replaced the usual end of term Concert. The parts of Noye and Mrs. Noye were sung by Donald Francke and Margaret Lindsay. All the other performers were drawn from the choirs and orchestras of the three schools involved; Westminster, Grey Coat Hospital and Westminster Under School.

Normally the School Carol Service is given by the School Abbey Choir. This year a programme of Advent and Christmas music has been arranged in which the Choral Society and Orchestra also join forces. The programme consists of carols for congregation and choir, Bach's Advent Cantata *Sleepers Wake!*, Handel's Organ Concerto in D, and Holst's *Fantasia on Old Carols*. This will take place in St. Margaret's Westminster on Monday, December 16th, at 5.30 p.m. No tickets are required.

WILLIAM THOMAS SOCIETY

The Society has had a comparatively quiet term while most of its senior members worked for university exams. In the early part of the term Professor Joel Hurstfield, the well-known Tudor historian, successor to Professor Neale at London University, and also a Westminster parent, delivered a lecture somewhat unusually entitled "The Pleasures, Pains and Perils of the Historian". It became clear before the Professor had been talking many minutes that the pains and perils in fact constituted a substantial part of the very pleasures of history: a considerable encouragement to historians on the threshold of their subject. Professor Hurstfield stressed the vital importance of wide and copious reading; an aspect of history of which H. A. L. Fisher was perhaps one of the most ardent practitioners.

Included in the rather fuller programme for next term is a lecture on illuminated manuscripts by Professor Wormald, Professor of Paleography at London University, a visit to Tower Bridge and further lectures on armour and brass-rubbing, an activity which is at the moment practised by individual members of the Society. It may also be possible to persuade Dr. Haines to resume his excellent course of lessons in heraldry, a subject which becomes ever more relevant with the increase in the number of arms of benefactors up School.

"THREE COUNTIES" MATHEMATICAL PRIZE

A year ago a challenge was sent to several thousand schools to enter boys (or girls) for an unusual competition in mathematics, involving statistics, matrices and vector algebra, which are not in the school syllabus, and problems that are not tailored to give practice for a particular set of formulae but demand an original method for their solution. Most schools felt they were not ready. Westminster was one of about 100 schools which accepted the challenge. D. P. Mollison won the first prize outright and three other Westminsters "passed with merit"; the second prize went to Brockenhurst Grammar School, and Winchester College shared the third prize with Hereford Grammar School. Although Westminster does not at present take part in one of the much publicised "Modern Mathematics" projects, Mathematics at Westminster is not after all altogether old-fashioned.

FOOTBALL

The season so far has been a disappointing one. We have a team which is relatively young and inexperienced; the talent is there, but it is fickle and vanishes at the least provocation. After showing promising form in the early matches, including a good game against Chelsea Juniors, we came to our first school match, against Aldenham. Owing to the captain's illness the team contained only four who had played in a school match before; inexperience led to panic and as a result we lost by nine goals. In the next game, against Metropolitan Police, we showed some improvement, but then came Repton. Too mindful perhaps of last year's match, we were three goals down in six minutes, and although Repton were more adept at exploiting the heavy conditions we managed to hold them to 5-1; we remember with gratitude the fine support which the spectators gave us on this occasion. Against Lancing we began well, but somewhat luckily they scored twice in the first half; after the interval they scored twice more, this time from the defensive mistakes to which we are far too prone. For the match against the Old Carthusians we made some changes in the team; the forward line moved with much more speed and purpose and the result was a creditable draw.

THREE MASTERS

As already announced in *The Elizabethan*, Mr. C. H. Fisher retired last July after 37 years of service. Each of the seven generations of Westminster who knew him as a master will have different memories of him. His earliest pupils, now men in their fifties, will see him perhaps as a rather shy young man, fresh from Cambridge, living in "digs" in Vincent Square, who at first made little impact on the life of the school. But in a very short time he was making his mark. He first took the Eight to Henley in 1931 and from then on until he ceased to be Master in Charge of Water the Boat Club never ceased to benefit from his tireless energy. Even when he was a Housemaster he continued to spend long hours at Putney, and except for his ritual visit to the Chelsea Flower Show each year he never missed a single day's coaching. His towpath mileage must have been astronomical and in every detail the organization at Putney reflected his cheerful, infectious efficiency. Everything he did bore the stamp of thoroughness. Together with Mr. Murray Rust he started the School Store and for a time used to serve behind the counter himself during break and after lunch before going off to his other occupations. In the Corps, as Adjutant, he saw to it that everything ran like clockwork, and, spurning promotion, became the senior Lieutenant in the British Army. Although not naturally good at ball-games he took up Fives and became a very good player, hard-hitting and resourceful. Many Westminsters of the 1930's will remember those marathon contests, going on game after game for the whole of a Sunday afternoon, and the splendid teas at 14, Barton Street afterwards.

In 1937 Mr. Fisher was appointed housemaster of Busby's, then newly established in its present quarters. A year later Busby's, together with the rest of Westminster, found itself at Lancing, and another chapter in his services to the school began. It was the Munich crisis and later on the war which brought out to the full his genius for organization and improvisation. No difficulty was too great, no situation too bizarre, for him to cope with. Busby's might have to share its dining room with air-raid wardens, 20 beds might have to be fitted into some derelict building which would with difficulty hold ten; truck loads of school furniture might have to be unloaded and distributed over ten miles of hilly

Herefordshire countryside. No sooner said than done, and done with a smoothness and a cheerfulness that concealed the obstacles. It was the same back at Westminster in the autumn of 1940 when the bombs were falling and plenty of cheerfulness was needed. His voice and his catch-phrase, "Wotcher! Decent, oh, very decent!" rang out above the clatter of the shrapnel falling in Yard, and he was the pillar of the "Garrison", as the little group of masters and school servants who gathered to defend the school was known.

His gifts as a housemaster and as a teacher were remarkable. They sprang from his interest in his boys. He would spend hours going through work with a weak examination candidate, and the dimmest, dumbest boy could be sure of his whole-hearted attention and support. "Painstaking" is an adjective often put on a boy's report with a shade of condescension: in a housemaster it is the highest praise. Only with the precocious literary boy—the clever historian, for instance, was he perhaps sometimes a little out of sympathy. His own literary gifts are practical rather than imaginative and a project to transport Westminster to Lancing or to Herefordshire would inspire his pen to lucid, compelling paragraphs. But for him no flights of fancy. Perhaps his greatest pride in *The Clarion*, which was his creation and which has just celebrated its 25th birthday, was that it never once failed to come out on its date of publication.

It might be thought that after giving up his house and his coaching at Putney, Mr. Fisher's contribution to Westminster would have been confined to the classroom. But helped by a willing band of masters and boys he has transformed Grove Park, a sports ground which lacked grace, even by suburban standards, into something worth looking at. He has created a garden at one end and planted some 400 trees round the perimeter; and although it will be many years before the full results of his labours are seen, they will in time provide a leafy sky-line.

The skill and energy which have transformed Grove Park and which once transformed a wilderness at Buckenhill, in those far-off "dig for victory" days, are now concentrated upon his own garden in Herefordshire. Retirement for him

means work—the work he perhaps loves best of all: gardening.

The other masters who left last term were Mr. C. H. Christie and Mr. R. L. Lowcock. Measured in terms of time their combined service to the school was not much more than half of Mr. Fisher's, but both of them had a knack of cramming much into a day. Mr. Christie was no stranger to College when he took over in 1957. He had been there himself—for a year in Burlington's austere barrack and then in those strange, and sometimes austere, buildings in which College found itself during the war. The Royal Navy and Eton, where he was already compiling his House List, completed his preparation. At Westminster once more, his devotion to the school and his scintillating, restless energy enabled him to get through two men's work in one man's time. In his teaching, at Putney, in the school orchestra, at Abbey services and ceremonials, in every sort of outside activity that benefited the school, he was indefatigable; and in hospitality he and Mrs. Christie were unrivalled. His natural gifts found full expression in the summer of 1962, when the Head Master was on leave of absence, and it was no surprise to his colleagues when he was appointed Head Master of Brighton College last March.

Mr. Lowcock also came to Westminster via the Royal Navy, and throughout his time here he retained something of the directness, the decision and the devotion of the naval officer. Westminster football owes much to him. He built it up from nothing. In Herefordshire such football as was played (in the intervals of digging for victory) took place on muddy hill-sides with coats thrown down in lieu of goals. When the school returned after the war Fields was for three years unusable—a wilderness of raw earth, shelter trenches, and concrete balloon-barrage emplacements. All games (such as they were) had to be carried on at Grove Park; and those who today go down to Grove Park will not be slow to imagine the difficulties. From this pathetic start Mr. Lowcock built up the Eleven into a presentable and at times formidable team. He was a Soccer Blue himself, and his heart was in Soccer. In cricket he was less successful; and he would be the first to say that there is no real substitute for professional coaching. But it is not primarily as a games-player that we think of him. He and Mrs. Lowcock endeared themselves to the Precincts and to their neighbours in Vincent Square, and there will be many who will make the long journey to visit them in their West Country home.

VISIT TO WEST GERMAN ARMY

In August a party of fifteen Westminster Cadets accompanied by Major French and Mr. Aley spent twelve days as guests of the West German Army, where they toured military installations and saw something of the training and equipment of the Bundeswehr and its role within N.A.T.O. On arrival at Cologne the party was met by a Colonel of the German Army Air Corps and by Captain Rehde, who was to act as liaison officer throughout the visit. The next day we were flown in a Nor-Atlas of the German Air Force to Munich, where our hosts were the officers and cadets at the Military Academy, conveniently situated near the centre of the city. We were received by the Brigadier-General, and after being entertained to lunch by him and his staff learned much about the training given to the various types of German officer cadets. A comprehensive tour of the city was made with visits to the Deutschesmuseum and the famous statue of Bavaria; but perhaps it is the night life of Munich which sticks most clearly in our minds, the Hofbrauhaus with its beer and brass bands, the night clubs or the "Left Bank" aspect of the Schwabing.

We were reluctant to leave Munich but on our way to Schöngau we were fortified by a visit to Kloster Andechs, famous perhaps almost as much for its beer as for its baroque church. At Schöngau we stayed in a fine modern barracks at the Airborne Training Centre. We visited Oberammergau and Wieskirch; we watched parachute instruction, and were able to sample some of the training when we were thrust unceremoniously into space from a parachute jumping tower, an experience more alarming in anticipation than in the event. One afternoon we were flown by helicopter from our quarters in the officers mess to the Sauwald training area to watch unarmed combat and survival training, flying back later to camp for a "Coffee-Discussion" with the Commandant and senior officers.

Our next port of call was Mittenwald on the German-Austrian border, where we were the guests of 221 Mountain Battalion and were introduced to the work of the Mountain Brigade. We were impressed with their preparedness and equipment; who will forget those rows of unused skis and climbing ropes and the smart uniform of ski trousers and boots? We also saw the last remaining mule company in the German Army and were

entertained one evening at the officers mess, said to have the finest setting of any in Germany.

The *föhn* which was blowing on our arrival gave way during the night to a northerly wind. We woke to find snow falling on the mountains, and at breakfast it seemed likely that the day's expedition would be called off. We eventually left under the expert leadership of a young Bergführer and climbed the Soiernspitze, some 6,500 feet high; the clouds blew away as we neared the summit and revealed a fine view of the snow-clad Bavarian Alps dominated by the Zugspitze.



Parachute Training

(Photo: Mr. French)

Our final visit was to a Panzer Regiment at Murnau where there was an intensive programme of lectures, films, instruction and demonstrations of tanks and their tactics. We were entertained to a formal dinner by the officers at Schloss Egling where toasts to the Queen and the Bundeswehr were drunk and German and British songs were sung. After flying back to Cologne we sadly bade farewell to Captain Rehde, who had been largely instrumental in making the tour such a success. He left, with our best wishes, to marry his Swedish bride; none of us will forget his Bundeswehr vest emblazoned with the German eagle or his wry humour. Our thanks are due particularly to Count von Harrach and the Military Attachés in London, Colonel Kraus and Major Holdorff, and to all those in Germany who went out of their way to make this visit to our partners in the N.A.T.O.

alliance such a comprehensive and instructive one.

The annual Corps Camp was based on Rannoch School, which lies on the south side of Loch Rannoch in Perthshire. Not only was the Corps made very welcome by the Head Master and the staff, but a small group of Rannoch boys stayed on to help in sailing and mountain work which formed the main part of the training. The school put their boats at our disposal and their boys taught many cadets the skills of sailing. The main stress during the course, however, was on the use of maps and compass, on gaining experience of mountain conditions and on testing the physical strength and will-power needed to overcome them. Wherever possible cadets were divided into small groups to encourage individual responsibility. The expeditions lasted from two to three days, during which the cadets climbed several high peaks and covered up to sixty miles.

THE LINGUISTS IN AUSTRIA

Mayerhofen in the Tyrol could not but create a favourable first impression; with its flower-decorated chalets amid fir woods, when seen from the cable car gliding up giddily to the Penke mountain range it looked like a perfect toy village. The focal point was the Summer School House,

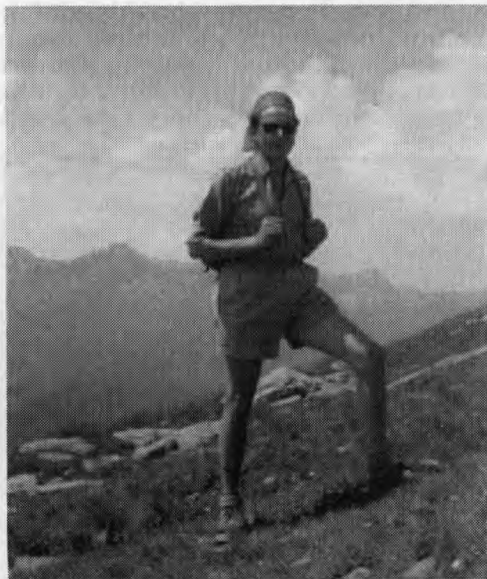


"Up on the Roof"

(Photo: C. S. Holland)

where all Dr. Sanger's party enjoyed the modern classrooms and the informality of the language lessons and lectures. Throughout our stay, both at Mayerhofen and later on in Salzburg and Vienna, there were innumerable opportunities not only for learning German but for touring the surrounding countryside, visiting lakes and glaciers and places of fine architecture full of art treasures.

Our pension was on the outskirts of the village near the woods and the tennis courts, and all our windows looked down into the valley, which presented a very beautiful view both during the day and at night. For nearly three weeks we attended the course, and each of us must have walked at least five miles a day, since we had our meals in the centre of the village at an enormous *Gasthaus* belonging to the mayor. With our love of the English climate we were well suited to Mayerhofen's three-day long spells of torrential down-pour. These followed a prolonged fine period with temperatures in the nineties, so that everyone retreated during the siesta either into the pinewoods, the swimming pool, or the village's celebrated cake shop "Kastner", where the Westminster party had stayed two years ago.



"The Doctor"

(Photo: F. O. H. Coulson)

All of us were sorry to leave Mayerhofen when we embarked on the last stage of our journey. Salzburg for most of us was the highlight of the trip. We saw the performance of *Jedermann*, Hoffmannsthal's very exciting adaptation of the medieval English *Everyman*, in front of the cathedral. We also saw Gluck's *Iphigenia*, and some lucky ones Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* at the Opera and the enchanting Puppentheater; on Sunday morning we went to a Mozart Mass in the Franziskaiserkirche. In Salzburg, as in Vienna later on, we visited many baroque churches and palaces and ate delicious Austrian dishes in the "Stieglbrau", at the foot of the castle hill overlooking the city. Excursions took us as far as Hallstatt, where remains of one of the earliest civilizations were of course found in and by the lake, to the "Pacher Altar" of St. Wolfgang with its unique woodcarvings, to the salt mines of Hallein, and last but not least to "Zauner" at Bad Ischl, Austria's most famous "Konditorei", where we had ten minutes to gorge ourselves with cakes.

We then sailed down the Danube, grey, not blue, from Linz to Vienna. On this pleasant journey we saw a great number of ruined castles and baroque steeples fading in the distant vineyards. In Vienna we were installed in a vast, draughty pension run by nuns; altogether Vienna did not really fulfil our expectations. Much of the life seemed to have disappeared from it; and besides, it rained and blew. Nevertheless, we did not fail to visit the beautiful Schönbrunn Palace with its elaborate gardens leading up to the "Gloriette" and the Kunsthistorisches Museum with its unique collection of Breughels. We also gloated over the jewels in the Schatzkammer and took many rides on the old-world tram. The excursion into the Wienerwald, with the famous view of the city and the Danube, was delightful, suitably concluded by a visit to a "Henrigen" at Grilinz, where the new and rather heady wine is drunk to the strains of accordion music. Everyone of course ate *Wiener Schmitzel* and *Salzburger Nockerlie*, amongst other delectable dishes. At the end of our fourth week we climbed into Ingham's special train at Innsbruck, after we had spent our last morning in that most pleasant town. Buzzing with everything we had heard and seen and tasted we reached the French coast and thence arrived home, lastingly grateful for Dr. and Mrs. Sanger's calm and faultless organization of such a memorable holiday.

WESTMINSTER BRAZILIAN EXPEDITION



Vaqueiros returning at dusk

(Photo: A. D. Collier)

C. P. Devereux, N. S. B. Tanner, P. N. Pinfield, A. D. Collier, D. Topolski, S. L. Parkinson Smith.

Brazil is so large and so far away that we succeeded very well in being completely ignorant of it. Of course it had just that off-putting element that made us all the more anxious to direct our expedition there. This was the danger to explorers, notably along the Xingu River, which, as the killing of Richard Mason by Indians last year drove home to us, was a very real one. With this distant goal in mind our first thoughts inevitably turned to finance. The journey, with its great distance, was going to prove the greatest obstacle. Here the services of B.O.A.C. were indispensable. Many other firms, organizations and individuals were very generous with their help. The Thomas De La Rue Company, with the late Alan Houseman, never hesitated to help us in every aspect of our work. The Head Master was also extremely generous and Lord Davidson's help and advice were invaluable.

Plans proceeded steadily until, in the few weeks before we left, the Brazilian Government refused the expedition permission to enter on the grounds that the leader was still at school. On our behalf, Lord Mountbatten contacted President Joao Goulart of Brazil, and we were later given permission on condition that George Eiten, our botanist in Brazil, should officially lead the Expedition.

We had planned our route to a *fazenda* near the border of the Mato Grosso on the Crixas Acu River. However, when we first arrived in Rio de Janeiro, we were politely advised against this. The inhabitants, we were told, were all "fugitives from the law" and "disputes were settled either by the gun or the horse-whip".

After six days in Rio and a change in plan, we motored down to Sao Paulo to collect our equipment from the docks at Santos and our jeeps from the factory, and to buy stores for the trip. Collecting equipment from South American customs is by no means an easy or quick process. The equipment arrived by the Blue Star Lines, *Brazil Star*, on July 9th. It was not until August 1st that it saw the outside of the Customs shed. With the three jeeps then, we returned to Rio with the equipment and a load of stores in time to meet three other members who had just arrived from London. Snatching them off the plane, we sped up along the coast northwards. The Rio-Salvador road is new and one of the best in the country and we managed to reach Salvador in seventy-two hours, despite the many police checks.

We remained in the baroque Salvador, which had once been the Portuguese capital of Brazil, for about four days while we bought the remainder of the stores and made arrangements for a radio link. Leaving the city, we started the second stretch of the journey to the state of Maranhao. Only a few kilometres outside the city the beautiful asphalt road ended and a dry, dusty, bumpy road started that would be with us for several thousand kilometres to come. Dust managed to find its way everywhere, even into cases which had polythene bags both inside and out. It caked our faces and hands and stained our clothes a deep reddish-brown.

After two or three days we crossed the very large Sao Francisco River with its two rival towns, Juazeiro and Petrolina, and after a brief stay overnight we motored on, only to take the wrong route out of Petrolina. It was not until we were

some two hundred kilometres away that we realized our mistake. We decided that we should stick to it since our maps showed the road as an alternative without an appreciable increase in distance. This again was a mistake, for the road soon developed into a track that even a mule would complain about.

Eventually we reached Floriano, having crossed the State of Pernambuco and most of Piauí. We stayed at Floriano for two days on a houseboat lent to us by some missionaries, and then crossing the majestic Parnaíba River we entered the State of Maranhão with only a few hundred kilometres to the *fazenda*. One soon loses all sense of distance in a country as large as Brazil and the two hundred odd miles from Floriano to Loreto, near the border of the *fazenda*, seemed like a trip from London to Guildford. We arrived at Loreto at dusk and slung our hammocks, by kind permission of the mayor, in the town hall, the door of which had election notices for a mayor for the forthcoming year of 1947 pinned on it! Rising at four o'clock the next morning, we found a guide waiting for us. Five hours later we arrived on the banks of the fast-flowing Balsas River. Our guide crossed the river by canoe and summoned the local ferry, a raft, constructed from four large rowing boats with two planks tied across them, propelled from one side to the other by ropes with the help of the current. After an hour and a half all three jeeps were safely across and we entered the region where the *fazenda* lay.

Liene Teixeira Eiten, who owned the *fazenda*, had gone on ahead and with the help of the vaqueiros had constructed a road for about thirty miles for the jeeps to get to Morros, a collection of three or four palm-roofed, mud-wattle houses in which the vaqueiros lived. We arrived there as the sun was sinking over the hills (after which the *fazenda* had been named eight or nine hundred years before). Although some of the women and children were slightly timid at the sight of the vehicles, a sight they had never seen before, we were welcomed with handshakes all round as though we had been lost in the jungle and were now found.

Life at Morros was very pleasant although the heat was almost unbearable as the sun rose high in the middle of the day. We soon got down to our work, and Patrick Morgan, our professional cameraman, started filming the vaqueiros.

The magnificence of the vaqueiros far exceeded our expectations. They were relics of some feudal epoch; humble as they were at times, they were

aristocrats in our eyes. Riding like knights errant, with armour not of metal but of leather to protect themselves from the thorny vegetation, the vaqueiros needed no encouragement in the making of the film. They were not camera-shy because they did not know what the camera was, and in consequence behaved completely naturally. Each one was worth a dozen professional film stars.

The vaqueiro had two sides to his character. On his horse he played his part with such calmness at times and at others burst into action when a steer escaped from the herd. Bending low over his galloping horse, he would approach the escaping steer with outstretched arm and catch the end of the animal's tail, which streamed out behind like an enemy banner in battle. With a strong tug to the side he overbalanced the steer, which fell,



One of the jeeps at Morros

(Photo: N. S. B. Tamer)

winding itself as it hit the ground. The other side of the vaqueiro appeared when he left his horse. He leaves with the horse his skilled and daring spirit and becomes seemingly lost and quiet, though still retaining dignity.

Our stay on the *fazenda* ended in a *fiesta* to celebrate the completion of a round-up by the vaqueiros. Men from up to two hundred kilometres away arrived at the *fiesta*, which was held at Sambaíba, four kilometres from Morros; the party lasted a good twelve hours.

Patrick Morgan with two other members left three days earlier than the main party in order to take photographs of coffee fields for a London advertising firm. The two other jeeps intended to go more slowly in order to supplement the large collection made at the *fazenda*, by collecting botanical and zoological specimens on the route back. The first part of the journey took us about eight hundred kilometres westwards to Carolina and after crossing the enormous River Tocantins, we went south to Brasília on the Belem-Brasília

road. However, the vehicles could not stand the appalling surface; at Gurupi one of the jeeps broke down and the other was in no fit state to tow. One of the members took the weekly bus to Brasilia, sharing his seat sometimes with a goat or the like, and after repairs on the third jeep, which had arrived earlier, a small party accompanied by a mechanic travelled the seven hundred kilometres back to Gurupi. Towing was not as slow as we expected and Brasilia was reached fairly quickly. Later we had to tow it another thousand kilometres back to Sao Paulo.

Some reports which come back to England

suggest that Brasilia has failed or that it has no spirit. Brasilia struck us all as something very real, that had succeeded and was succeeding every day. Many people judge the city as a completed entity. The truth is that Brasilia is only a quarter finished and it is a mistake to judge it prematurely.

The members would like to take this opportunity to thank all the very generous organizations and people who helped us in every aspect of the expedition. A report will be published shortly, and when the film is completed we hope that many of the sponsors and those connected with the expedition will come to see it.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD GROUP SCOTLAND SUMMER CAMP 1963

With the weather of Arnisdale still in some members' minds, the Group decided to descend on a more easterly part of Scotland. We chose the grouse moors of the Pitlochry area and found to our amusement and consternation that the C.C.F. were going to be close by, on the banks of Loch Rannoch. Camp was to be on similar lines to that in Ireland last year, each individual group moving from day to day, carrying all they needed on their backs.



Camp at Glen Fincastle

(Photo: T. Prag)

Thus on the evening of Tuesday, July 30th, fifteen Award members and three masters entered Scotland and, after an unsuccessful shopping expedition in Edinburgh, where it was early closing day, arrived at Dunkeld station. Here the four groups, led by Cran, Hole, Peebles, and T. Jones-Parry, split up and went their own ways. The first three days were free for a practice "romp" across the hills, and for this part of camp each group was accompanied by an "Elephant", Mr. Stebbens, Mr. Muffet, Mr. Woodhouse, and Cran, the group leader. Cran and Hole chose the west side of the river Tay, Jones-Parry the east, and Peebles, always the individualist, went one station further to Pitlochry before taking to the hills. Whilst the Hole and Cran groups camped by Rumbling Bridges and wandered through newly planted forests looking for lost lakes, the Peebles group climbed Ben Vrackie, the only one to climb anything that could, much to Hole's dismay, remotely be called a mountain. Jones-Parry led his men on a sort of "all-in tour" of the lakes near Pitlochry. The groups met again at Glen Fincastle by a muddy, but supposedly drinkable, loch where some of us fished but without success. We spent two nights together and changed groups. Cran, Hole, and Peebles were going to attempt a "gold" expedition and Prag made up the fourth member, although trying only for his "silver" hike. Robbed of three of their leaders, the remainder formed into two groups under Jones-Parry and Machin for their "silver" award expeditions. The rest of the day was spent shop-



“Westward Ho”

(Photo: D. Stebbens, Esq.)

ping in Blair Athol, a slippery two-and-a-half miles across the hills, and in the evening, although there was no proper camp fire, songs were sung late into the night.

Next morning the gold expedition set off to walk their fifty miles. It was Bank Holiday Monday, the weather fine and hot. They were soon followed by the Silver groups on a route which was a roughly circular trek, ending at Glen

Fincastle again. It remained fine until the third day, when steady slanting rain swept in from the west. Nevertheless the expeditions had to go on. The gold expedition was most seriously affected, for theirs was a five-day hike. Their log for that day gives some idea of the situation:

“We woke up to the sound of rain. The Tinker tent, which was not facing into the rain, seemed to be the last place in which to cook. The Good Companion had let in water, mainly because it faced the weather and also because it had a slight hill in front of it. We had a big breakfast of sausages cooked by Hole. . . . We then held a meeting in the Good Companion and decided to finish the expedition that day. This would mean doing it in the time for a Silver hike; but it might have rained for ever! We set out to walk all round Loch Tummel, a good 20 miles. We cared no more if our boots leaked or if our socks were wet. It created a form of central-heating system and so we gaily sloshed through the puddles to the west end of the lake at Tummel Bridge and then at last with the rain at our backs we turned south. Our main worry was whether we should be allowed to cross the dam, but we put a bold face on it, ignored the ‘private road’ notice and the man moving fish, and safely reached the other side. There we ate the tea that we had carried with us all that day: peaches, pears, dates, and cheese. Another four-and-a-half miles to go, but at last, wet with sweat and rain, we came to our journey’s end. We wandered up the hill through the dark. We ate our supper of tinned sausages and soup and watched the silent tents of a sleeping Silver group across the swollen stream. . . .”

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

The following new members have been elected:—

- L 1959-63 BALOGH, STEPHEN BERNARD, 21 Northmoor Road, Oxford.
- R 1958-63 BARROW, ROBIN ST. CLAIR, Bridle Way, Wilton Lane, Jordans, Bucks.
- G 1958-63 BEARD, RALPH CAMPBELL, Wall House, 1 The Green, London, S.W.19.
- A 1961-63 BLAINE, DONALD DAVID PARLEE, Westminster College, London, Ontario, Canada.
- A 1958-63 BROD, THOMAS PHILIP, 21 Ranulf Road, London, N.W.2.
- A 1959-63 BROUGH, COLIN LUPTON, Kenwood Gate, Hampstead Lane, London, N.6.
- R 1957-61 CARR, MARCUS HENRY BOWES, Apple Tree Cottage, New Road, Esher, Surrey.

- G 1958-63 COHEN, COLIN STEPHEN BACQUEVILLE, 33 Bloomfield Terrace, London, S.W.1.
- C 1958-63 DE BOER, CHRISTOPHER MICHAEL, The Barn, Hallett’s Farm, Ditchling Common, Sussex.
- G 1959-63 DUGDALE, ANTHONY JAMES, 113 Church Road, London, S.W.13.
- B 1959-63 GARDINER, DAVID NICHOLAS, Heron Cottage, Herongate, Herts.
- L 1958-63 GARMANY, CHRISTOPHER, 18 Farm Avenue, London, N.W.2.
- G 1959-63 GOULD, GRAHAM SHERIDAN, 60 Drax Avenue, Wimbledon, S.W.20.
- L 1959-63 HAWORTH, RICHARD EVELYN LIVSEY, 5 Davenham Avenue, Northwood, Middlesex.
- A 1958-63 HINTON, ROBERT GRAEME HAMILTON, Flat 14, 123 Harley Street, London, W.1.

- G 1961-63 JONES, NICHOLAS EDWARD GRIFFITH, 16 Barkston Gardens, London, S.W.5.
- R 1958-63 LAWSON, WILLIAM ALEXANDER MARTIN, 31 Sunderland Avenue, Oxford.
- G 1959-63 MACFARLANE, PASCOE, 35 Hamilton Terrace, London, N.W.8.
- B 1960-63 MAKIN, JAMES, 1A The Ridgway, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- R 1958-63 MAY, JOHN DEREK SEABURN, 65 Barton Road, Cambridge.
- L 1959-63 MELROSE, SIMON GRAHAM KEMPTHORNE, 1 Lower Common South, London, S.W.15.
- L 1959-63 PARKINSON-SMITH, SIMON LANGTON, 12 Montpelier Row, Twickenham, Middlesex.
- C 1959-63 POSTAN, BASIL DAVID, 2 Sylvester Road, Cambridge.
- R 1959-63 RICH, HUMPHREY JOHN ELLISON, 14 Hartington Villas, Hove, Sussex.
- B 1958-63 ROBERTSON, JOHN HAMISH, Tudor House, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.
- G 1958-63 SEMPLE, PATRICK WILLIAM, Prospect House, Lenham, Kent.
- A 1959-63 SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, 25 Addison Gardens, London, W.14.
- G 1958-63 SIMPSON, ROBERT JAMES, Adel Rectory, Leeds 16, Yorkshire.
- G 1958-63 STANCLIFFE, MARTIN JOHN, 20 Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.
- R 1959-63 STOUT, CHRISTOPHER ANGUS COREDON, P.O. Box 815, Fort Bombay.
- G 1958-63 TANNER, NORMAN STUART BRENT, 89 Rivermead Court, Fulham, London, S.W.6.
- B 1959-63 TOWNSLEY, GERALD STEWART, 71 Newmarket Road, Norwich.
- C 1959-63 WADDAMS, ANTHONY CHRISTOPHER, 45 Reddown Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.
- L 1958-63 WALLER, GORDON TRUEMAN RIVIERE, 2 Avenue Road, Pinner, Middlesex.
- L 1959-63 WILSON, DAVID JOHN MACLEOD, Holly Bush Wood, Potten End, Nr. Berkhamsted, Herts.

ANNUAL DINNER

It is evident, if regrettable, that not more than one in ten of Elizabethan Club members ever even consider the possibility of attending the Club's only social event of the year, the Annual Dinner. It would be unrealistic to expect anything approaching a majority response, and individual circulars are, indeed, no longer sent out on a wide scale (although notification of date and venue of course appears in *The Elizabethan*). Yet the total of 130 members attending this year's dinner, a number which compared favourably with other recent years, was really unreasonably small.

It is virtually certain that an energetic (and expensive) publicity drive would persuade many more to come who may have "got out of the habit", or do not realize what an agreeable event it is nor how many old friends they will meet there. In 1964, the Club's centenary year, some special plans will undoubtedly be considered which may give lasting impetus to the enthusiasm of individual members.

Increased numbers might be viewed by some as a mixed blessing, since they would surely make it difficult

to hold the event in the House of Commons. Once again this year, with the President, the Rt. Hon. the Lord Rea, P.C., O.B.E., D.L., in the Chair, and under the kind sponsorship of Mr. G. P. Stevens, M.P., the dinner was held in the Members' Dining Room. There can be no setting more appropriate to this function than the dignified surroundings of the Palace of Westminster.

Since the Dean was most sadly prevented by his illness from attending and proposing "Floreat", Mr. Stevens himself accepted this duty at short notice and, battling on his home ground, scored with both delicate cuts and powerful drives. He particularly stressed the link that has so long existed between Parliament and the Foundation, and regretted that such a relatively small number of Westminsters should be at present in the Commons. Indeed, he doubted if the Queen's Scholars' privilege of entry into the Strangers' Gallery was being exercised to anything like a proper extent.

The Head Master's reply was an outstanding example of this particular *genre*; his audience's familiarity with its theme merely served to quicken their appreciation of its deft construction and its deceptively casual wit. He was able, this year, to announce amid great enthusiasm that the Quatercentenary Appeal had that very afternoon reached a total of £185,000; he did not specifically mention (though he might have done) that if the 70 per cent of Westminsters who have not responded *at all* were yet to do so, the £250,000 target would surely be attained within weeks.

Mr. W. E. Gerrish, O.B.E., proposed "The President" in his own most practised and felicitous style, and Lord Rea briefly responded. Time still remained for recognitions and reminiscences.

OLD WESTMINSTERS

Nobel Prize

Professor Andrew F. Huxley, F.R.S. (Ash. Non. Res. K.S. 1930-35), Jodrell Professor of Physiology and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been awarded a Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine for his work on nervous impulses.

Mr. A. Wedgwood Benn (B. 1938-42), who recently renounced his Peerage, has been re-elected to Parliament as Labour Member for Bristol South-East.

Mr. H. B. Magnus, Q.C., (H.B.B. 1922-27), has been elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. L. E. Tanner, C.V.O. (G.G. 1900-09), has been elected Upper Bailiff of the Worshipful Company of Weavers for the ensuing year.

Mr. C. H. Taylor (K.S. 1917-22), who has been a Classics Master at Eton for more than 20 years, has left to take up a post as English and Classics Master at North Foreland Lodge Girls School.

Mr. P. M. Daniel (H.B.B. 1924-27) has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and has been given a Doctorate of Science by the University of London.

The Rev. J. I. Willett (Q.S. 1953-58), of the Theological College, Chichester, has been awarded the Ellerton Theological Essay Prize at Oxford.

BIRTHS

TILNEY-BASSETT—On September 15th, 1962, to Joan, wife of H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett, a son.

DEATHS

BANTING—On July 14th, 1963, Harold William Russell Banting, aged 62.

BRATT—On September 10th, 1963, Eric Victor Bratt, aged 71.

GARDNER—On August 8th, 1963, Major Robert Geoffrey Gardner (late 28 Punjabis), of Claver House, Sunningdale, aged 77.

HARRIS—On October 20th, 1963, Noel Gordon Harris, M.D., of Wivelscombe, Somerset, aged 65.

IVANOVIC—On May 12th, 1963, in New York, Vladimir Radoslav Ivanovic, aged 45.

MCCASKIE—On September 9th, 1963, Harry Bertram McCaskie, M.D., aged 85.

MOFFATT—On August 27th, 1963, Paul McGregor Moffatt, F.R.C.S., of Sutton, Surrey, aged 64.

MOUNSEY—On September 11th, 1963, Major Robert Roy Mounsey, N. Staffordshire Regt., aged 60.

ORANGE—On June 11th, 1963, Richard Brian Orange, of Oxshott, Surrey, aged 54.

PAGE—On August 1st, 1963, Sir Max Page, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., F.R.C.S., aged 80.

PHILIPSON—On September 4th, 1963, Ralph Patterson Philipson, of Buxton, aged 74.

Harold William Russell Banting was a son of Harold Banting of Putney, and was up Grant's for one term in 1911.

Eric Victor Bratt was a Home Boarder from 1906 to 1910. He served in the First World War, and afterwards was admitted a Solicitor, practising in London and Guildford. His two younger brothers were also at the School.

Major Robert Geoffrey Gardner was a son of George Gardner, of Eastbourne, and was a Q.S. from 1899 to 1904 when he was elected to Trinity College Cambridge. He was subsequently in the Indian Army serving with the 28 Punjabis.

Dr. Noel Gordon Harris was the youngest son of the late Sir Alexander Harris, sometime Governor of Newfoundland, and was up Ashburnham from 1912 to 1913. His two elder brothers, "S.S." and "W.B.", were very well known at Westminster and at Cambridge, and afterwards as successive headmasters of St. Ronans Preparatory School. Noel Harris had a distinguished career as a doctor, specializing in psychological medicine, of which he became the leading expert. In 1960, after he had retired from active practice, he was elected President of the Psychiatric Section of the Royal Society of Medicine.

Vladimir Radoslav Ivanovic was the son of Ivan Ivanovic of Zagreb, Yugoslavia, and was up Busby's from 1930 to 1934. Like his elder brother, who was also at Westminster, he went up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he swam against Oxford in 1936. He was afterwards in business in New York.

Dr. Harry Bertram McCaskie was the younger son of Dr. Norman McCaskie of Kensington, and was a Home Boarder from 1888 to 1896, and afterwards at Caius College, Cambridge. In the First World War he served with the R.A.M.C. in East Africa and in Waziristan. Later, like his father and his elder brother, he became a well-known London doctor.

Dr. Paul McGregor Moffatt was up Ashburnham for a term in 1914. He was afterwards at Guy's Hospital and was for several years a G.P., before becoming an Ophthalmic Surgeon at Moorfields Eye Hospital. He was a member of the O.W.W. Lodge. He died suddenly while fishing in Cumberland.

Robert Roy Mounsey was up Grant's from 1918 to 1920. He entered the Army and became a Major in the North Staffs. Regt. His two younger brothers were also up Grant's.

Richard Brian Orange was the only son of Sir Hugh Orange, Accountant General of the Board of Education, and was up Grant's from 1921 to 1926 when he went up to New College, Oxford. He was admitted a Solicitor in 1932. He was a solicitor to the L.M.S. Rly., and afterwards successively Registrar at the Willesden and Bloomsbury County Courts. He was a Past Master of the O.W.W. Lodge and a keen Mason.

Sir Max Page, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., was a son of Charles Page of Rye, Sussex, and was up Rigaud's from 1896 to 1901. He joined the medical school at St. Thomas's Hospital in 1901 where he won many prizes and was besides a fine player of tennis and Rugby football. In 1912 he served as senior medical officer with the Red Cross in the Balkan War, and later with the B.E.F. in France from 1914 to 1919, being mentioned three times in Despatches and winning the D.S.O. He was Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons in 1924 and 1935, and President of the Association of Surgeons of Great Britain and Ireland in 1945-46. In the earlier part of the last War he was consulting surgeon to the Army with the rank of Major-General, and later he became consulting surgeon to the Metropolitan Police. In 1955 he was elected a Busby Trustee.

Ralph Patterson Philipson was a son of Robert Philipson and was a Home Boarder from 1902 to 1906. He was afterwards an Insurance Broker at Lloyd's.

FOOTBALL

The first round of the Arthur Dunn Cup will be played at Vincent Square on December 21st, 1963, when the Club will meet the Old Salopians. Kick off 2.30 p.m.

Members are reminded that they should make a note in their diaries for Saturday, February 22nd, 1964, when the annual Club supper will take place after the match against the School.

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters' Football Club will take place on Tuesday, March 24th, 1964, at the School, at 6.00 p.m.

LAWN TENNIS 1963

Owing to the very poor weather, and our elimination in the first round of the d'Abernon Cup, only two matches were played this year.

In the d'Abernon Cup, the Club met the Old Lyonians, who have a very good record in this competition, and were beaten 6 matches to 3.

In the annual School match, a very much closer one than in the past, the Club won 6 matches to 3.

SHOOTING 1963

The Club once again was able to raise a strong team for the Imperial Meeting at Bisley. In the most important team event, the Public School Veterans Trophy, the first team came tenth equal, four points behind the winners, O. Framlinghamians. The "B" team came twenty-third in their section of the competition. This year for the first time the Club were affiliated to the National Rifle Association. This enabled the Club to enter for some of the other competitions during the meeting and shoot against some of the strongest rifle clubs in the country. In the "Stewards" the Club came

fifth and were able to get into the prize list of the Rifle Clubs. A fourth place was obtained in the Marlingham, a competition run on the aggregate and probably the greatest test of a team's ability. In the main the teams were chosen from the following:—Major N. W. McCaw, C. W. Seward, E. H. Seward, N. R. Heaton, M. C. C. Heaton and E. S. Palmer.

Both Major McCaw and M. C. Heaton succeeded in getting into the Queen's hundred this year, Major McCaw for the fourteenth time and Heaton for the first.

WATER

The Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Boat Club will be held at the School Boathouse at Putney after the Head of the River Race in the Spring, 1964, by kind permission of the Master in charge of the Water. Agendas will be available at the meeting. All communications should be addressed to:—Robin de Vere Green, 101, Clifton Hill, N.W.8.

AMENDMENT TO REGULATIONS OF THE GAMES COMMITTEE

At a Special General Meeting of the Games Sections held at the School on October 1st, 1963, it was agreed to

amend Regulation 1 by the inclusion of "The Old Westminsters Athletics Club" as an additional Section.

SWIMMING

The Club had a most successful season and an unbeaten record was spoilt only by a very small attendance, caused primarily by holidays, at the last fixture.

Results were as follows:—

v. O. Citizens	..	won	52½—43½
v. O. Lawrentians	..	won	52½—41
v. O. Cholmelians	..	won	40—37
v. The School	..	won	37—33
v. O. Chigwellians	..	won	51—39
v. O. Whitgiftians	..	lost	31—39

In addition water polo matches were held against O. Paulines and O. Whitgiftians. Both were narrowly beaten. C. Doxat was Middlesex Individual Medley Champion and record holder, and runner-up and record-holder for the Southern Counties.

The Annual General meeting of the Club will be held on January, 3rd, at "The Beehive", Chelsea Manor Street.

ARNOLD FOSTER MEMORIAL FUND

A number of Old Westminsters have set up a Memorial Fund in memory of Arnold Foster to provide annual music awards. Mr. Robin Denniston, (O.W.) has kindly agreed to be Honorary Secretary of the Fund. Donations should be sent to him at 40A, Ladbroke Grove.

EXCITEMENT, TRAVEL, VARIETY—

A Royal Air Force career offers high rewards

As an officer in the Royal Air Force you could serve in any one of a dozen countries and visit twenty others. The aircraft you fly could vary from helicopters to Mach 2 fighters, and your regular runs from a hundred miles to right around the world. Pay is excellent: by the age of 21 you could be earning over £1000 a year.

Two ways to a Flying Commission

With 'A' level G.C.E. you may apply for entry to Cranwell, the R.A.F. College which trains you for a flying and executive career that can take you to the most senior ranks in the Service. You must be 17½-19½ and have G.C.E. in English language, mathematics, science or a language and two other subjects. Two subjects must be at 'A' level.

With 5 'O' levels including English language, mathematics and three other acceptable subjects you may apply for a Direct Entry commission. This gives you guaranteed service to the age of 38 and you have good prospects of service to the age of 55. Alternatively you may leave after 8 or 12 years with a tax-free gratuity of up to £4000.

If you are Technically Minded

If you have 'A' level in pure and applied mathematics and physics you may be eligible for a cadetship at Henlow, the R.A.F. Technical College. Here you train for a permanent commission in the Technical Branch and read for the Dip. Tech. which is equivalent to an honours degree.

R.A.F. Scholarships

Boys over 15 years 8 months may apply for an R.A.F. Scholarship worth up to



£260 a year, to enable them to stay at their own school to take the necessary 'A' levels for Cranwell or Henlow. If you would like further information, write, giving your date of birth and details of education to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Ministry (SCH), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Mention the subject that most interests you: Cranwell, Direct Entry, Henlow, or R.A.F. Scholarships. Alternatively, ask your Careers Master to arrange an informal meeting with your Schools Liaison Officer.



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