



THE ELIZABETHAN 2008

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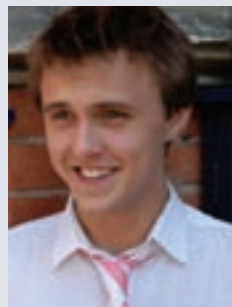
CAPTAINS OF SCHOOL THE BRITISH WAY

Future leaders of British Society reveal the secrets of power, leadership and confidence.

HEAD BOY

Being head boy is awesome!
cries **George Illingworth (GG)**.

As part from making me a towering pillar of authority in the school, I'll have you know it's also a very effective chat-up-line. So what do I actually do? "Not a lot", is my standard answer, followed by a subtle change of subject to something less awkward, like stealing from the homeless. I guess one of the main things I do is to meet with the Head Master every other morning at 8:30, a duty which is curiously similar to being in EMC, but without the short skirts. I also get the chance to make really bad speeches every third week at John Locke – I've never heard of anyone who's got the speaker's name wrong before so in a way I'm quite proud of that. I've also had my fair share of delicious dinners with Latin Graces and general merriment on all fronts. I've campaigned passionately for several causes and failed heroically. Thus ends my year of triumphant glory and power. Good luck to whoever it is next.



HEAD GIRL

Firstly I am glad that I have not left any lasting damage on the school, admits **Lucy Maconick (MM)**.

There have been no riots and they are still allowing girls to come into the Sixth Form next year. In terms of what George and I have done that is positive, I think our unelected presence at school council has been consistent, there seem to have been no major monitor duty mishaps and all monitors will now be able to take home their paddle at the end of the year, to use as they see fit.

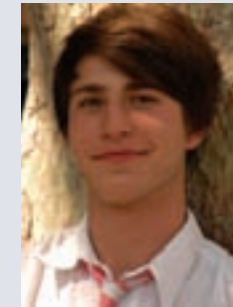
On a personal level, I am also genuinely very grateful for the fact that being Head Girl has given me opportunity to become competent in things I may not have felt I could do at the start of the year. A good example of this is John Locke, where I've had to learn to sum up talks which are often a result of a person's entire life's work, in just a few sentences. Making pupils' requests to authority sound like something reasonable the school might consider has also been a challenge on occasion. This year the critical question of the liberal and individualist ethos of the school came up frequently among the pupils, something which I am glad there is has been a positive effort to maintain. Meeting Old Westminsterers at the Elizabethan Club dinner reinforced my view that Westminster is unique and turns out a very distinctive type of person.



CAPTAIN OF THE QUEEN'S SCHOLARS

What does it mean to be the 'Captain of the Queen's Scholars'? Well, it is hard to be exactly sure, sighs mystified office-holder **Ezra Rubinstein (QSS)**.

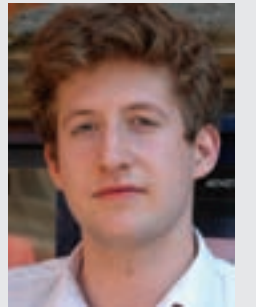
Since Westminster has been discreetly spurred on to a new, modern future, the role has changed somewhat. Of course, when I was in Fifth form, the Captain of the Scholars was an esteemed and widely-respected figure, who would tell fifth formers to 'Stop being so *** cheeky' – his first words to me (then again, those were the days when it was considered harmless fun to annually parade the first election in drag). Moreover, until the trend was bucked two years ago, the Head of School had been selected from the ranks of the scholars all three years I had been here – indeed, twice, the Captain of the Queen's Scholars was the Head of School. We were never sure whether it actually had to be, or whether, being superior beings, positions of authority just came naturally to those who had done well in their 13+. Anyhow, this elitist nonsense was swiftly and heroically put a stop to. Not only did the rows of monitors on the Latin Prayers stage suddenly double; the carefully orchestrated water fight of muck-up day vanished altogether. There was even the radical step of creating the entirely new position of Head Girl and, with it, a new position of Head Boy, seeming to leave three pillars of authority; three to converse with the head master in early mornings, three to awkwardly introduce and summarise John Locke speakers, three to shoulder the burden of tuck shop duty allocation. After just one year, however, this three-pillar system seems to have been quietly abandoned. Gone is the early-morning small-talk, the specially appointed 'Head of John Locke' replaces the outdated scholar-model, and the Captain is left with an identity crisis, unsure where his authority lies beyond the world of wandering scholars in dressing gowns. Of course, long before the chromosome imbalance, that world was the school. Now, however, it seems that growing a beard, herding my flock across Westminster Bridge and drinking beer at breakfast should be left to George Illingworth, or perhaps the new 'Head of Ethnic Pupils' in line for next year.



THE JOHN LOCKE SOCIETY

This year we've had an exotic selection of speakers, ranging from philosophers (Locke must be smiling) to the Archbishop of Canterbury, discloses **Michael Haggart (DD)**.

However, despite the far greater attendance when a familiar name is on show, it's the topics and opinions that bring a buzz to Wednesday period 4. We started with a quick-fire tour through the ideal rhetorical toolbox when Professor Brian Vickers ended the summer term in 2007 with some analysis on ancient and more modern Tony-Blair-style rhetoric. David Chaundler gave a new perspective on war as a soldier in the Falkland's conflict, and having been dropped off from a helicopter into the sea twenty years earlier he dealt equally well with the all-encompassing atmosphere in the lecture room. In one of the most potentially depressing but inspiring talks to date, Camilla Batmanghelidjh used her experience as a social worker to highlight the fact that most violent youth crime is caused by neglect by families and the state, which we are simply lucky to avoid with our upbringing (see the interview on page 18 for more details). This was in contrast to some of the views editor of The Sun Rebecca Wade pressed on us in a Locke lecture earlier in the year. Dr. Piers Vitebsky discussed his years living with the 'reindeer people' in Siberia, providing a look into a culture that is yet largely unmolested by Western consumerism and ideals. As a former inmate in a youth prison, Ronan Bennett gripped the audience more than most when he recounted tales of children committing suicide in prison, generally as a result of the judicial system's failure to take account of the serious mental conditions many offenders have, and he lambasted the state for its 'punishment first' style of dealing with child offenders.



In the Lent term, Professor Jean Seaton made us vividly aware of the control of all media by very few sources, while praying the BBC kept its independent attitude in the face of, for instance, the neo-conservative agenda which NewsCorp is famous for (a reminder of Fox News's trademark 'Fair and Balanced' caused a stir at the lunch). We heard from Darian Leader, a psychoanalyst, about the potential to use dreams and visions as a powerful insight into our subconscious, and suggestions that the profession could be elevated to proper medical status. Finally, on a lighter note, Michael Farr's enthusiasm for all things 'Tintin'-esque was entertaining and also pleasantly heart-warming, reminding hardened Locke-goers that there's more to life than politics and philosophy, and this theme continued when Dr. Harry Witchel put up a mirror to our giveaway body language, and those of us fortunate enough to be at the lunch got some top tips on counter-interrogation and, as one seasoned expert put it, "getting the ladies". All-in-all then, a thought-provoking year in the lecture room, and a big thank you in particular to Russell Dudley-Smith, for dealing smoothly with a number of potential stresses to make his first year in charge one to remember for all the right reasons.

JIM COGAN 1937–2007

Westminster School (1964–1999)

This is an edited version of the notice first printed in *The Elizabethan Newsletter* and reprinted by permission.



For most, probably all who knew Jim, the turning of the world seemed to pause when the news of his death reached them. It was contrary to all reason that one so fit, lithe, youthful, with an apparently unstressed disposition and with fulfilling family, personal and public lives, should vanish on the instant. The epic story of our relationship with him, which we thought had many chapters to run, was broken off, left unfinished. If anything was certain, it was the conviction that he would outlive all in his generation, and many of his close friends must have been counting on the benefits of his eloquence and wit to attend upon their own farewell rituals. This sudden departure, unthinkable to his scores of friends, was all the more bitter for Jenny and his family because he was so eagerly returning home to them. So much potential shared time had been lost to Africa over the years, and to have the wanderer die within sight of his Ithaca was a boundless sadness.

When you first met him, everything was surprising. He never said or did anything in a predictable or conventional way. On further acquaintance, nothing was surprising, because you had become habituated to sharing a life that was part roller-coaster ride, part three-ring circus. This style all his own, that of a gambler, by turns daring, insouciant and obdurate, was rooted, I suspect, in Ireland and Irishness. There was certainly an Irish quality to his management style. What were files and records? He performed juggling acts with people, money and organisations that depended largely on luck, a commodity of which, for most of his days, he seemed to receive a bounteous and disproportionate share. Lucky Jim indeed. There was an early expedition to Snowdonia. Michael Crane and I were sent to College Hall to collect large cardboard boxes of packed suppers. Jim, with his characteristic contempt for punctuality, showed up with only 30 minutes to go to the departure of the Euston train. Our 24 bus ran into solid traffic in Charing Cross Road. 'Right', said Jim. 'Northern Line'. He hared into Leicester Square tube station. Michael and I, encumbered with our boxes, made heavy weather of the rush hour crowds, and reached the platform only to see the tail lights of Jim's train vanishing north. The next tube to Euston disgorged us on to the concourse only to see the tail lights of the Bangor train, with Jim aboard, also disappearing northwards. Our alternative route, with slow trains and many connections, deposited us at Bangor well after midnight. A taxi ride to Llanberis Youth Hostel, a bollocking from the grumpy warden for our late arrival, and from Jim the friendly greeting: 'What the bloody hell kept you?'

Jim's own teaching was likewise provocative, irreverent, sometimes outrageous. After a break, he was always the last member of staff back into class, often because he had no idea in which room his class was scheduled to meet and was searching for them. His excuses

for not returning essays to pupils trumped all the excuses they could muster for not writing them. 'The cat peed all over them', and 'I was marking them on the boat, and a breeze suddenly got up and blew them overboard' were two of the prized explanations.

The contradictions of a person's life may reveal, by a kind of triangulation process, more about a man or woman than the dominant single features of personality. Jim's passion for literature, and especially for poetry, was central to his existence. Yet he did very little, down the years, to enlarge his literary experience, preferring the old favourites. When he did make a new discovery which excited him, it was, as with Tom Stoppard's 'Professional Foul', short, poised between game and seriousness. He wanted to write and was working towards that goal when he died. He was in his element as an articulator, relishing the drama and uncertainty of face to face persuasion and argument, which is why he excelled as a teacher.

Despite his increasingly incandescent passion about the injustices rampant around the globe, he was seemingly content to operate for 35 years in privileged Westminster School, yet in his dedication to causes and issues, he was wholly unsparing of himself.

Throughout his life he cared deeply for civilised and enlightened social practices everywhere, especially for the moral and economic obligations of the privileged to give to the less privileged. His social passions, seemingly dormant in his early years at Westminster when he was fully occupied with family and job, were reignited in the early 1980s. For the next 25 years he was dedicated to the conviction that humanity can be saved by direct action and intervention. He taught by example all he knew and met how to be positive in the presence of seeming catastrophe.

It is hard to accept that so dynamic a man, possessing a temperament and physique seemingly immune to stress and degeneration, and with so much still to give, should leave us behind so abruptly. An extraordinary compound of David Livingstone, Don Quixote and Houdini, passionate about his distant missions, triumphant in tackling the impossible, and in fomenting crises in order to test his capacity to escape from them. He was the lodestar of many lives, and, like a star, fixed, we thought, for ever. Now, bereft, we regard him, in the words of the Irish poet George Barker, as 'a procession no-one can follow after'. Yet, in our less adequate ways and in honour to him, we must do what we can to carry the flame onward. And in his unsentimental, brusque and ever-energetic and practical way, we can hear the command: 'Get on with it, man.'

John Field

WESTMINSTER IN AMERICA: WINNING AND LOSING A COLONY

Eddie Smith, the school archivist, has been looking into the Westminster connection with the founding of the United States, and discovering how we lost the west. OWs are shown, of course, in bold.

Over many years **Richard Hackluyt** collected information about North America from traders and fishermen, encouraging expeditions and arguing the legitimacy of English colonies there. His "observations" and "readings" had inspired Queen Elizabeth to promote colonisation despite early setbacks. In 1583 Hackluyt was staying with the English ambassador in Paris and it was here he began his "Discourse on Western Planting", a work of propaganda to encourage the foundation of a Protestant colony with the Queen as its head. Though Hackluyt never fulfilled his long-held wish to travel across the Atlantic, he was to see his ideas take firm hold. He prefaced one work of translation with a dedication to Sir Walter Raleigh, emphasizing his role in the expansion of settlements. Pivotal in turn to Raleigh's contribution had been the navigational work of the young mathematician, Thomas Harriot. It is interesting to note that in **Dr Busby's** Account Book, which is in the School collection, is to be found a unique leaf in Harriot's hand of his attempt to create an alphabet and build a dictionary of the Algonquin language – testimony to Busby's fascination with all languages.

Though the limited prosperity of the British colony in Virginia discouraged many Englishmen from settling there, by 1688 Anthony Ashley Cooper's enthusiasm for commercial imperialism had thoroughly enthused **John Locke**. He articulated its potential for promoting personal and national wealth and was easily persuaded to become the Secretary to the Land Proprietors of Carolina. In this capacity he helped to draw up a constitution for the colony, which became a model for others; his draft promised liberty of conscience for all settlers. In 1776 Jefferson was to use the ideas expressed in Locke's "Treatise on Civil Government" of 1690, when he claimed as "self-evident" rights natural of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" in the Declaration of Independence. He echoed Locke in wanting governments which established and secured these rights.



In 1765 the House of Commons passed the Stamp Act allowing the collection of taxes in the colonies which was hugely resented in America. Though Pitt's name is most usually associated with American Independence, the faction that shewed most sympathy for the Americans was the 'old whig' group, one leader of which was the **Marquis of Rockingham**. Under his ministry in 1766, the Stamp Act was repealed.

But with the Stamp Tax gone and revenues still needed, Prime Minister Lord North had a brainwave: the East India Company had a surplus of tea in its stores: this could be sold in America at a price so low that the Americans would not think it was taxed. And why was there a surplus of tea in the Company stores? It had come from China in exchange for opium trade in the other direction; though strictly illegal, this did not unduly inhibit the Company trading and **Warren Hastings** ensured that the Company had a monopoly of opium production in India. Thus the scheme was hatched and the surplus, taxed, tea despatched to Boston, where it became central to the famous Party...

The final Old Wet in this story is **General** ("Gentleman Jack") **Burgoyne**, most closely linked with a bold move to cut off New England and capture Pennsylvania, capitalising on the slow but successful campaign of Howe, which had demoralised the Americans. With the promise of support from the Iroquois and the Mohawks, and British reinforcements, all augured well at first, but coordination over large distances proved impossible. Burgoyne took Fort Ticonderoga on 6th July 1777 and by 29th July had reached Fort Edward. After a series of battles employing warfare to which the British army was unaccustomed, the British retreated from Freeman's Farm. On 17th October General Burgoyne surrendered his entire army of over 5000 men to General Gates at Saratoga. Though the final act, after a number of successes in his campaign, was the surrender of Cornwallis exactly four years later at York Town, Burgoyne's capitulation at Saratoga was the death knell of the British dominion in North America. Thus was America helped to liberation, one way or another, by the actions of OWs.

Left (L-R): Charles Watson-Wentworth (2nd Marquis of Rockingham), General Burgoyne by Ramsey and Warren Hastings portrait by D'Orsay.



THE PRAG SUNDIAL

Adolf Prag (1906–2004) taught Mathematics at Westminster 1946–1966 and was also the School Librarian, while his wife Frede, (1904–2004) was much involved in School activities such as theatre and maintaining Ashburnham Garden. Adolf was an authority on the history of mathematics, notably the work of Isaac Newton: the form of this sundial copies the ellipse drawn by Newton to describe planetary motion. Their long association with the School is marked by the new sundial in Yard.

Made by Harriet James, the sundial was dedicated on 27th June 2007 to the memory of Adolf and Frede Prag by their sons John, Peter and Thomas, all pupils at Westminster, with donations from other former pupils and friends.

A note on sundial time

Sundial time, shown by the shadow of the projecting *gnomon*, will not agree exactly with mean time at Greenwich. As Westminster School is $0^{\circ} 7'$ west of the Meridian, the sun is at its highest 28 seconds later than at Greenwich. The sundial will be a further hour behind the clock during British Summer Time. There is also a variation because the earth is tilted on its axis and orbits the sun in an ellipse. This variation is known as The Equation of Time and has a different value each day.

The dial has a straight line across the centre on which the equinoxes are marked by the shadow of the gilded *nodus* on the the *gnomon*. The two curves, which on many dials indicate the summer and winter solstices, have been adjusted on this one to mark the birthdays of Adolf and Frede (lower curve, 27th June and upper curve, 23rd November).



The Prag Award

The surplus donations from the sundial appeal have gone to fund an annual prize called the Prag Award.

Nominations

Any pupil in the School may nominate him/herself by submitting a short proposal to their Housemaster. They should explain on no more than one side of A4 what they wish to do and why they merit an award. Pupils should apply during the Play Term.

When

Pupils are to make their bids to Housemasters by the first Monday after the Lent EXEAT.

Selection of the winner

A committee chaired by the Head Master and including a member of the Prag family will review candidates' submissions. A short list of 3 or 4 pupils will be asked to give a short presentation and will be interviewed by the committee before the end of the Lent term. The winner will be announced in the Election Term. This year's winners were Ted Tregear (BB) and Roland Walters (BB) who will be researching different interpretations of Bach's Passions.



SALVETE



GIULIA BIFFIS

Giulia Biffis graduated in literature in Padova, Italy and has since completed an MA in Classics at University College, London. She is now at the same institution doing a PhD in Greek Literature, funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council (AHRC). After tutoring successfully for some years, she is pleased to be teaching Italian at Westminster,

because she believes in the beauty of her own language and its usefulness. In her spare time, she enjoys visiting art exhibitions and museums. Outside the classroom, you can generally find her eating a cake in the Common Room.



EMILY CHAPPELL

Emily Chappell re-joined the History of Art Department part-time in August. After graduating from East Anglia University in 1994, she began a career in PR and Marketing, working for Amanda Wakely, a top British fashion designer, and The Walt Disney Company. Having perfected her skills in organising difficult media personalities, from Michael Jackson

to the Editor of The Manchester Evening News, she moved away from the superficial world of Mickey Mouse and gained an MA in History of Art from the Courtauld Institute, focusing on Medieval Art and Architecture. Having spent a year as a student teacher at Westminster in 2002, she began her teaching career with three years at Latymer Upper School before coming back to Westminster.

When not teaching, she is the harassed mother of two young children. Her hobbies include (inevitably) art, sailing, and unusual foreign travel, most recently to Libya and Iran.

JOHN GOODALL

John Goodall joined the Economics department in August, having previously run a Financial Services Executive Search Firm in London and worked in the City for over ten years. John enjoys cycling and running, having cycled from Los Angeles to Panama, and has completed numerous triathlons and marathons. He read Economics at Durham University and is married with a young son.

SARAH LEONARD

Sarah Leonard joined the Geography department fresh from Eton College, where apart from her Geographical commitments, she was



Top left:
John Goodall, Sarah Leonard
Bottom left:
Adam Perkins, Anthony Sheehy

a keen football, hockey and wakeboarding coach. She has previously spent time working in the City and with an active interest in World Trade and Development issues, can be found regularly travelling the globe pursuing both her academic and photographic interests.

ADAM PERKINS

Adam Perkins was born and brought up in Kingston-Upon-Hull. After a gap year he matriculated at Clare College, Cambridge, to read Mathematics, graduating in 2007. After graduation he briefly lived in Islington and worked for a security consultancy company before joining Westminster in October. Adam is a Tutor in Grant's, enjoys learning Fives and has helped run the school collection days for a range of charities.

ANTHONY SHEEHY

Anthony Sheehy was born in London but raised and educated in Ireland. After seven years working through the ranks for one company he moved from management to Information Technology and Support. From there he moved into IT management and he now holds Microsoft certifications to back the experience. Westminster School is his first school appointment. He is a trustee of a local charity in Westminster and provides pastoral assistance to members of his church.



NICK SIMONS

Nick Simons studied Mathematics at the University of Warwick before moving to Wolfson College, Oxford to commence his doctoral studies, specialising in abstract algebra. He then moved to Oriol College, Oxford to take up a two-year post as a College Lecturer. During this time he discovered that he enjoyed the teaching of mathematics even more than

research, and made the move to Westminster. When he isn't teaching, or finishing his thesis, Nick enjoys playing badminton, general knowledge quizzes and all things science-fiction and fantasy. He is also an enthusiastic, but generally incompetent, snooker player.

BEN STREET

Ben Street joined the History of Art Department in August. Having gained his MA from Edinburgh in 2001, he lived and worked in



Venice at the Peggy Guggenheim Collection and worked for The Children's Society in London. He is also a former employee of the Museum of Modern Art and the Solomon R Guggenheim Museum in New York City, where he worked on long-term art programmes for schools across the city, teaching both in classrooms and galleries. He has continued his museum work in

London, leading workshops and storytelling sessions at the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery. He also writes on contemporary art for Artnet magazine and has written four plays, which have been performed at the Edinburgh Festival, the Dublin Festival, the Kings Head Theatre and the Latchmere Theatre, London. Ben is a lecturer for Art History Abroad, taking students to cities in Italy to study Renaissance art and architecture first-hand.

BARBARA DAVIES

Barbara Davies was born and brought up in Hong Kong, and obtained a Geography degree from Southampton University. She worked in Sales and Marketing for the IT firm Digital and then, to fit around her two young children, worked part-time for The Wedding Company in Chelsea for the next ten years. A short period in Admissions at Westminster followed in 2006. She is happy to be back as School Receptionist, sharing the job with Caroline Kenyon (qv). Outside work, Barbara is learning to play the cello, and enjoys singing, cycling and playing tennis.



CAROLINE KENYON

Before coming to Westminster, Caroline Kenyon worked for 17 years for the Metropolitan Police Directorate of Public Affairs based at New Scotland Yard. While there she undertook research for briefings on the media and Parliament before moving on to manage advertising campaigns, produce publicity material and run market research projects. Prior

to that, she was a researcher at the Daily Telegraph Information Service. She has lived in London all her life and her sister, Sarah, has worked for the School Registrar for a number of years.

TERRI MCCARGAR

Originally from Minnesota, Terri fell in love with London while here for a term during her MA (English) course. After settling in the capital, she was a children's book editor for nine years before retraining as librarian. She enjoyed working at the incomparable London Library before completing her MA at UCL. After two years as a children's librarian in Richmond, she joined the library team at Westminster in November. She feels privileged to work in such elegant surroundings, and loves to discover students draped over chairs and sprawled across cushions, each absorbed in their own reading.



VALETE



MARK TOCKNELL

That dreadful phrase, 'leaving in order to spend more time with his family', usually means that someone has been asked to move on. But Mark is doing exactly what the phrase suggests with no hidden meaning. A number of his colleagues have expressed a good deal of envy at the prospect of being able to spend time following one's passions; in Mark's case

these range from Mountaineering to Music, and Flying to Plumbing. We all wish him the very best of luck in all that he does next year. Over the years we have come to expect Latin Prayers to happen, the Calendar to be printed, Terms to begin and end; that the School functions day-to-day is in great measure because Mark has taken the trouble to check the details. It is quite impossible to overstate the debt that the School owes Mark for his work as Senior Master.

It was in 1981 that John Rae interviewed Mark; the most telling questions were enquiring his personal best time over 800m (2:04) and whether or not he would be keen to get involved with expeditions. Little did Mark know what he was letting himself in for. A product of Daniel Stewart's and Melville College, Edinburgh and Pembroke College Cambridge he knew nothing about the English public school system, and was to join as the youngster in a department remarkable for its glacial turnover of staff.

Like all 'new boys' he was immediately hustled into Station by Stew Murray and scampered off to look after the U15B side Up Fields. Perhaps it was not the most successful relationship with the 'beautiful game' (there was a low point with a 15-nil defeat at Harrow), so he must have been relieved to move across to Athletics and Cross Country. To many in the Common Room the image of Mark is of ginger (now greying) hair, rather red in the face, returning from some long run in his blue vest with the diagonal pink stripe. Mark reinvigorated a flagging Station and set Cross Country on the road towards the heights achieved by his formidable successor. As Master i/c Athletics & Cross Country Mark had to deal with lots of organisation. In particular, that the Sports Day is such a happy and relaxed occasion, with stiff competition for those that want it, but with enthusiastic participation for those not destined to break the records, is all down to Mark. His other Cross Country legacy is the current course of the Bringsty Relay which had to be redesigned after the great storm of 1987. Later Mark took over the newly-formed Rock-Climbing Station, expressing his love of the outdoors even if it were on a wall in Mile End! It is a just tribute to his huge contribution that the new Rock-Climbing Cup has been named after him.

Mark has been outstanding in the classroom and probably more than anyone in recent times in the department he has had a real understanding of the subject and its nuances at A-level; rarely does anyone show quite such glee at the prospect of a discussion of Maxwell's equations.

One of the many areas of the school where Mark has left an indelible mark is with Expeditions and no-one has had a greater influence on the seemingly crazed idea of setting groups of Westminsters with little more walking experience than strolling down the Kings Road off across the North York Moors on their own and at night. In his

early days in the school Caspar Woolley challenged Mark to join him in an attempt to break the School's record time for a Lyke Wake Walk crossing. Preparation for a sub-10 hour crossing (more than 2 hours quicker than the previous record) was a major exercise in logistical planning as well as fitness training. Caspar and Mark arrived at Westminster in the same term; by October 1985 Caspar was Captain of the School and these very best of companions ran across the Moors in the early hours on a clear October night to reach Ravenscar in 9 hours 47 minutes. That crossing – the only time Mark has ever completed, or will ever complete, the LWW – he has described as the most enjoyable event in his whole career at Westminster. Together with Mark's wife Claire, TJP acted as the support party for the crossing. TJP's description of this achievement? 'Bonkers, quite bonkers!'

It was in his first year at Westminster that he originally visited the Isle of Skye with the School's Easter Camp. In those days it was under (often leaky) canvas on the campsite in Glen Brittle. Without Mark's passion for these particular mountains this trip would probably have disappeared and a many Westminsters would have been deprived of a uniquely character-building experience. Today the trip is more popular than ever amongst both pupils and staff.

It will surprise them to know that before Westminster his experience in those hills was very limited. Like many of us he learned through his companions. Now having more experience on the Cuillin than anyone at the School, those hills have become his old familiars. In turn he has had the pleasure of introducing their stunning beauty to generations of Common Room and Westminster mountaineers, including Martin Boulton and Adam Hunt. And how does Mark tackle the Cuillin Hills after all this time? A pupil described him this Easter: "He seems to just switch on and go and go...". Nothing has changed! Mark soon began to use the Lower School Expeditions to explore those hills, slowly increasing his list of bagged Munros. Spreading his wings, Mark took School camps to Switzerland, the Rockies and to Ecuador, and organised two memorable trips to the Picos de Europa.

Mark joined Dryden's as a House Tutor with Tim Francis as Housemaster, the beginning of a relationship with the House that continued for twenty four years until he stood down as Housemaster in 2005. Not very many years older than the pupils to whom he was Tutor, he found the relationships developed easily. With a devoted set of Tutors over the years, Mark was able to maintain the supportive relationship that Tim had established. His personal contribution to the mix of opportunities was his engagement in the musical life of the House, both through encouragement and through personal participation. John Baird had been one of Tim's Tutors before Mark arrived and was always a great support for the House music.

It was through music that Mark met his wife Claire – they sang together in Pembroke Chapel Choir. In what was then an all-male College it was a mixed choir with an established reputation for matchmaking. Many Old Westminsters met Claire through her violin teaching at the School, where she taught until 1999. When he arrived at Westminster he was invited to join the Orchestra to play his clarinet. Standing aside as more and more pupils come forward he has nevertheless taken part in the Strauss Oboe Concerto after just one intensive weekend of rehearsal as well as playing the basset horn in Mozart's Requiem.

As a foil to his more cerebral working life, Mark developed his skills as plumber, electrician, bricklayer, carpenter and plasterer when he and Claire bought their house in Wembley, to which they moved in 2005. In April of that year he was invited to create the post of Senior Master. A demanding and sometimes unrewarding

role, but so obviously vital to the School, he undertook the job with meticulous dedication.

Mark has contributed more than any list of his activities can define. He knows what makes Westminster extraordinary, and defends its complex organic personality. He has maintained the philosophy that has made Westminster a successful and a happy community, not despite its whimsicality but because of it, because of the ability of the School to inspire and to allow the pupils to fulfil their potential in so many ways unhampered by dreary timeserving demands. His departure will be a singular loss to the School.

Eddie Smith and Martin Boulton



GRAHAM BARTLETT

Graham John Bartlett graduated from Downing College Cambridge in 1970 with a degree in Spanish and Russian, followed by a prestigious British Council scholarship to Bulgaria. Here he found that even a judicious use of language-transfer skills would not always get him what he wanted: having enjoyed a bowl of lentil stew in a respectable, family-run restaurant in downtown Sofia, Graham –

keen to try out a little Bulgarian – enthusiastically asked the "healthily plump" waitress if she would *re-suckle* him; whether he had time to settle the bill before leaving has never been revealed, but Graham was no ordinary language student. This was just another day in the life of a Christian smuggler at the height of the cold war, prepared to risk life and limb travelling around Bulgaria in a Volkswagen Beetle equipped with bullet-proof windows and false number plates, its secret compartment brimming with 500 pocket-sized bibles: a man with an unflinching faith and sense of duty, serving harassed Eastern Bloc Christians in their hour of need. Failure to secure a second helping of lentil stew was presumably the very least of his worries that day.

Graham arrived at Westminster as Head of Spanish in September 1985, following nine years at St. Olave's Grammar School and three years in Venezuela where he lectured in Russian and morphosyntax at the Metropolitan University and Pedagogical Institute of Caracas. His Venezuelan wife – whom he had met during the summer of 1971 during a brief period of ESOL teaching in Bath – was soon to feature prominently at Westminster as generations of keen new Hispanists were introduced to Cecilia in their first lesson not physically, of course, but linguistically since her name provided an excellent example of why *seseo* – of which Graham has always been a staunch defender – was undoubtedly preferable to the standard Castilian lisp taught in the majority of British schools.

Within a couple of years, Graham had successfully directed a Spanish play based around one of the A-level literature texts and set up a language course in Córdoba which ran until 1994 when – somewhat by accident – he discovered that a long-lost friend from Cambridge was running a similar venture in Valladolid and Graham promptly transferred allegiance. For Graham, though, Valladolid has been more than just a school trip over the years: he has made new friends and involved himself fully in the local community, attending twice-weekly meetings at the Evangelical church each year, indeed preaching in Spanish on several occasions. This long-standing commitment was not overlooked by the Mayor of Valladolid who, during a poignant valedictory at the Town Hall this Easter, highlighted the immense contribution Graham had made in terms of fostering a solid cultural and academic relationship with the city; a farewell dinner followed, during which Graham was presented with a commemorative plaque in recognition of his unflinching loyalty.

An outwardly nondescript classroom, hidden away on the corridor above Dryden's, has been Graham's base for many years but, as generations of Westminster Hispanists would ultimately discover, this is certainly no ordinary classroom. On the other side of a seemingly inoffensive wooden door lies a world in which the fabulous and fantastical combine seamlessly with an invariably down-to-earth pragmatism: Magic Realism? Possibly, but for many innocent young Westminsters Room 2 on 'Gaza Strip' has often felt more akin to an X-rated *Narnia* in which only the most spirited of students have failed to respond to the richness of material presented: Graham is a consummate *raconteur* with an insatiable imagination and there have been endless, elaborately-constructed stories of hammocks and chest freezers, blindfolds and dental floss, errant toes and dolly blues, Venezuelan transsexuals and bullet-riddled Black Marias. Many of Graham's pupils, too, have been systematically transformed into enigmatic characters of his own, transported into an altogether more transcendental existence, accompanied by a suitably provocative but equally mesmeric discourse: *Spiky*, *Two Studs*, *Smokey Joe*, *Stumpy* and, of course, *Old Strangler* among the more publishable of Graham's imaginatively-assigned pseudonyms: Westminster Magic Realism at its most vibrant!

Over the years I have sometimes wondered how Graham has ever found the time to teach any Spanish to his classes but, as news of his leaving party spread like wildfire, so emails began flooding in from former pupils keen to let him know they were still using the Spanish he had taught them in their work place today, testament to 23 years of inspirational teaching at Westminster.

Although Graham has become pretty much synonymous with Spanish at Westminster for more than two decades, one should not forget that he also taught Russian for 14 years until 1999 when a change in the blocking system resulted in Spanish and Russian being timetabled alongside each other: Hugh Aplin lost a highly-valued member of his department since Graham is an exceptionally talented Russianist who characteristically engaged fully in all areas of the subject, whether on the academic front or in terms of his extra-curricular commitment, willingly accompanying visits to Russian plays in London and language courses to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Graham certainly missed teaching the subject but has nevertheless continued to enjoy the odd Russian joke with Hugh in the Common Room!

Graham has been a wonderful colleague but also a real friend whom I'll miss enormously, his natural modesty all too often concealing a phenomenal linguistic and literary intellect, not to mention a truly remarkable knowledge of all things Hispanic.

Following an impressive career spanning almost 40 years, Graham has finally decided to leave Modern Languages teaching to concentrate on his Faith and Ministry work at Christ Church, Orpington. As he boards the 17.02 from Charing Cross for the very last time this summer, we wish him and his family an exciting and rewarding onward journey or, as Graham would undoubtedly say: just sling your hook and skedaddle back to Badgers Mount!

JCW

ANDREW BATEMAN

Some of the most remarkable rooms in the school are the art studios, particularly the Sixth Form and Remove studios. Andrew Bateman has worked there for eighteen years. He created them with his own hands. He chose the objects (mostly from skips), the images, the books, the materials, and did most of the building and decorating. These rooms embody his thinking as a teacher and artist.



A visitor to the Art Department might notice many things (the astonishing quality of the pupils' work, for example), but what is most striking is the relative absence of 'colour'. This is no accident. Andrew belongs to Robert Motherwell's 'family of black and earth colour painters'. The colour is always mixed, never straight out of the tube, resulting in rich and subtle browns, greys and tertiary colours. This imparts a gravitas to the studios and to the pupils' work. This is Florence, not Venice.

Visual noise causes him physical discomfort. He has always stressed the importance of nuanced and thoughtfully related colour. Although he himself is a versatile draughtsman and painter, his sensibilities are essentially those of a sculptor. The importance of space, form and surface means he is more likely to encourage pupils to look at Henry Moore (a lifelong inspiration), Anselm Kiefer, Antonio Tapies or Giacometti than Elsworth Kelly or Frank Stella. A longstanding talisman has been the 1956 Lamorisse film, *The Red Balloon*; like a jewel, the red balloon needs a setting and perfect balance in its world of reduced colour.

Equally significant is the 1952 painting, *A Man Who Suddenly Fell Over*, by Michael Andrews, rich but limited palette depicting a simple emblematic drama. As with the film, the artist confronts issues of identity and awareness to reveal life in its chaotic, funny, sad and moving pointlessness.

The studios are in a constant state of flux. They have never reached a final, definitive state. New or rearranged walls redefine the spaces and new objects or images reinvent the ambience. This idea is central to his approach to teaching; there are no comfortable certainties, assumptions are questioned, things are slightly edgy, off-balance and witty. The unexpected is the norm. As a teacher he has striven, like Moore, to 'stretch their eyes, their thoughts, to something they would [otherwise] not see or feel'.

Other important ideas are enshrined in the setting; the reverence for craftsmanship, the value of discipline and hard work, the importance of artistic integrity, the value of the process of discovery, of finding one's own way.

Despite Andrew's clear vision, there has been no 'house style'. Pupils have been encouraged to find their own idiom and to range widely over the art world and art history in search of ideas and inspiration. The atmosphere was very grown-up and sophisticated: more art college than school. The spaces also housed the paraphernalia associated with traditional artistic practice: oil colour, canvas, printing ink, cutting tools, presses. The approach may have been traditional, but it certainly wasn't old-fashioned. The artists and ideas being discussed and looked at were right up to the second. This was contemporary art, but not mere fashion.

As a head of department Andrew led by example. He presided over an operation where all members of the department were encouraged to develop their own interests and strengths as practitioners and teachers. The end result was wonderfully harmonious. He leaves the Art Department in a very strong position. Being Head of Art was more than just dedication to the role; it was building towards a goal. Like the house in Seaview on which he worked for years, it is now finished. He has done what he set out to do.

And now it's time for a new beginning. Andrew and Lesley will be

starting a new life in Cornwall. He will have time for sailing and gardening and space for his own work. And he has already begun to rearrange the house. **Dale Inglis**

Philip Hewitt adds: Andrew's help with the Peer Support Scheme has been a well-kept secret of his working week for over ten years. He joined me in the second year of its inception. Since then Andrew has been a tremendous support and brought with him the artist's sensitivity for the moment, the light and textures of experience. Andrew has been there faithfully every week listening and encouraging, always with good humour. It is difficult to imagine not sitting across the room from him when he says to the group, "You have probably noticed I haven't said anything so far but that's because I've been listening". It was noticeable at that point the group always stopped and listened to him. The peer supporters have benefited from his experience and the insights of a meticulous observer. Patient and generous with his time as he is with his pupils, Andrew has been a mainstay of the scheme.

CDR concludes: little known perhaps outside the world of Water was Andrew's significant contribution to life at Putney.

Andrew came to the Boat club as a 'qualified coach' long before the rest of us knew qualifications existed and has played a key role as Safety Officer and Yellow Leader of the long range sculling group. In tempestuous weather, Andrew, or AB as he became at Putney, would always be first to test the waters in his idiosyncratic power launch that no one else could ever quite manage to drive. Many a dunked sculler has AB to thank for a prompt rescue including most of the Dulwich College fleet. AB has taught many over the years to appreciate the marvels of 'the willowy sway of the hands away and the water boiling off' and at the same time has collected all kinds of interesting flotsam and jetsam.

AB also joined us for our Great Thames Expedition of June 2004 when an intrepid fleet of the Lower Shell descended 106 miles of the Thames in a variety of boats. AB steered the last 40 miles in a replica nineteenth century cutter, an exact copy of the boat used by Westminster to race Eton in 1829. His will be a hard act to follow.



NICK STEVENSON

Nick's relaxed attitude to life fits so well with the Westminster spirit that you could be forgiven for thinking that he has been here for as long as the Greaze bar. In fact, however, a variety of jobs, from taxi driver to professional musician led, via a series of accidental appointments, to his teaching the trumpet, then Biology and eventually to his becoming Head of Mathematics at Frances Holland School.

At this point, however, he became intrigued by the then rather new idea of using IT in schools, and we were lucky enough, in another rather accidental appointment, to come across him when advertising for someone quite different. Initially, he taught Mathematics here and ran IT at both the Under School and Great School, though the demands of the last meant that quite soon he had to relinquish the former two rôles, though he still makes a welcome annual guest appearance covering for Mathematicians who have gone on Expeditions.

Westminster may be a traditional school, but even so our IT infrastructure has increased its impact and importance here dramatically

over the past twenty years, and that we have deployed it so successfully is due in no small measure to the firm foundations that Nick set it on when he arrived: as we advertise for an assistant-printer-unjamming-and-toner-cartridge-replacement-technician it is worth remembering that Nick was once the lone printer-unjammer and toner cartridge-replacer, not to mention hard disk-defragmenter, psu fan-solderer, 'stupid-bloody-PC' shaker, useless-network-hard-ware-cursor and everything else.

Once the IT department had grown to provide a network and dedicated technical staff, Nick devoted himself to teaching the school to make use of its whizzy new purchases. Many of those who are interested in and knowledgeable about computers find it very hard to communicate intelligibly with those who are not, and it has been Nick's greatest strength that he undermines this cliché. One of the reasons why IT is so widely embraced and well used by the staff here is that we have had Nick to explain it patiently to us, in a way which was comprehensible even to the least initially promising computerphobe. Many pupils also have reason to be grateful for his teaching, as well as for his help in rescuing them when floppy abuse or unsafe network practices had led to their losing the vital coursework file which they had forgotten to back up. For those who wanted to go further in computing he wrote and put on-line extensive resources so that pupils could work by themselves at their own pace; so much so that it appeared to some of us that Nick had discovered the teacher's grail: the virtual lesson.

Nick enjoys a party. He is a very fine Jazz musician and he has enlivened many Common Room events, both with his playing, and with his energetic insistence that if the bottle is not empty, the night is not over: when it comes to conviviality, most are mere *epigone* compared to Nick. It was not surprising that he was until recently Vice President of the Common Room: he has been a very popular and congenial colleague and we will miss his presence on a daily basis – though perhaps he could be persuaded to return for the odd special event.

Nick's wife Jean was also a regular and very welcome participant in Common Room social life, until her recent illness. We very much hope that with Nick's help she will stage a full recovery, and that he and she will enjoy a long and peaceful retirement together. **Michael Davies**

MAURICE LYNN

When Maurice Lynn left Westminster in December 1988 (having arrived here in 1984) to become Headmaster of the Oratory, the then Head of Modern Languages, Richard Stokes, wrote an affectionate tribute to him in *The Elizabethan*. In particular he drew attention to Maurice's superb teaching, his scholarship, his self-sufficiency and his very private, even enigmatic, self.

That was twenty years ago (and indeed sixteen since Maurice returned to Westminster for a second and gloriously longer stint). Still, Stokes penned a pretty fair thumbnail sketch of a brilliant and elusive personality, virtually all of which still applies. The prevailing motif has certainly been one of continuity. He led the French Department, almost without interruption since 1984, in a reign characterised by meticulous administration, contented colleagues, and superb results. His classrooms (back in the Wren's mezzanine a long time ago, then in Sutcliff's and now in Weston's) have always



been quite as idiosyncratic as their tenant: potted palms, portraits of Andre Gide, enough DVDs, videos and players to supply Comet for an entire Winter Sale.

He's palpably a born teacher. But it is his ferocious determination, carefully cloaked by a sheen of mischief, that made him a brilliant one. That, of course, and a formidable brilliance. Under his aegis, the learning of a foreign language has been a massive cultural experience and an unflinching exposure to the full canon of scholarship. Since he is humane as well as expert, that is perhaps not surprising.

Some things, inevitably, have changed over time. As middle age began to overtake him, he gradually passed over the coaching of football teams to younger colleagues, perhaps rather more apprised of some of the formalities of the game (the offside rule, for instance). But to this day he still continues to take indoor football at the Queen Mother Centre, a perfect medium for someone of a sociable disposition and spectatorial interests. He passed on to others his supremely-planned and highly popular cycling Expeditions to Normandy, and created in their wake a typically quirky trip to Gignac and Agde involving two twelve-hour marathon journeys through the night in the school minibus. In less constrained times, he did these often by himself, surrounded by a dozen delighted boys. Mercifully, but perhaps not surprisingly, they always returned safe, on time, and with the old Expeditions Law of *omerta* faithfully upheld.

Somehow each of his infinitely elaborate performances – teacher, tour guide, play director, dinner party host – carries within it the seed of an oblique jest. Maurice, fifty nine and a half minutes in every hour, keeps a sliver of his tongue buried deeply inside his cheek. The detachment, if that is what it is, doesn't exclude care or compassion. No advocate of public displays of emotion (something he considers, to use his own massively unPC phrase, 'common') he is ultimately a sympathetic observer of the human condition. He certainly asks for no special consideration for himself. Notoriously accident-prone (he has in his time rescued a drowning bather, been shot at by Basque terrorists, and had his car crushed by an oncoming Juggernaut) and not always a stranger to bouts of illness, he has never missed an hour of school unless physically unable to make the journey.

It would be an effrontery to try to summarise a career as long as Maurice's, or a personality as oblique. I suspect generations of fond pupils and colleagues will fall back on *memento mori*: mine will include his absurd, and irritatingly infectious, nomenclature. His Under 15 football squad was known as the U-one-fives and the three-day football tour on which they embarked as a Minzie (I have no idea why). He has also a fondness for insisting on neuter plurals in unexpected situations, so that a Remove girl with a penchant for staging sulks was dismissed by him, witheringly, as 'her and her tantra'. When one colleague (someone he much likes) recently asked him for a reference so he could seek a senior position at another school, Maurice peered at him quizzically for a few moments, before making a 'bad smell' face and saying simply 'Oh, behave yourself'. I think it was his way of showing he cared.

Even when he was rather a grand Headmaster Maurice was impervious to bombast or preening. It's been apparent in his role as a tutor up Busby's and latterly up Grant's, but then so too has his companionability: right through to these last days and weeks, pupils have relaxed with him, and so have the various adults kicking around the House or the Common Room. It's a rare accolade, and he's earned it by being himself: clever, never ingratiating, soaked in irony, and ultimately wanting clever and fortunate boys and girls to use their opportunities well. We shall miss him hugely – but the memories are fantastic.

David Hargreaves



JAIDEEP BAROT

Companies like Goldman Sachs are not used to suffering big losses, but they had to cope with one in 1998 when Jaideep Barot left them to join the Westminster Common Room. What he lacked in teaching experience was more than compensated for by an array of eclectic talents and passions, which he put to good use and shared with typical generosity in

his decade here. Naturally, a detailed reflection on his time with us would be the stuff of an "Alternative Elizabethan", so what follows might well be circumstantially prosaic.

First as a teacher of physics and then as a pastoral and extra-curricular figure, it became clear very quickly that he was a rare and prized beast: a teacher who could gain the personal and academic respect of his pupils and colleagues whilst being eminently approachable and helpful.

Although by his own admission a theoretical physicist, he grasped the nettles of the experimental elements of the subject nevertheless. His first love of tackling challenging physics with relish is always to the fore, though, and many of our brightest pupils during his time here have been enlightened and inspired by his teaching, which never fails to combine clarity with enthusiasm and good, deceptively well-judged humour, often transforming potentially very turgid topics into lively and rewarding studies. Indeed, his eagerness for and knowledge of physics are matched only by his zealous and frequently misguided support for Liverpool FC and Bon Jovi, both further outlets for his humour, though in his time here he has been less successful at converting pupils to these causes than he has to physics.

In only his sixth year as a schoolteacher, he took up the reins of the department and, again typically, his time as Head of Physics has been undertaken with insight, vision, humour and sincere interest. He has overseen some important changes whilst in charge, but leaves behind a very successful department, with A-level numbers being so high that a new laboratory had to be built to accommodate them. Modesty prevented it being named The Barot Room, but those of us remaining will refer to it as such from now on anyway.

We must not forget his prodigious and supportive contributions to school life, though: as a dependable and sensitive tutor in Busby's; as a well-informed, talented and driven coach for football, cricket and basketball; as a leader of trips and expeditions by land and sea; as a drummer in various ensembles; and as a key member of the new staff review process. His ability to over-step the mark and step back again before causing any permanent damage, and his sharp, sometimes uncompromising, wit will be greatly missed, from the Common Room to the classroom. He remains in London, though, with his fiancée Kerry, as he takes up his role as Head of Science at Godolphin and Latymer School, in Hammersmith, and we wish them both all the very best indeed for the future.

Kevin Walsh

EMMA BROWN

Emma Brown arrived at Westminster in the Election Term 2000 as a teacher of RS, and new to the profession. In her eight years here, she has collected a portfolio of responsibilities, given birth to two of the liveliest young ladies in SW1, and kept us all thinking about issues of social justice and welfare, both global and local.

Barely a year after her arrival, Emma was promoted to Head of Department and it has been her achievement to establish RS as a serious academic discipline in the School. A-level numbers have tripled under her leadership, and Emma's own rigorous teaching and commitment to the investigation of ideas have undoubtedly raised the subject's profile very considerably. More generally, through her running of Community Service and Charities at Westminster, Emma has supported, encouraged, cajoled, and organised many pupils in many different initiatives to raise money or give assistance to others (see the Charities article for the results of her work – Editor). There have been the board games clubs in local primary schools, summer tea-parties for visitors from the Pullen Centre (and some more regular help when the Centre flooded), the first ever September Saturday... She's also had to filter out some of the wilder money-raising schemes that have been put to her, so one hears her asking around the Common Room, 'Do you think a whole-school dress up as a Hot-Dog Day could possibly work?' Emma's also been a Busby's tutor for the whole of her time here, her girls-only Krispy Kreme evenings proving legendary and provoking much muttering amongst male Busbites.

Emma leaves to become head of RS and Housemistress of the Upper Sixth house at St Mary's, Calne. We'll miss her integrity, her kindness, her humour, and her intellectual rigour; and we warmly wish her, William, Anna and Sophie, all the very best for their new life in Wiltshire. **Frances Ramsey**



DR MICHAEL MILNER

Michael Milner leaves to take up the post of Head of Biology at Wellington College. Mike arrived in September 2000, fresh from the cosy life of a postgraduate at St. Edward's Hall, Oxford, where he had been working towards his doctorate. There is no way he could have foreseen how his years at Westminster would see his life change so dramatically! He moved

from NQT status to Head of Biology in 6 years, and from bachelor to married father of 3 in half that time – the acceleration of his life here has been like a Ferrari; impressive and thoroughly deserved of course, but the quieter pastures of Berkshire must be a very enticing prospect in the circumstances!

In retrospect there were three particular elements of Mike's early experience of life at Westminster which set him on the path for all this; he immediately taught both Biology and Chemistry to two different 5th and two different Lower Shell forms – more reports to write at the end of his first term than most new teachers get in the whole of their first year: then, alongside his work here, his PGCE required him to teach at Grey Coat Hospital Girls' School, where his first task was to introduce them to human reproduction. Finally, in his first term as the Resident Tutor in Busby's, he was left holding the reins of the House single-handedly when my daughter was born unexpectedly early in the sitting-room of the Housemaster's flat. One saw straight away Mike's great qualities: he has the capacity to deal calmly and effectively with a huge workload; he is resilient and unflappable in his response to a crisis: the professional excellence of his classroom teaching, and his readiness to step into the breach on behalf of his colleagues have both particularly characterised his years at Westminster.



It goes without saying that his departure is a huge loss to the School academically, but there are many people, both pupils and colleagues, who will miss him personally, so broad was his involvement in School life and so generous. An enthusiastic sportsman, he played an active part in many stations, but most significantly in overseeing the continuing expansion of the popularity of Fives and taking it on to new successes. The Common Room will remember his years as our Secretary with gratitude for his humour and his efficiency. In Busby's, I could not have hoped for a better Resident Tutor: proactive in his care for his tutees, with the ability to interact with them closely but sternly where appropriate, and, above all, flexible and unstinting in his readiness to help out when needed. Mike has been a central and much-liked and respected colleague. Our loss is very much Wellington's gain and we wish him, Haydee and their three children the very best in their new life there: but in the hope that it will be just a little bit less frenetic.

Andy Mylne

LESLEY BATEMAN

Lesley Bateman joined the school library in 2000 and proved a stalwart member of the team, having seen off one Librarian, two Assistant Librarians and two Library Assistants in the past eight years. I'm pretty sure their departure was not in any way connected. I would say that of course, as I owe my own employment in the library entirely to her good offices. It's a long story – though Sophie, my Labrador, and Daisy, Lesley's bearded collie, feature heavily.



Organisation is definitely one of Lesley's strong points and apart from being keeper of the diary and sorting out our end-of-term jobs, ie the ones we have to finish before she allows us to leave the premises, she is also good at tracking down value-for-money restaurants and rounding up the Library Crew – knowing that a nice dinner and a decent bottle of wine are always good for morale!

We were all very sorry when, in preparation for their retirement to Cornwall, she and Andrew sold their holiday home on the Isle of Wight. Lesley always appeared after a visit there with armloads of the local produce – not to mention her home-made chutney and lemon drizzle cake. As far as I can see, the only positive thing to come from Lesley's departure is that the rest of us may manage to lose a few pounds.

Lesley has not only been a good work colleague, but also a great friend. Farewell, Mrs B – we'll miss you!

Maggie Catling

JON HIND

Jon came to Westminster directly from completing his undergraduate degree at Trinity College Cambridge. To some, this would be a guarantee of mathematical strength, though for most the phrase "Trinity Mathematician" is usually used to complete the phrase "if you think that mathematicians are generally far too pleased with themselves, wait until you meet a ...", but Jon has been the exception: he is a strong mathematician, but he is also charming and self-effacing, and has never even been known to employ the adjective "trivial" on anything harder than an IMO problem. From the first, Jon has been above all a dedicated mathematics teacher: his lessons are thoroughly prepared and delivered with panache and a smile, while at whatever time of night, and however deep into the week-

end, there is a good chance of finding him marking away in the Common Room. Tolerant of the foibles of Westminster, but determined to pin down the recalcitrant, Jon has given his time generously to help both his academic and his tutorial pupils.



He has run the administration of the Challenge for the last three years, and this sees him at his best: the administration was carried out with flawless efficiency, but he also made the candidates feel welcome and at home here, and dealt patiently and calmly with the fretting of sixty small boys.

Jon has an inimitable (actually, not many people have tried) sense of style; his dress is as far from the teacherly cliché of tweed and elbow patches as it is possible to get, and it extends to his interior decoration: not for nothing is the flat at the top of Rigaud's now known as the Resident Tutor's Boudoir.

Jon is leaving us for a rapid, but well-deserved, promotion to Second in Department at Rugby School: we wish him well in his new post and hope that he will enjoy the fate that awaits him, if Thomas Hughes is any guide, of being tossed in a blanket by fags. Jon hails originally from Sheffield and he is looking forward to returning at least halfway to the gloomy and downtrodden North, where his flat 'a's and whippet will be less conspicuous: P.G. Wodehouse (nearly) said, "it is never difficult to spot the difference between a ray of sunshine and a Yorkshireman with a grievance", but Jon must be lacking in grievances, as he has been a warm and tremendously supportive colleague and we will miss his ray of sunshine in the department.

Michael Davies



JULIA KOCH

Julia Koch joined Westminster School in October 2006 as German Assistant, and is leaving us to take a PGCE course at Oxford University. Her open, friendly and hard-working manner made her instantly popular with pupils and colleagues alike; she played a vital role in the dynamics of the German Department, preparing GCSE and

A-level examinations, as well as running a very popular Modern Foreign Language film club.

In 2007 and 2008 Julia accompanied the Upper Shell trips to Berlin and in July 2007 she mentored the Sixth Form Germanists on the Munich Exchange, really enthusing them to explore German culture and language.

In January 2007 Julia joined the History of Art Department, adding her expertise in gallery work, as well as her understanding of early modern art.

Julia is one of the most professional and gifted German teachers I have had the privilege to have worked with. I would like to wish her every success on behalf of all the pupils; and the teachers of the German and the History of Art departments.

Julia, Wir werden dich vermissen!
Ulf Hennig

DR JOHN TRIFFITT

It is with great regret that the History Department confronts the imminent departure of John Triffitt after such a brief but enriching stay. He has quickly made his mark as an outstanding and inspiring teacher at both GCSE and A-level; he has proved always a supportive and sympathetic colleague, and his company and conversation have been invigorating and enjoyable to both pupils and staff. He leaves to be nearer to his family, support his wife (who is Headmistress) and teach History to the girls of Woldingham School, near Caterham in Surrey. He will certainly be greatly missed by all of us.

Giles Brown



LYSTRA RICHES

In 2006 the usually unfeasibly healthy Chemistry Department faced something of a crisis with Paul Botton afflicted with terrible back pain for six months. The department needed an experienced teacher who could very quickly take the reins and guide classes at all levels in the school with confidence until July 2006. A fortuitous conversation with a colleague put us in touch with Lystra,

recently retired as Head of Chemistry at South Hampstead. His CV listed over a dozen schools, including well-known institutions in England, Spain and Jamaica, teaching not only Chemistry but also Physics and Spanish.

He was a choirboy at St James's, Piccadilly, from the age of 7 till 13 when his voice broke; according to him this was his first great life tragedy. As a conscientious objector, he once looked forward to going to jail just for the experience. He had a lucky escape by doing his Chemistry degree at London. Lystra worked with us for only three days each week but seemed to slide seamlessly into the life of the School, and was to be heard expressing strong opinions on education over coffee before too long; in fact it seemed like he knew half of the Common Room already from previous posts! His loves include classical and early music, the blues, flamenco dance, Elvis, black tobacco and red wine, Henry James, Elmore Leonard and Boris Johnson.

The paragraphs above were written by Nick Hinze, who became the agent of Lystra's return in September 2007 when we could not find anyone to replace Nick when he left. Suitable teachers willing to be employed at short notice are not plentiful, so Lystra's availability for another year was welcome news since we did not have to tell him where the labs are or how reports should be written.

For two (separated) academic years Lystra has approached his work with a relaxed assurance and a grand sense of humour. Being thrust at short notice into a new situation not once, but twice, is not easy. Lystra has managed it with panache, for which we (and those he taught) are very grateful. He is probably grateful that Boris Johnson is now Mayor.

Nick Hinze and Rod Beavon

HARRIET JOHNSON

Harriet joined the teaching staff at Westminster in 2007 taking up a short-term teaching post in the English department. She first came

to Westminster to work in the Development Office but soon decided that teaching was even more rewarding and went to study for an MA in African studies at SOAS in London, majoring in African Literature with African Music and Swahili. Her time with us has been characterised by huge energy, enthusiasm and dedication both to her subject and her students to whom she has shown both professional ease and genuine warmth. Harriet relishes challenges and despite taking on a substantial timetable she has found time to complete the demanding GTP course during her time here. As part of this course Harriet has managed to squeeze in extra teaching at Grey Coats School where she has met with both friendship and success. Harriet leaves us to take up a full time teaching post at the Abbey School Reading. She is an excellent teacher but what we will miss about her most is her sense of fun and her strong belief that things, particularly literature, matter. We wish her the very best of luck.

Tracy Morris



ROBIN EVANS

Robin came to Westminster, straight from Cambridge, at Christmas, when we were lucky enough to find him to cover for a temporary absence: isn't internet dating useful? It is always difficult to get started in teaching and more so when one is parachuted into a school half way through the year, so we have been fortunate that Robin has taken to the life so easily and of course, we are very grateful to him for ensuring that the classes he has been responsible for have been so well supported in their work.



For next year, Robin has been accepted to read for a doctorate in one of the most prestigious departments of Statistics in the United States: I am sure that he will enjoy both the mathematics and the social aspects of life on the West Coast and be as successful there as he has been here. We wish him well and hope that he will be able to keep up some teaching as well as research.

Michael Davies

OBITUARY PAUL REES

Head of German (September 1999 – August 2006)



Paul took a top first at Oxford in German and French. He was at Jesus College, although he had great ties at Christ Church where Professor Christopher Robinson was both his friend and mentor, dedicating his critical study, "Scandal in the Ink", to Paul.

In September 1997, he joined Westminster School as teacher of French and German and became instantly popular with pupils and staff alike. With no formal background in Spanish he took to the task of teaching it to GCSE with his character-

istic enthusiasm. As a linguist Paul was effervescent. His approach was both academic and fun; that rare mixture which made for fascinating if lively classes. Paul quickly became Head of German from September 1999 until August 2006. During this time, he organised and accompanied a large number of exchange visits to Berlin in the Upper Shell and to Munich in the Remove which were much appreciated by pupils and parents.

Swimming and diving were his great sporting loves and his knowledge of film was encyclopaedic – hence his enthusiasm for the Film Society, which he ran weekly for several years. He was master-in-charge of swimming for a while, too, taking not only the weekly station but arranging the House Swimming competition, a minor but nonetheless keenly contested event! Paul also took on the task of Common Room treasurer, which reflected his profound belief in the importance of the Common Room as a supportive and vibrant community.

In 2000 Paul was the driving force behind the South Africa Expedition and was instrumental in its great success. Abiding memories are numerous; he set the tone by strutting in late to Heathrow airport sporting a pair of distinctive, red sunglasses which he wore for the entire two weeks. His enthusiasm for the Cape Town area and his love of its natural beauty and wild life, especially the Great White Shark, rubbed off on everyone. But he will be remembered particularly for his infectious smile and wicked sense of humour, including endless practical jokes played on colleagues and pupils alike. He was unfailingly patient, kind, interesting and enormous fun throughout the entire and truly amazing two week experience. Paul also accompanied the very first Cultural Trip to New York in 2003 and relished the experience as well as imparting his own enormously varied cultural background knowledge.

In recent years Paul was struck down by serious illness in the form of brittle asthma. Paul died of a heart attack brought on by a particularly strong asthma attack. His funeral was held on 18th April 2008. It was a sad yet positive affair led by Willie Booth, and all of his family were there as well as his great friends who spoke movingly about the enormous impact he had on their lives. There were also many of his former pupils, some from quite a long time ago and others who had only been taught by him briefly, such was the influence and effect he had on them. He touched the hearts and minds of so many in such a relatively short life.

Above all, Paul will be remembered for his very modern and sometimes uncompromising wit. He could tell a great yarn, using his skills of mimicry with great effect and always with a twinkle in his eye. His warmth and compassion were very evident within seconds of meeting him and he loved life and lived it as fully and as passionately as he could. He will be dearly missed as a friend, a twin, a son, an outstanding linguist and an inspiring teacher.

**Ulf Hennig, Jacqueline Cockburn,
Maurice Lynn and Kevin Walsh**



PHAB 2007

'Phab' is a week-long programme that takes place every Summer at Westminster School. During this week the school plays host to thirty severely disabled people, all of whom require 24-hour care in some form. Thirty students from the top two years of the school are on hand for the entire week to host and care for the guests. Hannah Cutmore-Scott (AA) writes movingly about her experiences of this life-affirming event.



No factual description of the nature of Phab could quite do it justice, so I feel the best way to explain what Phab really means might simply be to relate what I got from it. The following comprises a few of my memories from the course.

Stu is 32 years old and has severe cerebral palsy, and spastic quadriplegia. As a result, the only way he can communicate is by means of a sophisticated computer which he uses to spell out what he wants to say. Sometimes, however, his computer isn't functioning properly, and so the only way we could understand him is by watching him spell out words letter by letter. On one such occasion we are having lunch in the pub when I realize that Stu is trying to tell me something. I hush everyone up and focus on the way he's moving his head - he taps to either side of his chair to spell out the letters. After a series of taps he reaches the letter 'I' on his keyboard and looks at me. "I!" I shout out, nodding back at him.

A few seconds later... "N! Ok!" A few more taps... "E!" the same few taps again... "I NEE... I need!! I need!! What do you need Stu?" A longer stream of taps before "Y!" and then... "O!"... "YOU!" I yell out, desperate to find out what he needs me to do. "I need you - Stu!" I need you!" The expectant look on my face only fades when I notice the look of smug self-satisfaction on his and hear the sudden uproar of laughter around me as my cheeks change from flushed to crimson... "You piece of..." I yell, creasing up with laughter along with everyone else.

My memory isn't great, I'll be the first to admit. I'm constantly forgetting where I put things or missing important engagements. I have trouble remembering birthdays. Conroy, however, has it worse than me. He can remember his birthday. He can remember his name and his parents' names. He cannot, on the other hand, remember what happened a minute ago. Due to a massive cerebral haemorrhage when he was thirteen, he has virtually no short-term memory - which made the dance and theatre workshop all the more challenging. Lines were out of the question. A complex dance routine - an impossibility. The best I could manage was (as insensitive as it sounds) to keep my cool in rehearsal. There is something so unexpectedly difficult about having to deal with that kind of a disability. The frustration that I felt when I realized that everything I had just said had had no lasting impact - the fact that I might as well have not said anything at all - is impossible to describe.

Home at last, I stand in the doorway to my bedroom, staring at the photographs on my wall. Hundreds of faces smile back at me. Pictures of parties, dance shows, sports events. All the faces are smiling - unabashedly and defiantly happy. I smile back at them as the tears start to course down my face, in one moment feeling every ounce of joy, sadness, frustration, gratitude, pain and exhaustion that the week had evoked. I collapse onto my bed, my eyes closing themselves tightly as if to force out the tears. All is quiet.



SEPTEMBER SATURDAY

As lessons drew to an end on a Saturday afternoon in September, live music filled the air, walking hand-in-hand with the scent of a delicious barbeque, recalls Ed Myung (LL) fondly.

Stalls were braced for an army of boys and girls who had just endured another half-day of hard work. Green was filled with colour and brought to life by the pupils who had each paid two pounds for the right to be in shag. Each House was designated a stall and in classic Westminster tradition, there was a lot of competition to see who could raise the most money for charity with the most inventive stalls.

Dryden's stuck with their successful formula from last year, making custom T-shirts which could be seen being sported by many pupils throughout the day, while Busby's added a little exotic touch to the afternoon by giving out pineapples as prizes, cut exclusively by Mr Mylne. Mr Riches in true Head-of-Water style, organised a tug of war competition in which people assembled teams of eight to fight for supremacy under the watchful eye of the Head Master. Team names such as Guns of Steel and Death Squad were suitably dramatic, and teams from the lower years had their crack at the Remove and Sixth Form teams.

While all this was going on, an execution was being prepared in the middle of Yard as Mr Hemsley-Brown, Head of Design and Technology, assembled the device with which a teacher would be gunged. As the preparation went on, people were frantically voting for their choice of teacher to be gunged. In the end it was a very close race between Mr Barot and Mr Baldock, both of whom were undoubtedly feeling the heat of the propaganda posted all round the Robert Hooke Science Centre over the preceding week by their very own Remove pupils. With one minute to go, Mr Barot, just like last year, led the votes but very generously, he splashed out £10 on votes for Mr Baldock, leaving Mr Baldock to be covered with this "mixture" of eggs and other mysterious substances. Whether Mr Barot's act was out of generosity or to save himself is debatable but I'm sure this has sparked some rivalry between the Physics and Biology departments.



All of this was of course for a good cause and over £6500 were raised for two of the main charities that we are supporting this year; The Muscular Dystrophy Campaign, who set up a few of their own stalls; and BasicNeeds. The Muscular Dystrophy Campaign is the only UK charity focusing on all muscular dystrophies and allied disorders and the charity has pioneered the search for treatments and cures for 45 years. BasicNeeds works to bring about lasting change in the lives of mentally ill people around the world with major schemes up and running in Southern India which have already brought about major change in the lives of over 10,000 people.



CRYSTALS AND PISTOLS: CAMILA BATMANGHELIDJH AND KIDS COMPANY

In October Camila Batmanghelidjh came to a packed John Locke to talk about “Crystals and Pistols: an analysis of children’s street culture.” Trained as a psychotherapist, in 1996 she founded Kids Company to help disadvantaged children rebuild their lives after neglect and abuse. In 2006, the charity supported over 11,000 vulnerable children. It has survived thanks to the support of charitable trusts, businesses and many individuals; on two occasions she has re-mortgaged her flat to keep the charity going. Maude Blake Sanders (PP), Kempe Brydges (CC) and Ed Myung (LL) interviewed her for The Elizabethan about her experiences.

How can child abuse be prevented?

I think that as a society, we must become vigilant about preventing child abuse. The way to do this is by identifying the families who are disturbed enough to abuse their own children: contrary to what you hear in the media, 90% of child abuse is committed by a person the child knows.

How did it feel when you first experienced gang culture?

When I first encountered gangs, which I prefer to refer to as a collective of lone children who turn to each other in times of trouble, I was in a state of shock and horror, but above all I was baffled as to why these children could see no hope. When I first talked to these deprived children, I was horrified by their stories of drug dealers placing guns in their mouths; they used to roll up their trousers and show me the stab wounds on their legs. You have to understand that in deprived communities police aren’t seen as the distributors

of justice, it is your family that distributes the justice at their discretion. The reason these gangs are formed in the first place is because many vulnerable children have no way to protect themselves in this kind of violent environment.

Has there been an escalation in gun crime recently or is it simply that it has had more media coverage?

There has definitely been a nationwide escalation. It’s important to realize that this isn’t happening just in London. I think what is happening nowadays is that children are banging their heads against brick walls, and by that I mean children need help but they can’t get it. They lose their concept of the value of human life, making them willing to do anything, which gives them a “dog-eat-dog” mentality, as they call it. Violence has become completely normalized in the parallel world they live in. To tackle the escalation, we have to target the dealers and addicts, because in contrast to privileged kids taking drugs recreationally with their peers, impoverished kids take hard drugs to forget the pain of abuse which they get from their very own parents.

Have you ever felt like giving up?

I’ve met kids filled with so much hatred and hopelessness that it has reduced me to tears. Working with these kids, you can really experience the brick wall that they keep hitting; I can’t count the number of times I’ve tried to get a boy into housing and his application has been denied, or tried to get a girl into a mental health clinic, only for her to be denied the treatment. However I have seen the kindness of other people who are so willing to help these deprived children, and that keeps me going. It’s never made me feel like giving up – it has only challenged me.

How do you go about restoring emotional health to the most disadvantaged in society?

You have to show them that their life matters to you. You must be passionate about their lives. You say things like, “I cannot bear to think that you might be dead tonight.” I have spoken to the leader of the Peckham Boys, a prominent gang, and he has said to me that he has never seen such emotion in his life from anyone as that he could see in my eyes. So I think you have to demonstrate the love that you have for them and that makes them want to at least try out hope.

What should the government be doing to help the most disadvantaged in society?

In this country, children’s issues are too low profile. I bet you cannot find a single civic leader that puts impoverished children high up on their agenda, and if children’s issues are moved up on the agenda, we will start to see some positive results. We need to break the drug addiction cycle, tackling both addicts and suppliers.

Do you feel anger towards the parents?

No. In most cases, the parents were abused when they were young as children, so it’s a vicious cycle of abuse. In most cases, the mother-child bond is still present, but they become so disturbed or addicted to substance abuse that this bond becomes overridden.

Doesn’t your detailed psychological explanation of antisocial behaviour remove personal responsibility (and thus means that any antisocial act can be justified by psychological factors)?

Quite the opposite, I think. It emphasizes personal responsibility of adults in positions of responsibility. Because of the phenomenon of severe emotional damage at a young age, we must do more to ensure that good quality care structures are available for children.

Thank you.

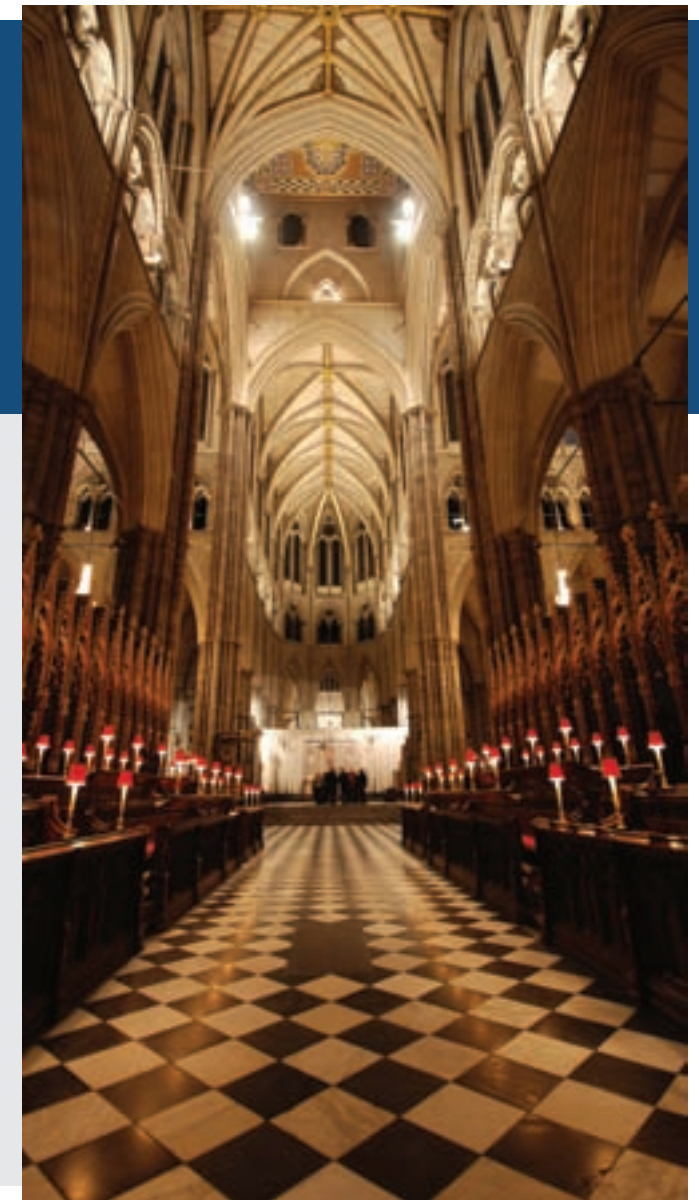
Readers wishing to offer financial help to Kids Company can find details at <http://kidsco.org.uk>

DAYDREAM BELIEVER

Sitting in the choir stalls looking up into the golden light pouring through stained glass windows, one realises that there is something special about Westminster Abbey, sighs Ollie Rees (GG).

Even if you do not think that God is actually listening to you sing “Jerusalem,” one cannot deny that just being surrounded by so much history and stone-cold tranquillity is incredibly relaxing, perfect for the start and end of the week. Compared to the desperately mind-numbing tradition of Latin Prayers, where nothing is learnt but Westminster’s sporting victories and (often) defeats, Abbey gives the believer and non-believer alike, opinion and discussion on current issues, ranging from organ donation to the religious significance of the latest blockbuster. The speakers are a mix of magniloquent and colloquial, and there is something for everyone, regardless of religious inclination. Abbey is also a time to put selfish inhibitions aside, commemorating the holocaust, wars and sacrifices made by others for your freedom.

On occasion the choir sings canorous melodies while the congregation reflects; the fifteen minutes of calm savoured in our hectic lives. Some irascible members of the school find Abbey irrelevant and boring: but that is just because they would rather be in bed than in the exceptional beauty of the Abbey. So, if you have had enough sleep, Abbey is a brilliant tradition, adding a degree of culture and peace to one’s life. It also means less lesson time on Mondays and Fridays too!



DUNGEONS ENLIGHTENED

The name ‘Dungeons’ conjures up images of small, dark, underground rooms with little in the way of comfortable furniture, and this is arguably a fair description of how the Sixth Form common room used to be, allows George Illingworth (GG).

This year however, thanks to Mr. Dudley-Smith as the new Head of Sixth Form, the listed chamber in the corner of Yard has been refurbished. New lighting, new furniture, a table football machine and a new kitchen all mean that Dungeons is in constant use during break, and it is now common to see people wandering around Yard with toast and mugs of tea. The room is also used by various societies and committees for meetings, and it is now open between 9pm and 10pm for boarders.





MATRONS AT WESTMINSTER

Penny Wright and Fay Boyman, members of the Matronage, spill the beans on this essential but sometimes misunderstood role in the life of a Boarding School, and reveal the secretive life of the laundry bag.

What does the word 'Matron' make you think of? For some it will be Hattie Jacques in the Carry On films, and Kenneth Williams shrieking 'Oooooh Matron!' after some awful *double entendre*. Older people may see a harridan with eyes in the back of her head, controlling her domain with an iron fist. But neither of these descriptions really fits the role that Matrons carry out at Westminster. Matrons are women who come from many walks of life, bringing with them many talents and experiences.

All the Houses have different characteristics and atmospheres. This is obviously largely due to the Housemaster, but for Boarding Houses, the personality of the House Matron also plays a considerable part. Matrons do not sit locked away, darning socks and counting bed sheets, but have an important pastoral role in the life of the Boarding House and the School as a whole. Matrons, without usurping the role of the mother, try to provide the care and attention that would be provided if the pupil were living at home. As any mother would, she nags the untidy ones, comforts the ill, encourages those less sure of themselves and acts as a listening ear for those with problems and uncertainties.

At the start of the school year, for instance, once new Boarders have settled in, they have to face the dreaded medical. Matrons start the

process by measuring the pupils' height and weight and can play a big part in allaying fears. Rumour, spread by smug pupils who have already survived the process, is rife, so her calming reassurances are vital. There may be hospital, physiotherapy or dental appointments to arrange and accompany pupils to, or an emergency dash to A&E. She may have to ensure a pupil is properly taking medication as prescribed by the School doctor. There is much liaising with parents to be done. Being the custodians of other people's children, we keep parents informed of any health issues or worries. Having said that, Matrons are also the souls of discretion, so if a pupil wishes to have someone to confide in, he or she should be able to talk to a Matron with the knowledge that they will receive wise advice.

Laundry however, retains its special place in Matron's scheme of things. In every Boarding House, once a week, the cleaning ladies and Matron battle their way through a mountain of sheets, duvet covers, pillow cases and damp towels. The system in the House requires the cooperation of pupils to vacate their beds in a timely fashion. In reality, this rarely happens. What is therefore sometimes required are strong and persuasive tactics to strip the bed with them *in situ*! Pupils are expected to remake their beds with the fresh linen provided before going to sleep the following night. A few prefer to sleep on the mattress rather than subject themselves to the arduous task of fitting a sheet.

Laundry bags are supposed to be filled with used boxers, shirts and sports kit every night. By tradition though, these items are left strewn around the study bedrooms, hidden under pillows, wedged

behind the bed, jammed into drawers, anywhere, in fact, except in the actual laundry bag. Sorting the contents of a boy's laundry bag can be a most illuminating experience. You see the artists, the messy eaters, those with leaking pens, and all manner of other fascinating things.

Last, but not least, we have the Sock Bag. This requires only the placement of the socks used each day in a bag. Not a feat that should tax the brain of a Westminster pupil, you might think; alas, it is indeed a task that defeats the majority. Socks come rolled into tight little balls, inside out, with unexplained holes and with strange lumps in the toe. The latter is the second pair of socks, worn inside, for extra warmth, to fill out the too-loose shoe, or to make up the deficit of holey socks. Boys forget to zip up the wretched bag and all the contents always spill out in the washing machine. Every week. As the year progresses, the piles of unnamed clothes that sit uncollected outside Matrons' flats grow to a vast height, and are only ever searched through when boys run out of clothes to wear, when, if allowed, they will make off with someone else's clothing, usually something that doesn't fit.

Matrons provide pupils with food. Growing boys are like premature babies, they need two hourly feedings, so Matrons make sure that there is plenty of food available in the evenings and will provide occasional extra treats, and of course the all-important birthday cakes.

Matron has to oversee the domestic arrangements in the House and ensure its smooth running. Matrons oversee the cleaners in their Houses - building good relationships and sharing essential information. Matrons often show prospective parents and pupils round the House, offering a real feel for it and whether boarding might be something that might suit their particular child.

Extracurricular activities include supplying the First Aid around the School and on Expeditions and outings, sorting lost property and keeping the Scholars tidy at crucial ceremonies. Matrons are increasingly emerging from Houses and can be seen on Expeditions, trips and various School activities, giving them the chance to integrate with pupils from other Houses and members of Common Room. They are keen to be part of the whole School community, to have their talents, interests and experience recognised and utilised.

THE LYKE WAKE WALK

The Lyke Wake Walk, for those of you lucky enough not to know, asserts a bold Joshua Borin (WW), is a walk of about 42 miles across the North York Moors.

For some reason, the Westminster environment seems to breed a significant number of pupils willing to undergo pain, tiredness and in some cases, injury, to add this feather to their caps. So it was that after school on the first day of October exeat, some 14 of us found ourselves eating pies baked by the women of Osmotherley, the village that marks the beginning of the walk. One by one, the three groups set off into the night, though not before Mr. Tocknell had removed from our bags the 10 kilos of food my group of four had deemed necessary for the trek. The walk is traditionally started one evening, and then takes all night and most of the next day. We were feeling confident; we had one of the most experienced Lyke Wake Walkers alive in our group, Ransford Agyare-Kwabie. However, it soon transpired, after we took a wrong turning in the first ten minutes, that despite having completed the walk nearly half a dozen times, that any help he afforded us was only to be emotional, not practical. The walk itself was uneventful: we got lost several times in the mist the next morning; a group of rowers managed to incapacitate themselves by trying to complete the walk in 12 hours; breakfast and lunch were highs and the rest of the walk was misery. When, 17 hours later, aching, delirious, and almost certainly very smelly, we reached the path up to the radio mast signifying the end of our ordeal, we linked arms and sang 'Jerusalem'.

I recommend it to anyone who wants to find out just what you can achieve when you push yourself far beyond your better sensibilities. But despite the incredible sense of achievement, I would never, ever, do it again. Not for a while at least.



WESTMINSTER AT LARGE: CHARITIES THROUGH THE YEAR

Unsurprisingly, given its Christian origins, Westminster has always been involved with the wider community. Over the years pupils and teachers have raised hundreds of thousands of pounds for people in need around the world. From one-off fundraisers to long-term commitments both to local and international outfits, this is a snapshot of the charitable work that goes on consistently at Westminster. Here, Sébastien Fivaz (WW), Fortuné Penniman (DD), Marie Kang (AA) and Elita Lai (PP), report on a selection of just a few of the fundraising events that have taken place this year.

Jim Cogan's Legacy

Jim Cogan taught at Westminster between 1964 and 1999 (see page 4). He set up a number of charities in his lifetime. One such charity is Alive and Kicking, which produces cheap, reliable footballs, for Africans, from African leather using African skills with messages about diseases such as malaria and HIV-AIDS.

This charity has been supported at a number of events this year: a collection at the end of the Carol Service, which took place last term, raised almost £4100, which was split between Alive and Kicking and TreeHouse (see right); the Dryden's and Wren's House Play raised just over £250; the Dryden's Bake Sale also raised over £220, £100 more than is usually raised at cake sales in the School.

Another charity Jim Cogan set up is Students Partnership Worldwide, one of the earliest charity gap-year schemes, prompted by the ever-increasing wealth-gap between developing and developed countries. The partnership sends British students to Africa, India and Nepal to learn, teach, and work in the local communities.

Oxfam

There is little reason to visit any other bookshop once you've been to this Oxfam bookshop. The second-hand books, DVDs and CDs sold are donated from publishing houses, customers and newspaper agencies. Genres range from fiction, memoirs to books on theology and Shakespeare, everything sold for about half their original price. As volunteers, we shelve books and tap away at the till while chatting to customers. Pay us a visit next time you pop down Strutton Ground for a sandwich. Unexpected bargains and friendly volunteers await you.

Pullen Centre

On Tuesdays, we go to the Pullen Day Care Centre to entertain and talk to elderly people. At first we found it very difficult to entertain and take care of them; we knew absolutely nothing about them and often felt a little awkward, but fortunately the managers were very friendly and they knew exactly what they were doing.

We organised many events, mostly music and quizzes. Through these activities and generally talking to them, we got to know each other and now enjoy each others' company immensely. We often play games with them and some of us have even learnt how to knit. However, the most interesting part by far is listening to the stories of their lives, even if the pensioners can be a little repetitive. Some are exciting, some funny, but many very sad. Indirectly, we are able to experience our futures through their stories. If you have a caring heart and are either a good listener or a good entertainer, or even both, you should join us and you will have a lot of fun.

The Fashion Show

In March the Fashion Show (see page 25) raised about £3200 for Kids Company (see page 18) and the Microloan Foundation. The Microloan Foundation is a charity that offers small loans, of between £15 and £350, which are repayable over a period of between four and twelve months, to women in sub-Saharan Africa to set up small businesses and trade themselves out of poverty. It has a repayment rate of 96% and expects to make 15 000 such loans this year. Each borrower gets free business training before being given their loan, and the more experienced clients are trained in the skills that allow them to build more complex and resilient businesses.

AIDS Awareness

A number of events have taken place this academic year to raise the awareness of AIDS and raise money for various AIDS charities at Westminster. The Westminster AIDS Committee was established to organise these.

In the Play Term, the Westminster AIDS Week was organised between 26th November 2007 and 1st December 2007, to coincide with World AIDS Day, which was held on the last day of the Week. The charity supported was the Terrence Higgins Trust, the largest AIDS charity in the United Kingdom. It was one of the first charities to be set up to deal with the HIV epidemic. It educates people about AIDS and how to avoid catching the disease; it also provides treatment and support for those who are already infected. An independent charity, it also works with the NHS.

Ribbons were sold to pupils, staff and parents throughout the week, during Break and Lunch and also at the School Concert up Saint John's, Smith Square. Numerous posters about HIV-AIDS were also put up around the School. Almost £1600 was raised during the Week. At the end of the Term, small toys were also collected to send as Christmas presents to children orphaned because of the disease in the Kondwe Centre in Africa.

A Shag Day was held in March, when pupils were asked to wear red against AIDS. The event raised more than £1400, which went

towards Children With AIDS Charity, which was set up in 1992 to help the youngest of HIV-AIDS sufferers maintain a decent quality of life, and the Kondwe Centre.

TreeHouse

Some fundraising events were held in aid of TreeHouse, an autism charity which provides services to children suffering from the disease, notably a school, and carries out research into the disease. A Krispy Kreme sale was organised, money from the Carol Service collection was split between this cause and Alive and Kicking and there was a collection of old mobile phones, which were recycled and for which TreeHouse was donated some money. About £2500 was raised. As well as raising money, information about the charity was given out at these events.

Alone In London

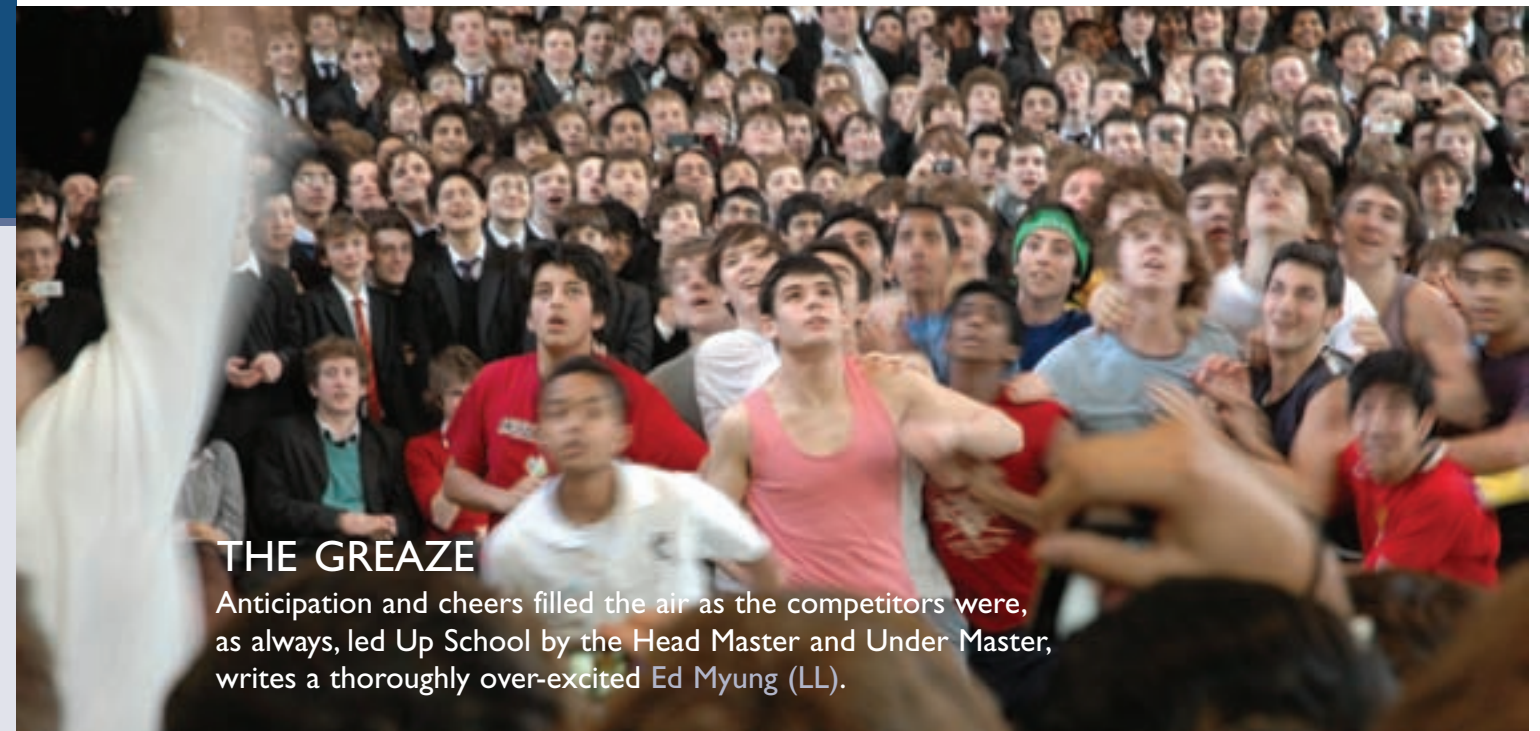
The collections at the end of the productions of Romeo and Juliet raised more than £400 for Alone In London, a homeless charity that has been supported by the Drama Department for many years.

SOS Children

The Rock Concert raised about £75 for SOS Children, the world's largest orphan charity, which cares for large groups of children in so-called children's villages and youth homes.

Community Service

This report appears in the Station section on page 96.



THE GREAZE

Anticipation and cheers filled the air as the competitors were, as always, led Up School by the Head Master and Under Master, writes a thoroughly over-excited Ed Myung (LL).

The raucous noise died down as the chef stepped up with frying pan in hand to throw the pancake, composed of dough and horse hair, over the Greaze pole. The first throw fell far short of the deceptively high pole and the chef nervously collected the pancake for a second time. With all the rumours going around as to what could be done to cheffy according to the ancient rule if he failed another time, he had every right to be nervous. The second time, the pancake was debatably declared to have gone over; the pancake had certainly hit the bar – however whether it went over was unclear from many perspectives. Nevertheless the wrestle had begun with David Zargaran showing a promising start with an early pancake grab. One competitor, realising he had little chance to grab a significant chunk, claimed to have the pancake so as to at

least make his Greaze experience all the more worthwhile. As the minute-long wrestle drew to a close, there was confusion as to what had actually occurred within the mass of boys. Everyone with a piece of the pancake lined up to get their piece weighed but it was David Zargaran who emerged the victor. The Head Master, responding to the Dean, declared a Play for the next academic year and cheers again filled the air.

After the event, it emerged that a very cunning plan had been executed; the victor, who had enjoyed an early grab of the pancake, ripped off half to keep the other boys distracted while he stood unsuspected and unchallenged for the largest chunk. Brainy or what?



HOUSE SINGING

I suppose the best way to approach house singing might be to talk about its importance in the school calendar, as a binding experience, which brings together the old and the new in a spirit of bitter, inter-house rivalry, and, of course, builds the pupils' characters, offers a resigned Robert Ellard (HH) about this eagerly-awaited annual event.

A pupil of Rigaud's approached me the day of the event, and asked me why I didn't plan to sing. Ignoring for a moment the clear subtext underlying this statement, I simply replied by saying that I didn't like the song. This irked the gentleman in question, who, with an expression of deepest concentration, pronounced me to be working against all that was important to Westminster. He said, with all the self-conviction of the truly irredeemable, that the event was vital, as it increased "House Spirit."

So to the event itself. The Friday before the 'big day', I sat in the library, listening to a procession of (mercifully brief) pieces of musical exhibitionism. Busby's emerged saying, "We were better than last year", and proved it, by being unceremoniously disqualified. Liddell's, under new management, attaching great importance to the aforementioned house spirit, looked good until faction decreed that the song must change, and were knocked out as insufficiently good. Ashburnham, despite the apparent musical genius of their accompanists, couldn't cope with the not-overwhelmingly complicated rhythms of *Mamba #5*, and failed to qualify. Dryden's

were Dryden's, and got nowhere. This left a musical rump of Rigaud's, College, Grant's, Milne's, Wren's, Purcell's and Hakluyt's.

Perhaps it is best to begin at the beginning. After the obligatory screaming and shouting, things got underway with Rigaud's doing a line in Robbie Williams impersonations. As such things go, they might rank as barely competent. Something about a large group of kids in sunglasses bawling about how they want to 'entertain you' is inevitably off-putting. They won, in the end. Milne's came forth with a version of a song called *Everybody Needs Somebody*, which was apparently brilliant if you knew it, but just sounded dross, despite their insistence that nothing anyone else could do would make a difference. Grant's thought they were Scottish for an evening, and entered the fray with The Proclaimers. Unfortunately, the seeming complexity of the song led them to produce some truly remarkable discords. College continued their healthy boarding house obsession with the homo-erotic, and gave a superb version of *Take Your Mama* from the Scissor Sisters, make-up and all. Wren's apparently got carried away with having actually qualified for once; their version of *Build Me Up Buttercup* suffered from the fatal problem of being a juxtaposition between some of the best classical instrumentalists in the school and a bunch of roaring blokes. The resulting melee was something like watching Arnold Schwarzenegger trying to keep guinea pigs. Purcell's claimed that they were being brave in giving a version of *Walking on Sunshine* with only a piano and a saxophone in attendance. They sounded much like everyone else. This left Hakluyt's, the mighty blue army, captained by the glorious Ikenna. He claimed, pre-rehearsal, that what they were doing was the most exciting and new thing ever done for House Singing; apparently, some credit was given to this. Some credit must go to Rigaud's for proving conclusively that what matters is that indefinable idea of house spirit. The only other explanation I can think of is that the judges' panel, seeing how awful the interval act were, came to their decision prematurely to shut them up. Never mind. There will be another year for some.

FEAR AND POSING ON THE STAGES: THE FASHION SHOW

After weeks of the perpetual dramas in which there appeared to be a constant stream of models dropping out, it was to my great surprise that the fashion show was as successful as it was, gasps fellow-organiser Otilie Wilford (GG).



As I was merely helping to organise the environmental section of the fashion show, I was not beset by the unending trials and tribulations of the main organisers, Anna Gibbs, Amy Thompson and Max Gill.

Some people even dropped after the first practice, so horrified were they at the prospect of so many eyes on them. The fact that there was a lack of attendance at the meticulously-planned rehearsals meant it was difficult for Anna to instil the correct way of strutting upon the models. This was a severe problem; the first rehearsal I went to consisted of girls awkwardly charging down the catwalk, fiddling with their sleeves and trying very hard not to giggle. The boys however seemed much less threatened by the catwalk and I was told by one spectator at the show itself that they seemed 'a lot

more into it than the girls'. However, as the show approached, the models began to understand the importance of the rehearsals and although it took forever for some to overcome their embarrassment, eventually people seemed to resemble something much closer to a catwalk model.

The names of the sections were at times perplexing. Although some were lucky enough to appear in the 'Topshop' section, the models appearing in the part of the show wearing dresses constructed from playing cards and *papier maché* were unsurprisingly panicky. However, our doubts were soon forgotten after the first dress rehearsal: the fragile dresses were highly innovative and well-executed, generating an air of originality that added another dimension to the fashion show. Natalie Fiennes, Josephine Lethbridge and I decided to create a section that showed how fashion can be environmentally friendly by exhibiting models wearing fashionable vintage and recycled clothes. The outfits in the 'animal' section too were much less daunting than expected. Despite the striking effect it had in terms of initiating the show, I feel the girls made to wear skin-tight, all-in-one leotards had the most daunting job of all. Many members of the audience commented on how these sections created a whole extra element of interest and diversity to the show.

Backstage there was an atmosphere fraught with high anticipation and thrill as we neared our actual appearance. Yet despite our fears, everyone returned with a smile, happy from braving their fears and embracing the exhilarating atmosphere; 'it was actually just quite fun' one previously nervous model told me. This sense of fun meant that the hours of toil and effort seemed utterly worth it; the amount of money raised that meant the struggles during the organisation seemed a distant memory when one observed the sheer spectacle of the event. The audience seemed to appreciate the imaginative quality and variety of each section. Some, too, were struck by the environmental message that the floral section aimed to put across. Fashion, charity and fun – what more could one want?



WASTE
PAPER
RECYCLING

ENVIRONMENT ACTION GROUP

Despite the environmental contribution to the fashion show, progress in the new Environmental Action group this year has been rather slow, comments a frustrated Ottie Wilford (GG).

The new group was initiated as a result of concerns expressed by many pupils and different pupil-led sub-committees are charged with identifying matters and coming up with solutions that affect us in school. Yet this current lull is soon to be turned around due to some innovative new projects being initiated this term. Volunteers feel that the general attitude at the school towards the environment is in dire need of a drastic change if the school is going to make any impact even locally on how we continue to use the planet.

We feel it is important to enlighten students and teachers to the means by which they can buy new goods such as clothes and DVDs and so on without supporting companies that make such an inordinate contribution to global warming with the carbon emissions from manufacturing and transport. Which is why we decided to promote vintage clothes in the fashion show; to illustrate to people the possibility of being both stylish and environmentally conscious. To promote this idea about the benefits of second-hand goods we are organizing a jumble sale for September Saturday. We hope students will bring in desirable items no longer used by them that someone else may find use for.

Alongside this project we are also initiating an art prize for the Fifth Form. The idea is to construct innovative sculptures made out of recycled materials that will be judged in a competition and the winner announced in Latin Prayers with a prize yet to be revealed!

By the end of the Election Term the school will start recycling, John Locke will be dedicated to the environment, collection for the jumble sale will start and likewise the art competition. We hope that this week of action, combined with further new projects on the horizon, will alert students to the importance we need to place on the environment, our only world.

ANGELS OF ETHIOPIA

Ex-Westminster Francesca Church's recent exhibition held in the History of Art department, *Angels of Ethiopia*, documented her work at the home for the Dying and Destitute in Ethiopia, writes Ben Street.



Having had her camera stolen early on in her trip, Francesca relied on her sketchbooks and fluency with a paintbrush to capture the combination of devastating illness and unexpected joy she found while working with the Missionaries of Charity. Taking as her starting point a large canvas painted in collaboration with a group of mentally ill adults depicting the four beasts of the Apocalypse, Francesca devised an epic narrative that followed a small boy through scenes of horrendous poverty and inspiring kindness, guided by each of the four animals. Blazing colour and abstracted forms characterise her style, which radiates with the heat of the desert and the keyed-up tone of Ethiopian garments. Displayed as a continuous cycle around the walls of the room, each painting and drawing formed part of this narrative whose keynote was one of hope rather than sorrow.

In a CNN report screened at the opening, Francesca talked passionately about the need for a sympathetic presence in the final hours of these people's lives, and the paintings and drawings are a testament to her admirable optimism in the face of horrendous human suffering. The opening was attended by over 400 people, all of whom expressed their admiration for Francesca's incredible bravery and generosity of spirit. The exhibition raised about £10,000, all of which will go directly towards the work of the Missionaries of Charity in Ethiopia.

MODEL UNITED NATIONS XVI: FUN FUN FUN!

This year marked the resurrection of Westminster School's Model United Nations, our first in three years, announces Mark Wainwright (WW).



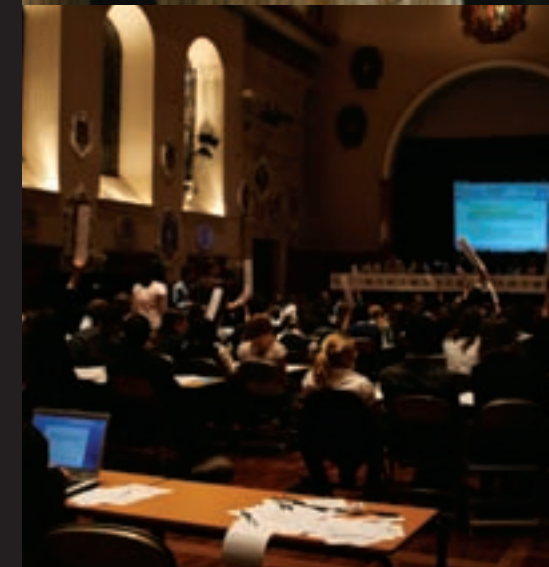
There were over a hundred delegates in twenty-four delegations from fifteen schools, including three from Westminster, and each represented a different country. After a brief introductory session where the delegations introduced themselves, the delegates split up into committees chaired by Westminster pupils. As a member of the press I had the task of reporting on committees and producing a newsletter. I also had the power to intercept notes which the secretariat carried between delegates. These notes were sometimes silly and occasionally amorous but they were usually relevant to the debate. The resolutions I reported on included, "Iran must reveal all of its nuclear technology." And "Middle-Eastern countries are banned from trading weapons." Most delegates seemed extremely well-prepared and the standard of debating was very high. They rose to the spirit of the occasion admirably and defended their countries interests with fervour, even if at times this meant betraying their own political opinions...or friends.

On Sunday afternoon everyone went to the General Assembly to debate a selection of the resolutions

which had been passed. As they were doing this, a number of delegates were mysteriously called out and sent to the Security Council. They were told that Finland and Canada had suddenly invaded Burkina Faso. Representatives for those countries were asked to explain their actions (they had conclusive evidence of humanitarian atrocities). The others present then debated, unprepared, the rescue of refugees; provision of aid and military assistance; and who was entitled to the rebuilding contracts.

By the time the crisis was resolved and the Security Council had returned to the General Assembly a rather more sinister plot was underway. The Iranian-led "League of Evil" had assembled the support of most of the other nations and was planning an airborne invasion of the United States.

The Model United Nations this year was extremely well-organised and terrific fun. Fun for me in the press frantically trying to release one last issue before everyone went home. Fun for the delegates trying to pass their wildly optimistic resolutions and attacking their opponents'. And fun for the chairs and secretariat straining to keep order throughout the madness.





COLLEGE

College life remains upbeat as ever, centring on the kitchen and College window-sills where an ever-expanding group compete with Matron to solve the day's crosswords and polygons whilst browsing the papers.

Though not the most successful year College has seen in House competitions, our rich vein of form in House Netball continued, reaching the semi-finals before succumbing to the professionals, in the form of Purcell's, in extra-time. Prior to that, House Singing was a success. Performing the Scissor Sisters classic, *'Take Your Mama Out'*, we finished 3rd and only one and a half points behind the winners.

There have also been some notable appearances at Abbey services. Beyond the Eucharists twice a term, the Lent Term saw two other services, the first was an invitation to attend the Queen's 60th Wedding anniversary, the second a memorial service for Jim Cogan and the opportunity to sing a psalm from Compline to the full Abbey alongside Ian Bostridge (OW). Both experiences will be remembered vividly by all of us.

House spirit remains strong, so all that is left to be said is *Amici usque ad aras!*



DRYDEN'S

One thing is for sure – this year's House insurance premium will certainly be more expensive! The array of silverware collected over the academic year is nothing if not impressive. The end of term service in St. Mark's Church was dominated by Dryden's, highlighting what a fantastic year it has been for the House. Pupils from all years have matched their recognised academic prowess with striking performances on the extracurricular front.

The year kicked off with the House clinching victory in the Towpath, with an exceptional all round performance from the Fifth Form and a couple of brilliant runs in the senior years. This was followed up by another athletics trophy in the Bringsty Relay. Once again it was the lower years particularly that made everyone sit up and take note. Hopefully these athletics successes can be followed up by claiming the final athletics trophy at Sports Day; completing the 'hat-trick'. Everyone is fully confident of doing so.

The Dryden's lower school were once again successful in the junior House six-a-side football competition, prevailing in a tight 1–0 final victory. Perhaps the greatest achievement arrived however in the football House eleven-a-side. The House won the trophy for the first time since 1938 with some hard-grafting performances and a fantastic house spirit, eventually triumphing in a well fought final against Rigaud's, winning 2–1 on penalties.

The excellent team spirit was of no surprise and is certainly not confined to the sporting arena. It seems to be a constant feature of Dryden's and improves year on year. This of course is no small part due to close relationships between pupils of all years and staff alike.

Such exciting potential in the lower school and growing confidence surging through the entire house creates the best platform for success in the immediate future-perhaps even victory in the house singing competition beckons! Surely Dryden's label of being the 'trophy-less House' has been banished.

GRANT'S

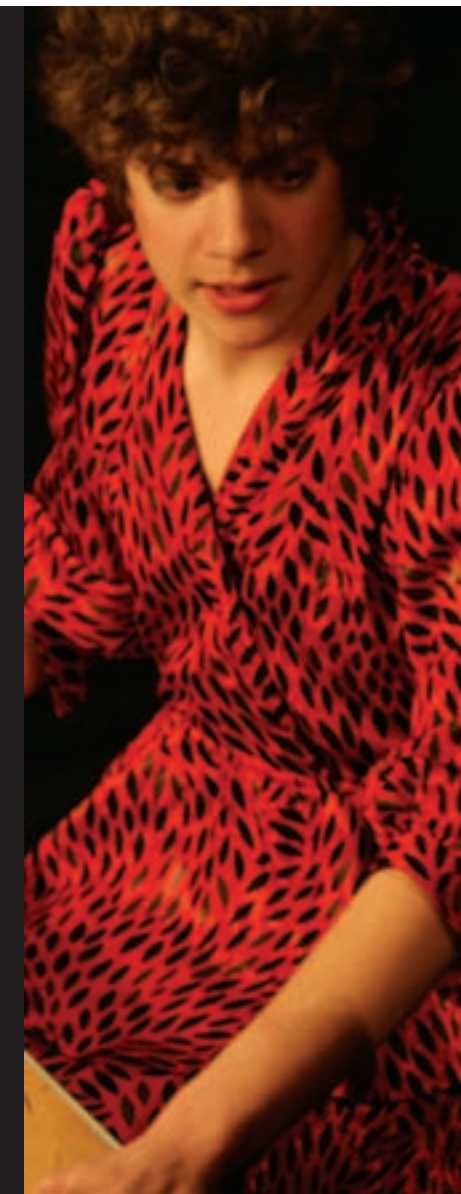
Hello. This year has been a good, nay an excellent, year for Grant's. The big news of course is that we have a new Housemaster. Mr. Hargreaves has brought joy, inspiration and many, many lamps to Grant's, with boundless optimism and a never-ceasing smile that vanquishes darkness and makes small babies stop crying. Other than that, nothing much has changed; Grant's continues to fail comfortably in sporting endeavours, perhaps with the exception of shooting. The Towpath once again brought out the competitive side in all Grantites as everybody struggled furiously to avoid selection for the team. Apparently we're quite good at chess though.

Grant's used its reputation as one of the worst houses at sport, combined with a pessimistic but surprisingly effective 4–0–1 formation to charge through the 6-a-side House football competition into the semis, where we were narrowly beaten in the closing seconds (to the dismay of a red-faced Mr Hargreaves on the sidelines) by Hakluyt's. We ended up coming 3rd out of 10 which rather upset the natural order of things in the House – hopefully next year we'll be back to a more familiar 'unplaced'. The 11-a-side was a soothing return to normality as we were dismissed comprehensively, once again by Hakluyt's. We did, however,

beat them at Fives – a much more important sport, according to Mr Kemball.

Thanks to an administrative error, Grant's was this year allocated its own House concert. Nibbles and orange juice set the tone for the evening and everybody settled down to enjoy some lurvely music. This wealth of musical talent was reflected in the fact that for the first time in years, Grant's actually made it into the final of the House Singing competition, with a heart-wrenching 'interpretation' of *'I would walk 500 miles'* by The Proclaimers. It would however seem what with everybody being so excited by the prospect of actually being in the final of something for once, that come the big night, we forgot all the words and most of the dance moves. What we lacked in talent and organisational skills, we made up for with kilts. The video's on Facebook if you're feeling brave.

Grant's also decided to put on a play this year – *'The Dining Room'* by A.R.Gurney. A huge cast, along with some truly heroic advertising, ensured that MFH was packed out both nights. Worryingly convincing cross-dressing and a huge effort by all made them very entertaining. Ann Tucker has just arrived as the new House Matron, and we are enjoying getting to know her, while wishing Penny Wright all the best for the future.



PURCELL'S

My favourite moment in Purcell's so far this year has been Carnation Day, our house charity event. Members of the School were very generous and bought so many carnation slips that at one point it looked as if there wouldn't be enough flowers! This crisis was averted, however, and on Carnation Day itself we descended upon Yard complete with red costumes and angel wings, carrying buckets of flowers. We managed to raise £1140 for our two House charities, the Royal Marsden Hospitan in London and Blessing Streams, based in Bangalore in India to help slum children.

Purcell's has also enjoyed success in House competitions during the year. In Play Term, we got through to the finals of House Singing with an ardently cheerful rendition of *'Walking on Sunshine'*. Sadly we weren't chosen for the top three, but good fun was had by all and it definitely

broke the ice between the Remove and the new Sixth Formers. Then in Lent Term, the House Netball competition proved to be a highlight – Purcell's came second, setting a new House record. Purcell's also reached the final of the House debating.

Upcoming activities include the Purcell's House concert, and more unusually, a sponsored three-legged race to raise money for the Teenage Cancer Trust. In the latter event we shall be lolloping around Green as many times as we can manage whilst dressed in weird and wonderful attire, doubtless to the great amusement of the rest of the School. Meanwhile, life at Purcell's goes on as normal, with mass pilgrimages to the TV room when *Hollyoaks* is on, the occasional fire alarm due to burnt toast, and the ongoing struggle to keep noise at a level agreeable to Barton Street's other residents.



BUSBY'S

Busby's has had an interesting year, earning rather fewer podium places in House competitions than our gallant performances undoubtedly deserved. Due to frictions over our song choice, Busby's ultimately ended up choosing its song for the House Singing competition rather late. Although our inspiring performance tugged at the Judges' heartstrings, due to what we suspect were illicit sweeteners from Rigaud's, Busby's did not make it past the audition. To our horror this anti-Busbite conspiracy extended much further than we initially thought, leading to us being slighted in House Football, Netballing, Tow-path and Bringsty relays successively. These defeats, however, have not embittered us, and the House has magnanimously been sponsoring Alex Chalho, helping to pay for his education at the Mvumi School in Tanzania. A little closer to home, a new milk machine has been installed in Busby's kitchen that delivers chilled milk on demand. While some might call it the House's biggest success of the year, we are confident of surpass-

ing this with a crushing victory over Liddell's in the upcoming paintball match.

On the other hand our House concert contained many sterling performances, with many thanks to Mr Sproat for his hard work in organising it. On an individual level the House has also excelled, with Daniel Rix-Standing earning himself a place in Great Britain's rowing junior team, a feat, says Dan, that hasn't been accomplished since the Romans lived in Britain. Ted Tregear, Ed Muffet and Roland Walters also were part of the winning J15 crew at the School's Head, an impressive result. Busby's also miraculously managed, rather like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat, to produce an issue of the 'College Street Clarion', thanks to the many hours of hard work put in by the editing team to beat the magazine into a publishable form. The new Sixth Form girls have also been quick off the mark, with Anna Gibbs and Max Gill investing a tremendous amount of time and effort into organising this year's fashion show which was an

unqualified success; over £3000 was raised for charities Kids Company and MicroLoan. Amy Thompson has also been running the Model United Nations this year, an inter-school event in which Amy plays the role of Secretary General.

So it has been a year more of cultural than athletic excellence – the breadth of Busby's talent knows no bounds! But whilst the sporting outlook has so far been less rosy than usual, there is yet hope for the future, with Busby's famous cricket team taking the crease for this year's Inter-House Cricket competition, and the much-feared Busby's Fives team also revving into gear with an early victory in the house competition. The individual achievements of Busby's this year have been impressive, and we hope to propel ourselves to new heights.



WREN'S

The year began with the House Singing competition in which Wren's managed to qualify for the first time ever. Not having embarrassed our new intake enough we forced them to perform in Christopher Wren's Birthday Party where they showed off their various talents in such things as jazz singing, comedy acting and mind-reading; a most impressive display. Those who enjoyed further humiliation then decided to join Wren's (and Dryden's) House Plays. The Wren's House Play was written and directed by our very own Ben Laker and featured the acting talents of Wren's students from every year. It was enjoyable both to perform in and, apparently, to watch. The final performance of the year was the Wren's House Concert (again with Dryden's) where we displayed the great number and high quality of our wind instrumentalists.

Despite our musicians, Wren's is not just about blowing hot air. Over the year we have achieved great sporting success. We came second in the Towpath and third in the Bringsty Relays. Our 11-a-side football team also came third and our 6-a-side football team won the plate. The pinnacle of Wren's achievement, however, came at the end of the Lent term when, after defeating Purcell's in the finals, the House Netball team came home with the trophy.



RIGAUD'S

Weary traveller, rest a while. Let me tell you of my home. From our creation, we were innately aware of our purpose. Only the strongest would survive our rigorous training in the arts of Warfare and Love on the barren plains of Alston, and those of us who together did were the greatest army of our time; utterly united in vision – and in destiny.

Our glory-deeds were numberless. The coveted Tennis Plate adorns the walls of our mead-hall; the young thane Alex Rankine brought honour to Rigaud's when he smashed cricketing records with 157 runs; we vanquished the proud sons of Hakluyt to reach the finals of the House Football Competition, and House Debating saw the wisest of our number defeat all challengers to bring home yet another trophy. Yet all this pales against our greatest achievement: for the second time in four years, Rigaud's clamoured to victory in House Singing. Our war cry, *Ipsu Razu*, even now strikes terror into the hearts of those who dared to stand against us. Ah, 'twas a night to remember.

Magnanimous in victory, we shared our celebrations with our new vassals: the skill of our minstrels and bards was again proven at the house concert, while the House play, Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw*, packed a theatre of over-awed fans on every night of its orgiastic run.

Friend, for me, the journey is now complete. Under the tutelage of our adopted father, Mr. Tompkins, and our goodly Matron mother, a new generation replaces the old. We rest easy knowing that they inherit our legacy. Some are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them. In Rigaud's, we did all three.



HAKLUYT'S

This year has brought great success to a great House. As usual Hakluyt's has excelled in all areas of school life: winning the House Football, claiming second place in House Singing, and reaching the finals of the House Debating Competition for the second year running. This year has also seen the launch of the much-envied Hakluyt's House Website, making ours the fifth such House to have one.

The most significant change to Hakluyt's this year has, however, been the scaffolding shrouding the building, obscuring what is usually a dominating presence in Yard. In addition, many Hakluytians were stunned to walk in one morning and find an entire wall had vanished. Truly we can all rest assured that our House is not suffering from neglect!

As well as the fantastic achievements in sport and academia, the House continues to maintain its friendly atmosphere. At time of writing we are eagerly awaiting the House paintballing trip, and also the annual Hakluyt's-Liddell's House concert. One of our Tutors, Mr Pyatt, has been on sabbatical recently; we wish him the best of luck, and look forward to his return in the coming year.

Finally, we look with great anticipation towards the upcoming House Shooting competition, the first ever held, and the House Athletics Competition – can we win it again? Of course, for many this is our last year in the school, and we would all like to thank our Housemaster, Mr Kemball, for making our time in Hakluyt's such an enjoyable experience.



MILNE'S



Milne's is ten years old in 2008. Despite being the youngest house, Milne's has definitely established its own traditions and marked its place in the school. Once we had all come to terms with the fact that the tenth year would not be marked by House Singing victory, Milnites have had an exciting year of triumphs and near-misses, but most importantly have carried out both with immense enthusiasm and house pride, and more often than not, adorned in cut up orange T-shirts and face paint.

Milne's tradition is now to organise a variety of unusual activities. This Christmas saw successful carol singing for visitors from the Pullen Centre, where the Fifth Form singers were joined by the most of the Milne's girls and an instrumental ensemble. The House concert, shared with Ashburnham, was extremely impressive, and this year featured our

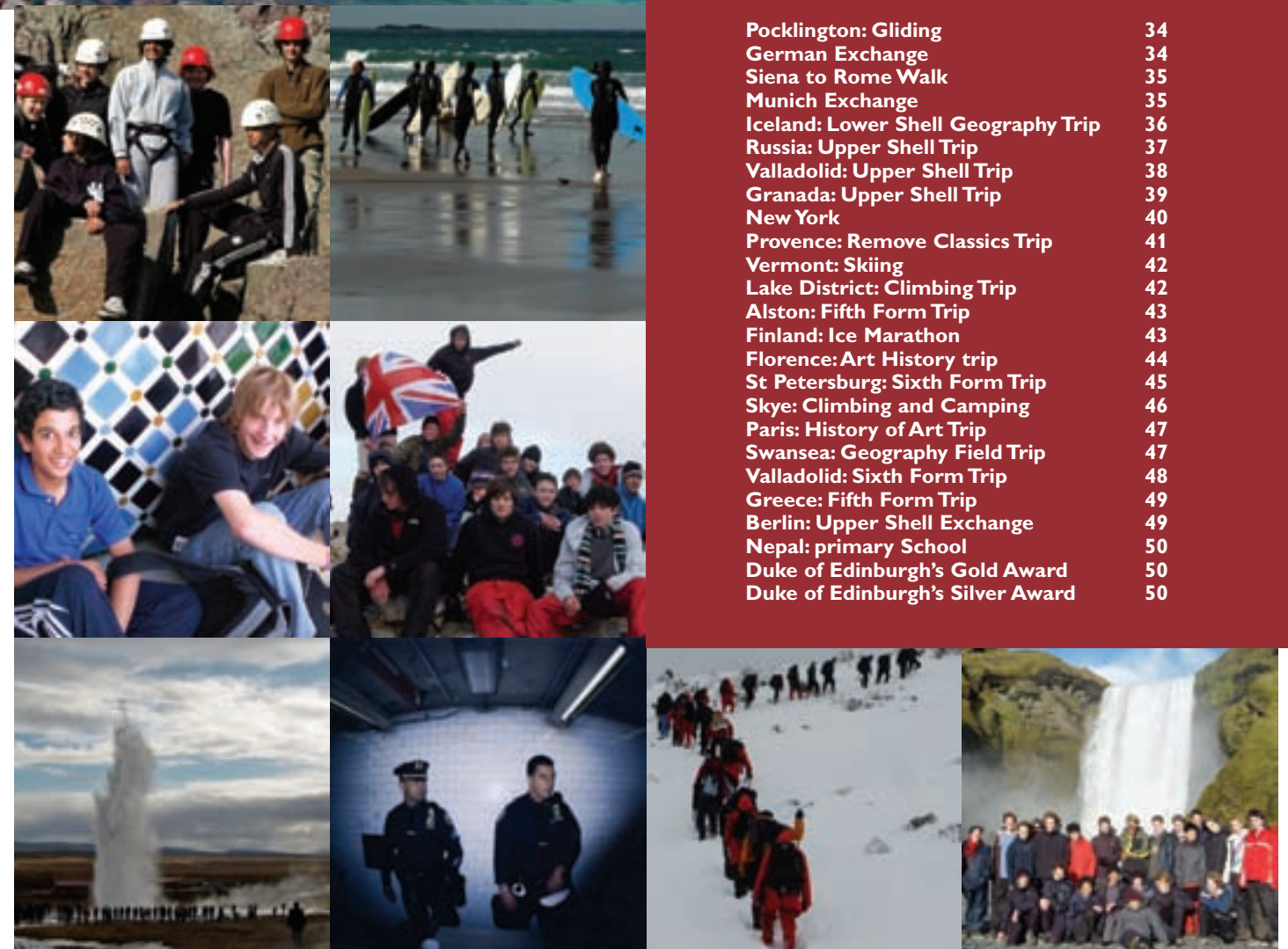
Housemaster himself on the flute. The annual House Walk took place this year from Staines to Walton-on-Thames, raising funds for Trinity Hospice, and strengthening the all-important House bonding that results from talking only to fellow Milnites for eight miles of steady marching. The Parents' Dinner in College Hall raised £3500 for an HIV charity in Thailand and a new leukaemia ward specialised for teenagers, thanks to the persuasive skills of the Milne's helpers, convincing parents to part with their money for auction lots and raffle tickets.

One damp Sunday in March saw us Paintballing in Essex during which the lower school team shamed the upper school with a conclusive victory and scored extra points for particularly dramatic acts of bravery, notably a pond dive by a certain heroic (or simply crazy) upper shell. Our sporting prowess was shown in the inaugural inter-House climbing competition, which seems to have been founded with Milne's in mind, and following excellent junior performances on field and track, hopes are high for the years ahead. Particular mention must be made at this point of our Girls Relay Team which easily won the Girls' section of this event, with a terrific display of commitment and courage. However Milnites are not only sporty and athletic: the celebrated Milne's House Quizzes gave us all a chance to show off our brainpower. This worldly knowledge is perhaps supplemented by our cultural house trips, such as the visit to the National Gallery and to the Electric theatre in Guildford to support our own tutor Mr Hemsley-Brown in his performance in *The Crucible*.

It has been another eventful year, true to the spirit of this ever-youthful house. Here's to the next ten years.

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POCKLINGTON GLIDING

The thing that really struck me about the four days we spent at the Wolds Gliding Club, near the little town of Pocklington in Yorkshire last May half term, writes Jonathan Tham (WW) airily, was the speed at which we were taken through the course.

I had envisaged perhaps a day or two of theory and then a small amount of time actually flying. However, the morning after arriving on the 27th May, I was in a plane, actually flying it myself! I will never forget what the instructor said to me that morning: there we were, one thousand feet up and he says, "Now Jonny, I'm taking my hands off the controls; you are in control, have a play around and see what they do." By the end of the four and a half days I was pretty much getting the plane in the air, flying it in a broad circle and landing again thanks to patience of the instructors and the advice of Mr Tocknell and Dr Boulton, both seasoned flyers. Miss Veninata, despite not having flown before, embraced the experience of gliding passionately.

Gliding is a strange pastime in that it can be enjoyed by those in search of excitement and adrenaline as well as those seeking a little peace and quiet reflection. The lift-off, brought about by a powerful winch, was more hair-raising than any rollercoaster: the fragile glider is thrown to a height of one thousand feet in less than half a minute. However, once up there the only sound was the rushing of the wind, the only sight the land laid out like a map, everything else seeming so much smaller and less important. This is an experience which must be tried.

SIXTH FORM GERMAN EXCHANGE

Those German exchange students who were lucky enough to be chosen for a monthly exchange to Westminster School enjoyed every single day of their visit, write fortunate visitors Miriam Haltmeier and Alexandra van Hoek.



Some of the best places here at the school are the music centre as well as the drama centre and the library. The countless excursions around the city gave us a detailed view of London. After going to the different lessons with our partners, we experienced London's history, by visiting the amazing number of sights and historical buildings that London offers. The highlights for us were Windsor Castle, where we could picture the life of kings and queens in those days, and the Tower of London with its bloody stories told by an original Beefeater.

We want to thank Mr Hennig very much for the organisation, his kindness and the helpfulness that he showed to us. Special thanks also to the families we lived with. We all were more than happy with our partners and will never forget the wonderful time as an almost-English-inhabitant. We are looking forward to the summer when we will welcome our exchange students in Germany.

SIENA TO ROME SECULAR PILGRIMS



Packing tape. It wasn't on the kit list. But it got Carlos Fain-Binda to Rome! cries Harriet Johnson of 2007's summer walk through Italy.

When the baggage carousel at Bologna Airport lurched into life, 22 backpacks were disgorged; 1 was missing. However, within 24 hours, Sam from Oundle became the envy of the entire party as the reality of carrying your belongings over 180 miles of rough terrain in unrelenting heat, hit home. In fact, when Sam's tiny backpack finally caught up with us 11 days later in Viterbo, he was almost disappointed. By this time, the daily ritual of repeated applications of packing tape, necessary to keep Carlos' boots intact, was well established.

However the old adage, 'no pain, no gain', struck a chord with all who marched to Rome last summer. The walking was a huge physical challenge, yet the landscape: dusty chalk paths, cool beech forests, volcanic lakes, hazelnut groves, orchards, vineyards and fields of wild fennel, thyme and rosemary, was a daily wonder.

And then there was the food. During the day our pilgrim's rations were suitably frugal, less out of piety but more out of necessity if we were to leave room to enjoy the vast feasts we faced every evening. The setting and style of the cuisine varied greatly from day to day, but each banquet was nothing short of spectacular.

To walk every step of the way from Siena to Rome was an extraordinary journey. Many thanks to Tim Watson of Oundle and Nick Hinze of Westminster for all the planning and hard work they put in to make it happen. Carlos has since bought a new pair of shoes.

MUNICH EXCHANGE FINDING YOUR FEET IN PUCHHEIM



For the aspiring Germanists of 2007, spending half of the summer in a small Bavarian suburb seemed a less than enticing prospect, write Sam Buchdahl (AA) and Maya Caspari (AA).

We were heartened to see the familiar faces of our exchange partners, most of whom we had managed to befriend on the London leg of the trip. Within a few days, everyone had found their feet in Puchheim, with the help of inspired leadership, and more than a few *Radtours*. The following four weeks, contrary to the expectations of even the most hardened cynics among the group, included some of the most enjoyable experiences that Westminster offers. Day trips with the school party included a guided tour of Munich and our own tour of Salzburg, with cultural enrichment taken care of by Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and the expressionist artworks on display at the *Pinakothek der Moderne*. Perhaps, however, the most memorable outing was a more contemplative afternoon at the Dachau Concentration Camp Memorial Site.

Beyond the Westminster programme, we enjoyed lazy afternoons by the numerous unspoilt lakes near Munich, as well as sampling the local cuisine – including the Italian ice-cream on sale near Puchheim's train station. In the evenings, particularly after the German school year finally (mercifully) ended in our third week, there were yet more opportunities to unwind and socialise, whether in Munich itself or on the football field, and of course a chance to sample the world-famous non-alcoholic Bavarian beer.

By the time we were back in Heathrow Airport at the end of July, tanned, relaxed and naturally speaking fluent German, there was unanimous agreement that it was all too soon. Good luck to the *Austauschpartner* of 2008: we envy you!



LOWER SHELL GEOGRAPHY TRIP

SURPRISINGLY MODERN ICELAND

Having glided smoothly over the icy waves of the North Atlantic, we touched down in the sparse and deserted landscape of Iceland, occupied only by Keflavik airport, report intrepid explorers Richard Howell (DD) and Robert Natzler (WW) after their week's visit.

The first thing that the traveller notices is the surrounding fields of black rock and ash, stretching for miles. The second thing is the harsh, biting wind, which makes one wonder why anyone would ever want to live on this remote piece of volcanic rock. They certainly would not stay for the food. Throughout the week the cuisine followed a familiar course: first, the sub-standard salad bar, then the burnt "puffin" (fish) fingers, finishing with perhaps a Mars Celebration if we were lucky. So why do people live here?

Simple answer: the scenery (endless deserts of ash not included). Perhaps the most attractive feature of our brief tour of the barren and windy south coast of the island was a lake occupied by deep-blue icebergs, splinters of the magnificent glacier from which they had broken off and where a scene from the film *Die Another Day* was shot. Later we viewed some awesome waterfalls, located along the coast which, according to our guide, was a major tourist attraction despite the sub-zero temperatures and the ferocious waves.

It is not only the scenery that makes an Iceland trip worthwhile: the people of Iceland are unusually friendly to outsiders (perhaps because being invited abroad is their only chance of escape) – our guide put up with us valiantly, coping with Ms Leonard suggesting that mice had arrived on the island by floating on small pieces of wood from the United Kingdom.

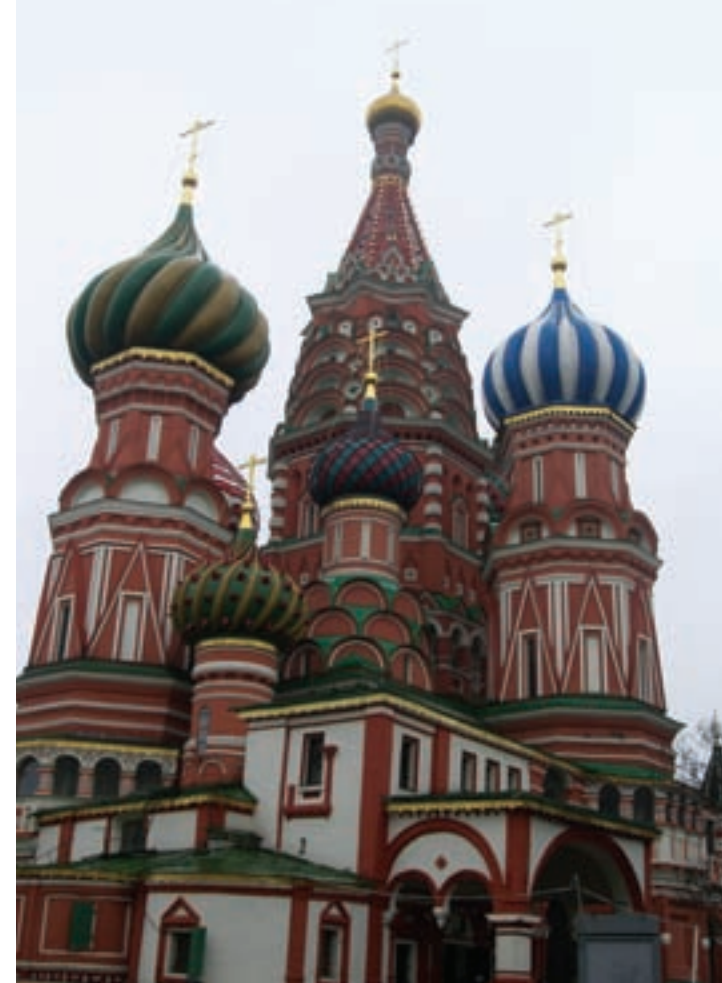
The accommodation on the island was surprisingly modern, with each youth hostel and hotel having hot-water and several other amenities, courtesy of the local hot-pools. The hotels also tried their best to entertain us: one could (supposedly) see the Northern Lights from the windows of one hotel at around twelve. They didn't wake us up; "It was cloudy." We had to settle for a geography competition instead.

One feature of the trip was the lack of traditional tourist activities, although we did visit the renowned Golden Triangle of the



ancient Icelandic parliament, the Gulfoss waterfall and some impressive natural geysers. The trip also included two visits to the Blue Lagoon, the most visited attraction on the island, an artificial lake created by water from a geo-thermal power station.

The most memorable experience was the flight to the volcanic island of Heimaey, which proved truly unforgettable. The island had been the prey of volcanic disaster (a supposedly extinct volcano had erupted underneath part of the town – you can still see gables sticking out of the sides of hills) and the vital port that gave Iceland the edge in the 1970s Cod War was almost closed when a mountain moved a kilometre to the right. Yet the industry had survived (no thanks to the UK – we only came to help when Iceland threatened to leave NATO), and one was able to walk inside the crater of the active local volcano, feeling the heat and marvelling at the many different and fascinating types of rocks, some only thirty years old. In just a week, our geographical perspectives had been radically altered; it was with regret that we left the frozen North to return to tropical London.



UPPER SHELL VISIT RUSSIA

NO SPIES, BUT STILL ENIGMATIC

Churchill described Russia as 'a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma' and the Upper Shell Russianists were not disappointed when they visited Moscow and St. Petersburg in October. We were able to see for ourselves the mysterious country which we have all wondered about after watching Bond films, and we discovered that, after all, it is not full of spies, reports an incredulous Abbas Kazmi (GG).



Travelling through Moscow proved to be full of surprises: it was like travelling through time. Ancient churches, grim Stalinist-era tower blocks and modern shopping centres stand side by side. The juxtaposition of the historical and the modern was apparent at the awe-inspiring Red Square, where the beautiful St Basil's Cathedral graced the top end, while along one length stood Lenin's gloomy mausoleum and the imposing Kremlin and on the other the über-chic mall, 'GUM'. We were intrigued by the debate over Lenin's body. It had been his wish to be buried, but Stalin said that the people of the USSR needed him to be an almost religious figurehead for them to look up to since the USSR was atheist. Therefore, Lenin was embalmed and has been in Red Square almost constantly since 1924. Boris Yeltsin wanted to bury him but there were problems because the mausoleum had been built in order to be almost indestructible (it can withstand a 20 kiloton atomic bomb), and it could not be removed easily from Red Square. We also walked around the Kremlin, the old red fortress of Moscow and now the seat of the Russian Government. We withstood the cold and snow at Izmailovsky market but ended up being ripped off wildly by the vendors of souvenirs such as Russian hats. However, at least we can say that we have endured true Russian winter weather.

The story of the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour showed us the oddity of Russia. The Cathedral was destroyed in 1931 by the order of Stalin's government in order to make way for the 'Palace of the Soviets'. However, this was never completed and the site was turned into the world's largest outdoor public swimming pool under Khrushchev. In 2000, the Cathedral was reconstructed again. We were also treated to a thoroughly entertaining circus with lions, camels and horses which was better than Cirque du Soleil.

In St Petersburg we were amazed by the beauty of this 'Venice of the North', named for its palace-lined waterways. The city is full of elegant architecture, wide roads and decorative green spaces that seem barely altered from the time of Peter the Great. One can easily imagine Tolstoy's characters wining and dining at the opulent palaces. During our tour we visited famous sights such as the Peter and Paul Fortress where Tsar Nicholas II and most of the Romanovs are buried, which has also served as a notorious high-security political jail. At the Blockade Museum, we learnt about the great suffering and awe-inspiring resilience of the citizens of St Petersburg during the German siege of the city in the Second World War. The visit to a local secondary school was a fun experience and it was interesting to meet Russian people of our age. The Russian Folklore show was also enjoyable: we were also treated to one Upper Shell's attempt at traditional Russian dancing on stage!

The highlight of the trip to St Petersburg was probably the visit to the State Hermitage Museum where we spent a mere two hours trying to see as much as possible in the time allowed. Later that evening we saw a new and fascinating experience for us, 'Swan Lake' at the Hermitage Theatre. Out of the city we visited the beautiful Pavlovsk Gardens which gives the Villa Borghese in Rome a run for its money. Thanks to Dr. Aplin, Mr Jones and Dr. Ward-Smith for making the trip an exciting and memorable one.



GARY'S GCSE GUIDE TO VALLADOLID

As soon as we stepped off Gary, we got a feel for the taste of Segovia, reports Fred Nathan, insouciantly. The old aqueduct at Segovia is a landmark and below it, the old town with shops and restaurants aplenty, the locals basking in the sun. Don't worry; 'Gary' is just a coach affectionately so nicknamed by Mr Bartlett, *Autocares Linecar* being the name of the company. Football fans take note. After some shopping we boarded the coach for Valladolid.

We met our *familias anfitrionas* and wearily went back to their apartments dotted around the city which has a population of 320,000. The next morning we went to *La Casa del Español*, a small academy with 5 classrooms in the centre of the city. During the sessions our teacher successfully taught us new grammar, vocabulary and about general Spanish life that were guaranteed to score major brownie points when it came to the exam.

On Wednesday, we once again boarded Gary for a day trip to *El Escorial*, 10 miles outside Madrid and, apparently, one of the "most important buildings in Spain". Built during the reign of Philip II, it



houses the bodies of the majority of Spanish monarchs. After a tour in English by legendary guide Carlos, who has been entertaining boys and Mr Witney for years (so much so that Mr Witney's impressions of him are now better than Carlos's own voice, grammatical mistakes and all), we ate our packed lunches and then made the short drive to the *Valle de los Caídos* in the *Sierra de Guadarrama* where General Franco's tomb can be found inside a hollowed-out basilica, nestling underneath an impressive cross some 150 metres tall. It was incredibly moving to discover that this tyrant had been buried in such a self-promoting way while the bodies of hundreds of thousands of Republican prisoners of war (who began constructing the monument in the 1940s) lie discarded beneath the vast forecourt of the mausoleum.

Other cultural outings included a walking tour of the *casco histórico* on our first day. On Tuesday, during a trip to the Valladolid Contemporary Art Museum, we examined some of the exhibits as well as being creative ourselves: we made a giant collage based around the art we had studied. On Thursday, we visited the newly refurbished *Casa Colón*, the Christopher Columbus Museum in the house where he is thought to have died in 1506. On Friday, some football was in order, excellently co-ordinated by referee Bartlett, at least until the ball was finally kicked into the river. Our last night in Valladolid coincided with the Rugby World Cup final, which I was lucky enough to watch in the bar of VRAC (Valladolid Rugby Club) with my host whose son happened to be the manager of the team – the best in Spain I'll have you know.

When not in classes, we had free time to roam around the city or participate in the lives of our fantastic host families who were warm, hospitable and generous purveyors of Spanish delicacies, including the famous *tortilla de patatas* (Mr Bartlett's fave). Free time was not without incident, though: Huxley Ogilvy managed an adventurous trip to the wrong end of his bus line, an hour from his family's apartment and, during a screening of *Rush Hour 3* at the local cinema, I witnessed possibly some of the worst dubbing known to mankind.

So it was with great sadness that we finally left at the crack of dawn on Sunday, waving our families goodbye from the windows of Gary. There was, of course, still time to see our Gatwick flight cancelled and watch Mr Witney thrash out a deal for the 5:00pm flight to Heathrow. We returned home safely, though, recognising how much our knowledge of the country had been enhanced, how enjoyable the visit had been for all of us and, above all, how much our grasp of the Spanish language had improved in preparation for the crucial exams ahead.



UPPER SHELL GRANADA TRIP SPANISH DREAMS

This southern Spanish city literally translates as 'pomegranate', writes an expectant James Crandall (DD).

On arriving, minus the absentee who had an unfortunate leg-impaling incident the day before our flight, we sat in weary heaps waiting to be collected by our hosts. Mine was a lissom Spanish beauty who greeted us with a blinding white smile and an olive complexion that would have made Penelope Cruz jealous. She whisked us off without delay to our luxurious abode before sitting Tristram and I down to a sumptuous nine-course traditional Spanish meal. Sort of. I guess I'd been watching too many Spanish soaps. In actual fact our host was rather stockier and a little less olive-hued, and our apartment in central Granada probably wouldn't be described as lavish, but what our host lacked in schoolboy fantasy appeal, she made up in hospitality, warmth, and a genuine interest in helping us to better our Spanish.

The next four days were something of a blur. Spending six hours of each day in intensive lessons we had little free time. That which we did have was spent meandering through the charming streets of Granada, ordering ice-creams and pizzas, and buying fake Gucci belts off the street vendors. In the evenings we all engaged keenly in the arranged activities such as flamenco dancing, Spanish singing and movie watching. The first of which, if I may say so, was mastered by our very own Henry Astley, introducing an interpretative and contemporary twist to the traditional dance.

The highlight of the trip however had to be our visit to the ancient Arab fortress of the Alhambra. Towering on a hill overlooking the whole of the city, this magnificent monument to Arab influence in southern Spain slowly revealed to us its web of exquisite architecture and impeccable craftsmanship during the course of an excessively hot but very enjoyable Thursday afternoon.

As we packed our bags on the last morning, I know everyone was sad to leave. The city had won our hearts, the people our minds,



and the local cafés our money. Our Spanish had also improved drastically, with most of us now able to conjugate both '-er' and '-ir' verbs, a serious achievement for our linguistically challenged group. Now for the GCSE...

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

We expected everlasting streets lined with skyscrapers, hot-dog vendors and swarms of pedestrians and tourists rushing to and fro on the sidewalk and we were not disappointed, gasps Khushaal Ved (QSS), as 40 Westminsters touched down for the New York trip last autumn.



On our first morning, we were bundled out of the hotel (which we later discovered was itself a movie set, with the lifts playing host to Borat and his chickens) for a film and television set tour of the city. It was the perfect remedy for the jet lag and the burnt tongues, having downed our Starbucks in record time to make sure we didn't miss the coach. Having witnessed key locations from *Crocodile Dundee*, *Sex and the City* and *Spiderman*, we reached the *Friends* building. We sang the theme tune on the steps of the Crosby house which was merely a minute's amble away, drank some coffee – but not in Central Perk of course which is actually fictional – yes, I was very disappointed too – and recreated our favourite scenes and moments, from Chandler's witty one-liners to finding the perfect Rachel within our group.

The trip could quite easily have been one primarily for History of Art students as New York is blessed with some of the finest galleries and the first one we visited was MoMa. The Museum of Modern Art was stunning, even for those lacking a trained eye. Dr. Cockburn was more than willing to explain the merits of Cezanne and Van Gogh to us. To some of us that is; some did try with their best efforts to appreciate the artist's intentions, whereas others merely discussed what their intentions had been when buying that "glittery, pink hat."



Personally, the Guggenheim and the Natural History Museum were the pick of the array of museums we visited. Not that the others disappointed, but these two stood out. The Guggenheim had a dizzying effect, partly due to the art but also as a result of the winding walkway that led to the top. The photography impressed me the most. The shots of the American Midwest were enchanting and quite a few of us forked out on the post-card versions. The Natural History Museum trip seemed extra special, as it has been the backdrop for a number of movies and it felt just like walking through one of the sets we had seen earlier. That doesn't even take into account the range of content covered in the building from the Ice Age to a swift tour of the galaxy in the Planetarium that had Mr. Johnson and the boys gripped to their seats (the girls, however, were still content to chat about their shopping.)

As impressive as the art and culture to some of us were the shops which the girls and a few boys, whose names will remain anonymous, will definitely testify to. From cut-price designer hats to the latest Apple gadget, we were seduced. With a low dollar in view, we needed no second invitation and spent almost all of our free time perusing or purchasing.



As for the sights, we thoroughly enjoyed each and every one; from climbing the Empire State Building for a night view of the city to the racy Broadway musical, *Spring Awakening*, hand-picked by Mr. Barton, that left most of us in tears and the final night on a dinner cruise around Manhattan with delicious food and a chance to cut some shapes on the dance-floor.

There has been quite a lot that I have left out, from the cheesecake store across the street to escapades in Hershey's and the M&M store in Times Square or even the memorable simulation ride of the city and that is a testament to how much we achieved in a five day trip. What made this trip extra-special was although it was designed to be an Upper School trip, it was dominated by sixth-formers and it gave us the chance to integrate with the new members in our year. It was the best introduction, away from the hustle and bustle of school and work, to forge new friendships. So, I must say many thanks to the teachers who organised and hopefully enjoyed the trip as much as I did, Dr. Cockburn, Mr Johnson and Mr and Mrs Barton. There is a wealth of culture on offer, but I honestly never expected how the much fun the trip would be.

REMOVE CLASSICS IN PROVENCE

A BEAKER FULL OF THE WARM SOUTH

The Remove Classics Study Week this year took place in October half term in a converted farm house near Montelimar, in Provence, declaims Laurie Brock (BB).



Much Latin and Greek was learnt, and the University entrance results showed the good effects of the week. Despite some reservations, we were heading to the South of France, rather than to Alston this year, and so at least we had the guarantee of hot weather! Or so we thought. In reality, despite cloudless skies, our packing of summer clothes ended up being distinctly optimistic as we were greeted every day by a freezing wind on the few occasions when we dared to venture outside. However, a heater the size of a jet engine combined with several fires in which we must have combusted several trees over the week meant that our work hours were not interrupted, something which, naturally, came as a great relief to us. A typical day would contain two main work sessions in the morning, separated by a vigorous game of football or on occasion full-contact rugby, and then an excursion in the afternoon, braving the weather, finishing with self-given lectures and philosophical discussions in the evening.

Naturally neither the weather nor our apparent initial lack of enthusiasm (which did not last long in the event) deterred Dr. Katz from leading us on hill walks, though even he was forced to admit defeat in our attempt to climb Ventoux, the highest mountain in the area, when we were confronted with snow and visibility of barely five metres! As the week continued, our finish times got later and later, culminating on the last day with a play reading which began at midnight and finished well past one in the morning, and all this after dinner at a not-so-nearby restaurant! However, despite the punishing schedule, the week was of course a lot of fun; we were well fed and very comfortably accommodated, and the improvement in our classical skills, both in terms of our ability at translation and preparation for Oxbridge was remarkable. Mr. Ireland, (from Up North) who had begun the week with a number of doubts about such southern frivolity, was won over in the end which is surely a clear marker of the success of the trip.

SKIING AND MILTON ACADEMY VISIT VERMONT

The Westminster school ski trip returned to Killington, Vermont USA, for the twelfth year to find by far and away the best ski conditions yet and to combine the trip with a visit to our American exchange school just south of Boston, Milton Academy, reports CD.

The Milton Academy and Westminster exchange is one of the oldest exchange programmes in existence, having been inaugurated just after the First World War. At the start of the blitz in 1940

Milton Academy had even offered to host Westminster in evacuation but the sinking of the refugee ship; 'SS City of Benares' by U48 on the 18th September 1940 with the loss of 77 child evacuees put a halt to the large scale transatlantic evacuation programme.

Our visit to Milton began with an assembly led by Milton alumnus Liz Walker, a WBZ-TV news anchor, on her experiences during and after visits to war-torn Sudan. We sat with the entire school on bleachers in just one part of the vast cavern of a sports hall. During tours later we discovered this was just one part of a complex that included an ice hockey rink, a massive fitness studio, basketball courts, running track, numerous pitches and of course a brimming trophy cabinet.

The boys were split up into pairs to go to a number of freshmen classes which took the form of courses within a subject. Milton students take four classes a day with short breaks between each which seemed to create a relaxed atmosphere. The Westminster boys were clearly struck by the positive prevalent work ethic and genuine in-class discussion led by someone more akin to a facilitator than a conventional teacher and in a round table environment.

After lunch we set off for Killington, Vermont to the Mountain Green resort condominiums. The snow conditions were exceptional but it was fairly cold much of the time. The resort was a short walk across to the ski base and given the early season there were virtually no queues ever. After six days skiing we departed to travel via an enormous tax free outlet shopping mall, for a night in Boston before our early morning flight home.



CLIMBING TRIP LAKE DISTRICT

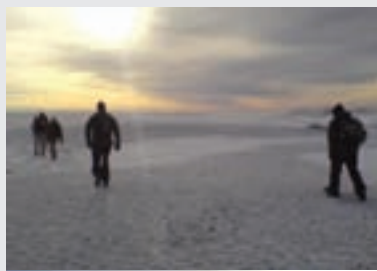
When most people think of the Lake District, the image that comes to mind is of people climbing up small mountains in the rain, says a cheery but determined Justin Bronk (DD), but they reckon without Westminster School's take on this fantastic place.

The trip is not heavily publicised and for the last two years running I have had to recruit people to get enough members for it to go ahead. Despite going in December, Tom Trevor-Roberts, Vyvyan Almond, Alex Gilbert, Ekow Eshun, Sebastian Bray and I didn't see a drop of rain and, as for small mountains, the top of Helvellyn looked more like a Himalayan peak than the second highest mountain in England.

On the first day, we climbed The Old Man of Conistone and despite ice-blasted landscapes and fog, which at times reduced visibility to just a few metres, we had a great day and several vicious bouts of snowball fighting, including the unprecedented defeat of Mark Tocknell – the snowball-fighting legend of the Westminster staff. Once we got down, a pub supper topped the day off nicely.

The second day was the most memorable because we climbed Helvellyn on what looked to be a very cloudy day; however, after about half an hour of steep climbing, we broke through the cloud and emerged into the sun on a snowy, windswept, gentle slope sweeping off towards the peak. Again, snowball fights erupted en route, and Vyvyan and I serenaded the group with a delightful medley of songs, including *The Twelve Days of Christmas* (unabridged), several pub songs, and a few folk songs until we were threatened with being hurled off the adjacent edge. When we reached the top, we had a cold lunch and looked out across the sea of cloud far below us, with peaks emerging in the distance. Once we got back to the youth hostel, Mr Ullathorne cooked his famous spaghetti bolognese which eased everyone's now ravenous hunger.

The final day was not just a long drive home; we had time to do some rather nerve-wracking cliff-climbing half way up another mountain. The six hour bus journey home was, just as the journey out – a time when the minibus became *The Funkmobile* with the simple use of an iTrip, the bus radio and the iPods of those present. Thanks to Mr Tocknell and Mr Ullathorne for a fantastic trip!



FIFTH FORM GO TO ALSTON

Would the stories of unending rain and cold told by other members of the year be correct, or was it going to be a fun break from school? ask a nervous Alex Ballard (GG) and Harry Winter (GG) as they headed for their first trip to Alston in February.

Happily it turned out to be the latter. The weather was great and when in the evenings it was cold and wet we just lay by the fire playing board games, whilst Daniel played for us on the piano.

With Mr Wurr we were always in for plenty of walks on the trip, and these, taking place each morning, were good fun to zoom along on. Remarkably, when we got three quarters along each one, Mr Wurr would suddenly stop, offload his rucksack, take off his coat, jumper and trousers (he was wearing shorts underneath) and proceed to run back what had taken us hours to walk in enough time to drive the minibus all the way to the end for us, and, even more incredible, he always managed to reach the end more quickly than we did.

During the trip we walked along part of Hadrian's Wall, leapt over rivers, marvelled at the number of sheep, and orienteered in the Lake District, finally reaching the highest peak in the

area, before marvelling at some more sheep. We even experienced budgeting with our pub food.

It was good for teamwork; you don't know someone properly until you have been led astray in a lead mine by them, particularly when everyone is wrong about the direction! The only part that seemed to go wrong was the seemingly endless journeys on the minibus, when a number of us, at some point or another, suffered from motion sickness. However, even having to live with the smell for several days didn't seem to dent our bonding.

In all it was a "grand" trip (in the local dialect), fostering friendships, practicing mass sandwich catering, improving at chess, usually involving Alex beating all of us – a lot, and watching Mike and Ivan arguing over the finer points of "Ultimate Jenga" play. We are grateful to Mr Hargreaves for helping organise (and also waiving history homework), and Mr Perkins and Mr Wurr for enabling such a wonderful trip.

FINLAND ICE MARATHON 2008

One of the best things about Westminster is the trips, affirms *Musta Makkara* (RR).



On one particular February Friday, I should have been in Ashburnham House in double maths. Instead, I was in 'The Land of a Thousand Lakes'. A group of eight pupils had been 'selected' to travel to central Finland. Staying in the city of Kuopio right on the lake, we took part in the 25th Finland Ice Marathon. Fortunately, there was ice. And more, or perhaps less, fortunately, it did not crack when the terrifying lycra-clad hulk of Dr. Boulton came rumbling past the Finnish line after 50km of skating. We lesser mortals (two Fifth Formers, five Upper Shells, one Remove and Mr. Riches) skated a 'mere' (according to Dr. B) 25km – twice around the long frozen track that snaked between snow-covered islands and out into the middle of Lake Kalavesi. Here, the Finns racing 200km – apparently to be joined next year by the slightly-suicidal Dr. Boulton – were minute specks on the horizon. We lost a bit of morale when we saw the distance still to go, made worse by the bitterly-cold wind and our legs already being like jelly, but persevered to the end, helped along by the prospect of reindeer steaks for supper and a visit to the world's largest smoke sauna. After the race (which most completed in under two hours – impressively, as not all had skated in this way before), the Finnish National News decided to interview the group, as we were quite a novelty in Kuopio, being tourists. Watching ourselves later on the equivalent of the BBC Ten o'Clock News, we could see our grinning – and Dr. B's grimacing – faces, and all agreed that the Ice Marathon was a brilliantly exhilarating experience, however exhausting.



ART HISTORY IN FLORENCE

As the Remove Art Historians and their chaperones set off for a few romantic February days in Florence, little were we prepared for the personalities that awaited us, in marble, paint and bronze, confess Maisie Lawrence (CC) and Christabel McKinley (DD).



On our first day, we climbed Brunelleschi's cathedral dome, and from the top, the small city of Florence was spread out before us. Over the next few days we had the chance to explore some of the wonderful art and architecture that lives there.

Looking at art that we had previously only seen on slides was incredible. Our teacher, Nick Ross, guided us around some of the greatest art in the world and showed us things that you cannot learn in a classroom. As we stared up at Giotto's magnificent *Ognissanti Madonna*, Nick showed us that Mary has buck teeth!

One afternoon, we visited the San Marco monastery to see Fra Angelico's famous frescos. We entered from the bustling Piazza San Marco into a serene, light-filled courtyard. Almost five hundred years on, the monastery, although no longer inhabited by monks, has been preserved. The same goes for the beautiful frescos; the jewel colours of Fra Angelico's ethereal work were breathtaking.

Later we found ourselves in the Bargello looking at Donatello's presently reclining *David*. It is currently undergoing restoration work and is lying down, so the only opportunity that we had to see his

famous posterior was through a video installation. The next morning, as we walked past the long queue of people waiting to get into the Academia, we knew we were in for something special. Nothing can prepare you for the effect of Michelangelo's *David*. After walking through some fairly inconspicuous rooms, suddenly we found ourselves looking down the sculpture avenue which culminates with the *David*. His glistening marble torso and furrowed brow are a sight worth seeing.

Every night, Nick took us somewhere new. We got a real taste for Florentine life and the dynamic of this place which has is so steeped in art and history. Although it now has all the aspects of a modern city, with Italian traffic racing around it, much of the ancient parts remain. We sat where Brunelleschi first re-discovered perspective and even found the shop where Botticelli bought his paints.

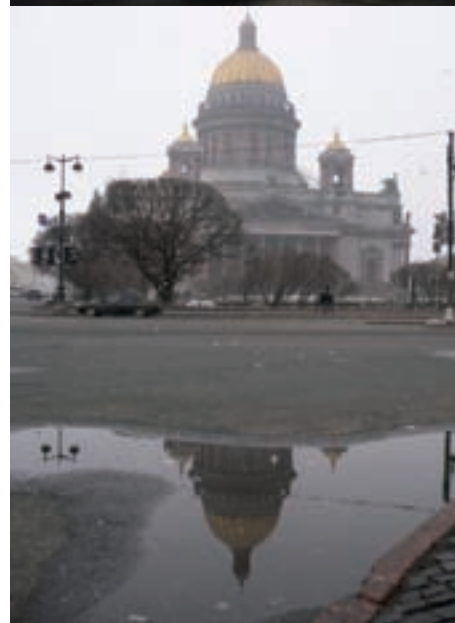
On our last evening, we drove up to the church of San Miniato al Monte, which stands on one of the highest points around Florence, and watched the sun set over the city. Florence is a beautiful and inspiring place to be and thanks to Mrs Chappell, Mr Street and Nick we had the chance to experience it.



SIXTH FORM TRIP

PALACES AND POVERTY IN ST. PETERSBURG

Flecks of snow buffet my face from the blizzard outside, coursing through dilapidated brickwork, as I sit in a stranger's flat; she reaches up and plucks a ripe apple from a tree that tangles across the flaking ceiling and obliges me to eat it, with a wily, Russian smile, writes an awed Max Gill (BB).



White noise from the TV blares into the dark mustiness of the room; an Alsatian sits across me, the silhouette of its lolling tongue flickering in the glacial glow. My motherly host is stranded in the storm and I yearn for her to return. It is day two and already I am in another dimension...

During a two-week visit packed with amazing episodes the mornings were spent at 'School no.56', our teacher the fervent Diana. Afternoon excursions included the splendours of Imperial Russia at the Winter and Yusupov Palaces. Russian extravagance then knew no bounds; the rooms of the Winter Palace alone occupy 25 miles of opulence. It would take ten years to see it all if only spending two minutes on every exhibit, and these include masterpieces by Leonardo, Rembrandt and Matisse, countless jewels, chandeliers and priceless furniture. This provides an affecting contrast with the scenes of sometimes abject poverty that are still visible on the streets. Our evenings were also filled with cultural exploits; particularly of note was an excep-

tional puppet show, meant for children but surreal and sinister, narrating the city's tumultuous history.

Linguistically, what was especially engaging was discovering the true resonance of foreign words, how each is so intimately entwined with the psyche of a different nation. We also began to realise that whatever the political, economic, religious state of a country, one will always find those who offer true, unconditional kindness and generosity. Looking back, everything over the two weeks we spent in St. Petersburg living with Russian hosts and attending the best school in Russia could seem normal enough. Yet the undeniable enchantment of Russia is that, like a dream, amongst apparent cohesion are striking moments of dislocation and eccentricity that remind the traveller again and again that Russia is both cosily familiar and disconcertingly other.

A big thanks to Dr. Aplin and his wife Galina for ensuring that everything ran smoothly and that our programme was so full of stimulating activity.



CLIMBING AND CAMPING SKYE 2008

Westminster School is renowned for its character-building adventures to weird and wonderful places, thought Tom Boothman Meier (AA), Becca Tusa (BB) and Rachel Beaconsfield Press (HH). Little did they know...

As we arrived, the snow began to fall lightly and we rejoiced at hearing that we would soon be sitting down to a cooked breakfast which happened to be a daily feature of Skye.

Undeterred by the worst weather in many years, each day the group ventured out onto the majestic Cuillin Mountains and although walking through two feet of snow was a novel experience for most of us, the spectacular views from the tops of the snow-covered peaks were second to none. Despite extreme cold and blizzards, the pain was obliterated by the sense of achievement and exhilaration felt when finally bagging that Munro, not to mention the vicious snow-ball fights that ensued on the mountain-tops.

On several occasions the group split into two. On two separate days, the climbers took a trip down to the coast to brush up on not only their climbing skills but also their methods of survival (as taught by Andrei, the Russian climbing instructor). The group shelter soon came in handy, as the dozen climbers, accompanied by Mr Barot and Dr Agyare-Kwabi, were attacked by thunderstorms, hail, wind, snow and a little bit of sunshine thrown in for good measure. The climbing catered for all abilities, thus enabling the group to adopt a newcomer who seemed to take to the rock-face like a duck to water, er, as it were.

While the rock-climbers went out each day to scale outcrops of varying scale, the "D of E-ers" set about navigating boggy peninsulas, climbing the sometimes treacherous Sgurr Alasdair and camping in the remote Loch Coruisk at the very heart of the Cuillins. With towering cliffs shadowing the campsite from all sides, the location was absolutely idyllic: sheltered by snow-capped peaks on two sides and a cove, dotted with islands, a herd of deer grazing nearby and inquisitive seals venturing within touching distance by the edge of the loch.



Having been uncharacteristically warm that day – Tom Hierons was confused by the clear blue skies and decided to take a plunge in near-freezing Atlantic Ocean – the campers reckoned on a warm, comfortable night. Wrong. Temperatures plummeted below zero and a few of the tents were flooded during the night. Nonetheless, spirits remained high and, in blazing sunshine, the group walked back home the next day over the ridge.

Evenings saw the groups reunited, sharing experiences, sitting around the fireplace and playing cards, accompanied by extraordinary catering by teachers, who cooked up some interesting and unusual fusion food over the course of the week (special mention must go to the wonderful Chicken Thainamic!). Before we knew it, we were packing our bags and saying goodbye to the stunning, snowy peaks of Skye.

The staff were brilliant in organising the trip and even their cooking was exceptional (I will be hard pressed to find mashed potato that tops Mr Barot's). Sadly it was also the last year for Mr Tocknell after over 20 years of organising it and forging one of the best expeditions in the School. We are sure Dr Agyare-Kwabi will continue to improve the popularity of the trip and make it memorable for all for both climbers and mountaineers alike.



HISTORY OF ART IN PARIS

JAZZ BEFORE THE GATES OF HELL

From the snow of London to the sun of Paris, we departed in the morning and went to soak up culture and cafe society in the City of Love, sigh an enraptured Felix Hale (BB), Theo Gordon (GG) and Bethan Edwards (MM).

On the first day, pausing only to drop off our bags we battled through the crowds at the Louvre to brush up our analytical skills. On the next day we were briefly back at the Louvre before heading off to the Cluny Museum to contextualise our studies of the birth and rebirth of Western art by appreciating Giotto's work in the flesh. We spent our last full day in the Musée D'Orsay to experience modern art, Courbet, Manet and the Impressionists, for real.

Following our packed days there was a mock exam in the evening and then we were able to indulge in the 'leisure' possibilities of Paris with enjoyable soirées: there was fine dining,

dancing and frivolity! On the last night, the mocks accomplished, we hit the Jazz club frequented by Matisse and danced a true samba, which Dr Cockburn certainly had the moves for!

On the last day, with a great sense of accomplishment, we had a stroll around Rodin's house seeing the originals of famous works such as The Kiss and the magnificent Gates of Hell. We arrived back in London, exhausted but excited at seeing some of the greatest works of art in their true colours. Thanks must go to Dr Cockburn, Mrs Chappell and Mr Street for giving us an exhilarating trip that certainly none of us will ever forget.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP SUN-SOAKED SWANSEA

During the last week of the Easter Holidays, 19 Geographers embarked on a trip to Swansea which despite neither being hyped as exotic or glamorous, ended up being very useful and dare I say, rather enjoyable, reminisces a tanned Khushaal Ved (QSS).

After one day with Dawn (of the Dunes), the local expert, measuring wind speeds using clinometers and kestrels, scouting for vegetation types that were succulent, low-lying or folded and examining sand cover, the trip had reached new levels of understanding. However, with an animated atmosphere in our intense work sessions, how could we not have fun?



The other days, from flitting between Gower Villages in the extreme rural regions of Swansea to navigating our way through areas of regeneration and urban blight in the city centre itself, we immersed ourselves in a cultural voyage with numerous

fish & chip stops, the best one-liners west of Cardiff and even meeting the local politician.

Having made inroads into our coursework and discovering what the Geography department really do on Saturday nights, I would like to thank Mr. Wurr for co-ordinating the trip at ground level, Miss Leonard for guiding us through a thorough range of statistical and diagrammatic techniques (with some colouring in, of course) and for standing in for Mr. Harris, whose presence was sorely missed by all.

EASTER 2008

VALLADOLID

On arrival at Barajas Airport, (six hours late I might add – thanks, British Airways!), I looked around at the group and the fear on their faces was a sight to remember, shivers a trembling but still-excited Josh Benson (WW).

The girls had drawn the short straws and knew they were only moments away from being picked off by a Spanish family, left alone to fend for themselves. The boys were a little luckier and were able to brave the twelve nights in groups of two. Why a family would want two boys rather than two girls I do not know. I wasn't complaining!

When we got to Valladolid we all lined up as though we were being chosen to play schoolyard football. We felt like the kids who did not want to be left till last. It was as if the family wanted a good look at us before deciding if they wanted to take on the burden of hosting us for the next week and a half. I could picture them telling Mr Witney that we were not what they had imagined and they wanted a swap.

Once the normal awkward silence had passed, the first evening went with only a few minor hiccoughs and it was off to bed for the next day's classes. We thought the least the teachers might grant us after the delayed flight was a day off. They were having none of it: we were expected to arrive bright and early.

There we were, walking the streets of Valladolid between lessons, and it was clear we were English. The thing is, we only stood out because we did not have ridiculous hair and matching tracksuits – seriously, Spanish style needs a makeover. The lessons were hard work but not as bad as lunchtimes with the family. I have never had to concentrate so hard over the dinner table. It was simply a case of latching onto one or two words and chuntering for as long as possible. For an onlooker it must have seemed like a madhouse.

Valladolid is not the most 'happening' of cities but we were able to relax in the main square. Salamanca was a major step up in size and

maybe too large to navigate for those of us who had become accustomed to a smaller city. It was however a time for the group to relax after a week of study and have some fun. If we thought Salamanca was big then Madrid was massive; the *Estadio Bernabéu* alone probably holds more than the population of central Valladolid. On one occasion in Madrid we got lost. I will not lie; it was quite worrying that the whole group relied on my remembrance of my trip there when I was 11. Nonetheless I managed admirably and the saying "follow the leader" still sticks to me back in London.

The final mention of this report has to go to Graham "Barty" Bartlett. He has provided us with great laughs this year and this trip was no different. It was his last-ever trip to Valladolid and we all hope we made it an enjoyable one for him. Cheers, Sir!



FIFTH FORM GREEK TRIP

A VOYAGE TO THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD

The Easter trip to Greece with Mr Low, his wife, the boy David, Mr Chequer and Miss Radice, accompanying a bevy of classically-inclined Fifth Formers, gave rise to a crammed itinerary of classical excitements, exclaims Daniel Marx (GG).

UPPER SHELL BERLIN EXCHANGE

THE MEANING OF 'WINKEL'

The Easter holidays for the Upper Shell is, in most people's minds, the pinnacle of work and distress, write Philip Bronk (DD) and Nick Chambers (GG).



However, for the lucky few Germanists who chose to go on the exchange to Berlin, a crucial 11 days of relaxation and fun left us feeling as if we had all had a holiday – with, of course, a constant splattering of useful German practice.

The exchange consisted of several days of exploring Berlin with the group and every evening navigating the minefield that is the social-life of the German exchange as well as two days sitting in the back of a physics lesson wondering just what a 'Winkel' does actually mean.

After a brief walking tour of the centre of Berlin on the first day, we began to visit the individual sights in more detail. Berlin, as we all discovered, is home to many of the great sights of Europe. Particular favourites included the trip up Berlin's TV tower, a hot air balloon and a tour around an eerie nuclear bunker – and there were of course sights and museums at ground level as well, such as the Brandenburg Gate, the Jewish Museum and the Potsdamer Platz.

The school was great, especially when we began to understand what was being said and what was going on. In the evenings the group often met up and best of all, for any Lower Shell considering it next year – there are *girls* on this exchange.

Included in the trip were visits to places as varied as: The Hill of the Muses in Athens, crowned with the monument of Gaius Julius Antiochus Philopappos, 12 metres high and made of Pentelic marble, vandalised and attacked by nature but still visible; the Areopagus where Saint Paul once preached; the film '10,000 BC' which was enjoyable although the history was not enormously accurate; the National Archaeological Museum; the battle site at Marathon, including the memorial and the mound where the Athenians were buried; Amphiareon, where legend has it that while Amphiaraos, the great seer and warrior from Argos, one of the seven who fought against Thebes, fled following their defeat, the earth opened and swallowed him up; Euboia or 'The Long Island', wrenched away either by the trident of Poseidon, or by an earthquake; the Monastery of Óssios Loukás; and finally Delphi, once believed to be the centre of the world, where Apollo came from Crete in the form of a dolphin, hence Delphoi, and killed Python, the son of Gea (Mother Earth). One useful tidbit of knowledge the neophyte Westminsterers learned is that the Athenians were very democratic and everyone was expected to take part in the political process. The English word 'idiot' comes from the Greek for someone who does not take part in the democratic process.

Not to be left out, Kristian Bagger (BB) offers an account of a typical day:

After an early start and breakfast, we left our hotel and went to visit the Delphi Oracle museum. There was a cornucopia of artifacts, foremost among them The Charioteer, one of the few bronze statues that survive today from the 5th century BC, a 4th century BC replica of the Omphalos, which was said to mark the point said to be the centre of the earth and a silver bull, from the treasury of Athens. We then boarded the coach, and left for Olympia, crossing the new suspension bridge spanning the Gulf of Corinth.

Olympia, most famous for originally hosting the Olympic games, but also known for housing, in his temple, the forty-foot-high Statue of Zeus, one of the seven wonders of the world. Sadly, the statue does not survive today: it was removed to ancient Constantinople, and then destroyed in a riot there some years later. While much of the ancient site has gone, lost to the ages or to earthquakes (you can still see pillars that have fallen over) there are still a few jewels, such as the Workshop of Phidias, who built the statue of Zeus, and the original stadium of the games (which was designed to hold up to 40,000 people on its banks). We continued the ancient custom of the Olympic Games by having our very own 200m race: in this case the winner was George Haig, who sadly was not given an olive wreath. We then made our way to a nearby restaurant, where we were treated to a late lunch, and a Kinder egg as an Easter gift from Nikos! We finally retired to the hotel we were staying and enjoyed games of charades or mafia in the evening.

BUILDING A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN NEPAL

During the Easter break, Westminster's Study Skills Co-ordinator, Carla Stevens, her husband and 16 other volunteers, all travelled to Nepal with AidCamps International to build a primary school in an isolated agricultural region of the Terai, in the south of the country.



She writes: we paid for the materials and the skilled labour and we provided the unskilled work force; sifting sand, mixing concrete and plastering walls.

After three weeks of hard toil, sweat and laughter, we left 80 children, who had never been to school before, with a brand new school building, within walking distance of their homes. The classroom walls were decorated with times tables (up to 15) and alphabets in English and Nepalese; from the windows they can see buffalo grazing on the grassland and the occasional

elephant walking past. What an inspirational working environment!

These children and their families stole our hearts as they helped us with our work, invited us into their homes and shared their religious festivals with us. It was a real privilege to share their lives in ways which a tourist could never do – a thoroughly worthwhile way of discovering a new land and culture, and leaving something behind, which may help a little to bring these people's lives into the 21st century.



2008 DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S GOLD AWARD

During the Easter holidays, the majority of the Remove were working hard at their desks, but four of them decided to make better use of their revision time by going to Wales, proclaims Helen Prentice, who took them on the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Gold Qualifying Expedition this year.



Lindsey Noakes, Charlotte Schroder, George Illingworth and Alex Wessely set out to walk 85km over four days carrying the equivalent of their own body weight on their backs (and sometimes more). Having planned their route no less than three times, they battled up and down mountains through wind, rain, hail, sleet and snow to get to the finish line. They gained a wealth of essential skills, such as how to scare away herds of cows and wild ponies, cook porridge in the snow and quite simply block out the pain. A stupendous achievement by all, and a huge thank you to Dr Prentice for organising it. Next stop: Buckingham Palace to collect their awards!

2006/07 DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SILVER AWARD

Zen-do kick boxing, Kung Fu, Karate and Chinese martial arts make archery, swimming, tennis and golf seem a little ordinary but all were activities chosen for the Physical Recreation section by the 'Batch of 2006', writes Simon Hawken. For the Skills section, many chose cooking, which will be a boon to their student lives. Of the Service section, many worked in Oxfam and other charity shops; Sam Williams, by contrast, adopted a whole street (with the approval of the local authority), keeping it tidy and then logging the residents' reaction to its better appearance.

The training and assessed expeditions for the Expedition Section of the Award were mounted in the Brecon Beacons and the Peak District. In groups of five or six, they had to plan and carry out a three-day/two-night unaccompanied 60 km journey in wild country. Many thanks are due to Mr Perry Symes and Mr Jacques Moore-Hurley, the highly expert Mountain Leaders who instructed and supervised them, and to Mrs Brotherton, College Matron, who produced delicious meals for 28, seemingly at the drop of a hat.

Jack Gatacre was not only the first of this batch to finish the four sections and receive the Silver Award but he also finished in the fastest time of any batch to date, in just over 12 months. Well done, indeed.



LECTURES AND SOCIETIES

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CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES

A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS

Gavin Griffiths outlines (above) the weekly Sixth form programme which began in 2006. An extract of Francis Gene-Rowe's prizewinning essay follows.

Cultural Perspectives Prize Essay

An extract from: *Ten New Commandments, but Really Thirteen*, by Francis Gene-Rowe (DD)

The first commandments are abjurations or privations:

- **Abjure evil.** Evil cannot be a specific action (eg genocide) or person (eg Hitler), but instead only a social mechanism can be truly evil (eg. Capitalism).
- **Abjure entropy.** Or senseless violence, or lethargy. Entropy is the process by which the radiance of the universe is lost, and will destroy intelligent life if left unchecked.
- **Abjure enlightenment.** The 'enlightenment' of dharmic religions (Hinduism, Buddhism) is itself a hybrid of evil and entropy, which seeks to remove minds from the wheel of life, destroying the essence of humanity or human life.

The next commandments are maxims as guidelines:

- **No-one can make you do anything.** So long as you remain human. If you surrender your own autonomy, you surrender your humanity, and will almost never regain it.
- **Always have an agenda.** So that you remain individual. If you subordinate your cause to another, then you forfeit your freedom and your life.
- **So long as the other commandments stand, the ends justify the means.** If the result is ultimately a greater good, then no-one can condemn you for your actions.
- **You are your own judge.** This goes with the above commandment – unspeakable acts for a greater good are acceptable, but you will have to accept that in doing so you may destroy your humanity to safeguard that of others.

CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES: INTRODUCTION

The purpose of 'Cultural Perspectives' is to give Sixth Form students a background to their academic studies. Learning now seems bound to specific subjects and specific subjects are bound by examiners who are in thrall to Government Departments.

As a result, we tend to avoid fundamental questions. Why exams, in the first place? How do we measure success? What do we mean by failure? What are the limits of formal education? What do we prize in ourselves and others? Are values fixed or relative? Is there any distinction to be made between information and knowledge? Cultural Perspective lessons seek to address these issues.

The last three are more general directives:

- **Never try to impose permanence.** A consequence of entropy (even if it is resisted) is change, and halting change always has dire consequences as it is a testament to stopping time only to let it go all at once. Thus, trying to halt change is wrong, for it is a means which leads to an inadequate end; instead change must be accepted.
- **Avoid the pitfalls of nihilism.** Nihilism is the intellectual expression of entropy, and signals the destruction of human radiance. Thus self-indulgent cynicism is dehumanising.
- **Avoid being hypocritical.** No one can trust a hypocrite to act well in the end, even if a liar can ever be trusted.

The final commandments are in some ways the most important, since all the other commandments can be derived from them:

- Take the long term view;
- know when you sacrifice your own humanity;
- Fear informs you to continue. Short-termism leads to entropy, and so patience (long-term, not short-term patience) is required, if one is informed with knowledge, and realises fear shows that the right path is pursued.

The purpose of these thirteen commandments (thirteen, as Jesus was the thirteenth at the table) is not to provide pragmatic ethics for our current society, to keep us out of trouble. Instead, these are deliberately utopian commandments, designed to bring about a better (though never perfect) society. Their authority is derived from their promise or from what they can create, and they are a set of guidelines to enable a better society to come about. Our world is now under time pressure to change or die – we cannot wait for things to eventually get better for we may have destroyed ourselves by then. Instead change must come quicker, by war, reform, revolution or conspiracy, by taking the long term view and not possessing fear of consequences. There is no salvation we know we can have in any other world unless we create it in our own, so that the light of intelligence is never extinguished.

JOHN HOUSE ART HISTORY PRIZE ESSAY

EXPLORING SIDNEY NOLAN'S SERIES OF BURKE AND WILLS AS AN EXPRESSION OF AUSTRALIAN IDENTITY

An extract from: *Exploring Sidney Nolan's Series of Burke and Wills as an Expression of Australian Identity*, by Nicole Taylor (WW).

Robert O'Hara Burke and William John Wills, two members of The Victorian Exploring Expedition of 1860 led by Burke to cross inland Australia, going from Melbourne in the south to the Gulf of Carpentaria in the north. The expedition set out to be the first to cross the continent, discover the truth of stories of a giant inland lake and to find a route for a telegraph line across the continent in order to connect to the rest of the world. However, despite reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria, the expedition failed to return, as all but one of its members died of disease or starvation. Sidney Nolan was an Australian artist, working over the course of the 20th century, who constantly returned to stories of Australia's past and classical mythology in his works. He was obsessed with stories, such as Burke and Wills, from Australia's colonial past, and using their symbolism to explore the Australian identity. The Burke and Wills series portrays the landscape as a dominant aspect of the Australian identity, because it so constrained the activities of the early settlers and their relationship with it was a difficult one.

Sidney Nolan's series, *Burke and Wills*, is one in which Nolan depicts the white exploration of Australia as an epic struggle and therefore a part of the Australian identity. After Australia was colonised in 1788 the artists were all European settlers, and it was several generations before artists who had grown up in Australia began to emerge. Therefore, when Nolan began working, there were few depictions of the origins of post-colonial Australia and so he was fulfilling a need for such narratives.

He examined values held by contemporary Australia through exploring the idea of Burke and Wills as Australian heroes. His paintings investigate the myth in order to explore identity, for, as Nolan believes, "It is only in myth that the truth about any country can be found." He depicted the explorers as strong-willed and brave in their attempt to cross Australia, despite their ultimate failure; and displays his admiration for their perseverance.

Nolan was far from ignorant of western art; but despite studying the canon of western art he consciously adopted a naïve and primitive style to better represent his ideas and Australia's fresh new culture. In doing so, he drew a connection between subject and style. However, as a result of the conjunction between his ideas and European influence, Nolan's work had an overall lack of resolution.

The strong sense of an Australian identity in the Burke and Wills paintings goes against the cultural anxieties of Australians, such as the 'cultural cringe', which so blighted the work of many emerging artists in Australia at the time and Nolan's bold use of brushstroke and colour sent out a strong message of identity. It is for good reason that Nolan is one of the few artists who have entered mainstream Australian consciousness; the experiences conveyed in his paintings are a source of pride and identity for many Australians.



MAKING A MINI-EPIC

PATRICK'S PLASTIC FANTASTIC

Directing a film is hard enough at the best of times, but when your main actors won't even speak to you, you have to do almost everything yourself, writes Patrick Beardmore (BB), who finds some actors less wooden than others in the search for glittering prizes.

I was trying to make a two minute stop-motion animation, using the same technique as the 'Wallace and Gromit' films. Instead of plasticine, I was using slightly more manageable Lego figures. I lined them up for a pep talk as I explained the shot we were about to do. In the next room was the other complication to my film, my brother. With green screen, he would be in the final shot too, placed into the Lego world. He stood in his Roman toga in front of a green sheet, and I came out to show him what to do.



"Imagine a massive crocodile here," I pointed to some air in the corner, "and a crowd of a thousands cheering Romans in the background". He stared at the imaginary amphitheatre and nodded.

The film was for a competition plugged by the BBC and judged by BAFTA. I slowly made my way through the selection rounds, to the last ten, then the last four. By then, I'd already been on Blue Peter and had a 3 minute item all to myself on BBC London news. The final awards were at the Hilton, along with the BAFTA awards for Best Children's Film, TV Series and Children's Channel. In the end, I didn't pick up the prize but there was plenty to enjoy, namely a full size edible replica of a BAFTA mask in dark chocolate. Worth the two months of work, I'm sure you'll agree.

You can watch the BAFTA nominated film at www.patrickbeardmore.com



MAKING MOVIES

A REVELATION IN THE MAKING

As an aspiring film-maker, Gabriel Gettman (MM) has been inspired by the dramatic setting of Westminster, its monumental buildings and its unique culture. He explains how he fulfilled his ambition to make *Revelation*, Westminster's first short film, before he left.

Last spring, the pieces finally came together to realise this dream. I found myself with a committed four-man crew, including an aspiring cinematographer, an assistant director and an eager young runner. A young star, in the form of Gus Lewis, had just joined the Fifth Form, fresh from his turn as the young Bruce Wayne in *Batman Begins*. Perhaps most fortunately, Old Westminster and celebrated theatre actress Imogen Stubbs had kindly agreed to be involved, playing the lead character's mother.

Following a lot of organisation and planning, our shoot took place in a week in June, as we desperately grabbed filming time during lunch, after school and in Station afternoons. Rooms in the boarding House Rigaud's were temporarily redecorated, with the prior permission of Rigaud's Housemaster of course, to become sets for the lead character's home. For shoots in Yard that required it to be empty, an exhausted but determined crew came in at 5:30am every day to catch the morning light.

But by far the most challenging segment of the shoot required filling School with extras for the film's climactic exam scene. With the promise of lasting fame not sufficient, we concluded the only way to tempt Westminsters to become our 'background artists' would be with several hundred free Krispy Kreme donuts. The plan worked marvellously and, after a wide publicity campaign, we had a great turnout of nearly fifty students, who, with the promise of donuts, remained (relatively) well behaved through the half-hour shoot.

Having secured all the footage, we edited it digitally over the summer, and after music was written and chosen for the score, had DVDs pressed in October. It is entitled '*Revelation*' and is a dignified eight minutes in length.

Copies are available in the school library or from www.onlineoriginals.com/showitem.asp?itemID=337



LUSHINGTON PRIZE

The English Department is delighted to announce that a special prize has been established in honour of Stephen Lushington, Westminster School's first Head of English. The prize will be awarded for the first time at the end of the Election Term and is aimed at students who produce creative work focusing on the dramatic effect of language either spoken or written.

PRIZE GIVING 2007

English LS	Physics V
Felix Johnston (Ashburnham)	Patrick Perryman Owens (College)
Economics Remove	Cheyne: Mathematics Senior Remove
Thomas Elworthy (Ashburnham)	Takaki Oshima (College)
Russian Remove	Neale: History VI
J. David Ellard (Ashburnham)	Ezra Rubenstein (College)
French V	Stuart Leaf Modern Lang: French VI
Richard Sisley (Ashburnham)	Charles Walker-Arnott (College)
Latin V	Stuart Leaf Modern Lang: Spanish Remove
Richard Sisley (Ashburnham)	Natalie Shina (College)
Mathematics V	Whitmore: History Remove
Sean Hyer (Ashburnham)	Cicely Taube (College)
Economics VI	Biology LS
Nicholas Drake (Ashburnham)	Tom Fielder (Dryden's)
History VI	History LS
Sam Buchdahl (Ashburnham)	James Crandall (Dryden's)
Cheyne: Mathematics Junior LS	PE LS
Andrew Hyer (Ashburnham)	Tom Fielder (Dryden's)
Gibb: French VI	Spanish LS
Katie Taffler (Ashburnham)	Yannis Sossidis (Dryden's)
German LS	Art Remove
Alexander Russman (Busby's)	M. Katherine Spence (Dryden's)
History LS	English Remove
Alexander Russman (Busby's)	Josephine Forster (Dryden's)
Latin LS	History of Art Remove
Jamie Drey-Brown (Busby's)	Benjamin Cagan (Dryden's)
Religious Studies LS	Special Remove Classics Prize: Classics Remove
Callum Brock (Busby's)	Benjamin Samuel (Dryden's)
Spanish LS	Art US
Jamie Drey-Brown (Busby's)	Fortune Penniman (Dryden's)
Drama Remove	Biology US
Max Barton (Busby's)	Jonathan Than (Dryden's)
English Remove	Chemistry US
Max Barton (Busby's)	Jonathan Than (Dryden's)
Spanish Remove	French US
Felix Grovit (Busby's)	Fortune Penniman (Dryden's)
French US	Geography V
Thomas Hierons (Busby's)	Richard Howell (Dryden's)
English V	Physics V
Dominic Williams (Busby's)	Will Benet (Dryden's)
Greek V	Art VI
Ted Tregear (Busby's)	Isabel Seligman (Dryden's)
French VI	Biology VI
Charlotte Seymour (Busby's)	Sebastian Bray (Dryden's)
Greek VI	Drama VI
Charlotte Seymour (Busby's)	Josephine Starte (Dryden's)
Greek VI	German VI
Alexander Guttenplan (Busby's)	Sebastian Bray (Dryden's)
Religious Studies VI	History VI
Sophie O'Mahony (Busby's)	Francis Gene-Rowe (Dryden's)
Special VI Form Classics Prize: Classics VI	History of Art VI
Laurie Brock (Busby's)	Christabel McKinley (Dryden's)
Neale: History VI	Mathematics VI
Laurie Brock (Busby's)	Qian Wang (Dryden's)
Whitmore: History Remove	Russian VI
Jamie Thetford (Busby's)	Christabel McKinley (Dryden's)
Takashi Funaki Art Prize: Art First Prize VI	Mitchell: History VI
Edgar Smith (Busby's)	Aleksandar Nikolic (Dryden's)
Art LS	Poetry Prize: English Remove
George Godfrey-Faussett (College)	C. William Harris (Dryden's)
Electronics LS	Stuart Leaf Modern Lang: Russian Remove
Alexander Jones (College)	Philip Crandall (Dryden's)
German LS	Walker: History Remove
Alexander Jones (College)	Benjamin Samuel (Dryden's)
Latin LS	Chemistry LS
Frederick Blundun (College)	T. James Prankerd-Smith (Grant's)
Mathematics LS	Drama LS
Frederick Blundun (College)	Adam Cigman Mark (Grant's)
Physics LS	English LS
Frederick Blundun (College)	Adam Cigman Mark (Grant's)
Chemistry Remove	Geography LS
Joseph Bakes (College)	Robert Millar (Grant's)
Latin Remove	Geography LS
Natalie Shina (College)	Alexander Robertson (Grant's)
Art US	Greek LS
Vyvyan Almond (College)	Robert Millar (Grant's)
Geography US	Religious Studies LS
Khushaal Ved (College)	Adam Cigman Mark (Grant's)
History US	Russian LS
Vyvyan Almond (College)	Abbas Kazmi (Grant's)
Chemistry V	Chemistry Remove
Patrick Perryman Owens (College)	Tom Henderson (Grant's)
Greek V	Economics Remove
Gabriel Trueblood (College)	Soumaya Keynes (Grant's)
History V	French Remove
Gabriel Trueblood (College)	Freddie Weyman (Grant's)
History V	French Remove
Noah Viner (College)	Rawad Marrouche (Grant's)

History of Art Remove	English VI
Alexandra Kelsall (Grant's)	Gabriel Gettman (Milne's)
Religious Studies Remove	Russian VI
Amisha Bagri (Grant's)	Guy Arnold (Milne's)
Drama US	Adrian Whitelegge Award: Music Remove
Theo Gordon (Grant's)	William Blake (Milne's)
English US	Oli Bennett Drama Award: Drama Remove
Harry Read (Grant's)	James Grover (Milne's)
Music US	Art Remove
Freddie James (Grant's)	Eleanor Brooke (Purcell's)
Religious Studies US	German Remove
Michael Aylmer (Grant's)	Rachel Holt (Purcell's)
Russian US	History Remove
Alexander Labrom (Grant's)	Meng-Yun Wang (Purcell's)
PE V	Spanish Remove
Jonathan Wong (Grant's)	Eloise Stevens (Purcell's)
Chemistry VI	French VI
Richard Cameron-Holford (Grant's)	Isobel Cave (Purcell's)
Electronics VI	History of Art VI
George Illingworth (Grant's)	Louise Long (Purcell's)
French LS	Spanish VI
Theo Reynolds (Hakluyt's)	Elizabeth Donger (Purcell's)
Greek LS	Mathematics Remove
Theo Reynolds (Hakluyt's)	George Barton (Rigaud's)
Mathematics LS	Music Remove
Theo Reynolds (Hakluyt's)	George Barton (Rigaud's)
Mathematics Remove	Russian Remove
Harry Taylor (Hakluyt's)	George Barton (Rigaud's)
Biology US	German US
Konrad Wagstyl (Hakluyt's)	John Owen (Rigaud's)
Chemistry US	Latin US
Piran Tedbury (Hakluyt's)	John Owen (Rigaud's)
Greek US	Spanish US
Sammy Talalay (Hakluyt's)	Rory Curnock Cook (Rigaud's)
History US	Art VI
Sammy Talalay (Hakluyt's)	Isabel Perry (Rigaud's)
Physics US	Geography VI
Konrad Wagstyl (Hakluyt's)	Samuel Littlejohns (Rigaud's)
Russian US	Geography VI
Konrad Wagstyl (Hakluyt's)	Hannah Fitzwilliam (Rigaud's)
Spanish US	German VI
Hugh Sultoon (Hakluyt's)	Gabriella Bathgate (Rigaud's)
Biology V	Religious Studies VI
Il-Kweon Sir (Hakluyt's)	Jo Shuttleworth (Rigaud's)
French V	Fred d'Arcy Prize: English VI
Il-Kweon Sir (Hakluyt's)	Dara Barkhordar (Rigaud's)
Latin V	Mitchell: History VI
Il-Kweon Sir (Hakluyt's)	Samuel Littlejohns (Rigaud's)
Spanish VI	Takashi Funaki Art Prize: Art First Prize LS
Flora Easton (Hakluyt's)	Oliver Greenburgh (Rigaud's)
Philip Webb: French VI	German Remove
Flora Easton (Hakluyt's)	Edmund Wareham (Wren's)
Chemistry LS	Greek Remove
Alexander Darby (Liddell's)	Emeric Monfront (Wren's)
Russian LS	History Remove
Alexander Darby (Liddell's)	Max Hoehn (Wren's)
Biology Remove	Latin Remove
Josie Parker (Liddell's)	Edmund Wareham (Wren's)
Geography Remove	Electronics US
Thomas Boles (Liddell's)	Sebastien Fivaz (Wren's)
Religious Studies Remove	English US
James Read (Liddell's)	Joshua Benson (Wren's)
Latin US	German US
Dipesh Mahtani (Liddell's)	James Male (Wren's)
Chemistry V	Greek US
Rocky Bamford (Liddell's)	James Male (Wren's)
Physics VI	Mathematics US
Ralph Barton (Liddell's)	James Male (Wren's)
Special Drama Prize: Drama Remove	Art V
Edmund Digby-Jones (Liddell's)	Benjamin Kehoe (Wren's)
Art LS	Geography V
Vittorio Bocanera (Milne's)	Robert Natzler (Wren's)
French LS	Mathematics V
Alasdair Alexander (Milne's)	Martin Chan (Wren's)
Technology LS	Chemistry VI
Thomas Sutton (Milne's)	Alasdair Wilkins (Wren's)
Biology Remove	Latin VI
Oscar Mitchell (Milne's)	Michael Taylor (Wren's)
Electronics Remove	Latin VI
James Shaw (Milne's)	Evie Monnington-Taylor (Wren's)
Greek Remove	Mathematics VI
Julian Newman (Milne's)	Mark Wainwright (Wren's)
Physics Remove	Special Drama Prize: Drama Remove
Julian Newman (Milne's)	Max Hoehn (Wren's)
Mathematics US	Hugo Garten: German Remove
Ramana McConnon (Milne's)	Edmund Wareham (Wren's)
Technology US	The Martin Ball Piano Prize: Music Remove
Hunter Farquhar-Thomson (Milne's)	Rachel Tocknell (Wren's)
Art V	The Solti Prize: Music VI
Cortland Linder (Milne's)	Ginny Horten-Middleton (Wren's)
English V	Stuart Leaf Modern Lang: German Remove
Frederick Spoliar (Milne's)	Rachel Tocknell (Wren's)
	Walker: History Remove
	M. Usman Ahmedani (Wren's)

THE TIZARD LECTURE 2008

IMPERFECT WORLD OF MATERIALS

Professor Robin Grimes, Imperial College, London

A large majority of Chemists, if asked what first attracted them to the subject, will say that it was crystals. The almost universal appeal of their large-scale structure is shown by our use of them as decorative objects, whether as gemstones or simply as chunks of quartz sitting amongst the décor of a restaurant or hotel. Later we learn that the beauty of the crystal results from the symmetry of the arrangement of the atoms or molecules within it, and this is a wonderful discovery.

Then we come to another discovery – that the interesting properties of many materials, and our ability to manipulate them, comes not from perfection, but from the imperfections or dislocations in the crystal structure. This was the main thrust of Prof Grimes' lecture, supported entertainingly by numerous demonstrations and, unusually for the Tizard lecture, a significant degree of experimental participation by members of the audience. With the aid of large crystal models, dominoes, soap solution and a considerable quantity of ball-bearings he showed with great clarity the way in which dislocations occur in crystals, and some of the effects on their properties which result. There was the aluminium alloy armour, which slows a bullet by dissipating its energy by making layers in the metal crystal slide over one another. Amusingly, a piece of copper was offered to each of two pupils who were invited to bend it. The easily bent version was given to the most diminutive of the pair whilst his taller and older

companion failed in his attempts. One copper bar had been heat treated and the other not; the secret of the differences in stiffness lay in the differences in the dislocations. There were numerous other small, simple and very effective experiments on offer, and the audience enjoyed much interesting instruction delivered with great panache by a lecturer who is evidently a great enthusiast for what he does. We heard the creak of tin as it bends, learnt why the conch shell is so strong, and looked in some detail at RB211 turbine blades of which one was a single metal crystal. A consideration of fluorescence was rounded off by illuminating a jug made of 'vaseline' glass with ultraviolet light. The wonderful green fluorescence, arising because the glass contains small amounts of uranium, did (as Prof Grimes predicted it would) get a suitably amazed response.

Materials Science is a field that is sometimes regarded as a relatively uninteresting branch of Physics or Chemistry (according to taste) compared with, say, the more high profile Particle Physics. Yet progress with materials will hold the key to our ability to build some of the most sought-after devices of the 21st century, including the much-needed fusion reactor. Prof Grimes showed that materials are very far from being uninteresting and that it is their imperfections that make them so. I suspect that useful seeds will have been sown in some of the pupils in the audience by his entertaining and erudite lecture. It was great fun.

TOP PRIZE IN YOUNG ENGINEER FOR BRITAIN

Cato Sandford, Henry Thorogood, and Simon Nathan worked throughout their Remove year on a project for the Young Engineer for Britain competition, reports David Hemsley-Brown. Having qualified and reached the regional final in June 2007, the team took their Braille Teaching Aid to the national finals at the University of Greenwich in September. During two days they presented their project to judges drawn from the world of Engineering and Design. At the final presentation dinner the team were awarded the prizes for Engineering in the Community, Communications and the Duke of York's trophy for the best use of electronics in a project.



BRITISH PHYSICS OLYMPIAD

The British Physics Olympiad is a competition that Westminster's traditionally do well in, and in terms of the numbers of medals achieved, this was perhaps our most successful year to date; indeed, it could be argued that we obtained the strongest results in the country, boasts a triumphant Jaideep Barot.

Our pupils achieved an impressive four bronze medals and six silvers, but special congratulations go to Ralph Barton, Peter Brescia and Aleksander Nikolic for their placing in the gold medal positions (amongst the top fifty entrants). Their reward was another gruelling three-hour theoretical paper, in which Peter Brescia qualified for the four-day Abingdon team-selection meeting. Unfortunately, he narrowly missed making the five-man national team, but this rounded off in impressive fashion another great year for the school in this competition.



CLASSICAL SOCIETY

In another very active year the Classical Society has held several meetings which attracted a wide constituency of Upper School pupils and teachers, writes Joe Ireland.

Particularly popular was the meeting addressed by Dr. Nick Denyer of Trinity College, Cambridge. His talk, entitled 'Why Be Just?' explored the 'prisoners' dilemma' and applied its most convincing conclusion (that to confess is the best strategy) to passages from Plato. With wit and verve, Dr. Denyer acknowledged the attractions of being unjust before successfully dismissing them.

Many other leading Classical scholars have come to Westminster this year. Dr. John Penney (Wolfson College, Oxford) gave an introduction to what is known of the Etruscan language. Professor David Sedley (Selwyn College, Cambridge) discussed passages from Cicero and Lucretius as he posed the question, 'Did God create the world?'

Prof. Alison Wray (Cardiff) attracted a

large crowd for an interactive and interdisciplinary talk on the evolutionary origins of language. Her arguments provided a useful and stimulating introduction to the more recent speculations of professional linguists who have put language origins back on the agenda by drawing on new evidence from anthropology and biology.

Dr Stephen Spurr addressed the Society on one of his special interests – traditional Italian agriculture and its importance in Latin literature. Presenting a collection of beautiful slides from the 'other Italy', Dr. Spurr offered some fascinating insights into pastoral life and, here in the heart of London, brought the ploughshare to life and productivity.

In the Lent Term we hosted three leading young scholars. Dr Lucia Prauscello (Trinity Hall, Cambridge) presented an argument in intertextuality and allusion. Her analysis of Ovid's reading of Juno's reconciliation to the Trojans at the end of Virgil's Aeneid forced the audience to rethink this scene but also some general principles of literary criticism. The insecure and capricious goddess is as obsessed with her own power as ever, but we see that the 'literary agenda' is

often just as important as the narrative itself. Dr. Jane Lightfoot's presentation on Iliad 16 raised the possibility that the Patroclus theme could be derived from the epic of Gilgamesh; the influence of Mesopotamian thought and art on early Greek literature should perhaps be more seriously considered. The Lent Term programme was concluded by Dr. Patrick Finglass of Nottingham University and All Souls' College, Oxford, with one of the liveliest lectures of year. Drawing on, and critically examining, some ideas in the work of the great Hellenist Bernard Knox, Dr. Finglass reopened some fundamental questions concerning the so-called 'Sophoclean Hero'.

At the time of writing we look forward to Prof. Tom Earle's visit; he will be speaking on the epic in later European literature and we expect his presentation to be of considerable interest to modern linguists as well as classicists.

Once again we can proudly report success in the Classical Association competition in Latin and Greek oration, in which this year we won two first prizes (Ted Tregear and Il-Kweon Sir) and a 'highly commended' (Dara Barkhordar).

Its spectacular north face, which towers almost 6,000 ft above a valley, is renowned for being one of the most dangerous and challenging climbs in Europe, with climbers naming some locations with apt titles such as 'Death Bivouac'.

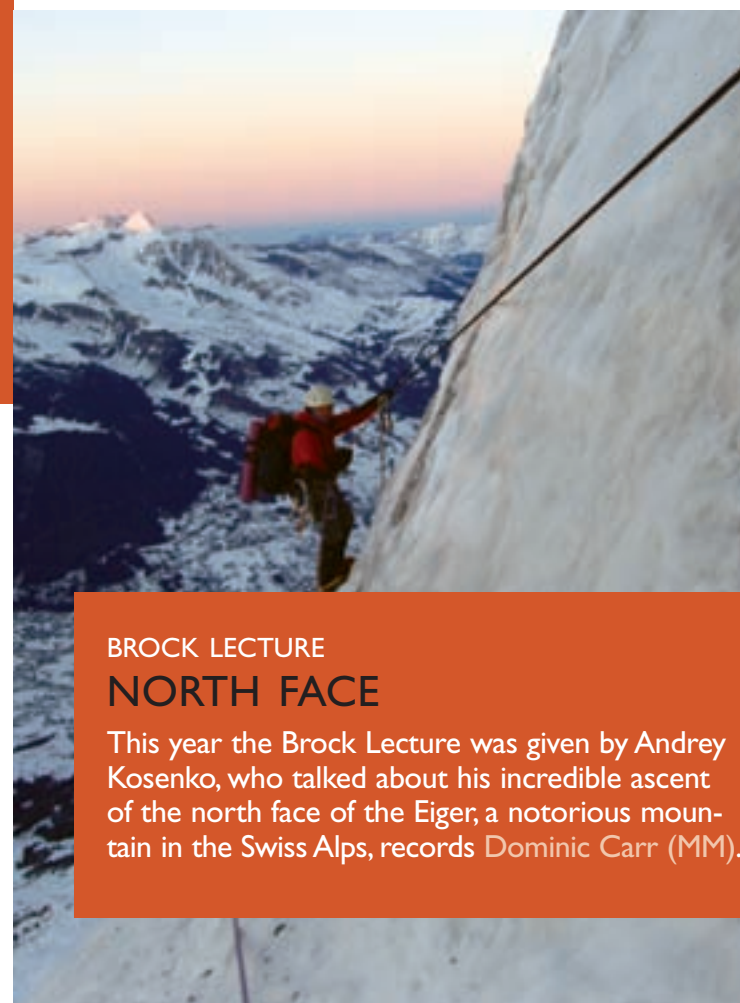
Andrey is a rock climbing instructor who has not only been a huge influence on the ever-growing rock climbing station, but has also assisted many school expeditions to places such as the Crimea and the Pyrenees, most of which would have been impossible without him, not to mention far less fun.

The talk opened with a short video clip of three climbers (Andrey and two of his companions) climbing a steep, snowy rock face, and as the camera then panned out over some stunning views, you suddenly realised how high up they were. The talk was very friendly and informal as Andrey discussed some of the more interesting aspects of the climb, such as discovering that the rope preventing them from dropping several hundred feet was frozen solid and could crack at any minute, and how he dropped his bag in the snow and ran along a thin, snow-coated ridge to reach the peak.

He seemed really to enjoy talking about his experiences up on the mountain, discussing how it was one of the hardest and most satisfying climbs of his career, and was very keen to answer questions at the end. Andrey, who happens to be an excellent photographer, presented the talk with a few pictures taken from the expedition, but the real treat came right at the end in the form of a slideshow of photographs, backed by some soothing yet intense music that was very well chosen. Not only were the pictures of magnificent scenery, but they also gave a wonderful feel for what it must have been like to be there, inspiring others to go out and do some mountaineering of their own.

BROCK LECTURE NORTH FACE

This year the Brock Lecture was given by Andrey Kosenko, who talked about his incredible ascent of the north face of the Eiger, a notorious mountain in the Swiss Alps, records Dominic Carr (MM).



HISTORY OF ART SOCIETY

Christabel McKinley (DD) and Maisie Lawrence (CC) sketch the outline of a busy academic year for the History of Art Society.

We began our series of lectures in the Play Term with our first guest speaker, Jack Farthing (OW). He gave us a talk entitled 'A History of Art Degree' based on his experiences as a student of history of art at Oxford. Even for students not planning on reading art history the talk proved absorbing, offering an alluring portrayal of student university life in general, as well as enticing many listeners with the charms of Oxford.

After Jack's talk, this year's art history theme of Spanish art began in earnest. Professor Nigel Glendenning started us off with gusto with his talk on 'Spanish Art and Politics, Goya, Picasso and Equipo Crónica.' Prof. Glendenning introduced us to Goya's political side in his satirical etchings and lithographs. He then transported us from the 19th century to the 20th, with Picasso and Equipo Crónica. Picasso's political works are perhaps a little more familiar, but Equipo Crónica, the somewhat obscure group of artists who comprised the Spanish exponents of Pop Art, were something new for the majority of the audience. We learned about their influential works which served both as political instruments and a direct challenge to the conventional role of art.

Another stranger to the art history syllabus was introduced to us by Marjorie Trusted, in a talk entitled 'Luisa Roldán (1652–1706): A Sculptor Abroad'. Although she is often only recognised for her place as a rare female artist among men, Marjorie Trusted gave us an overview of her work as a sculptor and her beautifully detailed wooden church ornaments, demonstrating her exceptionality.

Our Spanish series concluded with a talk by Mary Yule on 'The Nation's Venus; Buying Velazquez's Rokeby Venus'. This painting carries with it an exceptional biography and the lecture outlined the timeline of events in its life. The most dramatic of these is possibly the attack on the painting by a suffragette, who slashed it seven times in protest at its apparent objectification of the female form.

The culmination of this year's lectures was, as usual, the John House Lecture in the Lent Term. This year Professor House gave us a talk entitled "Looking into Cezanne" on an artist very familiar to Sixth Form art historians and who continues to feature in studies by the Remove. The talk presented to us a new perspective on Cezanne's role in art, in particular the value of his landscapes. Prof. House showed us some of Cezanne's unfinished canvases, explaining to us their value in determining Cezanne's objectives and style. Cezanne emphasised that his paintings were representations of nature, as opposed to direct copies, and we can see this clearly in his brushstroke.

This year we have also been active outside school and we had a successful outing to the *From Russia* exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts. Luckily for Remove art historians, the exhibition was well aligned with our A-level syllabus, offering us rare examples of the art scene in Paris in the early 20th century. Examples of Russian Cubism provided an interesting comparison to those of the Parisians that we have been studying in class.

All in all, this academic year has been a very productive one for the Art History Society and our thanks to the Art History department for organising such stimulating events.

HISTORY OF ART CONFERENCE

This year's History of Art conference was held in Weston's in February and attracted teachers and academics from across Britain as well as eager Sixth Form and Remove History of Art students, reports Ben Street.

Delegates debated up-to-the-minute art historical scholarship and discussed forthcoming changes to the curriculum. Dr Gavin Parkinson, of the Courtauld Institute, began proceedings with his provocative and stimulating talk on "Art History and Bullshit" – uneasy bedfellows as any Westminster History of Art student would quickly assert, but all too often the discipline can seem bogged down by half-baked theories without solid historical foundation. Focusing on Freudian analysis of Leonardo da Vinci and the esoteric conceptual art of Marcel Duchamp, Dr Parkinson parsed the difficult terrain of interpretation. He warned, though, of too cynical an approach; the subject is renowned for its openness, and in most cases this should be applauded.

Continuing the theme of interpretation and its minefields was Professor Richard Marks, also of the Courtauld, who gave a fascinating talk on 'Looking at Medieval Art'. How should this period of art, not renowned for encouraging artistic diversity and experimentation, be analysed? Dr Marks presented several frames of reference for one particular Madonna and Child – literally, in fact, since he traced the series of superimposed gilded frames used over the centuries to display this work, thereby allowing the one image to take on various different kinds of meaning.

Providing further evidence of the breadth and diversity of the subject, Caroline Brooke, PhD candidate at the Courtauld, then discussed her thesis on the role of cultural memory in the production of Venetian Renaissance art. By looking at works commissioned specifically for the *scuole* – the confraternities that dominated patronage in 15th century Venice – Ms Brooke argued for their importance in the construction of a collective identity. For delegates used to well-worn analyses of art of the Venetian Renaissance, this approach was welcome in its fresh illumination of an aspect of the period that has rarely been discussed.

A guided tour of the monuments of Westminster Abbey followed, which struck the perfect balance of whimsy and gravitas. The day was rounded off with *Candlemas* in Abbey, a suitably hushed and serene end to a highly enjoyable and thought-provoking conference.

POLITICAL SOCIETY

Although a relatively new addition to Westminster life, Political Society has built on the work of last year's founders to become a popular and vibrant weekly event, say leaders Anna Sheinman (BB) and Ben Brock (BB).



CAMDEN MAGAZINE

In 2007, Westminsters produced *Camden* a new magazine to rival *Hooke*, the school's science journal.



Camden is a Humanities magazine with a strictly intellectual bias. Both teachers and students are invited to contribute serious-minded articles covering a wide range of academic areas. Original thinking is encouraged, but is not necessarily a pre-requisite: more importantly, we are looking for an enthusiastic love of truth, and a desire to express complicated ideas with precision and clarity. The first edition included articles on Victorian women, the art of forgery, Scorsese's soundtrack and the psychology of *Snow White*. Although it sounds daunting, the Upper School editors are confident that they will be able to publish one magazine a year.

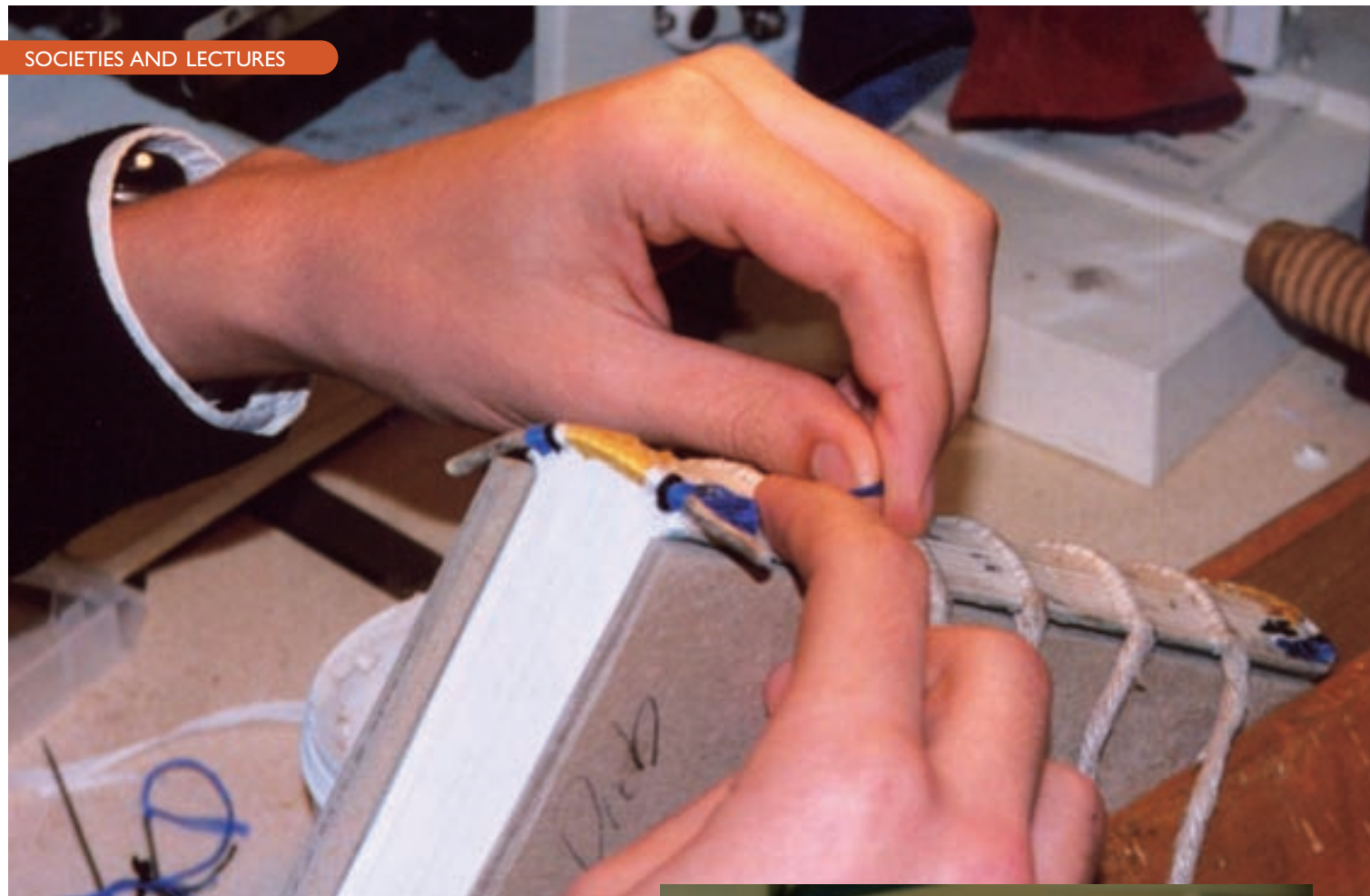
Over the past year Anna Sheinman and Ben Brock, and initially Tom Harrison, have led sometimes rowdy, often passionate, and always informative discussions on topics as varied as the time limit on abortion; the environmental impact of the expansion of Heathrow; and the integration of immigrants into British society. Further afield meetings have focused on the fraught situation in the Middle East; China as host of the Olympics; potential solutions to nuclear proliferation in rogue states; and the electoral crisis in Pakistan. Unable to persuade Boris Johnson, Barack Obama and the like to attend, we held our own US Presidential Primaries and London Mayoral Hustings, with obliging members of the Society doing their best impersonations of the candidates, and the floppy hair and power suits were barely missed. While our Presidential Predictions were eerily accurate, Brian Paddock for Mayor seems a longshot! Unsuitable incidents aside, the Head Master has been markedly supportive of the fledgling Society, and we are sure that the Sixth Formers we have been so extensively trialling for next year's Chairs will cement the place of the Society in school life. We hope that the squabbling, laughing, heckling and mud-slinging, and sometimes even serious debate, will continue to be heard in the Camden Room for many years to come.

WRITERS' BLOCK — NEWS THAT HASN'T YET HAPPENED

Sideline by the curriculum and relegated to one General Option on a soporific Friday afternoon, the art of the written word at Westminster has declined in significance. It needs and deserves redemption, and this is what we hope to deliver, hurls a defiant James Manning (DD).

A new addition to the published output of the school and an outlet for the creative undercurrent of Westminster; a journal for original creative writing composed by and for pupils; Writers' Block has emerged from the depths of Weston's in opposition to the judgement and scorn with which creative writing is often viewed. By the time you read this, our first issue will have hit the school with full creative force: an A5 serving of short fiction and poems, with a side order of artwork to accompany it.

We hope you read it; we hope even more that you enjoyed it. If you want to enter a piece for the next issue, we're waiting with bated breath at writersblock@westminster.org.uk – every piece sent is another shot in the arm for the creative arts at Westminster. Keep your eyeballs peeled for issue two, coming soon to a Yard near you, and thank you for reading.



BOOKBINDING AT WESTMINSTER

Westminster Bookbinding, presided over and instructed by Dr Douglas East, has now completed 24 years. This June sees the 20th Annual Exhibition of the work achieved by those who choose to learn this ancient and very satisfying craft.



Each exhibition consists of the year's work by all the pupils, ranging from those who have just joined in the Fifth Form through some who have continued after LSA and done four or five years, to members of staff who have been coming for much longer.

It is impossible under these conditions ever to teach a class. Not only are all but the beginners doing completely different pieces of work, but the race lengthens out very quickly even among those who have just started and are all working on the same model. Every pupil is taught individually on his own work in front of him. This individual attention is excellent for the pupil but exhausting for the tutor. But it is the only way.

Students often bring their own printed books for re-binding and many are about the School and the Abbey. We try to make as many personal and historical relationships to Westminster among the year's collection. In 2004 a book about dolphins was bound with an onlay design derived from the famous boy with a dolphin sculpture

on the Chelsea Embankment. The sculptor's son, who posed for the boy, was Up Liddell's in the 1970's.

Presentation bindings are given each year to the Head Master and the Dean and are executed jointly by two of the senior boys and the tutor. These are often books on School or Abbey history and are distinguished by the Westminster Shield in gold on the front board along with other decoration.

Early books are preserved, repaired and rebound in their original style. Documents can be repaired and conserved in preparation for archival storage or occasional display. A certain amount of historical and technical knowledge of the craftsmanship involved gets absorbed painlessly and this is reflected in the displays which go on show with the exhibitions. This activity appeals to quiet contemplative souls who enjoy using their hands, eyes and brains creatively in a totally calm and peaceful atmosphere. Stressed members of Common Room find it very therapeutic. Long may it continue. The tutor is 85 but hopes to stay on till at least 90.

A SHORT STORY WHOSE LINE IS IT ANYWAY?

By Charlie Chichester (GG)

I didn't know the time. I had to be somewhere – and I just had to be standing in line! It aggravated me then because I knew I was going to be late; it aggravates me now because I didn't know the time.

"Time?" He answered. "Well, the time is just the time it takes to get to where you're going, isn't it?"

"It isn't."

"Oh, well... no – in all seriousness, the time's 9:15. Where you headed?"

I said the name of the club, and he reassured me that it was close by.

"Yeah I know it's close by. It's just that I'm late, that's all – always have been, always will be."

"Well I'm going there too," he said, "and I'm not late."

"Your point being?"

"My point being your point – being with me. Then you have an excuse for being late – you bumped into an old school friend... and no – of course I'm not an old school friend, but you," he paused, "are late."

The man in front finally, casually finished refurbishing his wallet. The cash machine made utterances worth however many units of alcohol, and we were on our way. Naturally there had to be another queue to get into the club, which prompted an end to the silence I had for a short while upheld so admirably.

"Queue, queue, queue – is that all we do?"

"For the time being, yes."

"It's a funny word, though – *queue* – the longest letter in the alphabet. Q for *quaint*, y'know, just like the British and all their *queues*."

"Well, we're hardly Kuwaiti – observe." I nudged – no, shoved – the woman in front of me into the woman in front of her, made a spinning top out of a stiletto. In the split-second surrounding impact I slipped ahead a few places in the line, insouciant. Then, mumbling all kinds of incoherent excuses, I pushed on still further. I wasn't so fussed about being late anymore, just desperate to put some distance between myself and this talker.

I didn't look back, not particularly wishing to have to further endear myself to all the people I'd just barged through (they were pathetically polite, to be brutally honest). I also didn't want to have to see his face again. I eventually *quit* pushing my luck right near the front of the *queue*. The bouncers were checking what all the commotion was about when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I didn't bother turning around; it was probably just an aftershock from the *quaking* temperament of someone who had seen what I just did, someone who wished to lodge a formal complaint perhaps.

"Ha! That was easy!"

"You? I mean, how'd you get this far?"

"Just followed in your wake."

"I didn't leave any wake... well, keep it down anyway." Then, half-jokingly, "you've caused enough trouble as it is."

We finally got in, having *queued* for all of ten minutes. The place was enormous, which with my phone having run out of battery made things *quite* difficult – after all, I couldn't find my friends, and I also had this *acquaintance* on my hands. He was

heavy going. He slowed me down at every turn. There were a lot of turns, but to no avail, however, because they simply weren't there yet. Why not? That's just what he asked, and why not? Why shouldn't he *enquire*?

"They're late," I replied.

"Probably."

"No, definitely."

"Um, okay then. How about a drink?"

"On you."

"On me."

We sat down at the bar and ordered. The drinks came, and came, and came. My friends didn't, of course, leaving me feeling even more dislike towards them than to the man opposite. Dislike was starting to seem like the wrong word, though, as it gradually *acquiesced* to indifference. *Perhaps it's the drink*, I thought, or *perhaps he's changed*. We were onto our fifth round when I ordered some *Cointreau* for the both of us. The joke wasn't lost on him, and he wondered aloud why they didn't spell *Cointreau* with a Q instead.

"Oh I dunno... Funny though – French usually love their Qs. Je ne sais *quo*?"

"*Quite*."

"What's the point, though, y'know – in the letter Q?"

"Yeah, you're right. If I were a Q, I'd be pretty miffed."

"Say, you're a Q –"

"Say I *am* a Q," he interrupted.

"Say you're drunk –"

"Say, I am a Q," he interrupted, for good this time, "then I'd be feeling pretty left out. I mean, I'd be all tucked away in the top corner of a keyboard, wouldn't I? I certainly wouldn't be pressed into service very often, not in this here country anyhow. Just the look of me would scare people off, looking like... looking like... an immaculate conception, or penetration, or whatever. It's just a letter, though."

A letter which went on and on, for sure, it being all so rehearsed, this intoxicated splurge, which only went further than being a preconceived monologue, rant, or whatever he'd call it. This bluster had slowly congealed inside his head over a lifetime's worth of *quenched* enthusiasm. He was a Q, everyone he hated was a C, and he reserved a special, hierarchical hatred for these Cs (he had a list in his pocket – in alphabetical order, of course), who apparently butted in and took all the glory away from him, stealing words like *accuse*, before muscling in on others like *acquire*. All his Us had deserted him, he had started to feel quite lonely, and I knew he only used the word *quite* because it had a Q in it.

"Just a letter." He emphasised.

"Just a loser."

He *squinted* at me, his pulse *quickened*, and so too his urge to leave, which up until now had been utterly unmoving. Unsentimentality sent him packing, and my friends still hadn't turned up yet! I couldn't think what was keeping them and, more to the point, what was keeping me sitting there, all alone, with no one to talk to...

I got up and left, absolutely disgusted and determined to put this drunken, sobering liaison behind me.



DEBATING SOCIETY

The height of the debating year has been the House Competition, declares Sam Littlejohns (RR), joint-Captain of the Society.

A new format designed to allow maximum participation has been met with great enthusiasm and the result has been that all who wanted to participate have been able to do so in multiple debates, each of a very high standard with full coaching advice afterwards. As a consequence not only has the standard of debating as a whole been raised in the school, but many new debaters have been able to demonstrate their worth. Even the oldest hands had to watch their backs. A well-attended grand final saw Sam Littlejohns and Dara Barkhordar take the first for Rigaud's, with Westminster debutante Charlotte Kelly taking a thoroughly deserved Best Speaker place.

This year has also seen the advent of 'friendly' inter-school debates at Westminster, with the school hosting both Malvern College and Melbourne College, Australia. Both events were thoroughly enjoyed and provided an excellent opportunity for a wide range of our debaters to hone their skills in a warm and social environment. The international match especially gave us all a new outlook on styles of speaking, and has raised hopes amongst all in the team of a debating tour for Westminster in the near future.

In addition to focusing on including all those who wanted to take part through the House Competition, Westminster was represented frequently at a national level this year. We had teams travelling across London and also out to Oxford for progressive rounds of the Mace and the major university competitions, achieving considerable success on many occasions. This year also saw two debaters being selected for a trial for the England's Debating Team. One positive aspect of this year's season has been the very high participation levels from emerging debaters in the school. Whereas competitions have often been dominated by the Remove, the fast-growing talents of Sammy Talalay, Charlotte Kelly and Ewen MacArthur have shown no fear in throwing themselves into the senior competitions, and have done so with notable results. The future is looking bright indeed!



THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION CHAMPION!

Over the Christmas holidays, confesses Harry McNeill Adams (QSS), I needed an excuse to go and see the new *St. Trinian's* film. My aunt also needed an excuse to go and see it, and so two birds were effectively killed with one stone.

The film centres on an attempt by a bunch of schoolgirls, containing in their number an unfeasibly high proportion of supermodels, to steal a painting during the final of a school general knowledge competition, the School Challenge, held in the National Gallery and hosted by Stephen Fry. My mind was inevitably cast back to a day around eight months earlier when, in that other Mecca of British culture, the Manoukian Music Centre, hosted not even by Hugh Laurie and with an unfairly low proportion of supermodels, Westminster School General Knowledge Team carried off the Schools' Challenge trophy for the third year in a row.

The journey had been an epic one, starting in room 23 and ending on a balmy April Sunday via the wilds of Poole, Devon, a five hour round trip on which the team of Gabriel Trueblood, Harry McNeill Adams, Alexander Guttenplan and Alexander Cardona must have racked up a fair few train miles each. The premise of the Schools' Challenge is simple. It's a bit like University Challenge in format, with the scoring system slightly different. Essentially whichever team gets the largest number of questions right wins the match. These questions can be on pretty much anything, from amateur Golf tournaments to advanced organic chemistry. The event culminated in a finals day, held at Westminster, in which we swept aside all in our

path, including a team from Northern Ireland and then, in a very closely contested final, Bedford Grammar School, by about 100 points (the equivalent of 10 questions). Alex Cardona went and got a nice shiny shield, and we popped open the metaphorical champagne to celebrate.

My mind returned to the film. It ended in triumph for the girls of the team as well, who finally shake off their shackles after being told by both their teacher and Mischa Barton that "being intellectual makes you cool!". And so I walked out of the film happy, knowing that underneath the "plot" and comic moments in the film I had seen the real message, and wondered how much they *had* been paid to raise the profile of General Knowledge in schools. Oh, and for the record, Mischa Barton is starting her job as our image consultant next Tuesday.



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SCHOOL CONCERT

The St. John's concert in November was an undoubted success, despite the dangerous policy of presenting the audience with 'Classical Hits', suggests Gavin Griffiths.

The School Sinfonietta brought the evening to crackling life with an energetic approximation of Sullivan's *The Fairy Overture* and a spirited (and largely accurate) rendition of the Polka from *The Bartered Bride*. Both had been arranged by Aidan Sproat, whose balletic conducting certainly inspired the players to keep on their toes.

The hors d'oeuvre over, the meat and two veg, presented itself in the form of the Tchaikovsky *Violin Concerto* and the Saint-Saens *Organ Symphony*. Benedict Vanderspar, attired in suitably dashing togs, attacked the Concerto with enthusiasm and panache. Seemingly undaunted by any technical difficulties, he laid into the big tune in the first movement with relaxed abandon. Guy Hopkins ensured that the soloist had room to breathe and that he was not swamped when Tchaikovsky required the whole orchestra to belt it out. Ben's playing of the slow movement was both delicate and intimate: he did not make the mistake of sounding succulent. The finale was dashed off with wholehearted virtuosity. A remarkable performance.

The Saint Saens symphony must always divide opinion. In my own view, it comes close to sounding like a Frenchman's parodic take on all that is pompous and brassy and sanctimonious in German symphonic thinking.

Still, if you are going to tackle this monster, there is no point in half measures. Guy Hopkins launched into the first movement – the one that sounds like Schubert's Unfinished, but without the sense of purpose – with characteristic swagger, the strings chugging away for all they were worth. The sugary adagio was given extra syrup with Freddie James's superb rendition of the solo organ part; the finale exploded into the expected fireworks as the whole of St. John's vibrated with sound and fury, with both Guy Hopkins and Freddie

leading the charge. Amidst all this, commendation must be given to July Verkade who tackled the extremely tricky piano part that trickled insistently throughout the finale.

Once again, the School Orchestra acquitted itself with style and professionalism. I would like to thank all those who took part for a memorable evening.

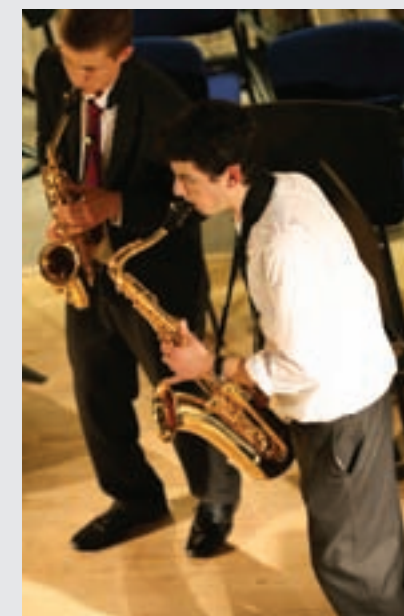


JAZZ CONCERT

Ever underestimating the school's ability to put forward fine and talented amateur jazz musicians, the head of Rock and Jazz, Mr Blackwell, opened the night's festivities by reminding the audience that they were welcome to, if they should feel so inclined, applaud soloists, writes aficionado Robert Ellard (HH).

Perhaps what I suspect is becoming a tradition should be dispensed with; there were certainly plenty of listeners, students and parents alike. Proceedings were opened with a spirited performance from the Big Band, suiting themselves well to Oscar Petersen's *Night Train*, amongst others. They were followed by a vaguely-Cubana influenced Lower School Band (largely accomplished through sterling work at the vibraphone by Peter Hitchcock, twisting out a particularly fine version of the Parker be-bop classic, *Yardbird Suite*.

A succession of soloists interposed, beginning with Theo Gordon and Anna Sheinman's version of *I Got Rhythm*, which, whilst it may have lacked accomplishment, lacked not enthusiasm. Maya Amin-Smith and Jackson Harris married free piano accompaniment with modern R&B singing in a well-received version of Leon Russell's *A Song for You*. Huey Robson appeared in various guises, beginning with a smooth version of *You Made Me Love You*, before tinkling the ivories during a rollocking and (frankly) bally version of *Love me Like a Man* (which is believed to have been by Bonnie Raitt). Rocky Bamford and Maisie Lawrence had already done a rather neat rendition of *I Do It For Your Love* (Paul Simon) which tweaked some heartstrings. Fittingly, proceedings were rounded up with a truly heart-breaking rendition of Gershwin's 'Bess, *You Is Ma Woman Now*,

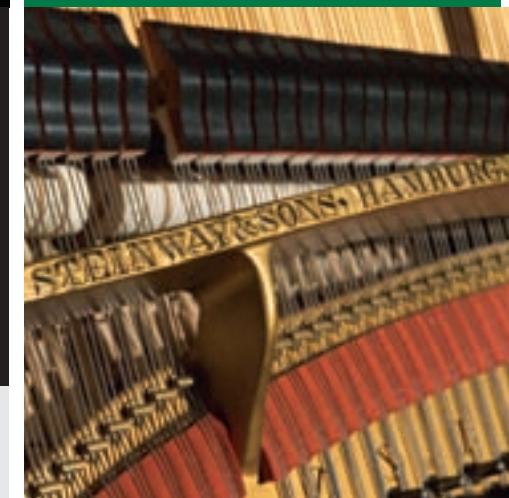


from the second act of *Porgy and Bess*, telling of the undying love the couple share, at least until the interposition of the state judiciary in Act 3. If Alex Foster was good, Olivia Pranker-Smith was extraordinary.

The evening was drawn to a close by the most able Upper School Jazz Band, who toe-tapped their way through glittering, mildly funky versions of Zawinul's *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, Kenny Dorham's *Blue Bossa*, and Sonny Rollins' *Tenor Madness*. All in all, tremendous fun, and well delivered.

PIANO COMPETITION

The Piano Competition is a new addition to the musical diary but it has proved so popular that it looks set to become an annual fixture, writes organiser Andrew Law.



There were 30 competitors in the competition which was divided into a senior and junior section, with pupils ranging from Fifth Form to Remove. It was a most enjoyable and exciting occasion with a wonderful variety of music being performed.

Some of the more notable performances included a very impressive performance by Jonathan Wong of the *C sharp minor Waltz*, a very musical and stylish performance by Josh Borin of a Beethoven sonata and a remarkably sensitive rendition by Konrad Wagstyl of Chaminade's *Automne*. After three hours of pupil performances, the experienced and internationally-recognised adjudicator, Graeme Humphrey had the extremely difficult job of deciding who the winners should be. George Shillam won the junior section with a wonderfully spirited and lively account of a Haydn sonata. The senior section was won by July Verkade who gave a stunning performance of the famous Chopin *Fantaisie-Improvisation*. Every competitor in this competition performed to a high standard with nearly every performance reaching a standard of at least grade seven.



ROCK CONCERT

As the crowd meander into the cavernous arena, speculation is rife. After all, five o'clock on a Station afternoon is usually not the time to rock up and let the good times roll, whispers Charlie Chichester (GG).



As the lights refuse to dim, a motley crew of Westminster pupils, parents and teachers begins to grow apprehensive, nervously checking their programmes in case Dr. Spurr has orchestrated an impromptu Latin Prayers. Two plucky pupils, proclaiming themselves presenters, take to the stage. Witty banter ensues, but the crowd remains curiously silent – that is, until TheRapist take to the stage.

They promptly launch into Blur's seminal "Coffee and TV" in a manner much befitting their crude moniker, by the end of which the crowd just can't seem to get enough of their raucous but technically dazzling musicianship, which peaks around the moment Ollie Rubens plays a barnstorming solo with his guitar behind his back. So far, so very Hendrix – not a bad starting point for any gig, let alone a school rock concert. A very promising Upper Shell band follows, a three-piece very capable of bringing the classics to the masses with an epic cover of "We Are the Champions" by Queen. Hard on their heels is the only female-fronted group to play on the night, as Lucy Du takes centre-stage with a heartfelt rendition of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' "Pin". Then comes what is, in effect, the Rigaud's house band, who put the crowd in their place with their incendiary cover of what was originally a drum n' bass song.

By now we're halfway through and the crowd is beginning to warm to the previously unknown talent that keeps presenting itself on stage. Just as they are starting to get a bit used to this, however, along comes the Senior Jazz Band, on what is actually their second outing after the Jazz Concert earlier on in the term. They only play one song, Herbie Hancock's "Chameleon", but it fills their stage time amply, going on as it does for a full but never remotely dull ten minutes. The high standards are duly maintained when Sammy Talalay leads his band out to play a rousing set of covers, dedicating "Creep" by Radiohead to someone the audience knew well.

As the evening approaches its climax, Louis Chadwick takes to the stage with the other three members of his band. A couple of Radiohead covers later, and poisonous asps are being passed around the crowd by a voice that soars and brings hitherto uncharted depth to songs only released recently, thus appearing relatively unfamiliar to the crowd. After such brilliance, it falls to Gypsy Moth, only the second band on the night (or at least on the programme) even to have a name, to bring the evening to a suitably climactic finale. This they do comprehensively, bashing out three of their own songs to widespread acclaim. The mighty applause that follows their performance is reserved not merely for them, however, but also for everyone who has played on the night. Credit must go to the audience as well for their undivided attention and sheer presence, which is sorely missed within just moments of them filing out of School. Ire Licet!

CANTANDUM

Cantandum grows from strength to strength, having acquired five new singers since this time last year bringing the total now to twenty, writes Gilly French, founder of the singing group.

The membership comprises mostly members of the Common Room but there are also current and former parents, an OW or two and a few friends of the aforementioned, all united by a love of singing challenging music in a fast-moving environment.

This year we have, as always, promoted three of our own concerts. The first of these was Up School in November where we were joined by an orchestra including four trumpets for a performance of music from Salzburg – two psalms by Biber (better known for his fiendishly difficult *scordatura* violin sonatas) and Michael Haydn's sublime *Requiem in C minor*. The latter bears a remarkable similarity to Mozart's composition, except that it predates

THE MESSIAH

It isn't a negligible event, no run-of-the-mill affair, to stage *The Messiah* in Westminster Abbey, writes David Hargreaves.

Given Handel's royal connections, his *Coronation Music*, and his cadaver buried less than thirty feet from the conductor's podium, Guy Hopkins, and the assembled orchestra and choir were walking with history. Then there was the link with the Foundling Hospital, of which Handel was an enthusiastic patron: several of their representatives had come to share in the occasion, and to celebrate also a retiring collection of some £1,500.

Sometimes it's hard not to regret that *The Messiah* is one of the most instantly recognisable scores in any canon of classical music, and certainly the most famous piece of sacred oratorio in the world. As everyone seems to know, Handel wrote the entire work in 24 days and, after completing the Hallelujah Chorus, was so intoxicated by what he had done that he is alleged to have said: 'I have glanced at Heaven itself'.

There is no definitive musical text for *Messiah* because of the many changes Handel was required to make during the seasons it was performed. Some numbers were recomposed, such as "*But who may abide*", which is best known as the alto virtuoso piece composed for the castrato Guadagni in 1750. Others were customised for the soloists available, such as another version of "*But who may abide*". The librettist, Charles Jennens, was apparently unhappy that Handel devoted more energy to composing Newburgh Hamilton's *Samson* than finishing off *Messiah* in 1742.

Thus it can be bewildering to sort out exactly which authentic version of Handel's *Messiah* – if any – to perform. This performance

Mozart by about 20 years... Michael Haydn was the younger (and less ambitious) brother of Josef and we hugely enjoyed getting to know the work of this much neglected composer.

Our second concert was in March of this year and was our annual visit to St Stephen's, Rochester Row, where we sang a programme of Lenten music including Charpentier's moving, semi-operatic *Le reniement de St Pierre*, Howell's *Take him, Earth, for cherishing* (probably his finest composition) and Domenico Scarlatti's sublime ten-part setting of the *Stabat Mater*, all achieved in the shortest term in recent memory!

Currently we are rehearsing for our annual Ashburnham Garden concert which, continuing in the tradition established, oooh, about two years ago, will be a semi-staged dramatisation of Handel's masque *The Choice of Hercules*, with Fiona Sharp's mellifluous mezzo in the title role. The music is amongst the composer's best and is scored for an orchestra of flutes, oboes, trumpets, and horns in addition to the usual strings and continuo.

In addition to all this we have, most excitingly, been invited by St John's Smith Square to be their regular services choir. We have been joining on an occasional basis for a couple of years but it is a great honour to be asked to do this in an official capacity. 'Regular' means three times a year, it gives us an opportunity to sing glorious polyphonic church music, and it gets our names in to the St John's leaflet on a regular basis! Recognition indeed!



paid obeisance to the solemnity and grandeur of the story it tells. Moving from the Christmas Story in Part One to the Passion and, finally, the Resurrection, it was epic in scale and conception. Frequently abridged, the decision had been made for this performance to be left almost wholly uncut.

What followed was, in consequence a long but wonderful evening. Laurels should be heaped on a school orchestra which was almost unbelievably proficient and mature, and an assembled choir of pupils, parents and staff which combined crispness, passion and understanding.

It is odious to single out individual people or moments, but inescapable. The string section rose magnificently to the huge pressures of the score. The continuo passages, so often an Achilles heel even in a professional orchestra, never faltered. Ginny Horten-Middleton, one of the most accomplished brass performers I have ever heard at Westminster, had the awesome responsibility of being the cynosure of all eyes and ears in '*The Trumpet Shall Sound*', holding the audience spellbound by her perfect pitch and joyous tone. Normally, admirable as they each were, I would probably not single out the professional leads in a school performance. But Charles Humphrey's counter-tenor raised the evening at moments to something truly memorable. He had all the range and power to deliver, but his intonation and tone was almost prayerful in its calmness and intensity. I shall not forget that.



CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CONCERT

SOMETHING OF THE SUBLIME

Having muddled my way through last year's music reviews on the back of an enthusiastic layman's knowledge, I must confess to no small amount of dread at the prospect of reviewing the Contemporary Music Concert this year, trembles a humble Robert Ellard (HH).

It is complicated, perhaps. Therefore, predictably, I jumped at the chance to discuss the event with Dr. Savaskan. During the course of a productive discussion, three themes emerged behind this year's event: to the memory of Stockhausen, who died a few months before the concert in January, the concept of 'Ma' (a Japanese term, untranslatable, meaning roughly contemplation, and stressing the importance of meaningful silences), and the importance of giving students the opportunity to play in and listen to music at the absolute cutting edge.

Dr. Savaskan structured the concert around an 'arch', based around two pieces by the Japanese composer Toru Takemitsu from the beginning and end of his career, both for solo violin, and delivered with supreme technical excellence by Konrad Wagstyl and Fred Young. The pieces gave stress to the contemplative feel of the evening. He also programmed a 'call to attention', in the form of a *Trumpet Sonata* by Paul Hindemith, given in characteristically, and incomparably, brilliant form by the ever-incredible Ginny Horten-Middleton. On a similar note was the *Sonata* for that most neglected of brass instruments, the Euphonium, written by Aidan Sproat (of the Maths Department). The theme of contemplation remained prominent in the other compositions, which showcased a small fraction of the extraordinary amount of composing that goes on within the Music department (each student from GCSE level is required to perform a piece of their own writing for recording as part of the course, and it is customary to pick the best of several). Contemplation and the commemoration were stressed in the prolific Adam Cigman-Mark's setting of Auden's *Funeral Blues* for solo voice and piano. Accomplished with excellence was Josh Borin's *Prelude and Fugue*, performed by David Wong (clarinet), Antony Friend (Saxophone), Joshua Borin (bass clarinet) and Ginny Horten-Middleton (trumpet). Borin and Friend also appeared in Friend's own composition, *Tensions*, with Jonathan Katz at the piano. Perhaps the pick of the first half compositions was Harry McNeill Adams's *Transcendence* for

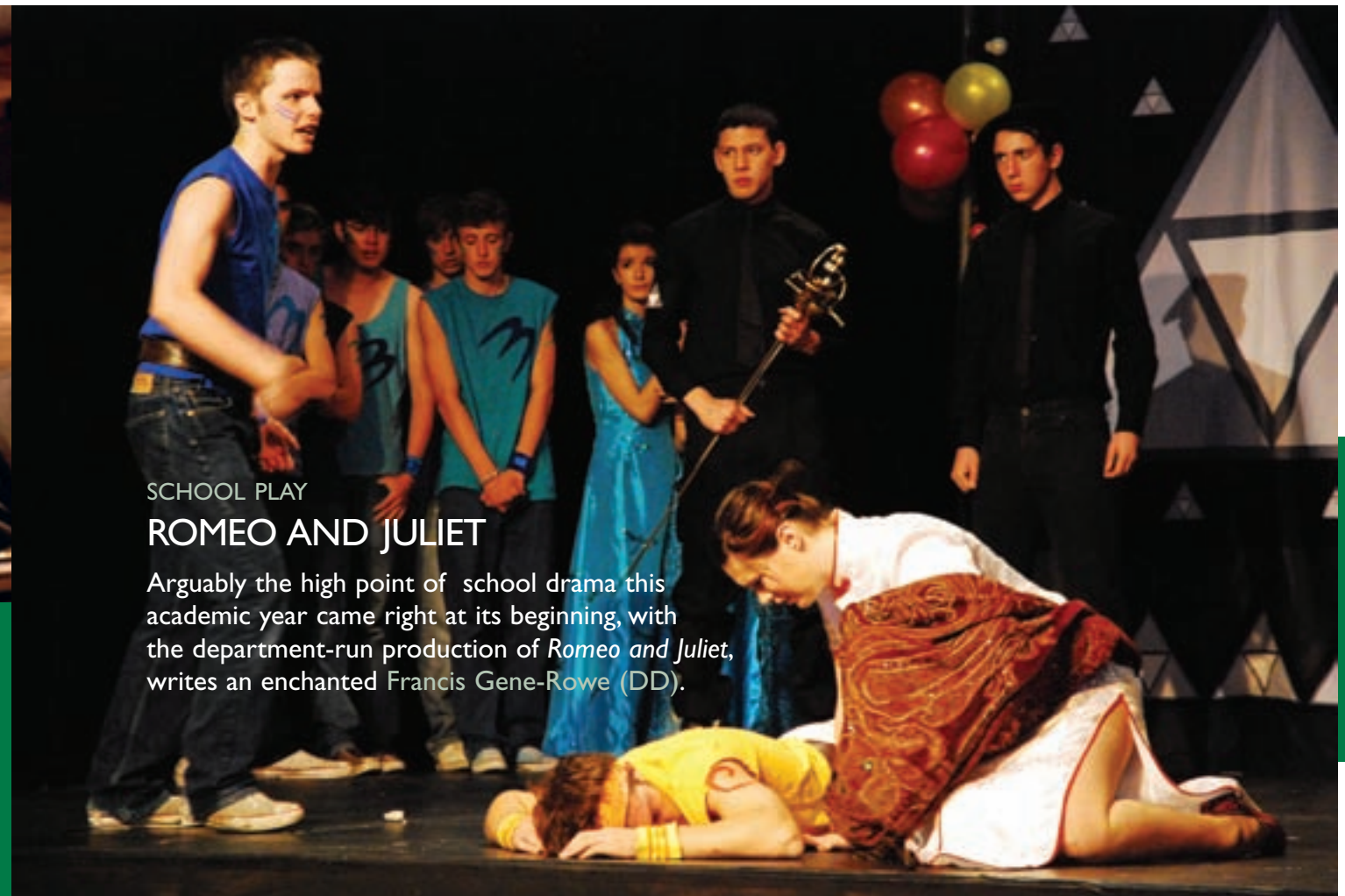
solo harp, which returned to the theme of 'Ma', and was, frankly, wonderful. Also in the first half was the brilliant organist Freddie James, playing a *Toccata* by Jonathan Harvey with the assistance of sound engineer Chris French. There was also the now-traditional piece by the experimental theatre group, who performed *Knee Play Tree: Today is an Important Day* 'from Robert Wilson's *CIVIL warS*' delivered with the utmost sincerity, and providing a note of levity to the proceedings, as a young lady attempted to decide what to wear on 'an important day'.

The second half kicked off with three solo pieces for clarinet by Stravinsky, played by Joshua Borin. There followed the orchestral numbers, which included Edgar Smith's composition for orchestra and electronic music, stressing again, I am informed, the themes of the programme outlined above. It was a truly fitting finale to an excellent evening. Another outlet for the concept of 'Ma' came from Charles Ives' "Unanswered Question", consisting of a question posed by trumpets (Ginny Horten-Middleton and Robert Millar), and never fully answered by an orchestra attempting to symbolise silence. We were also treated to a truly extraordinary accomplishment from the orchestra, the playing of a Peter Maxwell-Davis piece involving the orchestra being 'directed' in certain directions by the conductor, Dr Savaskan, who described the process as "challenging". To conclude the commemorative theme to the evening, we were treated to a contemporary music version of a minute's silence in memory of Karl-Heinz Stockhausen. In total darkness, save for a purple light emanating from the sound desk, a number of senior members of the orchestra performed extracts from *Sail to the Sun*, *Right Durations*, and *Aus den sieben Tagen*. The experience had something of the sublime about it, and was a unique tribute. It must be stressed that the great appeal of this concert is that it gives students the opportunity to play material that the majority of schools would not hear played at all. An enlightening evening. It was the 22nd of its kind; long may this continue.

SCHOOL PLAY

ROMEO AND JULIET

Arguably the high point of school drama this academic year came right at its beginning, with the department-run production of *Romeo and Juliet*, writes an enchanted Francis Gene-Rowe (DD).



Staged Up School (as otherwise generally only musicals/operas are), this gave the performance an epic atmosphere. The script was completely true to the Shakespearean original, and this is perhaps one of the few reviews where it is superfluous to describe the story, given its fame. However, Mr Barton's directorial touch was clearly manifest- the set design and dramatic staging are some

of the most memorable aspects of the performance for me. The emblems and colours of the Houses Montague and Capulet were on opposite sides of the stage, suspended off the scaffolding which had been put up at either end, and which was scaled at several points by the actors. In the middle was the emblem of the Prince of Verona, and from each of these three points actors would emerge. Lighting especially was a very effective quality in this play, and the audience's attention was grabbed intensely especially by the most active and grand scenes. The choreography of the fight and dance scenes was extremely tight and slick - I particularly enjoyed the opening street brawl, and the ball scene was great fun to watch, in large part due to Tybalt's break-dancing. In addition, the dark tomb scene towards the end, with billowing smoke and shining torches, was a clear indicator of the sheer professionalism this production manifested. I was deeply impressed by the production of the play, and I got the feeling that I wasn't alone.

Of course it would be a crime not to mention also some of the sterling performances. Not everyone can have a mention, but certainly each cast member deserves one- this was truly a group effort and achievement, and the average intensity and competence of performance was higher than almost all the other performances I've ever seen (and in my years at this school that is a great number of plays). I was struck especially by the actors playing the three largest roles - Vyvyan Almond's Mercutio was both extremely intelligent but also very amusing as a character and Jonny Tham's Romeo had real emotional content. However, in my opinion special mention goes to Josephine Starte, who conveyed the character of Juliet, her thoughts and feelings, with a maturity of acting which I found impressive. Further praise also goes to Nick Finerty's Lord Capulet, who let his quality really shine through in his rage against Juliet, as well as the extremely athletic Serge Isakov's ever-arrogant Tybalt. I would say that the cast, crew and direction very much did Westminster proud in *Romeo and Juliet*.



LOWER SCHOOL PLAY A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Sex, domestic violence, drag costumes and vomiting on teacher's heads affectionately spring to mind when I remember my Lower School Play days, recalls quondam performer Max Gill (BB) fondly.



Sam Baldock's restoration of this annual event has seen the complete revival of Shakespeare's mischief and debauched lewdness that is so often drained from the classroom and stuffy professional productions. With the whole event and previous casts duly infamous throughout the school after two preceding years with Mr. Baldock at the reins, I entered the auditorium expecting entertainment and of course, surprise.

The imaginative thrust conversion of the theatre seating, combined with the superb design by Alex Sutton, immediately affirmed an innovative outlook on the play. With a suspicious body in the middle of the stage I began to wonder how this most complex and absurd of Shakespeare's plays was going to be tackled. Fairy world is at war and tormented lovers and deeply

challenged wannabe dramatists head to the woods and all become embroiled in the magic and manipulation of the feuding Titania (Fred Nathan) and Oberon (Ed Mulvey). The outcome of adapting this to conform successfully to the tastes of adolescents and pensioners alike is, like the play itself, unpredictable. It became clear that the play was the perfect vehicle for sex, drugs and dance, but also fantastic performances and sophisticated drama. Many of the performances in the timeless adaptation surpassed all expectation. Of particular note was a realistic, but thoroughly entertaining Bottom (Felix Tomlinson) and a scintillatingly bitchy Helena (Peter Huhne). A parody of the recent *Romeo and Juliet* production (see page 69) induced hysterics from the audience; the ingenious seating allowing a full frontal view of the Head of Drama's expression, (with all due respect to a fantastic production too!).

I felt, however, a slight absence of distinction between the converging worlds; despite the savvy use of puppets for many of the fairies, the lovers had more 'spark' in their conflict than many of the more theatrical scenes in the fairy realm. This loss of individuality between the differing groups made the chaos of Puck's (a splendidly engaging Will Peck) mischief a little congealed, the play's pandemonium somewhat dampened.

What made this production so special however is the use of an all-male cast. In a play about the developing of sexual identity, misogyny and metamorphosis, an adolescent male cast highlights these issues much more potently than a mixed cast would; characters stop becoming mere ciphers of the sexes and their attitudes, but more fully developed and engaging individuals. Preconceptions disappear and the audience is forced to appreciate the writing and the actor's characterisation to build a vastly more satisfying impression.

The beauty of the Lower School Play comes however from its sheer intrepidity; in its guerrilla-style mayhem with dodgy but loveable pyrotechnics and dance, combined with a vivacious cast it is an indulgent and unique theatrical experience. It knows where its strengths lie, and this is at the heart of the Lower School Plays' success. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* satiated every desire for cheap, classy and crude gags and on leaving a pang of nostalgia enveloped me...



WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

This play was a hit from the opening moments: based in a psychiatrist's office, the audience witness comedy, drama, incest and some stand-out performances, writes a goggle-eyed Khushaal Ved (QSS).

Rigauds' are a house known for displaying their sexuality more openly than any other group in the school, bar possibly the rowers, and over three nights, we saw it all. The story revolves around a frustrated doctor, portrayed by Dara Barkhodar, shunned by his nymphomaniac wife, who attempts to hire a secretary, played by Constance Mackworth Young, to help with his typing and of course to project his frustrations. He in turn is caught out by his spouse's racy ways to the extent that it requires the introduction of the character played by George Rowell, whose stellar performance sets the benchmark for all other aspiring actors, to end up sectioning the complete household. It was a tight production with rapid scene changes that allowed for the chaotic plot never to let up momentum. George Johnston and Ben Wessely bared almost all and gave convincing and hilarious supporting performances. The costumes complemented the performance and the backstage work only aided what all would agree was an excellent evening which was best defined by a riotously feel-good ending. All the characters are united through kinky sexual relations and farcical odd encounters. This translated into a classy show that any other House will struggle to better.

SHAKESPEARE'S MUSIC HALL

In January Martin Best came to the Millicent Fawcett Hall to give us an evening of musical exploration taking us on a journey from Pythagoras to Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, reports Maude Blake-Sanders (PP).

It was a very enjoyable evening, demonstrating the link between Shakespeare's plays and music. It was an interesting mix of performance, instruction and audience participation, with extracts from *The Tempest* and *The Merchant of Venice*. One of the most interesting parts of the evening was his description of "human music" and "cosmic music": how there is music around us and within us all the time and we just need to learn to appreciate it. It lacked structure and at times was quite confusing but he clearly had a lot of knowledge which he was very keen to share and his evident passion made the evening worthwhile.



THE SCHOOL MUSICAL MACK AND MABEL

It's a shame that any expletives will likely be lost in the editing, for saying the Westminster school production of *Mack & Mabel* was 'flipping' brilliant does not really do the performance full justice, writes a rapturous Sam Fishwick (DD).

For three hours the cast made a convincing effort to bring the music halls of early 20th Century America to 21st Century London. Unsurprisingly, *Mack & Mabel* chronicles the doomed romance between the musical's namesakes, Mack Sennet (Sam Douek), a driven director of silent movies, and Mabel Normand (Jessica Norman), the New York deli girl who Sennet successfully moulds into a star. Douek's performance in particular was outstanding, comprising his formidable vocal talents with a tight and controlled delivery of the uncompromising Sennet. Yet despite her co-star's radiant performance, Norman refused to be outshone. The transition of Mabel, from the delightfully upbeat character seen during her first forays into the film industry to the tragically broken creature observed at the show's close, was meticulously translated onto the stage by Norman, who demonstrated an impressive emotional range. If there was any fault in the performances of the two protagonists, it was that on occasion their stage relationship was not quite as natural as one might have hoped. Providing the platform for the displays of Douek and Norman, the support cast were excellent; the audience were particularly engaged by Harry McNeill Adams's heart-warming performance as Fatty, whilst Theo Gordon rose to the role of the black-and-white villain with aplomb. Indeed, Chris Barton deserves considerable credit for more than just the general performance – the mime appeared effortless, but also for his success in culturing (or perhaps barbarising) the accents of a London cast to a flawless chorus of thorough-bred New Yorkers. A nod as well to Maxwell Dickers in lighting, whose steady hand with the spot was just as central to the mood of the production as the performance of any actor.

MACK AND MABEL REVIEW

Robert Ellard (HH) in turn considers the marriage of music with drama from a technical point of view:

Being a musical, tragedy follows romance as the two leads drift apart during the course of the story. Sounds like standard Broadway fare? Certainly we had our fair share of glorious numbers, lavish stage set pieces, complex staging and big band blow-outs, all delivered with masterful competence. The big numbers were cut with sharp dialogue and delivered with flair, and the set pieces were frankly extraordinary. My personal favourite was the Keystone Cops set, which lasted at least 5 minutes, and had most of the audience in gales of laughter. Of the big stars, special mention must be given to the glorious Flora Easton, whose brassy, world-weary self-assurance perfectly complemented the role of the older girl. Louis Lunts also did a neat turn as the paperboy turned writer Frank Capra. Of the two central characters, Sam Douek was strong, giving a neat turn as the reminiscing director. His big number, *I won't send Roses*, was in the finest tradition of Broadway sniff-along. Jessie Norman, likewise, glittered at her best. The staging was vibrant, including reconstructions of film sets, video inserts, a railway carriage, a cinema and a shipyard (design: Dee Shulman, Paul Gumbrell, Chris Barton). All seem rosy? Broadly so. However, it must be said that, whilst it is easy to see that a large band is good for the musicos (more exposure), and good for the box office (more parents and others), on this occasion, the fact that the band was so large that the production became dependent on microphones for the singers was detrimental to the performances of the students. This is not to say they weren't good – they didn't put a foot wrong. However, dramatic scenes were occasionally disturbed by the fact that even casual noises were audible on the PA. Also, there was at least one moment where the difference in noise produced between the miked Douek and his unmiked chorus was notable. Had the band been half the size, mikes wouldn't have been needed, and this problem would have been avoided. But then many others would not have had the chance to participate. It's a gamble which generally succeeded in an entertaining evening.



PINTER EVENING

The Pinter Evening took place towards the end of the Lent term, and was designed as a celebration of the work of seminal playwright Harold Pinter with a selection of his plays. Josh Harris Kirkwood (WW) was there to scrutinise.

GRANT'S HOUSE PLAY THE DINING ROOM

The Grant's House play this year was *The Dining Room*, a play structured around a series of individual set pieces with various parts which together dissect the values and attitudes of the American middle class. The staging, based around one generic dining table, was simple and elegant – as was most of the acting, writes an impressed Theo Gordon (GG).

The play started with the characters rising in the morning, and the prospect of the dining room being removed from society by Alex Read and Charlie Chichester's estate agent and client, and the issues raised through the passing day grew in magnitude magnificently – from Henry Astley portraying, with Napper Tandy, a love affair, to my personal highlight of the first half – a touching closing scene where Sophie Kelly superbly portrayed a grandmother failing to recognise her own children.

The second half had a more comical and darker undertone – starting with a hilarious scene between Harry Winter and Becca Kinder approaching the rebellious female teenagers from different perspectives, and culminating in a dinner-time scene, where just two words delivered perfectly by Peter Huhne managed to bring the audience to tears of laughter.

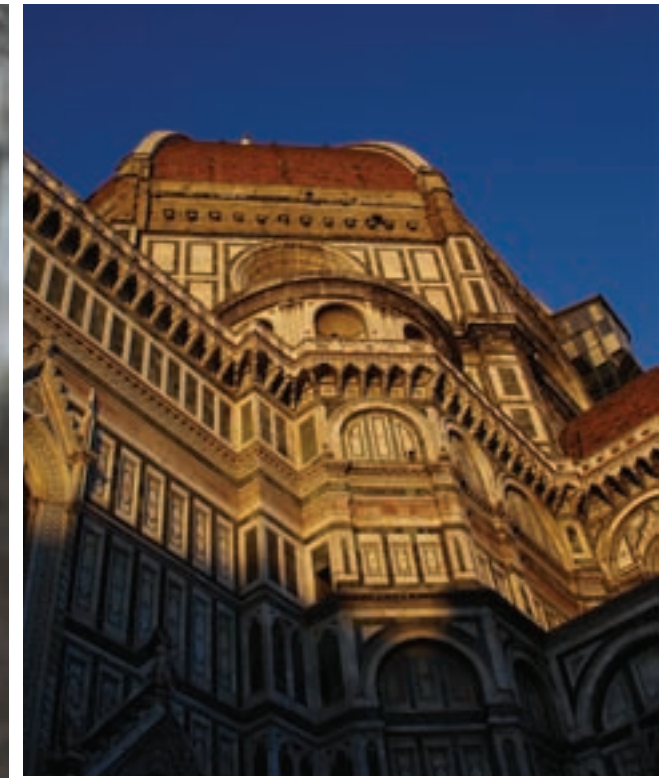
The play ended on a more subdued and emotional note; this wrapped up marvellously an ideally mixed and varied house play which was never less than entertaining.





PHOTOGRAPHY PRIZE ENTRIES

All photographs published in *The Elizabethan* are eligible for the prize.





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FOOTBALL 1ST XI

Played: 23
 Won: 13 Lost: 9 Drawn: 1
 Goals For: 38 Goals Against: 23

Building on last season's success, this season promised much and very nearly delivered in line with expectation. It was to be the flowering of a successful group of players who had now reached the Zenith of their powers. Although physically small they played the game with great pace and were always positive going forward. Sometimes we floundered for ideas in the attacking third but our superb defensive record and excellent work rate meant that one or possibly two goals was usually enough. It goes without saying that it was a pleasure to work with such a determined group who have helped maintain Westminster's very sound reputation in Independent Schools' Football.

With the growing numbers of competitions in the Independent Schools Calendar there is additional pressure for a result placed on our hitherto 'friendly' fixture list. At the ISFA Sixes, superbly organised by St Bede's Manchester with Sir Alex Ferguson attending as Guest of Honour, we topped our group and were unfortunately knocked out on penalties in the final 16. More unfortunately perhaps, we lost two important key players in Tom Lloyd and Josh Benson to long-term knee injury. Both required surgery, with Tom unable to return to football during the season.

The league game against Eton, won in the previous season 1-0, proved to be a very tight affair which should have ended in a goal-less draw, neither side seemingly capable of penetrating obdurate defences. Unfortunately a late slip in concentration and a defensive error in a back pass resulted in Eton scoring twice in the last 2 minutes. This meant that we were off to a poor start in the league. With fluctuating fortunes up front the team was playing good possession football but looking weak in front of goal. Enter Matthew Benger, an aggressively-minded recruit from the 2nds. His performance against John Lyon was outstanding and with the last kick of the game, he put us through to the second round of the Boodles' Cup against Chigwell. An encouraging set of results followed and with a superb tactical victory against Lancing away with a goal in the first and final 5 minute periods, there was growing belief in a cup run.

Westminster were now thought to be dangerous opponents on the circuit and some excellent results followed in November. The highlight was perhaps the victory against Kimbolton which put us into the quarter-final of the Cup. It was brought about by a moment of magic from Vittorio Boccanera as he flighted a free kick with pinpoint accuracy over the defensive wall. The rest of the game was competitive but fairly forgettable with Kimbolton reliant on muscling their way to a result. Our defence of Flynn, Sultoon, Shashou and Boccanera held firm.

The Aldenham result rather put us out of league contention but with some twists and turns and schools looking likely to fall short of fulfilling some of their fixtures, a last-minute opportunity to gain top spot presented itself with victory over Bradfield. We dominated this game and if we had been less profligate with our chances and if their young keeper had been less than superb, the team would have run in a number of goals.

Our quarter-final with Haileybury was a keenly anticipated match. We were drawn away against their best side for years, disposing of Brentwood away in the third Round. On a less than satisfactory pitch where the outer edges of the 18 yard box were almost on top of the touchlines we played a tense game, where in essence both sides rather neutralised the other. There were few scoring opportunities from either side although I felt that the more educated and flowing moves, such as they were, came from us. With neither side managing to gain an advantage in either full- or extra-time, the tie drifted seamlessly to penalties.

Fred Johnson established an early advantage by saving their first penalty, but a failure to convert from us later on put it back to parity. On the sixth penalty, their keeper made a save and they wrapped it up with the last kick. Their joyous scenes were a painful reminder of how close we had come and we were left to dwell on what might have been, clearly a side that would have been worthy semi-finalists in the most prestigious competition in Independent Schools football.

RESULTS

SEPTEMBER

Ardingly (A) W 5-0
 City of London (H) L 0-1
 OW's (H) L 0-2
 Eton (H) L 0-2
 John Lyon (H) W 5-0
 Chigwell (A) W 1-0
 [Boodles' ISFA Cup Rnd 1]

OCTOBER

Forest (H) W 3-2
 KES Witley (A) W 4-1
 Lancing (A) W 2-0
 [Boodles' ISFA Cup Rnd 2]

NOVEMBER

Alleyn's (H) D 2-2
 Latymer (H) W 1-0
 Kimbolton (H) W 1-0
 [Boodles' ISFA Cup Rnd 3]
 Aldenham (A) L 0-1
 Chigwell (H) W 2-0
 Charterhouse (A) L 0-1
 Bradfield (H) W 2-1

DECEMBER

Haileybury (A) L 0-0
 (4-5) on penalties
 [Boodles' ISFA Cup]
 Hampton (A) L 0-2
 Dulwich (A) W 2-0
 Harrow (H) L 2-3
 C. Casuals (H) W 2-1
 Kings Canterbury (A) L 2-4
 St Paul's (A) W 2-0

SCORERS

Ezra Rubenstein (C): 12
 Matt Benger (H): 11
 Tom Lloyd (H), Tom Dunning (H), Vittorio Boccanera (M), Josh Benson V1th (W), Ikenna Obiekwe (H): 2

Alex Shashou (B), Tom Surr (D) Sam Sasaki-Nasseri (L), Josh Benson Rem (D), Freddie Herbert (G): 1

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

Junior six-a-sides DD
 Senior six-a-sides HH
 Senior 11-a-side DD

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

Ian Clancy, Sam Sasaki-Nasseri and Ollie Flynn selected to represent the U18 ISFA South side v Corinthian Casuals at Charterhouse.

Ian Clancy selected to play for the U18 ISFA 'B' side v Shropshire B at Lilleshall.

The Lent term proved to be rather up and down and we found ourselves exiting the London Cup in a first-round defeat to Hampton. Module exams and terrible weather had made it impossible for us to train and although the intentions were there, the flesh was weak. We rallied towards the end of January and produced some first-class performances where the football we played outshone the opponents by some considerable margin. Even the defeat against Harrow left us scratching our heads to work out just what went wrong after being 2-0 up.

The past two years have been clearly amongst the most enjoyable and successful in my 17 years of running Westminster football. It is perhaps timely that, along with my right hand man, Ian Monk, we hand over to James Kershen to lead us into the future. Aply assisted by Paul Hartley, who will act as 1st XI coach, I am confident that their combined experience will sustain the momentum that we have developed over this important time. We wish them the very best of luck and good fortune and I hope it provides them with some of their most memorable career moments, as it has for me and Ian.

My thanks go to Ian for all his support and advice over the years, and to all the passionate masters i/c of the teams who give up their time to such a worthy endeavour. A special mention must go to MJM for his excellent work with the 3rd XI and to Valence Similien, who I brought in as coach some 15 years ago and who has been a great friend to all of us during that time. Generations of Westminster and OW's will gladly play testament to the wonderful coaching they have received from Valence during their time at Vincent Square.

JJK



SEASON: 2007/08

FOOTBALL 2ND XI

Played: 15
 Won: 4 Lost: 6 Drawn: 5

Four wins, five draws and six defeats is a disappointing record whichever way it is spun. However, the story of our season was definitely one of missed opportunities. Four of our six defeats were by a single goal and the other two defeats were lost by two. In fact, we only failed to score in one match (in our 2-0 defeat against Hampton). We scored a total of 24 goals and conceded 25 in our fifteen fixtures. All of our defeats (except against Charterhouse, 1-3) came in the last twenty minutes of each game.

The season did have its highlights however, and none was more glorious than a victory over Eton back in September by two goals to one. A last-second header from Matthew Benger sealed a rare victory against a traditionally difficult opponent. His courage under pressure was inspiring and for this reason alone it was, in my opinion, goal of the season. Not surprisingly, this proved to be Matthew's last performance for the 2nd XI as he was deservedly promoted to the 1st XI squad, along with Tom Dunning.

Other moments of particular note included Josh Harris-Kirkwood's goal against Bradfield (lost 2-3). From thirty yards, and with the outside of his boot, he 'flicked' the ball over the keeper who was stranded off his line. Josh was also our leading goal scorer for the season. The match against Harrow was a memorable one. Two down at half-time the team turned the game around in the second half and looked like winning by 2-3 but conceded a last minute goal. We had to settle for yet another draw. The final fixture of the season against St. Paul's was playing to our well-rehearsed script – a score draw with ten minutes to play. However, on this occasion the team finally found the winning goal to seal a 3-2 victory. Phew.

2nd XI Squad: Holt, Duchateau, Cummins, Harrison, Surr, Fellows, Mepstead, Dunning*, Herbert, Pimlott, Benger*, Dong, Wheeler, Godfrey-Faussett, Athill, Harris-Kirkwood, Imrie, (* promoted to 1st XI).

PAH and GH



SEASON: 2007/08
FOOTBALL U16A

Played: 11
Won: 5 Lost: 4 Drawn: 2

SEASON: 2007/08
FOOTBALL 3RD XI

Played: 13
Won: 3 Lost: 9 Drawn: 1
Goals For: 18 Goals Against: 41

The results reflect the season accurately. The team started off brightly with a 2–1 win against Ardingly but we were then soon brought back to earth with a 0–5 defeat at the hands of Eton. We recovered from this well to win 1–0 against Lancing and then achieved a highly respectable 3–3 draw against the Common Room. However, the season then went into decline as we could only manage one other victory (2–0 against Latymer). In the second term we lost our goalkeeper, Ben Collis, through injury and we struggled to stem the flood of goals (although certainly not all of them could be blamed on the lack of a recognised keeper!).

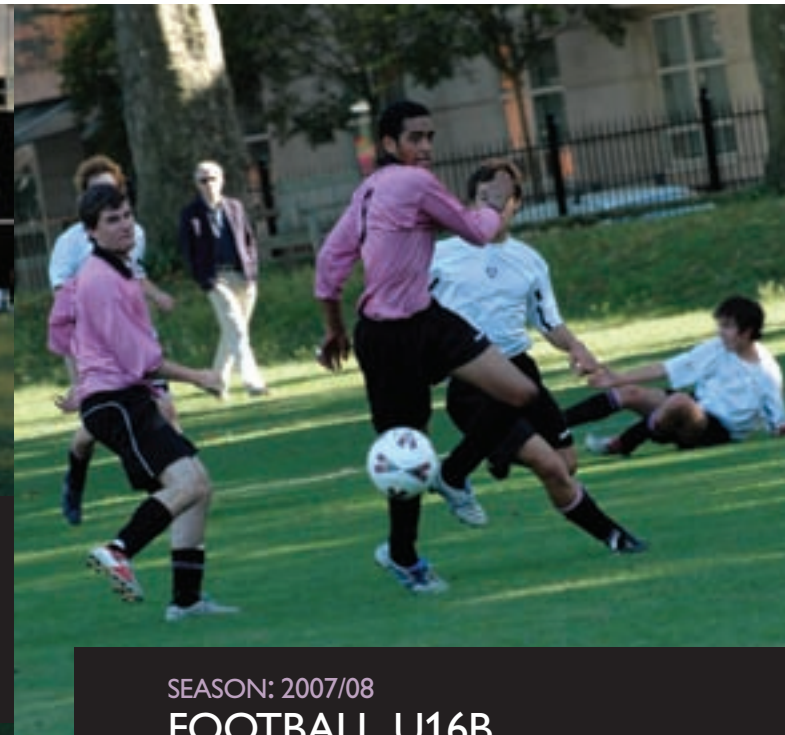
Although individuals performed well throughout the season, our standard of touch, ball control and ability to keep possession was not as good as most of the teams we played against. We did not create enough in the final third of the pitch and our defence started to look increasingly creaky as the season went on. The main fault in all areas was making the wrong decision – for defence, when to clear and when to pass; in midfield, passing rather than holding onto the ball; in attack, where to start running from and when to shoot. If these players can learn from their mistakes over the season, then they will be a much stronger outfit next year.

I would like to single out a few players for praise: Joe Start, Joe Capildeo and Stephen Howell for being the heart of the 3rd XI for the past two seasons; Max Dikkers and Sam Fishwick for solid defensive performances for most of this season; and Joe Northover for bravely stepping into goal during our injury crisis. Many other players contributed (27 in total, I think) and hopefully some will move on to 2nd XI next season.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Ireland for his help and support and Paul Whittle for his coaching expertise and helpful input.
MJM

This year group is an exciting bunch of footballers. Over the course of the season they developed into an attacking side that likes to pass the ball around. Where they lost games, fitness and strength were issues but if they can address these then they should provide a strong first eleven down the line. The side remained settled for most of the season: Sossidis, an excellent goalkeeper, was supported in defence by the captain, Fletcher, Ogilvy, Sedaat and Fellows. To concede only fifteen goals in eleven games is a very creditable statistic and speaks of a very solid and well-organised side. Sossidis was always hard to beat, pulling off some outstanding stops, and Fletcher put in consistently solid performances. Drey-Brown as holding-midfielder tackled with great tenacity and improved his passing game on game. Fellows joined with Miles on the left side and both players were sharp, aggressive and hard-working. On the right the solid Sedaat or promising Richards played behind the skillful Wood or dependable Arnold. Meade played attacking midfield and punctuated the season with well-struck goals; ahead of him Hjelm and Fitzsimmons worked hard and both scored key goals at regular intervals. Kirk also featured in attack and had some golden moments in the game against Lancing. Our first match was against Ardingly and it was a promising start with two fine goals from Meade and Miles in a second half comeback to win 2–1. We lost out to Eton by two goals, a fair result reflecting their higher fitness levels and control of the match. Against Lancing we played particularly well winning 3–0. After a well balanced 2–2 draw against Alleyns we were soundly beaten at Charterhouse 0–3. We returned to winning ways beating Aldenham 5–2 before narrowly losing our final match of the first term 0–1 at Bradfield. The second term started with our best result of the year, a 1–0 win away to Harrow. It was fitting that my assistant coach Valance Similien took the team this day as this season marks the end of his fifteen years of service to Westminster football. A well contested 2–2 draw against Dulwich was followed by a 2–1 loss to St Paul's with their winner coming in the last minute. We finished the season with a strong 2–0 victory over King's Canterbury. This has been a particularly rewarding group to coach as the players have always responded immediately to our suggestions, worked hard in training and there was no grumbling from those on the fringe of the side. They have deserved their successes!

MHF



SEASON: 2007/08
FOOTBALL U16B

Played: 8
Won: 3 Lost: 3 Drawn: 2

This was one of the best seasons for the under 16B team in a long while. It started poorly with losses against Ardingly and Eton, both narrow defeats. But then, marshalled by the fearsome frame of the captain, 'Dangerous' Dave Lloyd-Webber, the team went through an unbeaten run up to Christmas that included notable victories over Lancing and Bradfield (both by 3 goals to 1) and a hard fought draw away to Charterhouse. The second term included a classy victory over St Pauls with a memorable winning goal by Jimmy 'the Buller' Ware. A draw with a physical Dulwich team and a loss to Harrow were both games that could have gone either way.

And now to mention that fine body of men who were in the trenches this season. There was some excellent goalkeeping from dominant Dom McKinnon-Green, ably backed up by Charles Smulian. The skipper was helped in defence by such towering forces as James Crandall, Sam 'the Viking' Viner, 'Krunchin' Krishin Assomull, and Blaise 'of Glory' Baquiche. The midfield was controlled by players of the calibre of Dom Richards, Oli 'Vinny' Jones, Mad Harry, Sasha Kaletsky, Arjun Jayaswal, George G-F and Simran 'sup' Dhillon. And a particular mention to the player of the season, Max Arevuo, who got better and better as the season went on. Up front the strike force of George 'Captain' Kirk, and Felix Reade were potent, ably backed up by James Ware and Arthen Sadr-Hashemi. Building the squad were strong players who trained well, including Max Glanz, Jamie Whitely and Alex Clark. Without their input the squad would have been weaker.

In conclusion I have very much enjoyed coaching the team, and their improvement through the season was a pleasure to see. By the end of the Lent Term, they were playing some quality football.

CJRU



SEASON: 2007/08
FOOTBALL U15A

Played: 18
Won: 9 Lost: 7 Drawn: 2

The U15A's ended the season with a record that reflected their commitment and team spirit. Competition for places was strong with Elliott Thompson, Bertie Aspinall, Ben Bayley and George Kambouroglou playing significant roles in squad rotation on a scale matched only at the hallowed ground of Anfield. Lee Reid, Mr Barot and Mr Kershen also played roles as caretaker managers for the games against Chigwell, Bradfield and St.Paul's, stepping in to stop the rot following a four game sequence without a victory. With their masterful input, the team experienced a remarkable upturn in fortune, winning 5 and drawing 1 of the next 6 matches. The performance of the season was undoubtedly the 2–1 victory away to a strong Hampton side which had made progress to the latter stages of this year's ESFA cup. Other notable results included an opening day victory against Ardingly and further wins against Lancing, Highgate, Bradfield and St.Paul's (6–2, Viner Hat-trick). The stats at the end of the season read: Played 18 Won 9 Drew 2 Lost 7. A fine achievement and thoroughly deserved.

The tactics were simple. Stop the opposition scoring with solid defending and give the ball to Noah Viner, via Sam Green and Richard Downey. Noah scored 15 of the teams 30 goals and caused carnage in opposition territory. Others played significant roles. The strength of the team was down the middle and the key players adapted to their roles perfectly. The defence of Raffik Poole, Tom Williams and Alex Diaz was marshalled by our outstanding captain Alex Stewart. In front of the back four, Hugo Schlesinger played the defensive midfield role to Mascherano style perfection and behind them Olly Richards inspired confidence as an agile shot stopper. Richard Downey will be pleased to be reminded that he has the passing range of a young Xabi Alonso and assuming he continues to learn from such a role model, he will make excellent progress. Dom Williams and Lawrence McNeill rightly secured their positions as wide midfield players, having been pushed strongly for their places by Elliot Thompson, and Bertie Aspinall broke into the team during the latter stages of the year maintaining a healthy competition for places.

Thank you to all who have contributed to such an enjoyable year, in particular A(vram) Johnson for his continued support. The attitude of the players at this school is unstintingly positive and always enjoyable. I hope that a number of the players make significant contributions to what could be a strong senior team over the next couple of years.

PAB



SEASON: 2007/08

FOOTBALL U15B

Played: 14

Won: 1 Lost: 12 Drawn: 1

Goals For: 18 Goals Against: 56(ish)

This U15B squad proved that season statistics don't matter. Whilst planning this report I discovered some gaps in my records and invited the squad to email me the missing information. Within minutes I'd received half a dozen replies. There was a consensus that we'd lost a tight game 2-0 to Highgate. Almost all agreed that we were comprehensively outclassed by Hampton 8-0. George Kambouroglou thought we might have scored 6, but then he is always very witty (and why suggest a narrow loss if you're going to make it up?) Intriguingly, however, there seemed to be no consensus at all over the match against Brentwood, the footballing womb that gave birth to a small, skinny Frank

SEASON: 2007/08

FOOTBALL U14A

Played: 16 Won: 4 Lost: 11 Drawn: 1

Goals For: 34 Goals Against: 59

Leading Scorers: B Cooke: 9 O Knox: 8 F Clancy: 7

There are lies, damned lies and statistics. Undoubtedly, this applies appositely to the U14A side for, as can often at this level, their record did not do their performances justice. There were enough good players in the age group to suggest that in years to come they will experience far more success than the four victories and one draw which they enjoyed this year. They kept on working hard and improving throughout the season only suffering heavy defeat on a handful of occasions.

The season began with a clatter of goals in the match against Ardingly. Unfortunately, they were all in our net as a complete absence of communication in the defence saw the opposition's nippy strikers put us 3-0 down inside 10 minutes. For the rest of the match things were evenly contested as we battled hard only to end up with a 2-4 defeat despite goals from Gabriel Cagan and Ben Cooke.

Lampard (and look what's happened to him). Michael Young, our 'white Makelele' (Michaelele?) estimated a 4-1 loss. Steven Jerjian (all ten yards are in the head) and Nic Morgan both guessed 5-2. James Howell, speedy right back (or wherever) speculated 6-1. Alex 'masterfully versatile' Theodosiou, teamed up with Oscar 'just one more touch' Hard, who 'skipped' down the wing for most of the season, to suggest a 5-1 loss. They also supplied me with a mountain of extra detail such as the half time score, that the ref (me) managed to send off a Brentwood player for (allegedly) 'assaulting' Jo Hazell, and that our goal was a penalty (given by me, of course) super coolly dispatched into the top corner by Oscar himself. Wow. Oh yes, and then there was a rather bizarre email from Ben Wessely, fearless defensive rock (and never normally out of step with the rest of the team), who seemed to think we'd lost 10-0. Hello? The truth may never be known, but it all goes to show that this season was not about results and statistics; it was about the personalities and camaraderie of the squad. Seldom have I had the pleasure of coaching such an unerringly positive and committed set of players who continued to give it their all. I'm utterly proud of all the effort and so the lads should be too. We did win a game. We beat KES Witley 5-2 with goals from Kambouroglou, Jerjian, and a Hazell hat-trick as part of his 5 goal season haul. We also managed a draw against Ardingly (2-2 with goals from Jerjian and Bayley, who bagged 4 across the season to be 2nd highest scorer.) We did also improve dramatically as a team with better shape and better communication. Collective thanks must go to all of the gang - those already mentioned plus Aspinall (goal vs Charterhouse), Linden (shot stopper supreme), Burdell (shot stopper also supreme), Thompson (what a goal vs Aldenham), Aldred, Breuer, Imrie, Laboyrie, Wilson and Allberry. Thanks also to Omar, our non-playing mascot, and those A teamers occasionally promoted to the Bs. I'd like to thank Mr Botton for all his advice, although I suspect I am in need of quite a lot more. All in all a thoroughly enjoyable season, despite those damned statistics of played 14, won 1, drawn 1, lost 12, goals for 18, and against 56(ish).

A(vram) Johnson

Next came a convincing loss to a good Eton side with a particularly strong central spine running through their team. However, the U14As then embarked on their most profitable run of the season as they won three and drew one out of the next five matches. Firstly, they bounced back from the Eton match with an emphatic 6-0 defeat of John Lyon in which the team's all-round play was excellent as was the outstanding individualism of Forrest Clancy (who scored one) and Cooke (who netted twice). There were goals as well from Seb Foster, Ollie Knox and Mylo Portas.

They were brought back down to earth by Forest in a match which was very close until the last ten minutes when the Essex boys ran out comfortable victors. Once again though, Westminster showed their 'bouncebackability' with a thumping 5-0 victory away to KES Witley notable for a fine hat-trick from Knox. The good times continued with a superb, hard-fought 1-0 victory away to Lancing thanks to Cooke's strike. The win was made even more remarkable considering the long coach journey to Lancing.

The momentum continued in a close match at Allyn's which ended in a fair 1-1 draw. Alas, this was to be the U14As last positive result until late into the Lent Term as they embarked upon a

demoralising series of eight consecutive defeats, most of which were close affairs. It is more than a coincidence that this losing run coincided with the demands of Alston rearing its ugly head meaning that only on two further occasions throughout the season did the U14As have a full complement of players to choose from. Of those defeats, there was a loss at Charterhouse with goals from Lineker Jr as Mr. Lineker Sr (Gary) looked on, and, a ridiculous 4-6 loss to Aldenham in which an X-rated defensive performance cost the team victory.

A narrow defeat to Chigwell was followed by a fine match away to Bradfield where but for a mis-kick in front of an open goal the game would have finished in a very creditable 3-3 draw.

In the Lent term, Hampton outplayed us before a disappointing 1-3 loss away at Highgate having taken the lead through an extraordinary cross-cum-shot from Portas. The match against a super-strong Dulwich team was the nadir of the season and the less said the better although the opposition were exceptional. However, the match against Harrow was a cracker with both teams giving everything in an end-to-end encounter in which two goals from Clancy were not enough as the Harrovians nicked it 4-3.

Happily, and deservedly, the season ended on a high with a nine goal thriller against Bishop's Stortford. A brilliant hat-trick from Cooke and a 30 yard screamer from Clancy helped Westminster to a 5-1 lead with 20 minutes to go. However, then we sat back and the opposition got the bit between their teeth to bring the score back to 5-4 before the final whistle blew.

In summary, there were many fine performances throughout the season and much promise for the future but the stand-out players were Clancy, Cooke, Portas and Skipper. In goal, Aran Manoukian displayed good technique and shot-stopping skills which with greater athleticism would make him an excellent prospect whilst his deputy, Alex Ballard, provided him with stiff competition through a number of outstanding games in goal for the U14Bs. Defensively, there were consistently promising and tenacious performances from Jonny Church, Kiran Laidlay, Nick Jones and Anthony Pulsford.

In central midfield, Foster showed good skills and put in some impressive performances. Conor Meade battled against injury at left midfield but showed enough promise to make him a genuine prospect to watch out for, as did Ben Wetherfield who was frustratingly unavailable for many of the matches. Mention must also go to Dominic Sando who acted as a utility player throughout the season featuring in defence, midfield and attack at various stages of the season. There were also useful performances from Alex Ho, Shehryar Manzoor, Lian Rose and Oscar Satchell-Baeza. Milo Constable appeared also for the U14As but did a sterling job throughout the season as captain of the U14Bs.

Thanks to all for their efforts this season including all those staff connected with U14 football and the loyal parents who gave devoted support.

JDK



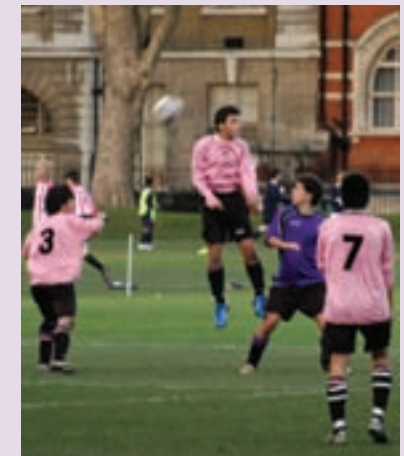
SEASON: 2007/08

FOOTBALL U14B

Played: 13

Won: 1 Lost: 12 Drawn: 0

If you had been a regular follower of the U14B Football team this season, you would have been fortunate to watch 13 games of football. The focus was firmly on attack and there was an average of 7 goals per game. Unfortunately our opponents scored 6 of those goals.



This season has resembled Claudio Ranieri's final season in charge of Chelsea (without the transfer budget). We operated a squad system and players were regularly asked to play out of position; thirty individuals turned out for the team over the course of the season. We came close on a few occasions, we gave it our all, but we were never seriously in the running for silverware. Without wanting to dwell on each individual result, we had a superb 5-0 away win at KES Witley that really was a masterclass in "Total Football". In most of the other 12 games we were just plain unlucky.

Thanks to all the players, who showed great commitment and, despite some heavy defeats, high levels of enthusiasm. They never gave up. There are special thanks to both Milo Constable and Lian Rose who did a fantastic job of rallying the troops and also to MNR and JDK for all their help and guidance over the year.

Next year under a new manager (aka The Special One), I am convinced that this squad can go on to huge successes.

JRG



SEASON: 2007

CRICKET 1ST XI

Played: 15

Won: 5 Lost: 8 Drawn: 2 Abandoned: 1

The season promised much with a talented squad of players but ultimately fell somewhat short of expectations. The 1st XI experienced their first losing season in 6 years mainly due to poor availability and the inability of the batsmen to find any fluency or cope with some difficult batting conditions.

Things began brightly with a hard-fought two wicket victory over the Lords and Commons. Having inserted the honorary gentlemen, the School made inroads thanks to the seam bowling of Josh Benson (4–25) and Fred Johnson (2–14) ably supported by the leg-spin of Alex Fiskien (2–31). An impressive bowling and fielding effort in helpful conditions saw the opposition dismissed for 177. A disastrous start saw the School 2–2 and no batsman able to master the bowling until Alex Scott (48) and Byron Orme came together with defeat a genuine prospect. When their partnership of 62 was broken, victory was nearly assured and Orme (36*) was able to see the team home.

Next up was Charterhouse, who having chosen to bat, at first struggled to master the Westminster attack. However, their class told and their batsmen took control of the game. In reply, the 1st XI wilted in the face of some accurate, but not devastating, bowling and it was only No. 10 Josh Benson (22) who showed any real resistance.

With batsmen's confidence at low ebb, it was bold to choose to bat first in the next match against the Butterflies. Unfortunately, it did not pay off as once again all but Scott (44) struggled to come to terms with a varied opposition attack. 150 did not seem to be a challenging enough target and so it proved with the opposition coasting to a comfortable six wicket victory.

Life did not get any easier with the visit of the MCC to Vincent Square. With the wicket playing a few more tricks than normal, the opposition were forced to work very hard to reach a total of 191–8 with Joe Smith (3–50) and Scott (3–23) particularly making them struggle. In reply, Westminster never threatened to reach

their target although the Captain, Adam Hines-Green (48*) fought valiantly to carry his bat throughout the innings. Alas, he received little other support apart from an entertaining cameo from Robert Taylor (26) and the School slid to a 50 run defeat.

The losing streak continued with a comprehensive ten wicket defeat away to a talented Merchant Taylor's side, the team failing even to reach one hundred.

Perversely, the 1st XI then produced probably their best performance of the season in the next match against Allyn's School. A fine bowling and fielding effort restricted the opposition to 121–9 off their allotted overs with Wheeler (3–14) and Alex Fiskien (2–18) making their lives particularly difficult. In reply, the batsmen finally put together some partnerships with Hines-Green (46*) and Keval Patel (30) together proving decisive in a seven wicket victory.

The match against the Old Westminsters was closely-contested and exciting down to the last ball. The opposition scored at a brisk rate despite the efforts of Patel (4–71) and Wheeler (3–39) to set a daunting 194 off 35 overs. However, Alex Rankine (68) was undaunted, having been promoted to open the innings and registered the only Westminster half-century of the season. With several other cameos in support the 1st XI fell just short of their target in a pulsating draw.

Following this, some excellent bowling had Chigwell in great trouble at 68–7 mainly thanks to Johnson (3–24), Rankine (2–34) and Scott (2–22). However, their tail wagged allowing them to post a challenging 166 all out. In reply, the Westminster batsmen never really broke the shackles despite the efforts of Scott (34), Johnson (25*) and Rankine (25) and ended up suffering a 25 run defeat.

Runs were again hard to come by against John Lyon and although the School battled valiantly to defend 127, the efforts of Patel (3–28) and Wheeler (2–21), proved in vain as the visitors secured a two wicket victory with one ball to spare.

LEADING BATSMEN

A. Rankine: 273 runs at 18.20**A. Scott: 245 runs at 18.84****A. Hines-Green: 189 runs at 23.62****A. Fiskien: 176 runs at 16**

LEADING BOWLERS

F. Johnson: 17 wickets at 17.82**K. Patel: 16 wickets at 17.56****R. Wheeler: 14 wickets at 11.14****J. Benson: 12 wickets at 16.33****A. Rankine: 10 wickets at 17.90**

Westminster bounced back against St. Dunstan's to bowl them out for 132 with Johnson (4–27) outstanding and well supported by Tom Fitzsimons (2–8) and Patel (2–27). An opening partnership of 65 by Rankine (26) and Fiskien (38*) laid the perfect foundation and a six wicket victory was achieved. The good form in the field continued against Kingston GS. An excellent all-round performance saw the opposition bowled out for 137 with Rankine (3–22), Saajid Sahabdeen (2–16), Patel (2–32) and Johnson (2–36) all doing sterling work. Once again though, no batsman was able to play a major innings with Patel (25) top-scoring. However, Ian Clancy (14*) played a crucial hand late on and with excellent running and the odd lusty blow he and Orme got the team over the line to a two wicket victory.

Yet another superb bowling and fielding performance saw the touring Tintern School from Melbourne bowled out for just 100 with Benson (5–32) starring and Johnson (2–19) in support. However, rain intervened with Westminster poised at 40–2 to register another victory.

The season concluded with a match against the strong Highgate side, and alas, our batsmen were never able to gain mastery over their disciplined bowling with Fiskien (24) the top scorer. 102 was never going to be enough and so it proved despite Benson (2–25) continuing his good form.

In summary, eight players made it into the Wisden Schools Averages with the bowlers undoubtedly taking most of the plaudits. Johnson was the leading wicket-taker, closely followed by Patel's off-spin, although Wheeler was top of the averages. In the batting, although none of the figures were impressive, Hines-Green topped the averages and Scott promised much for the future. Most credit must go to Rankine who was Player of the Year as leading runscore as well as getting in to Wisden for his bowling and some breathtaking fielding.

Thanks to all the staff and coaches connected with cricket Station for their efforts throughout the year, to Jonathan Hall for his knowledgeable input and good humour, Tony Japhet for continuing to score for us, groundsman Ian Monk and assistant David Wicks. Thank you also to the parents who most welcome spectators at Vincent Square.

JDK Master i/c Cricket

SEASON: 2007

CRICKET 2ND XI

Tactically, it would have been better not to have reinstated the rained-off fixture against Aldenham as we would otherwise have been unbeaten throughout the season (the others: won two, drawn two). Cricket, though, is more than bare match results and by any measure we had a good season. Of the huge squad of senior cricketers, virtually everyone had the chance to play in at least one match and absolutely everyone's skills improved, thanks to expert tuition and encouragement from our outstanding coaches.



It is remarkable how many boys can hold their own with both bat and ball; for example, Laurie Brock, Hugo Flaux, Dushyant Gupta, Haroun Hickman, Thomas Hierons, Tom Jelly, Maatin Patel, George Rowell, Oliver Rubens and Saajid Sahabdeen, to name but a few, performed well in both departments. Of the catchers, the biggest bag was Ben Collis's, who also took some useful wickets with fiery deliveries. Khushaal Ved, who has considerable cricketing acumen, bowled and caught keenly.

Team direction lay in the assuredly capable hands of Laurie Brock, who was re-appointed Captain for the 2008 season.
SCH and MHF



SEASON: 2007
CRICKET U15

Played: 12
Won: 7 Lost: 4 Drawn: 1

This was a very encouraging performance from an enthusiastic bunch of cricketers. There was a really impressive team spirit throughout the season and many of these players should make up the core of the 1st XI over the next three seasons. There were some excellent individual performances as the team made it to the finals day of the London Schools' Cup as well as having a winning season overall.

The season began with a convincing win over Kingston Grammar school. Keval Patel top-scored with a stylish 70 as we posted a total of 187-7. Our bowling was too good for the opposition and we bowled them out for 79, with Ollie Wood taking 3 wickets without conceding a run.

The second match, against Charterhouse, started off brightly as they were restricted to 99 in wet conditions with Fitzsimons claiming 5 for 13 and Shaneil Patel taking three excellent catches. However, with the game ours for the taking, we managed to commit batting suicide and only managed to score 66. Poor shot selection and a weak mental approach by the batsman cost us a rare victory against Charterhouse.

Our next result was a draw against Highgate. George Kirk smashed the opposition for 71 and then captain Max Arevuo took 6-15 to put the opposition on the rack before running out of time to claim the win.

Merchant Taylors set us a target of 164 for victory in our next game. A superb unbeaten 108 by one of their openers was the best innings I have seen by an U15 player and our batsmen were unable to mount a serious challenge as we managed a total of only 75.

Our other three non-cup matches were a defeat to St Paul's and wins against Chigwell and St Dunstan's. However, the real excitement was our progress to the finals day of the U15 London Schools' cup. We won three matches – against William Ellis, Cardinal Vaughn and Warwick en route to the semi-final. Our opponents in



the semi were John Roan and our bowlers performed well to restrict the opposition to 101. However, in a performance which mirrored the Charterhouse match earlier in the season, our batsman could only reach a total of 70. Although there were a few umpiring decisions which went against us, the match was there for us to win and it was not to be our year.

The semi-final defeat left us with a 3rd/4th play-off against Latymer. Deflated already, we found ourselves 18-6 and facing an ignominious end to the season. However in a remarkable turnaround, we regained some pride to reach 102 (thanks to 39 from Wood and 35 from Kirk). An excellent all-round bowling effort meant that Latymer failed to reach their target and we returned to Westminster with a smile on our faces.

Our top batsman over the season was George Kirk with 265 runs at an average of 26.5, closely followed by Ollie Wood with 236 at 23.6. Tom Fitzsimons was our highest wicket-taker with 15 at an average of 16 runs, Wood taking 13 at 10.1 apiece. Finally I would like to thank Mr Barot for his support over the season and to Simon Massey for his superb coaching and interest in the squad's development.
MJM



SEASON: 2007
CRICKET U14

U14A Played: 7
Won: 3 Lost: 4 Drawn: 0 Cancelled: 2
U14B Played: 2 Won: 0 Lost: 2 Drawn: 0

reverse. Game hitting from Downey almost led to a remarkable win. Taking many positives from this performance, the boys then put Alleyn's to the sword by scoring 170-4 (Spoliar 71). Westminster's tight bowling unit, led by Stewart with 3-11, dismissed Alleyn's for 146 and ran out victors by 24 runs.

An unfortunate collapse away to St. Paul's followed. Missing Stewart, who helped the U15s march on to the quarter-final of the London Schools U-15 cup, the boys were bowled out for 58 and lost by 9 wickets. The U14B team, who had also lost at Merchant Taylor's despite valiant hitting from George Kambouroglou, put up a very brave effort at St. Paul's in a five wicket defeat. Jack Davies held Westminster together with an innings of 34 and excellent bowling from Bertie Aspinall, who took 3-13, almost bowled the team to victory. Just one more wicket would have done it as the St. Paul's tailenders had left to play rugby!

The game against Chigwell was as exciting and competitive as any they played. Despite conceding the big score of 196, the boys almost made their target and fell just 25 short. After Linden had bowled well to take 4 for 36, Spoliar's 72 took his aggregate for the season to 268 runs and Stewart also weighed in with 36. This made it all the more satisfying to finish the season with a victory over St. Dunstan's, who found a target of 178 (Stewart 60 and Dominic Williams 44) too stiff. Stewart's 3-11 capped an excellent season from him with bat, ball and in the field as captain. This 34-run win was marred only by a freak injury to Fred Spoliar.

All the boys on the Station combined to form a terrific team-spirit and I hope they continue to enjoy their cricket further up the School. Many thanks are also owed to Mr. Ullathorne, Dr. Walsh and the coach Mark Mason, whose expertise and patience inspired all the boys. The Milne's axis of Burdell, Gupta, Spoliar and Williams deserve another mention as they were instrumental in winning the House Cricket Cup. All have the talent to become First XI players and because of them, Milne's are strong favourites to retain their title in 2008.

JAI

The U14s enjoyed a vibrant season and proved what a talented year-group they are. The proliferation of all-rounders is a real strength of theirs, as is their willingness to work hard in training. They consistently forced themselves into winning positions in games and were difficult to beat.

The season began with a resounding victory (by 44 runs) over Kingston Grammar School. Fred Spoliar had led the way with 82 not out and Raaid Sahabdeen, with 6-1-17-3, was the pick of the bowlers. Arav Gupta and Jono Linden both chipped in with two wickets apiece as KGS were restricted to 102-7 off their 30 overs.

Flashy batting at Highgate proved costly as only Richard Downey, with 38, showed the necessary application on a difficult wicket. Still, the boys did extremely well to defend the target of 101. Captain Alex Stewart with 10-3-16-2 and Linden with 9-5-23-2 made the opposition sweat, but they couldn't prevent a four-wicket defeat.

A strong Merchant Taylor's were restricted to 150-6, thanks to the class and guile of Gupta and Sahabdeen, who both took 2-20. An innings of 42 from Spoliar was the highlight in a twenty-run



WATER

The season so far has been one of the most successful Westminster has ever had, reports Josh Orpen-Palmer (WW).

The success was built on last summer's National Schools Regatta where we finished fourth on the medals list with a gold, a silver and three bronzes; the J15 4+ brought home the gold, while the 1st VIII won a bronze and then split into two fours the following day to miss out on a medal in Championship 4-s by one second. After such a season of promise the VIII was disappointed to lose to Kings Chester, finalists from the previous year, in the first round of the Princess Elizabeth Cup at Henley Royal Regatta, bowing out by a third of a length having led for most of the course into the wind against a crew which was on average a stone heavier. Next year we eat!

The top squad began this season in singles and pairs with an occasional session in the VIII, in an attempt to rebuild fitness after a long summer and get a new-look VIII with only three boys returning from the previous year. During the October exeat two quads joined the fleet for the World Coastal Rowing Championships in Cannes with the first quad making the final to finish 20th overall.

The highlight of the winter was the Fours Head. While the 2nd four achieved a highly respectable position in a quad against opposition who scull all year round; it was the 1st four made up of Guy Arnold, Josh Orpen-Palmer, Joe Gross and Josh Butler, who recorded Westminster's best result ever in fours, winning the Men's Senior 2 competition comfortably beating the likes of Eton and St. Paul's and Oxford Brookes top fours.

Other highlights of the winter included success at Cambridge winter head and Guy Arnold winning the Junior pennant in the scullers Head of the river race, with Dan Rix-Standing finishing second. In October Ted Tregear and Alex Fitzgerald helped make up a crew in a traditional shallop to row a group of local MP's from the palace of Westminster to St.Mary's church in Putney to celebrate the 360th anniversary of the Putney debates.

Strong performances in the early head races of the New Year at Quintin and Hampton, suggested considerable strength in depth and so it proved to be with the remarkable results in the Schools Head of the river race in March.

The Schools Head, founded by Westminster in 1946 and still organised by Westminster along with St.Pauls has not often proved a home field advantage but this year was a significant exception. With arguably Westminster's best Schools Head results ever, the first eight rose up to finish seventh equal whilst the J16 eight won the J16 first eight prize and both the J15 eight and four won the championship events with the second four finishing third.

Over the Easter break all crews carried on training with the J15 squad jetting off for a training camp at Princeton, New Jersey USA, hosted by Mercer Lake Rowing Club.

Combined with visits to local schools, Princeton University's stunning campus, the Philadelphia Art Museum (including the obligatory run up the Rocky steps) and the very popular Quaker Bridge mall we managed to race an eight and a four with some success in Junior varsity events at regattas on the Cooper River and on the famed Philadelphia Schuylkill course. For racing we were hosted by South Jersey rowing Club and St Josephs Prep.

The senior squad returned to the Flemish city of Brugge for a successful training camp finished off with high quality international racing at the Belgian championships in Ghent. The new-look top four



of Thomas, Orpen-Palmer, Gross and Rix-Standing were impressive in gaining silver in both the junior fours event behind the German national team and the under-23 event behind the Belgian national team and a bonus silver in a composite eight with George Watson's in the Junior eights. Not to be outdone, the second four took bronze in the coxed event and the J16 eight finished with two silvers.

A number of boys have also been involved in the Great Britain trials process with three or four boys having a realistic chance of making a GB team this year. Dan Rix-standing has already been selected for the British Junior team to race at Munich.

GOLF

For the first time in the history of the School, and therefore in the history of Golf, we have won a match against another school. With our Captain, James Male, and Vice-captain, Kit Gallagher, resourcefully leading Jerome Kamm, Ben Kehoe, Alexander Petrenco and Frederick Spoliar, we beat Highgate in a closely-fought match on 4th March. Having started inter-school matches last year, this was only the fifth that Westminster has played ... unless some matches were played in the dim and distant (any information upon which would be gratefully received). Charles Holland and Aneesh Shukla also played ably for the School. Of these eight, four started the game for the first time in September 2007, which is a tremendous achievement. All eight won colours.

These great feats would not have happened without the coaching and cajoling from Gary Clements, our 'pro' at the Central London Golf Academy.
SCH and JCW

MARTIAL ARTS

This has been a strong year for the station, writes Nick Reynolds (RR).

We continued our perennial rivalry against our old rivals Harrow, winning a closely contested match 11-10, before suffering a narrow defeat of 10-8. Having not won a match against Eton in over four years, though coming close on a few occasions, we won an unexpected but hard-earned victory, with a clear 8-6. Both junior and senior members of the station acquitted themselves well. Larry's idiosyncratically brilliant tutelage has been supplemented with additional teaching by Toby and Julie, providing different views on the art and broadening our perspectives. Meanwhile, OW Hugh Leonard recently earned his black belt, and former Captain Sebastian Nadal (OW) is also well on his way to earning his.

We look forward to competing in the Independent Schools tournament this May, and hope to build on past success in previous competitions, with Westminster pupils taking away gold, silver, and bronze medals, and are anticipating fielding a strong team. Despite the inevitable departure of our strongest members this summer, there is plenty of new talent developing in the Lower School. However, the station would benefit from new recruits, so any pupils looking for a stimulating alternative to football or water, as well as the opportunity to learn skills applicable to self-defence, would be welcome.

FENCING

This year fencing attracted many new pupils to add to the group of more experienced members of Station, points out Serge Isakov (AA).

In Epée, Ramana McConnon, and Satya Gunput both reached the last 32 in the Cadet Nationals, and both reached last 16 in the Public Schools Championships this year (Senior and Junior levels respectively). Ramana was selected for the British Cadet team to fence in both Sweden and Germany.

In Foil, Serge Isakov and Alexander Robinson both reached the last 16. The highlight of the year was Marcus Mepstead winning the Public School Senior Foil Championships for the second year running. Marcus, a fencing machine, is now Number One in the British Under 20's. In January he won the German World Cup U20 A Grade event, beating fencers from all over the world. This also earned him a place on the fast-track Olympic development programme for London 2012.

With so many young and inexperienced fencers our prospects of winning any team events this year were not good. However, a late victory over Winchester at the end of the season has greatly improved morale.



CROSS COUNTRY



Given last year's stunning team performances the 2007–08 season was always going to be a hard act to follow. However, with a very strong Remove year group and some fast-improving younger runners, Westminster has yet again excelled itself in inter-school competition: 42 victories against 47 schools is a phenomenal achievement and is testimony to the dedication and commitment of a core group of boys who have represented the school at the highest level over several seasons.

The season got off to its usual frenetic start in the Towpath Races from Barnes to Putney with Tyrone Cummins recording a fast winning time in the Seniors race, Dominic Richards emerging the victor in a tight finish to the Inters race and Mylo Portas claiming the spoils in the Junior event. Ashburnham (Senior's), Milne's (Inters) and Dryden's (Juniors) set the pace in the team events with Dryden's winning overall. The School team then comfortably dispatched both the Old Westminsters and Common Room at the Towpath Cup, with Sebastian Bray leading the field home.

The King's Trophy, as ever, provided a very high level of competition in early October and a weakened Senior 'A' team were narrowly pipped into 4th place, with Sebastian Bray (14th) and Jeremy Holt (16th) performing strongly in a field of 140. The 'B' team however

won their category with strong runs from Tom Fielder and Joseph Gross. With key personnel missing at crucial stages throughout the season, several established members of the squad emerged as the season progressed; at the RGS Guildford Relays for instance there were notably strong performances from Laurie Brock, Tom Godfrey-Faussett and Alex Scott, whose blistering sprint finish assured the A team of 4th place out of 26 teams.

Harrow were brushed aside with ease in an away match that our Seniors dominated before the beast that is 'The Grim' was tackled in ferocious conditions towards the end of term. This annual event is a true test of grit and determination: an 8-mile route on an MOD tank-testing site containing a hardy mix of mud, gravel, icy-cold water hazards and gruelling scramble nets. Undeterred by the awful weather, ten Westminsters made the top 100 (out of 1500) with OW Tom Samuel in 2nd, Sebastian Bray in 10th and other strong performances from Jeremy Holt (13th) and Alex Scott (22nd). With performances such as these, the team event was a formality and Westminster retained their team crown.

January saw a return away trip to Sevenoaks to compete in the 'Knole Run'; an event rightly seen as the pinnacle of inter-school cross country in the South, held over 6 miles of undulating parkland. In a field in excess of 350, Jeremy Holt was our first finisher in 33rd with Sebastian Bray (45th), Laurie Brock (51st) and Mark Wainwright (65th) in close attendance. Key absences though prevented the Senior team from retaining the Macgregor Trophy but 7th out of 40 teams was still a very good return.

For the second year in a row, the Senior team demolished Winchester and a host of other schools on the South Downs whilst several younger members of the squad gained vital competitive experience in Winchester's 'mob match' one week before the all-important London Schools Championships. Westminster have dominated the London Schools for many years and yet again emerged as the top school in the capital. The Senior team cruised to victory for the third year in a row and team medals were also

SEASON: 2007
ATHLETICS

gained by the Intermediates (2nd) and Juniors (3rd). The best individual performances however came from some new faces; Sammy Skipper stormed through the Junior field to finish an impressive 4th whilst Mylo Portas (12th) also did enough to gain selection along with Sammy for the English Schools Cross Country.

February saw first the highly competitive Radley Relays in which both the Inters & Seniors finished 4th and then the Bringsty Relays which, as ever, provided a real highlight to the Lent term. Dr Boulton's new selection criteria for Dryden's saw his red devils storm both the Senior and Junior competitions and slay the might of College who had swept all before them in recent years. Individually, Jeremy Holt pipped Sebastian Bray for the fastest time of the day with 5:05 whilst Tom Fielder showed what great strides he has made with 5:29 and the fastest Intermediate time.

The final inter-school match was hosted by Highgate on a testing course around Hampstead Heath which provided a fitting end to a strong season. The Juniors gained bronze medals helped by sterling performances by Sammy Skipper (2nd), Johnny Church (10th) and Ben Cooke (12th) but it was the Seniors who stole the day as they emerged victors with a strong set of individual runs. The victory was all the more impressive given key absences but with Sebastian Bray charging through the field to 2nd, Mark Wainwright in 6th and close packing by captain Rameez Khan (11th) and Richard Evans (12th) the School beat Wellington by 4 points.

This season in many ways marks a watershed in Cross Country at Westminster; a strong Remove year will shortly leave the school and success will be harder to find next year. However, there are reasons to be positive: three athletes competed in the prestigious English Schools Cross Country Championships in which Sammy Skipper had the best run by a Westminster in well over a decade, only 30 seconds off gaining an England vest in the Junior race and backed up by team mate Mylo Portas and Jeremy Holt in the Seniors event. In addition, the strength in depth of both the Towpath and Bringsty Relays are back to levels last seen in the 1970s/1980s, team medals have yet again been won at Intermediate and Junior level in the London Schools and there remain impressive athletes in every year of the school. A little bit of hard work can go a long way!
SDW



For the tenth time in the past twelve years, Hakluyt's won the Inter House Athletic Sports: a remarkable feat! The individual stars of the day however included Robin McPherson (RR) whose sprinting and long-jumping prowess saw him win two events in the Senior category, whilst Tom Samuel (GG) beat the Senior 1500m record only just over an hour after a gruelling solo run in the 800m in which the windy conditions prevented him from claiming that record as well by a fraction of a second. Felix Hale (BB), yet again, stole the show in the Intermediates age group with two fine victories in the 400 and 800 metre races, the latter only 0.7s off the school record, whilst Cosmo Arends (MM) performed strongly to win both the Shot Putt and Long Jump. In the Junior competition Ben Bayley (CC) won two events whilst Raffik Poole (LL) performed with distinction in the sprints and long jump. Finally, in the girls category, Jessie Roche (AA) and Francesca Briscoe-Wilson (GG) performed strongly in the sprints and Jenny Bacon (LL) won the 800 metres in a new school record. The team titles went to College (Juniors), Milne's (Intermediates), Hakluyt's (Senior Boys) and Ashburnham (Girls). In addition, it was encouraging to see more pupils take up the opportunity to compete in the Rosenheim open meetings and Assembly League road races and my thanks go to Mr Botton and Mr Hinze for their assistance and support in staffing Station afternoons.
SDW

SEASON: 2007
TENNIS

At the start of the 2007 tennis season we were blessed with the most fantastic weather. Whilst the Mediterranean was shrouded in cloud cover and inundated by rain, Vincent Square was basking in glorious blue skies and benign temperatures. As usual, the Fifth Form players spent the first half of term at Battersea under the excellent tutelage of our wonderful coach Karel, whilst the rest of the year groups rotated time slots at Vincent Square.

Our first fixture, an U15 match versus Mill Hill was unfortunately cancelled, so we arranged a match against the Common Room. Sadly, as the CR is now so full of crocks, we were only able to find one pair to take on Felix Reade and Andrew Sawbridge. The boys battled valiantly, but went down to the amazingly athletic combination of Andrew Johnson and Giles Hayter. There's a bit of life in the old boys yet.

On Saturday 12th May, despite the predictable return to atrocious weather, we went ahead with the fixture against Highgate. The 1st VI were represented by Karnig Manoukian and Ben Vanderspar, Harry Rose and Alex Labrom and Dipesh Mahtani and Henry Casserley. We lost the tie 3-6 overall, but the standard was very high and Manoukian and Vanderspar played particularly well. Sadly, due to torrential rain in SW1 and puddles on the courts, we were forced to cancel the U15 and U14 fixtures at Vincent Square.

On Thursday May 17th, Sandy Crole took our teams on the annual pilgrimage to Harrow. The 1st VI lost their tie 3-6, although the 1st pair of Manoukian and Vanderspar played excellently to win all three of their matches. We also had a debutante in the shape of Lizzie Donger who gave a very good showing in the 2nd pair with Harry Rose. The U15 VI represented by Reade and Millar, Sawbridge and Richards and Arnold and Turton played exceptionally well to achieve a $6\frac{1}{2} - 2\frac{1}{2}$ victory. The U14s, in the guise of McNeill and Brodsky, Ioannides and Kamm and Falconer and Kehoe, came off second best, but showed a lot of promise and the future of Westminster tennis looks very optimistic with players like these.

Saturday 19th May was the day of the first Cup Final at the new Wembley. Nevertheless, both the School and the Old Westminsters managed to field decent teams, even more so in the case of the OWWs as Duncan (Matthews) had managed to secure the services of the legendary Marc Baghdadi; Duncan just made sure that no-one knew about it until the last minute. As things turned out, an excellent afternoon was had by all, and when we started the last round of matches, the score stood at 3-3. The School battled bravely, but eventually lost the match $3\frac{1}{2} - 5\frac{1}{2}$. Ben Vanderspar, in particular, impressed with the quality of his tennis and it was good once again to have Lizzie Donger representing the girls.

Astonishingly, on Tuesday 22nd May the weather turned glorious once again for the visit to Winchester, a trip which is always anticipated due to the opportunity to play on grass. Sadly despite playing well, the 1st VI and U14 VI both ended up losing. The U15s, however, in the shape of Millar/Reade, Sawbridge/Richards and Arnold/Turton, achieved a notable triumph.

On the last Thursday before half-term, on another warm, lovely day, we took the 1st VI, the U15 VI and the U14 VI to Eton. Rather an impressive opposition first six left us with not much chance of a result, however some notably spirited performances from Lizzie Donger and Ben Vanderspar against technically excellent players in singles were the high points. In the fifteens Andrew Sawbridge won his singles 4-0 4-0, and Felix Reade came through a long tiebreak to win at the death. Laurence McNeill shone in the fourteens, winning both his doubles with Sam Brodsky and his singles match.

Housematches began on Thursday 14th June. In the preliminary round, Milnes beat College 6-4, Ashburnham beat Purcells 6-4 and Drydens beat Wrens 6-2. In the quarter-finals, Liddells beat Hakluys 7-5, Rigauds beat Milnes 6-1 and a very strong Grants team in the form of Ben Vanderspar and Robert Millar beat Drydens 6-1. Ashburnham were awarded a walkover as Busbys did not provide a team. In the semi-finals Rigauds overcame Liddells 6-3 whilst Grants beat Ashburnham 6-2. In the final Grants achieved an overwhelming victory (let's just leave it at that) over Rigauds. **SC**

SEASON: 2007/08

HOCKEY

The first cohort of Fifth Formers produced by the reawakening of Westminster Hockey in 2003 have just played their last season. Now in the Remove, their training and perseverance over the past five years have paid dividends with an exceptional season, writes a proud Alex Scott (LL), Captain of the 1st XI.

1st XI Played: 5 Won: 4 Lost: 1 Drawn: 0
U15 Played: 3 Won: 2 Lost: 1 Drawn: 0

Combined with the emergence of some very talented youngsters lower down the school, Westminster Hockey is creating a reputation to be proud of. There were victories over UCS, Trinity, Latymer and a rejuvenated Common Room (boasting in Mr Robinson a former England Universities' Hockey player) in a season in which 18 goals were scored (Alex Scott leading the way with 10). On top of this Westminster put out its first-ever mixed 2nd XI team against a Latymer 1st XI, resulting in a convincing 5-1 victory (Seb Arends grabbing all 5 goals), whilst the U15s had a great season with victories over UCS and Trinity, only losing out to an tremendous Alleyns side. Five of these U15s put in appearances for the 1st XI over the course of the season, in particular special mention to Johnny Falconer (U15 captain), Horace Keating and Seb Arends, all of whom performed exceptionally against much larger opposition.

Westminster 1st XI 1-0 Common Room

A solo effort from Alex Scott (as he seems to love to do against the staff) deep into the second half produced the only goal of the game but it was a solid start to the season.

Westminster 2nd XI 5-1 Latymer Upper

5 goals from Seb Arends rounded off an exceptional performance, with many of the U15s playing for a team captained by Kunal Choraria.

Westminster 1st XI 4-0 UCS

An exceptionally fit and strong UCS side were blown away by crisp passing combined with moments of individual flair. Keating slotted in the goal of the game, burying the ball in the bottom left from the top of the D after a 40yard cross-field ball by Scott. Will Denton grabbed the second goal, nipping in front of a defender by the penalty spot to bury Johnston's cross from the left after a wonderful piece of individual skill by the striker. 2 goals by Scott, one from a short corner and another on the back of one of his trademark runs from his own half, sealed the game. Much credit must be given to the defensive pairing of Will Aldred and Andrew Lloyd-Harris, as well as goalkeeper Ben Ainsworth-Taylor ('Batman') and Kunal Choraria 'sitting' in front of the back four, who kept a very proficient opposition at bay.

Westminster 1st XI 1-3 Alleyns

A remarkably strong Alleyns side had to battle very hard for their victory, Scott grabbing a second half goal from a short corner hav-

ing been hacked down on the left flank. Westminster even had chances to win the game; overall it was probably a fair reflection of the game but given past results it shows just how far Westminster hockey has come in the past few years.

Westminster 1st XI 6-4 Trinity

On the back of the narrow defeat to Alleyns, the 1st XI came out all guns blazing to do something which had never been done before: to beat Trinity. In fact the conviction was such that at half-time Westminster were 4-1 up and on instructions to take their foot off the pedal. All credit to the Trinity players who, courtesy of some excellent short-corner routines, came back into the game at 5-4 with only a few minutes remaining but up stepped Scott, picking up the ball on the half-way line, skipping past 4 defenders, choosing not to pass to the open Denton (looking for a hat-trick), but dribble round the final defender and then the goalkeeper before lifting the ball into the roof of the net to complete his hat-trick. With Ben Vanderspar solid as a rock back at the heart of defence and Ben Green causing havoc down the left flank Westminster fully deserved their victory.

Westminster 1st XI 6-1 Latymer Upper

In what proved to be the finale of the season a large squad travelled down to Chiswick to pull off a largely expected result with great aplomb. Scott took a hat-trick to go with goals from Green and Arends (2). It is worth noting that Westminster has developed a formidable mixed team, unbeaten since its creation, made up of a core of 1st XI players combined with Lucy Maconnick, Alex Hughes, Nat Puddicombe, Sophie Kelly and Izzy Cave.

In every sense Hockey at Westminster is thriving. In what is my last year I would like warmly to thank Mr Simpson for all his hard work with us over the past few years; he has coached a bunch of talented individuals into a real team and ensured that a lot of fun was had by all along the way; his own brand of "Champagne Hockey" will remain with us always! Many thanks also to Mr Page and Ms Leonard whose hard work with the U15s has helped to ensure that with 9 1st XI players leaving Westminster Hockey still has a bright future to look forward to!

1st XI Squad: Scott (c), Vanderspar, Lloyd-Harris, Finnerty, Stevenson, Aldred, Keating, Choraria, Falconer, Green, Arends, Johnston, Denton, Ainsworth-Taylor, Robertson.



ETON FIVES

This season has been a quite outstanding one for Eton fives at Westminster, writes Laurie Brock (BB).



The first senior pair, Laurie Brock and Alexander Rankine have performed impressively, with a fantastic record over the season, losing only to Highgate and Shrewsbury's top pairs and including a first-ever victory over Harrow's first pair, as well as superb victories over Berkhamsted and Shrewsbury's second pair. The school's overall senior results have been excellent too, with many players in the Remove registering wins especially Ian Bott and Oliver Flynn at second pair and George Illingworth and Alfred Jackson at third, as well as several emerging juniors.

However, the most impressive aspect of the season has been the fantastic performances of several players in external tournaments. First of all, in the Northern championships, Laurie, Alex, Callum Brock and Adam Robinow (U16) showed terrific initiative to arrange their own transport there. Callum and Adam did extremely well to win the festival plate, while Laurie and Alex raised the bar for the school by being the first pair ever to play in the main tournament of an adult event. Despite being drawn in a tough group with one of the national champions, they finished 3rd in their group of 6 and then went all the way to the Plate final, where they were narrowly beaten by a pair of Fives coaches.

Later in the season, Laurie, Alex and the school senior second pair, Ian Bott and Oliver Flynn went one step further, entering into the Men's National Championships. The standard was always going to be high, and the boys were entering mainly for experience, but again they defied expectations, with Ian and Oli reaching the quarter-final of the Pepperpot trophy, the Plate competition, and Laurie and Alex reaching the final. It was on the back of these terrific performances that Westminster received its first-ever invitation to the Williams' Cup, a three-pair school's competition. This is a sign of how far Westminster fives has progressed in recent years, and in the tournament, Laurie and Alex recorded impressive victories over Lancing and



St. Olave's first pairs, whilst Ian and Oli, and George Illingworth and Majid Mostafavi at third pair beat Lancing's respective pairs, (George and Majid winning in style 12-0, 12-0).

Finally, at the School's national championships, Westminster had its best-ever results at senior level. While in the U16s Westminster scored with impressive consistency, they did not win outright: Napper and Jocelyn won Plate A, Max Arevuo and Dan Cornwall Plate C, Henry Astley, Hong Ip and Ben Stewart Plate D. At the higher levels though it was a different story. Stunningly, the girls pair, Lizzie Donger and Hannah Cutmore-Scott, despite being the only Westminster girls' pair in the tournament, still managed to carry off the trophy after fantastic performances in both the semi final against Highgate 1 and the final against Lancing 1. This was Westminster's first Nationals victory, and was a superb achievement.

In the boys' competition Westminster had its best result ever despite the record entry of 85 pairs, with four pairs reaching the last 32 and another, Majid and Shyam Sakhrani reaching the round of 64, a real indication of the strength in depth in the remove this year. Maatin Patel and Edward Rich were defeated by a very strong Berkhamsted pair in three sets, while George Illingworth and Alfred Jackson went down to Shrewsbury. Ian and Oli played brilliantly in their match against a high ranking Shrewsbury pair, and held a 2-1 lead, but eventually went down 3-2 after an epic match which finished at 9 in the evening. Until tiredness set in however, it had been an outstanding performance from them, and it was perhaps slightly unfortunate that they were forced to begin their match so late in the day. However, once again, it was Laurie and Alex who were the standout performers in the competition. On the back of their terrific season, they had become the first pair ever to be seeded for the competition, an amazing achievement given that there were only 8 seeds out of 85 pairs. After dropping only one point in the group stages, they overwhelmed Shrewsbury in the last 32, and then became the first Westminster quarter-finalists in the senior tournament with a superb straight-sets victory over Cranleigh 1, who had also been seeded. Then, in the quarter-final, they came up against a pair they had already beaten twice earlier in the season and who had earlier knocked out Maatin and Ed, Berkhamsted 1. However, Berkhamsted had vastly improved since the earlier matches and went into a 2-0 lead. From there, defeat seemed inevitable. But they made an astonishing comeback, playing their best Fives of the season to take the next two sets, 12-8, 12-6. With one of the Berkhamsted players seeming exhausted, victory now seemed probable. But in a truly memorable fifth set, Berkhamsted held on, though occasionally via some distinctly underhand tactics which left Westminster's coach fuming, and the two pairs remained neck-and-neck right to the end, until, after over 3 hours of play, Berkhamsted eventually won 15-14 in the final set. Whatever the eventual result, it was a truly epic match, and easily the closest of the whole tournament. Reaching the quarter final is an unmatched achievement for Westminster and may not be matched for a long time, concluding a marvellous season from all of the seniors, Westminster's best ever!

PINK ELEPHANTS CRICKET

Played: 7 Won: 3 Lost: 2 Drawn: 1 Tied: 1

Despite beginning in defeat, the Elephants enjoyed a successful season. Tight bowling by Andy Johnson (9-3-16-1) and good fielding were the positives to take from the seven-wicket loss to the Charlatsans. On a good wicket, the Pinks' score of 161 was inadequate. Pleasingly, a victory over the Latymer Upper Blue Blades restored confidence in a three-wicket win in which Joe Ireland featured with both ball (3.5-0-17-3) and bat (59*).

For the first time in five attempts the Elephants overcame the Nomads who were dismissed for 164 (two wickets for both Johnson and Ireland). Guest Garry Thomson (77*), supported by Jeremy Kemball (22*), led the home side to a five-wicket victory. Against the Dulwich Dusters, Jai Barot was the hero in a thrilling tie. Needing 8 to win off 4 balls, with 4 wickets in hand, he was denied by a brilliant diving stop at mid-on. His 7* goes down into Elephant legend. Kershen had built a good platform with 50 (retired) in pursuit of 156 to win.

A below-par 101, despite 41 from Ireland, was unlikely to trouble the St. Paul's Allstars. The Elephants fought hard in the field until a wild over from guest Brendan McGurk surrendered defeat by five wickets. This reverse was soon forgotten when a fine bowling display dismissed the Mandarins for 179. Kemball, with 2-35 and Ireland with 5-53 featured prominently. Poetically, guest Sam MacDonald hit the winning boundary which took his own score to 100* as the Elephants triumphed by 7 wickets.

The season closed with a showpiece game against the Long Tales at Shenley Cricket Centre. First XI leg-spinner Alex Scott was one of many Elephants to bowl well and he starred with the bat later for 47 runs. Chasing 217, Ireland needed 6 to win off the last ball but could only manage 2. A very competitive game finished drawn. JAI

SHOOTING

A new year and a new coach for Shooting Station: the arrival of Derek Robinson, former Olympian and ex-shooting coach for Great Britain, after a year-long search (only the best will do!), has led to a marked increase in our score, report eagle-eyed Cap Ben Laker (WW) and Nick McKinley (DD).

This increase has led to victory in our division of the BSSRA (British Secondary Schools Rifle Association) Postal League, a victory which is also owed in part to Eda He, the top scorer.

At Westminster, shooting has not been a station commonly associated with heavy sporting activity – until now. A low resting heart rate is hugely beneficial to good shooting and the new regime brought about by Derek's arrival has implemented fortnightly jogs around St. James' Park to improve the fitness of the team. This will, hopefully, mean that, when next we face Wellington College, we will close the existing 2-point gap to give us the victory we've been waiting for.

SAILING AND KAYAKING

One of the lesser known stations at Westminster is sailing and kayaking. It deserves, however, much greater renown as anyone who's been out on the Thames on a sunny Tuesday afternoon will echo me in saying, hails Captain Gabby Bathgate (RR).

Perhaps the most distinctive aspect that sets the Station apart is the experience of touring through London with the tide, seeing the city sights from a unique perspective. The Station takes place each week at the Westminster Boating Base, a fantastic centre which recently celebrated its 30th anniversary, just twenty minutes due west of the school by foot along the river.

During the winter we kayak. The sessions can take different forms: practising basic strokes near the Base, making longer trips along scenic stretches of the Thames or occasionally spending the afternoon playing canoe polo. In the summer and autumn we sail in a variety of dinghies, including Laser Stratoses and singlehander RS Fevas. We gain national qualifications in both disciplines under the guidance of the friendly instructors at the Base who have had years of experience teaching young people aquatic skills.

We are a very committed group and create a relaxed and supportive atmosphere on the water. Kayaking is physically relatively demanding, perhaps not at the same level as the Boat Race but an intense session is certainly rewarding. I would like to give a huge thanks to Mr Hooper for his constant enthusiasm in running the Station throughout the year. As I write we are looking forward to the start of the sailing season which has attracted unprecedented interest.



Our matches against Wellington have been close-run affairs. Despite the aforementioned 2-point loss in the 10-spot competition, we did conclusively destroy them in the skirmisher competition, a rapid fire round in which the rifleman aims to hit as many targets as possible in 60 seconds. Clearly Wellingtonians crumble under pressure.

With our time as Captains almost over, Nick and I would like to thank Dr. Prentice and Mr. Sproat for trusting us, the team for supporting us, and Derek for revolutionising our shooting.



NETBALL



It has been an excellent season for Netball station. Under the enthusiastic leadership of Hannah Cutmore-Scott the A team won every match played except a draw against City of London School and one defeat by St Paul's. Hannah, Lizzie Donger, Milly Derbyshire and Olivia Richards have been a powerful force against other London teams and when joined by the Sixth Form players, including Natalie Loh, Hannah Hauer-King, Hannah Timmis and Katie Tillson they have been almost unbeatable and a joy to work with.

The B team have also had several victories on our travels around London with excellent performances from Francesca Briscoe-Wilson and Charlotte Schroder. Other dedicated members of the station have been Christy Coltart, India Dowley, Ella McGinn, Ellie Weir and Natalie Fiennes.

We ended the season with a trip to Wembley Arena to see England play Malawi and I know that those leaving us will have this among many other happy memories of their time at Netball station. **AJJ**

BODYSTEP

Now in its third year as a station, **Bodystep** has a waiting list of young ladies desperate to join, says a breathless **Zoe Lang (BB)**, and we are clamouring for larger premises to house the growing demand for this thoroughly enjoyable, sociable and invigorating station. The principles are basic; music, an instructor, and aerobics on, over, and around a step. The result is a challenging aerobic workout, a sweaty T-shirt and a toned bottom! I am often asked if **Bodystep** is a competitive sport, to which the answer is, regrettably no as I am sure **Westminster** would wipe the floor with its **Bodystepping** talent. Long may it continue!

COMMUNITY SERVICE: HEATH HANDS

Getting involved with **Heath Hands** has been a great experience, writes **Nicole Taylor (WW)** enthusiastically.

It is a chance for me to do something completely different from what I would normally do and to learn a lot about how parks are managed. Every week we go to Kenwood, part of Hampstead Heath, and join a group of ten or so other volunteers doing various things to look after the Heath. Sometimes we are out cutting down trees in the Elms or mulching the beds around East Lodge; but every week we get a chance to get outdoors and relax as well as an opportunity to get involved in a great community service project. The part everyone looks forward to most though is the coffee break; everyone gets excited about the chocolate biscuits! It also gives us a chance to chat to the other volunteers, who come from all kinds of interesting backgrounds and are often a mine of information.

The most satisfying part of all, though, is being able to look back on all your hard work and how it has helped to keep the Heath looking good and healthy. The great thing about **Heath Hands** is how the enthusiasm of the volunteers and the knowledge of the rangers comes together to create a spirit of collective effort in the group. I have learnt so much I didn't know about how the park has to be looked after and carefully managed to keep it how it is now, as well as taking part in activities that I could never have imagined myself doing otherwise, like digging holes, trimming back borders, planting trees and then cutting down or pruning others to keep the woods healthy.



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