The Elizabethan

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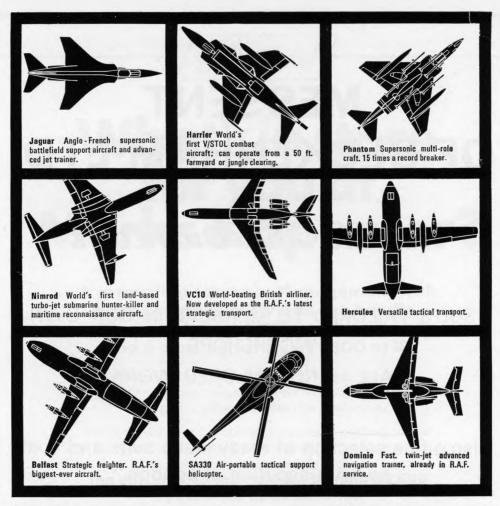
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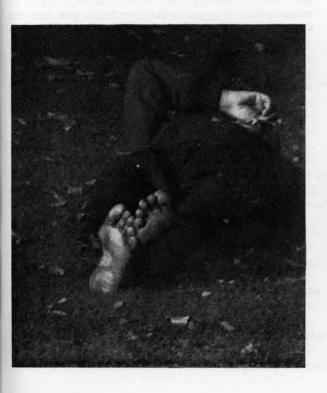
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THE ELIZABETHAN

A new Head Master

Editors: Adam Harvey, Martin Orbach.

Photos by John Creedy except where otherwise credited.



"What are people doing?" writes an O.WW. What are we doing? Much the same as other schoolboys. Perhaps our urban situation means less goes on within school bounds; after all, nearly half of us are dayboys and all but a very few borders go home each week-end. Considering that most people base their lives outside the school it is surprising how much energy actually does go into school activity. It is true that this energy seems largely to come from a minority of masters and boys but probably this is a good thing. Perhaps Westminster is really just as active as anywhere else, only the wrong impression is given because we are less complacent in boasting of our ordinary pursuits. We succeed at games more often than some of us like to admit. A number of people sing regularly and there is an orchestra; more still indulge their fantasies in drama. We listen politely to visiting speakers and sometimes even to ourselves. There are films. A lot of us are members of Task Force or collect money for Budiriro. There is nothing to stop someone starting a new society but no one is quite bored enough. For our first two years we are entirely ignored and tend to do nothing. This has been realized and as a result Mr. Field has carried out a survey. about which he writes. We are encouraged more than ever to make use of the opportunities London offers —Simon Berrill suggests a school union to provide information on what is going on. All these activities and activity-discussions make up the contents of the present issue of The Elizabethan.

The last issue claimed to mark the end of an era and so clearly this marks the beginning of a new one. There is a new Head Master. With this change there comes an acceleration of the more subtle change in Westminster life so emphatically pointed out in previous issues of this magazine. But re-assuringly people on the whole persist in doing their own thing,



Your children's souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward, nor tarries with yesterday.

The Prophet

school activity remains only a part-time involvement. and no one makes judgements on people as a result of it. People are very different: nobody is outspoken and anyway there is no audience for anyone's views. There were, though, some general concerns last term. Hardly had the first few weeks passed before Westminster's characteristic long hair had, with surprisingly little protest, vanished. We are still ruled by fear. Towards the end of term there was a fuss about drugs, a problem which was admitted to be widespread. (Here, then, is one Westminster activity.) The expulsion and rustication of several boys aroused general indignation—are the effects of oppression at work? An overwhelming preoccupation at present is that of intolerance of authoritative control of our dayto-day lives. The new fad is a liberalism (remember not that now outdated version of the post-war era) which denies authority and neglects the rules, demands a breaking-down of the barriers between teacher and pupil both for reasons of school politics and as well simply for closer communication (The Clarion) and in the process hopes for girls. Authority is passé, incongrous with present modes of thought, ways of life, and natural trends such as the one that encourages more activity (if we are to make use of London we obviously need more freedom from the petty restrictions of the school). All this is very exciting—there were two debates on this subject last term, unfortunately both were abortive—though perhaps there will be some more successful ones. Resistance to these trends is harmful: but time will take its toll. In the meantime everybody is getting a bit more active. Suggestions have been put forward to provide for painting in free time, for poetry meetings, for a Westminster-owned estate in Sussex where people can spend creative week-ends. The place is getting busy. To guote again: "Nobody tries to commit suicide or win the short story competition." Perhaps this is not so any more.

Drop Out

William Taunton

Pressures skyscrape and scratch and bleed I know, loveless people press
Their bitter angry points
And money worry makes them so.
Scissors can cut material
And I could tear
The grain frays loose and cottons
On to any train
The tunnel is long and narrow
Mind Mind
Free to flower, peace
Unpressed the soul wrinkles forms
The foliage will fall
And narrow senile arteries are furred.

Simplicitas

Regan and Sheba

Dave Kinchin-Smith

They were sitting in an open field, surrounded by cow parsley and all the other wild flowers of the sunny village, making ripe green daisy chains out of coloured brackens, stroking each other's toes with their own. The silence of the sunny day—the dew still wet on their tummies where their smocks had ridden up—could almost be smelt, through the rosy smells of buttercups and hot crumpets drifting in the same breeze that washed the windows of the nearby village at breakfast with the local Thursday's paper.

On the first page was a garden fete, and the latest scandal, "Good e'en" Jack, the village constable, his daughter Lisa running off to London with Sam, the grocer's lad and the village choir.

The second page told of the Vicar's niece's godfather in Canada and the kangaroo he'd seen one night after a drunken party, it also told of Miss Esdwell's coming talk to the Ladies' Tea Society on the important topic of the colouring for baby's bedsocks.

The third page had all the deaths (one), all the births (one) and all the marriages (none) of the last week, it also told of the B.B.C.s plan to make a seven-hour radio documentary on Vatican Sculpture, that might include a short shot of Milady's Ming vase. In small type at the bottom was a mention of something happening in Russia, a new bomb or war or dance, it didn't matter.

The fourth page had the advert and the sports results in vivid black and off-white: in the bowls match, Twendale Octogenarians (old Mr. Red) was beaten by our own Cuffingdel team (William Pigeper), for which Milady had graciously granted him, for an outstanding performance, the right to graze three sheep for two days a week on her own lands, as well as on the feasts of Saints Edgar, Egburger and Ethelsneeker (our village saint), and on the fourth and seventh Sundays after Easter.

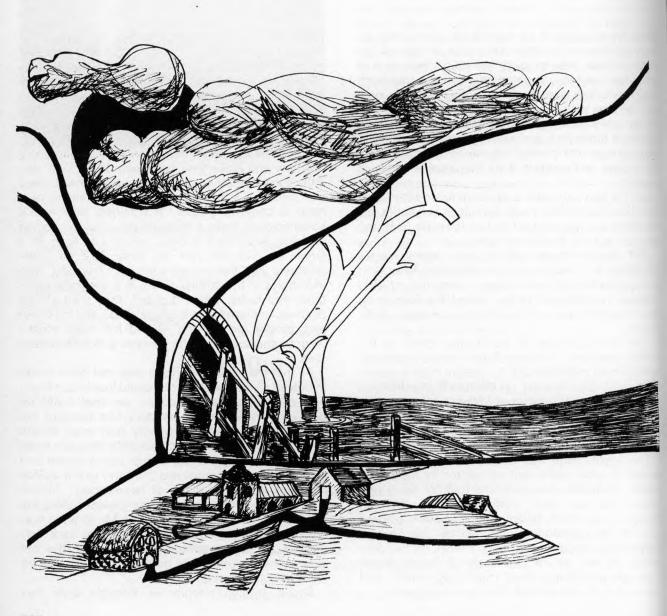
But all this didn't seem to interest Regan and Sheba however, for, to the lasting astonishment of the villagers, every Thursday morning (a post-office holiday for the village) they would fly away to the open little glade and spend hours and hours making love, conversation or daisy-chains. Otherwise, they would find spiders' webs and laugh, follow sheeptracks in circles, or watch the nefarious clouds bustling. If it snowed, their joy would correspondingly overflow and make their snowman do an Irish Jig: if the sun shined they would blow away every cloud and sellotape leaves to the sky in the shape of a heart, a banjo or a nose: If it rained, they would surrepticiously build a fire where it wouldn't scorch the earth and watch it firmly refusing to light. And when the weather just sat there, like an overgelatined jelly, they would whisper "I love you" into little holes in the ground to see if it made the grass grow any faster. When it didn't, they tried a little laughter, or played ring-a-ring-a-roses, and fell down with violent giggles and nestled into each other's warmth and soaked in the weather and each other's

At that moment, the village was still dozy in the middle of all the green, all one could hear was a slight hum of breakfast conversations, yes dear, really, no dear, and Willem the postman's son bawling the shipping results from a twenty foot mast in the garden down the deaf old captain's fantastic brass born of a hearing aid (for charity half a crown and the chance to steal some real Old Navy to roll up into revolting cigarettes made of newspaper): Milady was quickly pulling out her hair-papers before the maid brought in the breakfast tray, Mr. Pigeper was reading the sports columns he'd written, Jack was reading about his terrible daughter, and the old ladies who organized the garden fete were reading what they had thought about it . . .

Sheba giggled sleepily as Regan's curly hair

tickled her chin—they were smoking a real cigarette and were happy as the grey smoke on the damp, still air. They were gently beautiful to each other, and it didn't matter, Regan's large squat nose and

unshaven chin, Sheba's white mole and billowing hay hair, but they were in love in the slow grass, intermediately happy, May Shegan and July Reba, slow Regan and soft, white Sheba, giggling....



Urbanitas

School life, London, S.W.1. Westminsters are, one way and another, involved in the following.

The Societies

The Trampoline Society no longer exists (and if there is a trampoline somewhere it's very well hidden). Over the past four years 18 societies have disappeared and of the remaining handful most have lost a good deal of their vitality. Perhaps there will be a recovery, and once more the school will teem with astronomers and polyglots—in the meantime the hard core manage an existence.

Political & Literary. There has been a healthy revival in Pol. & Lit.; to show that at least the place is not entirely devoid of life Katherine Whitehorn (came to look at the school she has her sons down for) talked to little purpose but very entertainingly about "Snobbery". Noel Annan talked about his fellow Kingsman E. M. Forster and showed why he was regarded as one of the best lecturers of his generation (the descent from the Chair to one knee and all). Richard "Clever Dick" Crossman fully justified his name, disposing of any misheld belief that he might be a starry-eyed idealist; he talked about his time as a Minister. Hadn't he sold his soul in not making a fuss over the cut in his old housing programme? "Sold my soul? Changed my job!"

William Thomas. The two speakers have been specialists talking about fairly obscure subjects—so only for keen historians. But that doesn't matter.

Dr. Paul Hyams (Pembroke, Oxford) talked about "The Jews in England before 1290" and Prof. F. R. H. Du Boulay (Bedford, London) talked about medieval ideas of usury.

Robert Hooke. John Bolton arranged for Dr. Hirst, a friend of his father's, to tell us about his dreams of performing a hysterectomy on his mother. Many of us confessed to our sexual obsessions and thought that the absence of contraceptive would lead to the absence of fun. A master went to sleep.

Film Society. The term's selection started with "A Night in Casablanca", one of the Marx Brothers' better comedies, followed by "Blow Up", Antonioni's classic which shocked world cinema when it appeared four years ago, but which now seems rather tame. Next came "Bunny Lake is Missing" a bewildering thriller directed by Otto Preminger, depicting brilliantly the anxiety of a young mother in

the search for her lost child. Then we had Bunuel's semi-documentary "Los Olvidados", a profoundly moving portrayal of Mexico City's slum life. This was followed by "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" a film which heralded a revolution in British cinema closely connected with a new British drama of the mid-fifties. The last film shown was the classic "La Strada", one of Fellini's early creations.

Among films planned for next term are Pasoini's

"Oedipus Rex", Menzel's brilliant "Closely Observed Trains" and the original anti-war film, "All Quiet on the Western Front".

David Somerville

Model Railways. The School Model Railway Society, which meets in the basement of No. 14 Barton Street, owns a "OO" gauge model railway which is the result of four years work, the previous "TT" gauge layout having been dismantled in 1966. The new layout is almost complete, but there are now only five members, and despite the fact that all the hard work involved in rebuilding the layout has been done, support and help in finishing the work are no more forthcoming than they were in the earlier less

The general principle of the Society is that members will bring their own engines and rolling stock for funning sessions on the Society's layout, which is fairly extensive. It is a pity that model railway enthusiasts are not more interested in supporting the Society. **J. P. Mackechnie Jarvis** (Secretary)

The Magazines

interesting stages.

Most of the school's magazines are in a bad way: the *Clarion* particularly, though on the point of a little revival, the *Grantite* trying desperately but only produced annually as it seems for the benefit of old Grantites, and the *Trifler* (Westminster's literary periodical) not seen since 1968. On the corridor walls of Wren's has appeared an issue of No. 18, which is very amusing.

But to fill the gap, two new magazines have appeared. Free Press sold its first number in the school little more than a year ago and now it has a circulation of about 5,000 mainly in London schools. It is edited, or rather managed, by Westminsters: contents are necessarily secondary in importance to advertisements. They range in subject-matter between politics, various current issues, "comedy", and the pop scene. There is a lot of rubbish but this seems to be essential for financial viability. The idea is to provide a link between secondary schools throughout the country and—even if the real motive is the pleasure of

selling the wares—the magazine does succeed as a medium for a healthy exchange of views. A fifth issue is to appear in February.

Rustle circulates through 50 schools and although its basic motive is the same as in Free Press, it differs in that its contents remain entirely literary—some very good pieces have been published. It originated in Westminster but the editorship has now passed elsewhere; there have only been two issues, the first of which cost the editor £100—latest figures are expected. Both these magazines (one of impoverished quality and the other of impoverished editorship) are clearly think-big enterprises, and they show very much the general uncloseted viewpoint of the school.

Commemoration of Benefactors

The embarrassed were possibly the only that remained conscious through the Latin drone, as the Lord loudspake on and on and on, perhaps because they themselves was all that was real and live in the Abbey at night. The chandeliers shone. The chairs screeched. The shy sang.

The Commemoration service is a true school activity, one of the few that remain. What a delightfully boring occasion it is when the earnest minds of several hundred people are so deprived of food for thought that for once they stop thinking and being reasonable or disagreeing, for once they submit to the ecstatic mood of Death that surrounds the Abbey, and surrender themselves to a fast from life and intensity. But there are still those who can

create reality in this most charmingly irrelevant occasion. But this reality of coughing or singing out of tune, or a police-car siren is so frail that even they are captured by the serenity and dull fascination of the Abbey.

I myself was a traitor of a different sort. I was absorbed by thoughts of founders. I broke the boring by the exploration of the service's meaning. And the meaning was relevant and real and living. I'm sorry, truly sorry that I took advantage of and broke down the traditional and conventional structure of such a solemnly intended occasion. W.T.

Two films have been made. One director submitted the following:

Red? by John Marenbon and David Robinson. The blood of oppressed and dying College juniors; the tears of a raped girl; the anguish of a tortured housemaster and the colour red—both that of blood and also of the glorious Communist Revolution. All these are ingredients of the greatest cinematographic marvel of our age: Creative Film Guild will premiere their supreme contribution to the cinema, to art, to life and to history, sometime this term if they remember to use a darkroom when opening the camera. The directors—Humphry Jack, George Lemos, John Marenbon and David Robinson, and their technical adviser Robert Nowell Smith will put before the critical Westminster public the first product of their creative genius.

Long live the revolution!

Pseuds of the world unite and defeat the reactionary



hyenas and yaks of the western world!

Death. On a more serious level Noel Picarda, an Old Busbite, has been commissioned by the B.B.C. to make a series of films on some aspects of death. He did some filming around Little Dean's Yard and the Abbey and recorded the voices of some Westminster boys talking about death—"as seen by the young".

Anniversary. Two impromptu stage productions appeared at the end of last term: "Review", the first, was a series of skits produced by Adam Forman. This proved once more that people are enthusiastic for drama and need no prompting or assistance from the staff. The audience was supplied with beer, tied up in wool, and encouraged with all success to participate. The following night a masque celebrated the birthday of Philip II. An audience of two witnessed an original art form: exuberant dancings in Little Dean's Yard and School were followed by a screaming orgy in Ashburnham Garden to the accompaniment of numerous musical discords. The play was performed in the Library drawing-room, and though designed to be a philosophical fantasy it was more effective for sheer movement and colour. This was the best example for some time of post-university interview neurosis.

Plans for New Buildings

A sports centre on the site of the Vincent Square Pavilion is under consideration. Mr. Murray has collected suggestions as to what it should contain—perhaps a swimming pool and squash courts. There is thought also of a new administrative building between Ashburnham House and Liddells.

Computing

In May 1968 Westminster joined the University of London Schools' computing project, then in its infancy. For the first year the School posted its programs to Imperial College's I.B.M. 7094B computer, as did the other schools in the project.

However, to wait three days for the post seemed ludicrous, as the computer was only 15 minutes away by tube. So Westminster obtained permission to use the facilities at Imperial College, submit programs "over the counter" and to have results back in not much over 45 minutes.

Originally only VIth form double mathematicians were taught to program the computer, but this year a Computing Guild has been started and has a surprisingly broad spectrum of the VIth as its members. However, of necessity computing is mainly extracurricular; this does much to instil a sense of com-

puting for particular problems, and not just for its own sake. After all, problem-solving, of one sort or another, is the purpose of computers.

A. C. S.

Trumpet in Abbey. To break the sleepy monotony of the traditional morning service (Peeve), two series of readings were disgorged by Grant's and College; the first on "death" and the second on "crises". Predictable renderings of D. H. Lawrence and Dylan Thomas diverging into flights of Carrollian fancy (The Walrus and the Carpenter) stirred the occasional mind from the contemplation of his navel. Definitely a success. Last term there was yet another monotony-breaking innovation for eager abbey-goers; following the success of a harpsichord, whose tinkles never quite managed to reach the roof, we were all shepherded into the Nave to listen to (and watch) a trumpet playing from the organ loft. This was very pleasant.

Photo Exhibition. This term an exhibition of photographs, hopefully added to with drawings and other art forms (kinetic?) is to be presented. A follow-up is already being considered with the idea of invitations to parents and friends.

Jumble Sale for Shelter

Applaudable charitable activity goes on. We have a whole section devoted to it: see *Utilitas*. At the end of last term carols were sung, and a considerable sum of money collected for Task Force. This term there is to be a jumble sale and raffle up school in aid of Shelter. It will be on a massive scale, in collaboration with various girls' schools in London. The raffle tickets will be picked by a celebrity. Would everybody like to help? Please do so by sending or bringing clothes, books, oddities, anything, and by buying raffle tickets—or send money, to help with expenses. Send your contributions to Sean Gough, 5 Cadogan Mansions, Sloane Square. There is as yet no fixed date, but everyone is invited.



Civilitas

A School Union

Simon Berrill

(Three cheers for sociology! The modern dynamic world of opinion polls has at last reached the cosy cloisters of Dean's Yard. No longer the old finger against the nose to judge prevailing opinion—the

census is the message.)

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Field presents his results from a survey of the incidence of inactivity in Westminster. This might not be the time or place to voice mutterings of a "credibility gap", but one is tempted to treat the findings of such an undertaking with a fairly large pinch of snuff (so much more civilized than salt!). Need one refer to the election polls to believe that a scepticism of these things is not entirely unhealthy?

Whatever its merits the survey was inspired by a belief that something needs to be done about school outside the classroom. No survey is necessary to show that Westminster suffers from an appalling lethargy, something repeatedly discussed in this magazine. That is not to imply (and this possibly is the danger of the survey) that boys do not do anything—that would be nonsense—what it does mean is that nothing happens within the school context. There is hardly a sign of the Chess Society, Bridge Society, Mah Jong Society that one might expect when more than two or three are gathered together. Only the hardy Pol. & Lit. and William Thomas Socs. give any indication that activity is alive and living in Westminster even if very far from well, always including the occasional death-rattle of Chuff Soc.

Westminster plays and players there are (and even now successful playwriters) and Westminster pop groups there are, but these increasingly are becoming part of "the scene" away from school. It is important that the tendency for Westminster to become a nine-to-five-thirty-then-off-to-the-pub institution is reversed and some of this activity re-introduced to

school.

Proposals have been made to start a school union (complaints from club-bound colonels to Simon Berrill, isolation cell for subversive schoolboys, 3, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1). No one is suggesting sitins and student power. What is visualized is something much more on Oxbridge college lines. Given a certain amount of money (possibly by subscription) and a room, such a union could arrange theatre tickets, trips to papers etc. which are not really taken advantage of. Arrange for something to happen at

the week-ends, when life in school is deadly for those who have to remain. Arrange concerts of those groups, arrange that boys can use the art-room (now shamefully locked) organize charity walks, arrange contact between schools etc. etc.

I am sure that Mr. Field would agree that one disturbing feature, is the lack of activity provided for, and help given to, the youngest boys, who cannot be expected to provide to the same extent as the older boys, for their time. Such a scheme has the merits that it not only provides activity which they could not organize themselves but provides a way in which information can easily be got at. (This last point is important since at the moment many do not know where to go to find out what is going on.)

The great administrative difficulty is that a room is absolutely vital. On purely organizational grounds there must be somewhere to keep bumf. But also, unless the union has a physical presence where people can congregate and call hallowed ground it cannot have a being in any useful sense.

Whilst fully realizing the problem, it is important that priorities are right. It may not prove possible, but all too easily can it be said "sorry no room". The school has changed, like other institutions, comparatively rapidly and the shift from internal to external activity has happened one suspects before anyone had noticed it. Westminster has suffered in that it is losing its peculiar "ethos" and that's a pity.

Reply

John Field

Jaques "Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando Yes, just.

Jaques I do not like her name.

Orlando There was no thought of pleasing you

when she was christened".

Simon Berrill is justly sceptical about the findings of surveys, censuses and opinion polls. Nothing could be better designed to arouse resentment and promote falsification than attempts to peer into peoples' private lives. But what he may not realize is that the fact of its taking place is more important than the results. First, some sort of hypothesis is desirable as a place to start from in discussion, no matter how imperfect, and secondly such a gesture of intent raises the right questions in a number of minds, and either self-criticism or self-interest leads to action. There was a story from one boarding house that boys were rushing around asking how to get to the British Museum. "If they think we're doing nothing

they'll start sending us to the British Museum." No doubt this flurry accounts for the seven boys in the Lower School who went to museums during that week in October.

Other results arouse various degrees of speculative interest. On both whole school days and station days, three boys recorded that taking a bath was their one activity. Were they the same three boys and were they in their baths for two hours? Five recorded Task Force visits, though 33 said they were members of Task Force. Six boys from one House entered "Fire at B.O.T."—watching, warming their hands, or a dummy run at arson? Should their House Master

School's geographical position should be one of its greatest sources of strength. Westminsters have unique opportunities to lead full and balanced lives. But even in a humble way, how much use is made of London? How many have been to the Jewel Tower or Banqueting Hall, both just around the corner? The clump of Kensington Museums is 20 minutes away, door to door, but how many boys ever visit them once, let alone regularly? Apsley House, the Inns of Court, the National Portrait Gallery, Wren's City churches, the Chinese Art Foundation, the Wallace Collection. The list is inexhaustible; or just walking—Thames-side, Fleet Street, the Royal Parks—but



be told? Of the nine boys who painted, seven were Wren's Boarders slapping emulsion on their own walls. One solitary boy noted that he wrote a letter. "Went out" was a frequently indulged all-purpose cloak concealing, no doubt, every shade of deviation from feeding the ducks to pushing old ladies under buses. But in two major respects the survey effectively confirmed what we already knew, that the collective life of Westminster outside the classroom is insubstantial, and that there is a notable deficiency of worthwhile activity caused as much, or more, by absence of opportunity or initiative as by conscious choice.

Of 555 "boarder-days" in the course of the sample week, 437 of them were days on which boys did not visit houses other than their own. Of all leisure time activities, the most popular was N.I.P.—Nothing in Particular, Indeed, so great is the appeal of N.I.P. that of all day boys who stayed at School after 4.30, by far the largest numbers remained simply in order to do N.I.P. Now, don't get me wrong, we all need a spot of N.I.P. at some point in the day, especially after a day in the classroom, N.I.P. is good for us, but whether it is good for a large proportion of 12 hours a week, which is, if anything, an under-estimate of a boy's leisure time, is a question which can only be effectively answered by each individual looking critically at the ways in which he spends his time in relation to the opportunities he has.

And what opportunities! And what neglect. The

looking around you and not down at the pavements. like most city walkers. There is no need to wait to be spoonfed or to have arrangements for outings and expeditions made for you; make them yourselves, or else badger one of your House Tutors into doing so.

The range of outside opportunities perhaps makes internal activities less obviously necessary than in other Schools. But here important questions are raised. What should a community like Westminster be? A place where everyone does his own thing with as little interference as possible? An exclusively academic institution operating only from 9 till 4? A cluster of seven largely self-sufficient living units? Most answers would probably agree that shared experience is desirable outside the classroom as well as in, as a basis for knowing and respecting others and so for good relationships within the community. But in the last resort, the impulse towards an active rather than an apathetic school must come from the people in the School, and not just from the establishment. If Simon Berrill's union, with or without its hallowed ground, represents such an impulse then the idea is clearly to be applauded.

Westminster has always been better placed than most schools to achieve a satisfactory reconciliation between the life within and the life without, whether this be the home or the wider society and activities of the city. It will be fascinating, and may be exciting, to see how this reconciliation can be maintained when the life without is undergoing rapid change.

Hilaritas

Four Hundred Years Back

An entertainment in Ashburnham Garden, culled primarily from unpublished material in the school archives, was produced to mark John Carleton's retirement; service of 40 years marked by a retrospect over 400. In "Gloves for Mr. Busby", Mr. Field surpassed himself in energy, thoroughness and theatrical invention. This evening of delights was that rare compliment in which the spirit of a place is evoked for one worthy of it with warmth, honesty and amusement.

The difficulty of fusing a mass of material of great diversity and no immediate dramatic quality was splendidly overcome. This was no gaudy pageant nor a tedious exercise in didactic history. The subtle internal structure in terms of the selection of writings from the seventies of four centuries, of the repeated performance of the actors in time as Head Master, or public official or boy, of the selection of music appropriate to period or context, of the carefully pointed use of stage, stairs and balcony, involved

the audience compulsively. Add to this, zest and an exquisite management of mood.

Shall we soon forget the ferocity of Niven's Dr. Busby or his calm as the incomparable Camden, or Grieve recounting with boyish glee his view of the Fire of London? Giles Evans (O.W.) captured the concern of the worried parent Boswell as well as he did that of the troubled Head Master, Scott, before the Royal Commission. Though we may not sing football songs or, hopefully, write such snobbish letters about cricket fixtures, or row to Windsor for tea with the king, the actors drew us in so that but for our special times

It was fun to know that the Latin Play has always been a matter for surprises, that food and smoking and the vices which we only hint at were always with us. In these skinhead times past fights are not unintelligible even if, thankfully, the consequences are less litigious.

The evening ended rightly with the concluding paragraphs of John Carleton's own book about the school. The setting and the gesture were authentic. It is reassuring to have been present when service was so well served.

R. J. W.









Photos: Rigaud's Play-Pete Dribbell

The Busby Play

The choice of Arthur Miller's "Incident at Vichy" was brave; the play could not be worse when read in text-form, and promises little in terms of a production. There is no scene change—and there is only one event. This takes place in France, 1942, in an improvised police station where various types (mostly jews) await questioning in an off-stage office. Well carried over was the mounting agony of nervous apprehension suffered by the prisoners as they slowly come to realize their fate; Miller's play has been criticized for the simplicity with which it treats the horrors of Nazi oppression, but in view of this production one almost thinks it has been underrated. At last Busby's has presented to their over-comfortable audience, accustomed over the last few years to over-dressed nonsenses, something serious which was done well and effectively. The cast managed to let their agonies flow out ruthlessly; furnaces and flames projected dramatically across the backcloth (a necessarily simple set) added to the tension, and blasted over was no small amount of World War II sound effects (reminiscent somehow of an American comic). The play has no subtlety, and the production followed suit—but it was all very effective and involving. A lot of credit must go to the producer(s).

Superbly played by Patrick Bolton was the part of the German major, who though frightened and horrified himself ("this is all as inconceivable to me as it is to you") sees no point in releasing the pleading men ("There are no persons anymore, don't you see that?") Ben Rampton was beautifully type-cast as the noble Austrian aristocrat, and showed that if given the right part his acting is self-assured and very pleasing. An equally prominent figure was Leduc, a jewish doctor, a part which Charles Hayward had well in control. By now an old man of Busby drama, he showed himself well capable of sober acting. Altogether this production has topped the bill for a house production for a long time.



What the Butler Saw

Rigaud's put on Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw", a play whose sole preoccupation seems to be the various forms of sexual deviation and whose spectacular possibilities are minimal. The prime object was therefore to entertain and it was unfortunate that it caused offence to a small minority. The play is positively tame in comparison with certain current West End productions and the cast handled it in a lively and amusing fashion. Much however depended on the audience and the production was considerably more effective on the last night with a responsive audience than it had been on the first when strings of ludicrous eroticisms had echoed sullenly through a stoic silence.

The cast was amateur to the last degree, type-casting being particularly evident in the cases of Malcolm Bowden and Steve Lipson, and the play only survived on the actors vitality. Nick Paterson had made a genuine effort to tackle his part seriously but had correspondingly neglected his role as producer. For anyone prepared to laugh the evening proved amusing, and for those who were not, the traditional summer "garden" productions will provide more digestible fodder. Finally a word of congratulations to Mr. French who bravely backed the play throughout, despite raging "controversy", and delivered an amusing but poignant address on the final two nights.

The Destruction of Putah

In terms of a Wagnerian Gesamtkunstwerk, a synthesis of all the arts on one stage, Richard Blackford's operatic parable "The Destruction of Putah", does not qualify. The problem of lack of talent at Westminster School does not wholly account for this. The lighting, fine as it was, belonged to a London discotheque. The libretto was a brave attempt to avoid sounding too pseud or too much like the Dales. The set was simple and impressive. The costumes belonged to Dr. Who.

Coherence was also lacking in the music. Blackford's style of composition has obviously developed considerably with the experience of writing the opera. Derived from the vocal crudities of Orff, the romanticism of the pre-dodecaphonic period as well as a fine section of neo Messian for the organ, the music often sounded awkwardly too

simple (the fantasia) or too complex and hidden (the Nibelungen motif). Should Richard Blackford ever become a famous composer, later critics may be able to find traits of HIS style in this work. I doubt whether this work will ever be performed, again—but then, how often does one hear "Die Feen" or "Das Liebesverbot".

Julian Target was a good arrogant king ably supported by Amanda Payne and Nicholas Robson. William Taunton with a part weak in dramtic possibilities, predictably excelled. The orchestra played very well considering the limited time for rehearsal and the choral singing was both clear and confident. Mrs. and Mr. Byrt added considerable power.

Carping criticisms apart, this was Richard Blackford's night.

M. St. J. T.



School Music

In addition to the Concert, two other important musical events, namely the Carol Service and the Commemoration of Benefactors, took place this term, and these, with other smaller events, have made the musical timetable very full.

Richard Blackford's opera, "The Destruction of Putah", which comprised the latter half of the Concert, was written for the available resources at Westminster, i.e. actors, male chorus and selected orchestra. Considering the technical demands of the music, the male chorus offered a bold rendering, and the orchestra played with vigour and brilliance. The first half of the Concert consisted of two items: "The Lament of Ariadne" by Monteverdi, sung by Janet Edmunds with a beautifully expressive tone and Bach's Suite in B minor for flute, harpsichord and strings, played by the Vivaldi Ensemble.

After a considerable wait, a harpsichord for the School has now been constructed and delivered, and to celebrate the arrival, a lecture/recital was given in Ashburnham Drawing Room by Dr. Thornton Lofthouse, a former Director of Music at Westminster. He selected works mainly from the Baroque period, and also gave an interesting account on how the instrument works.

For "Commem" in Westminster Abbey, a setting of the Te Deum by Sir William McKie was chosen,

originally performed nine years ago. It involves the congregation, choir, a group of cantors (Queen's Scholars) and organ, and is based on the one chant, after the Gregorian style. Under the sturdy baton of Mr. Byrt the congregation bestirred itself to produce a hearty roar, if occasionally in the wrong places.

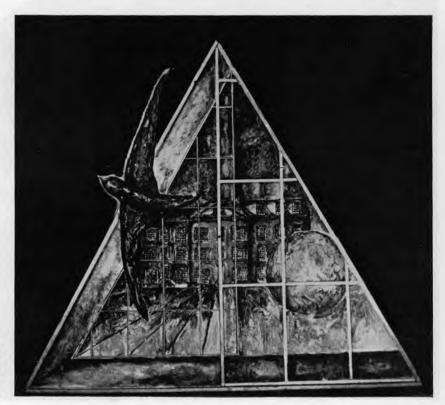
The male chorus also assisted in two other productions outside the School under the directorship of John Baird. These were "Samson" by Handel, performed three nights at Sadlers Wells, and "Elijah" by Mendelssohn in St. Margarets. Both of them, after very few rehearsals, were delivered with

great zest and assurance.

Because of the impractibility of incorporating choral works with the Concert, Choral Society joined with the Abbey Choir for a more elaborate Carol Service in St. Margarets than usual. Also, a small orchestra was used for the first time to accompany some of the larger works. These were Holst's "Christmas Fantasia", extracts from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and "Sleepers Awake". Equally beautiful were the anthems and carols, Gibbon's "Hosanna to the son of David", Berlioz' "Shepherd's Farewell" and Cornelius' "Three Kings".

To conclude, with all Westminster's musical resources so active and of such a high standard, we may expect many impressive performances in the future.

Richard Blackford



Art. There is still nothing to say about art at Westminster, except that recently two murals have been painted, both by Michael Jacobs. This one is in Wren's boarding house.

Gravitas

Ian Ross

After 13 years at Westminster Ian Ross is leaving Westminster at the end of this term to become Head Master of Marlborough House School, Hawkhurst, Kent. A geographer and an oarsman he first arrived at the School as an Oxford student to do a term of teaching practice and converted this into a permanent appointment. As Head of the Geography Department he developed the teaching of what has never been a popular subject to the point where, just before he handed over the responsibility to devote himself to Wren's, two awards were won at Oxbridge.

A successful oarsman and keen coach, he took over Water from the late Geoffrey Hamerton in 1961 and presided over a flourishing boat club for five years during which there were many successes.

A leading member of the Kitchen Society (which represents the interests of schools rowing) and the Schools' Head of the River Committee, he was perhaps most pleased personally by the rowing career of Dan Topolski, twice an Oxford Blue and international oarsman.

In 1966 he succeeded Dr. Haines as House Master of Wren's. Quite soon after taking over the enormous and intractable task of running a house of nearly 80 boys, he accepted the additional burden of a small boarding house of 16 boys in No. 4 Barton Street, newly acquired by the School. Much helped by Gill as wife, matron, hostess and mother of four children, he earned the respect, affection and appreciation of a complete generation of boys and their parents. This was acknowledged by an extremely generous presentation made at the end of term by Wren's. We wish them both every success and happiness in their new life. **T. P. F.**



Westminster does it again

Since the appointment of J. R. Peebles 14 years ago to the Headmastership of Hereford Cathedral School there has been an impressive series of similar appointments of Westminster masters which is much to the Common Room's credit. Mr. Peebles had, in his 25 years at Westminster, been House Master of Ashburnham (twice) and also of Rigaud's. He died in office on December 16th, 1967. Dr. W. Hamilton came to the school in 1949 after being a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Master in College at Eton. He was appointed to the Headmastership of Rugby in 1957 and is now Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, Another appointment in 1957 was that of J. D. Carleton to the Headmastership of Westminster, C. H. Christie, an O.W., came to the school in 1957 after being a master at Eton to become the Under Master; in 1963 he was appointed to Brighton College and in 1970 to St. Edward's, Oxford, where he still is. F. I. Kilvington came to Westminster as a Classics Master in 1949, was House Master of Wren's and Rigauds', and was appointed to the Headmastership of St. Albans School

in 1964 where he still is. F. R. Rawes came to Westminster from Oxford in 1938. After serving in the Army during the war he became Housemaster of Ashburnham and then of Busby's and between 1946 and 1951 he commanded the C.C.F.; in 1963 he was appointed to the Headmastership of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, In 1957 J. S. Woodhouse came to Westminster, and in 1963 succeeded Mr. Christie as Under Master, leaving only three years later to succeed Dr. Hamilton at Rugby. The Times on this occasion produced the headline: "Westminster does it again." After being a master at Westminster for three years H. Ward (O.W.) left in 1969 to become Head Master of King's School, Ely, where he arrived in the middle of their Millenary celebrations. Last year M. I. Ross was appointed to the Headmastership of Marlborough House Prep School—see above. Also in 1970 M. J. W. Rogers was appointed to the Headmastership of Malvern College. He takes up his post in September this year. In all there have been 10 appointments over the past 13 years.

Forest Song

John Marenbon

THE Tree stump green and wet The trees, tall, silent, Austere and marching in perfect silence Up and down.

The massive chords of peace begin to sound. I say my prayer. I beg A seat, a resting place.

Peace. And like the trees I sit And march around the halls Of this great residence.

I pause in the most magnificent.

Here I am undescribably small, But strangely all and everything, In this vast palace of silence, Of beauty.

Utilitas

Immigrant English

Stretching out from the arches and towers of Little Dean's Yard, there is a problem around us; it is a silent problem. Silence. There is an ever-increasing number of non English-speaking families in this country. The general procedure in immigration is that the husband comes over first to establish himself in the community. And the communities in which he most readily does this and has a better chance of finding a job are those where his fellow countrymen have already conglomerated into a settlement. Here there is often an English-speaking male leader who alone makes contact with English customs. Into this the family is absorbed. The emancipation of women is a strange concept to most African, Asian, West Indian and even Mediterranean immigrants; the mother is sheltered from contact with the world around her and she is expected to concentrate all her attention on housekeeping and their children. Though the question of "emancipation" here is relatively unimportant in that it is not in this sense so widespread among English women, in the case of immigrants there is a greater hesitancy, when the family is starving, for the wife to go out to work.

The problem here for the children is solely linguistic. There are English and immigrant families in which both parents are out at work. The children are insufficiently looked-after to develop a range of words and ideas with which to play. Free education is available and usually welcome from the age of five. But none of the benefits of the increasingly well-equipped, well-staffed Primary Schools reach a five-year-old who is disturbed by new problems of language and behaviour to the extent that the teachers cannot even start the individual attention and communication which is needed. (Pakistani children are very well brought up to be polite and respectful towards adults; this leads to a general shyness.) Immigrant English Guild has been using Friday afternoons to help give that attention and to get them talking. We have been working individually, taking out carefully selected children of about seven or eight year's old. Using a very plentiful supply of local "places of interest" as a wide range of subject matter we have had some interesting results.

This is a new idea at Westminster; the I.L.E.A. (Inner London Education Authority) has been promoting and organizing the scheme very efficiently and enthusiastically with students for some time. It is novel, and its scope is unlimited until parents are able to cope with the situation themselves. At the moment it is a job for the educational authorities to organize. By seeking out families they are reducing



the risk that these rather isolated communities will become segregated from the rest of Englishspeaking society. The schools provide the communication for the families.

Even if we have succeeded merely in giving a new outlook on "schools" to immigrant and apathetic parents, and their children, the very helpful, young staff have commented on improvements in sociability in all cases. As it is, in several individual cases, teachers have seen genuine improvements in vocabulary and speech.

Somewhat relieved and encouraged by this, and that the I.L.E.A. is right behind us, we are going to pursue this very promising experiment with the same kids for the next two terms.

W.T.

Task Force

Task Force is by now a Westminster cliché, perhaps even an institution. It no longer has the attraction of originality for many people at the school: most people have a rough idea what it is, and about a quarter of the school will have tried it at one time or another, which is more than at almost any other school in the city of Westminster. Basically, Task Force can be said to have been successful at Westminster School: there are over 30 old people visited by more than 50 boys from the school. The situation has perhaps become static: a large proportion of the new boys try it, and about a quarter continue, depending mainly on the success of their relationship with the old person to whom they have been allocated.

To relieve the possible boredom of visiting, new experiments are coming into operation at the school: the situation of a public schoolboy visiting an old lady to alleviate her loneliness is in many ways useful, but at the same time it is essentially artificial. It would be more satisfactory for people in the immediate environment of the old people to visit them: the ageing person on the Peabody Estate with nothing to do all day for instance.

So Task Force is going to try a little bit of community relations to study the causes and possible realistic answers to the problems of old people.

The structure of Task Force in the school is at present organized by houses: it will also be organized by the areas in which people visit hopefully with other schools. In this way, everybody who visits on the Page Street Peabody Estate, for instance, will be able to consider the specific problems of imbalance on that estate, and specific projects and surveys can be organized. The volunteer will no longer be limited to the individual relationship with his old person: he can also try and study the sociological problems on a more constructive basis.

A. D. G. A.

Drunk Song

John Marenbon

The wine in the glass was red And I saw you pink.
And we danced.

And to portray our pleasure We joined up And made the shapes Of acrobats.

And we stained the clean white sheet with wine.

Budiriro Trust

During the last three years money has been raised by boys in the school to help the Budiriro Trust in its task of providing for the education of Rhodesian Africans. The fees at High Schools in Rhodesia are high, and because there are so few of them many children have to board at even greater expense. If the money can be found there is still no guarantee of a place, for last year in Rhodesia only 150 places were available to Africans although many hundreds more had qualified at O Level. Basically the Trust must find money to educate as many Africans as possible to graduate level either in or outside Rhodesia.

An auction and several raffles have helped already, but following the visit of Mr. Michael Stern, Head Master of Waterford School, Swaziland, last term it was decided to combine fund-raising activities to help finance the education of Africans in two direct. but contrasting, ways. This term, on November 22nd, 80 Westminster boys walked up to 30 miles each on a 10 mile circular route from Dean's Yard, and over £900 has been raised to be split between the two charities. Michael Jarvis has just returned from Swaziland where he taught at Waterford for 9 months before going up to Cambridge at the beginning of this term, and he outlines the short history of the school and its continuing needs. The money which we are able to send out at the end of this term will certainly help to fill some of the gaps on the library shelves, and also provide for quite a few more Africans' education M. J. G. R.

Waterford. Westminster has over the past few years established some firm links with Waterford School in Swaziland. It is encouraging that after the Head Master and founder of this unique multi-racial school, Mr. Michael Stern, had talked in Morning Abbey last term, a number of boys showed great interest in strengthening this link and asked me to write this article.

Swaziland is one of the three former British Protectorates and is sandwiched between the Republic of South Africa and Mozambique. It is about the size of Wales, has a population of \(\frac{1}{3} \) million, is ruled by the present longest-reigning monarch King Sobhuza II and, as a country, is fairly well off due to exports of iron ore, sugar, asbestos and wood pulp. Its proximity to Johannesburg and its casino are considerable assets to its booming tourist trade.

It was here that in 1962 Mr. Michael Stern and others decided to open a fully multi-racial school, a place of education outside the apartheid-ridden environment of South Africa. It started with 16 students and, as 'money was raised, so the school expanded. There are now 210 students, including 30 girls, and some 30 teaching staff. As a private

school, the students are fee-paying; but those who pass the entrance test and cannot afford the full fees are all given bursaries.

The first connection between the two schools was through the Revd. Jim McGowan who was Chaplain at Westminster and then went out to Swaziland for a year to teach Maths at Waterford. I followed him in September 1969 and also taught for a year which I enjoyed immensely. The Dean of Westminster is another link, being the Chairman of the Governors of Westminster and also Chairman of the London Trustees of Waterford/Kamhlaba. ("Kamhlaba" is the Swazi name given to the school by King Sobhuza meaning "a world in miniature".)

Probably the most useful way in which Westminster could help Waterford might be by providing a gift of books for their library. An imposing new building has recently been completed but it is in need of being filled. The present library is sadly short of reference books and none of the sections is really

satisfactory for a school of its size. If Waterford/Kamhlaba could build up a really respectable library eventually, I feel certain that it would be prepared to lend books to other Swazi schools, most of which have no books to speak of let alone libraries.

One of the most pleasing things about the growth of the school is that already it has ceased to care only about itself and its own expansion. The students are already giving others the benefit of their privileged education. Once a week a dozen sixth formers visit a neighbouring secondary school to help students there with their English; a party of 20 gave up part of their holidays last year to build a new classroom and paint existing ones for a less fortunate primary school; the thriving Duke of Edinburgh Award group has been preparing the site for a proposed school in a local village. It's fair to say that Waterford/Kamhlaba does not only educate its own students, but in many ways it educates the whole of Swaziland.

Michael Jarvis

Would anyone like to organize a fund for books to fill Waterford's shelves? If you are in a position to contribute money please send it to the school, care of Mr. Martin.



The Library, Waterford.

Sanitas



Football

Despite a large contingent remaining from last year's successful 1st XI, this year's side has been surprisingly ineffective, having won only three matches so far; those against Aldenham (3-2), Victoria College, Jersey (4-2) and the French Lycee (6-0). Its best performances have, however, come in some of the tougher matches against Repton, Alleyn's and the Chelsea Casuals. The inability to win seems to stem largely from the immaturity of the forward line, which has failed to score in the last 10 matches. Stuart Surridge, officially a mid-field player, has however scored 14 times and with David Drew, the Captain, has been entered as a trialist for the Public Schools XI. The defence has generally proved solid, with Drew always in command and Niven, Rampton, Tiratsoo and Ruttle putting in very consistent performances. Since Drew, Surridge, Tiratsoo and Niven are all leaving, the outlook for next term would indeed be very bleak but for the Colts' outstanding record (more hereafter). The 1st XI has generally been drawn from: Rampton, Ruttle, Drew, Grant, Tiratsoo, Surridge, Niven, Foggin, Beelaerts, Durie, Hadden and Mackinnon.

Played 15, Won 3, Drawn 3, Lost 9. For 21, Against 34.

The 2nd XI have also had a rather unsuccessful

season due, perhaps, to the constant team changes with players moving up to the 1st XI. However, the return of Mr. Francis has brought considerably more interest at this level.

Played 10, Won 3, Lost 7. For 22, Against 47.

The Colts continue their early promise despite the Captain, Jeremy Lascelles, being out for eight weeks with a broken wrist. The team as a whole seems extremely capable with exceptionally talented players in Lascelles, Cohen, Macwhinnie and Wintour. An off-day at Ardingly and a very hard-fought contest at Alleyn's proved the only defeats, whilst they registered the first ever Colts' victory over Repton.

Team from: Orbach, Sanderson, Earle, Cohen, Gregson, Bowden, Wintour, Watrous, Campbell, Thompson, Macwhinnie, Lascelles and Lewison.

Played 9, Won 7, Lost 2. For 46, Against 12.

The Junior Colts have had a mixed season, their best result, perhaps, being a one-all draw with Alleyn's. All in all they have won as many as they have lost and particular mention should be made of Harding, Kinn and Patrick. The Under 14's seem to show promise with some good forwards but the defence remains shaky and the goal-keeper a slight weakness.

Richard Grant

Water

There are new showers at Putney and a new boiler! Mr. Bevan, from Shrewsbury and an Oxford Blue, has joined the staff to look after rowing and we hope his association with Westminster water will be a long, happy and successful one. The seniors have sculled at Reading, Weybridge, Marlow and Radley, the Colts at Hampton. The Colts VIII won the Vesta Lightweight VIIIs.

J. M. B.



Fencing

Not a bad year. What looked at first to be disastrous has turned out to be fairly successful. In January we were left with only two experienced match-hardened, competition-toughened fencers but the station really responded rather well and instead of finding ourselves posting small notices of defeat on the station notice board, we were, in more cases than not, emblazoning the board with posters proclaiming our great and glorious (and often very narrow!) victories.

I think my greatest pleasure has been watching the standard of the station improve enormously, nay miraculously, over the year. The juniors have worked hard and shoving people like Andrew Wilson into the relatively deep end of the 2nd Foil team has yielded extraordinarily good results, which augur well for a firm future. Others too have leaped into gaps, almost without looking, and filled them commendably. Simon Henry was kidnapped away by the Captain and his trusty Hon. Sec. Nick Marley to the Worth Invitation Epee competition and survived the ordeal sufficiently bravely to deserve and have awarded his pink and whites. Nick has fought very well this season and was fifth in the National Schoolboys' Epee Competition.

All in all we have won more than we lost and, although the station will be left with few fencers of real experience, I am convinced that we are at last on the uphill phoenix-like rise from the ashes. We have achieved this by a fair measure of hard work and I must mention the immense support and encouragement we have received from our Master i/c, Mr. Livingstone-Smith, which, coupled with the skill of our coaches, Professors Harmer-Brown and Imregi, has been invaluable.

Alex Rentoul Captain of School Fencing

Grove Park

There are approximately 100 boys going to Grove Park once a week, where they have a choice of playing either football, rugger or shinty or going for a run. The other station day of the week the options provided are: Fives, Squash, Badminton, Basket Ball, Swimming, Judo, or Tennis. Some of these are at the same time for a number of people permanent stations.

Squash

Only one match was arranged last term for the first team, and the result was not impressive. But altogether Charterhouse was very friendly and the afternoon was enjoyable. The Colts team have played against Harrow and Eton, losing to the former by no games to 5, and to the latter by 2 games to 3. The Eton match was really quite a success; Nicholas Denniston, especially, must be commended for his performance.

Fives

Unfortunately our high expectations at the beginning of the season have not been realized. The first and second pairs have been winning frequently, but they have been unable to synchronize their wins so as to gain an overall win. With only two matches left this term the results are: Played 10, Won 2 and Lost 8.

P. F.



Judo

1970 has been a year in which Judo has undergone a great revival. All the members of our club are newcomers this year, and it is only with the help of a coach that Judo has managed to improve so greatly at Westminster. Our team has an average age of less than 17, but has done very well against teams much older than itself—many matches have been won. We are looking forward to even greater improvement and expansion though there is slight fear of having somehow to find new space.



Shooting

Shooting has firmly re-established itself on a non-military basis after the abolition of the corps, and the 1st VIII has, in the first year of its reincarnation, won more matches than it has lost. The new Anschutz rifles, kindly donated by an Old Westminster, have helped the relatively inexperienced team to achieve this. The burden of responsibility has been partially removed from Mr. Harris by the new coach Mr. Lamb, with whose guidance we should improve yet further. The team is picked from the following: Langdon-Davies, Moore, Nicol, Lander, Johns, Hooper, Fletcher, Murray-Hill, Edwards (RR), and Cousins.

An inter-house competition was organized this term but no decisive result was achieved.

Tom Langdon-Davies

School Appointments

Staff left Play 1970

M. I. Ross A. R. H. Macdonald

D. Scannell

New Staff 1971

Miss Jennifer Allen

(Mod. Lang.)

Mr. J. K. Thomson

(Physics)

Mr. R. J. Hall (Maths)

New appointments

C. S. Martin, House Master of Wren's from January 1971.

New Captain of the School

N. J. Margerison

Westminster School Finnmark Expedition—1970

The expedition to Arctic Norway this summer was 14 strong, made up of Ronald French, Howard and Jan Green, two Old Westminster students and nine boys. Travelling in two Land-Rovers the party left Dean's Yard for Newcastle in the early hours of July 14th and sailed down the Tyne that evening aboard M.S. *Jupiter*, reaching Bergen the following afternoon. We sailed from there the following evening on the express coastal boat M.V. *Harald Jarl* with the two grossly overladen Land-Rovers on the forecastle.

Sailing up the west coast of Norway the boat called at many places including Alesund, Kristiansund and Trondheim. Perhaps the most spectacular part of the journey was past the Lofoton Islands, visiting late one evening the famous Trollfjord with its cliffs falling sheer into the sea, and that night brought the first sight of the midnight sun. Four days after leaving Bergen we disembarked at Tromso and spent a night in the Army Leave Centre where we collected a 16-man N.A.T.O. tent, ice axes and crampons and next day drove to Jokelfjord in great heat. No sooner had the stores been unloaded than a fierce thunderstorm broke and the stores had temporarily to be housed in a fish-drying shed! From there the gear had to be rowed out to a small fishing boat on which the entire expedition was transported to the other side of the fjord. There the supplies were slowly unloaded, and because of the Spring tides had to be carried laboriously above the high-tide mark. Tents were pitched and next morning in heavy rain—which was to persist for three days the camp was moved on to a grassy terrace which was to be its home for the next three weeks.

The camp site, looking out over the fjord, was dominated in the north-east by a prominent mountain called Skalsatind which fell steeply to the fast flowing river running from Lake Skalsa to the sea and providing us with our water. Our only visitors were occasional Lapps and innumerable reindeer. The weather improved after the initial rain and a succession of warm summer days followed. It took some time to adjust to the fact that there was no night, and it was almost decided to work by night and rest by day, for the official "night" seemed to have better weather conditions. A daily rota was organized whereby some stayed in camp to cook and carry out routine chores and met, readings, whilst the remainder took part in the survey and the biological and geological programmes. Although the terrain around the camp and at low level was surprisingly verdant, the higher slopes were made up of loose rocks which became particularly treacherous in wet weather.



photo: David Somervell.

Various expeditions camped away from base for several days. First the ascent of Skalsatind was made by a party of four using ropes. The Oksfjord-jökelen ice cap was crossed twice and a camp was set up at the edge of the glacier leading from the Langfjordjökelen so that parties could work near or on the ice itself. Perhaps the surveyors had the hardest task making tedious ascents with theodolite and tripod and putting ranging poles in almost inaccessible places. For the last few days of our camp we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Woolley who crossed the fjord to make a break in their journey to the North Cape.

On the completion of the scientific programme the party returned to the vehicles and set off home by road. Five members returned by rail and sea from Trondheim, the remainder driving back to London. An attempt to climb Norway's highest peaks in the Jotunheimen was foiled by bad weather. After two days in Oslo we went via Gothenberg and Elsinore to Copenhagen, finally through Lubeck and Hamburg to Amsterdam where we arrived in time to witness the hippie riots. From Ostend we crossed to Dover and in the early hours of August 27th we re-entered Dean's Yard—some 2,500 miles by road from our base camp, and just over six weeks after leaving London.

Hereditas

The Elizabethan Club		G	19661	Haslam, Nigel Robert York House, 9, Fulwich Road, Harrogate,
At a meeting of the General Committee held on October 28th, 1970, the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7 (B):		W	19661	Yorks. Lasky, Oliver Mario 9, North Grove, Highgate, London, N.6.
		R	1965³	Lever, John Darcy
	Name and address			Troedyrhiw Farm, Ystrad Mynach, Glamorgan.
1966³	Allen, Nicholas George	G	1966²	Montague, John Douglas Ernest 43, Crescent Gardens, Eastcote, Ruislip, Middlesex.
1966³	Barber, Sebastian John Felix 28, Howard's Lane, Putney, London, S.W.15.	W	1966³	Mullin, Malcolm George 42, Old Compton Street, London, W.1.
19661	Barker, Julian Edward 3, Beauford Road, Ealing, London, W.5.	W	1965³	O'Donnell, John Patrick Hugh Langham House, Ham Common, Surrey.
	Bowie, Neil Macdonald Steadlands, Watt Lane, Sheffield S10 5RF.	L	19681	Palmer, Stephen E. c/o S. E. Palmer, Jr., Counselor for
	35, Warwick Gardens, London, W.14.			Political Affairs, American Embassy, P.O. Box 207, Rawalpindi, Pakistan.
1966³	24, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon,			Planer, Nigel George 36, Fife Road, East Sheen, London, S.W.14.
1966²	Cary, John Tait Lunel	R	1966¹	Pooley, Richard Rhodes The Grange, West Meon, Petersfield, Hants.
	Wood Farm House, Fressingfield, Diss, Norfolk.	L	19671	Rawlins, John Erik Fitzhardinge Thurloe House School, New Romney, Kent.
19671	Colborn, Charles Lawrence Simon The Lord Chancellor's Lodgings, 36. Courtvard, Eltham.	W	1966¹	Sabine, Martin Peter 19, Beaufort Road, Hanger Hill, Ealing, London, W.5.
1966³	Davenport, Hugo Benedict 62, Lansdowne Road, London, W.11.	А	1967³	Sieff, Adam Michael 48, Queen's Grove, London, N.W.8.
	Del Maestro, Roberto 18, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1.	В	1966³	Stevens, Timothy John
	180, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E.11.	W	1965³	One Spenser Road, Aylesbury, Bucks. Thornhill, David George Thomas
1966²	5, Mansfield Place, Hampstead,	А	1966²	2, Mavelstone Road, Bromley, Kent. Tweddle, David
1966³	London, N.W.3. Hartshorn, Nickolas Voase 21, Rudall Crescent, London, N.W.3.	А	1966³	31, Manor Road, Cheam, Surrey. Watrous, David Eliot Poynings, High Drive, Oxshott, Surrey.
	Date of entry 19663 19661 19661 19663 19662 19671 19653 19665 1966	meeting of the General Committee held on October 28th, the following new members were elected to Life bership under Rule 7 (B): Date of entry 19663 Allen, Nicholas George 42, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11. 19663 Barber, Sebastian John Felix 28, Howard's Lane, Putney, London, S.W.15. 19661 Barker, Julian Edward 3, Beauford Road, Ealing, London, W.5. 19661 Bowie, Neil Macdonald Steadlands, Watt Lane, Sheffield S10 5RF. 19661 Brigstocke, David Hugh Charles 35, Warwick Gardens, London, W.14. 19663 Campbell, Duncan Blair 24, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19. 19664 Cary, John Tait Lunel Wood Farm House, Fressingfield, Diss, Norfolk. 19675 Colborn, Charles Lawrence Simon The Lord Chancellor's Lodgings, 36, Courtyard, Eltham. 19665 Davenport, Hugo Benedict 62, Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. 19676 Del Maestro, Roberto 18, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1. 19665 Gavin, Eric John 180, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E.11. 19666 Hales, Christopher James 5, Mansfield Place, Hampstead, London, N.W.3. 19663 Hartshorn, Nickolas Voase	meeting of the General Committee held on October 28th, the following new members were elected to Life bership under Rule 7 (B): Date of entry 1966³ Allen, Nicholas George 42, Holland Park Avenue, London, W.11. 1966³ Barber, Sebastian John Felix 28, Howard's Lane, Putney, London, S.W.15. 1966¹ Barker, Julian Edward 3, Beauford Road, Ealing, London, W.5. 1966¹ Brigstocke, David Hugh Charles 35, Warwick Gardens, London, W.14. 1966³ Campbell, Duncan Blair 24, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19. 1966² Cary, John Tait Lunel Wood Farm House, Fressingfield, Diss, Norfolk. 1967¹ Colborn, Charles Lawrence Simon The Lord Chancellor's Lodgings, 36, Courtyard, Eltham. 1966³ Davenport, Hugo Benedict 62, Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Del Maestro, Roberto 18, Lower Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1. 1965³ Gavin, Eric John 180, Kennington Park Road, London, S.E.11. Hales, Christopher James 5, Mansfield Place, Hampstead, London, N.W.3. 1966³ Hartshorn, Nickolas Voase	meeting of the General Committee held on October 28th, the following new members were elected to Life bership under Rule 7 (B): Date of entry 1966³





Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held at the Army & Navy Club, by courtesy of Mr. Michael Tenison, on Tuesday, October 20th, 1970, and attended by over 100 members and guests. The President, Mr. N. P. Andrews, J.P., presided and the guests included the Head Master and the Dean of Westminster.

The toast of "Floreat" was proposed by the President in a delightful speech in which he warmly welcomed Dr. Rae on his first appearance at a Club Dinner. He also paid tribute to Mr. Ray Plummer, the retiring Secretary, and thanked him for the devoted and able way in which he had served the Club over the past 15 years. The Head Master replied to the toast in equally happy vein and then outlined his aims and ideals for the future of the School and of the type of boy he wanted Westminster to produce. He went on to refer in gracious terms to his predecessor and spoke of the regard in which John Carleton was rightly held by all those connected with Westminster. It was a speech that made a profound impression on all those present.

The health of the President was proposed by Mr. F. N. Hornsby, who thanked Mr. Andrews for his unfailing service to the Club and School, and spoke of the great affection in which he was held by his many Westminster friends.

O.WW. Deaths

Oppenheimer—On May 22nd, 1970, Arthur Julius Oppenheimer (1917-21, G.), aged 66.

Rawlings—On May 25th, 1970, Reginald Price Rawlings (1897-1900, G.), aged 88.

Foster—On May 25th, 1970, John Birkhead Foster (1907-12, A.), aged 76.

Freeston—On November 13th, 1969, Charles Garner Freeston (1911-14, R.), aged 72.

Main—On June 20th, 1970, Archibald Pollock Main (1915-19, G.), aged 68.

Ker—On August 29th, 1970. Thomas Menzier Ker (1913-17. A.), aged 71.

Horton—On August 29th, 1970, William Robert Horton (1903-08, G.), aged 81.

Cocks—On July 4th, 1970, Theodore Edward Eagles Cocks (1915-20, K.S.), aged 68.

Engelbach—On August 19th, 1970, Alfred Eric Engelbach (1911-16, A.), aged 71.

Last—On September 5th, 1970, Dr. Cecil Edward Last (1889-94, H.), aged 93.

Armitt—On September 9th, 1970, Henry Cecil Armitt (1929-33, A.), aged 71.Rattenbury—On July 29th, 1970, Robert Mantle Rattenbury

(1915-20, H.), aged 69.

Temple-Bird—On October 4th, 1970, John Frank Temple-

Bird (1930-34, B.).

Hickmore—On October 2nd, 1970, Thomas Arnold Hickmore (1919-22, A.), aged 64.

 Grimshaw—On October 10th, 1970, Nicholas O'Donnell Grimshaw (1914-18, R.), aged 69.
 Cowie—On October 26th, 1970, Anson Gordon Cowie

(1905-09, R.), aged 80.

Greig—On October 31st, 1970, Robert Beamish Greig (1914-17, R.), aged 69.

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*** A.A./R.A.C./R.S.A.C. ***