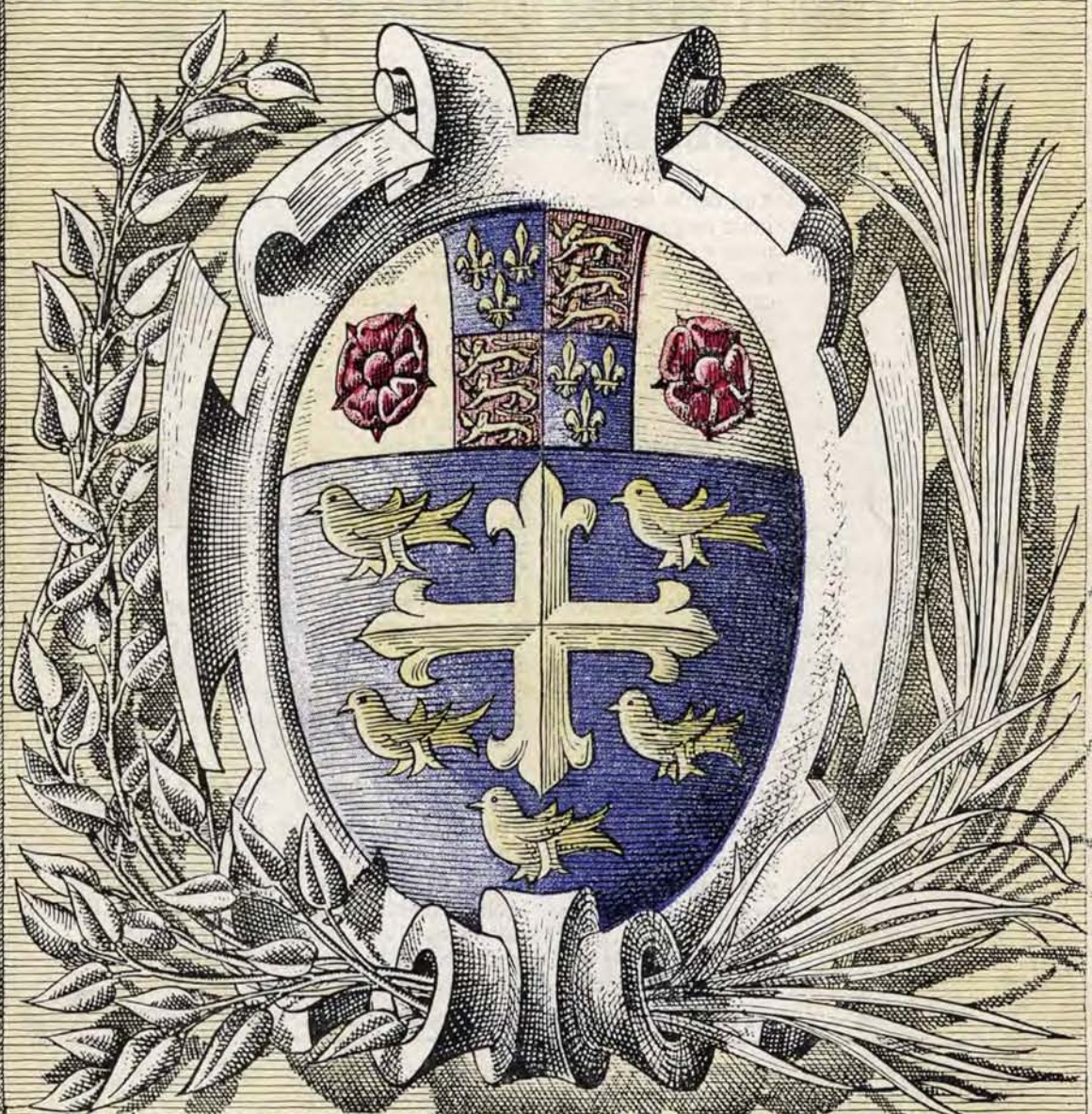


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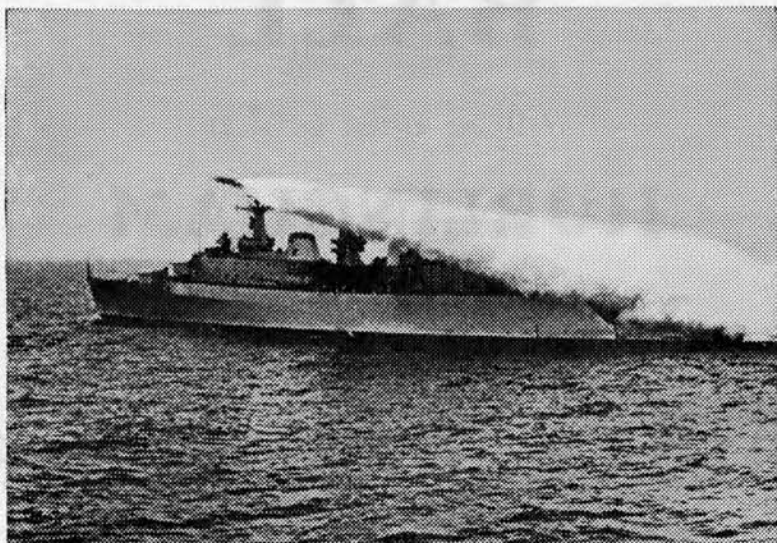
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THE ELIZABETHAN

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MARCH 1966

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Editor : Ian Patterson

Sub-Editor: Sebastian Garrett

A WESTMINSTER NOTEBOOK

I. K. PATTERSON, Prin. Opp. and Head of Grant's,

N. B. CLAYTON, Head of Rigaud's,
C. H. V. DAVIES, Head of Ashburnham,
R. L. DE FREITAS,
M. D. A. DUNCAN, Head of Wren's,
J. J. EARLE, Head of Liddell's,
N. D. INGMAN, Head of Busby's,
C. L. PIKE,
and R. T. WYNN-JONES

have been appointed School Monitors.

The Games Committee has made the following appointments:

J. F. G. RICHARDSON, Captain of Cricket,
R. C. HUGHES, Secretary of Cricket,
J. J. EARLE, Captain of Football,
C. L. PIKE, Secretary of Football,
R. H. HOLME, Captain of Fencing,
R. T. WYNN-JONES, Secretary of Fencing,
M. E. LONSDALE, Captain of Fives,
A. B. MEDAWAR, Captain of Athletics,
D. J. S. DUVALL has been appointed Bib. Mon.
S. GARRETT is appointed Editor of *The Elizabethan*.

UNIVERSITY AWARDS 1965/66

OXFORD

O. P. ALBERY, Hinchliffe Scholarship at Christ Church (History)
C. R. BARLAS, Exhibition at Trinity College (Classics)
S. F. BARTLETT, Westminster Exhibition at Christ Church (N.S.)
V. G. B. BULMER-THOMAS, Scholarship at New College (Classics)
F. D. CARLINE, Scholarship at Pembroke College (Classics)
A. L. D. FRANKS, Exhibition at University College (English)
R. M. C. B. GREEN, Scholarship at Magdalen College (Classics)
D. R. INSTONE, Scholarship at Christ Church (Classics)
D. E. NEUBERGER, Westminster Scholarship at Christ Church (N.S.)
J. C. PRATT, Scholarship at Trinity College (N.S.)

F. G. S. RUSSELL, Westminster Exhibition at Christ Church (History)

J. B. L. SHEPHARD, Exhibition at University College (History)

W. A. THUILLIER, Westminster Scholarship at Christ Church (History)

R. B. VINTER, Scholarship at Balliol College (N.S.)

N. J. WAKEFIELD, Westminster Exhibition at Christ Church (Maths)

CAMBRIDGE

R. J. COCKING, Westminster Exhibition at Trinity (Maths)

D. J. S. DUVALL, Scholarship at Peterhouse (Classics)

E. S. FUNNELL, Scholarship at Jesus College (Classics)

F. B. HALSTEAD, Exhibition at Peterhouse (N.S.)

A. C. MACKECHNIE-JARVIS, Exhibition at Emmanuel College (N.S.)

I. K. PATTERSON, Exhibition at Pembroke College (English)

M. POLIAKOFF, Scholarship at King's College (N.S.)

N. A. ROSS, Exhibition at Peterhouse (Classics)

The Mure Scholarship has been awarded to J. N. Humphrey, Q.S., and the Mure Prize to S. E. Garrett. The Head Master's Prize was awarded to R. A. Shillitoe.



We welcome to the Common Room this term, two new masters:

Mr. Taylor is here for a term as a student master; he comes from Yorkshire, via Pembroke College, Cambridge, and is teaching Classics. He is interested in folk-music and acting, and is helping to produce the school play.

Mr. Kirk, who is taking the place of Mr. Martin while he is in America, has come from Vienna to teach Modern Languages. He has been observed taking an active part in the C.C.F.

The Senior Long Distance Race was won by J. W. le M. Scott (R) and the Junior by N. H. A. Curtis, (L). J. M. Wilson won this year's Grease for the M.L. Remove; the decision could not be reached until a fair number of spectators had been removed from the struggling mass of bodies; they were, it is said, only accidentally involved, when the pancake landed somewhat near the crowd.

It is no new sight to see Westminsters walking about reading a book, but when 30 or 40 all have their noses in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" it can signify only the approach of this year's School Play, which is being produced by Messrs. Field, Woodhouse and Taylor. Rehearsals are well under way for the three performances up School in the last week of term, March 23rd to 25th, and the stage has been cleared and new scenery erected after the successful staging, earlier in the term, of Gilbert's and Sullivan's "Utopia Ltd." or "The Flowers of Progress".

Those other flowers of progress, the M.L.VII, returned on February 14th from a six-week exchange visit to the Lycée Janson de Sailly in Paris. There they steeped themselves in the "philosophie" in the two post-Baccalauréat forms, and also studied some French History and Literature, not forgetting at the same time to avail themselves of Paris' other attractions. More Westminsters will be venturing beyond the bourn of this scepter'd isle in the Easter holiday, for Mr. Field and Mr. Cogan are once again leading a skiing party to Davos, the scene of their last year's success. Less far afield, but certainly no less strenuous, is the Arduous Training Camp, which is to take place from April 12th to 19th in the Cairngorms, and which is almost in a position to boast fewer boys than masters, so popular is A.T. in the Common Room.

Radicalism has struck Westminster again; this time it is the notice boards in Yard and Ashburnham House which have suffered. They have all been rearranged, each allotted a printed heading inscribed "Masters", "Grove Park" or with some equally lucid statement. It took even the most acute members of the school a day or two to accustom themselves to the new order, and one still hears muttered curses from some less gifted individual, as he realizes that the masters have taken over the Water Board, and he has put his name down for a holiday in Russia instead of for a sculling station. Just a glance at the C.C.F. notice board is sufficient to show how the corps has broadened its scope: Judo and Modern Pentathlon, weekend exercises, shooting and first-aid courses, Navy, Army and Air Force. The spectacle of white clad Judo enthusiasts flapping across Yard in their rubber sandals, past a ragged squad of boys in school suits being drilled by a non-uniformed N.C.O., is a somewhat amusing one, but not all Friday afternoon activities are undertaking such exhausting tasks. The Drama Guild is preoccupied with different aspects of the

school play, the Archaeology and Library guild is digging up lost books, the Voluntary Service Guild continues its excellent work. Task Force too is finding a solid foundation. Professor P. M. S. Blackett, C.H., P.R.S., gave the Henry Tizard Memorial Lecture up School on February 24th; his subject was "Education and the Trade Gap". The Dean preached in Abbey on the first morning

of term, and Father Peter S.S.J., preached three weeks later, but the Abbey's Ninth Centenary has as yet encroached little on the school. All in all, for such a short term there is a remarkable amount of activity; surely this cannot be the result of Spring, that almost mythical interval between Winter's hibernation and the sunny, exam-ridden lethargy of the Election Term?

SOCIETIES

A Consumer Report

As if to show the luck that Westminster's situation on a dozen bus routes and the District and Circle Lines can bring to a society secretary, within a fortnight last term Pol. and Lit. Soc. had two very prominent politicians to display to the school. Each specialist side has its societies in splendid activity during the winter months when interesting people seem to have more time to spare; but no matter when it chooses to function, a society can reflect the character of its audience or its speaker; some do both.

The scientists naturally enough have the two most highly organized societies in the school. One serves tea before its meetings but actually has members whom it compels to attend. The other will open its welcoming doors to the whole school. This second is the Robert Hooke Society, a new creation, which following the somewhat spectacular success of its partner in scientific enlightenment, the Science Society, gave birth to its first meeting last year. These two societies provide educational rather than entertaining meetings, and often take the form of university-style lectures. Professor Dawson for instance speaks this term on "Signaling in the Nervous System". A little light relief is however afforded by the welcome presence of some socially orientated girls from the Grey-coat Hospital.

The Arts side is less practical. Famous names come to address a multitude of societies attached to the specialist subjects. The John Sargeant Society has classical speakers, and the William Thomas Society attracts eminent historians, who

are delighted to accept. Last term, for instance, Miss C. V. Wedgwood and Professor A. G. Dickens came, but it is not unusual for the speaker to repeat something of what they have said more succinctly in the books which have made them famous. This of course is always the problem with a popular meeting. If a character is sufficiently well known to attract a large audience it will often be because his views are well known, and his audience may have learned little new, short of seeing him in person and asking their own questions, and will go away a little disappointed. At Pol. and Lit. Soc. last term, Jo Grimmond turned on his best armchair manner, and although he made a tactical mistake in standing up, which makes an audience feel uncomfortable, entertained us with 45 minutes of potted parliamentary gossip which rather obscured his hopes for the Liberal Party; and as a result he was subjected to some rather wild questioning. Reginald Maudling, on the other hand, played a much more sensible hand by sitting down and delivering an intelligent and pleasant Conservative outlook on the world we will have to grow up in. As a measure of his success, the questions were all taken from points that he had raised in his outline of foreign and domestic issues. In other words, he had stimulated his audience to the point where they could see how and why he believed in what he did. At the general interest meetings that Pol. and Lit. Soc. provides, what actually happens tends to be dictated by the character of the man as a speaker rather than as a personality.

Those many societies that depend upon audience participation have involuntarily surrendered their existence to the scramble for university places. Phoenix Society is dead and gone, and its mythical rebirth has been long awaited; Old Book Soc. died a natural death rather more than a year ago. But Deb. Soc. was recently refounded to decide that Public Schools were not such a good thing, and that the average Westminster would not say "****!". This was a year after it had previously been refounded to decide it was just as well that Columbus *had* sailed for the Orient and missed.

The perky and resilient Junior Classical Society organizes Balloon Debates or Brains Trusts, whither figures prominent in the school are summoned to their doom in the icy oceans or amidst the vengeful audience of the lower part of the school. But the largest proportion of the school societies are for a specialized membership or audience, and rely mainly upon the support of enthusiasts. And although its secretary took a party of members over the steam-engine depots of the Midlands at the November Exeat, the declining Chuff. Soc. has apparently failed to accustom itself to the post-Beeching era. Phot. Soc. has continued to sell its reduced rate photographic paper, use its well-equipped dark-room, and hold lectures in the Art Room. In this clinical white chamber (now resplendent with a new epidiascope) Evening Art Classes still attract some inventive artists twice a week; materials are provided and instruction and help are there if you want them. The Geographers have Humboldt Society, but one sometimes wonders whether Humboldt Society has anything at all, even a secretary.

As a continuation of the work begun by the opening of the new M.L. Centre, the rather defunct M.L. Society has been re-started. Its senior and junior, French and German branches, now organized separately, have sprung to life with a number of successful meetings. Among the speakers M. Marin, professeur de philosophie at the Lycée français, gave a vivid account of the purpose of his course, and Mr. Anderson, London representative of German Television outlined his set-up in German. Several French and German plays have been read, and Mr. Spaull has always been most willing to talk about different aspects of art.

The film society enters its fifth year with prospects of linked projection, but this will not cure their sound problem. The number of members has declined slightly as the pick of the old classics of the silent screen are shown. The various

eclipses of the sun and moon for which Othello craved are equally sought after as occasions for those extraordinary meetings of the Astronomical Society, whose ardent members gather on the roof of the Science Block in the middle of freezing (and often heavily clouded) nights. Devotion is carried a little less far by the Numismatists who meet at a respectable daylight hour to pore over the healthy school coin collection. Bookbinding has its devotees, but is denied society status. Madrigals are heard no longer, their gentle strains wafting from the Under Master's drawing room into the evening air; instead Gram. Soc. provides a well-balanced selection of musical works once a week. Choral Soc., despite the bottom-heavy surfeit of broken voices with which the Abbey Choir is also affected, produces termly fruits for its labours, joining with the Orchestra to give the school concert. Gilbert and Sullivan Soc. revive those operettas of Victorian days, importing for the purpose real live girls, culled from a variety of seminaries. The seventh form, under the auspices of the Senior English Master, have introduced a monthly culture session. A gathering of the "Chamberlain's Men", for such they are called, takes the form of a play reading; the rites which are headed by an Ancient and a Scrivener have recently enjoyed a fairly healthy attendance; perhaps this is because the Sutler serves coffee and biscuits in the interval.

Society secretaries complain annually of apathy in the school, resulting in almost unattended meetings. The big names are not always the best value, and the smallest society can be the most enthusiastic. The problem of a guaranteed minimum attendance remains to be solved, too. However one views the school's attitude, it still is, to say the least, discourteous to invite an important and interesting speaker to devote some hours of his time to, say, Pol. and Lit. Soc., if nobody comes to listen. Perhaps this can be overcome by better advertising; and perhaps not. Little societies of communal enthusiasts meet because they want to meet, and meet among themselves. Pol. and Lit. Soc. can only advertise its speakers, and put out 30 chairs, hopefully, with more round the corner, invisible if unneeded, but in case of a good turn-out, readily accessible. If there is a good reason for people devoting less time to societies, and I think there probably is, and while there is any demand for worthwhile recreation outside curricular work, then the Croquet Society and Pol. and Lit. will exist side by side.

THE SCHOOL PICTURES

With the renovation of Ashburnham House there has come a renewal of interest in the library and in the School's other possessions. This interest takes somewhat varied forms, but while some search the walls of S.W.1 for the nest of *Aranea Westmonasteriensis*, others have been knocking the cobwebs off the school pictures. Many of these, now they have been revarnished, have attracted attention where before they were

Miller's day with the changed environs of today. (Illustration in *The Elizabethan* 1947). Thomas Holland's "Thames at Windsor", 1816, which hangs above the fireplace up Library, was given in 1956. It is a typical example of the work of a formerly fashionable rival of Constable, famous principally for his views of the river. A rather different aspect of the Thames is afforded by "Old Putney Bridge" as it was in 1870.



The Thames at Windsor

Photo by M. D. A. Duncan

ignored. Yet all too few members of the School realize that over the last two centuries Westminster has accumulated a large number of paintings and sculptures, most of which are in some way connected with the School. Portraits predominate, foreseeably, although the lack of landscapes and similar works has to some degree been rectified by several generous gifts since the war.

Among these is James Miller's "View of the Abbey from Tothill Street" c. 1780; numerous Westminsterians have been amused to compare this meticulous representation of the Tothill Street of

Of more interest is the unique "Majesty Skutcheon". Painted on satin and surmounted by the crown which had been appropriated for him is Cromwell's Coat of arms. The Skutcheon was originally attached to the Protector's bier, but was removed during the funeral procession by an enterprising, Royalist Westminster, Robert Uvedale, who, the theft accomplished, darted back into a crowd of his schoolfellows and thus escaped detection. The Skutcheon remained in the possession of his family until it was presented through the Head Master by Miss Mary West in 1963.

The series of Head Masters' portraits is remarkably complete, although the earlier section unfortunately consists only of copies. Busby especially seems to have suffered this fate. Despite the number of portraits of him in the possession of the School, none is original: they are all taken from an engraving of a lost drawing by Henry Tilson, who committed suicide soon after drawing Busby's corpse. Much of Busby's reputation for severity seems to have permeated even these copies, for the small head which hangs in Busby's and the half-length portrait in No. 17 show him with almost unbelievably harsh and unsympathetic features, surmounted inevitably by the scull-cap, which certainly does nothing to alleviate the impression of total austerity. In the large version, however, a moderately distinguished painting illustrated in Sargeant's "Annals of Westminster School", the artist seems to have felt less animosity towards him, and the famous Head Master looks down almost leniently from his frame. Only two busts of Busby are prominently displayed in the school, and these, a copy by Lee in the Busby Library and a plaster cast in the Art Room, naturally enough give a somewhat hard impression of him.

The earliest Head Master represented is Nowell, later Dean of St. Paul's and Principal of Brasenose, in which college the original painting hangs; the School's copy is an early nineteenth-century copy. William Camden, the distinguished antiquary, is shown in a good copy of Geeraerd's Memorial Portrait which hangs in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. (There is an illustration of this painting in "Westminster School" by L. E. Tanner.) The finest of the older paintings is without doubt William Owen's spirited and often engraved portrait of William Vincent. He is pictured wearing a black silk cassock, sitting on a red-covered chair, with a globe on his left and a book and scroll on his right. Although this painting was only presented in 1954, a replica of it, from Owen's studio, had been at the School since Vincent's time.

Since Busby, every Head Master, with the sole exception of Dr. Smith, is represented in the collection. The original series of half-length portraits of eighteenth-century Head Masters includes Dahl Studio pieces of Thomas Knipe and Robert Freind, and a portrait of Nicoll in old age. A portrait of Hinchliffe, later Bishop of Peterborough, is perhaps by Nathaniel Hone, and William Carey, who became Bishop of St. Asaph, is represented by one of the portraits by S. W. Reynolds, pupil of William Owen. Fittingly

enough, the finest of this series depicts an Archbishop; this is the copy, after Hoppner, of William Markham, who rose to be Archbishop of York; it may well have been a studio piece. (This is illustrated in Tanner's "Westminster School"). Nicoll too is the subject of a three-quarter-length portrait by R. Taylor, painted in 1760. The artist is apparently unrecorded, but whether this is through modesty, excessive humility before his subject, or for some more mundane reason, it cannot be said. Some of the more recent portraits are a little unexciting, but two at least are distinguished. The portrait of Rutherford by Seymour Lewis was one of the successes of the Royal Academy in 1903 and Sir Hubert von Herkoner painted his fine large portrait of Liddell in 1891 and it was presented by the sitter's grandson. There are two somewhat mediocre portraits of Scott.

There is no "Gallery of Housemasters", but though the school unhappily does not own the famous Hayman Grant Family conversation piece, it has miniatures of the following generation of Grants who ran and gave their name to one of England's first boarding houses at No. 2 Little Dean's Yard. These are by J. W. Childe. There is also a half-length, oval portrait of Mrs. Grant, who, if the name of Housemaster is closed to her, might perhaps qualify for that of Housemistress. Grant's boasts two portraits of former Housemasters, as does Rigaud's, which latter House, not to be beaten by a mere woman, even by such a one as Mrs. Grant, possesses a good portrait of Bishop Rigaud. It is only three months since a photograph of John Hayes' portrait of Cobbler Foot appeared in *The Elizabethan*, and the story was told then of his belligerence, and how unsuspecting new boys were sent to interrupt his work, bearing, all innocently, a piece of paper inscribed with a legend similar to the one in the portrait; "Please give the bearer two measures of strap-oil." His is one portrait of a school servant; the other, probably by the same artist, is of College John.

The series of Head Masters' portraits is impressively complete, but this is compensated for by the random nature of another series: that of distinguished Old Westminsters. John Locke, probably the most famous Old Westminster, and perhaps the greatest, is represented by a bust, but although it is the finest in the school, the sculptor seems to have remained unidentified. A painting of John Dolben, another Archbishop of York, is perhaps by Huysman, and of two portraits of Sir William Dolben one is almost certainly the

work of Sir Nathaniel Dance, while the other, equally competent, was possibly painted by John Opie. Both are among the school's best pictures. Another of the few good pictures at Westminster almost certainly depicts George, first Viscount Sackville; the subject is dressed as a cricketer, and the style is that of Arthur Devis. Sir Francis Burdett, the leading radical, seems to have been something of a radical from his youth. He was expelled from Westminster for leading an unsuccessful rebellion up School against Dr. Smith, the only Head Master, incidentally, whose portrait we do not have. A bust and a portrait commemorate Burdett; the first, by G. G. Adams, shows in three scenes in relief on the pedestal, three events in Burdett's life; the second shows him at three-quarter length, and is the work of Sir Martin Archer Shee. Charles Abbot, first Baron Colchester, is represented by a sensitive study of him as a scholar, and by a fine bust by John Gibson of 1822. Warren Hastings is probably a more widely familiar figure than many other Old Westminsters, but he too has the memorial of a large portrait, after Arthur W. Devis, and a bust, a cast taken from Banks' original of 1790. Such is the universal fate which Death, the great leveller, brings upon so many Old Westminsters, radical or reactionary, fiery or placid, famous or infamous. Few Westminsters have taken up brush, palette and canvas in after-life, and it is gratifying that we possess a copy of the self-portrait of John Dyer, poet and painter. He was at school under Robert Freind, but left, disliked the study of law, turned to painting and later to poetry. "His mind", Johnson wrote, "was not unpoetical"; be that as it may, his poetry hardly outlived his painting. And yet there is a certain elusive charm in this self-portrait; he is shown at half-length, in an oval frame, against a setting of sheep and hills, standing for the two most notable of his poems: "The Fleece" and "Grongar Hill". Ben Jonson finds representation in a copy of the miniature by Isaac Oliver. Ironically enough Dryden, Herbert and Cowley appear nowhere. Pictorial representation seems to be inversely proportionate to poetic ability. However, Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, can be seen in two pictures from Owen's studio; they are copies of an original at Oxford. The fourth Earl of Buckingham, Cabinet Minister for 25 years, is the subject of a small copy from William Beechey's portrait; a modest one and staid as his sitter. There are also three drawings by Count Alfred D'Orsay of celebrated Old



Queen Elizabeth I

Photo by M. D. A. Duncan

Westminsters, among them two well-known wits and society figures of the thirties and forties of the last century; Joseph Jekyll and Lord William Pitt Lennox. Obviously there are wide gaps in this collection, but that can hardly be cause for surprise, for the school has had many more famous Old Boys than Head Masters, and these men have for the most part had little link with Westminster beyond their initial education. Portraits of Old Westminsters are after all acquired largely by chance; certainly we can have no reason to disparage the variety of the collection.

And "our foundress Queen Elizabeth I" looks down from two vantage points on the life of Westminster; appropriately enough the two portraits hang, one on the wall of Ashburnham Dining Room, where she surveys the feeding of our bodies, the other in the Library, whence she can oversee the nourishment of our minds. That painted c. 1575 is the most important of the school's paintings; although it has been slightly damaged in the past, it is otherwise well preserved. The clarity of Elizabeth's penetrating features, and the meticulous detail of her gloriously jewel-encrusted hair and dress make the school's oldest portrait its most fascinating. One thing is certain anyway; the arachnoid walls of College Garden may yield more interesting cobwebs than the Library, but in the Library there will always be something of much greater worth behind them.

WESTMINSTER HOUSE

There is one Old Westminster activity much less well known than it ought to be to which we gladly draw attention in this issue. It concerns the running of a boys' club in south-east London, known as the Westminster House Boys' Club for which Old Westminsters, and friends of the School, are very largely responsible.

In its present form the Club dates from 1950 when, under the leadership of Colonel B. Stuart-Horner, the decision was taken to move the Club to Nunhead. The Club's history actually begins in 1888 when it was founded in premises in Vincent Square, and pre-Second War generations of Old Westminsters will remember paying visits to the Club there from time to time. But wartime requisitioning of the then buildings and the changing pattern of London made infinitely better sense of a Club building in Nunhead.

So it was that in 1950 the adventurous decision to take over derelict buildings formerly occupied by the Cheltenham College Club, was taken. Groups of Old Westminsters combined together and with the aid of generous grants from the old L.C.C. and from the London Federation of Boys' Clubs the derelict building was refurbished, one might almost say rebuilt, and the foundations laid of the present flourishing Club.

It was a fortunate day when Eric Chamberlain joined the Club as full-time leader, and from the day in 1952 when it was formally opened by the Duke of Edinburgh it has been the scene of much Club activity for boys in that part of London. It tries to cater for a wide range of activities for boys between the ages of 11 and 18 who pay a weekly subscription of 9d. if still at school or 1s. 6d. if they are working. The activities include indoor P.T.: football: cricket: swimming: summer camping: billiards: snooker: table tennis: and badminton. There is a library and canteen and excellent facilities for such diverse activities as drama and boxing as and when instructors are available. A close link is kept with the neighbouring Parish and the Dean of Westminster is a far from titular President of the Club.

This outpost of Westminster activity has two major needs.

First, inevitably, is money. The Greater London Council are generous in grants towards the Club Leader's salary and the Abbey generously make available each year the offertory from Election Sunday. But much of the income comes from

modest subscriptions from many Old Westminsters. Inevitably the Club lives on a financial shoestring, and even a small subscription from a much wider range of Old Westminsters would transform the outlook.

Secondly, there is a crying shortage of instructors for many activities. The word "instructors" may frighten off some of those who would otherwise be prepared to lend a hand, and it cannot be



"...gaze at each other with a wild surmise."

Photo by courtesy of W. van Straubensee Esq.

too strongly emphasized that helpers who are enthusiastic rather than experts are what is really needed. The Old Westminster Football Club has combined together to send down regular teams of football instructors, but there is practically no sport or activity for the age range of the boys for which we do not need leaders and helpers.

In the last two years a new and interesting link with the School has been formed. On a weekend in July twelve boys from the Club and twelve from the School go for a weekend to the London Federation of Boys' Clubs Training Centre near Amersham. Members of the staff both of the Club and of the School go too, and all make full use of the many facilities of the Centre. Brains are stretched as well as bodies, and personal friend-

ships formed and links established which tend to break down misconceptions on both sides. There is also a growing and welcome tendency for Old Boys of the Club to join with those of the School in running the Club's affairs. Thus, the present Chairman, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, M.P., is an Old Westminster while the Club's Honorary Secretary, Mr. H. Clarke, is an Old Boy of the Club. This increasing partnership is a very welcome trend.

Anyone reading this article and wanting to know more would be more than welcome to write to the Chairman. The address is Westminster House Boys' Club, 26/30 Banstead Street, Nunhead, London, S.E.15, and needless to say visitors are always most cordially welcome.

Massive rebuilding is taking place all round the Club and vast estates of flats are being added to each day. This increases the Club's challenge and certainly means extensions to the buildings. At the moment, only a comparatively small, though very generous, number of Old Westminsters are carry-



Coaching on the Woodrow Weekend

Photo by courtesy of W. van Straubenzee Esq.

ing the burden. Is it too much to hope perhaps that a number more on learning for the first time of something which perhaps they never even knew existed will feel it worthy of their support?

MR. G. H. T. HAMERTON

Many Old Westminsters will have heard with regret that Mr. G. H. T. Hamerton died on July 29th, 1965 aged 49. He was educated at Bedford School and Trinity College, Dublin and came to Westminster in 1946 to teach in the Under School, which was then housed in 3 Little Dean's Yard and in such parts of College and the Sanatorium as remained undamaged by bombing. It was a difficult time, for large parts of the school were still in ruins and even when re-building became possible the Under School tended to get the worst of it in the constant re-shuffle of accommodation which had to take place to meet the demands of expanding numbers. But it was a situation which suited G.H.'s temperament. He could extract humour from any predicament and his stories of how workmen suddenly appeared in his form-room to take up the floor boards or how a crane unexpectedly appeared through his form-room window enlivened the mid-morning break and charmed away frayed tempers.

He had rowed both at school and at the university, and it was not long before his help was enlisted as a coach at Putney. He began in a small way, for the Under School time-table made it difficult for him to take a full part; but after 1953, when he was transferred from the Under School to the School staff he was able to devote his full

energies to Water. Westminster rowing owes him a great deal for his work during the next 12 years. He was not really a good coach, for although his crews were ready to do or die for him, he lacked the necessary detachment about them and his over-anxiety was infectious, so that their confidence often evaporated even before they paddled down to the start. This was particularly the case at Henley, when his crews never showed at their best. But elsewhere and especially at light-hearted holiday regattas, his enthusiasm and devotion to his task came into their own and he had success after success.

He succeeded Mr. C. H. Fisher as Master in Charge of Water in 1954 and for the next six years ran the Boat Club with energy and efficiency. He seldom, if ever, missed a day's coaching, and his ancient Rolls Royce was a familiar sight at Putney and at any other place up river where Westminster crews were to be seen. He was generous both of his time and of his money in the interests of the school; and those who knew him only in the last years of his life, when he was ill, dispirited, and ready to clutch at any remedy, can have little idea of what he was like in earlier days or of how much he contributed by his buoyancy and tireless devotion to duty.

ANGLES ON THE LIBRARY

It is impossible to view the job of librarian and not be affected by past memories of libraries and preconceptions based on them, the more so if—like myself—one suddenly finds oneself occupying the position without warning, training or even personal volition. To me libraries have a multiple suggestiveness: they are at once repositories of the anti-life where the bloodless go to consume their inhuman diet, and sanctuaries where one's finer perceptions are nourished. In my mind, the drab municipal lending libraries stuffed with sentiment for the lonely spinster merge with the brand-new technically orientated provincial forcing houses; both give way to grander visions—the bizarre Bodleian, with its medieval heart fortified by subterranean vaults and eighteenth-century rotunda, the Michaelangelo library of San Lorenzo in Florence, with its peerless manuscripts, the awful efficiency and completeness of the British Museum. Somehow these wider associations are not inconsistent with the Library at Westminster where—to an extraordinary degree for a school library—the functional co-exists with the formal and dignified and there is no tension between past and present.

But the distractions of memory are no help in running an actual library. Instead to justify decisions and rationalise expenditure a policy of sorts must be evolved. Behind the hard-boiled policy lie more tender hopes and aspirations. I would like the Ashburnham library to be used by boys for study and for pleasure. I would like them to regard it as an integral part not necessarily of the working day but of some larger working unit. I would like them to use it as a decompression chamber after the strains of traffic, record player and inconsequential chatter. I would like the library to be efficient and comprehensive with the atmosphere of a progressive and time-mellowed club. And I would like the books to be most read that help us to understand ourselves and other people. This statement of an ideal springs from a non-bookish conviction that books are important and that, human disasters apart, there has been no more serious accident in history than the burning of the Alexandrian library, or more damnable crime than the destruction by the conquistadores of the written records of the Aztecs.

The point of a library, broadly speaking, is to provide its public with a wider selection of books on a wider variety of subjects than any member of it could reasonably be expected to possess. There are four or five public libraries within easy walking distance of Westminster; and these are all well supplied and amply fulfil their purpose. Yet the school still has a library which aims at satisfying the needs of the boys at it. Why? Apart from the superb collection of old books in the Busby Library (which any boy may see on application to the proper authority), what advantage is there in having a School Library? Could not any boy who wanted a book go to the library, say, in Great Smith Street? There he might well stand a better chance of finding it. Nevertheless, the fact is that most of us would prefer to use the School Library, but sometimes it is not worth our while. This partly because the public library is larger and better stocked with modern works than ours, and partly a result of the lack of attention accorded both to the books and the register by the borrowers. When so little care is taken of the books that they are not even returned to the shelves, the function of the Library is being ridiculed, and some disciplinary measures are needed. Two main courses can be followed: but not only is it rather pointless to ignore the situation and merely replenish the shelves, it is also too expensive. The other alternative was to introduce restrictive measures of



The Greene Room in use again

Photo by M. D. A. Duncan

some kind, such as fronting all the book-cases with glass frames. This proposition was considered last term, and rejected. There is indeed much to be said against it: the introduction of petty officialdom and red tape, the inconvenience to everyone, librarians and users; the Library would be in danger of losing some of its charm. At present part of its appeal is that one can browse in it at any time. Despite this however some feel that such a system should have been tried on probation. For the course finally decided upon—to mark each book with a white band on its spine—may be said to detract from the Library's charm at least as much as the locked cases; these at least need not have been permanent. But on consideration we must realize that some radical step is necessary if the Library is to play more than a decorative rôle in the School, and the loss of a part of its beauty is a small price to pay for our irresponsible attitude.

As summer approaches, heralded by hours of rain, the Library loses some of its winter attraction, and takes on a greyer, deader tone. But I remember the late autumn evenings of four years ago; the rain as it fell through the darkness was more isolating, more cheering, than the dispirited February downpours. Then the Library would come alive; the heavy door, the thick carpet and the long closed curtains were beckoningly awesome to somebody in his first term. The atmosphere in the large drawing-room was almost oppressive, and it is the little Gallery Room I remember with most pleasure. The low armchair in the corner, lit by a dim standard lamp, became my haunt for several months. There beneath the dust were rows of *Punch*, belonging mostly to the last century; Folklore, ranging from Andrew Lang's *Blue Fairy Book* to all the volumes of Frazer's *Golden Bough*, included strange books by German anthropologists and Victorian aunts. "Philosophy" had a mysterious esoteric appeal, but apart from guessing the age of the dustier

volumes, and admiring them at a distance, it was an appeal I left as then unanswered. Passing by "Geography and History of the Empire" with hardly a second glance, I climbed up to the wooden gallery, where I found more dust and less excitement. But there among the accounts of coronations and ancient commissions on Schools and Colleges, I discovered books about the School and the Abbey, some illustrated with coloured prints, and made my first encounter with Westminster journalism, among the *Triflers*, and *World at Westminster* and of course *The Elizabethan*. Then, as now and always, winter ended and the world grew lighter. Other things occupied my time, and it was only recently that I once again felt a comparable attraction towards the Library.

I returned as Bib. Mon., and found it had changed. Two years of renovation have left their mark. The catalogue was out of date and incomplete, books were missing, and if the old system of respect for the Library had ever existed, it was now sadly in want of repair. But under the organization of the new Librarian, order was slowly restored. The catalogue is almost complete; the worst gaps are being filled in; the little Gallery Room has been redecorated and will be devoted in part to modern novels, and strip lighting shows up the tatty of the old standard lamp . . .

If the Library is to become an integral part of Westminster life though, the musty ideals of four years ago must be touched up. It is a pity to mark the spines of books white, it does make for institutionalism, but nobody can object to that if it means the books, whose contents after all form a more important part of the Library than their appearance, are going to be available. The character of its users and abusers is mirrored in the Library itself. I would like the character of the Library to be, not only: "Here's a book you'll find useful for your essay", but also, and perhaps more important, "Come and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile your sorrow."

BUTTONING UP THE PRESS

The hypothetical Englishman who meticulously reads his *Times* from the day's Personal Column epigraph to the last of the desirable residences offered from Yeovil or York would no doubt be a recognizably Pavlovian piece of human machinery. His responses to the stimulus of "Westminster

School" would be predictable. In so far as the existence of the place is registered in Printing House Square, it unfolds as a succession of receptions and dinners, punctuated from time to time by financial revelation, complemented occasionally by a desperate sports' editor's search for



"Admittedly at £498 p.a. our fees are high, but just look at the scope for outside activities"

By courtesy of the Evening Standard

copy in the monotonous charade of Boat Race training ("paced by Westminster School over the last 100 yards, Oxbridge..."), and still more occasionally by the brittle enthusiasm aroused by some great event for court dress with knee breeches, worn at irregular but inevitable intervals by some prettified adolescent with a sense of dignity.

However, if this same Englishman were to venture beyond the civilized compound of *The Times* into the jungle which it generally holds at bay, he would find another, quite different Westminster, producing human beings who seem to abut at no point on to the traditional worth of the Oxford Number 4 who is settling well, or the new managing director of Linoleum Pulverisation Ltd. The latter, eminently respectable and equally eminently unexciting, are different in kind from the former, iconoclastic, self-assertive, fine for a giggle, and probably the figment of an uninhibited pressman's elastic imagination ("EX-PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY MARRIES WIFE NO. 10"; "HOUSEMASTER UNCOVERS DRUG-RING").

Those who seek to resolve this communal schizophrenia in the manner most congenial to them may well regret that it is as the four-square, true blue public school that Westminster figures in the "heavy" Press, and seek the "real" Westminster in other columns. For example, Fergus Cashin's (sic) Variety Page in the *Sketch* claims notice with one of Ustinov's proliferating school reports: "Head Masters are for ever twitching their mortar-boards and saying that brilliant men were asses at school", concluding with some magnanimity that "blindness is not the prerogative of public schools." Thank you, Fergus Cashin. Further conformity to the Greyfriars tradition, in that idyllic pastoral world where the fate of a cream bun is of more moment than the complexities of university entrance, is strongly insinuated by the *Standard's* report that "Westminster School is to lay down a croquet lawn", and confirmed by the *Nottingham Guardian Journal's* version of the Quatercentenary Appeal circular: "Dear Old Stinker, you remember our great days etc". Perhaps Bunter's pre-lapsarian

world still exists beyond the North Circular Road. Not that the school's public aspect is entirely reactionary. The *Telegraph* announces with barely concealed glee that "Westminster now has the distinction of being the most expensive public school", and in much the same tone of type, with hyperbole showing at the hem of propriety, declares that "300 cadets fled for cover" in the face of air rifle fire. (It refuses the logical step of demanding a court-martial for cowardice.) The *Express* bolsters suspicions by shrieking "SNIPER SHOTS UP THE CADET CORPS". Now was he in the pay of the War Office or the *Telegraph*?

"Ambiguity, triviality, inaccuracy" might almost be the motto of England's off-centre press. A letter in the *Wandsworth Borough News* begins "I read with envy that pupils attending Westminster School had been allowed to . . .", and just as we are ready to sound a fanfare for the triumph of liberal education, we find that the eulogy is rooted in permission to wear blue shirts instead of white. Not dissimilar is the eye-catching "TOP SCHOOL OPENS ITS DOORS" in the *Mail*. The end of inequality in S.W.1? No, not quite, though perhaps a lunch-time exhibition for office boys is the thin end of Crosland's wedge heavily disguised. The editor of a journal circulating in the hinterland of East Fife, evidently unfamiliar with the morning Abbey routine, puts members of the Scottish Women's Rural Institutes in the picture by defining Westminster as "the school which educates and trains the Abbey's choirboys". The *Herald*, on a Royal occasion, explains that "Westminster schoolboys are privileged because they learn their lessons behind the Abbey". In view of the subsequent history of the *Herald*, perhaps its promoters learned their lessons behind Westminster schoolboys.

The *Standard*, in its blundering, well-meaning way, has techniques all of its own, relegating us, in one column, to the misty recesses of an institutional antique shop with the thought that we are "an ornament to London" (corporately rather than individually, we presume), and in another headed "Public School Food", is dimly tormented by the suspicion of heretical practices not far

removed from a Black Mass in the discovery that sausages and cauliflower always follow the Te Deum on Tuesdays. Further sane and homely domesticity cuts through the clap-trap of the Wedgwood Benn preference for comprehensive. One anonymous educational journal suggests that Holland Park might do well to get Westminster's recipe for mulled claret.

The Great College Street brawl occupied a wide range of Press attention; "the fight that never was", according to surviving heroes (perhaps it was one of these whose interview with the *Express* reporter contains an unexpected historical analogy: "All right, it didn't compare with the Glencoe Massacre,—but there was still a fight".) Apart from the *Standard's* cartoon, the *Mirror* stages the encounter as a punch-up between "chaps" and "lads" (outside the home of Deputy Premier R. A. Butler in Smith Square," adding local colour and mysteriously implicating the Conservative leadership with one deft blow.) The *Daily Worker* is more jaundiced: "The local lads hurled abuse and threats and jostled the pupils. They claimed two of their friends had been beaten up by boys from the school, which dates back to the twelfth century. Well, it should take quite a time to pick out the culprit."

But what gives most delight, when the smoke of street battles has cleared and the hollow reverberations of factitious news have passed into the appropriate limbo where all Fleet Street's lost causes languish, are the inconsequential snippets which fill up the holes in the rest of the news: Mr. Punch's surrealist speculations, as he contemplates the arrival of a Prince from Laos seeking ideas for a coronation, about the Laotian equivalent of the Westminster "Vivat"; the *Telegraph's* belief that Augustus John is the only Westminster parent ever to be seen on the premises wearing a bowler hat and gipsy earrings. To cap the lot, in some ways, is an extract from the "funny old world" department of the evening press: "Blind-Leading-the-Blind note: A master at Westminster School who teaches Italian was observed shortly before the end of the Summer Term with a copy of "Italian In Three Months Without A Master" on his desk." What price Holland Park now?

CENA CLASSICA 65

It was three o'clock in the morning, and I was sitting on a table in the College Hall kitchens eating cold mince pies. I had just finished carting a 100-odd chairs back to their respective form-

rooms, and had been in time to help with the washing-up of a meal for 120. Cena Classica Number nine was over.

Its organization had begun at a very leisurely

pace in October. Evenings had been spent discussing the menu—evenings in which there was often no mention of food. But there was the practical College Hall end of it, too.

"Goose? And how do you expect us to carve hot goose for a 100?"

"Oh well, duck?" Duck it was.

But in the early days, there were few traumas (to quote) excepting the time when a dozen invitations were sent out, all of which were wrongly dated.

It was a week or so before that the Cena really began to cook. New possible guests materialized by the bus-load. More than once, the whole dinner was declared hopeless. But calm was restored, superficially at any rate, only to be broken again by the seating list, a kind of socio-psychological crossword puzzle, with the added complications of late refusals and last minute acceptances.

But to the Cena itself. The menu had its usual mixture of classical meaning and English pun. If I say that the meal began with soup, went on to duck salad and finished with melon, I think it will speak for itself.

Σοῦ Παραχούτος, puer, haunainus,
 Χεῦ μα βωλπῶν, anatique post hac
 Duc sal admixtum, κολόκυνθοον ηδύντ'
 Adde τὸ μέλλον.

The skits were of a generally high standard—the scientists in particular raising their humour to fly level with their subject; astronauts. And if the Modern Studies skit was any measuring pole to the eccentricities of film actors and producers, it is small wonder that "British Lion" are a million or so in debt. The VIIth's Drains Trust was well received, too: and one must not forget D. J. S. Duvall's perennial performance (now in its fifth year) as the blonde-wigged, simpering secretary-cum-housewife.

All the remaining skits had their successes, although some more frequently than others. The evening was ended with one of the more successful, another of the VIIth's creations, Iphigenia in Brackets, or rather, (Iphigenia).

FIVES 1965/66

The season so far can, I feel, be looked upon as a success, and this is a result, almost entirely, of the tremendous vigour and hard work which Mr. Wilson

has put into the sport. Teams were varied in the Play term, in order to include footballers whenever possible; but what ever the team, it always relied on the partnership of P. K. H. Maguire and M. E. Lonsdale as first pair, who, as natural sportsmen, played some of the best fives seen at Westminster for some years. During the entire season, they only dropped four matches. Among those they won, was a match, for the first time, against the Old Westminster Citizens, and two schools: the City of London, and Emmanuel; they also beat the Jesters, whose team included three Old Westminsters. This term, we have not fared so well; this is due mainly to the loss of Maguire to the Old Westminster team, and the footballers to Vincent Square. With younger players in the team, we have only won one match this term, so far, and that against a depleted O.W. team. But close games have been recorded in the others. M. E. Lonsdale and S. R. Powles will be representing the school in the Public Schools' Competition this year.

FIVES FOR THE LAYMAN

Fives is a game played by four people. The only equipment required beyond the basic court and ball is a horny hand and an indestructible head. A buttress, covered in concrete and edges sticks out into the court and makes the game unfair to those who aren't used to it. But it has to be there because when they invented this game at Eton this was what they slept on in dormitories.

One player stands at the front of the court and lobs the ball up while one of the enemy tries to knock it back so that it hits him hard. This happens very rarely, but it doesn't matter because soon there are two people at the front of the court ("up step", or "in danger"), and the other two, who are safe, try to hit one or both of them. If you hit them on the body, nothing happens, but if you hit them on the head ("going up"), you can have another go, like shaking a six in Snakes and Ladders. If you hit them really hard, in the mouth or the eye, the game is over; if not it goes on for an awful long time and gets boring. The other thing wrong with it is that you aren't really safe anywhere. Once when I was at the back of the court I hit someone at the front on the nose. I was laughing so much that I trod on the step and twisted my ankle. I realized that the game was biased against those with a sense of humour, and I haven't played since.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

Messrs. J. Woodhouse, M. J. K. Rogers, M. I. Ross, S. E. Murray, D. O. Byrt, J. M. Osborne, D. R. N. Custance and Dr. R. M. Haines have been elected Honorary Life Members of the Club and the following have been elected Life Members:

- L 1962-65 ALBERY, OLIVER PETER, Cobnuts, Sparepenny Lane, Farningham, Kent.
- C 1961-65 BARBER, JOHN NICHOLAS, 87 Elers Road, Ealing, London, W.13.
- B 1961-65 BARLAS, CHRISTOPHER RICHARD, Frog's Hole, Goudhurst, Kent.
- B 1961-65 BEARY, MICHAEL DANIEL, 32 Oakley Street, S.W.3.
- W 1961-65 COCKING, ROMILLY JOHN, 12 Clorane Gardens, N.W.3.
- A 1960-65 COULSON, FRANCIS OWEN HARRISON, 4 The Little Boltons, S.W.10.
- B 1962-65 CRUICKSHANK, ANDREW JOHN LEWIS, 33 Carlisle Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.
- A 1960-65 DERMOTT, HAROLD JAMES ROFF, 7 Waterside Road, Paignton, Devon.
- G 1961-65 DONALD, JAMES, 15 Rivermead Court, S.W.6.
- G 1960-65 DUDGEON, PETER ANTHONY ASHTON, 41 Flood Street, S.W.3.
- G 1962-65 EARLE, CHARLES FOSTER, 35 St. Peter's Square, W.6.
- W 1961-65 FRANKS, ALAN LEWIS DUDER, 9 Cambrian Road, Richmond, Surrey.
- C 1961-65 FUNNELL, ELDRED STEPHEN, Hillside Cottage, The Highlands East Horsley, Leatherhead, Surrey.
- G 1961-65 GALLOWAY, CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM, Elstree Lodge, Barnet Lane, Elstree, Herts.
- C 1961-65 GREEN, RICHARD MICHAEL CRAWLEY-BOEVEY, The Vicarage, Cheshunt, Herts.
- B 1962-65 HARRISON, RALPH WINTER DAMER, Chickney Hall, Broxted, Dunmow, Essex.
- G 1961-65 HART, TIMOTHY FREDERICK, 16 Mansfield Street, Portland Place, W.1.
- A 1960-65 HILL, RICHARD KEITH MASKELL, 8 Chaldon Common Road, Caterham, Surrey.
- W 1962-65 HINKSMAN, ALEXANDER ROLAND JAMES, St. Andrews Vicarage, Church Road, Watford, Herts.
- L 1960-65 HOLLAND, CHARLES ALAN SIMON, Horsgate Farm, Cuckfield, Sussex.
- G 1960-65 HOLLINGS, PETER GREENAWAY, Copthorne, Wren's Hill, Oxshott, Surrey.
- A 1960-65 INSTONE, DANIEL RICHARD, The Mill Hill, Barnes Common, S.W.13.
- G 1961-65 JONES, RICHARD EDMUND, C/o British Embassy, Ankara, Turkey.
- B 1960-65 KERR, ROBERT, 36 Murray Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- B 1961-65 KNIGHT, WILLIAM HUGH LEIGH, 7 Froggnal Lane, N.W.3.
- G 1962-65 LATEY, WILLIAM NIGEL, 15 Courthope Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- L 1961-65 MCCARTHY, ROBERT HILARY, Lear House, Weedon, Aylesbury, Bucks.
- R 1961-65 MCINNES, EDWARD ALLAN ROSS, 64 Grove Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.
- B 1960-65 MACKECHNIE-JARVIS, ANDREW CHARLES, 19 Sloane Gardens, S.W.1.
- L 1961-65 MACRORY, HENRY DAVID, Amberdene, Walton-on-the-Hill, Tadworth, Surrey.

- G 1960-65 MAGUIRE, PETER KEVIN HUGH, Edgefield, Horseshoe Lane, Cranleigh, Surrey.
- C 1961-65 MARSH, LAURENCE JOHN, Wren House, 13 North Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.
- W 1961-65 MERRIMAN, NICHOLAS FLAVELLE, 39 Eaton Place, S.W.1.
- L 1961-65 METCALFE, WILLIAM BERNARD, Walnut Tree Cottage, Sulham, Reading, Berks.
- A 1961-65 MILLER, JOHN DOUGLAS, 20 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.
- G 1961-65 MILNE, ANTONY MICHAEL, 52 The Pryors, East Heath Road, N.W.3.
- L 1961-65 MITCHELL, FRANCIS MICHAEL, St. Mary's Cottage, Fittleworth, Sussex.
- B 1960-65 NERDRUM, ARILD, 37 Avenue Road, N.W.8.
- W 1961-65 NEUBERGER, DAVID EDMOND, 22 West Heath Avenue, N.W.11.
- B 1961-65 ORR, ALASDAIR MCLEAN, Maryhill, Welcomes Road, Kenley, Surrey.
- B 1961-65 PAGAN, RICHARD OLIVER, Owlpen Manor, Uley, Glos.
- R 1961-65 PETTIT, MICHAEL JEREMY, The Little House, Tirgwick, Bucks.
- W 1961-65 POLIAKOFF, MARTYN, 13 Addison Road, W.14.
- G 1961-65 POSTAN, ALEXANDER HENRY KEPPEL, 2 Sylvester Road, Cambridge.
- W 1961-65 POTHECARY, RAYMOND MARTIN, Meerhay, Woodfield Close, Beulah Hill, S.E.19.
- B 1961-65 RAWES, RICHARD NOEL, St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, Kent.
- G 1960-65 ROSE, JAMES DUDFIELD RICHARDSON, Dunstan Hall, Craster, Alnwick, Northumberland.
- R 1961-65 ROSS, MICHAEL STUART, 831 Finchley Road, N.W.11.
- R 1960-65 ROSS, NEILL ANTHONY, 831 Finchley Road, N.W.11.
- B 1961-65 SCOTT, EDWARD MICHAEL DOUGLAS, 39 Queen's Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
- A 1961-65 SHARMAN, NICHOLAS ANDREW, 10 Erskine Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.11.
- A 1962-65 SHEPARD, JAMES BENEDICT LISTER, 68 Limerston Street, S.W.10.
- R 1961-65 SPRIGGE, JOHN SQUIRE, 33 Syke Ings, Iver, Bucks.
- R 1961-65 THISTLETHWAITE, MILES, Wood Hall, Hethersett, Norwich.
- W 1961-65 THUILLIER, WILLIAM ANTHONY, St. Katherine's House, Savernake, Marlborough, Wiltshire.
- B 1961-65 TRUSCOTT, JOHN ROBERTSON, 11 Pembroke Gardens, W.8.
- W 1961-65 VINEY, NICHOLAS MORTON, 4 Lansdowne Road, W.11.
- G 1960-65 VINTER, ANDREW HUGH CAMMACK, 3 Sunnyside, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- C 1962-65 VINTER, RICHARD BERTRAND, 11 Templemere, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey.
- W 1960-65 WAKEFIELD, NICHOLAS JEREMY, Julian Hill, Harrow-on-the-Hill.
- W 1961-65 WELCH, ROBERT JOHN DUDLEY, 17 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7.
- W 1961-65 WILLIAMS, MARTIN GWYNNE, 61 Harley House, Marylebone Road, N.W.1.
- C 1960-65 WRIGHT, ALAN PHILIP, 35 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' FOOTBALL CLUB ARTHUR DUNN CUP

Old Westminsters 1—Old Carthusians 2

From the kick-off of this game, the Old Westminsters established the fact that they were a better footballing side than Charterhouse. Nobody present at this match can deny that Westminster dominated the pattern of mid-field play. The game should have been decided in Westminster's favour within the first half-hour. However, poor finishing, an inability to create clear-cut chances and a series of spectacular saves by Gabriel, the Charterhouse goalkeeper, prevented us from scoring.

It was Charterhouse who scored first through Jacobson. A long ball out of defence caught the attacking Westminster wing out of position. The remaining defenders were outnumbered, so that Jacobson had no difficulty in beating Hinton, with a close-range shot.

However, it was not long before Cooper equalized for Westminster during one of the many mêlées that were frequently evident in the Charterhouse goal mouth.

The second half brought no further additions to the score, but unfortunately Cooper was injured half-way through the second half, thus leaving four forwards playing a close passing game, which inevitably failed against the blanket of the Carthusian defence.

Extra time was duly played in the gathering gloom. The Charterhouse forwards were being given too much room to move in and were using the long passes effectively in these later stages of the game. It was from one of these long passes that Gilliat decided the game in Charterhouse's favour.

If Westminster can be criticized for losing this game, it cannot be for lack of effort, but rather on account of forsaking all for attack, not taking their chances and trying to play pure football, which does not always pay in the Arthur Dunn Cup.

The Old Westminster XI:

R. J. H. Hinton; R. S. Holliday, C. J. Broadhurst; R. W. Pettit, A. J. Lauder, A. J. Machray; M. K. Cooper, D. J. A. Delmotte, M. A. Hall, T. P. Sooke, D. A. Roy.

GAMES COMMITTEE

The Annual General Meeting of those interested in Games of the Club will take place at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, June 8th, 1966 at the School.

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

AGENDA

1. Chairman.
2. Minutes.
3. Matters arising.
4. Correspondence.
5. Hon. Secretary's Report for the year to May 1st, 1966.
6. Accounts for the year to May 1st, 1966.
7. To receive the names of the Section Hon. Secretaries.
8. Election of Officers and Members for the year 1966-67. (The retiring Committee will make a proposal for this item, but any member wishing to propose any alternative or additional names for election to the Committee should send such names to the Hon. Secretary at least three days before the Meeting supported by the names of a proposer and seconder.)
9. Any other business.

After the General Meeting the Committee will meet to elect two members as representatives on the Elizabethan Club Committee.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

By courtesy of Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E., M.P., the Annual Dinner of the Club will be held in the Members' Dining Room at the House of Commons on Wednesday, October 19th, 1966 at 6.45 p.m. for 7.15 p.m.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Butler, the Head Master and the Dean of Westminster have accepted the Club's invitation to be its guests.

Further details will appear in the next issue of *The Elizabethan*; in the meantime members are asked to note the date.

OLD WESTMINSTERS

Mr. Angus F. J. Wilson (H.B. 1927-32), part-time lecturer in the School of English Studies, the novelist, has been appointed to a personal professorship in the University of East Anglia.

Lt. Colonel J. F. Temple-Bird has been appointed Garrison Commander, Shoeburyness Garrison, and Superintendent, Ministry of Defence, Proof and Experimental Establishment, Shoeburyness, with the rank of Colonel.

The following appointments were noted in the New Year's Honours:—

Privy Councillor Mr. John Freeman (B. 1928-33. Non-Res.K.S.) British High Commissioner in India.

C.B.E. Mr. H. A. Clegg, M.B. (K.S. 1914-19) Editor of the *British Medical Journal*, and Brigadier R. A. J. Eggar (Ash. 1928-33) (late R.A.S.C.) Ministry of Defence.

MARRIAGES

THOMAS : DALEY—On June 30th, 1962, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A., John Harvey Noake Thomas (A. 1952-56), to Sylvia Maureen Daley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hill of Stretford, Lancs.

BALL : RETI-FORBAT—On August 21st, 1965, at Hampstead, Andrew Edward Campbell Ball (G. 1955-58), to Veronica Eve Reti-Forbat, younger daughter of Dr. Nickolas Reti, of Vienna, Austria.

DEATHS

ABBOTT—On November 1st, 1965, suddenly, Alan Charlton Abbot (R. 1919-22), aged 60.

BEECHMAN—On November 6th, 1965, Nevil Alexander Beechman, Q.C., M.C. (R. 1910-15 Non-Res.K.S.), aged 69.

BUHLER—On January 29th, 1966, Edgar Jack Buhler (Ash. 1913-18), aged 65.

DIX—On February 11th, 1966, at Malvern, the Revd. Ronald John Eteson Dix, M.B.E. (Ash. 1920-24), aged 60.

HILDESLEY—On December 22nd, 1965, Lt. Col. Anthony Glynn Hildesley, O.B.E., T.D. (G. 1922-26), aged 65.

HUMPHREYS—On January 11th, 1966, Ian Ernest Humphreys (R. 1930-35), aged 49.

LEWIS—On February 12th, 1966, Oswald Lewis (G. 1901-05), aged 78.

LUSH—On January 3rd, 1966, at Stanmore, Wilfred Robert Lush (Ash. 1923-27), aged 57.

LYNCH—On December 8th, 1965, at Colchester, Major Edward Herbert Lynch, late Indian Army (H.B. 1895-97), aged 83.

MUNT—On December 27th, 1965, as the result of a motor accident, Col. Harry Raymond Munt, T.D. (Ash. 1918-21), aged 63.

MURRAY—On January 31st, 1966, in Aberdeen, George William Welsh Murray, M.C. (H.B. 1897-1904), aged 80.

RINTOUL—On January 31st, 1966, James Mackenzie Rintoul, T.D. (R. 1918-22), aged 60.

SQUIRE—On January 6th, 1966, Professor John Rupert Squire, M.D. (H.B. 1928-33. Non-Res.K.S.), aged 50.

TAYLOR—On January 27th, 1966, suddenly, Claude Hilary Taylor (K.S. 1917-22), aged 51.

Two former Old Westminster M.Ps have died—Mr. N. A. Beechman, Q.C., and Mr. Oswald Lewis.

Nevill Alexander Beechman was up Rigaud's (1910-15) and won a Domus Exhibition in Classics at Balliol. He was later President of the Oxford Union. In the First World War he served in France, was wounded, and awarded an M.C. He was called to the Bar in 1923, and took Silk in 1947. From 1937-50 he was M.P. for St. Ives and was appointed Chief Whip of the Liberal National Party 1942-45, and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury 1943-45. He died at St. Ives on November 6th.

Oswald Lewis was up Grant's 1901-5. He was the younger brother of the late Mr. J. Spedan Lewis, and was for many years a partner with him in the family business. He was Conservative M.P. for Colchester (1929-45). Formerly a big game hunter and traveller. He was also a past Master of the Farriers Company.

Wilfred Robert Lush was the youngest of the three sons of the late Sir Charles Lush (Mr. Justice Lush) O.W., and was up Ashburnham (1923-27) like his two brothers. He was a solicitor and practised in London.

George William Murray had a remarkable career as a climber and explorer. He was a son of G. R. M. Murray,

F.R.S., and after leaving Westminster he joined the Survey of Egypt in 1907. He was appointed Director of Desert Surveys in 1932. He served in Sinai and Palestine (1916-19) and was awarded an M.C. He and his wife travelled year after year in the Egyptian Deserts, and his knowledge of the deserts and their peoples was such that he became something of a legend in his lifetime among desert travellers. He wrote many papers for the *Geographical Journal* and other learned journals and transactions. Besides this both he and his wife were expert climbers in the Alps, Skye and the mountains of Sinai. He was a member of the Alpine Club, and his wife of the Women's Alpine Club.

A career of great brilliance has been cut short in the death at the age of 50, of Professor John Squire who was a leading medical scientist. He was a son of Alfred E. Squire, and was Home Boarder and Non-resident K.S. (1928-33). He was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained first class honours in the Natural Science Tripos and at University College Hospital. During the last war he served with the R.A.M.C., and was mentioned in Despatches. In 1948 he was elected Leith Professor of Experimental Pathology in the University of Birmingham where he built up one of the best research departments in the country. He was Director designate of the new Medical Research Council centre at Northwick Park, and was nominated a member of the Royal Commission on medical education. He died suddenly on January 6th.

Claude Hilary Taylor, who died suddenly in his sleep, on January 27th, was a son of the Revd. D. A. G. Taylor. He was a K.S. from 1917 to 1922, when he was elected to Ch.Ch., Oxford. He was in the Oxford Cricket XI's (1923-26) and afterwards played for Leicestershire. He was an Assistant Master at the School (1926-35), and an Assistant Master at Eton from 1939 until recently.

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