

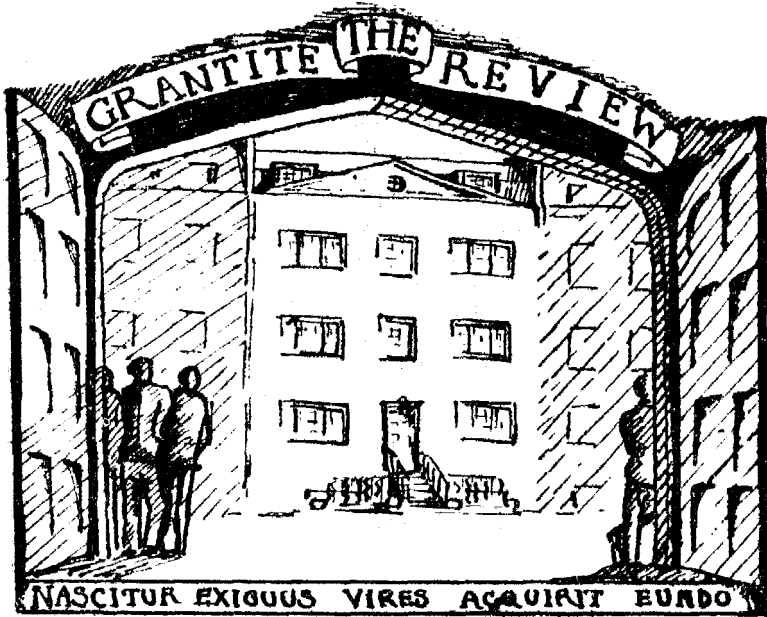
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THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

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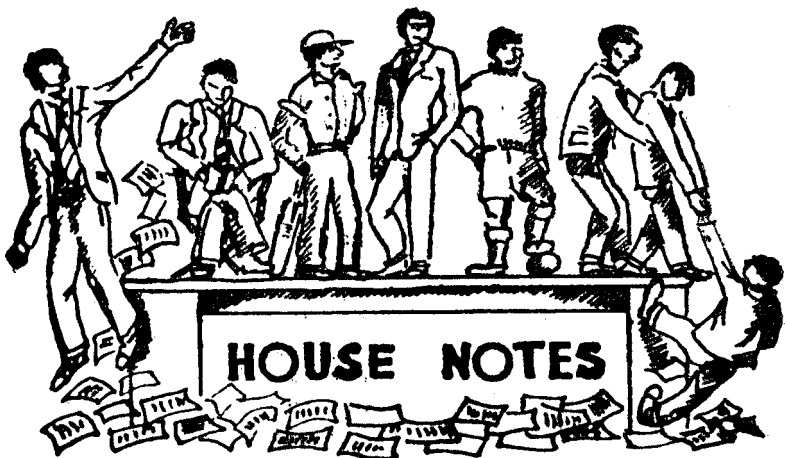
EDITORIAL

I have often noted with pride that candidates for Westminster Entrance, as they stand bewildered in Yard clasping their pink blotting paper and complete geometry boxes, invariably gaze at Grant's. The child is father to the man, for Grant's indeed is the obvious building to admire. Liddell's does not own a front unless you call the blue door and its patent aluminium handle the main entrance; College boasts a blank wall, Busby's a stack of drain-pipes. Rigaud's, thanks to Mr. Rutherford, makes an interesting variation of the railway tavern at Kentish town, leaving Grant's the honour of supplying the dignity and antiquity of Yard alone. How excellently it does so! It has its own limestone pediment and lamp (though I suppose Rigaud's has a clumsy old-world lantern also), the best window boxes (if not the most secure) with the largest geraniums (a Grantite speciality), the whitest plaster, the most elaborate staircase, and at least two front doors. In fact, without Grant's, Yard would not be worth looking at. It is at once the soul and spirit of Westminster, bearing those qualities of taste,

dignity and quiet sophistication which redeem Westminster from the teeming hundreds of other public schools.

Similarly with the *Grantite*; the *Grantite* stands aloof while other houses produce upstart left-wing publications in typewriter-print. Wren's, as it could not find money to get it published, sticks its pages to the front wall with sellotape, College St. does a do-it-yourself. I can't even remember seeing the *Rigaudite*, the *Ashburnhamite* and the *Liddellite*. But the *Grantite* does things decently. This term, because it is the longest, we have the traditional summer fantasia on the front cover, two sound staples, and more pages than usual of our meticulous print, and while another organ thinks fit to disrupt the school with news of its twenty-first anniversary, the *Grantite* with silent self-righteousness approaches its centenary. The *Grantite*, like Grant's, holds a unique position among its younger neighbours.

This does not protect it from the outbursts of derision that follow its distribution, but since this never gets further than the punctuation of the Editorial, we feel confident in preparing another collection of notes, and juvenilia, the humble first fruits of our prospective poets, critics and philosophers.



There left us last term: N. D. Knight-Evans.

We welcome this term: C. W. M. Garnett, G. S. Gould, N. E. G. Jones as boarders.

Congratulations to: M. A. Hall on his Pinks for Football.

and to: J. K. Ledlie on his Pinks for Cricket.

and to: P. C. S. Medawar on his Pink and Whites for Cricket, Football and Athletics.

and to: A. C. McKinlay on his Pink and Whites, for Shooting.

and to: E. R. Espenhahn on his Thirds for Cricket.
and to: N. Halsted on his Thirds for Fencing.
and to: J. K. Ledlie on his Seniors for Football.
and to: E. R. Espenhahn on his Seniors for Cricket.
and to: M. G. Hornsby on his Seniors for Cricket.
and to: M. B. McC. Brown on his Seniors for
Athletics.
and to: F. Strickland-Constable on his Juniors for
Athletics.

* * * * *

J. T. Wylde won the Phillimore Essay
Prize.

* * * * *

J. D. Noakes is Head of House.

The Monitors are R. N. Chinn, N. M. W. Anderson, J. A.
Corcoran, C. Macfarlane, A. E. Richmond-Watson, and D. H.
Weigall.

* * * * *

Head of Hall is J. D. Seddon.

* * * * *

The Hall Monitors are J. A. B. Heard, E. G. Jones, J. H. G.
Langley.

HOUSE DIARY

Happy are they, they that love Grant's, and indeed how true, for though its character slowly changes, it still retains the old individuality. What other house for instance has inmates who burn joss-sticks in their studies, and who but a Grantite could be seen sneezing continually from overdoses of snuff. There are a number of little changes which are noted if only for their insignificance. The milk-bottle tops have now altered from silver to mottled green, but the milk remains the same.

The roof at the back of the house does not appear to be so popular as a week-end rendezvous this summer, but of course the House Tutor's window is on the same level and but a few yards away, and though we are always delighted to see him . . . What on earth has happened since the last House Diary was written? Oh yes, yet another damned window-box has emptied its contents on to the Cupola of the front door with deadly accuracy. The verdict was dry rot and the box now resides in the back-yard without a bottom.

Another new set of bath and basin plugs has replaced the last which unfortunately were rendered useless by their total absence. Very old Grantites will be interested to know that the vintage lockers in the cloakroom have now been replaced by shelves which free the floor from various impedimenta ranging from rats to

suitcases. Naturally the architectural merit of this ancient room has been considerably lessened by the disappearance of the heirlooms.

At the moment certain Grantites are disurbed by the presence of Hamish in the Undermaster's garden. It seems to be a fairly normal quadruped except that it suffers from insomnia, causing many Grantites to inherit this affliction who hear its mournful wailing. Tolerance is observed on the whole and this is fortunate as there are many other disagreeable aspects of Grantite life. It would not do to enlarge on these more than to say that the drains smell offensively and that birds are now nesting *in* College Hall rather than round it, causing a multitude of beetles and lesser fauna to flutter into tea-cups and milk-jugs. We preserve dignity on these occasions.

A problem which faces the Diarist is to know just what the average old Grantite wants to hear about. He is not likely to be either interested in, or concerned with, the food, though the menu on occasions would delight those engaged in a study or thesis on ancient and rare foodstuffs. He might like to know that the Grant's hall and bathroom are accoustically laudable, the latter being a popular centre for those who delight in singing male alto.

Tape-recorders have been firmly established on both study floors, and though their merits vary according to their powers of reproduction, they provide much amusement if not consternation, for occasionally one can hear the housemaster outside one's study when he definitely is not, if you see what I mean. There are also a few guitars but one waits and hopes for proficiency.

The average Old Grantite will have heard enough by this time, and to capture the spirit of Grant's he must read on over these following pages. The Diarist now downs his pen and gets out as quickly as possible for his exeat.

ATHLETICS

The "flu" epidemic which hit Grant's rather more than other houses seriously interfered with the start of the season. Training had to be curtailed and, in some cases obviously, stopped altogether, with the result that a number of our best runners were in no fit state to run the three miles long distance race along the towpath at Putney. However, in the event, Brown did extremely well to come 7th in the Senior race, with Stancliffe and Medawar coming 15th and 16th, while Wadham-Smith ran very creditably in the Junior.

In the Bringsty Relay, perhaps the most important event for Grant's in view of our record, the House suffered from a lack of consistency. All too often any ground made up by the first runner would be lost by the one following. And in particular there was weakness in the U.16 and U.14½ teams, despite the energetic efforts

of Strickland-Constable. This lack of consistency which caused us to be relegated to third place was shown up in vivid contrast to the Busby's team who won by not having a weak-link from start to finish.

Grant's was perhaps again unfortunate in the Standards' Competition because of the atrocious weather which effectively prevented the introduction of the new system of Gold and Omega standards until the very last day, and rained off far too many station days. With the large numbers in the House it is essential in this event to have as many athletics days as possible, if a good average is to be obtained. This was reflected in the Competition. Grant's started off very badly and then, as the season progressed, advanced to third place which was relatively good considering the disparity in numbers between Grant's and Liddell's. Medawar had an outstanding Standards record of 34 points with five gold standards.

In the Athletics competition itself Grant's came second. There were particularly fine individual performances by Medawar, who won the weight, came second in the Discus and Hurdles, and third in the Javelin, and Brown who fulfilled earlier promise by coming second in the mile and third in the 880 yards.

The last event of the Season, the Relays, was perhaps the most exciting. Thanks to some particularly fine running by Chinn and the Open 440 team, and with Heard and Boyd securing a victory in the U.16 100, Grant's led until very near the end. Unfortunately our weakness in the U.14 team in comparison with Liddell's brought us down, and in a most exciting Medley, Brown who came out a little too early, was just unable to hold off McLardy and Matthews.

Perhaps the sobering feature of the season was the weakness of the U.14's which bodes ill for the future. And perhaps a redeeming feature was the enthusiasm of Anderson who, if his energy was not quite paralleled by his skill, was a tower of strength.

MUSIC:—THE COMPETITIONS

Music has been approached "mit begeisterung" by Grantites this term. On 10th June, the occasion of the annual music competitions, School was used for the first time since its rebuilding began eighteen months ago. Once again N. M. Broadbridge won the broken voice solo with a performance of Frank Bridge's "Love Went A-Riding." This song was slightly too hard for him and his approach was somewhat tame, but his singing technique was well above the standard of the other competitors. A. J. Dugdale came third in the unbroken voice solo, singing Arne's setting of "Where the Bee Sucks." He did justice to this delightful little song and should have more success next year.

During the afternoon when Sir Ernest Bullock judged the vocal ensembles, Grant's were most successful with "Fair and Ugly, False and True," by John Travers (1703-1758), sung by N.

M. Broadbridge, N. M. W. Anderson and D. S. Stancliffe. It was well received, and though the adjudicator suggested that the singers might have been in a lighter vein, the performance was well rehearsed and carefully balanced. The House Choir, conducted by N. M. W. Anderson, also won the day with a rendering of the set song, "Linden Lea," and "A Smuggler's Song" by Le Fleming. Though during practices the customary House Choir lethargy and facetiousness was apparent, it rose to the occasion admirably and sang the "Smuggler's Song" with great animation. Winning both the vocal ensemble and the House Choir Competition Grant's therefore wins the Exeter Cup, the Erskine Cup going to Wren's for the highest aggregate.

The Chamber Music was judged by Anthony Baines (O.W.), and, being an authority and player of almost every wind instrument, he provided the performers with many pearls of information. The standard generally was not high, one of the reasons being the careless way in which instruments were tuned. A performance of "Sheep May Safely Graze," for two flutes, voice and continuo, won the prize, and was undoubtedly the most enjoyable ensemble of them all.

On Sunday, May 31st, a performance of Mr. T. L. Zinn's "Requiem" (part I), was given in the drawing room of Ashburnham library. The performance was very successful and it is hoped that the complete work will be sung in the near future. M. O. Gellhorn sang the treble part, N. M. Broadbridge and H. S. Davies were the tenors and N. M. W. Anderson sang bass II.

The Choral Society is rehearsing *Carmina Bwana* by Carl Orff for the end of term concert. This is an unusual work for it contains no proper tune-signatures. Carl Orff felt that music was becoming too complicated, and so he employed much of his time studying the simpler music of China, Japan and other Eastern countries. Much of this work, therefore, is oriental in its sound and in its composition. The orchestra are rehearsing *Ruslan and Ludmilla* by Glinka, and sightreading a Schumann symphony.

SHOOTING

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

Grant's began the inter-house shooting competition last term with high hopes, but they were outmatched by the Queen's Scholars in the semi-finals. The first team went straight into the second round with a bye, and the second team obtained a walk-over against Wren's. Unfortunately the two house teams met here, and as was to be expected the first team won by a comfortable margin. In the semi-finals, after a high scoring match, the house lost by ten points to their closest rivals, the Queen's Scholars, who went on to win the competition from Rigaud's.

JUNIOR HOUSE SOCIETY: VISIT TO HOUSE OF LORDS

One afternoon, in early March, six boys stood outside the St. Stephen's Entrance of the Houses of Parliament awaiting Lord Rea. Ten minutes after the time arranged for his Lordship's arrival he had not turned up so we went inside to look for him. We soon found him waiting for us in the Central Lobby. Then we all made for the House of Lords. We walked down one of the many corridors in the direction of Lord Rea's room. His Lordship's room we found commanded an excellent view of the progress on the then unfinished roof of School.

Next we were shown the Royal Gallery, which contained a large selection of portraits of sovereigns both past and present, and also the Robing Room, at one end of which was a raised throne and at the other a large extremely Victorian fireplace.

Leaving the Robing Chamber Lord Rea conducted us to the room containing the Death Warrant for the execution of King Charles I. Having duly looked at the document we trooped out and made for the Terrace. The Terrace was completely denuded of chairs and as it was already growing cold we hurriedly retreated indoors again. Lord Rea then asked us if we wanted any tea. The reply in the affirmative was unanimous. So after wandering along a succession of red carpeted corridors, we arrived at our destination. We all sat down while his Lordship ordered cider, sandwiches and cakes. After our sumptuous tea Lord Rea had to leave us so we were handed over to a steward who showed us up to the Visitors' Gallery in the Lords. The debate taking place was on the Scottish Housing Situation. During the discussion one bald-headed peer got up and complained vehemently about two other peers on the opposite bench carrying on a private conversation.

We left not long afterwards and so, bloated with cider and cakes, the empty spaces in our minds filled by thoughts of "Scottish Housing Reports," we returned to school.

THE WATER

After a relapse of two years Grant's Water now shows signs of regaining some of its former strength, if not glory. Last term eight Grantites were involved in the Schools' Head-three in the "A" crew and three in the Junior Colts, although some of these were substitutes owing to the 'flu epidemic. In addition, Evans was the winner of an informal sculling regatta, and both he and Macfarlane entered the Scullers Head, coming 59th and 53rd respectively out of a total of 103. Although the house and the School have lost a very valuable stroke in Evans, this has been offset by the largest influx of new Watermen in the house for well over three years, bringing the total number of keen young watermen in Grant's to fourteen. Thus, although our immediate prospects may not seem very bright, we hope that we, like British Railways, are building

for the future. However, there are ten Grantites rowing in eights and a further three coxing. Corcoran in the 1st VIII, Macfarlane in the 2nd, Hale in a Colts' crew, and Spry (stroke), Espenhahn and Hunt in the Junior Colts "A." The fact that the eights have been finally formed rather later than usual this year should cause no setbacks to our rowing. We must look forward to the Regatta with confidence and determination—above all with intent to improve last year's performance.

CRICKET

Grant's this year is in the fortunate, if responsible, position of being favourite for the inter-house cricket shield. Having won the competition last year, the present side with five players in the First XI, and two in the "A" XI, has advantages of experience and unity over the other House teams.

Certainly our first match against College was an encouraging if perhaps flattering start to the season. Hall, captain of School Cricket, and Espenhahn made an imposing opening pair, and our first wicket fell at 156. The hitters were promoted to take advantage of the situation, and Grant's was able to declare at tea with 219 on the board, Medawar hitting an entertaining 41 not out.

Possessing the First XI opening bowlers Ledlie and Hall, and also Hornsby the First XI wicket keeper, Grant's can afford to be aggressive in the field and when College's two First XI batsmen fell off successive balls in Ledlie's first over, the College innings was reduced to a procession, closing at 18 runs.

Prospects then are bright, but it would be foolish not to expect much stiffer competition in our future matches.

FRENCH VISIT

It was unfortunate indeed that so many people breathed a sigh of relief when the French visitors left on Saturday, June 6th. Although the visit, from the French point of view, can hardly be called a total failure, it was not by any standards a success, and some of the French boys were pleased to be on their way home. This would not seem to be a purely local fault, but a criticism of the English in general. They are bad at presenting themselves and their culture to foreigners. Although they are interested in other people, they do not seem to be able to break the barrier which arises from living in different backgrounds, and those which separate the inhabitants of one country from those of another. However, we must not ascribe our failure to make these visitors feel at home to vague generalisations about cultural differences. Possibly the main drawbacks were their comparatively young age and lack of fluency in speaking English. Had we sent a group of people in the Vth and Shell to France, the results would have been worse, mainly because of language difficulties, but also because English boys seem

on the whole less adaptable at that age than the French. It would have been better if the French boys had all lived as day-boys in separate families, where they would have had more chance of speaking English and less opportunity of staying in the immediate circle of the other members of their party. Had M. Hervi known London as well as Doctor Sanger knows Paris, he would have been able to ease the load carried by Mr. Shepherd. The responsibility of arranging work as well as outings and theatre visits fell upon Mr. Shepherd alone and he can not be too highly praised for the long hours which he put in to try to make sure that everything ran as smoothly as possible. It is these small points which will need ironing out if this exchange is to become an annual event, as at the moment seems likely. However, no amount of administration can make it a resounding success. The final responsibility rests on the boys of the school. It is they who should take more interest. One of the main criticisms of the state of affairs in Grant's was that the French boys were mixing with people who were too old for them. That may be very probable and it is much to be hoped that conditions will adjust themselves, as more experience is gained in this field. But we should beware of being complacent; it is up to us to make the effort.

Perhaps the situation is most aptly summed up in the words of one of the French visitors:—

“Grant's est assez agréable à vivre, mais elle serait beaucoup plus agréable, si les Français se montraient moins réservés et les Anglais plus expansifs.”

THE WR★NG S★T

“Oh dear, we've heard it all before, all these ghastly cynics. Why can't we be jolly good chaps together?”

“Yes my boy, you're only passing through a phase.”

After a glorious reappearance at Westminster, cynicism has suffered a miserable persecution at the hands of those who were once responsible for its flourishing—and the understanding, progressive, master.

This is our apology.

There are several different types of Westminster cynic, the most popular type being the one who holds “life is so depressing. I'm an intellectual. I am seeking; but I don't know where to find. And I don't even know what I'm looking for.” The other has constant fits of histrionics in coffee bars and says that really all his genius is repressed and if only people didn't criticise his lovely long hair so much.

These men write with so much enthusiasm, but perhaps with “the overflow of powerful feeling without the emotion recollected in tranquillity.”

However the cult is rather “who so is a man must be a non-conformist” and full of *die Weltschmerz*.

IMAGINATION

A watcher stands upon a brink, beside a flowing river, in a place of turmoil. The sky above him makes an arc of white from place to place, opaque, featureless, uninteresting. The foaming torrent plays kaleidoscopic shadows on his face, red, yellow, red again then green, then blue. The writhing, spectral vapours in its bed twist into fantastic shapes, coiling high above his head at one moment, creeping listlessly along below him at another. The landscape lies as flat as a table around him, excepting only the one hummock beneath his feet, the river bed and the great circle at the horizon. A circle as featureless as the sky, no crags, no jutting edges, no protuberances, as smooth as glass it slopes up steeply from the even ground to heights which defy description.

Beyond it nothing can be seen.

At the watcher's feet on the bank of grey grass which breaks the pink expanse around, a clock ticks monotonously. The hands record the hours backwards and the thing lies face upwards to the watcher standing over it. No wind stirs the landscape. Nothing moves save the hands of the clock and the river which flows past in a shallow chasm bounded at each end by tunnels the openings of which only are visible, emitting a luminous blue light. No sound competes with the ticking of the clock.

The watcher pulls his raincoat collar across his throat, for it is cold.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO RALLY?

Tell someone you are rather keen on rallying, and the chances are that he or she will eagerly parry with "Oh, do you go on the Monte Carlo Rally?" To this question my answer must always be "No, I do not!" Frankly, I do not think I ever will, although I do not always say so.

The "Monte" takes time, a lot of money, and a requisite standard of skill, although sad to say all the competitors do not always possess the latter. However, for the average enthusiast, there are countless clubs and innumerable rallies, from the "London Rally" which traverses the more tortuous heights of Wales and covers about 500 miles, to the leisurely photographic rally which ambles dreamily one Sunday afternoon from village to village and probably only takes you 50 miles.

If you aim at the "London," or something like it, you will need to be a skilful driver and you must have a navigator who can read expertly and quickly a one-inch Ordnance Survey Map. Making a few mathematical calculations whilst seated placidly at your dining room table with all the space in the world, and the floor steady beneath your feet, is one thing. In the cramped darkened conditions of your car, which whirls giddily round country lanes it is a totally different thing! But if you are a bachelor and can call your soul

your own, there are many aids to driving and navigation that you can buy.

Perhaps you will decide to have a third member in your team—capacity of car permitting—and he will perform miracles as a time-keeper. He may take over the driving from you, whilst theoretically you snooze in the back. He doubtless will leap in and out of the car on your lofty instructions, checking this and that, and in any case he is one more person to blame when things go wrong. When choosing a navigator you really must have somebody who can sit motionless and cramped for many hours, plotting ceaselessly and serenely WITHOUT BEING SICK! Or, if he must be sick, he musn't mind!

Apart from all the technical equipment, there is a virtually never-ending list of luggage, depending on your tastes, body-heat and appetite. Chocolate, sandwiches, fruit, hot drinks, cold drinks, extra sweaters, thinner shirts and cigarettes in profusion for the constitutionally nervous.

At the other end of the scale, the casual afternoon rally is much more simple. On the basis that most clubs say on the invitation "Bring the family"—it has to be simple! You may not need a map at all. The directions may be more in the nature of a simple Treasure Hunt, or you may have to identify *en route* a series of photographs given to you at the start. You can drive slowly, even chat with your wife, mildly admonish a small son, admire the countryside, and still comply with the regulations of the rally. You won't need any equipment—either for the car, the body or the stomach, and everybody will finish up having a jolly tea at some pre-arranged spot.

Most rallies terminate with a series of driving tests, and clubs also organise a whole day of nothing but driving tests. These I find most interesting and great fun, and certainly they improve one's manipulation of a car. The tests are always entertaining for the onlooker, whether he takes a kindly interest in seeing somebody thread his way speedily and accurately between obstacles, or whether he prefers to guffaw loudly as somebody "mucks it up."

Rally drivers meet frequently in club and pub to discuss tirelessly how they won, or why they didn't. To explain the enchantment of sitting cooped up in a car all night, going raving mad because some awkward level-crossing keeper refuses to open the gates, is a little difficult, but all rally drivers understand.

CHILDLESS

Image or fact, her lips dropped sallow wax
The undistinguishable strain
Of each departing age within the next.
The soil of youthful aphrodisiacs
Darkens the womb; shapes and vacates
The pallid shadow in the brain.

As choiceless as the finger of a child
Against the tones and semitones,
Creation, rusted, uncreative folds
Sharp, metallic and unreconciled.
The flush of middle-age decays the mind
And sentimental, she recalls in undertones
The virginal monotony of youth.

Pigeons are courting on the mottled grass.
Blue-bearded decadents with dulled ironic eyes
Pass by.
She does not see the earth's insipid class
The angular and unrefined beneath the smooth,
Only the afterglow of youth now prophesys.

UNDERGROUND CELL ON THE TOP FLOOR

or

BUTCHERY ON BUCKENHILL

Earlier this week Grantites waiting to enter Hall for lunch were surprised to see smoke pouring from a top-floor study window. This however, was not to be a conflagration worthy of a new roof: it was merely the first outward sign of a secret religious cult that first infiltrated Grant's late last term, and which has steadily made new converts this term. Meetings are held in strict secrecy, though I can reveal that the signal for devotees to gather is the emission throughout the house of a dangerous habit-forming smoke that can easily be detected by its heavy sickly scent.

Anxious to learn more of what I suspected was a seditious cult, I contrived to attend one of the meetings, wearing a smog mask, both to conceal my identity, and also to prevent my succumbing to the deadly vapour. I found that the source of the fumes was a row of what the initiated called "joss-sticks," placed in front of a brightly-coloured image of what I was horrified to recognise as Kali, goddess of the bloodthirsty sect which practises Thuggee. The Thugs, as the followers of the cult are called, ingratiate themselves with bands of travellers and then strangle their unsuspecting victims with silk starves, thus, they believe, gratifying Kali.

Now that I had this valuable piece of information, several things that I had noticed round the house of late began to fall into place. I now knew why some people, obvious Thugs, had been wearing silk neckerchiefs in the evening. It was so as to have them ready to hand when they were needed for less innocent purposes. There had been odd trumpetings on an old Tibetan prayer-horn, which could easily be a signal for attack, and several times late at night I had detected the soft padding of feet down the corridor. There were three important things that I still lacked, which were

the names of the victims, the time and place of attack, and the identity of the ringleader.

The answer to the first suddenly struck me when I noticed that certain names on the Buckenhill notice-board were printed in red—these were intended to be the unfortunate victims. The silent operations late at night, coupled with the Thugs traditional attraction to travellers, led me to suspect that the occasion of the attack would be the night-time trek to the washrooms, thus taking advantage of the usual befuddled state of the “travellers.” Lastly and most important, only this evening his insistent demands for an article, no doubt inspired by his anxiety as to how much I knew of his nefarious activities, revealed the leader to me as . . .

(The editor regrets that this is a posthumous publication).

A VICTORIAN SPASMODIC

Through gathering dark from withering day,
The sheltering sky shields the tramp on his way—
On his way to his death, for we all, we must die,
With a withering hand and a weak bleary eye.
We have brought nothing in, will take nothing out,
His lumbago is bad, and he suffers from gout—
Oh hell, devil's hell, can hardly be worse
Than this poor shrivelled tramp with the wanderers curse,
How slowly his gait through the dust of the road,
How his hunger and thirst urge him on like a goad,
But who is this tramp, all of us, we are tramps,
Travelling slowly the road lit so feebly by lamps,
Lamps to guide the poor wanderers home to their peace
Where the fever of life will fade slowly and cease.

ATTITUDES OF THE GRAMAPHONE SOCIETY

There are some people who can never hear music without feeling an irrepressible urge to conduct it. There they are, locked up in Ferney with a tape recorder. Having turned it on at full volume they leap into a chair throwing their hair backwards and forwards, beating *multo con spirito* in time to the music with a pair of compasses. In front of them stand rows and rows of trombones, battalions of French horns, light-armed violinists, armies of flautists, carrying weapons of brass and weapons of wood and the instrument with ten strings. Behind them flow the tails of their morning coats, beside flies the baton and now comes the final climax of the Heroica. Then the recording tape runs down and it is time for Abbey.

We often wonder what it is that transports these otherwise

normal beings to the rostrum of the Albert Hall. A late head of house explained that it was due to blood pulsation; another that it was the primitive dance instinct emerging after three milleniums of sophistication. Whatever it is, it is a disquieting sight to watch. Sullivan might to it with impunity at the Savoy when a lady watching the Gondoliers remarked "I want to hear Sullivan's music—not yours." But to think that a common or garden pianist, a mere keyboard parasite or upstart can usurp the position of conductor, nay sometimes composer, is the height of insurrection.

I will have no such demonstrations in Gram. Soc. If people must show their conceited superiority in understanding the composer by contorting themselves about Mr. Christie's drawing room, they should do so outside. Perhaps the truth is that having a musical sensitivity which extends no further than the outskirts of Bach and the introduction on the cover, I cannot bear to see anybody else actually appearing to enjoy it. I go to peruse a pocket edition of Ruskin's lectures on Art with the added advantage of a musical setting and a cup of cold coffee with three sugar-spoonfuls (I did not realise till last Friday that it was actually intended to be cold). There, with all the luxuries Westminster affords I lean against a golden lyre which supports the pedals to the grand piano, eyeing with distaste anyone who has the indecency to enjoy the music by conducting it.

My sympathy goes out to those motionless, long-fingered intellectuals in the armchair, with their expressions buried in their hands as if they were thinking. What heights of inspiration, what realms of fantasy stir behind their silent forms! What pitch of intellectuality considers the harmonic counterpoint within these placid postures! or—or—are they just asleep?

The Gramophone is turned off—the armchair intellectual dazed at the sudden cessation of music, open their eyes and struggle to their feet. These I pounce upon as they stand bewildered relating Handle to Telemann, Holst to Moussorgsky, with all the learning of five record covers, but the conductors, the few that understand it all, I leave well alone.

MAUD

It was a profound shock to the House to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Crawley on May 9th, 1959, and our deep sympathy goes out to her tragically bereaved husband and daughter.

For more than seventeen years she has been connected with Grant's and many generations of Grantites will remember with affection her familiar presence—in evacuation at Bromyard, coping with the famous Grant's "Baths," burning leaves in Yard, being canvassed by opposed political groups in Inner, gently remonstrating with the occupants of untidy studies, perhaps above all at Play Supper—was it only last year that she was cheered to the echo

when she appeared in Hall at the end of what we never suspected would be her last Play Supper?

But all these scenes were on the surface; what lay behind them was a spirit of loyalty and devotion for which the House can never adequately express its debt. When things were difficult, there was always Maud. Nothing was too much for her: nothing daunted her; and she would never let one down. Whatever happened she took it in her cheerful stride. "We'll manage," she would say—and we always did; thanks to her.

We are proud to have known her, proud to have experienced her example of trusting and trustworthy service. We like to think that she had an affection for Grant's; we know that Grant's had, and will continue to have, a great affection for her, and our happy memories will now, alas, have to serve as the substitute for the irreplaceable Maud.

She will long be remembered.

GRANTITES AT OXFORD

There is a larger contingent of Old Grantites at Oxford than of members of any other House. It is not only larger but it appears to your correspondent that whenever any O.W. does anything in the University he is almost invariably an Old Grantite.

We need therefore feel no surprise, though we justly feel proud, that the only O.W. to be rowing in the victorious Oxford crew in the Boat Race was also an Old Grantite, S. C. H. Douglas-Mann (1951-56). In the Fencing world the immediate past Captain of the O.U. Fencing Club was also an Old Grantite, C. J. Croft (1949-54). He is now I understand, concentrating more on Finals than on Fencing. M. G. Drake (1949-53) has also risen to the top and is at the moment President of the Hertford J. C. R. Among others taking Finals this term are J. H. M. Anderson (1949-54) and A. C. H. Lathe (1949-54). D. M. Lloyd-Jones (1948-53) is reading for a B.Litt., preparing a magnum opus on Borodin. P. K. T. Smith (1949-54) is reading Modern Languages and is also very keen on painting. A. C. B. Hunter (1950-55) is taking part both in the Law School and social life of Oxford, more, your correspondent, gathers in one than in the other.

Among the Freshmen J. F. Hewitt (1953-58) is reading Geography and Rowing at St. Edmund Hall, R. G. M. Spry (1953-57) is playing cricket for University College, M. D. Fairbairn (1953-58) is reading Oriental Languages and is also singing in the Bach Choir, as is R. D. Creed (1952-57) who, your ever observant correspondent notices, is finding preaching Liberalism to the New College Socialist intellectuals pretty unrewarding work. Never mind, he will learn eventually!

Which, I hope, however, inadequately, mentions everybody, everybody that is except a canker in our midst who despite your

correspondent's continual inveighing against continues his own particular vice ever more enthusiastically; the canker is J. C. Overstall (1951-56), the vice is interest and participation in Oxford's military life. Still, I suppose every family has its black sheep, but surely not a black sheep who, as well as pursuing a pretty successful scholastic career, is rumoured to have had the temerity to go parachuting over Abingdon.

Before laying down my pen may I make a plea to all present Grantites to make sure that we continue to have as large and successful a body of Grantites in the future as we have at present, and who knows you too could be mentioned by your cynical and eagle eyed correspondent.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

We would offer our belated congratulations to the following Old Grantites on their marriages:—

H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett (1942-46); H. Ward (1945-50); G. N. P. Lee (1946-50) (and also on the birth of a daughter, May, 1959); R. P. Harben (1946-51); K. J. M. Kemp (1947-51).

And on their engagements to:—

J. W. P. Bradley (1942-45); R. F. Wilding (1948-52); C. H. Prince (1950-55).

E. J. N. Kirkby (1949-53): is now Assistant Inspector in N. Rhodesian Police.

J. S. Woodford (1950-54): is working with an Advertising firm.

J. H. Parker (1950-53): is now a Landscape Gardener.

S. C. H. Douglas-Mann (1951-56): rowed Bow in the winning Oxford crew.

R. Munro-Faure (1953-57): was last heard of in Australia.

D. B. Inglis (1953-56): is doing his National Service with the Black Watch.

R. G. M. Spry (1953-57): played in the Freshmen's Trials at Oxford, both Football and Cricket.

J. F. Hewitt (1953-58): won a Trial Cap at Oxford and rowed in the St. Edmund Hall crew which went Head of the River.

N. E. Skeffington (1953-57): is training as a librarian.

N. D. K. Evans (1954-59): has started his Naval career at Dartmouth.

A. E. C. Ball (1955-58): sailed for Canada in May.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place in the King Charles Suite at Whitehall Court on Saturday, the 2nd May, 1959, when Sir Adrian Boulton was in the Chair. He was supported by Mr. P. J. S. Bevan and Mr. G. F. Pitt Lewis (vice-presidents)

and in all thirty-six Old Grantites attended the dinner. The principal guests were the House Master and the House Tutor. The experiment of holding the Dinner on a Saturday evening enabled a number of members of the Club to attend who had not previously done so, but it also seemed to have the effect of keeping away a number of more recent Old Grantites. In proposing the toast of "Grants" the President recalled that they were dining on the last night of the highly successful review "Drop of a Hat" starring Michael Flanders (O.G.) and Donald Swann (O.W.). A greetings telegram was sent from the Dinner to Michael Flanders congratulating him from all members. Replying to the toast, the House Master gave his customary review of the activities of the House in the past year, and of Old Grantites made particular mention of S. C. H. Douglas-Mann's place in the winning Oxford Boat Race Crew. The following is the list of Old Grantites (other than those already mentioned) who attended the Dinner: Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. M. V. Argyle, Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. P. N. Ray, Mr. G. G. Skellington, Dr. K. F. M. Thomson, Mr. A. N. Winkworth, Mr. T. W. Dutton, Mr. K. G. Gilbertson, Mr. J. U. Salvi, Mr. J. A. Sanguinetti, Mr. J. L. Sherriff, Mr. D. L. B. Farley, Mr. V. G. H. Hallett, Mr. S. F. P. Jacomb-Hood, Dr. V. B. Levison, Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. J. H. M. Anderson, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. B. E. G. Davies, Major R. R. Mounsey, Mr. L. A. Wilson, Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. J. M. Hornsby, Mr. J. W. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. M. H. Prance, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. R. R. Davies, Dr. D. I. Gregg, Mr. F. D. Hornsby and Mr. W. B. Enever.

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Changes of address should be notified to the Editor of the *Grantite*, and the Secretary of the Old Grantite Club,

7, Spring Grove Road,

Richmond,

Surrey.