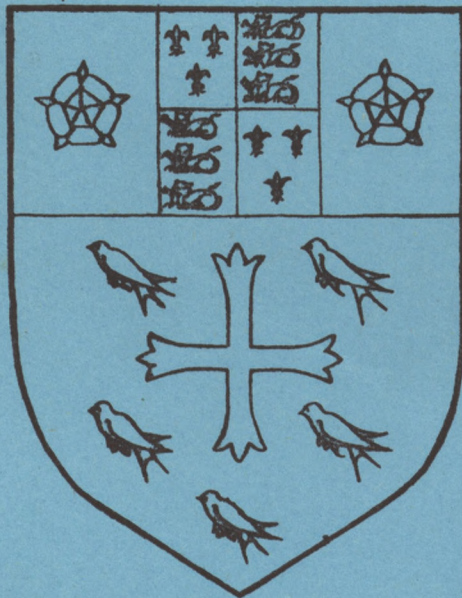


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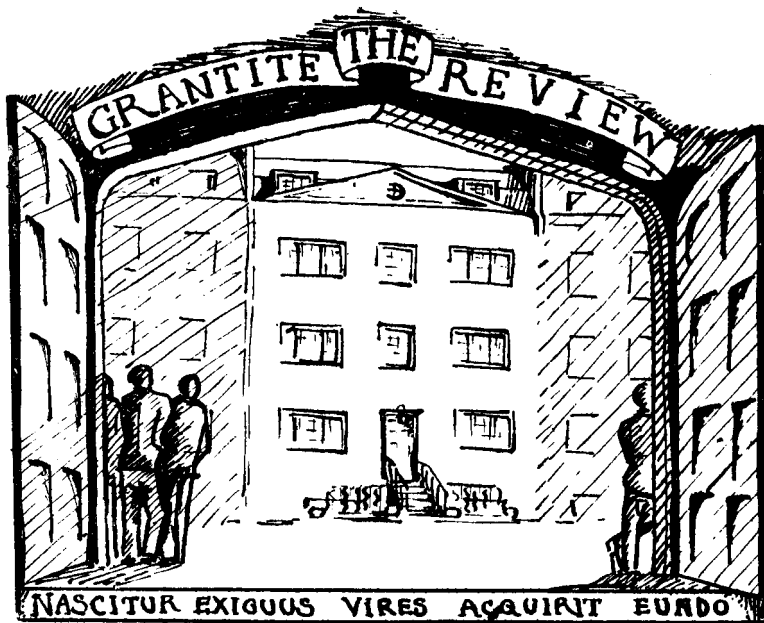
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY—LENT TERMS
1952-53

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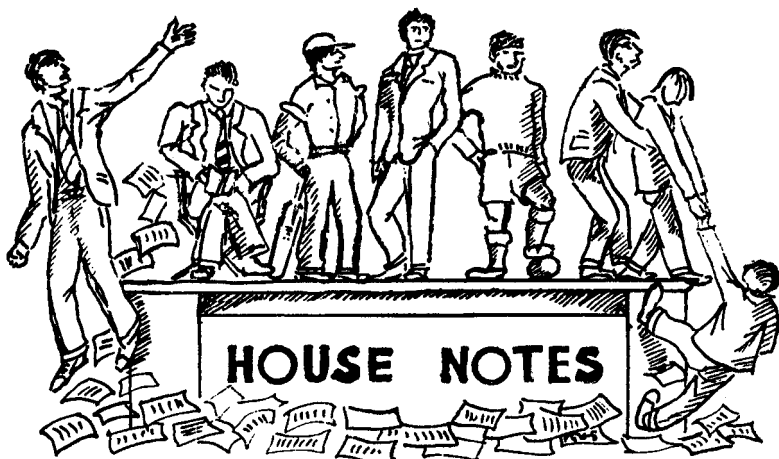
EDITORIAL

This Lent term must surely be most puzzling to a new boy up Grant's. At breakfast he asks what to do with his plate, but nobody seems to be very sure. He asks his substance about St. Matthew's only to be told that he must not be late getting "over to Abbey." After morning school he confidently goes to College hall—but lunch is up Grant's. Sunday comes and a worried new boy asks the way to St. Stephen's. A non-committal shrug is the reply. Nobody seems to know the way. At lunchtime he waits for the bell. Everyone has disappeared. Anxiously he hurries over to College Hall—no one takes any notice as the new boy queues for his lunch.

These changes are indeed bewildering to everyone. For generations Grantites have regularly eaten their food in their own Hall, and congregated outside the cages before entering the Abbey. But now, the Abbey is being prepared for the Coronation and no longer is Westminster privileged to partake of its services.

St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, is kindly at our disposal for the first and last Sundays of term. At the weekend, the chapel of Church House will be used by those who remain at School. The vicar of St. Matthews has generously arranged for the School to conduct its daily services in his church.

The new boys may now be bewildered by these complications, nevertheless they will soon realise the privilege of having the use of the Abbey and once more dining in their own Hall.



LENT TERM

There left us last term : T. H. Stewart, D. J. van Rest, R. F. Wilding and R. P. J. Ball. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome this term : R. Munro-Faure, D. B. Inglis, M. D. Fairbairn and G. J. Puxon.

In Inner there are : M. W. M. Davidson, C. R. Hayes, I. J. Fulton, M. G. Drake (Boarders) and D. M. Lloyd-Jones (Half-Boarder).

M. W. M. Davidson and D. M. Lloyd-Jones are also School monitors.

In Chiswicks there are : A. W. Abbott, J. D. S. MacDougall, H. H. M. Rogers, P. R. J. Vickers, C. T. Sims-Williams, J. H. M. Anderson, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby and P. G. Wentworth-Shields.

In Buckenhill there are : C. J. Croft, P. K. T. Smith, N. A. Phelps-Brown, M. S. Makower, J. G. F. Fraser (Boarders), I. R. Cameron and W. E. A. Phillips (Half-Boarders). C. J. Croft is Head of Buckenhill and Hall and the Hall monitors are : A. C. H. Lathe, G. I. Chick, C. H. Prince, R. T. J. A. Clark (Boarders) and J. S. Woodford (Half-Boarder).

R. P. C. Hillyard is Captain of Cricket.

C. R. Hayes is Captain of Athletics.

D. M. Lloyd-Jones is Concert Secretary.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Feb. 12th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Winchester (Away).
„ 17th	...	Pancake Greaze.
„ 21st	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Eton (Home).
„ 24th	...	1st Fencing team and Colts <i>v.</i> Winchester (Away).
„ 28th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Old Westminster (Home).

Mar. 17th	...	Bringsty Relay.
„ 20th	...	Athletics—Finals.
„ 21st	...	Confirmation.
„ 26th	...	“ Merchant of Venice,” up School.
„ 27th	...	“ Merchant of Venice ” up School.
„ 28th	...	“ Merchant of Venice ” up School.
„ 30th	...	Concert up School.
„ 31st	...	Term ends.

* * * *

PLAY TERM

We won the Seniors Fencing Cup and the House Foil Cup. We also won the Levi Cup for Photography.

Congratulations to : M. C. M. Frances, C. W. Redgrave, A. G. Cheyne and J. S. R. Benson, on their Juniors for football ;

and to : R. T. J. A. Clark and C. H. Prince on their Colts and to P. M. Godfrey and D. E. Wilkins on their junior Colts for football ;

and to : I. R. Cameron and M. S. Makower on their Seniors for fencing ;

and to : C. H. Prince on his Seniors for tennis.

In Lit. Soc. last term we read “ Travellers’ Joy ” by Arthur Macrea, “ Watch on the Rhine ” by Lilian Hellman, “ The Guinea Pig ” by Warren Chetham-Strode, “ The Chiltern Hundreds ” by W. Douglas Home, “ The Magistrate ” by A. W. Pinero, “ Who is Sylvia ” by Terence Rattigan, and “ The Happiest Days of Your Life ” by John Deighton.

The Secretary of Lit. Soc. was R. Wilding. The new secretary is I. J. Fulton.

THE PLAY SUPPER

This year’s Play Supper was a special occasion for it was the last Supper to be eaten up Grant’s, as we now have breakfast and Supper in College Hall. A revival was the loving cup which this year contained champagne, kindly supplied through a member of the house. The toast was “ Danti Datur ”—“ Granted to a Grantite! ”

The guests included R. O. I. Borradaile, R. N. Mackay and the Bursar, who told us an amusing impromptu story. The entertainment was made more enjoyable by the increase of more “skits” and musical events rather than community songs—some trouble

had been taken to prepare for the occasion. One group of new boys deserves special mention for an excellent rendering of "Sugarbush," which received an encore—a thing rarely obtained in a Play Supper. The Grant's Light Symphony Orchestra gave a performance of Haydn's Toy Symphony. The earnest faces of the players clearly showed the concentration needed.

The Chiswicks and Buckenhill Songs were rather incomprehensible but provided a few jokes at the expense of the Bursar and College Hall. The Housemaster and Mr. Brock entertained in their usual polished manner with a song about "Commem."

There was one definite highlight, a sketch by R. Wilding on a Masters' Meeting, which included some really first-class imitations of the Head Master, Mr. Kilvington and various other members of the staff. Inner finished the evening with a speedy gargling skit which was as funny as it was unexpected.

FOOTBALL

Grant's Juniors Team was backed by no outstanding reputation as in previous years, nevertheless the competition proved to be very interesting. The first match was against Ashburnham, a larger and more experienced team than the young Grantite one. Surprisingly enough determination prevailed and the result was 2—1 in our favour. The team was not successful in its next match, which was against Wrens. They played with plenty of spirit but were beaten 3—1. Wrens have already won the cup despite the one match still to be played.

The best match was against Busbys in which neither side managed to score. This was a very even game, both teams being especially strong in defence. Grant's one decisive victory was against Rigaud's whom they beat 8—1. The Juniors team should be congratulated on a fairly successful season. There is now only one round left and if Grant's manages to beat College it will be second in the competition. Next season it is hoped they will do even better as ten of the players will still be under sixteen next year.

The House League team did quite well considering the amount of ex-watermen there were playing for us. The House ended the term second to Rigaud's who were by far the most superior team in the competition, having both weight and a fair knowledge of football. Nevertheless of the four goals scored against them last term, Grant's scored two. The team was a very senior one and gained most of its victories by brute force. The two players who had the most skill were the wingers, van Rest and Phelps Brown, who both did very well. Too many of the players played entirely as individualists and not as a team. This policy was successful when playing against the weaker teams. The lack of an experienced goalkeeper was also felt. It was fairly obvious though, that Grant's were definitely superior to all the other houses except Rigaud's, and we should finish the competition second.

THE WATER

The Waterman's general opinion before the last regatta was that we could scarcely do worse than in that of the year before. This proved to be quite incorrect, as we came bottom in the Halahan Cup with only one point.

This state of affairs cannot be altered merely by wishful thinking. There is only one remedy—and that is hard work. It has been shewn time and time again that to win races in the summer, plenty of long sculling outings in the winter are vital. Feverish practice a week before the regatta, besides being quite useless, is usually impossible because of the demand for boats.

New boys must be made to realise that the Water is essentially an all the year round station. The Election term alone is not enough to learn to row in. Therefore, to those who consider doing football just because they have always done it, I would suggest that in future they turn their energies to rowing. It is pointless to continue in the mediocrity of the pick up game or the bottom of the league, when, who knows, a boy may have a natural aptitude for rowing. New boys must not play football when they arrive just because they have played before, or wish to see the lie of the land. If all try hard, we will improve our position, but it cannot be expected that two terms will see us back in the forefront. Grant's will again rise to the top, but it will only be done by long and consistent hard work, and, what is more important, a steady stream of keen new watermen is essential. Strength and weight are important but enthusiasm, skill and hard work are the governing factors.

FENCING

For Grant's, the Play term was very successful in fencing, as we won both the Seniors Cup and the House Foil Cup. Never before have we won the Seniors Cup and only once—in 1935—have we won the Foil Cup. M. S. Makower came first in the Junior Foil competition and C. J. Croft won the Epée, with I. R. Cameron fencing well to come third in the Senior Foil Competition and fourth in the Epée. T. H. Stewart came fifth and Croft second in the foil while Makower and Croft came second and third respectively in the Sabre.

It is hoped that Fencing up Grant's will continue to thrive, but for it to do this, more junior fencers will be needed in the future.

THE CONCERT

Five years have passed since Sir Adrian Boult (O.G.) conducted the first concert after the rehabilitation of School. Fifteen concerts on hard chairs are hardly conducive to musical appreciation, and yet this year the Concert Secretary was seen sorting piles of requests for seats, which he thought he could not hope to satisfy, sitting at

his desk in alternate hope and despair. However, on the night all was well, although every inch was occupied.

Whether the performance quite merited this large support was questioned in several quarters. Mozart's "Paris" Symphony was well suited to the style of the orchestra and the Andante was very pleasant despite occasional discrepancies in timing. The traditional carols were not entirely satisfactory although Holt's "Lullay, my liking," with P. J. Dunlop (Q.S.) as soloist was very well received. The main orchestral work was Beethoven's Piano Concerto in C minor. C. P. Smith (BB.) lacked the necessary dynamic touch to make this a memorable performance and his gentle touch would have better suited the G major concerto. However, nervousness set apart, he was technically excellent and his undoubted ability was well displayed in the wonderful cadenza.

Bach's Christmas oratorio tended to be inaudible but was otherwise well performed, one particular pleasure being the men's chorus, "Mighty Lord," which was beautifully supported by a solo trumpet obligato.

The concert ended with the carol "Adeste Fideles" and the National Anthem. My one regret was that we did not sing the School Song. The Concert is the only occasion when we can have it and although there is opposition to singing it, the opportunity should not be missed.

THE FOURTH WALL

The Busby's plays of the past five years have all been of some particular interest in one way or another. Last year the interest lay in the production of Julius Caesar on a very well constructed and pleasing model of an Elizabethan stage. This year, as in several past years, the play aroused our interest because it gave us an opportunity of seeing a rarely performed play by an author famous for a very different type of literature. The fact that "The Fourth Wall," by A. A. Milne, was no more than hopelessly conventional and uninspired did not detract any of our interest at seeing this dusty museum piece performed. In fact, the Busby's Players, as they seem to like themselves called, serve much the same purpose at Westminster, as the Arts Theatre served in London and it is a pity that the school play is not sometimes as ambitious in its choice as this.

Thus it was that we went to the play on the first night in a spirit of interested expectancy but for some time after the curtain had gone up on the pleasing and solid set of G. A. D. Saward, we were left to witness a kind of dumb show of characters walking to and fro mouthing inaudible words and occasionally giving a condescending gesture. And it was not until H. B. Francis and R. K. Franklin came on the scene that we had the remotest idea of what the play was about. And so the well-contrived pistol shot

came as a real surprise to us and excited us even more to know what on earth was happening. And we did gradually come to know this, mainly due to R. K. Franklin, although it is only fair to add that S. E. P. Hayward as the butler, spoke his unhelpful and thankless lines with crystal clarity. The fact that the second and third acts were almost entirely audible points to this regrettable affair as being the result of initial nervousness and lack of experience of speaking to a very full audience.

Of single performances, J. M. Blume and G. P. W. Cashell were the best executants of their parts, the former tackling the dangerous problem of a bucolic accent with "erasmic" precision, not too little and not too much, but beautifully calculated and spoken. Cashell made a very convincing Scotland Yard "smart Alec." A close second, R. K. Franklin, managed a much more difficult part with considerable success and his performance had a very cultivated criminal character to it. D. R. Ferney and J. K. Town were an ill-fated couple, being the worst offenders as far as inaudibility was concerned and Ferney in particular took no steps to make his objectionable part more acceptable. Others who deserve honourable mention are G. R. Elliston for a performance which was short but sweet and H. B. Francis who was handicapped by unconvincing make up. The production was imaginative and interesting and except for the inevitable slip, ran smoothly. We must also add in all fairness that we hear that the second performance was far more audible.

And although we are thankful to Busby's for reviving this curiosity we feel that Dr. Johnson's remark about the Giant's Causeway sums up our opinion of the play perfectly as being "worth seeing, but not worth going to see."

HAT TRICK

It was a scorching afternoon, in mid-summer, and as I had walked far that day, I paused to lean on the parapet of an old stone bridge. As I stood there gazing into the clear water of the stream, I noticed something floating downstream which I instinctively sensed should not be there. As it came nearer, I realized that it was, of all things, a bowler hat. Rather a nice hat, I told myself, as it drifted closer. Suddenly, with a strange sensation working its way up my spine, I realised that the hat was firmly planted on a head, which was completely submerged in the stream. As this strange vision drew nearer still, I could make out the features of the wearer's face.

It was a large, very red face, puffing with exertion, the eyes almost popping from their place, and what seemed so uncanny was, that whoever it was hadn't come up for air. I suddenly thought that the fellow might be in danger, and called down to ask if I could help.

"No thanks," replied the face, "I'm riding a bicycle."

WASHINGTON RE-VISITED

We were high over the Potomac, which from this height resembled a dirty, wriggling worm, and gliding gently down the plane landed on the great expanse of white concrete. The heat was like a Dantean hell and it seared through our shoes from the ground. The long wait for the baggage, and then we were speeding from the National Airport into the metropolis, through the well-planned streets lined with trees, which cast a welcome, cool shade from the orange ball of fire which hung in the sky.

It had not changed except that there seemed even more Service people on the streets than there had been during the war. I was not surprised for I had been told that Washington was more like a bee-hive than ever before, and that people were coming and going and going and coming, and scurrying here and there on various errands and achieving practically nothing by it. The lobby of the hotel was full of a motley collection of people, giving the impression that Washington was the capital of the world besides the United States; there were Asiatics and Europeans, blacks and whites, Christians and Mohammedans, all adding up to the sound of a henhouse.

Outside the cars and the people streamed past in never ending lines, all of them seeming to be in haste to get somewhere, yet not quite knowing how to do it.

Twilight and night came quickly in succession and as they did so the streets seemed to empty of the crowds and desertion took their place. It seemed strange that a city so busy in light should be so drab in dark, and yet the next morning life was back again and the cars were filing patiently into the metropolis on the roads which ran out radially from it into the surrounding country. Drabness fell from the buildings like cast-off cloaks and as the sun rose in the east the city began another day.

AN ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR

A hush in the unharmonious tuning of a multitude of instruments; hundreds of heads turn towards the wings of an orchestral platform, and then, an immaculately-groomed head is thrust into sight, is hastily withdrawn, and then emerges once more, this time attached to an equally immaculately-groomed figure. A fantastic ovation rises from an adoring audience, only ceasing when the conductor at last mounts the rostrum, and having stentoriously beaten the grand piano lid (or any other handy object) with a little white stick, sends the orchestra off on its long, intricate, and often tedious journey to the end of a symphony. All very nice and picturesque. But what exactly is the use of this immaculately-groomed little man? In the majority of big orchestras, very little, except that the audience has someone to hero worship, and cheer on every possible occasion.

Admittedly the leader, the person who really does the hard work and deserves the ovation, does get a little half-hearted applause, and will, if he is on good terms with the conductor and is willing to lick the boots of the managing director of the concert hall, conceivably get his name printed on the programme (in minute writing) if he is lucky, but it is clear that the real hero of the hour is the conductor. Even if he is a doddering old man of eighty, as long as there is life in the old dog yet, and he is capable of wagging a little stick in the air or noisily turn over myriads of closely printed score, and sufficiently lose himself in it so that he may leave the orchestra alone and allow it to get on playing the symphony on its own, properly, without being put off by this old buffer making faces at them and pointing, good and well. His success is ensured from the time he takes his bow. .

Any musician who cannot get on with a piece of music by himself and without being led by the hand and spoon-fed with the score, ought not to be in a respectable orchestra at all, and it's about time the poor, overlooked, underpaid, overworked, downtrodden leader got his due, and the rich, overrated, overpaid, underworked, renegade, the conductor was put in the place he belongs, playing second fiddle in the winter garden orchestra at Clacton-on-Sea.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

There has been a disappointing response to the appeal in the last issue for Old Grantites to write in with details of their activities. This is a little difficult to understand as many of the Old Grantites who attended the Commem. Service appeared to be in favour of this Old Grantite News column. The next issue of the *Grantite Review* goes to the printers early in May and it is to be hoped that there will be a spate of letters to :

Flight Lieutenant R. J. M. BARON, M.B.E., R.A.F.,
c/o 12/39, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7.

who is collecting the various items for publication.

Our congratulations to :—

V. B. LEVISON (1935–1939) on his marriage.

W. S. G. MACMILLAN (1936–1941) on the birth of a daughter.

G. L. Y. RADCLIFFE (1931–1937) on his award of the M.B.E.
for services in Korea.

J. W. P. BRADLEY (1942–1945) on his engagement to be married.

E. R. CAWSTON (1937–1940) on his marriage.

Among the many younger Old Grantites who attended the Commem. Service in the Abbey on November 17th, 1952, was the

Hon. J. A. DAVIDSON (1942-1947). He is now working in the City in Insurance and running a small farm in the Chilterns during his spare time at the week-ends. That scholastic and theatrical ability can go together is shown by the fact that he was the first President of the Footlights to get a degree since before the War!

Working in pairs either as doctors or medical students seems to be popular among Old Grantites. R. E. NAGLE (1943-1949) and D. L. ALMOND (1943-1948) are busy at University College Hospital, London, learning the hundred and one things a medical student must know before qualifying as a Doctor.

Stuck in a tent in the desert and thinking wistfully of fog, snow, Putney and Grant's, is R. P. HARBEN (1946-1951) who is completing his National Service as a 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Artillery, in an Airborne Regiment. The only time he regrets the choice of the Army for his National Service, is when he has to draw his parachute and lead his rather blasé troops out of the side door of an aircraft into space! He also suggests that the way to chronicle O.G. activities is to say that Wilberforce (or Ramsbottom) is now reading law (or classics or mathematics, etc.) or serving his time in the Army (Navy or R.A.F.) at Cambridge (the other place or Aldershot). Unless a few more letters are received from Old Grantites, we may even be reduced to this.

Licking envelopes, sticking on stamps, making tea and serving warts is at present the lot of M. G. BARON (1942-1946) who, just down from Cambridge, is now articulated to a firm of solicitors in the City. He eventually hopes to make use of his legal degree and start soliciting on his own in three years' time.

Receiving a letter headed with the Conservative Lion "Winning Through" we hazarded a guess that it might be from W. R. van STRAUBENZEE (1937-1942). It was. He is now a solicitor and in his second year as National Chairman of the Young Conservatives. In this capacity he travels 1,500 miles a month in his spare time. He also manages to be a Governor of Ashridge.

An old Grantite who is rapidly making a name for himself in films is D. M. EADY (1938-1942). Since leaving Cambridge in 1948 he has been working for London Film Productions (Korda Company) and was an Assistant Editor on "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and "The Third Man"; he also worked on "Cry the Beloved Country" as an editor. He has written and directed three Technicolor documentaries, "Bridge of Time," "The Road to Canterbury" and "Edinburgh." The last two were shown at the 1952 Edinburgh Festival. "Canterbury" was shown at the 1952 Berlin Festival and "Bridge of Time" at the 1952 Indian Film Festival. Quite an advance since the film made about Grant's during the Exile at Lancing!

At present he is busy writing the script of a short thriller, "Please to Remember," which forms the first part of a composite film of three thrillers being made this year.