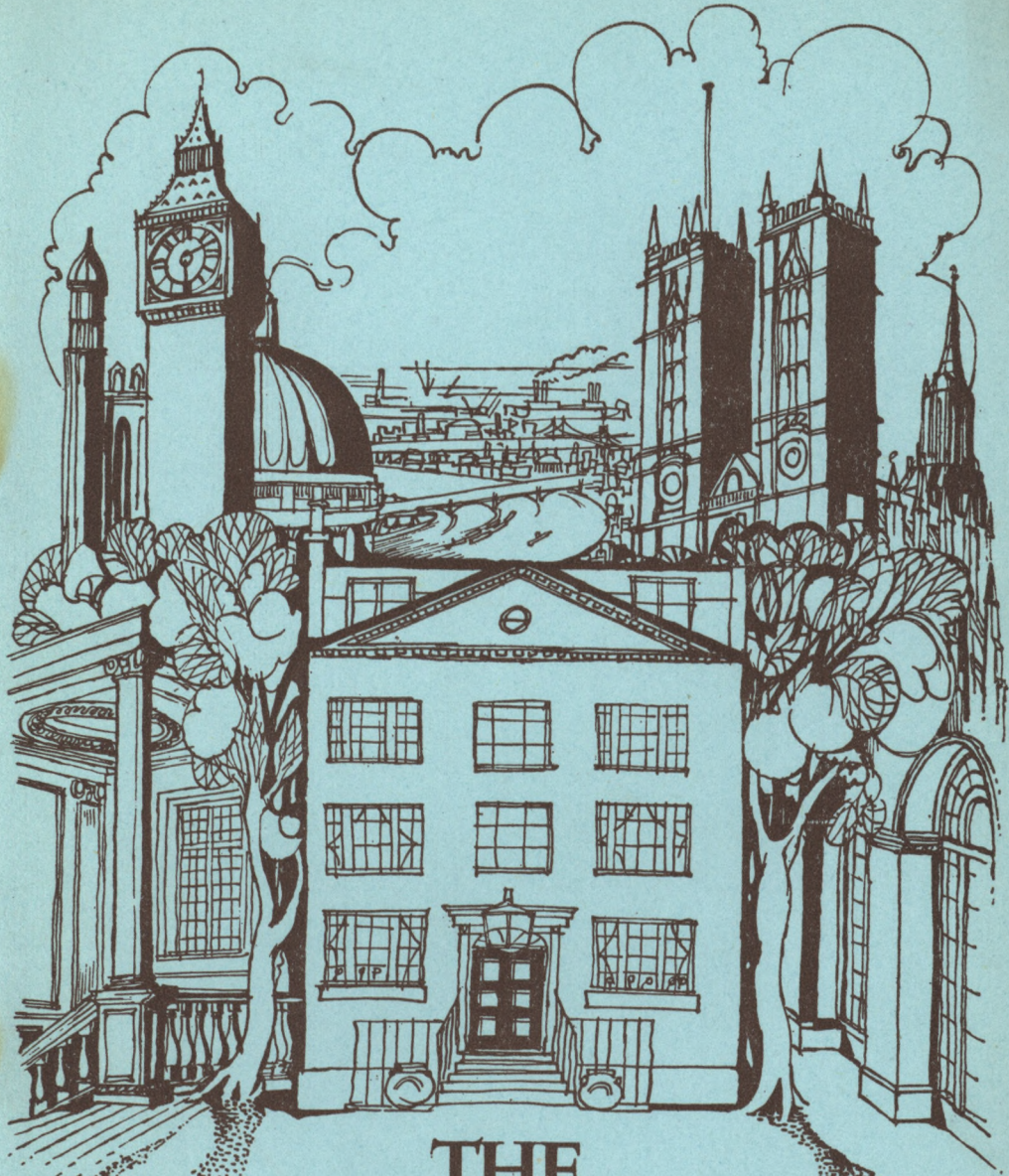


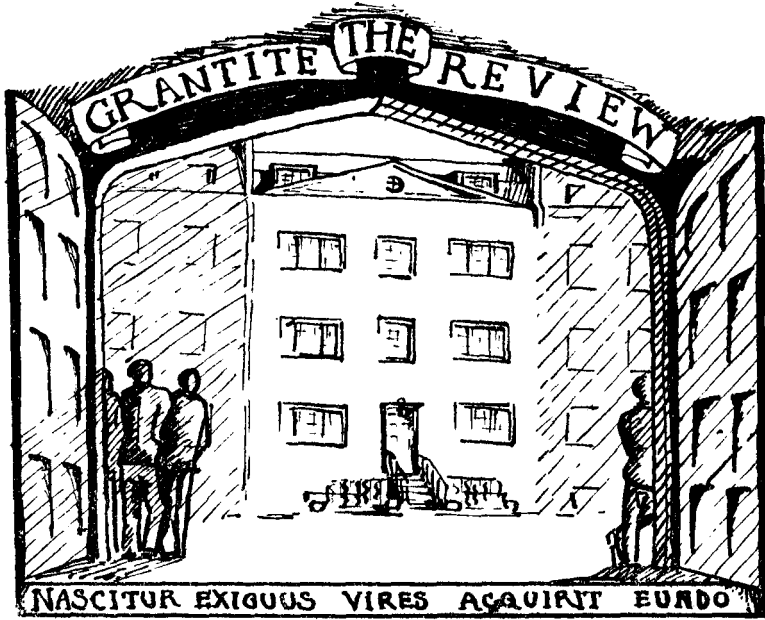
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THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

INDEX

EDITORIAL	1
HOUSE NOTES	2
HOUSE DIARY	3
THE CONCERT	4
WATER	5
FOOTBALL SENIORS	6
FENCING—PUBLIC SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIP	7
ATHLETICS	8
SHOOTING	9
MACBETH	10
VISIT TO B.A.O.R. <i>D. B. C. F.</i>	11
TWENTIETH CENTURY ANABASIS <i>G. I. Chick</i>	12
A GRANTITE IN FRANCE <i>J. S. Woodford</i>	13
THE POLICEMAN'S LOT <i>C. M. Wolchover</i>	14
THE BLEEDING FLOWER AND BLASTED FRUIT OF LOVE	17
"HEIMWEH"	17
UP GRANT'S—75 YEARS AGO <i>Dr. E. H. D. Phillips</i> .	18
OLD GRANTITE NEWS	19



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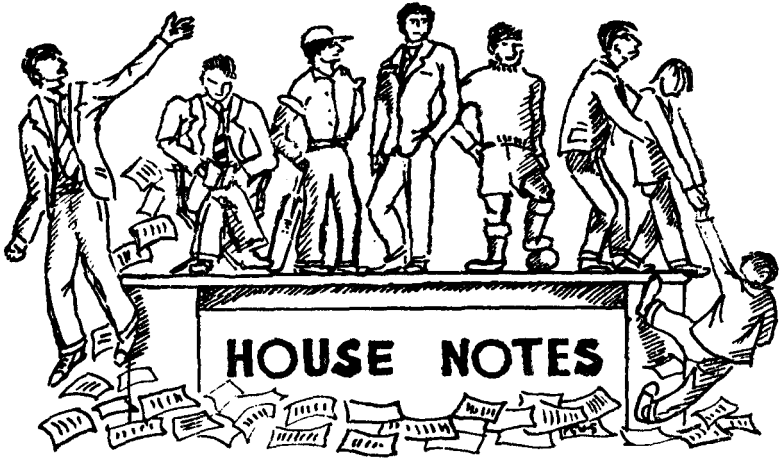
EDITORIAL

Last March the *Grantite Review* reached its seventieth anniversary. The first number of the *Grantite Review* appeared in 1884, exactly ten years after the first publication of the *Elizabethan*, thus claiming to be the second oldest magazine in the School. It was started in the March of 1884 by the Rev. C. Erskine, who was at that time "a little boy in Hall." It soon won recognition, and the leading article in the second number was written by the Head of the House. *The Grantite* was originally rather smaller in size than *The Elizabethan*, but was far larger than the present *Grantite*, although it was much thinner, having only eight pages. In February, 1888 the magazine was changed to its present size, and since then it has always been edited *ex officio* by the Head of House.

In 1891, however, *The Grantite* seems to have suffered from rivalry with *The Rigaudite Review*, for in the July of that year, the *Grantite* opened with "A Farewell." "Never," we read, "has our

struggling and hapless *Review* received such a violent and unprovoked attack as that which our upstart friend next door has just published. . . . It has now grown so weak, that we, the Editors, think it would be better if it went down into the dust of death. We are induced to make this confession not so much because we feel crushed and utterly annihilated by the harshness of 'Number One,' as from the fact that we have long foreseen its certain end."

But *The Granite* was not dead ; it was merely sleeping, and in March, 1892, less than a year later, *The Granite* reappeared. The editors asserted that their predecessors of the July issue in the previous year had "found it beyond their power to make the paper anything but exiguus," yet they ventured to hope that in their turn they might "not only leave exiguus behind," but also might acquire "the vires eundo which the motto of the paper asserts it will attain." Since 1892 *The Granite* has run without interruption, and on its seventieth anniversary we can do no better than to trust, like the Editor of that issue, that "*The Granite Review* will have as flourishing and prosperous a career as it undoubtedly deserves."



ELECTION TERM

We welcome this term: S. I. Eden (Boarder), N. D. K. Evans (Day Boy).

J. H. M. Anderson is Head of House.

The Monitors are: M. S. Makower, C. J. Croft, N. A. Phelps-Brown, J. G. F. Fraser (Boarders) and I. R. Cameron and W. E. A. Phillips (Day Boys). J. H. M. Anderson and M. S. Makower are also School Monitors.

In Chiswicks there are: A. C. H. Lathe, P. K. T. Smith, G. I. Chick, C. H. Prince, R. T. J. A. Clark, D. N. S. McArthur, J. U. Salvi, A. C. B. Hunter, C. C. L. Brown, F. A. Warholm, D. Dewar (Boarders) and J. S. Woodford, R. P. G. Richards, D. D. Cammell (Day Boys).

D. B. Wilkins is Head of Hall and the hall monitors are: E. C. Dickinson, R. F. Fuller and C. M. Wolchover (Boarders).

M. S. Makower is Head of School Music and Captain of Fencing.

C. H. Prince is Secretary of Tennis.

I. R. Cameron is Secretary of the Photographic Society.

M. Makower is Secretary of the Natural History Society.

J. H. M. Anderson is Head of House Water.

R. T. J. A. Clark is Head of House Cricket.

C. J. Croft is Head of House Fencing.

* * * *

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

June 30th—July 3rd ... Henley Royal Regatta.

July 10th ... Cricket 1st XI v. O.W.W (home).

2nd XI v. O.W.W. (home).

Tennis 1st VI v. Lancing (home).

„ 12th ... School Regatta begins.

„ 15th ... Classical Play.

- „ 17th ... Cricket, 1st XI v. Charterhouse (away).
- „ 23rd ... School Concert, 7.45 p.m.
- „ 24th ... School Regatta, Finals.
- „ 25th ... Election Sunday.
- „ 27th ... Term Ends.

* * * *

LENT TERM

We won the inter-house challenge football shield, beating Rigauds 4—2 in the final.

We came second in the Bringsty relay, losing the baton, which we have retained for ten successive years.

Congratulations to :—

C. J. Croft on winning the Public Schools Sabre Championship and on being awarded his Pinks for fencing.

And to : I. R. Cameron on winning the public Schools Epée championship and on being awarded his Pink-and-Whites and Pinks for fencing.

And to : C. H. Prince on being awarded his Pink-and-Whites for tennis.

And to : R. T. J. A. Clark on being awarded his thirds for football and house seniors for athletics.

And to : J. G. Fraser on being awarded his Thirds for shooting.

And to : F. R. Lucas on being awarded his Junior Colts for football.

And to : A. C. H. Lathe, M. C. M. Frances, P. M. Godfrey, G. S. Clarke, and D. B. Wilkins on being awarded their House Seniors for football.

And to : J. A. K. Garrett on being awarded his House Juniors for shooting.

And to : M. Makower on being awarded his House Juniors for fencing.

And to : J. U. Salvi on winning the Pancake Greaze.

* * * *

LIT. SOC.

Last term we read the following plays :—“ The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” by Arthur Pinero ; “ Doll’s House,” by Ibsen ; “ Housemaster ” by Ian Hay ; “ The Guinea Pig,” by W. Chetham-Strode ; “ Hindle Wakes,” by Stanley Houghton ; “ The Winslow Boy,” by Terence Rattigan ; “ French Without Tears,” by Terence Rattigan ; “ Journey’s End ” by R. C. Sheriff.

* * * *

C.C.F. INSPECTION

The C.C.F. Inspection this year will take place up Fields on the morning of June 11th.

The contingent will be inspected by Air Vice-Marshal G. D. Harvey, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., who is the most senior Old Westminster in the Royal Air Force.

HOUSE DIARY

At the beginning of this—the Election Term—Grant's tribulations have started again. We are now even more scattered, since No. 2 is being rebuilt, so that it seemed that there would be nowhere for the House to sleep. In spite of a succession of rumours that we would be encamped on Green, the optimists maintaining that we were to sleep in huts and the pessimists claiming that tents were the best we could hope for, space was found in the "San" for most of the exiled Grantites. In addition to this, a form-room on the ground-floor of No. 19 has been turned into a dormitory, so that everyone can at least sleep in comfort. A few stalwarts still live in No. 2 in spite of the builders, for Chiswicks have moved downstairs to what was the Housemaster's dining-room, while half of Inner has taken over the sitting-room.

However, the Election Term, as usual, offers plenty of opportunity for the harassed Grantite to soothe his nerves. Cricket and Water continue to make heavy demands on the spare time of enthusiasts, while those whose stations allow them more leisure are able to enjoy themselves watching the exertions of others, always a pleasant occupation, or to endeavour to soothe their conscience by a last few weeks of panic-stricken work before their exams.

House Choir practices for the Music Competitions are now under way, and it is hoped that Grant's talent will stand up to the task of retaining the two cups which we won last year.

Another great occasion this term will be the Inspection. Usually this is not one of the most popular days in the year, but as the Inspecting Officer is to arrive by helicopter, there is rather more enthusiasm; also a band from the Scots Guards is to play for us. Admittedly most of the interest taken in the Inspection seems to take the form of speculations as to things that may go wrong, for such up-to-date mechanisation is bound to awaken mistrust among the more conservative of us.

So, even though Grant's is scattered to the four corners of Westminster, life still continues, and many of last term's evil forebodings have, fortunately not come to pass.

THE CONCERT

The concert was held up School on Friday, March 26th, at 7.45 p.m. The programme opened with Beethoven's powerful Overture, "Egmont," which was followed by an Introit for solo violin (J. D. I. Boyd, Busby's) and orchestra by Gerald Finzi. This was spoiled by the cor anglais player who failed to appear at the last moment. The highlight of the evening, at least for the low-brow listener, was the Concert in the style of Handel for three bassoons and strings, in which the soloists were Geoffrey Hartley,

the composer of the concerto, D. J. D. Miller, Q.S., and W. E. A. Phillips, Grant's. Some members of the audience may recall the trio for three bassoons by Weissenborn, played at the Election Term concert, 1952, which was also a great success. The first half of the programme was completed with William Byrd Suite by Gordon Jacob, who uses a full modern symphony orchestra, including a glockenspiel to play the Elizabethan music. Some hold that such an orchestration is entirely out of keeping with the Elizabethan school of music ; it is largely a matter of personal preference.

The second half of the concert was entirely devoted to Haydn's 9th Mass, variously known as the "Imperial" or the "Lord Nelson." It is a superb work, in which the soloists, who were very good, were Margaret Field-Hyde, Sylvia Rowlands, N. N. G. Maw (O.G.), and the Hon. J. A. Davidson (O.G.). Dr. Arnold Foster says of the Mass in his programme note :

" . . . The vitality, power and wealth of invention make the neglect of this work unaccountable unless it be from a mistaken idea of what religious music should be. There was no rigid division between sacred and secular musical idioms in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries and Haydn and Mozart wrote their church music in the operatic idioms of their time. Haydn was deeply sincere and said that ' at the thought of God his heart leapt for joy, and he could not help his music doing the same.' It is none the less devotional for being cheerful. Haydn's contrapuntal mastery and superb architecture is clearly shown in this Mass. Note also the way in which the solo voices and chorus are contrasted and woven together in each number. There is a grand fugue to ' In Gloria Dei Patris ' and the ' Credo ' is set in canon at the 5th. In keeping with the conventions of the period the ' Dona Nobis Pacem ' is treated in the style of a Presto symphonic finale."

And so ended another school concert.

WATER

Most of the Lent Term was spent in practising for the School's Head of the River Race, which was rowed on the Tideway over a course from St. Paul's School Boathouse to the Westminster School Boathouse on March 16th. Grant's was much better represented in the Westminster crews this year than it has been for some time past. There were no Grantites rowing in the "A" crew which held its last year's position at 8th. In the "B" crew, which went down from 15th to 27th, we had three representatives ; Anderson rowing at 6, Phillips at 4 and McArthur at 3. Dewar coxed the "C" crew, which did not do so well as last year, dropping from 18th to 37th. Douglas-Mann rowed at 7 in the Colts' "A" crew, which did well to rise from 39th to 32nd, although they did not succeed in winning the Colts' Cup, which went to St. Paul's this year. The "D" crew, with Chick rowing at 2 and coxed by Cammell, also did well to come up from

43rd to 38th. The other Grantites rowing in crews were Overstall at 2 and Brown at 5 in the "E" crew, which dropped from 49th to 54th, and Fisher at 3, Macfarlane at 5 and Phillips at 6 in the Colt's "B" crew, which went up three places from 52nd to 49th.

This year Westminster entered three crews for the Tideway Head of the River Race, which was rowed from Putney to Mortlake on Saturday, March 27th. The "A" crew did well to rise from 51st to 37th but the "B" crew, in which Anderson, Phillips and McArthur were rowing, dropped from 116 to 132. The "C" crew, coxed by Dewar, started near the bottom, since it was a new entry, but finished 153rd.

This term we welcome four new house watermen, which brings our total numbers up to 27, which is the highest number we have had for some time. It is also encouraging to see that there are three Grantites who row regularly in the Junior eight, which came on to the Water early this term. It is no good depending entirely on the more senior Watermen in the Regatta, for one might almost say that it is the juniors who form the backbone of a house's rowing. Remember that keenness and energy displayed during the Regatta has a considerable effect upon your rowing career at Westminster, and keeping this in mind, I am sure that during the Regatta you will "do your very best and row your very hardest."

FOOTBALL SENIORS

This has certainly been a successful year for Grant's, for they had a surprising run of victories to win the seniors shield, were runners-up in the Juniors and were third in the league. Next year's teams, however, should do even better.

Space forbids a detailed account of every match. In the first game after a 0—0 draw with Busby's—a very good team including four Pinks—we won the replay; Lathe's two goals, Clark's brilliant goalkeeping and some luck taking us into the semi-final, where our weak finishing and a very slippery pitch kept the score down to 3—1 against Queen's Scholars. Woodford (2) and Clarke scored the goals.

The final against Rigaud's was played on a Monday afternoon after school, on a heavy but firm pitch. Rigaud's had the better of the play in the first half with Tourlamain and McGibbon outstanding, but Grant's, although lethargic, were dangerous in breakaways. Rigaud's took the lead when Tourlamain tapped home a centre from the left wing, and minutes later he scored again with a brilliant shot. Grant's had one incredible miss when the ball went to and fro hitting the posts of an empty Rigaud's goal just before half-time.

At half-time, two down, Grant's looked a beaten team but recovered and retaliated fiercely. Fifteen minutes later Clarke scored a fine half-volleyed goal. Then Phelps Brown and Lathe gave Lucas the chance to shoot into the corner of the net. Grant's attacked continuously until the whistle.

Early in the first half of extra time Clarke was fouled and Woodford scored after Henry had beaten down his penalty kick. Almost immediately afterwards Lathe's fine pass left Clarke with an empty goal. The second half of extra time was uneventful owing to increasing darkness and a sleet shower. The whole side showed tremendous team spirit in a hard game, in which all played well. The outstanding players were Phelps Brown, Clarke, Frances and Woodford, all of whom played brilliantly. The vocal support received throughout the series was very much appreciated.

Clark in goal was always safe and sometimes brilliant. Godfrey and Prince made a formidable full-back combination. Frances, Wilkins, and Benson proved rugged and constructive half-backs, while Fraser's two fine displays were invaluable. Phelps Brown on the right wing inspired the other forwards by his unselfish enthusiasm partnered by the very promising Lucas. Lathe was a match-winning and goal-getting centre-forward and Clarke played well with dash and skill on the left wing. Woodford not only played excellent football but proved a very able and inspiring captain. Smith gave one competent performance at full-back.

Goal-scorers, Clarke 3, Woodford 3, Lathe 2, Lucas 1.

The team wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Wilson for providing such an excellent dinner to celebrate their victory.

FENCING — THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP

On the first day of the Public Schools Championships Makower and Boyd (Busby's) reached the final and Makower was unlucky to lose in a barrage for first place. Boyd came fifth.

These two finalists had put Westminster in a leading position for the Graham-Bartlett cup, but our match results in épée had been very disappointing during last term, and it was therefore very encouraging when three Westminster's reached the final. The other three finalists were all from St. Pauls, our traditional fencing rivals. Soon after the final had started it became clear that Cameron, who had been fighting well all day, was in a strong position for the épée title. A loss to Coulson of St. Paul's, however, left these two in a barrage for first place, each having won four fights. Cameron left no doubt about the last fight, which he won quite comfortably. C. J. Croft came fourth and Boyd sixth.

As a result of the épée Westminster were still in a leading position for the Graham-Bartlett cup, but it was by no means certain that we would win without some sabre finalists. When, however, both Makower and Croft reached the final on the third day, it was certain that Westminster were victorious. The result of the sabre championship still remained. Fitton (City of London School) and Croft both won their first four fights, and the result depended on the last fight between them. The score reached three all and after a hit

about which two judges and the president were not certain, Croft completed Westminster's triumph by winning. Makower came third.

Thus Westminster won the Graham-Bartlett Cup by 29 points to St. Paul's 14 and City of London's 13 (Grantites were responsible for 24 of the Westminster points). Grant's also hold three of the four Public Schools fencing cups.

Floreat!

ATHLETICS

The first events of the season were the long distance races run on February 23rd along the towpath to Putney. Grant's teams were placed third in both the senior and the junior races. M. C. M. Frances ran well to finish third in the junior.

Next came the Bringsty Relay on March 9th, run over six laps of the one thousand yard Wimbledon Common course. The race has been won for many years by Grant's ; this year, however, we lost the challenge baton to Ashburnham. The race went smoothly until the last lap, when the Ashburnham runner, with a substantial lead, lost his way and therefore finished only five yards ahead of Grant's.

The rest of the Athletics were run up Fields, the finals taking place on Saturday, March 21st. Although Grant's athletes showed no lack of keenness and spirit, we had not the ability to achieve a higher place than fifth in the general order. The juniors showed promise, particularly M. D. Fairbairn, and should produce good teams in the future. R. T. J. A. Clark gained second place by putting the weight with great power in the senior event, while in the long jump C. H. Prince and J. A. G. Harrop gained third places in senior and under $14\frac{1}{2}$ events respectively. R. Munro-Faure discovered that he could jump, and jumped well enough to gain a deserved second place in the under $14\frac{1}{2}$ high jump. Fairbairn won the under $14\frac{1}{2}$ 440 yards and 220 yards, and was placed second in the 100 yards. He has style as well as strength, and should make a good half mile runner.

SHOOTING

Busby's first team was the favourite this year in the inter-house shooting competition since it included three members of the school first eight. Grant's, therefore, were unlucky to draw them as their opponents in the first round.

Grant's had only one member of the first eight in its team, but both Clark and Hunter had shot regularly for the second eight and so our position was by no means hopeless. Grant's shot first and scored 438 (H.P.S., 500). This was a good score and would have been sufficient to put us into the second round if we had drawn different opponents. Busby's, however, scored 459 and went on to the final to beat their own second team with the awe inspiring score of 479.

Clark and Hunter, who stand a good chance of getting into the first eight, will both be here next year and Grant's will be a much stronger team.

One of the difficulties that Westminster shooting has to contend with is that there is not enough room in the shooting classes for everybody who wishes to shoot. This means that it is not easy to begin shooting young and so the Westminster teams tend to be less experienced than the teams of other schools. It is not easy to find an answer to this problem with the limited space available, but an answer must be found if Westminster is ever to rank among the top shooting schools.

The Grant's team was J. G. F. Fraser (Captain), R. T. J. A. Clark, A. C. B. Hunter (seniors), and J. A. K. Garrett (junior).

MACBETH

Macbeth, according to Agate, is the least of the four great tragedies. What he forgot to say is that it is eminently suitable as a School Play. That this is so was proved by the production last March. For where a professional production fails by its acting difficulties, an amateur one may score by its possible effects. These last were supplied very ably by Gray.

Lewsen's Macbeth was not wholly successful. Primarily, Macbeth is a rough, hard soldier. He needs at the beginning to fill the stage, to dominate his fellow characters. Lewsen's portrayal resembled a quiet but warlike mouse who happens to have bitten some alcoholic cheese, and consequently his early soliloquies lacked both drive and meaning. This was remedied as Macbeth descends the ladder of destruction, and his execution in the banquet scene was excellent.

Redgrave, as Lady Macbeth, gave an excellent performance, which, though at times a little stilted and conscious of being lady-like, developed to a fine and moving climax in the sleep-walking scene.

It is not often that one sees a Macbeth in which the Witches' scenes are uncut, nor is it usually profitable to include the non-Shakespearian Hecate scene; but overriding the disadvantages of stilted rhyming couplets and rather limited scope, the scene produced excellently fine results, the witches being very credibly played by Salter, Calmann and Ellison.

MacGibbon played a fiery Macduff, Herbert a rather reserved but adequate Banquo. These were backed up by able Thanes; among whom were a somnambulous Lennox by Marks, and a very moving Ross by Muir. Gross was miscast for Duncan, but tried hard, and Dewar was a fine, if occasionally self-satisfied, Malcolm. Andrews was a very excellent Lady Macduff.

Mr. Spaul designed some excellent Nordic scenery, and the play moved to a fast and exciting end.

VISIT TO B.A.O.R.

On the evening of the 2nd of April an extremely apprehensive party from the Corps bound for the 17/21st Lancers, in the charge of Major French started off on the first stage of their trip to Germany. On arriving at our destination, Munster, after an extremely uncomfortable 24 hours journeying by boat and train, our spirits were further dampened, owing to the fact that it was pouring with rain.

However the weather improved vastly, and continued fine throughout our most enjoyable stay. It turned out to be a happy medium between military and civilian life. The men and the officers at the camp were extremely friendly. Among the entertainment provided were visits to the Rhine battlefields at Wesel and Goch, to the Möhne Dam, and, to the mechanics' despair, much activity on tanks and scout cars. It turned out, that the monopoly of tank drivers was held by Grant's. An amusing episode was a football match between the band and ourselves; a light-hearted game of which the result was, a loss by one goal to nil, and the only casualty was, surprisingly enough, the linesman who fell on some barbed wire. A Grantite member of the party profited by 20 cigarettes on a bet that we would not lose by more than 7—0.

Tea with the Commanding Officer on the Sunday, and a meal in Munster on the Monday evening brought an interesting experience to an end. It was with many regrets that we took our leave of a famous regiment, and our first taste of what is to come.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ANABASIS

In 401 B.C. 10,000 Greek hoplites were enticed by the wily persuasion of Cyrus to join him in a march through lands yet unknown to them, but it was not until they reach Tarsus that they realized what real hazards awaited them.

Towards the end of the summer of 1953 A.D., twenty classicists and three O.W.W. were presented with a similar luring proposition to venture 2,000 miles into the unknown. When they reached Ostend they too began to wonder what was in store for them. It must be admitted that, whereas Cyrus' party marched on foot, the school party did allow a train to convey them on their journey, but nevertheless Fortune did not permit them to have everything their own way! The railway carriage was of Yugoslav manufacture and subjected to all Marshal Tito's economy regulations. The seats were admittedly padded with a rather doubtful material which split quite willingly, but the railway authorities insisted that each compartment should hold eight people and this turned out to be rather a squash to say the least of it. Consequently sleeping was rather impossible despite the cunning devices of various individuals.

Two of the more plutocratic of the party, were compelled to seek refuge in a second-class compartment. They paid two pounds to

the Belgian guard who guaranteed that they had paid the sufficient excess for Greece, and after five hours travelling were roughly ejected from their luxury by two obliging German policemen who refused to have any co-operation with the Belgian authorities.

However, despite a rather indifferent night and morning spent in travelling through Germany, the party was relieved to see the impressive scenery of Austria, a country which also supplied a restaurant car where a meal could be acquired for just under ten shillings (English). Needless to say, the offer was accepted.

Towards the approach of evening a journey through a lengthy tunnel brought us into Yugoslavia. We were greeted by a bloated-looking official whose sole intention seemed to be to show us that he could say the word "camera" with considerable difficulty. After the efficient electric traction, which Austria had boasted, the tornadoes of smuts which the Slav engine blasted through the window were intensely suffocating, and we were glad to get the Greek engine at Salonika even though the standard of Greek shunting is not very laudable.

Jugoslavia is a squalid country to say the least of it. All the peasants seem to do nothing but sit in the mud which presents a great contrast to the energy of the Greek peasant.

On the Katabasis Hunter encountered a Yugoslav royalist who presented him with some interesting facts about the present situation in Yugoslavia. He said that he lived in one room which was separated from the next by a sack curtain. He went on to say that theoretically it was possible for a Yugoslav to leave his country but, unless he had a wife and some children, it was impossible. This was presumably one of Tito's many safety precautions.

The train arrived in Athens only six minutes late after sixty hours travelling, which was practically a miracle. Our first impression of the city was rather vague since we were piled so tightly into our taxis that we could scarcely see out. However, the hotel created an extremely favourable impression. The manager was very obliging and the lunch was extremely well cooked and served.

The rest of the day I spent in sleep. Next morning I ventured out into the city. The first thing that struck me was the traffic (not literally, I'm glad to say, although I had several narrow escapes). There doesn't really appear to be any rule of the road or any speed limit, though there are few stretches where a driver can exceed ten m.p.h. without having to pull up quickly pretty soon afterwards. The general principle seems to be that a driver accelerates with all haste until he comes dangerously near another vehicle. Both drivers then brake violently, shout heatedly at each other and repeat the process. The policemen in "control" of the traffic all wear shining silver helmets which are heavily dented.

The next day most of the party rose at six to take the boat to Aegina. To tell the complete story of that day's events would take a large-sized book, but I will mention that it was there that we first saw what Greek country-roads were like. The country is very

mountainous and consequently all the roads wind round and round the edge of the mountains. At times one hears the blare of a rather impatient-sounding motor-horn. About twenty minutes later a large American car appears about five spurs away and gradually comes nearer, spur by spur. Soon it storms past one, and, once it has gone by, the sound of the horn-blowing becomes inaudible or, to speak more truly, is drowned by the row proceeding from the car's radio. One car, however, obliged with Beethoven's seventh.

On the following day we all started on our bus tour of the Peloponnese. This lasted six days, during which we visited the Argolid, Sparta, Olympia and Delphi. To put it lightly the tour went off splendidly and the hotels were marvellous, and all credit must be extended to the bus company for a really good piece of organization.

On the day of our return we had hardly stopped before we started off again to take the boat to Crete. We travelled third class, but, as hardly anybody goes first, most of the time off deck was spent in the first class bar (nothing implied!). The boat crew, in general, however were not obliging and continued to present various reasons as to why they were not obliged to give us food.

We did get food though on all occasions but one ; but when we returned to Athens we all marched into a rather petty little office of the ship owner, complete with all our luggage. Our impression seemed to have subdued the man but he successfully passed the buck on to a non-existent being who never kept his appointment.

The reader may say that the result of our tour was rather more successful and more comfortable than that organized by Cyrus, but it must be realized that, whereas the 10,000 were paid to go, the 26 did the paying. However, money was not the only factor that made the tour successful and this article would not be complete if I didn't express thanks to Mr. Craven, who managed all the money, to Mr. Zinn, who dealt with the organization and to Mrs. Craven who took care of all the pills and medicines with patience and discretion.

A GRANTITE IN FRANCE

I was the only Grantite privileged to make this memorable trip, for the purpose of perfecting my already perfect accent, which I am told, will take me anywhere in France, and several places have already been suggested.

This year no catastrophe occurred. No one imbibed too deeply of the wines of the country, no one was bitten by the far-famed vipers, and we were spared what would have been the humiliation of a table-tennis match against the school.

We were dispersed over the different houses, and quickly grew to realise that life was very earnest. Can you imagine any English boy getting up at five o'clock of the morning to finish his work of

the previous day? We however had only come to learn French, and sat in a blissful idleness, while the masters poured out a stream of notes, only rousing ourselves occasionally to scribble a dictation or prose.

Our sport was equally happy-go-lucky; after a few laps round the running track and a little P.T. some of us would kick a football around, while others did no sport at all but instead did gardening, which exists along with a number of other "travaux pratiques."

The food proved a little rich for one or two of us, who consequently enjoyed a stay in the infirmary, listening to the matron's war stories. The school, in addition to a very modernised block of classrooms, possesses a very fine concert hall, in which we attended several entertainments. The first was a recitation of comic poetry, where one man held the stage for three hours, with rarely a dull moment. Secondly we saw an English film, which was unfortunately spoiled by a faulty sound-track. Another film, about the south Sea Island of Bali, was really excellent. It was in colour and the photography was brilliant. Finally we saw a film on the "Cimade" an organisation which gives aid to all kinds of poor people.

At week-ends, after saluting the French flag, boys were free to go out with their parents. We were treated to two excursions, to Chartres and Rouen, which Dr. Sanger organised with his usual smooth efficiency.

We were not able to have contests of any kind against the school, but on the whole I think this was a good thing, because it did not stress the England versus France attitude too much.

I think it can be said that we all enjoyed and profited by our stay, and we were treated with a friendliness and courtesy which one rarely encounters. We hope that the "Rocheux" will soon cross the channel to explore a sample of Westminster life, and hope that they enjoy their stay as much as we did ours.

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT

Midnight. Tall buildings loomed silently in the mist. Just out of sight around the corner, a solitary street-lamp gave a white, cold glow to the damp air, and shone, wet and brittle, on the cobbles, from which it was reflected dully on to dirty window panes. Police Constable George Denson's regulation step rang hollowly on the greasy pavement.

From behind the row of warehouses on his left came the innumerable noises of the docks. The creak of masts and cables, lapping water and the occasional unearthly hoot of a tugboat. Here and there a sleepless seagull sobbed quietly to itself on a rooftop.

But George Denson had grown accustomed to the loneliness and the strange night-noises of a dock-yard town. He was no longer filled with that strange feeling of uncertainty at every

shadowy alley and doorway, bible-black in the darkness. For twenty years he had paced this same street, night after night, week after week until he knew every paving stone, every crack, every man-hole. He knew also, that nothing would ever happen to relieve the monotony of the dullest beat in the division. Nothing would ever come his way. No daring chase or clever, sensational arrest. He was past it, although he alone knew it. Perhaps it was the effect of this dull loneliness. Perhaps it was just that he was growing old ; perhaps . . . But what was the use of thinking about it ? Soon he would retire, with his pension, to his small stereo-typed house, while some younger, luckier constable would take over his place and he would remain in obscurity. The only man in the division who had never made an arrest.

Suddenly a window shattered above his head, and as he ducked to avoid the shower of broken glass he heard someone curse, vehemently. As he crammed himself into a darkened doorway, Denson heard, rather than saw, the two men come out of the warehouse against whose clammy walls he was now pressed, carrying with difficulty a small safe. This was his chance ! This was what he had waited for, for twenty, backbreaking, foot-slogging years. His heart leaped, pounded . . .

As the headlights of the car, which had been creeping silently up the street behind him, flicked on, the two men saw him for the first time, and with a cry of " Look out, the law ! " they jumped for the running board of the car, which lifted away from the kerb, leaving the safe in the gutter, and raced off up the street, the gears crunching viciously. But they need not have worried, for, still huddled in his corner, Police Constable George Denson, number 463, was dead.

THE BLEEDING FLOWER AND BLASTED FRUIT OF LOVE

Yellow are the cornfields and the passing wind presses brown patches over them, catching the decaying leaves that wither in the damp moss. The sun that breaks through only for moments of triumphant splendour is far above and cannot feel our tragedy. You and I only are sensitive here upon the hill top, sheltered by the acrid smelling turnips from the wind that lashes the smooth breast of the sea into a foam-flecked rage.

The day is heavy with the pent-up elemental fury that is round us, and we must succumb. Let us pick up the grass and fling it in our hair, let the wind be our breath and reach for the sun with ever groping sensual fingers. Why must the decision be ours, why should we fight, why not surrender to things as they are and concentrate upon ourselves ?

Let us run down the hillside, over the bed of the fetid stream, cruelly impressing our feet in the wet earth. The sand of the beach

is yellow, and grey, grey as the sky and frothing sea. The sun in the clouds transfixes the earth with pointers of light, which are primrose pools on the heaving water and lead us the way to the drama of the wind-swept sky.

The twining chords of the wind are magic on the dim tide ; a cloud has covered the sun ; shadowing the bay with the deepness of a sombre green. The twining stresses whiten the water inshore with a stately rhythm, and farther out the light-shod feet have left their mark on the incoming tide. Let us turn, and the bowl of bitter water lies behind us. I came to the door and the long dark-reaching chords stirred me ; siren's song ; the mystery of love and our own incarnation. The shadows felt out towards me and I could not resist their insidious invitation. Suddenly everything slipped away and we were left clinging to the solitary vibrant note ; soft music over the water ; Ulysses storming over the burning Aegean ; but for us there is only ultimate betrayal and suffering.

The first stinging drops of the sudden rain bespatter the slopes of sterile sand, and here behind the grasses of the dune let us lie on our back and shelter, ignore the thunder and the imminence of our pregnant clouds.

The rainbow that arches the sea and the land is above us ; the sea, our mother, is still and the day is quiet after the sustained effort of storm. The banks of sea are pitched and tossed in the shore, and far out under the currents it moves, emerald and black-russet and olive, swaying and turning in the long rhythms of the ever changing tides.

The blood that has congealed across the carpet is Death, Death is upon my hands and I have known the exultation of a moment of decision. Your hair is red, red as the drops that fell on your face from my raging hands.

I walk to the window and the town is stretched out before me, a bay of smoky lights. Everywhere is the vastness and terror of immense night, in the end eternal everything is destroyed ; space only and the death of Time. Night reaching out beyond the stars and sun, pressing the few burning grains of the universe into nothingness. After this moment—silence. Somewhere a train is crossing a bridge. As it was in the beginning, this is the end, for all things, ever.

“ HEIMWEH ”

It was barely four o'clock, but already the last rays of the wintry December sun had withdrawn behind the lowering pall of smoke which overhung the town. A drizzling rain fell steadily and no sound penetrated the muffled silence of the damp, murky gas-lit streets, save for the occasional bark of a dog or the shambling footsteps of some late home-comer as he shuffled along the muddy

pavement. Further down the street a door opened to emit an aged and decrepit man, wrapped up in a dirty, tattered cloak. For one moment the glare of the gas-lamps shone upon the pallor of his coarse and expressionless face, then he turned down the street with a muttered oath as his clogs slipped upon the wet cobbles.

Peter watched him disappear round the corner of the next street and as he did so, a cloud of smoke crept slowly upwards from the chimney of one of the squalid houses. How different it all seemed to the wholesome atmosphere of his homeland in the south.

Just now the red sun would be sinking over the wooded brows of the hills bathing the rich pastures and meadows with a deep orange glow. The cows would be coming in to be milked and the air would be full of the fragrance of the smoke from the wood-fires in the cottages or from the bonfires of dry leaves. But here the smoke was thick and black—it penetrated into the eyes and lungs and its grime clung relentlessly to one's clothes. It was reflected in the faces of all the inhabitants whose eyes were not bright and sparkling, but dull and sombre as if accustomed to seeing everything through a haze of smoke. The sky darkened and over the tops of the houses an angry red glow began to spread over the pall of smoke. A narrow alleyway between two of the houses led on to a strip of blackish wasteland littered with rubbish and debris.

Across this vast expanse Peter could see the roaring flames of the furnaces towards Burslem and Hanley. The black sullen faces of workers returning home passed him in the entrance to the alleyway. The glare of the lamp fell on their glistening foreheads and they glanced at Peter with eyes that did not comprehend this being from another world.

Over towards the light there was another dense mass of smoke, which Peter knew to be the railway-station. An engine whistled and the black monster itself belching forth clouds of thick brownish smoke left the station pulling a line of dimly-lit, dirty crimson coaches on their way towards Etruria and Macclesfield.

Everywhere there was smoke and yet more smoke. As night fell it seemed to grow thicker and to descend closer upon the miserable dwellings of foundry men and brick-workers. Peter felt an intense sympathy surging up within him for these unsubstantial, listless figures to whom such things as fresh air, fat cows, farm-houses and sunny heather meant as little as the Greek alphabet. These folk seemed for ever doomed to a shadowy and meaningless existence in this hellish underworld of trapped smoke. Their sole consolation was the pay packet for which they worked and lived. This was their interpretation of life and they were ever haunted by the fear of having to stop work before they had saved up a scanty provision to support themselves until death—until the day when their spirits, if not their bodies, would be able to ascend at last far beyond the realm of smoke which hitherto had divided them from Heaven.

UP GRANT'S, 75 YEARS AGO

I entered Grants in 1877, before I was eleven years old, and left in 1883, all the time under Dr. Scott. In those days the surroundings were very different from what they are to-day. Victoria Street had many gaps, where now tall buildings stand—these vacant spaces had huge hoardings in front, which were covered with the advertisements of the day; and on the North side of the Abbey, in St. Margaret's churchyard, the present grass surround was shut in by a high wooden fence, while the tombstones were being removed.

In front of "Grants" was a double stone staircase with a flat platform at the top. This was to facilitate the bearers of the Sedan chairs of former days, who went up one side, and deposited their passenger on the platform, and then went down the other stairway, without having to turn the chair.

The Housemaster was the Reverend A. C. Jones, who went by the nickname of "Soapy." One day he was heard to remark, "I do not mind being called 'Soapy' or 'little Jones,' but *I will not* be called 'Suds'." There was a very efficient Matron, by the name of Sarah, who carved a huge round of beef every day at dinner, in a most expeditious manner. The size of the joint, in these days of strict rationing, is enough to make one's mouth water.

Every boy was allowed a glass of beer at dinner!

I was placed at the bottom of the school, in the under school, of which Mr. Ingram was the form-master. He was the *last* "under-Master" of the long line of holders of that position, dating back as far as the days of Dr. Busby—he was very kind to me, and at the end of my first term awarded me my first prize. He was also Master of College.

At that time, the Law Courts had not been moved to the Strand, and were housed in most dilapidated buildings against the side of Westminster Hall, where now Oliver Cromwell's statue stands. On wet days we were allowed to go into all of them—except the Divorce Court. I remember going in to hear a cause célèbre of the day and a policeman lifting me up so that I could see the whole of the court. But the most interesting of all was the Admiralty Court, whose judge was Sir Robert Phillimore, himself an O.W., and we were given most comfortable seats.

We also could go into the House of Lords, where the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council used to sit. I remember so distinctly the Lord Chancellor, Lord Selbourne, in his wig and robes. We also used to frequent the lobbies of the House of Commons.

In 1880, on the last occasion of Queen Victoria opening Parliament, a stand was put up for the school, near the Chapter House.

In January 1881, on the 18th day—occured a record snow-storm over the whole Country. The snowdrifts in the streets were breast high. We were due to return that week for the re-opening of the school after the Christmas holidays, and on arrival were told

that the pipes in the school were all frozen and that we must return home. The scene on Westminster Bridge was most extraordinary ; the whole river was a mass of ice-flows, among which derelict barges were floating which had been torn from their moorings by the storm. It was a week later before the school could return, so we had another week of skating !

Every 1st of March (St. David's Day)—Sir Watkin William Wynne, an O.W., used to come in the morning with a waistcoat full of gold sovereigns and proceeded to give every Welsh boy one of them—from a list in his hand. We all wished that day that we were Welsh ! He had extensive property in North Wales, and was called the " King of North Wales."

In my time there was no prize giving at the end of term, but those of us whose names were read out went to Dr. Scott's house, where the books were laid out on the dining-room table, and we could chose the book we liked.

We had a half-holiday on every Saint's Day, but if it happened to fall on a Monday, we had what was called a " Sat. Sun. Mon," holiday. When Ashburnham House was handed over to the school in 1882, we were allowed to go over it—with its wonderful ceilings and rooms. Dr. Scott had been desirous for years to acquire it, but it was life-rented by one of the Canons of the Abbey, Lord John Thynne. It is said that whenever he happened to meet Lord John, the latter used to greet him with the words, " I am not dead yet, Dr. Scott."

There were few classrooms at that time, except at the upper end of the school. Most forms were taught " Up School"—of a horse shoe shape, with the Master's chair in the centre, with its back against the wall. The door at the entrance to the Shell Form, Dean Stanley used to say, came from the " Star Chamber " doorway of Mediaeval days. In the Upper Fifth there was a stairway (now blocked up) which enabled the Monks to get down into the Cloisters without going outside. At the entrance to the Chapter House, on the right hand side, near the Plaque in memory of the U.S.A. Ambassador Page, is an ancient oak door with a number of holes in it, and by putting ones hand through a large hole, it is possible to feel a parchment-like substance nailed against the back of the oak door. This, we were told, was the skin of a robber, who was flayed alive, because he had attemptrd to rob the Royal Treasury in the adjoining Chapel of the Pyx.

Canon Sloman, who succeeded Mr. Ingram as Master of the Q.S.S., began as a junior Master of the Upper Fourth form, and gradually moved up the school, so I saw a good deal of him, as I too moved up every term. He was a delightful man, and very strict in his Form, but blessed with a quiet sense of humour.

In 1879, he climbed the Matterhorn from the Italian side, being one of the first Englishmen to achieve this feat ; as it is much harder than the ordinary climb from the Swiss side. In the later years, we used to go together to Switzerland, and I was with him

on the last occasion he had a rope on. He was an Honorary Canon of Ely, and Vicar of Godmanchester. He used to take us in the mornings to college-hall for our work, away from the distractions of being "Up School" with all the other forms, and he warned us to be very careful not to scratch the tables, which are said to have come from the Spanish Armada.

When I was in the Upper Fifth, our Form Master was Mr. R. F. Dale. I owe him a debt of gratitude from his method of making us learn by heart every evening, lines of the Aeneid of Virgil.

Dean Stanley was the Dean in my time for the first years but died in 1881. He was a charming man, and was a good friend of the school. His wife, Lady Augusta, was a great friend of Queen Victoria, and happened to be staying with her at the time of the sudden death of the Prince Consort. It is said that she and the Princess Alice, were the only people who did not lose their heads at the sudden calamity.

The French Master was a Monsieur Masse', in whose class I was generally put, because I had been on the Continent for a year before coming to the school. He had a strange antipathy to the "Lord Mayor's Show" every 9th of November and used to declaim against it, quite forgetful of the carnivals of his own Country. I remember going on to the roof of Henry VII Chapel to see the procession arrive beneath us; as in those days the Law Courts had not been transferred to the Strand.

It was the duty of some small boys to carry the Footballs "Up Fields" from a cobblers shop in college street, and it was safer for them to go together in case they were attacked by "Skis" on the way up, who would try to deprive them of the footballs.

"Up Fields" the cricket professional was a man by the name of Mantle. He had been a member of an eleven on the occasion that Dr. W. G. Grace made his record score of 404, not out.

In those days there were men still alive, who had shot snipe on the marshy ground, where now Belgrave Square stands.

On Primrose Day, 1883, I was present at the unveiling of the celebrated statue of Lord Beaconsfield in Parliament Square, which is covered with primroses every year on the 19th of April.

The Underground was still only driven by steam traction and had hand-brakes, and the atmosphere was very sulphurous, before the line was electrified, and the Inner Circle was not yet completed; all the trains being run between the two termini of Mansion House and Aldgate Stations, where they had to reverse.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. H. Ballard of Parsons Hill, Whitbourne, Worcestershire, in December, 1952 after a long illness. Even at this late date it is not inappropriate to include this tribute to him :—

“ Those who were at Fernie Bank will be sad to hear of the death of Mr. J. H. Ballard. We first came to know him when those of us who were old enough formed, together with some from College and Rigaud’s, one section of his Home Guard Platoon. When one looks back, one realises what a step in the dark that must have been for him—to include this young, unknown set of London public-school boys in the same unit as those brought up in the traditions of the countryside. He gave us his confidence from the start ; we should not have kept it if he had had doubts about us, for he was forthright and fearless in his dealings with men of all sorts. We did manage to keep it, and many strong personal friendships were forged between him and Grantites of all ages. Relationships extended from military matters to those of agriculture and the neighbourhood in general ; he was a very good ally of ours, and it was largely due to his advocacy of us that we established such good relations with those who lived around. I, in particular, owed him many debts for the sound, forceful advice which he used to give me about my dealings with those on whom we were so utterly dependent for the necessities of life. I believe that we, in our turn, gave him some happiness ; he was by natural inclination strong and tireless, but he did not enjoy sound health, and as he guessed that he had not many more years to live, I think that he got pleasure from the unexpected spate of young life at Fernie with which he came into such close contact. All Grantites who knew him would hope that this were so, for all of us had a real affection for him and were proud to have been accepted among his friends.”

T. M. MURRAY-RUST.

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We apologise to all those dark blues for our ignorant spelling of *Cherwell* in the last issue. Not having had the benefits (?) of a classical education we can perhaps be forgiven.

Squadron Leader A. W. G. Le Hardy (1935-40) saw the appeal for news in the last Grantite and writes to say that he is now doing the R.A.F. Staff College course at Bracknell. Since he is going to live in Camberley he hopes to be able to visit the school more often. In April, 1948 he was posted to the Air Ministry in the Air Transport Operations branch and was very much tied up with first the Berlin Air Lift, then the Korean Air Lift and finally the crisis at Abadan. After three and a half years at the Air Ministry he was, in December, 1951, posted to Australia as the senior air instructor

at the Australian School of Land/Air Warfare. During his stay there he made a very interesting visit to Korea and also to Indo-China where he saw the whole set up from Saigon in the South to Hanoi in the North. He ends his letter by saying that, on the family side, he now has three sons and one daughter.

D. G. S. Hayes (1945-1950) was married on 15th August, 1953, and is living in London. He employs himself by selling space for the Amalgamated Press, London.

Last summer R. J. M. Baron (1939-1945) went to Malvern for a few weeks and managed to pay a visit to the Payne family at Huntlands. Although "Rise and Shine" no longer echoes through "Hunts" in the morning, not very much has changed. The lower dormitory is back once more to its pre-war function of a drawing room; mechanisation has caught up with the farm and the horses have been replaced by tractors; the hens no longer strut about in the fields but live in "deep litter" with electric light day and night. "Special Constable" still appears on the front gate, but it is Inspector Payne now. Any Old Grantite visiting Worcestershire is sure of a very warm welcome at Huntlands and the Paynes are delighted to see the "boys of the exile."

N. P. Andrews, J.P. (1913-1917) has been elected Chairman of the Penge Petty Sessional Division of the County of Kent and also a member of the West Kent Appeal Committee.

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ARE YOU OUT OF TOUCH??? Keep in contact with your contemporaries through the *Grantite Review*. Postcards and letters with your news should be sent to:—

Flt. Lt. R. J. M. Baron, M.B.E., R.A.F.,
c/o 12/39, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7.

OBITUARY

E. O. Richmond-Watson; Up Grant's 1931-1935, who died suddenly in Canada in April.

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ANNUAL DINNER of the Old Grantite Club, held at King Charles' Suite, Whitehall Court, April 9th, 1954.

The health of the guests was proposed by the Chairman, Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, who welcomed Mr. Rawes and wished him all success as House-Master of Busby's—compatible with the well-being of Grant's. He also welcomed J. H. M. Anderson, the Head of House, and said that the Club valued this link with the House. Talking of the rebuilding of Grant's, he recalled his own school days when Rigaud's had been accommodated Up Grant's during

the former's rebuilding and he reminded the members of the club of the financial difficulties of the school and hoped they would support the appeal of the School Society and in particular send their sons Up Grants'.

The toast of the House was proposed by Mr. Bevan, who reminded members of the Club's once rigid rule that there should be no speeches on such occasions and although this rule had early been broken it had not caused any difficulty as the role of speech-making had been admirably filled in alternate years by Mr. Tanner and Dr. Radcliffe. The breaking of this tradition saddened him, and he was the more sad in that it was unfortunate that the Committee had picked on him in introducing this further innovation. Mr. Bevan's speech, as amusing as it was irrelevant, was much appreciated, and he concluded by asking members to drink the toast of Grant's and of Mr. Wilson, to whom he expressed the Club's good wishes on his marriage.

The Housemaster in his reply thanked Mr. Bevan and the Club for their good wishes, and in his review of the year Up House, mentioned in particular the Coronation, the House's musical success in the Election Term, the finale display by the Seniors' side in winning the football shield, the loss after so many years of the Bringsty Baton and the progress in the rebuilding of Grant's with immediate attendant difficulties. He hoped that by the time of the next Old Grantite Dinner, the Club would have visited the new Grant's as the guests of Mrs. Wilson and himself and seen how, despite the disappearance of much that some might sentimentally regret, the best traditions of the past were being maintained.

Those present were :—Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, in the Chair ; J. M. Wilson, F. R. Rawes, James Anderson, Club guests ; L. E. Tanner, E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, P. J. S. Bevan, vice-Presidents ; V. G. H. Hallett, D. G. S. Hayes, J. G. S. Harris, J. M. Hornsby, E. T. Holmes, F. D. Hornsby, R. P. C. Hillyard, N. P. Andrews, P. B. D. Ashbrooke, D. L. Almond, A. L. Adler, M. I. Bowley, P. M. Bosanquet, N. P. U. Brown, D. S. Brock, W. G. Borradaile, C. M. Carter, B. A. Clarke, I. Gregg, J. W. Jacomb-Hood, S. F. P. Jacomb-Hood, J. Levison, O. B. Levison, N. A. Mackintosh, T. M. Murray-Rust, R. N. Mackay, R. E. Nagle, E. J. W. Oyler, J. M. Ockleshaw and guest, R. P. Plummer and guest, M. H. Pearce, S. R. N. Rodway, T. H. Stewart, J. R. B. Smith, O. A. Tunnicliffe, K. F. M. Thomson, H. Ward, G. F. Waley.