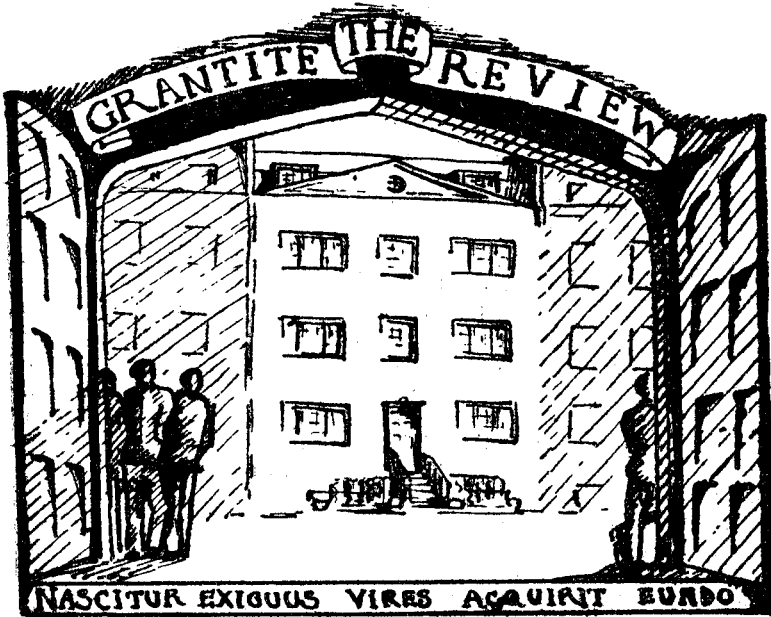




THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

INDEX

EDITORIAL	1
HOUSE NOTES	2
HOUSE DIARY	3
THE MICROCOSM	<i>P. W. Semple</i> .. 4
POOR OLD TOLSTOY	“ <i>Egg</i> ” 6
ROOM FOR THE BARDS—	
ESCALATORS	“ <i>George</i> ” 7
LET US DIE	“ <i>Egg</i> ” 8
NIGHT-WALK	<i>H. S. Davies</i> 8
INDEED	<i>J. J. T. Jeal</i> 8
OUR DEBT TO ROME	<i>J. A. B. Heard</i> 9
I'M A GNU	“ <i>Cincinnatus</i> ” .. 10
THE IDEA	<i>H. S. Davies</i> 11
BRASS BUTTONS	<i>J. J. T. Jeal</i> 11
LIT. SOC.	13
MUSIC	13
ATHLETICS	14
SHOOTING	14
FENCING	15
CRICKET	16
WATER	16
OLD GRANTITE CLUB	17



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EDITORIAL

The time has come once more to take up our pens and write. The very sun would grow dim seeing the golden scatterings of my soul, wrote some poet, but at this moment it would shine brighter than ever. Perhaps a little touch of criticism would be welcome for those House Magazines that are our eternal critics. Perhaps a brief exposition on the merits of Beethoven and the demerits of Bach. Or we could be very bold and produce a criticism of the honourable medium itself. The inescapable fact remains that the interest of *The Granite* is confined to certain reporting facilities and not to the so-called literary contributions. A less courageous body might have despaired of producing anything worthwhile. But then they remembered that there was a simpler, more convenient, and yet possibly more correct point of view; perhaps the fault lay not with what went into the magazine but with those who were meant to read it. As many art critics must be aware it is much easier to criticize than attend a complete performance or read a complete book. Unfortunately this is not the complete case, but rather the case for the defence.

When reading any author it is necessary to try to establish the nature and extent of his ambition. If you do not set out to be very much then no one can accuse you of failing if you do not achieve very much; it is the purpose itself that should be taken to task. A voice crying in the wilderness demands the re-establishment of S.N.U.G. (Saturday Night Up Grant's), this is one of the most unreasonable demands made for some time, but just because of this it is most welcome. Grant's is suffering from an overdose of reason at the moment.

Reason? That dreary shed, that hutch for grubby schoolboys. The hedgewren's song say something else.

Indeed it would be an odd world where it did not. There is no reason for us to join the pigeons in their aristocratic walks round Yard, but we might try something equally eccentric. Some of the most unreasonable things have been done in the name of reason. A past Editor advocated a new Grant's game: a combination of football and baseball with statues from the Abbey as major equipment. There is still time for the roof of the studies to be made good use of.

Westminster politicians offer some rays of hope, although to let them loose would be to send the whole house off the rails. Those that are not ardent conservatives or zealous socialists are often tinged with a touch of liberalism, even if it is not the liberalism of the Liberal Party. This stems from a distaste for anything established, but has often led to a position which is so maliciously unreasonable that not even the most eloquent advocate would be able to defend it. There are those who demand the concentration of power to an extent that would make government almost autocratic. Government by a single person can be removed at a single blow, the diffusion of authority is like a tree which, as we see at the moment, can still withstand the wind despite a number of dead branches. Marx hit the nail on a very swollen head when he remarked: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point however is to change it." Moreover it may well require something unreasonable to achieve this.

"The golden scatterings of our souls" are never seen. All that is left is an odd air of deliberation, of looking long before leaping a tiny distance. In the future I look forward to many most unreasonable editions of *The Granite*.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: M. B. McC. Brown
M. G. Hornsby
N. Halsted
R. J. R. Hale
A. H. J. Sandford-Smith
J. D. Seddon

We welcome this term: S. F. Bartlett
A. M. Milne
N. H. Robbins
M. E. J. Smitham
P. L. L. Smitham
J. Donald

Congratulations to: A. S. G. Boyd on his Pinks for Fencing and
Pink and Whites for Shooting.
and to: C. D. Gale on his Thirds for Shooting.
and to: F. Strickland-Constable on his Seniors and
Colts for Athletics.
and to: R. C. Beard on his Colts for Athletics.
and to: P. W. Semple on his Colts for Fencing.
and to: C. N. Foster, N. Harling, R. J. Green, and
T. B. Williamson on their Juniors for
Athletics.

* * * * *

J. H. G. Langley is Head of House.
The Monitors are: M. A. Hall, M. C. Norbury, D. S. Stan-
cliffe, R. Pain, and R. D. E. Spry.

* * * * *

H. S. Davies is Head of Chiswicks.
The Chiswickites are: C. D. Gale, J. A. B. Heard, A. S. G.
Boyd, S. C. Pollitzer, and C. H. Lawton.

* * * * *

C. W. M. Garnett is Head of Hall.
The Hall Monitors are: S. F. B. Heaton, N. E. G. Jones and
C. R. McNeil.

HOUSE DIARY

Lent, so Father Peter told us in his addresses in St. Faith's Chapel, is that part of the Church Year prescribed to prayer. Nature, once again reminded us that this was the season of influenza and petty disease. Lent also accommodated Athletics, a School Play, a Head of the River Race, a New Bible and of course Third Group. Although this Term has just as many excitements it is summer and less intense. There are times still when one asks what is left of the curricula for the cornicula. But, there are many opportunities, the most popular being the semi-skilled layabout who will,

“ . . . Live

Pray, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies.”

as the School Play aptly reminded us. Seemingly idle as the historians are, it is difficult to make the scientists believe that more history is done in Yard than in the studied isolation of a night study. Dr.

Johnson thought that any one who went to bed before midnight was a scoundrel. We do not hold extreme views on the matter but there are two sides to the question. Scientists prefer the dawn chorus—historians the owls. Some scientists climbed to the Abbey roof one early morning to find that their sun was hidden by our London weather. The historians were much more fortunate on this day when to their joy the President of the Flat Earth Society declared that the same phenomenon proved the World to be saucer-shaped. Then we lost their company as they left for Oxford chasing benefactions with those butterfly nets. One hopes success was partially helped by the long awaited re-introduction of the *Guardian* to the House. A census explained that most people wanted the yellow Press for the cartoons alone. Everyone still ingenuously admitted that the House must consider itself to be made up of Top People.

This term Grant's welcomes Gilles Manchec who has exchanged schools for a month with P. I. Espenhahn. Two years ago Westminster ran a similar exchange with the Lycée Janson de Sailly. Perhaps in the same breath it could be mentioned that Grant's has acquired a Music practice room in the Basement. Several ancient shields adorn the walls of Hall making it resemble the common conception of an institutional dining hall.

THE MICROCOSM

The man lay sprawled upon the hot, brown sand, the epitome of a fallen warrior. The sultry haze and oppressive heat lent sickening force to the squalid scene. He lay in the shadow of the jungle, in the shadow that stretched out across the broad clearing to the edge of a filthy river. Around him the tangled mass of undergrowth provided his only shelter. His large black army boots were firmly embedded in the sand, a badly torn light green uniform covered his wounded body. One arm was merely a few fetid threads of raw flesh clinging to a broken bone; beneath the shoulder flash of his other arm were the words "United Nations."

The Irish soldier was about to die, but still there came sharp gasps of breath which scattered the sand around his contorted face. He had been lying there for an hour or more, at times in agony, at times insensible to the pain, but always he had tried to think how he, an Irishman, should be ordered by the voice of the civilised world to die in this heathen land under the maddened thrust of a tribesman. The voice had called it the Congo, but Father O'Malley had called it Purgatory. The good Father was nearer the truth.

A dark speck was moving steadily over the sand and stopped only when it caught a glimpse of the soldier's belt. It was an ant carrying food to its home: it dropped its load as the flash hit it. The body stirred, the flash vanished, and the vital food was forgotten

as the ant decided to explore. It moved along the body, around the outflung arm and towards the head. As it moved under the shadow of the forehead a drop of blood hit the sand splaying the particles in hopeless confusion. The ant watched incredulously as the stain spread swiftly engulfing all the surrounding sand, ranging towards the quivering antennae. The ant suddenly became terrified and turned to flee. The jaws snapped and the ant was added to the scorpion's daily meal.

The soldier had watched the scorpion come out from under the stone and advance towards the unsuspecting ant. His mind was now dull and insensitive, yet he struggled to see in the ant's position something similar to his own. The scorpion had patiently waited for the ant to be distracted and had immediately struck behind his back. The soldier managed to move his arm a little way, so that the full force of the sun's rays struck and paralysed the scorpion. The insect writhed in agony beneath his deadly enemy. The scorpion had killed so often that it had become a natural instinct, but the intruder had somehow engaged the help of the power in the sky, and the instinct was vanquished.

The soldier reflected on this curious cycle of fortune and as he did so his thoughts turned to his native country. Just as in the small white cabins of Connemara each night the open turf fire was raked and in the morning a new flame danced saucily over the embers, so too the murder of the ant was not final. The young offspring would survive and the flame of life would continue to burn. Pain flooded back again, he relapsed into unconsciousness, while around the limp body the sun beat down with obnoxious ferocity. The silence was only broken by the quiet hum of flying insects and the harmony of the scene was only broken by the jagged flight of many butterflies. The open wounds had dried up, the mouth was parched, the lips were black and the eyelids so swollen that the eyeballs had no rest from the blazing glare of the sand, sweat glistened on the brow, the blood had clotted, and the hair, thick and wiry, was infested with tiny creeping insects.

A monkey was rollicking in the trees, grinning impishly and ignorantly, shrieking with delight; the Irishman returned to consciousness. "How happy must the monkey be to have no cares. Ignorant idiot." His pained eyes rested on the tree from which the monkey had just leaped. There, curled up in the fork, was a snake that stared coldly at him with beady eyes. The soldier had never seen a snake before: all horrible things like snakes, he supposed, had been driven from Ireland by St. Patrick. But then he recalled that he lay on pagan soil. High up above him in the sky the greedy vultures had begun to circle, their croaks echoing among the treetops. The Irishman reflected on the absurdity of the situation, and yet perhaps after all he had fulfilled his duty. Here around him small insects had been playing the same game as the leaders in the outside world. But what neither insect nor man could fathom

was that power up in the sky: the power that with the co-operation of man creates and kills. As he began to lose consciousness for the last time, it seemed that two voices struggled to win him. The first spoke of his homeland, the other directed him to play a part in the defence of liberty. The second was quieter but more convincing.

POOR OLD TOLSTOY

"I'm bored," he said; "my stomach's getting fat and I can't eat or sleep." There was nothing very remarkable about this situation, everyone is bored and fat if they live a life of idyllic contentment. But who would ever dream of admitting it. It had become a social symbol to be bored and to declare that one was bored, but to admit the opposite was frankly embarrassing. The Tsar appeared to have contrived a combination of the two. He was bored and yet he disliked it. A most worrying situation. He started working again.

"But look, you're the Tsar."

"Indeed, but don't Tsars have to eat."

"Can you not eat without working?"

This sort of question should never be asked. The Russians are alike the English in refusing to accept something without giving a little token in exchange. It is only when this is forgotten that a society falls into decay. Something for nothing is a very risky policy.

A general entered the room with a worried expression.

"We have no money," he said, "to pay off the troops."

"Well if not don't pay them."

"But they won't serve."

"Well why not let them not serve?"

This is a little hypocritical for he condemns them to the life that he himself has just renounced. Majorities can only be enslaved when they prefer servitude to resistance. Laws are a splendid restraint. All the soldiers go to work carting manure, but there is no point in commanding men to do what they have not a mind to do. This was so under the Tsars and must be so under the Tsars' destroyers. Revolutions are directed towards the seizure of the existing organs of government and not towards their complete removal. No human being would lead a revolution with the intention of making himself equal to the lowest lout in his army. It is a new idea that provides the dynamic nature of a society, if it is totally unobtainable so much the better. But there is one danger. If prosperity increases then the ideal gets a covering of cotton wool and the people lounge in satisfaction grateful for what has been achieved and forgetting what has not. So much for the West.

"People used to come to the Tsar for justice," one of them said.

"And now he steals our money."

“ Well, why not, it shows I needed it.”

Everyone knew he was a fool. Even his wife said to him: “ They say you’re a fool.”

“ Well, why not?”

It seemed that the Tsar’s wife was also a fool for she could not answer his question. If we were all fools then we would be perfectly entitled to call ourselves wise; it seems a degree of inequality is essential to maintain a sensible balance between the ignorant and the intelligent. Besides without inequality communication would be pointless, if we all thought and realised the same things. Art would be an idle pastime, once it was purposeless. All judgment is a hypocritical business. The judge always bases his power on the fact that he is a better man than the judged. Unless, of course, he exercises this power on behalf of, and as the servant of a superior power, when he believes in the supreme hypocrite. Supreme equality is impossible, and supreme authority is base. We are bound to fall between two stools.

“ All these very touching details, sir, have nothing whatever to do with us. All we want you to do is to give us a written statement and undertaking, and as for your being in love and all these tragic passages, it is not our affair at all.”

“ Throw the lot into the Yekaterinsky canal, and there won’t be any traces left and all will be at an end.”

“ Coo ”!

ESCALATORS

Why do you bother to move?
I am quite sure that:
Neither you nor I
Would accept any obligation to try.
After all,
Life is for living.
Not for making an effort.
Why do you bother to move ?
Surely we can get by
Without doing so.

You know it really is time you
Turned yourself inside-out,
Then your name-plate would show
And no one would ask you a single
Question.
Why not try?
Life would be so very much easier
You know.

LET US THEN DIE

Destruction needs one
Destroyer. Who is there to do
So subtle a service for
Us? Let him then creep into my
Crucible of life,
Warm his way through our wonderment:
Only corruption can destroy corruption.
Thus we must fall by a
Curse, self-created.
Domination of self is slipped by
Universal corruption
Alone.
Let us then die.

NIGHT-WALK

Come now, my love, come now to where beneath the trees
The hard-down-feather leaf-hand rustles in the breeze:
The lake-skin wrinkles in the autumn's gentle breath,
The earth loam issues forth the wild warm smell of death.

A silver aura from the sky, the shadow's wing,
The path soft night's dear purple passion twilight sing;
Your hand resplendent in the dark part daylight sight
Reveals your heart-hope in the sighing empty night.

INDEED

George Malfrey stood staring fixedly out of the sunlit drawing room window, his stout form casting a shadow across the beige carpet. At the other end of the room sat his middle-aged wife, Jane, whose drawn and creased face might have been that of a woman of sixty-five. She drummed her fingers impatiently on the arms of her chair.

"George, I will not have that child see her aunt," she said, enunciating each word slowly and deliberately, and laying stress on the "not."

"My God, Jane, sometimes you are the most unreasonable woman under the sun," retorted George, his voice growing louder.

"You don't want the child to hear?"

"It isn't as if . . ."

"George you know my views on your sister's divorce. Roseanne is not seeing her." Jane rose to her feet and made as though to leave the room.

“ You haven’t heard the end of this.”

“ George, you’re mental, let go of me, let go!” she shouted.

“ You’re just jealous of Marjorie’s influence on the child. You and your piety; poisoning the girl against her aunt with your religious blather.”

“ George, your’e hurting.”

He relaxed his hold on her arm, and noticed the red marks on her wrists.

“Oh I’m sorry, Jane, I suppose I lost my temper rather but . . .”

“ George I would be obliged if you would go and tell Roseanne that she cannot see her aunt.” Jane turned round and digging her heels into the soft carpet, stalked out of the room.

A small girl of about six with a serious face and long flaxen hair came into the room.

“ Can I go?” she asked anxiously looking at her father’s back.

“ Mummy said you can go and see her, but you must hurry so you’d better run.” George heard his wife’s hurried footsteps outside the door.

“ Roseanne go to your room.”

“ I suppose you’re glad,” said George, softly, as Jane came in

“ No . . .” she looked at him for some moments, “ You see Marjorie had an accident yesterday. She died in hospital ten minutes ago, I honestly thought she would get better. . . I didn’t want you to know.”

OUR DEBT TO ROME

The number of Italians one meets in London is yet another reminder of our debt to Rome. Roman domination of Britain lasted nearly four centuries, during which time Europe was politically awakened and united under one Empire. Later two things came to be side by side. On the one hand imported goods, material and intellectual, from Rome. On the other Romano-British goods in which native and foreign influences were blended. The influx of Rome and the native adaptation of it was the main characteristic of Roman Britain. The Middle Ages began when political power was in the hands of the natives and Mediterranean imports became intermittent.

This was a basis on which to build. Since then Britain has been in constant contact with Rome. There was, of course, Christianity, a religion essentially non-national in character which could and did disregard all political boundaries. But, the bond continued with the Carolingian Renaissance, the Cosmati at Westminster, Holbein, Bernini’s English followers, the Grand Tour, the Grand Manner and Flaxman. Italy always will continue to be a buttress to England’s Art, although there has been a loosening of classical ties in modern times. The old symbols and classical language of form had little meaning for the wealthy industrialists who had few organic ties.

with earlier traditions. Classical heritage is now the domain of scholars, not of artists and archaeologists. This is why the Elgin Marbles were never restored. Only in particular artists has the Mediterranean influence remained as such. Dobson and Stevens were possibly the last of these. But every artist owes something to Rome and always will.

One aspect of the Italian spirit, although not important, still exists. The type used in books and in the press is derived from 16th century Italian print. William Morris, Walker and Gill all remodelled type on classical prototypes. It is characteristic of the literary instinct of the English that Mediterranean influence persists most strongly in the clear lettering of the book. But why this debt to Italy? It is perhaps partly their attitude to the Arts. Degas or Renoir might have been really great if they had been Italians. Italy possesses the classical qualities of harmony and serenity in her Art. Shakespeare was great, but how fortunate Dante was in that he came upon a fully perfected verse form and was therefore able to plagiarise as much as he wished. England wasted her talents in trying to mould a form or an original style. Rome has form and method and will always serve as a copy book because of its ideals. Since Giotto turned the art of painting from Greek into Latin and rendered it modern we have never looked forward.

I'M A GNU

The first thing he said as he entered the compartment was: "Cor! I didn't know British Railways provided these," and he pointed to my friend's stuffed gazelle head that was placed most incongruously on the luggage rack. "Getting concerned over comfort, aren't they?" he continued, and winked at us. We looked at each other, smiled, and looked up at the object of conversation—Speke's gazelle, Kenya 1911. Its bright glass eyes winked back. We said nothing and turned to the window for comfort. As the train rattled along he kept glancing wistfully up at the stuffed head. Soon he fell to talking with a friend, occasionally smiling round at the other passengers. "Isn't it rather uncomfortable? . . . It must be an antelope. Its got horns and goats don't."

He never spoke directly to us but raised his voice to ensure that we could hear his remarks. "How would you like to be chucked on the luggage-rack like that?" As the journey continued, with my friend and I behind our books and the two men at the other end of the compartment chatting over their evening papers, I could sense that another humorous remark was in the course of preparation. When the train drew in to the next station he stood up, obviously enjoying himself immensely, and with "I think it wants a drink," he opened the door and jumped out. The gazelle waggled its long, worn ears in agreement.

THE IDEA

Don't throw it into the waste-paper basket.
Why not?
What good will it do in there?
I don't want it.
Why don't you see if anyone else wants it?
Well . . . Yes, what a good idea.

I say, excuse me.
Oh, yes, what is it?
I just . . . well, I was going to . . . oh dear, what was I going to do? I've forgotten now.
What have you forgotten?
I don't know. That is I can't remember.
Is that what you were going to ask me?
No . . . Yes . . . No. that's what I've forgotten.
You've forgotten what you were going to ask me?
Yes.

I know what it was.
You know what what was?
What I was going to ask you.
Do you think anyone else wants this?
I don't know. You'd better ask them.
Yes.
I say, would you like it?
Like what?
You suggested that I asked someone else.
Oh, I see.

Well would you like it?
. . . I think you'd better throw it away after all.

BRASS BUTTONS

"Mary, you know I simply can't bear funerals," said Paul with a tone of self-pity.

"Now I suppose you're going to tell me your back's playing you up so you won't be able to go," said Mary irritably, and then adding with a sneer, "Well its not a funeral; it's a cremation."

"I'm afraid I don't find that in the least . . ."

"Well whoever said it was meant to be. But you're going aren't you," she added sharply.

"Yes, I suppose so."

“And if you leave early at least you’ll miss the sorrowful gathering afterwards, and you’d better not be late or Johnny won’t get to the Rothal’s Guy Fawkes night on time . . .”

. . . The coffin moved slowly and silently down the gentle slope towards a small gap which had suddenly appeared in the panelling, then disappeared to the accompaniment of suitably melancholy music, the panelling slid back into position and the music stopped.

To Paul’s intense annoyance he realised that the couple directly behind him were actually whispering at this moving part of the service.

“It may be healthier, Arthur, but oh . . . it’s so sudden somehow, it’s sort of weird to think that the only thing left will be a couple of brass handles and some ashes.”

“But Cyril you’d never have to look at a cemetery again if everybody . . .”

As Paul left the small crematorium he could not help remembering snatches of the somewhat macabre conversation he had had the misfortune to overhear: “Just a couple of brass handles and some ashes.”

* * * * *

“Well, dear, how did it go,” asked Mary, as Paul walked into the drawing-room. Then seeing no answer was forthcoming, she added, “Anyway you’re not late.”

“Oh, quite a pleasant service,” said Paul absently, sinking into an easy chair. “What time do we have to leave for this confounded Guy Fawkes party?”

“Half an hour. You’ve just time for a bite of something. Johnny will be ready in a few minutes, he’s putting on something warm.”

* * * * *

Paul noticed a little procession wending its way through the onlookers towards the as yet unlit bonfire.

“The Guy’s very lifelike, isn’t it?” said Johnny.

A sudden unpleasant thought struck Paul. This little procession had an unfortunate resemblance to the funeral procession which had passed up the aisle of the crematorium only a few hours before. To have to watch a cremation without even the advantage of separation by a wall. He shuddered.

“They’re lighting the bonfire,” said Johnny in a tone of enraptured amazement.

A clamour of excitement rose from the ring of spectators as the first flames rose level with the Guy whose face was clearly illuminated against the night sky.

“He’s fallen off . . . They are putting him on again. It wouldn’t be the same if they didn’t burn him right up, would it, Dad?”

“No, Johnny, I suppose it wouldn’t.”

The flames started to die away and all that was left was the glowing embers.

“Daddy, can I wait till the fire’s right out and see if there’s anything left in the ashes.”

“No, you can’t,” said Paul sharply, “Your’e coming home now.”

Johnny ran to the edge of the heap of grey ashes and bent over them.

“Come back, at once. Don’t touch them,” yelled Paul desperately.

“But look what I’ve found—the Guy’s brass buttons in the ashes on the ground.”

LIT. SOC.

Grant’s Literary Society has the reputation of being the most advanced in the school. 1959-1961 was on the whole modern and difficult. The choice could well have been interspersed with an occasional relieving favourite and the classics are always welcome hearing again. We never read Shakespear because of the disturbing conditions of the Ledger. The range of plays last winter was varied but not necessarily obscure. We started with Anouilh’s *Ring Round the Moon* which provided a good starting point for the season. Pirandello’s *Six Characters in search of an Author* contrasted interestingly with *The Critic*. The other plays were: *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Ascent of F.6* and Betti’s *Queen of the Rebels*. Many of the plays that were read seemed to stimulate by depression of the soul. They were on the whole secular and uncommercial but deep in ideas. For all the difficulties the Society succeeded in its role of introducing new plays and giving a little more than just amusement.

MUSIC

The programme for the Election term concert will provide a notable contrast to Dvorak’s “Stabat Mater,” performed in the Abbey in March. This latter is one of the great monuments of late romantic choral writing and one of the most difficult to perform, especially in a building where half the choir are so remote from the orchestra, as they are in the Abbey.

This term the School will perform *Towards an Unknown Region* by Vaughan Williams, Borodin’s *Prince Igor Dances*, and the most successful items in the Music Competitions which will be held in June.

Following the precept that “it is better to keep one’s mouth shut and be thought a fool than remove all doubt,” I will make no speculations, but merely point to the high proportion of boys in

the House who have music-lessons and sing in a choir, and hope that their example will produce the expected results.

ATHLETICS

The Long Distance Races proved to be the start of a very successful season; M. B. McC. Brown winning the senior in record time, followed home by D. S. Stancliffe (6) and R. D. Spry (10), both of whom ran very well to bring Grant's in second to Rigaud's for the team prize. In the junior race A. J. Dugdale came second and N. S. B. Tanner sixth.

That Rigaud's were to be our greatest rivals was made apparent during the Long Distance Races, and they took first place from us in the Bringsty Relay. Other Houses dropped well behind as we fought it out at the front; but despite a magnificent performance by all Grant's runners we could only come second—both teams having broken the course record.

During the weeks that followed Grant's sank to sixth place in the Standards Competition; as usual the majority of the House seemed unenthusiastic and despite the efforts of the valiant few (A. J. Dugdale, C. R. McNeil, A. D. R. Abdela, and N. Harling deserve special mention), the general performance was unsatisfactory.

With the approach of the finals, however, the House seemed to gird up its loins and a surprising number of people showed their true worth to be greater than ever imagined. Cups were won for the Weight, the High Jump, the Mile and the Half-mile in the Senior; the first by M. A. Hall, the second by J. D. Seddon, and the other two by M. B. McC. Brown. In the junior events A. D. R. Abdela won all three of his finals, the Under 14½ Weight, 100 and 220 yards, and Harling took the Long Jump and Foster the High Jump. Too numerous to mention but equally deserving of praise were those who contributed to the final total of points by reaching semi-finals or even by passing through the preliminary rounds.

Having won the Challenge Cup awarded for the finals, only the relays remained and there again we were successful; the last leg of the medley relay was brilliantly won by Brown who caught up a hundred yards in the 880. It was only right, then, that he should be awarded the George by Henderson—the cup given to the outstanding athlete of the year.

Next season the senior part of the House will have lost Brown and Seddon but the Juniors hold great promise for the future.

SHOOTING

Grant's have always been able to enter a fairly strong team for the House Competitions in recent years and the picture looked especially bright at the beginning of last term. With three members

of the first eight, Boyd, Gale and Beard, there only remained a vacancy for an under-sixteen shot. This place was filled by Dugdale who had experience in previous competitions and although a little erratic at times is quite capable of providing a good score.

The team was faced with several changes in the competition "format." Owing to the recent constructional alterations in the School, the Competition was to be fired off on the Queens Westminster's range and consequently the notorious "run and shoot" rapid had to be dropped in favour of the conventional type. However, all this could not account for the embarrassing score the team scraped together on the day. It is well-known that marksmen must have their "off days," but it is inexcusable that they should all have them together. The House was comfortably beaten by Busby's, who went on to win the Competition.

At the end of the term the Bulgin cup for the best individual shot was awarded to C. D. Gale, and this tempered our disappointment in the inter-house competitions. His performance in the School team certainly merited the award.

Looking to the future, there are some very promising shots in the junior part of the House and it is to them that we must hand the task of winning back a cup that should never have left our shelves.

FENCING

Last term the House achieved what must have been one of the most successful bids for the inter-house cups since the famous days of the Redgrave-Patterson-Makower trio. In the Play term the foil cup was won by Busby's, who with A. C. N. Borg and S. J. H. Baddeley established a substantial lead in the pointing. In the Lent term, however, both the épée and sabre competitions were won for the House by the captain, N. Halsted, who narrowly beat A. S. G. Boyd in the épée final. In the sabre Grant's also had two others in the final pool. The result was a clear win for the House in the overall totals.

The épée and sabre Petitpierre prizes took place in the Lent term, and both were won by Grant's: the épée by Boyd and the sabre by Halsted. This excellent record of fencing was continued into the holidays when Halsted, fighting in the open tournament at Leamington Spa, was only beaten in the final épée pool by René Paul, a fencer of international repute. Shortly afterwards Boyd, competing in the Public Schools Championships, won a title which the school has not held since 1954 by taking first place in the individual épée competition.

CRICKET

Grant's has a reputation to live up to in Cricket Seniors. For the last three years we have won the shield with very much the same side throughout. This term there remain only three members who have taken part in all these triumphs, and over the years the other Houses have been steadily reducing our superiority.

The batting, except for the 1st XI captain, M. A. Hall, is non-existent but hopeful. But with Hall supported by the School's opening bowler, R. Pain, and with J. H. G. Langley keeping wicket, few sides will score many runs against us. House Seniors, unlike School matches, are often won by fast bowlers and Grant's have the only two really fast bowlers in the school. Without wishing to establish a monopoly, it would be very pleasant to make it four in a row.

THE WATER

This term we should see Grant's with a chance of coming back to the top of School rowing; it seems more than possible that with some luck, and with a lot of effort, we might win the Halahan Cup in the School Regatta. However, we will not be successful unless it is realised that not only a good record in School eights is required, but also a will to improve, and an overpowering will to win. Every waterman must be prepared not only to go to the limit in a race, but to go beyond it. Above all this "going beyond the limit" should not be reserved for races only, but should be apparent during every practice station.

Also, this term, an equivalent of Grove Park league matches has been introduced at Putney, and these league races should be regarded as practice for the Regatta.

During last term there were no Inter-House events, and no Grantite featured spectacularly in any School event. However, for the first time since 1959 there are Grantites in the first two eights: Spry in the 1st VIII, and Hunt and Tanner in the 2nd VIII, with Espenhahn who was in a B" Crew, away on the exchange to Paris. At last the bulge of watermen in the lower half of the House is nearing the top, and still no sign of a taper at the bottom. The future of Grant's rowing looks brighter than it has done for several years, and so we look forward hopefully to the next few terms.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

On Friday, 12th May, 1961, the Club was privileged to dine in the House of Lords through the kindness of Lord Rea. Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens presided, and just under sixty members of the Club dined. The guests of the Club were the Housemaster, the

House Tutor and the Head of House. The President proposed the Toast of "Grant's" to which the Housemaster replied, using the occasion to bring members of the Club up to date with the fortunes of the House. The President then called on Mr. L. E. Tanner who presented to the Housemaster a framed photograph taken of the Queen and the Head Master during the Royal visit in Quatercentenary Year. Mr. Tanner also took the opportunity to tell the Club of how, through visiting a recent exhibition, he had traced the present whereabouts of the eighteenth century conversation piece picture of the Grant family which Mr. Tanner had first seen fifty years previously. The picture is now in the ownership of The Honourable Mrs. Ionidies. Mr. Tanner has had the picture photographed and the copy was available for members to see at the Dinner.

The following Members of the Club attended the Dinner: Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. M. V. Argyle, Mr. A. E. C. Bostock, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. D. C. F. Chaundy, Mr. R. D. Creed, Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, Mr. J. H. M. Dulley, Mr. W. B. Enever, Mr. C. H. M. Gould, Mr. R. V. C. Cleveland-Stevens, Dr. D. I. Gregg, Mr. J. W. Grose, Mr. J. M. Hornsby, Mr. J. W. Jacomb-Hood, Dr. V. B. Levison, Dr. N. A. Mackintosh, Mr. A. C. McKinlay, Major R. R. Mounsey, Mr. A. J. S. Negus, Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. F. M. Oppenheimer, Mr. I. J. Abrahams, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. P. C. Pearson, Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. M. H. Prance, Mr. P. N. Ray, The Hon. Findlay Rea, Lord Rea, Mr. G. G. Skellington, Mr. A. L. W. Stevens, Dr. M. Stratford, Mr. L. A. Wilson, Mr. J. S. Woodford, Mr. H. H. E. Batten, Mr. D. M. Eady, Mr. G. D. Everington, Mr. E. H. Everington, Mr. R. M. Jones, Major V. T. M. R. Tenison, Mr. L. E. Tanner, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. B. E. G. Davies, Dr. J. K. Morrison, Mr. D. S. Brock, Mr. J. Sanguinetti.

