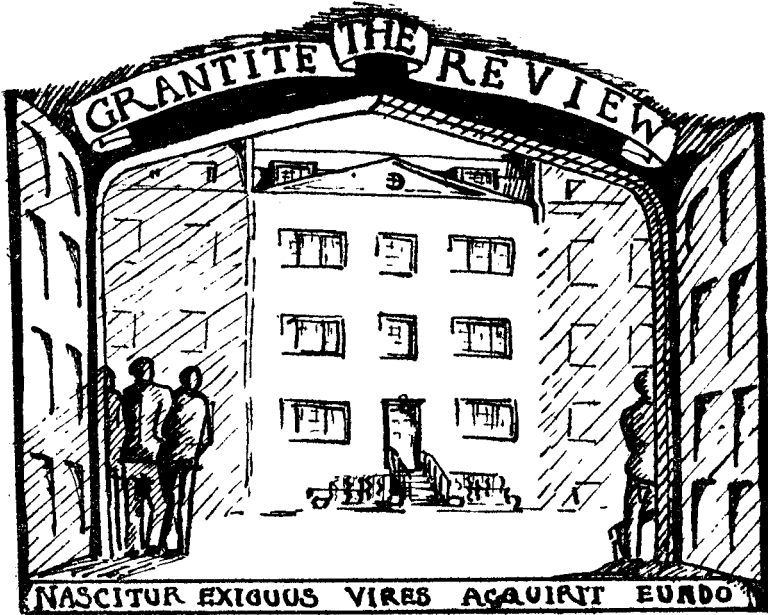


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LENT TERM, 1958

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## EDITORIAL

As the "doyen of school magazines" (so the *Elizabethan* has it), the *Grantite* has always prided itself on its perspective.

A termly product, balanced precariously between the forces of fact and fiction, it has regularly set out in each edition to forge a subtle link between these, its two guardian demons, and to cover up the necessary evils of the former without unduly stirring up those unnecessary failings of the latter. Such delicate forgery as this, of course, is often open to both strain and criticism; and indeed in the pages of a certain well-known fortnightly journal, a marked, albeit kindly, bewilderment was noticeable last term at the apparent disregard shown by certain *Grantites* for the titles under which they had writetn. For the focus is delicate, and the plain boards of school magazine furniture, the solid oak beams of Football and Squash, of Chess and the Water, have, it is to be admitted, given way more than once before the more æthereal stucco of fantasy. Yet the writers of the *Grantite* are not to be blamed; for if fact is often stranger than fiction, it is also a great deal harder to find. You cry for a storm, and are we to reply with a frank but stagnant calm when the glassy surface of the term's activity is untroubled by the slightest ripple? The *Grantite* does not; it whistles for a wind, perhaps, and then it blows for itself.

It would, of course, be unwise to blow too hard. We may be lavish with our paint, but we must not forget the scaffolding, and the fact that the *Grantite* is primarily the organ of house achievement and of house gossip, firmly rooted in a bed of hardy perennials. Fiction must reflect and not surpass fact; and therefore the writers of this *Grantite* have consented to buckle under the whip of truth and, while giving free rein to the flights of their under-exercised fancies, have attempted, more or less, to keep the Icarian balance between the sun of boredom and the sea of lies. Nothing can be perfect, of course, and it is probable that we have left out several names whose possessors are dying to see themselves in print; but lest any should find that their noble deeds on field or Water have somehow been overlooked, I end by reminding them, in the words of Mr. Oscar Wilde, that "there are times when art almost attains to the dignity of labour."

## HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: R. D. Creed, C. W. Redgrave, R. G. M. Stry and R. Munro-Faure.

We welcome this term: A. J. Stranger-Jones and F. Strickland-Constable as boarders, and D. B. Wadham-Smith as a day boy.

Congratulations to: N. R. P. Heaton on his Thirds for Fives.  
 and to: F. B. Lowe on his Thirds for Football.  
 and to: A. H. Lee on his Colts for Fencing.  
 and to: F. B. Lowe, M. A. Hall, J. W. Grose and  
 A. E. C. Ball on their Seniors for Football.  
 and to: N. D. K. Evans on his Seniors for Water.  
 and to: M. D. Fairbairn and A. J. Abbott on their  
 Seniors for Fives.  
 and to: N. Halsted on his Juniors for Fencing.  
 and to: D. S. Stancliffe on his Juniors for Football.  
 and to: P. S. C. Medawar on his Juniors for Foot-  
 ball and Athletics.  
 and to: M. B. Mc.C. Brown on his Juniors for  
 Athletics.

\* \* \* \*

Head of House is G. B. Patterson.  
 Monitors are M. D. Fairbairn, C. P. Wakely, R. M. Jones and  
 J. F. Hewitt.  
 Head of Hall is M. C. Norbury.  
 Hall Monitors are P. J. B. Latey, C. K. Channer, E. R. Espen-  
 hahn and L. C. Haynes.

\* \* \* \*

J. F. Hewitt is Head of the Water.  
 N. R. P. Heaton is Captain of Shooting.

\* \* \* \*

The House shares the Football Juniors Cup this year.

## HOUSE DIARY

### BLOOD SPORTS

It was a neat calculation on the part of someone that Deb. Soc. should discuss the problem of blood sports on the eve of the long distant races. The subject cried out for topical comment; and yet, either because athletes are of necessity a strong but silent race, or for the simple reason that we British care more for our animals than for ourselves, the clear allusion was scrupulously avoided. Perhaps it is significant that the House declared in favour of the Chase by a substantial majority. At all events, the debate closed in an idealistic vein, and the subject was not re-opened until the cold, grey light of the following day peeped its baleful eye through the windows of the house and awoke the frightened inmates with a chuckling blast of cold air.

I do not know what it is that makes us so eager as *Punch* once put it, to "catch our death for the sake of our health." It may be that curious love for getting one's feet wet which is born in one as

a child and which never leaves one entirely, even throughout those long years of so-called discretion; perhaps the fox really does like it; but the weather knows. As far back as anyone can remember the snows and rains of February have jealously guarded their secrets throughout the early weeks of the Lent term, have hung poised in the heavens like the sword of Damocles, husbanding, nurturing, rigorously training their furies for the great day to come. It dawns; and with a howl of glee, the doors of the sky open and a seething whirlwind of snow and sleet, of rain, wind and vapour, streams past the school, to fall upon the tow-path with a ravenous hatred, drowning the surface in mud and slush, filling the pot holes and churning the atmosphere into a wild Bacchic revel of cold, wind and water. White faces, drawn and anxious, peer out of the coaches: the hounds of the weather bay back in triumph.

For the journey in the coach is the time for stories of the hunt. Huddled figures, wrapped to the eyes, murmur forebodingly of storms and wreckage, of dizziness and cramp, of Jim Peters and of Pheidippides. An old veteran calls out from somewhere at the back to his friend at the front, recalling the time when several unfortunate competitors, blinded by the storm, ran straight into the Thames at the turn, and when the height of water obliged the whole field to swim under Hammersmith Bridge.

“Have a glucose pill.”

“Good lord, boy, you’ll be sick after the first hundred yards if you take those things; I tried them last year; they’re absolutely fatal.”

“Crumbs! I’ve had six already.”

“Has anyone ever tried to cut across?”

“Yes, he was lost for hours . . .”

The distance closes. A stop at Putney; and then off along the road to the start, fingers nervously clutching at surplus garments, lungs wheezing tremulously like old, leaky sets of bag-pipes. The coach stops; cold claws in at the open doorway as if to snatch the last flimsy garments from the shivering backs of the occupants; and there is no stirrup-cup for the fox. Then, at last, like a parachute jumper, one gropes towards the gap in the coach wall, for an instant one hangs poised on the step, and then one is snatched into the maelstrom of the elements, gathered into the fantastic dance, while somewhere, deep down at the pit of the stomach, the hounds are in full cry.

“Good luck, the field! On your marks; ‘set; bang!” There is an echo in your legs, and you swim forward. You are on the run. Blood wells up in the head, drumming out the rhythm of the feet. The pack is up at your heels, howling about your ears, tearing at your face. An urge tells you to run like the wind and away you go, jostling to free yourself from the other running figures, determined to fight your battle with the elements alone; and on your left, the great granite sheet of the Thames rolls coldly by.

Of the actual chase, each fox must have his own particular memory, for it is a time when every rag of power and knowledge pours through the brain in a wild turmoil of tattered thought: and does not the fox know many things? but deep inside the mind of every fox, two voices will always be hard at it.

1st voice: "Let's stop this, you idiot! Isn't it cold enough, wet enough, without your ploughing through all the puddles, rolling in them as well, and catching your death of cold into the bargain. We can't keep this up much longer, you know. Best stop and take it easy."

2nd voice: "Can't stop. Absolutely fatal to stop: we've got to keep going; after all, its not as bad as all that; still going strong so far—second wind due any minute."

"Ridiculous waste of effort. Miles to go. Don't know why we came."

"Won't be far now. Look, there's a chap on a bike, cheering us on."

"He's got some sense!"

"Ah! Here's Hammersmith!"

For indeed Hammersmith is an oasis in all that bleak desert to the weary runner, with its long grey arches disappearing into the mist and the dip under its girders which breaks the monotony of the tow-path like a five-minutes' rest. Down you go, underneath, and up the other side, new vigour filling your legs and lungs, driving you to Putney, and the triumphant sound of the second voice shouting in your ears: "Half way!"

The 1st voice maintains a disgruntled silence. You run on; and then suddenly you see in front of you the wide bend of the river, dotted with white, moving figures, and, at the end, somewhere in the dim distance the boat-houses and—wonder!—the finish.

"Not there by a long chalk, I see," says the first voice, breaking its silence, "and with all those chaps in front, we might just as well drop out now."

"Rot!" replies the second, its blood up. "What! Now that we can see the end?" For the earth is in sight, the haven is ahoy; supporters thicken their cheers and chafe; the bend grows straighter and straighter; and lo! you are over the brook, onto the tarmac and

"One last short burst upon failing feet—

There life lay waiting so sweet, so sweet,

Rest in darkness, balm for aches."

There, in front, a bank of muffled faces dances up and down before your eyes, brandishing umbrellas, papers, cameras.

There is a muffled hum, as all your pent-up feelings cross the line; and then the whole world collapses in ruins around you. For it is all over; and when the cheerful sun of the next morning smiles down onto the aching limbs and bleary eyes, when, as if by a miracle, the furies of February change into the blue skies of spring, one is almost tempted to think that the weather, at least, treats the whole thing as one huge, boisterous, joke.

## TABLES AND TALK

Many modern buildings are so calculated that though one could kick at an obvious place with disastrous effects to one's toe, yet one can bring about by applying the kick further up on the extra intra-cosmatic partition of hardboarded fibreglass, disastrous effects on the wall.

Grant's is not such a House. The concrete beams across the blanco room seem doubly brutal every time one knocks into them. One could go on kicking the ceiling upside down indefinitely—with a strong enough corps boot. The piano would sound no more out of tune with the inside dislocated than it does now. Grant's clock would work just as well in pieces. And there is really very little reason for not practising the javelin during the athletics season by flinging billiards cues at the windows, for it only makes a crack of two inches and a bill of ten pounds.

One may watch with spiteful glee the growing tear on the wall-paper by the door to Change, but careful investigation always, or practically always, finds a wall behind. Visitors may well be surprised when the lights do not work but this is not the fruit of an airborne book, but the result of an economic policy.

It has taken me two years to realise that Grant's is never distrustful of reform. This very month a body of temporary designers routed the old regime by replacing the tables—something quite unheard of. Hall flashed from the seating designs of 18th century churches to Charlie's canteen in a matter of minutes. . . .

Had one been there one might have seen Jake doing the job of two men, who had gone for a cuppa, by balancing all the tables end on in a column. But taking out the bottom one to sit on, the rest shot through the windows into Grant's yard. There was a slight noise. Then a long pause . . .

Or in the bustle one might have heard later:—

“Catch that cupboard matey . . ., think we've forgotten to remove the Housemaster from under the billiards table—nor we 'ave . . . Poor man he's quite out . . .”

“I'll take his legs.”

“I'll take his pipe.”

“Pull! He's come off his pipe . . . he's come apart!”

No, this did not happen. Nor did anyone think of trailing strands of ivy round the mantlepiece or of “nailing milk-bottle tops on the floor.” The present seating arrangement is, on the contrary, rather unimaginative. Yet it has definite advantages:—there is a blind spot at the end of the columns of tables, and the fact that visitors coming down the Sacra Via to the sacred of sacreds—the High Table, have to parade the entire length of the room in full view of day boys, much to the latter's appreciation and the former's embarrassment. Scrutinising visitors and squeezing steamed puddings are perhaps the Grantite's two greatest lunch-time amusements.

## FOOTBALL

### SENIORS

This season Grant's took the field with a very dangerous, if not spectacular side. The advantage of a bye in the first round was, however, offset by a clash with the redoubtable Busby's in the semi-final. The first game was typical of the Busby's—Grant's tradition, and Busby's more skilful tactics were neutralised by hard tackling from the defence and some fast breakaway attacks from the forwards. Grant's, unluckily behind at half-time, scored soon after when a fine corner by F. B. Lowe was headed in by Chinn. Busby's scored again, but threw away their advantage when lack of covering at a goal kick resulted in Chinn's kicking the ball back into an empty goal. In extra time both teams hung on with grim determination but were too fatigued to deliver a deciding shot.

The replay, owing to snow, was played on the smaller Colt's pitch and this affected the harder kicking Grant's side. The ball control of Lowe and Hall led to the scoring of two quick goals by Hall, but the tactically superior Busby's side, fighting back with great spirit, first obtained a penalty and then the equaliser. The second half produced a stalemate although Harrop narrowly missed the winner with a shot from outside the penalty area. Extra time was made more exciting in that the first team to score would be the winner but unfortunately more disastrous in that Busby's did so first. Of the new additions to the side Boyd and Seddon showed great promise; Medawar played a good game in goal and Grose and Ledlie were very steady in defence. Ball, our head of house athletics, managed to be nearly everywhere at once; in fact the team made a spirited if unsuccessful match of it.

### JUNIORS

On paper Grant's appeared to have little chance of being successful in the House Juniors Competition. An anticipated triumph was achieved over Wren's by 4 goals to nil. After a bye in the second round Grant's pulled off a good victory over Ashburnham by 3 goals to 2, and followed that up with a convincing win over College by 7 goals to nil. The next match against Busby's was a hard, bitter struggle, eventually won by Busby's by 4 goals to 2. Liddell's were beaten by 4 goals to nil, and the last match, against Rigud's, was won by Grant's after a tough game by 2 goals to 1. Thus we shared the cup with Busby's, who had been beaten by Ashburnham by 1 goal to nil at the beginning of the competition.

Of the forwards Hall was the most penetrating, with Hornsby and Boyd a dangerous right-wing combination. The defence was sound with Medawar providing the rear-guard in goal. Seddon and Stancliffe were a reliable pair of full-backs and Mckinlay, Pain and Espenhahn were also prominent. The side was captained by J. K. Ledlie.

## THE WATER

It is with somewhat misty eyes that we look ahead to the future of Grant's boating. Grant's water-recruiting has fallen to practically nothing, and even the most aged member of the house finds it difficult to remember when we last recruited a boy to add to our dwindling Putney collection. It seems that while Westminster rowing is on the up-grade, Grant's rowing is sinking fast, and we are burning our boats behind us.

Last term weight-and-circuit training started in earnest, twice a week, and this term, training round Green in the evenings has been an added attraction—that is, for the prospective first three eights. We are at the moment represented by Macfarlane, Evans and Hewitt in A and B crews, and we must sincerely hope that there will be three Grantites still in those crews at the end of the season.

Let us also hope that some new Grantite blood will enter the boat-house, so that a long and glorious tradition may not be lost but may reach even greater heights.

## FIVES

Whilst the last article on this sport was written in an optimistic vein, it seems that the present one has little opportunity for optimism. The fives courts have been razed to the ground and the sound of pneumatic drills has taken the place of the smack of ball against glove. All hope is not gone, however. It is rumoured that the new courts are to be built in the neighbourhood of Ashburnham garden and to keep the ball rolling, bands of experts go to Highgate School, who very kindly lend us their courts on Thursdays. All, therefore, is not lost. While the older generation plays itself out at Highgate the promising younger generation, which includes many juniors up Grant's, will take over to found a new dynasty on the courts of Westminster, where the sport will flourish once again. Floreat Quinqui!

## SQUASH

This is perhaps the first, and probably the last, time an article on this "Cinderella" sport will appear in the *Grantite*. Few people even realize that there is such a station, but exist it does. As the terms roll on, squash is becoming more and more of a station and less of a compulsory occupation for stray intellectuals.

If we look at the station as it concerns the House, we have little to be proud of; last term an inter-house competition was arranged, in which, in the first round, Grant's met, and beat, Liddell's, the



team consisting of Wakely, Ball and Redgrave. This term, the next round was played with a different team, owing to the departure of Redgrave, whose place was taken by Fairbairn. Gone were Grant's hopes of victory against College! Although Ball played, and won, Wakely and Fairbairn did not perform the great things expected of them, and College passed into the finals.

Squash is still regarded as a "shag" station, so perhaps here I had better stop using space which might be devoted to nobler causes.

## FENCING AND CHESS

Although outwardly separated by that wall which divides the sport from the pastime, there is a curious affinity between the piste and the chessboard. On each there is played out a battle of wits; there is luring, a subtle snare, carefully prepared to catch the opponent off his guard, and then in a sudden flash a rapier-like attack down the centre which sweeps through all parries and triumphantly check-mates on the target. For indeed both are symbols of the battle, the one of combat, the other of strategy; and in both Grant's has been doing Trojan stuff throughout the past season.

Having retained Redgrave long enough to win the Senior Foil Cup last term attention was turned this term to the Juniors Competition where our material was not so good: in fact where we only had two entries. The opposition, however, was in a state of flux, and N. Halsted, although in only his second term of fencing, contrived to reach the final pool, and to come sixth. This was a good show, and let us hope that his example will encourage further recruitment to the side.

In chess at the end of last term we found ourselves, by dint of rapid decisions and no little match-play, in a position to win the inter-house competition and, indeed, were leading in gross points. The end of the term would have brought us victory; but, at the eleventh hour, Ashburnham put on a spurt, played and won two more games, and piped us at the post: moreover, we deserved it as they had previously beaten us soundly.

We now, however, hope for better luck in the Barton Cup Competition where N. Halsted, P. I. Espenhahn, J. H. G. Langley, A. E. C. Ball and G. B. Patterson are still going it hard for the final assault.

## SHOOTING

Grant's have three of last year's team left and we are in a strong position to win the inter-house cup again, insomuch as experience of the type of shooting involved is more important than anything else.

This year we will be able to put a second team in, which even if it obtains no success, will gain useful experience and points for the Squire Bowl. Last year, although we won, we did not get as many points as Rigaud's, who fielded two teams.

## MUSIC

The concert last term had the original setting for its performance of the Greycoat's Hospital. We all, of course, greatly appreciated the considerable swelling of our numbers by a fine body of sopranos and contraltos. It was only this which managed to maintain the choir's morale after a very sad mishap caused by the inability of the choir to hear the orchestra through a sound-proof proscenium.

This term the concert will be held in equally difficult and yet more unusual surroundings, to wit, the Abbey, where the choir will be split into two and the singers will miss the support of their fellows. But once again the girls make promise of most welcome support.

Grant's itself seems to be a not inconsiderable force in the field of school music, having several instrumentalists who have either already ascended to the dizzy heights of the school orchestra or show great promise of doing so in the future. There is at the moment an official Grant's string quartet consisting of three violins and a 'cello, and who knows but that some day we may take a leaf out of the scholars' book and set up a rival House Orchestra. Surely we may say with not inconsiderable justification not: "Floreat Grants' music" but "Grant's music floret."

## THE PLAY SUPPER

"The Play Supper took place on the last Thursday of term, to the accompaniment of special merry-making and general gorging."

Such is the way in which the previous articles on House Suppers have always begun, and it is to be regretted that the present writer can provide no exception. While the articles on Water, Fives and Shooting, for example, follow the same pattern each term, that which reviews the annual repast appears but once a year, and thus it is to be hoped that the reader will excuse the somewhat dry and usual form used.

One of the most marked things about the Play Supper was the way in which the people moved—if, beforehand, they had been all noise and gaiety, there was afterwards a certain stodginess in their movements, the result, no doubt of the Christmas Pudding: of this rather formidable helpings were served.

This sloth did not, however, limit the movement of tongues, and vocal chords generally. On the contrary, besides calling for the

Guest, Mr. Woodhouse, something hitherto unheard of happened; the House called for the leavers to speak, of whose numbers Redgrave and Creed complied, the house-master mercifully putting an end to any further demonstrations by rising.

The usual high standard of entertainment was provided; although it would be unfair to single out any one performance, C. W. Redgrave's impersonation of a Gent's Hair Stylist will be memorable, the more so for the quantities of hair oil which were used.

To conclude with a platitude, a most enjoyable evening was had by all. While old talent leaves, young blood takes its place, and so the mystic circle of Play Supper performances progresses.

### HOW I SAVED GRANT'S

I opened an eye, startled and with the distinct impression that I had been woken up; a thin acrid tang assailed my nostrils. Yes, undoubtedly it was the smell of what I can only describe as—smoke. I sniffed again and let the aroma sink deep down into my very lungs; smoke, without a shadow of doubt, smoke.

By now the stuff was pouring into my study with an alarming and pungent rapidity, so that soon there was indeed little room for doubt; and thus I immediately began to think what steps I should take for the better safety of my house and person. I opened the door in the full expectation of seeing a wall of flame which would devour me in an instant:—Nothing; yet I was not at a loss; I had smelt smoke and my keen wit told me that there is, in no circumstance, smoke without fire. And while I was this deliberating, it suddenly dawned on me what my duty bound me to do. Pausing only to put on my bedroom slippers and dressing gown and to rescue one or two of my more treasured belongings: my corps equipment, the wireless set that I kept hidden under my bed and, of course, my stock of fags I proceeded to make my way as fast as these impediments would allow (for you must know that my trunk caused me no little inconvenience) in the direction of the swing doors. As I passed, passionate faces peered out and muttered encouragements (I could not grasp their words, but their voices betrayed their enthusiasm) and at length I found myself on my way downstairs.

Here misfortune came well nigh to putting an end to my mission. For I had scarcely reached half-way down when the cord of my dressing gown (an odd one which I had never liked) contrived to get between my legs and to throw me with much noise and little ceremony the rest of the way down. Yet so strongly had my sense of duty metalled me for the occasion that I came to the conclusion that the state of the house was more important than that of myself, and that anyway Matron was probably asleep. I reached the linen room; I stretched out my hand; I took the bell and in a fury of triumph I rang out the message that had been conferred upon me

by fortune. Loud and long I rang it; and then, secure in the knowledge that I had done my duty, I whipped out of the back and made all the haste I could to the Queen's Head. (Of course the damned place was closed). Sorrowfully I turned my step towards the house again to see how my perhaps late school-mates had fared . . . Well, how was I to know that my cigarette had been still alight when I fell asleep, and anyway it was good practice for them.

A.H.L.

### ON SMITHFIELD FIRE

Well this is Smithfield, but where's the fire?  
Where the writhing girders of this strangled pyre;  
Blankets of breath-choke smoke, unruly flames, falling  
Towers once so pompous, dashed and strewn. The crawling  
Men, scalded, groping, choking; ceaseless rage  
Like deep and rumbling waterfalls within that cage?  
Or the reflected furnace glowing on the door?  
Oh what pitiless inferno, what the roar  
Must issue from those caverns underground  
Where screams and unexploded Turkeys sound!

Well this is Smithfield, so here's the fire.  
—One leaden-faced policeman stops one walking higher.  
Nothing but dampened charcoal, where slow steam rose  
And the rhythmic, rhythmic pumping of the fireman's hose,  
Drooping jets now plashed upon the pavement of the street  
Steady wash and splash; A fireman crossed with booted feet.  
Grey empty place, grey pipes, grey walls; wet and sullen grey.  
. . . the two remaining watchers turned and moved away.

J. T. Wylde

### AN ODE TO EARTH

Now be that fruitless season of the year  
When mud is in the boots and in the beer,  
When raincoats leak, and gummi-macs are torn.  
And soggy socks are cursing every corn.

For mud is in the house and jams the doors  
And muddy footsteps smear on all the floors  
And grumbling cattle stand in the rain and stare,  
And the fields are mud and mud is everywhere.

Yet the land is rich, and the land is good and true,  
And you stick close to it, and it to you,  
For man has stuck to the earth since the world began  
And what is man but mud, and earth but man?

G.B.P.

## ON FIRST LOOKING INTO HARROD'S MEN'S DEPARTMENT

Much have I travelled in the realms of men's suiting; and yet I have never felt that impressive "je ne sais quoi," that languid, but intense concentration which generally hangs limpid in the air of such places, so much as in Harrod's men's department. The place is pervaded by an overbearing atmosphere of efficiency; everywhere light-footed assistants glide over the smooth floor-carpets in hopes of a customer, and, like that immortal Wodehousian character, "Jeeves," they move without the slightest noise. You turn your back for an instant and the next thing you know, "The assistant comes down like a wolf on the fold," and a smooth, sinuous voice whispers deferentially in your ear that immortal, oft-repeated, "Can I help you, sir?"

You start visibly, you stop fingering the fancy shirts, and you giggle a nervous "Oh, ah, just looking around, thank you;" you are so intimidated that you almost call the man, "Officer;" you feel just like an old lag who has just been charged for "loitering with intent." Unless you are very strong willed you either buy something or move off smartly to another counter; either way you leave the assistant with the laurels of victory. It is impossible to browbeat one of these assistants; you are almost certain to come off worst. One of the most wearing of their subversive activities is the trouser trick. The man asks you to try a suit on in one of the cubicles; you go in, change suits, and then the assistant returns. He says he thinks he has a suit which will fit better in the store room, and he will just go and get it and out he goes bearing with him both suits. Suddenly after a slight chilly feeling round the knees, you look around for the suit which you had on when you came in; with sickening feeling in the pit of your stomach it slowly dawns on you that this, of course, has been snatched away while your attention has been diverted and you are left looking and feeling very foolish in just your shirt and . . . ; well, you've had it; there you are and there you'll stay until the assistant finally gets over his chagrin enough to return with your trousers; he has you just where he wants you. Even when he does come back it is useless to try to complain: there is nothing you can do about it. He will always have some glib excuse; he was suddenly called away on urgent business and he sent your suit over to the cleaning department for a quick sponge and press, and he's terribly sorry but he did think it looked so scruffy.

No, one has to be very careful with these assistants; they are definitely hot stuff. There is a very sad story about an uncle of mine which is regularly told by members of the family at such occasions as funerals or weddings. This uncle of mine, a timid retiring type and very shy of women was taken in by the trouser trick and left

by a particularly callous assistant for well over an hour: when the man eventually returned my uncle was absolutely gibbering. They never got the whole story out of him but it seems it was something to do with a woman who kept trying to get in to see if hubby was in there. Apparently my uncle had only managed to keep her out by putting his foot against the door. The poor fellow never recovered.

However if you are nice to them you will find these assistants quite civil, and, with a few judicious tips, they may even be induced to look on you as an old friend.

As for the customers they too are an intriguing lot; old country Peers who have not been up to the House since the last recess in 1903, reduced to penury by the expense of keeping up vast country estates wander disconsolately about weighing up the pros and cons of opening the old sham Gothic ancestral pile on Friday afternoons at 2/6 a head, children half, or, far better, if the Ministry of Works were to take it over as a National Monument. Perhaps if these day-dreams were to come true they might be able to afford a new coat this winter. American millionaires wander about failing, miserably, in their obvious attempts not to look like American millionaires; self-made men try to look as though they had been born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Deb's delights come in, hushed for a moment by a first glimpse of the solemn stillness of that haven which they will soon know far better. Prosperous country farmers, rosy-cheeked wives on their arms, at last come up to that long-desired paradise, London, search vainly for the fancy waistcoat counter.

There are occasionally distressing offshoots from other departments who rudely shatter the peace of this temple; sometimes a crowd of rowdy boys burst down the stairs from toys and novelties, sometimes a gaggle of chattering women come in from stationery, cosmetics and millinery. But fortunately such disturbing occurrences are few and far between and the great characteristic of the department is its peace. Here at least we have no super high-power salesmanship; here the atmosphere is at least clothed in sobriety; and surely, here at least the much maligned customer may be allowed the great honour of being always *wrong*?

A. H. Sandford-Smith.

## OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the Club took place in Hall on Thursday, 12th December, 1957, when there was a higher attendance than usual. Mr. L. E. Tanner (senior Past President) took the chair and opened the meeting with a tribute to the late Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, Q.C., who had died during his last

year of office. Mr. Tanner referred to the very warm regard in which Mr. Cleveland-Stevens was held by all those who had come into contact with him, and his particular kindness to younger members of the Club. At the suggestion of Mr. Tanner all present stood for a moment in silent tribute to Mr. Cleveland-Stevens' memory.

In presenting the Report of the Executive Committee for the year, Mr. Tanner referred to the Annual Dinner held in the House of Lords, and expressed the gratitude of the Club to Lord Rea who had made this possible. Not only had every place for the dinner been taken, but there was a waiting list of approximately thirty Old Grantites who were unable to be present. Mr. Tanner also referred to the innovation which had been made at the suggestion of the late Mr. Cleveland-Stevens, in electing Viscount Davidson and Mr. Walter Hamilton as Honorary Members of the Club, in view of their great services to Grant's in their different ways. He also mentioned that the Committee did not propose to return to the Houses of Parliament for the 1958 dinner, but would hold it on the 2nd May in the King Charles suite at Whitehall Court which has always been a great success in previous years. It was obviously fitting that the new Head Master, Mr. J. D. Carleton, should be the principal guest on that occasion.

The committee were planning to issue a revised list of members of the Club as at 1st January, 1958, and work both on the history of the House which he himself had written, and of the Club, was in hand. Certain Old Grantites were being good enough to give a hand with various sections of the work. The report presented by Mr. Tanner was unanimously accepted by the Meeting.

As President in succession to the late Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, Sir Adrian Boulton was unanimously elected. This election was received with enthusiasm by the meeting, and Sir Adrian in responding thanked the members for their confidence and said he would do his best to maintain the high traditions set by previous Presidents, not least by Mr. L. E. Tanner himself.

As Vice-Presidents there were re-elected Lord Adrian, Mr. P. J. S. Bevan, Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, Lord Rea, and Mr. L. E. Tanner. In addition, and on the nomination of the Executive Committee two additional Vice-Presidents were elected, Mr. G. F. Pitt-Lewis and Mr. Geoffrey P. Stevens, M.P. Both the new Vice-Presidents have given long and distinguished service to the House and to the school in their differing ways.

Mr. R. Plummer was re-elected as Honorary Treasurer, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee as Honorary Secretary, and Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile was re-elected to the Executive Committee, while Mr. J. G. F. Fraser was elected to a vacancy. The Hon. Andrew Davidson also retired from the Executive Committee, and Mr. R. P. C.

Hillyard was elected in his place. Mr. F. T. Hunter and Mr. G. P. Stevens were re-elected as Honorary Auditors and the meeting passed a particularly warm vote of thanks to them for their work in this capacity.

At the close of the meeting the President invited those present to adjourn to the House Master's private room which had generously been placed at the disposal of the Club by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson. This provided a pleasant occasion for Old Grantites of all ages to meet one another, and it is very much to be hoped that even more members will take advantage of the occasion next year.

#### NOTICES

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review*, and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary: W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E., 7, Spring Grove Road, Richmond, Surrey.

The Editor would be most grateful for any literary contributions to the Election Term's *Grantite* from its readers. Contributions should arrive before May 10th and be sent to:—

The Editor,

*The Grantite Review*,

2, Little Dean's Yard,

London, S.W.1.