

LENT TERM - 1955

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EDITORIAL.

To most people the weather at Westminster may appear unexceptional. It is a safe bet that the weather in Dean's Yard is the same as in Parliament Square. When a vast and impenetrable cloud swept over the southern half of England its origins were unknown, save that it arose from somewhere near the centre of the metropolis. Yet what was it? A cloud of depression? Smoke? A clever friend of the Editor seems to have found a plausible explanation. It was a great, big, black raven with enormous wings. Be this as it may, it might be supposed that the phenomenon as it appeared over Dean's Yard was no more and no less terrifying than in the rest of England. Or again the wind, which moans in the ivy of Ashburnham, which beats at the windows of Busbys, rumbles down the chimneys in Rigauds, might safely be regarded as the same wind which pinches the features of the postman in Victoria Street. And the snow which cripples the country each year, distinguishing England from the tropical countries of the world, ought, by all that is natural, to be as cold to the feet of Grantites as it is to those of the ducks in St. James's Park.

Surely the temperature up Grant's is no colder than in the booking-hall of Victoria Station? Surely a rational human being

would be on safe ground in suggesting that the rain when it descends from the clouds upon the rooftops of Beckenham Junction is as wet as that which soaks the steps leading up to School?

Who would be mad enough to believe that the summer of Westminster is different from the summer of Strutton Ground, or that Autumn and Spring are more irregular and uncertain in their arrival outside No. 2 than they are over the Savoy or Claridges or any of the other great residential houses of London? Is the slush more sloppy? Is the climate damper? Are the thunder-storms fiercer, or the April showers more dulcet? Residents for four years or more through the archway of Little Dean's Yard must reveal the truth about such speculations. Careful measurement of temperatures, expert manipulation of rain gauges, hardy spirits willing to sit upon the tiles of Grant's are not necessary to determine the true relationship of the weather of England to that over Westminster. Anybody would tell you that the weather of Westminster is the same as anywhere else. And why shouldn't it be?

HOUSE DIARY.

The completion this term of the new section of Grant's, which stands where the old Dining-room and maids' quarters were, means many changes not only in the life of the House, but in its geography.

The new block is entered through the basement, although it is connected at all levels with the old house. Where the kitchens used to be there are now shower and changing-rooms. On the ground floor is a very large room, which serves as Hall and dining-room combined; this, in fact, was not completed until after this term had already begun. On the two floors above this are the studies, fourteen on each floor, and two common rooms, called Fernie and Buckenhill. The common-rooms are for the use of those who have a study, and for the day boys. The old Chiswicks, a study which has now ceased to exist, has become the House Library, and the Big Dormitory has been changed into two separate bedrooms. The dormitories on the Top Floor above are still the same, except that the long dormitory has been divided into two rooms, and the back two-bedder is now a monitor's study. With the increased sleeping space there is no more need for the Waiting Dormitory, and for the first time in a long while the whole of Grant's is under the same roof.

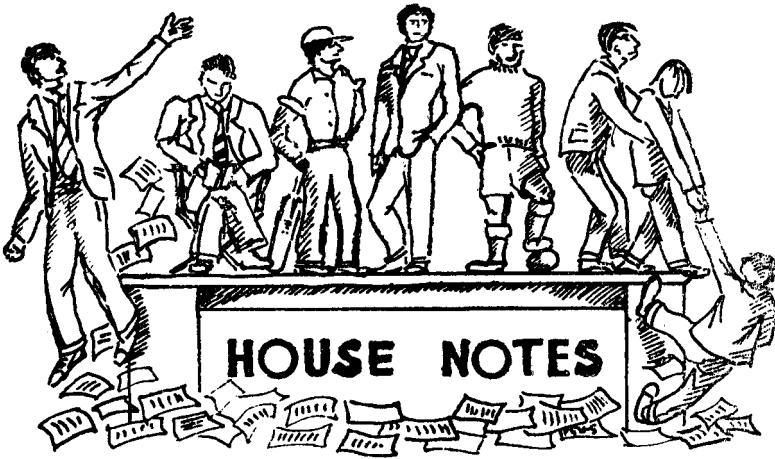
The back block of Grant's has been completely rebuilt inside, and added on to. Matron's room, the sickroom, the kitchen and the maids' quarters have all been moved there. On the top floor there is another washroom and, luxury of luxuries, a verandah for the use of an, as yet, unspecified section of the House.

Naturally these changes have made a great difference in the life of the House. As yet it is too early to write fully on what they entail, apart from remarking that at the moment Hall is smaller than it was, though there is room for a few more boys.

At the Play Supper last term we were glad to entertain as guests : Mr. G. H. T. Hamerton, Mr. A. D. Cunningham, Mr. F. D. Hornsby and Mr. R. P. Harben.

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We should like to offer our congratulations to Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., F.R.S., on his elevation to the Peerage. Also to the Head Master and Mrs. Hamilton on the birth of their second son.



There left us last term : C. J. Croft, N. A. Phelps-Brown, G. I. Chick and J. S. Woodford.

We welcome this term : J. P. Pollitzer, D. H. Weigall; and R. V. Aston as a day-boy.

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C. H. Prince is Head of House.

The Monitors are : R. T. J. A. Clark, J. U. Salvi, and A. C. B. Hunter.

C. H. Prince is Captain of Squash.

J. U. Salvi is Head of House Athletics.

M. Makower is Head of House Fencing.

M. C. Frances is Head of House Fives.

C. W. Redgrave is Head of House Music.

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Congratulations to M. C. Frances on his Thirds for Football.

and to : D. B. Wilkins and F. R. Lucas on their Colts for Football.

and to : M. Makower on his Thirds for Fencing.

and to : M. Makower and C. M. Wolchover and C. W. Redgrave on their Seniors for Fencing.

and to : P. B. Westoby and A. E. Richmond-Watson on their Juniors for Water.

and to : R. Munro-faure on his Juniors for Football.

GRANT'S RESURRECTED.

The splendid greys that draw the Lord Mayor's coach, the scarlet and gold outriders flanking the Town Beadle's open landau, the procession starting with the London Scissormen-at-Ease, and ending in all the magnificent group of Guild Trumpeters. The moment when the Captain Scissorman-at-Ease hands the Lord Mayor the golden symbols of his Company . . . all this, however, was not for Grant's.

Almost religiously the fortunate amidst us filed up the basement stairs, pausing at the gaunt, and as then unfinished Hall, up that flight of concrete that led them, like Israelite exiles to the long-promised land. Unemotionally they took possession of the still unnamed monastic cells in which all future Grantites will make their abode. Quietly, with beaverlike efficiency, lampshades, carpets, and curtains have appeared, and now in the evenings, when dark approaches, and the genial glow from the windows in the passage manifests itself, when all is silent save the industrious scratching of pens—then it is possible to say that the privations of the last months have been worthwhile.

Not inconsiderable have been our wanderings ; like ashes we have been scattered to the corners of the school, and even now are still but slowly returning to normality. Much has changed. Chiswicks is no more, at least in its old beloved form. Soon no doubt, it will be forgotten ; the present author reflects that he attended the last Chis. Binge, and was among the last to use the House Library, then Chis., as his study. But it is foolish to weep over departed institutions. The future is what Grant's looks to ; the prospect is bright. The phoenix has justified itself and from the ashes has arisen a new bird, more glorious than its parent self.

The task of putting Grant's at the head of all school activities is now solely in the hands of its members, who now may boast conditions that are as good as could be wished for. May they live up to the standards that have been set before them ; may they cry with us—Floreat Grants!

FOOTBALL.

Juniors were played last term and Grant's finished second to Ashburnham. With the core of last year's team still eligible, we started the competition with high hopes. Against Rigauds, however, the side put up a rather lethargic display, although admittedly in shocking conditions. Grant's equalized an early goal by their opponents, and an improvement in the second half saw three more. Against College, reluctance to shoot brought a hard fight, and we only won by the score of 2—1. In the next round Grant's played a very weak Busby's side, and, playing well as a team, took full

advantage of it and won 8—2. The most important match was against Ashburnham, for it was, in fact, the deciding game of the series. Grant's had most of the play in the first half, but were only level at half-time. When Benson scored a quick goal a win seemed possible, but the larger and more experienced Ashburnham team played skilful football in the last twenty minutes and won 4—1.

Noakes showed promise in goal, and Munro-Faure and Spry were a good full-back combination. The captain, Wilkins, playing at centre-half, was extremely hard to pass, while both Inglis and Abbot played well at right-half. Benson was the team's top scorer at left-half, while the young right wing pair of Chinn and Lowe is very promising. Harrop, though unhappy at the position of centre-forward, provided plenty of punch, as did the constructive play of Lucas at inside-left. Cheyne on the left wing made some good efforts and at times played constructive football.

In the first round of Seniors this year Grant's was drawn against Wrens. During the first half of the game Wilkins was off the field and Grant's, playing into the wind and sun, did well to take the lead through a close range shot by Prince. Wrens equalised soon after half-time and it was not until very near the end of the match that Clarke scored the winning goal with a high dropping shot from the right wing.

The second round match against College was played in the bright sunshine on a very slippery field, and Grant's, without Wilkins and Prince, found the hard College tackling very difficult to overcome. Grant's took the lead after about fifteen minutes, but College retaliated fiercely and rapidly equalized, following up their advantage with a second goal due to a misunderstanding in the Grant's defence. In the second half Clarke again equalized with a shot from the wing, and it was not until the second half of extra time that Benson scored the third goal with a very hard ground shot.

Grant's now face Busby's in the final.

League during the latter half of last term and the first half of this term, has proved infinitely more successful than was expected. We administered our first defeat against College, 8—0, and this term we have even aspired to beating Ashburnham 3—1 and Busby's 4—0. In spite of the renowned microscopic size of our team, each member has played like a giant, and shown remarkable energy and keenness. We sincerely hope this will continue to the end of the season, and that the "Five Foot Terrors" will preserve their motto of "Invictu" throughout this term.

FENCING.

Last term the Inter-House Foil Competition was held. In the Senior C. J. Croft was the champion, with M. Makower 3rd, C. W. Redgrave 4th and C. M. Wolchover 7th. Thus Grant's retains the

House Foil Cup. In the Junior C. W. Redgrave was 1st, while G. B. Patterson came 3rd. In the total score for the House Seniors Cup, with Epeé and Sabre still to be fought, Grant's has 13 points, Ashburnham 5, Busby's 2 and College 1. The Epeé and Sabre will be fought at the end of this term.

Last term C. J. Croft was Captain of Fencing, but he has since left. Grants was also represented by M. Makower in the 1st team, Redgrave in the 2nd, and Patterson in the Colts.

FIVES

There is a fair number of keen fives players in the House at the moment, who should do well in a year's time when they have had more experience. Last term in Juniors Lucas and Wilkins got through the first round comfortably, but were unfortunately disqualified in the next round. Wakely and Macfarlane were eliminated in the first round.

LIT. SOC.

Last term in Lit. Soc. we read: "The Chiltern Hundreds," "Ghosts," "After October," "The Cherry Orchard," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Arms and the Man," "Boy with the Cart," and "Love from a Stranger."

We enjoyed on the whole a successful term. After being disappointed in "The Chiltern Hundreds" and "After October," both well-known plays, we decided to have completely new plays as far as possible, and not to repeat the usual cycle of Lit. Soc presentations. We broke with the past when we read "The Cherry Orchard," which proved to be a great success, and the last two plays of the term, "Boy with the Cart" and "Love from a Stranger" were also well received.

The standard of reading was very poor in several of the plays, though in the more popular this was naturally not the case, and in two of them the reading attained a very high standard. We were very happy to welcome Mr. French practically every week, and received one very pleasant and entertaining visit from Mr. Craven.

Altogether the term proved very successful after an inactive Election term. A little more enthusiasm and a greater attendance would solve all problems and greatly improve the standard of reading.

THE CONCERT.

Last term's Concert provided its usual quota of interest, though perhaps slightly less of merit. The orchestra's main feature of the evening was the performance of Mozart's Prague Symphony.

This was rendered with a mixture of competence and uncertainty, with the latter somewhat predominant : so much so that at points the orchestra appeared to be almost fumbling its way through an abyss, or to present what Harold Nicholson calls " that peculiar state of disarrangement that to the casual observer presents an illusion of harmony."

C. P. Danin gave a most able performance in a Concertino for Clarinet and Strings by Tartini, which indeed was often above mere ability. The two choral works of the evening were Holst's Fantasy on Carols and Handel's " Mirth and Melancholy." The tenor solo was sung by R. A. C. Norrington whose voice was at times rather too high for comfort and tended to run away with him. The choir strove gallantly to keep together, but in doing so lacked verve. Nevertheless, the overall effect, if not absolutely pleasing, was at least relatively so. The evening ended by the audience, obviously unfit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, singing " Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

H.M.S. PINAFORE.

The time which elapsed between last term's rehearsals in the lecture room and various secreted parts of the school, until the final rehearsals this term amidst the rigging of H.M.S. Pinafore herself, seemed a very short while.

We of the chorus met and sang sporadically, never appearing to hear the main songs, which were left out, or the dialogue of which nobody seemed to have heard. But then early this term when we began singing Up School, words appeared from nowhere and main songs seemed to have been both learned and rehearsed behind our backs. One day the sombre stage was changed by Mr. Spaul and about six ropes turned it into a most unmistakable ship, and we realized that our time was at hand.

With mingled feelings those of us who were not in the R.N. Section received our uniforms—a bewildering mass of blue, with sundry oddments for which there seemed no possible use. We might have been justified at this stage in thinking that our troubles were past, but this was not so, for on the Friday of the performance a large part of the male chorus collapsed with 'flu. Up School that afternoon we found the orchestra, with whom we had had several rehearsals, blithely playing through the piece without us : this was not particularly calming, and with only a short time until we were due to start we tucked ourselves away behind the stage, changing into the intricate maze of blue serge.

Before long we could hear the uniformed ushers guiding the guests to their seats. Then, School was full, and our conductor, Mr. C. Moor, walked out to his rostrum. The National Anthem was played, and the overture followed. At last the curtain rose, and our long, nerve-wracking wait was at an end.

The operetta was apparently very successful, and many members of the audience asked us when our next one could be seen. It was indeed very cheering to have such a good reception for this, the first production of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

GHOST STORY FOR A PHILANTHROPIST.

Wilson G. Brandenburg, no relation to the famous concertos, reeled out of the saloon, his right pocket sporting a bottle of whisky, which he drew from after each alternate stumble. His horse approached and stooped so that his inebriate owner could climb aboard. Wilson, G. B., as his friends knew him, had been feeling under the weather, although the little prairie town had been suffering the effects of a tropical heat, but not because of this, the Doctor at the post mortem had said that drink had been too much for him, but there he was, pouring whisky down his throat and drenching his shirt.

Wilson, G. B., was a cheerful man at the best of times—well, we all are, aren't we? He had been cheerful all his life, but he did not like surprises, "He'll take it awful bad," the society said . . .

Wilson, with the able assistance of his horse, contrived to arrive at his shack some way down country. He slipped off his horse and then kicked the stable door open, the horse knowledgeably sauntered in and tied itself up. Wilson, G. B., felt there was someone around, the old tawny owl didn't seem to be keeping his blinking watch on the dead tree by the well. The Australian bushdog wasn't eating any rabbits and there was an unfamiliar smell of a crematorium. He drew his whisky bottle as Hollywood had taught him and raised it behind his powerful bull neck. He again kicked open the door, a bad habit which he had picked up at school, and there to his extreme astonishment was a tall thin, whitish-looking man, who might even have been luminous.

"Hi, pardner," he drawled.

"Well," said W. G. B.

"Hi," said the stranger again, and W. G. B. again said, "Well."

The ghost, for it appeared in the ensuing conversation that he was one, said that he was lonely and just decided to pay a call to the little old farm down country where a quiet little drunk used to pass his time. He'd been dead for some time: he enjoyed being dead, put life into a different light, he said.

Well, this all happened late at night and this ghost, being well-mannered, thought he'd better get some sleep, and he also didn't want to keep Wilson up too long, took his leave promising to return the next night.

Wilson, G. B., was real fascinated by this and thought it big of him to drop in, for he was glad to see this jovial, but all the same

morbid character, again the next evening. W. G. B. even left the bar three quarters of an hour early to meet his astonishing acquaintance.

“Hi,” they said to one another; and “Hi,” they replied.

The luminous spectre soon got talking of life down the Oregon Trail, and it was well past three before he had lost his voice, and finding his feet that he had left by the door, all his bones were detachable, one of the advantages that the society offered . . .

The nocturnal visitor promised to call again the next evening, and said that he'd take W. G. B. for an excursion to a little congregation. (What that was Wilson, G. B., was quite sure—he didn't have much learning.)

For the third evening running the old fellow came over (no, he wasn't running) anyhow he knocked on the door and looked W. G. B. up and then they went out together and without much ado, except the ghost fellow kept dropping a rib, most embarrassing, I'm sure.

They topped the brow of a hill, sweat dripping off theirs', and amongst the trees on the point side there was a low fire and a strong smell of incense, the same as he had noticed when he first went into his cabin when the gentleman was there. He took his seat round the fire and a dull numbness began to grow inside, an uncanny sort of emptiness, which reminded him that he hadn't had anything to drink for three days. He glanced round him and then at his feet and to his surprise he found, that like all the people around him, that they too, his feet that is, were luminous and this peculiar sensation was creeping up his legs.

W. G. B. jumped up.

“What's going on round here?”

“Nothing pardner, you've been dead for three days now—we wanted to break it slowly.”

RES NOVAE.

A certain amount has been said already in this issue on the subject of the new Grant's, but to suppose that the idea of re-building is only a recent one would be a gross misconception. The following is taken from *The Grantite Review* for Play Term 1913:

“One is often grieved to hear the suggestion that Grant's be rebuilt—members of the other houses seem to consider Grant's to be in a condition almost unfit for human habitation.

We should imagine, however, that the only reason for this adverse criticism is that they are jealous of the historic association of our house, or that they had something better to boast of.

We are obliged to think that this view is instilled into the minds of the younger generation by reports, which are doubtless much exaggerated, of the luxury of other houses.

Our changing room is a little crowded perhaps, though the gradual and now complete disappearance of that ancient ornament, the basket, had added a little to the available space. We have this consolation, however, that when we have attained an exalted position in the school we can enjoy the comfort of Chiswicks. But ought we not to feel proud when we consider the names of the men famous in our country's history, who have endured these trivial hardships? And, of late, much has been done to bring the house up to date.

Reasons are put forward in favour of the removal of the school from its present unique position to some inconspicuous village or suburb.

These are the opinions of light-headed and inconsequent persons, and may be treated as such. But still, no one would advocate the rebuilding of the house as long as there is any fear of the school being removed to the country."

FERNIE AND BUCKENHILL

As the reader will have noticed the two new common rooms have been named Fernie and Buckenhill. It will, perhaps, be of some interest to postwar Grantites to know something about the origins of these names. They were the two places where the house was evacuated during the war and we have gathered a few extracts from contemporary *Grantite Reviews* about them.

"Fernie Bank was built in the Victorian age by a millionaire, who got into financial stress, and is situated at the top of a valley with a magnificent view facing North. The other side of the house faces the Malvern Hills. At the side of the house there are stables, the kitchen garden and orchards. After their experience at Lancing College Farm the gardeners have already started, but with less hard work since the ground was already cultivated. The orchards are very extensive, and in the middle of them there is a good tennis lawn, which at the moment is in danger from moles. At the bottom of the garden a hundred chickens are being kept, one of which is laying.

As we are far from any town, we provide our own water and lighting system. The water is pumped up from a well by a petrol engine which is subject to fits of temperament. The lighting is done by acetylene supplemented by paraffin lamps. The acetylene is generated outside and stored in a small gasometer.

Fernie is used as a day centre for the whole house, the majority of boys sleeping out. Almost as soon as we arrived we were able

to secure unfurnished rooms in neighbouring farmhouses, which we could furnish with our own beds, etc., sufficient for the whole house. In a week everything was running smoothly in this new experiment in school life."

"From Fernie the move to Buckenhill was necessitated purely on grounds of economy. Though we shall be sharing Buckenhill with the two houses already there—Busbys and the United Home-boarders and Ashburnham—we will in no way be amalgamating with either. We shall have separate dining room, dayrooms and dormitories."

We hope that these names will become a part of the living tradition of the house, and remain as a reminder of the history of the house during the war.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS.

Once again little information has been received, but the following items have reached us from one source or another :

- W. R. VAN STRAUBENZEE (1937–1942) besides taking on the secretaryship of the Old Grantite Club is prospective Conservative Parliamentary candidate for Clapham.
- J. M. CHAMNEY (1942–1946) is working with British Railways.
- H. L. MURRAY (1945–1947) is in business in India, but his Christmas cards carry no address.
- M. W. M. DAVIDSON (1948–1953) is serving with the Black Watch in British Guiana.
- J. M. DAVIES (1948–1951) is at New College, Oxford.
- G. G. F. WORDSWORTH (1948–1952) is with the *Northern Daily News*, Ontario.
- D. M. LLOYD-JONES (1948–1953) is nearing the end of his time in the Army and has survived the rigours of the Russian course.
- H. H. M. ROGERS (1948–1953) is at Sandhurst and finds his recreation in gliding and rowing.
- J. H. M. ANDERSON (1949–1954) is serving with the Tank Corps in Carlisle.
- R. P. C. HILLYARD (1949–1953) is preparing to be a Midshipman and has been playing cricket for the Navy.
- M. S. MAKOWER (1949–1954) has probably reached Mons by now.
- W. E. A. PHILLIPS (1949–1953) is also at Mons and hopes to visit Cyprus during his service.

It will be of interest to some Old Grantites that Miss P. M. WINTER, Matron 1950-1952, is now married (Mrs. D. J. Marshall) and living in N. Queensland.

The Annual General Meeting was held in Ashburnham on 9th December, 1954, at which the following officers were elected for the current year :

President : W. Cleveland-Stevens, C.M.G., Q.C.

Vice-Presidents : Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., F.R.S.

P. J. S. Bevan.

Sir Adrian Boulton, D.Mus.Ll.D.

E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, M.A., B.Sc.

Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, D.C.L., F.S.A.

The Lord Rea, O.B.E.

L. E. Tanner, C.V.O., V-P.S.A.

Hon. Treasurer : R. Plummer, F.C.A.

Hon. Secretary : W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E.

Committee : R. O. I. Borrodale C. J. H. Davies

S. G. Croft. F. D. Hornsby

Hon. Andrew Davidson F. N. Hornsby

The committee are hoping to arrange to hold the Annual Dinner in Hall to celebrate the rebuilding of Grant's. The firm date will be announced later, but it is expected to be Monday, April 25th.