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# the granite review

1971

VOLUME XXIX, No. 9

*Edited by James Robbins*

*Assistant Editor Simon Woods*

*Advertising Tim Gardam*

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Special thanks to Simon Woods and Tim Gardam for helping to prepare the issue, and to John Brown for his help with photographs. Also, for supplying photographs, to E.M.I. Classical Records, Keystone Press, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the British Broadcasting Corporation and Conservative Central Office.

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I am afraid that some of the sentiments expressed by James Rentoul in his editorial last year must remain as hopes for the future. I refer, of course, to censorship. No editorial this year.

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## house news

### PLAY:

G. H. M. Niven was Head of House.

The monitors were: S. G. de Mowbray, V. J. S. Kinross, J. A. Mumford, R. W. Orgill, J. A. Rentoul, N. E. H. Tiratsoo, R. P. L. Wormald.

J. A. Mumford was appointed a school monitor.

P. J. B. Hooper was Head of Hall.

The dormitory monitors were: M. G. A. Campbell, N. A. C. Hildyard, J. A. Sharrard, C. D. A. van Lynden, L. A. Wilson.

We gained: J. P. Bevan, A. H. Everington, R. J. Fergusson, M. S. Fforde, C. Quayle, H. La M. Reid, A. E. C. Wilkinson.

We lost: D. B. Campbell, N. R. Haslam, J. D. E. Montague. And to Wren's: P. C. Matthews, R. S. Mawson, P. A. Schwartz, S. M. Waldman.

### LENT:

R. P. L. Wormald was appointed Head of House.

The monitors were: D. E. Brittain-Catlin, J. D. W. Brown, M. A. T. Deighton, T. J. Earle, A. R. Hadden, I. C. Macwhinnie.

M. G. A. Campbell was Head of Hall.

The dormitory monitors were: R. J. Crawford, A. A. Orgill, N. E. Wates, S. J. Williams, T. B. C. H. Woods.

We gained: A. Le Harivel, P. N. D. Lewis, K. S. Lipert, S. A. C. Morgan, P. C. F. Shinnie, J. W. Wates.

We lost: S. G. de Mowbray, V. J. S. Kinross, J. A. Mumford, G. H. M. Niven, R. W. Orgill, J. A. Rentoul, N. E. H. Tiratsoo.

#### ELECTION:

The monitorial remains the same, with the absence of I. C. Macwhinnie and the appointment of J. C. Christie as a House monitor.

We gained: D. M. Stephenson, C. G. H. Tiratsoo. And from Ashburnham: S. R. Page.

We lost: I. C. Macwhinnie.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water .. *Pinks* to S. P. C. H. Woods.  
*House Seniors* to M. G. Everington, S. P. C. H. Woods.
- Football .. *Pinks* to A. R. Hadden.  
*Pink and Whites* to R. J. H. Lascelles, A. P. Macwhinnie.  
*Thirds* to J. E. Lascelles.  
*Colts* to S. J. Earle.  
*House Seniors* to A. R. Hadden, A. P. Macwhinnie.  
*Junior Colts* to T. D. Gardam, N. E. Wates.
- Athletics .. *Colts* to N. E. Wates, T. B. C. H. Woods.  
*House Seniors* to D. E. Brittain-Catlin, A. Forman, T. D. Gardam, A. R. Hadden, A. P. Macwhinnie, M. J. G. Robbins, R. M. Shute, N. E. Wates, S. J. Williams, T. B. C. H. Woods.  
*House Juniors* to P. Hatton, H. La M. Reid, D. Selby-Johnston.
- Cricket .. *Pink and Whites* to M. A. T. Deighton, Secretary of Cricket, and A. P. Macwhinnie.  
*House Juniors* to R. J. Morrison.
- Tennis .. *Pinks* to M. G. A. Campbell, Secretary of Tennis.
- Squash .. *Pink and Whites* to T. H. Mason, Secretary of Squash.  
*House Seniors* to N. C. Fergusson, G. M. Fletcher.
- Fives .. *Pink and Whites* to P. J. B. Hooper.
- Fencing .. *Pinks* to L. A. Wilson, Captain of Fencing.
- Swimming .. *Pinks* to R. M. Shute, Captain of Swimming.  
*House Seniors* to R. M. Shute.
- Judo .. *Thirds* to N. A. C. Hildyard.  
*House Seniors* to N. A. C. Hildyard.
- Shooting .. *Pink and Whites* to P. J. B. Hooper, Captain of Shooting.  
*House Seniors* to J. D. W. Brown, M. G. Everington, G. M. Fletcher.



## house diary

“I THINK I’ll call the Brigade.” With those words began the event of the year—a fire up Grant’s. Within a few minutes five fire engines had arrived, with thirty firemen on board. Surging through Yard in their heavy waders, they rushed up to Studies Japs, only to discover smoke filtering slowly from the rafters. The cause of the holocaust was found to be a cigarette end, left there in suspicious circumstances. The recently installed smoke-detectors, one of which is strategically placed just outside the bathroom, failed to operate the alarm system.

Grant’s again shone in the Arts, coming a not so close last in this year’s Music Competitions. This unfortunate result was in part the consequence of the non-appearance of the famed Grant’s House choir. Junior Lit. Soc. has read “Captain Brassbound’s Conversion,” by George Bernard Shaw, under Mr. Brown’s direction, and, of course, a Grant’s play has been produced during the year. A full report of this appears elsewhere in the issue.

Chiswicks has been completely redecorated, by several loyal Grantites, who worked on in intolerable conditions through the power-cuts at the end of the Play term. We even continued into the holidays! Unfortunately, dry rot prevented the newly-wallpapered room from being used until this term, and now that it is carpeted and curtains are being made it serves as a very comfortable library and monitors’ sitting-room.

The housemaster has a new pair of sunglasses, we have taken delivery of new gravy-boats, and the House avoided complete destruction by fire.

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## The Right Honourable Robert Carr, M.P., interviewed by the Editors

ON an extremely hot day in early May, at half-past four, we arrived at the Department of Employment to meet Mr. Carr. At five, having exhausted the only literature they could find for us to read—*The Guardian*—we were shown into Mr. Carr’s office. It was spacious and comfortable. We rejected the suggestion that we should sit at the conference table and gratefully sank into the low slung depths of some modern armchairs, albeit huddled round a microphone. We plunged straight in.

*You were up Grant’s during the 1930s. How important were politics to you then?*

Politics as such not important at all. I think I was completely apolitical both at school and subsequently at Cambridge. The reason being, I think, that I was extremely disillusioned with all the political parties at that time. It’s hardly a modern phenomenon. Being at school at Westminster in the 1930s one both heard and saw the hunger marchers and the unemployed. I remember being struck

with a pretty strong feeling that this just mustn't be allowed to go on and being totally unconvinced about its unavailability. On the other hand, disillusioned though I was with the government of the day, which was a National government in name, but had of course a preponderant Conservative majority, I equally felt in my bones that state ownership and state control wasn't the remedy that would ever appeal to me.

*We haven't had a coalition government, of course, for some time. Is it a solution that can ever work?*

Very seldom. I think in wartime when the nation can have a relatively narrow, simple objective which isn't much more than survival, where one could fairly easily get a common view about the problem, then I think there is obviously an argument for a coalition, but normally I suspect it's very difficult to get a common view about the solutions. I happen to believe that for too many years in this country we've been fudging the solutions, largely because we've always been trying to find the compromise answer where in many cases there may be only alternative answers. You must go for one or the other, and by trying to get an agreement somewhere in the middle you tend to go for no answer at all. I think it's very important that the extremes on either wing should be contained within larger groups which also have wings approximating to the centre. If, as in a coalition, the centre is united you intensify the opposite extremes. So I'm not in favour of coalitions in peacetime.

*But your contemporaries at Westminster. Were politics important to many of them?*

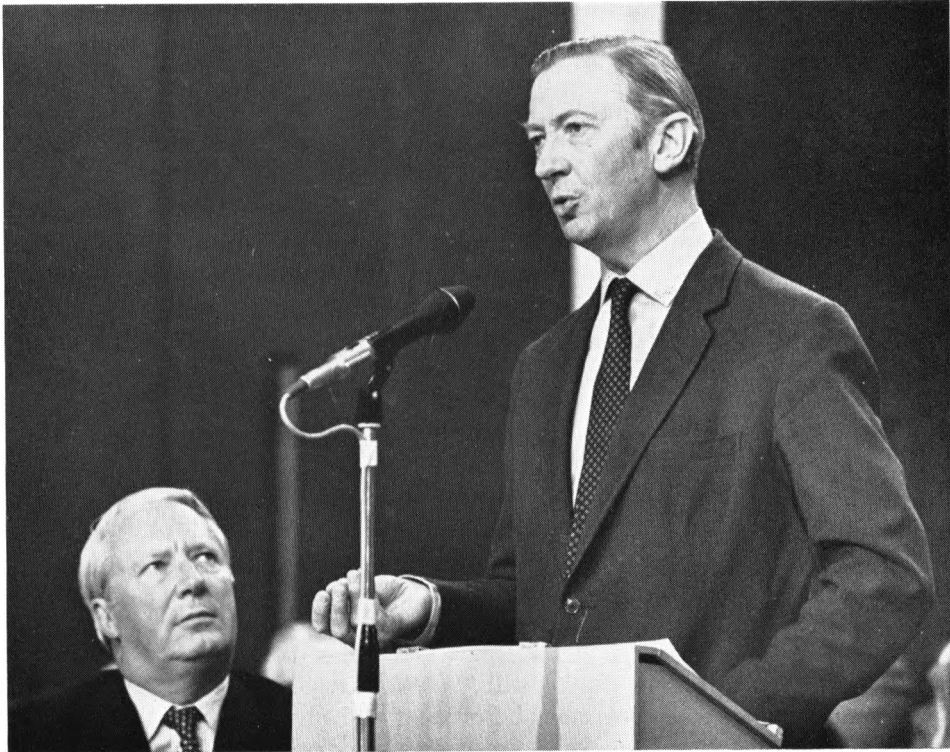
Well, I'm not sure. I was honestly rather interested in playing games when I was at school and I think in those days there was a false but a much stronger dichotomy between interest in games on the one hand, and interest in, not only cultural, but also political subjects on the other. Too many people accepted as natural that if you enjoyed playing games, you just didn't on the whole participate in these other activities. Totally ridiculous and quite wrong, but it was a strong conviction.

—We discussed his life at Cambridge, where he sat for a Natural Science Tripos, his strong feeling that he could never make speeches in public—a feeling which prevented him from taking up a career at the Bar—and his first working years in industry, in a company founded by his great-great-grandfather.—

*Were these the years in which you saw the workings of the shop floor, or was this always rather a distant thing?*

No, that's how I saw it. I was fortunate in that when I went into the company it had ceased to be a family business in the old sense. Neither the Chairman nor the Managing Director had any connection, and therefore, quite properly, I was made to start at the bottom, as, I suppose, the company's first management trainee. I began by operating the machinery.

—Mr. Carr worked on in industry during the war, suffering from temporary lung trouble, and became foreman in a foundry producing materials for aircraft.—



*Keystone Press Agency.*

*But you never actually came up against the unions as an employer?*

I had to deal with the unions in a minor way, because as a company we had always encouraged people to join unions. But, of course, although a medium-sized company, we were very small compared with the giants of British industry, and, particularly in those days, the unions on the whole only really bothered with the big companies. As long as a company like ours was a reasonably good employer and adhered to national agreements, dealing with the unions really didn't come down to our level very much.

*When did you in fact decide to abandon industry in favour of the far more dangerous world of politics?*

Well this is one of those chance things in life. I think at the end of the war, having been kept in industry, and though luckily through a Science degree having an interesting job, and, I hope, a worthwhile one, nevertheless I was conscious of the fact that I had been restricted in my experience in those first five years after leaving university. There was much more deep interest in politics in the last year or two of the war and in the first few years after it than I have known before,

or since. On top of that, I saw my pre-war problem being answered. In other words, for the first time I saw in the Conservative party a number of younger members, but not only younger members, since they were led by established figures like Harold Macmillan, Anthony Eden and Rab Butler — beginning to stand for reform. Thus there seemed to be genuine radical policy no longer attached to a Socialist thesis of state ownership and state control.

—We then asked Mr. Carr how he had set about getting to Westminster. He met the Conservative agent for the constituency of Barnet in the road house opposite his foundry and . . .

From the start I got committed to doing what I always felt I would never be able to do, and that was to stand on my feet and make a speech. One day I had a passionate argument and was challenged to put my case from the public platform. In a rash moment I said I would, and since then I have never stopped making speeches.

—After being runner-up to Mr. Maudling as Conservative candidate for Barnet, Mr. Carr was elected to Parliament in 1950, capturing Mitcham from the Labour party.—

*Did you ever find yourself disillusioned with back-bench politics, or did you regard it as an inevitable stage in a rise to power?*

Oh, I think I regarded it as something that had to come, and I was lucky in that the subject I am now dealing with, industrial relations, has always been my chief interest and, by an enormous bit of luck, we had a debate on this subject a month after I became a member of Parliament, and so I had a chance to make a maiden speech on the one subject about which I really knew something, and on which I possibly had something to contribute. My maiden speech got noticed by some of my immediate colleagues and also by some of the then party leaders, including Anthony Eden, who, although always associated with foreign affairs, in fact had an enormous interest in the whole question of how we could bring together the two sides in industry. When we got back in 1951 he felt he wanted a Parliamentary Private Secretary who was interested in the policies he believed important on the Home side, so he invited me to be his P.P.S. Therefore, from very early days I was lucky in that I was not living the ordinary back-bencher's life.

A back-bencher may have a very interesting life when his party is in Opposition because they are looking for new ideas and you may get bouquets if you float new ones, even if they are rather strange. Once you get into power the Government is rather inclined to be preoccupied with the business of governing, and lots of bright ideas being pressed upon them from their back benches are sometimes less welcome than when your party is in Opposition. When you're in power, of course, you always hope, if you have any ambition at all, that your turn for becoming a minister may be just round the corner. There is, however, this inevitable feeling of separation between ministers and their back-benchers and although we try to do what we can about it, it's there. It's no good pretending it isn't.

*What should be the job of the Opposition? Is it always to oppose?*

I think you have to look at opposition at two levels. You have got to look at it at the tactical level of day to day business in the House of Commons, and I think there you simply must oppose pretty vigorously, and that means you are in danger of appearing to the public to be much too negative. I think that's unavoidable, because after all one of the objects of our Parliamentary system is constantly to be challenging the government of the day. As your party systems have become more and more solidified—I believe that's an inevitable result of universal suffrage—the challenging of a government has to come much more on a party to party basis rather than from individual members of Parliament. On the other hand the Opposition of the day must not content itself merely with that, policy homework for the future must also be done.

I believe much the most important development in my political lifetime is the extent to which the Conservative Opposition between '64 and '70 really did do a lot of policy homework for the future. It's very difficult to get this across to the country. I think we succeeded best in two main areas—what is now my own area of industrial relations reform and also in the area of tax reform. I think we put forward well thought-out, inevitably controversial views, but this goes back to what I was saying earlier about coalitions. I think we ought in a democracy to be putting controversial views forward for people to choose from. It doesn't mean they have to be extreme, as some people would argue; but I do think they have to be distinct.

*It always appeared from the Press at the last election that it wasn't being fought on the real issues. Do you think this is true?*

Yes, I think it is, to a large extent. Speaking just as one politician this always disappoints me, because, perhaps I am too earnest about these things, I would love to have a debate about real issues and would like to feel that this was what won or lost an election. Without being cynical about the electorate, however, I think one just has to realise that the majority of people live their lives at a much more day to day level and therefore it is short-term issues, above all the issue of prices, which really interest them, and I am afraid this is perhaps added to by the way our mass media operate. It's terribly difficult in the two or three minutes you get on television or in the headlines to present depth issues because the opportunity is denied you. I regret this, but we have to face it.

*Why can a Conservative government implement the policies of industrial reform which a Socialist government failed to bring on to the statute book?*

Well, I think really the Labour government made the great mistake, although an understandable one, of having got emotionally committed both in its own mind and in the views of its supporters outside Parliament, particularly in the Trade Union Movement, to a belief that radical reform of our system of industrial relations was just something that they would never touch. Then they suddenly

woke to the seriousness of the situation, not only in absolute terms but also in the fact that it was deteriorating very rapidly, and got converted to the feeling that some drastic action must be taken. However, no one was prepared for this and I think the proposals were even more unacceptable to the trade unions, particularly coming from their own party. They were shaken by this sudden volte face.

*Whatever the arguments for or against the Industrial Relations Bill, critics have said that the practice of it can never succeed. Presumably, you yourself do not foresee total success?*

No, because I think to see total success is, perhaps, not only contrary to my basic instincts as a Conservative, but also contrary to my belief that, on the whole, we move by evolution rather than revolution. We do live in a rather imperfect world and in practice you do evolve rather than make dramatic changes. The very philosophy behind our Industrial Relations Bill is that we are creating a system of civil law which is really a system of rules. We don't believe that people will keep all the rules all the time, least of all to begin with, but we do believe that if the rules strike the majority as being fair and relevant, they will gradually, slowly to begin with, but cumulatively, influence the way in which not only individual people, but also their organisations, develop their procedures and attitudes and the ways in which they do their business together.

*What is going to happen if the T.U.C. executive recommend their members not to register. How will the Industrial Relations Bill succeed then?*

Well, the Industrial Relations Bill will operate even if nobody registers. However, of course it will operate much better if they do. My own feeling is that they will, and I think that there are already signs that the unions will register. Those who say that registration means getting a licence from the state are really talking nonsense. What we are saying, in effect, is that we recognise that unions are voluntary associations and should remain so. They are also organisations which do claim, and rightly claim, to exercise considerable power in the community, both socially and economically. If a voluntary association really claims to exercise considerable power in a community, then we think it's a reasonable proposition that they should have their rules and procedures at least vetted by someone in the name of the community, and made to ensure that they meet reasonable standards. We're not going to write the unions' rules for them; but all we're going to say is, for example, that a union must have a rule, which they very often don't at the moment, defining precisely the position of a shop steward and also his authority. We're also going to make a union say in its rules who in the union has the authority to call a strike.

Registration isn't really the terrible weapon that some militants make it out to be. We feel pretty sure that this will come to be recognised, and the majority of unions will in fact register, grumblingly to begin with, but more willingly as time goes on.

*If the Conservative government are only allowed one term of office by the electorate, will that be long enough for you to see everything that you wish to see done, completed?*

No, it never will be. This is part of the justification, I suppose, for our system of politics. We have to try to carry the conviction that we are doing a good enough job to be allowed a second term of office. However, I still think that in five years you can leave enough behind to be influential. I have no doubt that if this government were succeeded immediately by another Labour government, my present Industrial Relations Bill would be amended, but I have a feeling that, if it were amended, more of it might stick than many people think at the moment.

*Just finally, what are your other interests outside politics?*

I don't get much time for them now, but they are essentially listening to music, not, alas, playing it, but listening to it, and in that I include opera, going to the theatre when I get the opportunity, but that's pretty infrequently, playing some tennis and ski-ing. Those are my relaxations when I can get them.

---

## **a bacchanalian riot**

**14**.00 hrs. Victoria Station. March 28th.

“Where is Mr. Zinn?”

He was last seen with a crate of milk bottles at Mid-day. . . Tension.

Enter on right Mr. Zinn, crate, if not milk consumed.

Party assembled except for tour leader, temporarily absent at cigarette machine.

Time to go.

Anxious parents say a fond farewell to their children especially those with daughters involved. Fathers re-check insurance forms.

Salzburg. 11.00 hrs. March 29th.

Ancient city of Austria, full of castles and beer parlours. Enter one esteemed member of party into one of the latter:

*Landlord:* “Bitte?”

*Esteemed Member:* “No thanks, a pint of mild.”

Yugoslavia. . .

David Bernstein, renowned Granite, taken ill; temperature—102!

Dauntless we press on, stepping where none have gone before, (since last year at any rate).



## GREECE!

Customs. . . Stephen Instone, suspicious Rigaudite, has case searched, contents:

1 Liddell and Scott, Greek Lexicon.

Price--£12.

Pages—2, 195.

Continue through Greece to monasteries at Meteora where Grantite, Antony Macwhinnie, tempted to become a monk. Hair problem and the nuns will not have him. He continues with main party.

Nine hour drive to Delphi, owing to landslide. On arrival females on party too tired to be considered for Vestal Virgins. (Some considered it doubtful whether they would have passed the test, anyway).

Another Grantite falls to strange foreign bug!

Timmy Gardam temperature—101.5.

Oracle gives him ten days to live.

## ATHENS!

*Keen student:* “ Sir, where is this temple every one talks about?”

*Master:* “ Never fear, we shall find the Path anon.”

## TO CRETE.

Warm reception from various Kretins.

Brilliant classicist lost down sewers at Knossos—The Brain Drain?

A fond farewell again, this time to those on the first tour returning home.

The more intrepid venture on to Rhodes for sunny sea-side holiday:

Temp. 40 degrees.

GALE FORCE—9.

So we start the long trek home.

Tim Gardam, in brave attempt to stop Antony Macwhinnie committing suicide from top of ship's mast, is arrested by the captain:

“ You do that again and I shall put you in the ship's prison. Yes?”

“ No.”

Piraeus — Ancona — France — Calais.

And so to Dover where the pale-grey cliffs bring tears to our eyes.

20.00 hrs. Victoria Station. April 22nd.

“ Where is Mr. Zinn?”

TIM GARDAM.

## “there is a tide in the affairs of men”

**I**N the depths of a wood, a stagnant pond  
Lies, hidden in an abyss of shadow.  
Once an inferno of tiny meaningless creatures  
Performed the necessary battle for survival,  
Until a row of shining teeth, a pike,  
Came from nowhere to lurk,  
In the tangled weeds of ageless time,  
To observe the play of the multitude.  
That row of now blunted teeth still lurks  
Having devoured every tiny menace.  
The amphibious survive, but have gone  
To stagnate another stagnant pool.  
The blunt teeth are used no more,  
There is nothing left to bite,  
And so that pike will eat itself,  
And die a bitter end.  
The all-forgiving keeper of the pond,  
While idling through the woods,  
Will delve into that mirky shroud,  
And stagnate it once again.

JOHN BEVAN

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## common market diary

**S**OMEONE has his own ideas about the way things will progress once we're  
in the Market. . .

APRIL 1, 1972—Great Britain's entry.

APRIL 2—The Queen takes up residence in the Tuileries, accompanied by the  
rest of the Royal family.

APRIL 3—The Queen takes up residence in the Bastille, accompanied by the rest  
of the Royal family.

APRIL 4—President Pompidou(r) decrees that the French tricolour shall be flown  
from all major and minor British buildings, except on Mondays, when the  
Union Jack may be flown to celebrate the traditional British wash-day.

APRIL 5—President Pompidou decrees that two days holiday shall be had  
annually by all Common Market peoples, one day to commemorate the  
glorious French victory at Waterloo, the other to commemorate the even more  
glorious victory by the French at Trafalgar. (A cheeky English journalist who  
asked the President if he had ever heard of Wellington or Nelson joins the  
Royals in the Bastille.)

APRIL 6—The United States of America ask to join the E.E.C. President Pompidour agrees to American entry, providing they cede Dien Bien Phu to France.

APRIL 7—America enters.

APRIL 8—America asked to withdraw on grounds of incompatibility—the all American disease.

APRIL 9—Russia asks to be admitted to the E.E.C. President Pompidour agrees, providing the Russians cede Russia to France.

APRIL 10—“ La Belle Russe ” joins.

APRIL 11—Brezhnev becomes Chairman of General Motors of America.

APRIL 12—Nixon becomes Chairman of Communist Party of Russia.

APRIL 13—President Pompidour decrees that Premier Heath will in future be known as Lord Mayor of England.

APRIL 14—The Lord Mayor of England shoots Emperor Pompidour.

APRIL 15—Emperor Pompidour shoots the Lord Mayor of England back. (In the back).

APRIL 16—Emperor Pompidour shoots himself. (In the back).

APRIL 17—Chairman Nixon plays Russian roulette for life, and loses.

APRIL 18—Chairman Brezhnev plays American roulette for money, and wins.

APRIL 19—Common marketeers commit suicide.

APRIL 20—World commits suicide in sympathy. . .

GOD AND ENOCH POWELL SAVE THE QUEEN!

P.S.—These predictions will be only 99 per cent. true, said a spokesman for the Common Market Statistics Bueau today.

P.P.S.—The bureau always releases its statistics in French numerals, which are written thus:—

1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—NON instead of the more usual:—  
1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—0.

V.G.B.—Perfidious Albionist.

## the tramp

**I**N an everlasting loop of solitude, he stands alone,  
 And listens to the songs in the backstreets of his mind.  
 With hungry eyes he watches people pass,  
 His hands clasp the rusting mug,  
 His fingers numb with cold.  
 He pulls his weary feet towards the park  
 And feels the cold begin to grip him. . .  
 In the morning a new wind blows,  
 But he still stands alone.

HALLITE.

## Sir Adrian Boult, C.H.,

INTERVIEWED BY THE EDITOR AND DANIEL BRITAIN-CATLIN.

WHEN we had disengaged ourselves from the gates of an Edwardian model of Otis elevator, inquiries led us to the end of a short, dark corridor. Behind a door clearly marked "Private," we found Sir Adrian's office. After a warm welcome, and several anxious moments with the tape recorder, we began our conversation. Inevitably we started by discussing Sir Adrian's time at Westminster, and to a certain extent, life up Grant's. We asked him if, in his spare time, he had had a lot of time to go to concerts.

"No, I hadn't a lot. The school was not in the least musical and the school concerts were annual events when the school sang a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and everybody sang the tune an octave lower. I mean, the chorus parts weren't known. And that was all that happened, but I had season tickets for the Henry Wood Saturday and Sunday concerts and I was able to get to Covent Garden a little, and so I did get the benefit of an enormous amount of hearing music, which was very valuable in those days." He emphasised that very little encouragement was given to any boy wishing to learn music, but he did play the piano at Westminster, and two years running directed the Grant's House choir in the music competitions, winning the event on both occasions. We only discovered this fact through reading back numbers of the *Review*. "I didn't have any official music lessons at school, though there was a man named Piggott who wasn't on the staff very long. He went to Dartmouth and became second master there. He gave his life to Dartmouth actually. He gave me a good deal of music, too. We did harmony and counterpoint and things like that."

As Sir Adrian clearly got very little encouragement towards a musical career at Westminster, we asked him how it had developed after leaving school. "Well, I began fairly well at Oxford. That's to say I read History for my first year, but Hugh Allen, who was very much on top in those days, persuaded me to give up trying for an Honours school and to take just a Pass degree and a Musical degree at the same time, so that I was thoroughly in music by the end of my fourth year." After Oxford Sir Adrian went to Leipzig to study. "I found it wasn't very difficult to be amongst the most musical undergraduates at Oxford, so I thought I would see what would happen when I mixed with the most musical people in Europe at Leipzig." Here, though he never was taught by him, he learnt an enormous amount by attending all Nikisch's rehearsals and concerts. "I try and persuade conductors to use their fingers instead of doing that (a sharp jerk of the shoulder) which most conductors do, and I got all that from watching Nikisch for six or eight months and that's what I am trying to perpetrate still." To the gentle suggestion that quite a few conductors now dance around, the response was immediate. "Most of 'em dance around. I always say that they think they're paid to do that, but actually why should they. If audiences want to see people dancing to music, why

not go to the ballet where they are much better dressed and more ornamental people altogether. . . The less the conductor moves, the more direct power he gets over the orchestra and that's what many people don't realise. I remember Nikisch conducting in Leipzig. It was a frightfully exciting, perhaps too exciting, performance of a Brahms symphony. Nikisch's hand was never higher than his face.

"The '14 war was brewing and I came back to London. I was on the staff of Covent Garden in Spring of '14 and it wasn't until '18 that I had much chance of

*sir adrian boult—continued on page 19*



*E.M.I. Classical Records*





# THE LION IN WINTER

by James Goldman



THIS year saw the revival of a Grant's play after many years without one. The first act of Goldman's "Lion in Winter" was chosen, and our reviewer was there.

The theme of the play concerns the struggle for the throne which surrounded Henry the Second towards the end of his reign. Henry is determined that at his death his extensive kingdom, consisting of England, the Aquitaine and the Vexin, shall remain under one crown. He has therefore to choose which of his three sons should be his heir, Richard, Geoffrey, or John. The political problem that faces Henry is almost intractable. The Aquitaine is in the hands of his wife Eleanor, and the Vexin is the dowry for the marriage of Alais, the sister of the king of France. Henry has to gain control of these two provinces before he can sort out the personal problem of his inheritance. He himself favours John, the youngest of his three sons, but Eleanor prefers Richard, the eldest.

Only the first act of the play was performed and by the end a solution to the king's problem was by no means in sight. Yet the dramatic force of the play came from the struggle for power between Henry and John on one side and Richard and Eleanor on the other, with Geoffrey carefully preserving a prominent position in both camps.

The play shows Henry to be a shrewd and wily man, and Timothy Earle succeeded in bringing out these two aspects of his character most convincingly. But somehow variety was lacking in his performance. He seemed to find it hard to adjust from the man of cunning to the man of sadness or joy. His three sons each had distinctive characters, so that it was important that their differences be emphasised. Richard, an aggressive rebel, was successfully portrayed by Ian Macwhinnie who certainly brought out the contemptuous and arrogant nature of the eldest son, although this was possibly a little overdone. Geoffrey came across as a sly, scheming, ambitious young man, a part taken by Marcus Campbell,



Eleanor and Prince Richard





Henry and Eleanor

again an appropriate choice. Simon Mundy as John, a lavish but clumsy idiot, by both his appearance and expression caused much amusement, particularly with his stoic acceptance of the insults heaped upon him by Eleanor and his brothers. Rosemary Brown played Eleanor, and although she once or twice overacted a moment of her complex part she always gave a mature, complete performance. Alais, Henry's mistress and the political pawn of the piece, played by Madeleine Howard, is a submissive, tender girl in Goldman's play. She needed to pull a loosely drawn character into place in her first few sentences, and she managed well. Stephen Earle as the King of France probably gave the most convincing performance. The image of a young monarch quickly learning the ways of kingship was excellently drawn.



The musicians



The heavies



Definitely much of the credit for the play's success must go to Richard Wormald who produced it. He had a difficult task, but from the forces he could muster he drew generally excellent performances, and acting that was never less than polished. Paul Hooper, Robin Shute and Jonathan Christie, helped by Simon Woods and Tom Mason, designed and built the set. For many people the stage design was the highlight of the play, and full marks must go to them for originality and ingenuity in executing a bold design. A measure of their success can be seen by the fact that Paul Hooper, Robin Shute and Jonathan Christie have been asked to design the set for the forthcoming school play, "Richard II". Since the production of "The Lion in Winter" they have also been involved in a lecture-room production—"Hamp."

A final touch was added by the use of contemporary music, played during the intervals between the scenes by Jackie Fitzgibbon, Jonathan Peattie and Daniel Brittain-Catlin. The music, together with the play, was performed with spirit, and the whole made for a highly enjoyable evening's entertainment.

*Photographs — John Brown*

*Lion — Paul Hooper*

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## **the gardening report 1970—71**

**W**ELL, six window-boxes and two small tubs, enough to set any aspiring Percy Thrower's mouth watering. Having first hacked a path through the rampant jungle which constituted the House garden, Tom Mason and myself began the immense task of bringing the Chelsea Flower Show a little nearer home.

Dripping with money—so liberally supplied by the House Master—we descended upon the gardens of England and raped them of their choicest fruits. The sun-baked stones, (so dazzlingly white after months of care by erring Hallites) were soon festooned with pansies, chrysanthemums, roses, Bizzy Lizzies and other exotic eastern flora. Even the most intrepid were lured onto the roof-garden by the subtle perfumes emanating from those lovingly nurtured blooms. We have an ample supply of deck-chairs and two garden seats so that all may appreciate our Herculean labours in comfort and comparative peace and quiet. (Requests for canned music by day and a discotheque by night have been rejected out of hand).

But we have never forgotten the more practical side of gardening. Several carrots in various degrees of health, (one monster we harvested attained a full six inches in length) were drawn from the stony soil. Cabbages have not fared well, but sweetcorn has been a great success.

In order to capitalize on our immediate successes, we have submitted ambitious plans for extensive lawns (synthetic), a pond complete with gnomes (plus the inevitable fishing rods), and a health food bar. Plastic flowers will also make our job just that little bit easier. More shocks to follow.

TOM MASON AND SIMON WOODS

*sir adrian boult—continued from page 14*

conducting at all. . . I banged the bells in ‘ Parsifal ’ and put the moonlight on in ‘ Siegfried ’—that kind of thing.”

During the war he worked in the War Office as he had a damaged heart and was not fit for active service. “ Just at the end of the war, I’d saved a bit of money and I spent it on four concerts in Queen’s Hall with the London Symphony Orchestra in the Spring of ’18. In the middle of the war, I’d got to know Holst and we used to go for walks together. The next time I was in Queen’s Hall was for the first reading through in a private rehearsal and the first performance of ‘ The Planets ’. As Holst put it—he always put things rather amusingly—‘ Balfour Gardiner, bless him, has given me a parting present, and it’s Queen’s Hall full of the Queen’s Hall Orchestra for the whole of the Sunday morning and we’re going to do ‘ The Planets ’ and you’ve got to conduct! ’ That was that. We had only an hour and three quarters to rehearse and then we played it straight through. The choir were girls from Morley College and Saint Paul’s and we got through it all right. It went pretty well.”

Asked why ‘ The Planets ’ has established itself as one of the best loved of English compositions, Sir Adrian replied: “ Well, it was a sensation, of course. Seven different movements all so definitely expressing something. Everything was just right for it. The war was just over and, for instance, Goodwin and Tabbs were just starting to publish a lot of new works. Everything contributed to make ‘ The Planets ’ acceptable at that moment.” Of the tendency among the English to avoid all works written by their own countrymen, he said, “ I think still deep down is the feeling that foreigners are better at anything. It’s extraordinary, of course. One feels that English music could do so much if people knew it better, but they don’t and there it is.”

But, who do you think dictates musical taste? Is it the public themselves or the orchestras’ repertoire?”

“ It’s a little of everything. It adds up really to what is ‘ box-office ’. The B.B.C., of course, is in the hands of its directors, and they can steer it to a certain extent because they’ve got the money, but other orchestras have to take what is good for trade to a large extent and they can only do a little towards guiding it. The public is really the deciding factor.”

As Bruckner and Mahler are now decidedly ‘ box office ’, we asked if he had ever conducted their works. “ Yes. Oh yes. I was wondering when that was coming. I’ve been asked why I never conduct Bruckner and Mahler now and the answer is that I’ve given them up. No, I did quite a lot of Mahler in the Birmingham days at the end of the twenties. The B.B.C. orchestra was founded in 1930 and before that I had done a certain amount of Bruckner and quite a lot of Mahler in Birmingham, and people used to come from London to hear it.”

Sir Adrian became Director of Music at the B.B.C. in 1930, and helped to found an orchestra which could rival any of the best playing in Europe. In addition, as Henry Wood grew older, he began conducting at the ‘ Proms ’.” He told us

about the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: “ It was a superb orchestra. I had been brought up to know a certain amount about the technique of performances, and so I tried at once to train the orchestra to know what to do when they saw ‘ Debussy ’ at the top of their parts and not to play it as if it were Brahms. We got that kind of thing taped at once, and that was why, when people like Bruno Walter and Toscanini came, they realised that the orchestra knew how to play immediately. Of course, at the leading desks we had a superb collection of the very best players in the country, but the rank and file in the strings were freshly auditioned youngsters. People like Tertis and Sammons were sent round England and to Belfast and places like that to hold auditions. All kinds of quite fresh people, who knew nothing but still could play, came in.”

The orchestra also managed to go abroad in these early years. “ In about ’36 we took the orchestra to Brussels, and then in ’37 we had a marvellous tour. Paris, Zurich, a day travelling and then Vienna, Budapest and back. We enjoyed that very much, and the programmes were awfully good, I think. We tried to include a British work, a showpiece for the orchestra and a great classic. We had ‘ The Rite of Spring ’ in Paris, I remember, and a Bax overture. That kind of thing. In Vienna the Vienna Philharmonic all came. They had a night off for some reason and after the concert they said, ‘ Well, of course, we can play the Brahms ‘ Tragic Overture’, we think, but we can’t do the second suite from ‘ Daphnis and Chl e ’ anything like that.’ The most sensational thing of all we did was Schoenberg’s Variations. We gave the first public performance in Vienna.”

“ That must have shown them up no end.”

“ Oh, they hated it. We had two encores, I remember. We played the ‘ Meister-singer ’ overture and ‘ The Ride of the Valkyries’.” We asked him, as he had played Schoenberg then, if he had kept up with modern developments since Schoenberg. “ No. Not since then. I can’t be bothered. I really can’t take in these people, but I’m sure it is all right. I’m sure they’re pushing the art along, and it’s quite right that they should. You know, when you get to a certain age, your perception for that kind of thing, I think, disappears.”

At about this time Beecham, who had left the L.S.O., started up his own orchestra, the London Philharmonic. Naturally, there was a certain amount of rivalry between the two conductors. “ Of course, we were in very strong competition. I didn’t pretend to compete with Beecham as a brilliant virtuoso conductor. My job was to give sane performances of the classics, which Beecham didn’t like, you see. So we didn’t overlap very badly.” Then came the Second World War, and with it inevitable disruptions. “ The whole orchestra had joined the Home Guard, and we celebrated its first birthday with Henry Hall and his band. We exchanged, too, and Henry Hall conducted the ‘ Figaro ’ overture and I conducted a thing called ‘ Tiger Rag ’. We had great fun.”

During the war, the B.B.C. orchestra toured widely, playing to the troops. They also continued the Prom seasons, broadcast at various times from Bedford and Bristol, after the authorities had decided that it would be unwise to risk a



concert in the Albert Hall. “We were very proud of ourselves. We held the record for gate money at the Army garrison theatre, beating Gracie Fields by three and sixpence.”

After the war, he went to the London Philharmonic Orchestra. “When I was accused of being sixty-one, I had to leave the B.B.C. That was after I had been twenty years with them, so I couldn’t complain, but I was rather disappointed at the time. I didn’t have a holiday actually. I was invited to go straight to the L.P.O.” He is now the orchestra’s President.

Sir Adrian was quick to refute any suggestion that Vaughan Williams, or for that matter any composer, was a particular favourite of his. “That’s only a chance, you know. When I gave those concerts in 1918, at the end of the First War, I knew that Vaughan Williams’ ‘London Symphony’ had had only two performances, and thought it was high time that it be played again. So I put it down on the programme. I was rather frightened when I first opened the score, but I managed to get it into my head and I gave it. V.W. just came back on leave in time to hear it and that was the start of it all. In the same sort of way, I put down Elgar’s second symphony for a concert in 1922 and people hadn’t heard it at all, since it had only received one or two performances before the war. They were quite surprised that it should be such a fine work, so I got associated with his music as well.”

We asked Sir Adrian if he had a favourite among V.W.’s symphonies. “I have no favourites of anything. I mean, you ask me which Brahms I like best. It is the one I’m doing.”



About 'pop' music he said, "I think it has its place. It's not the same as serious music. Serious music just happens to be my job, that's all." He told us that he hadn't heard any of the recent arrangements of classical music either, but that it hardly set a precedent. "I suppose what must be twenty years ago now, there was a rehash of one of the piano sonatas of Mozart called 'An Eighteenth Century drawing-room.' That sold thousands of copies of the original sonata, so I said 'What's wrong with it? Why not?'"

He was fairly optimistic for the future of British music, and was convinced that the tradition set up by the composers he knew well, Elgar, Vaughan Williams, and Holst, would be continued. "I've stuck really with Walton and Britten, but I very much like one or two of Malcolm Williamson's early works. I don't really know the works of composers like Birtwistle and Richard Rodney Bennett. I can't make much of what I have heard of theirs, and so I am benevolently neutral, I hope." With a very broadly based taste in music, there are only one or two works which Sir Adrian would admit to disliking. "There were one or two very stark war works, which I thought contained details that were too realistic to be artistic." We asked him about Britten's War Requiem. "Well, I've never done it. It's an impressive work but the funny thing is it doesn't seem to grow on me. I cannot get used to the juxtaposition of the requiem and the poems. It doesn't seem to work somehow. . . I was once very puzzled by a thing like the Brahms Requiem. I was only about ten years old when I first heard it. I am old enough for that, you see."

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## **a sort of purification**

**M**EMBERS of the house will be aware that the present wave of student demonstrations and disturbances have surprised and shocked many of their elders.

It is quite usual for the coming generation to disapprove of their predecessors and to consider that they have moulded a form of society that the young can neither understand nor accept.

But the present outbreak seems to have a note of desperation, as though they do not know what they are supposed to be doing, why they are doing it, nor where they are going; and suspect that no one else knows either. Maybe they are right.

My generation was spared this uncertainty. We knew where we were going—into the trenches. I arrived at Westminster in the summer of 1916, just before the terrible battle of the Somme. It came as quite a shock to us new boys, straight from our prep-schools, to realise that we were now in the world of men and preparing to take part in a war, which we had hitherto regarded as being purely a grown-up affair. But we soon got used to the idea and would doubtless have gone

like the others, believing our cause to be just, had the war not ended before we were needed.

Perhaps one of the reasons why wars continue to recur is that war gives man a purpose; not a good purpose perhaps, but any purpose is better than no purpose.

Men seldom fight FOR anything; they fight AGAINST . . . against what they hate and fear and believe to be evil . . . oppression, Nazism, Communism, Vietnam, the establishment. And when they have overcome that which they have been fighting against, they are left wondering what they have been fighting for. They seldom find out.

It used to be said that schooldays were a preparation for life. This was a half truth. Schooldays are as much a part of life as any other part. Moreover, every stage of life is a preparation for that which is to follow.

The past is a memory, the future a possibility. The only reality and the whole of reality lies in the NOW. This is eternal life.

Human development takes place in three phases; physical, mental and spiritual. From conception until early childhood, the whole effort is concentrated on physical growth. As this approaches maturity, the emphasis changes to mental development. And when a man has passed his physical prime and reached his intellectual peak, the time has come for him to give his whole attention to the spirit. All these phases, of course, proceed simultaneously and deeply affect each other.

The tragedy of the human race is that so few are aware of the vital importance of spiritual development; still less do they realise that in it lies the whole essence and meaning of life itself.

Socrates was born in Athens in 469 B.C. He maintained, not merely that there would be an after life, but that therefore and “a fortiori” there must have been a former existence, because that which *is* can never cease to be and that which *is not* can never come into being. As a reward for his unconventional ideas, he was condemned to death by the Athenians.

His famous disciple and biographer Plato developed his own philosophy which, very briefly, propounded that since man is by nature transient, impermanent and constantly changing, he is therefore not completely real, but rather the shadow or reflection of the ultimate reality and consequently all life is a manifestation of the spirit.

In this he anticipated by some four centuries the great LOGOS of Saint John. “In the beginning was the logos, the word.”

Reference to that famous Westminster document, the Greek-English Lexicon of Liddell and Scott reveals that LOGOS has two main interpretations: (a) the word or outward form by which the inward thought is expressed, and (b) the inward thought itself.

Whoever is able to understand this will understand not only Plato’s philosophy, but also the Gospel of Saint John.



The man who regards his life as a journey from nothing to nothing is unlikely to be concerned with its real meaning and ultimate purpose and since few men are either saints or great sinners the majority are content to gratify the more pressing of the desires of the outer senses whilst abstaining from gross over-indulgence. And in this way we develop into the epitome of mediocrity, about whom there is nothing to remember and little to admire.

Our successors may well deplore this unedifying spectacle of spiritual apathy, but let them hesitate before they scoff; for two reasons. Firstly, before condemning any system, it is well to be sure that a better is available to replace it. And secondly, life is not easy for anyone at any time and to live a life completely, even though indifferently, is something of an achievement in itself. As Ahab said to Ben Hadad “ Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.”

But for the few, the hungry, unsatisfied few, life is a search as well as a journey. A search for some inner quality of certainty and strength, which all men need, but few possess; in which alone lies peace and fulfilment.

The man who undertakes this search and refuses to be deflected from it, will cease to be troubled by the injustices of life, the failings of his fellow men, or even his own problems; because he will learn that every problem has a solution, if only he has the perseverance to wait for it to reveal itself.

This is the message of all the great philosophers and spiritual teachers, Socrates, Plato, Gautama the Buddha, Moses, Jesus of Nazareth. Ponder them well. There is much to learn.

May I conclude this article with a passage from Socrates, from which I drew my title.

“ . . . a system of morality which is based on relative emotional values is a mere illusion, a thoroughly vulgar conception, which has nothing sound in it and nothing true. The true moral ideal, whether self-control or integrity or courage, is really a kind of purgation from all these emotions, and wisdom itself is a sort of purification. Perhaps these people who direct the religious initiations are not so far from the mark, and all the time there has been an allegorical meaning beneath their doctrine that he who enters the next world uninitiated and unenlightened shall lie in the mire, but he who arrives there purified and enlightened shall dwell among the gods. You know how the initiation-practitioners say:

‘ Many bear the emblems, but the devotees are few ’ ? ”

—(Phaedo, sections 68c - 69d from Plato: *The Last Days of Socrates*, translated by Hugh Tredennick. Copyright — Hugh Tredennick, 1954).

J. H. M. DULLEY (1916-20).

## **a visit to stanley gibbons**

**P**HILATELY must be one of the only hobbies whose appeal is as strong amongst young schoolboys as in some of the corridors of financial power. The Stanley Gibbons company has a reputation for providing an excellent service for all categories of collector.

In April, the editors, John Brown, and myself spent a whole morning visiting Stanley Gibbons's premises in and around the Strand. In three buildings we saw all the different departments concerned with the buying and selling of stamps and all the necessary accessories required by philatelists, as well as the recently founded department dealing only in the trading of banknotes—a hobby named by the company “Notaphily”.

We were introduced to everyone by a young, up and coming Irishman from the Public Relations department, Tom Whiston, and he explained the function of each department as we came to them. At 391, The Strand, the main shop is situated, where all albums, accessories and stamps costing less than £10 are sold. All the staff here were keen to stress that any collector was free to look through their stockbooks for as long as he wished and still spend nothing. If this is where many collectors start to build their collections I suspect that very few of them penetrate far into the depths of Romano House, just a few doors away, to breathe the hallowed air which surrounds a massive stock of rare stamps, whose prices begin at £10 each. Mr. Stephen Kander, head of the Foreign Rare Stamp Department, explained the possible rewards, and not all of them financial ones, of collecting stamps of which there might only be a few copies in existence. He emphasised too that many collectors preferred to deal through his department rather than buying or selling at Gibbons' auction room. Then we were shown the “maximum security wing” of the building, where some fairly substantial steel doors would be sure to restrain most from removing a good deal of valuable paper.

In the same building Stanley Gibbons Currency Limited has recently been established, where banknotes of all descriptions may be traded. Paper money was used by the Chinese as far back as 650 A.D. and it first caught on in Europe in the 1660s in Sweden, and very soon afterwards the Bank of England began to print banknotes. Fortunately a few people began collecting in very early days, and so we were able to see notes printed in the 18th century as well as modern pound notes flawed in some way or other. Mr. Colin Narbeth, Managing Director of the new firm, told us that by always checking our banknotes we might very easily come across one worth considerably more to a collector than its face value.

Then we had to walk a short distance through Covent Garden to Drury House, certainly the most imposing of the company's premises, where all their auctions are held, “Gibbons' Stamp Monthly” is edited and all approvals and “want lists” are also dealt with, as well as housing the offices of the cataloguers who produce all the Stanley Gibbons catalogues. There is an auction held here almost every fortnight, so that as soon as one is over elaborate preparations must be made

for the next. Fully illustrated catalogues of the lots coming up for sale are sent all over the world to dealers and collectors known to be interested, and after several days of viewing they are up for sale.

Upstairs we saw Mr. Whiston's own department, that of Public Relations, from where notices about the company's activities are sent to newspapers all over the world, including details of forthcoming auction sales. Finally, we listened to a description of the cataloguing procedure for Stanley Gibbons' large range of catalogues, which cover the stamps of every country. In three hours we had seen a tremendous amount, all of it adding up to the business of stamp-collecting.

TIMOTHY WOODS.

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## sports report

### FOOTBALL

As usual the House Senior Football matches and the Six-a-side competitions were held in the Play term, while we still had the old names of Grant's football, such as George Niven and Nick Tiratsoo, with us. The House Seniors, played on an inter-house league basis, requires each house to use players from every age bracket. This we did from a pool of eighteen players. The competition was played with a side including three First Eleven players and two part-timers (Ian Macwhinnie, and John Mumford who alternated in goal with Stephen Earle).

We began well, beating Liddell's 5—2 (Jeremy Lascelles scored a hat-trick), and then Rigaud's 4—0 (this time Antony Macwhinnie scored three). But then something seemed to go wrong, and we collapsed 0—2 to Busby's and likewise in a farcical game against Ashburnham. Our final game against College was quite a success really, considering the fact that eight players were out of the side, either for medical reasons or for University interviews . . . we lost 2—3. Our final placing was third, behind Ashburnham and Busby's.

The Six-a-side competition was more successful. Again on an inter-house league basis, we won all but one (the vital one) of our games: Wren's fell 4—0, Ashburnham 2—1, Rigaud's 1—0, College 2—0 (with a classic goal by Antony Macwhinnie, scored by flicking the ball over the head of the oncoming goalkeeper into the net), Liddell's 4—1. Finally we met Busby's in a top of the league play-off—we came second.

In the Lent term, we should have won the Under-sixteen inter-house knockout championship. The side was well balanced in defence (David Bernstein, Tim Woods, Tim Gardam and Edward Wates), while up front Antony Macwhinnie, Marcus Campbell and Matthew Fforde (who played in all three competitions, and contributed two goals from the left wing), came close to finding a winning formula. Indeed, Rigaud's were overpowered 4—0, but when the day came for the semi-final against Liddell's, Jeremy Lascelles's captaincy and Tim Gardam's covering at the back were badly missed, and we lost.

We scored 32 goals (Antony Macwhinnie 9, Jeremy Lascelles 8, and Abel Hadden 5), and conceded 15, in a not very satisfactory season: the prizes were there for the taking, if only we had wanted them.



Adam Forman wins the 4 × 220 yards Relay from Friedlander



House Junior Team v. Rigaud's

#### ATHLETICS

This year we won the Long Distance Races, both senior and junior, and the Bringsty Relay. We came second in the Relays Cup. Athletics was again a voluntary station, and continues in this way this term, yet we managed to produce some quite good runners in the Long Distance Races. The senior was won by a fairly small margin. Abel Hadden came in fourth, Mark Deighton fifth (reversing their positions of last year), Daniel Brittain-Catlin twelfth, James Robbins thirteenth, and Simon Williams came twenty-seventh, running in the senior event although still under sixteen.

The junior race was won convincingly. Timothy Woods won the race, Tim Gardam came a close second, and Will Wates was third. Antony Macwhinnie was sixth and David Selby Johnston came in twelfth.

The Bringsty also was won easily, the lead being taken in the first quarter of the race and preserved until the end. For the Vincent Square relays, the team was strengthened by Adam Forman and Robin Shute, but although all ran well Busby's had a stronger all-round team. The Medley Relay was won by Grant's after a fine run by Abel Hadden but Busby's held second place from Ashburnham's third to maintain their overall lead.

#### WATER

We had a very limited success in the School Regatta at the end of the Election term, 1970, with only one event being won. But this year, with nineteen Grantites at Putney, we may be able to do better. Fifteen of these are juniors, so that we are strongly represented in the Junior Colt VIIIs. In addition, Simon Woods rows bow in this year's 1st VIII.



Abel Hadden, who took 7 for 29.

#### CRICKET

So far this term, Grant's have played in one House match, against Ashburnham. We batted first and ran up a total of 226 for 8 in the 30 overs allowed. The highlight of our innings was a magnificent score of 72 in 50 minutes by Adam Forman, hitting several sixes and numerous fours. Mark Deighton got 33, Abel Hadden 24, and Jeremy Lascelles 23. The Ashburnham innings was prolonged by giving short spells to some non-serious bowlers, but Abel Hadden bowled well and took 7 for 29. Ashburnham were all out after 27 overs for 112. Though the side contained two members of the First XI, Mark Deighton and Antony Macwhinnie, some members of the team, including Adam Forman, do not regularly play cricket, making this a very fine result. Grant's meet College in the semi-final and should reach the final, where they may face a strong Rigaud's side.

#### TENNIS

We haven't been able to produce a pair with the sufficient ability to seriously challenge pairs from other houses in this year's Barnes Cup. However, we do have considerable individual talent. Marcus Campbell, Secretary of Tennis, plays in the first pair of the 1st VI, and Dick Wormald, Adam Forman and Jonathan Christie have all played in the 2nd VI. Two Colts, who aren't in the tennis club itself, Peter Lennon and Matthew Fforde, did very well to beat the second seeds and reach the final, which is still to be played. Other achievements in the Barnes Cup include:—

Mark Deighton and Jonathan Christie	3rd round (Seniors)
Simon Williams and Tim Woods	Semi-final (Juniors)

#### SWIMMING

This term we have the rare distinction of having, in Robin Shute, a Grantite as Captain of Swimming. He also leads the House team which has great potential, and should do well in the House competitions. The other team members are David Bernstein, David Harden and Simon Williams.

#### FENCING

Fencing has never been a major issue up Grant's, although they hold the House Foil Competition Cup and the Sabre Cup. Only three members of the House fence, however they are all in the school team. Andrew Wilson is the Captain, and won the Foil Competition, Anthony Hammerson won the Guinea Pool and Julian Sharrard came second.

#### SQUASH

This year, with Mark Deighton, Geoffrey Fletcher and Nicholas Fergusson as team members, we won the Raul Cup. Tom Mason is Secretary of Squash.

#### SHOOTING

A team headed by Paul Hooper, and consisting of John Brown, Michael Everington, Geoffrey Fletcher, James Robbins and Andrew Wilson, reached the final of the house competition, to be beaten by Busby's.

*Photographs by: JAMES ROBBINS. Report by: TIM EARLE*

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## **old grantite club**

**T**HANKS to the Honorary Secretary's success in beating the postal strike, this year's Annual General Meeting was held on Tuesday, 16th February, at 2, Little Dean's Yard.

Mr. N. P. Andrews was re-elected President, and we also re-elected Mr. R. R. Davies as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. J. A. B. Heard and Mr. J. S. Woodford to the Committee. Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, the Honorary Secretary, reminded members that he was not offering himself for re-election, and proposed in his place the name of Mr. M. B. McC. Brown, who is now back at the school as a master and House Tutor up Grant's. Mr. Brown was duly elected. In moving the report of the Executive Committee, Mr. van Straubenzee referred to the retirement during the year of Mr. J. D. Carleton, and of the recent death of the First Viscount Davidson, both Honorary members of the Club.

In referring to the report the President expressed the thanks of the Club to the Honorary Secretary for his seventeen years of service and wished him well in his new ministerial post as Under Secretary of State for Education. The President proceeded to propose that Dr. J. M. Rae, Headmaster of the school, be elected as an Honorary member of the Club, and that Mr. G. P. Stevens be re-nominated

and Mr. A. W. Abbott nominated as Honorary auditors of the Club. All these proposals were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. Brown then addressed the meeting and various ideas for future activities were aired. Then, there being no further business, the President closed the meeting, inviting those present to join him for sherry in the Housemaster's rooms, which had kindly been placed at the Club's disposal. Again we were fortunate to be joined by the House Matron, Mrs. C. J. Fenton.

. . . . .

The Annual Dinner of the Club took place at 2, Little Dean's Yard on Tuesday, May 11th. Mr. N. P. Andrews presided and the guests of the Club were Mr. M. J. W. Rogers, Under Master and Master of the Queen's scholars, who is leaving at the end of the term to become Headmaster of Malvern College, the Housemaster, the Head of the House, and the Editor of the Review.

A less formal (and less costly!) note was struck than on previous occasions by having a cold buffet dinner at which members were free to circulate and talk to whoever they wished. At the end of the Dinner the President paid tribute to the Housemaster's generosity in placing Grant's Hall at the Club's disposal, to Mrs. Glasheen, Mr. Hepburne-Scott's housekeeper, for providing a really excellent and most attractively presented meal, and to Mrs. Fenton and the other members of the Grant's staff for their very valuable assistance. The Housemaster replied in witty and informative vein on the state and achievements of the House during the past year—a speech which was appreciated by all present. At the conclusion of the speeches we adjourned up School, where we were treated to a showing of Westminster films, ranging from "Grant's Carries On," made in 1940 during the evacuation, to the record film of 1960, which featured such varied activities as the Queen's visit, the Latin play, military activities in Scotland and a former House Tutor singing in the bath! Our thanks go out to the Headmaster for allowing us to use School, to Mr. Rogers who well and truly "sang for his supper" by helping to organise the film-show beforehand, and to R. J. Walley, the projectionist.

The following members of the Club were present:—Mr. N. M. W. Anderson, Mr. Justice Argyle, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Commander R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. P. J. Bottomley, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. J. W. P. Bradley, Mr. D. Brand, Mr. D. S. Brock, Mr. M. B. McC. Brown, Mr. E. R. Cawston, Mr. G. I. Chick, Mr. C. S. B. Cohen, Mr. R. D. Creed, Dr. D. N. Croft, Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, Mr. R. R. Davies, Mr. D. M. Eady, Mr. C. M. Foster, Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. K. G. Gilbertson, Mr. T. G. Hardy, Mr. J. P. Hart, Mr. D. G. S. Hayes, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. H. C. E. Johnson, Mr. R. M. Jones, Mr. C. H. H. Lawton, Dr. V. B. Levison, Mr. L. Lipert, Major-General E. H. G. Lonsdale, Mr. M. E. Lonsdale, Mr. W. N. McBride, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. P. C. Pearson, Mr. H. H. L. Phillips, Mr. R. N. Ray, The Lord Rea, Mr. J. A. Rentoul, Mr. S. R. N. Rodway, Mr. F. M. B. Rugman, Mr. G. G. Skellington, Mr. J. R. B.



Smith, Dr. M. G. Stratford, Major V. T. M. R. Tenison, Dr. K. F. M. Thomson, Mr. W. R. van Straubensee, Mr. W. G. Wickham, Mr. G. J. H. Williams, Mr. J. M. Wilson, Mr. L. A. Wilson, Mr. A. N. Winckworth, Mr. J. S. Woodford, Mr. J. T. Wyld.

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Many old Grantite's enjoyed Mrs. Glasheen's chocolate mousse. She tells you how to make it:—

### **chocolate mousse**

6 eggs

6 ounces plain chocolate

1 ounce strong coffee / or rum / or brandy

Melt the chocolate in a basin, over hot water. Add egg yolks and beat with wooden spoon, then add coffee / or rum / or brandy.

Whisk egg whites until stiff and pour over chocolate and yolks; *very* gently fold over and over until blended. Pour into bowls and allow six hours to set.—

*Do not* refrigerate.

Serve with whipped cream.

*Cover:* Photos of the Editors—JOHN BROWN.

Many thanks to Mr. A. L. Michael for the use of his Rolls Royce.

Play photos—JOHN BROWN.

Cricket and Fireman—JAMES ROBBINS.

Drawing of Number 2—PAUL HOOPER.

Photo of Sir Adrian Boult—London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Photo of Mr. Robert Carr—Keystone Press Agency.

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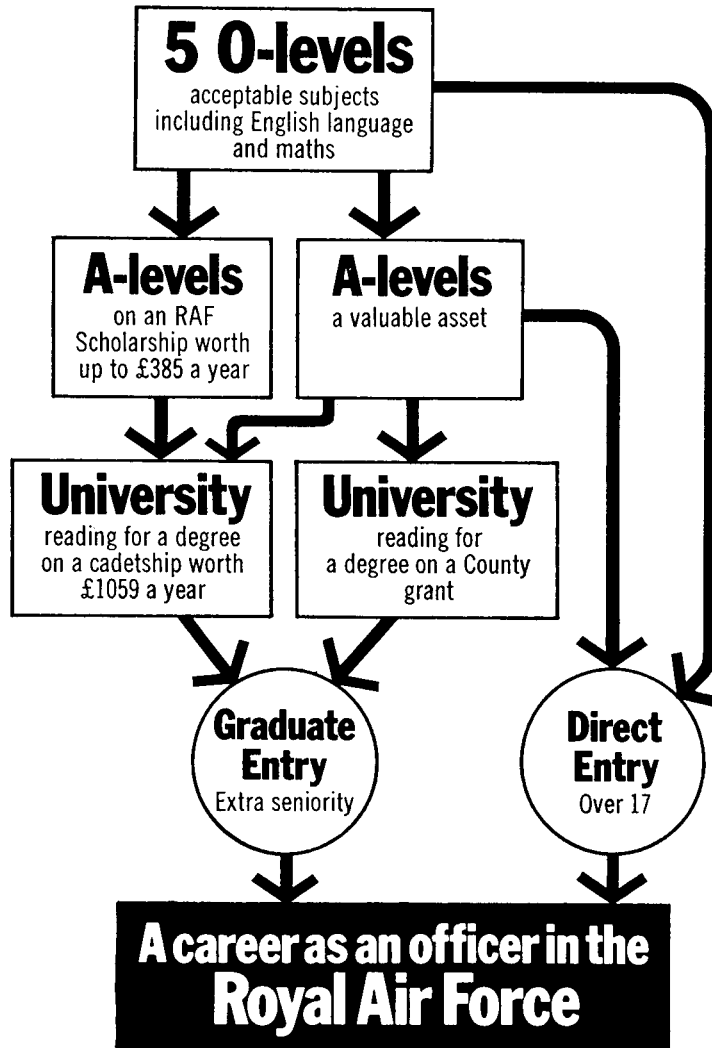
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# How Frank became an Assistant Branch Manager at 31



Frank left school at 16 with 4 'O' levels. For the first 18 months after he joined us he worked at one of our branches, doing the routine jobs which are the basis of experience.

We posted him next to Head Office where he stayed for five years. Jobs during this period included a spell involving him in large scale lending work, and

Personal Assistant to the General Manager in charge of the Administration Department.

He won a Bank Scholarship and spent a year at the Regent Street Polytechnic where he studied Business Management.

On returning he went to a Branch for 5 months to refresh his knowledge, and then joined our Inspection Department.

*A series of progressive jobs followed leading him at 31 to Assistant Branch Manager. Frank is a successful man—and will go a long way yet. Our Senior Management Development Plan allowed him to progress at his own rate. Start your progression now by sending the coupon to Mr. T. Kirkley, National Westminster Bank Ltd., P.O. Box 297, Drapers Gardens, Throgmorton Avenue, London, EC2, or call in and see your local National Westminster Branch Manager.*

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Age.....

I am taking/have taken  'O'  'A'  CSE



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