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EDITORIAL

The people of Utopia were "much inclined to the opinion" that "no kind of pleasure should be forbidden whereof cometh no harm"; and the "people" of Grant's are not much different. Authority in Grant's most certainly exists and has been enlarged by the recent revival of "Chiswicks"—although this might be conceived as a counter to the evils of a "despotic few"—but it is there to remedy the mistake not to enact to prevent it. There remains a majority which goes on its way untroubled and unconcerned and perhaps even uninterested.

Laisser-faire is the order of the day. Members of other houses frequent our study floors and the more accessible regions of hall, and although we maintain the right to grant "permission," the "étranger" is not often reminded of his position. We no longer indulge in "middles" and "uppers," "inners" and "outers" but simply "hall" and studies. Traffic between the two study floors is frequent and lively and the gap between hall and studies only seems great before the attainment of the latter. Once the attraction of penetrating the seeming exclusiveness has been achieved the attraction itself is lost. Individuality predominates, perhaps to the detriment of the community, and subordination to exclusive bodies and "followings" is rare and voluntary. Every member of the "cast" can be an "actor."

Adalbert remarked of God's house: "Some pray in it, some fight in it, and some work in it." Christians, pugilists and scholars are alike welcomed at Westminster and whatever their chosen line they are left to get on with it—although fighting is a pursuit too radical to be encouraged by either Westminster liberals or Westminster conservatives, the one preferring discussion and persuasion, the other assuring what has already been achieved. Literature has, however, benefited from the fighters among us. It was a group of "madcap boys from Westminster School" playing at football in the Abbey cloisters and "breaking in upon the monastic stillness of the place, making the vaulted passages and mouldering tombs echo with their merriment" that drove Washington Irving to seek the seclusion in which he wrote his essay on the "mutability of literature." This is not to encourage new boys to do battle at Westminster, either amongst themselves or with those who are more aware of its possibilities, but rather to show that they can all take some part in activities advantageous to the house and their school.

The fabric of sophistication can conceal the fact that *laisser-faire* rides overall; non-intervention gives the little man his say—and the smallest man is often inclined to speak loudest. But "there is nothing lighter than mere praise" and when, as we are told, "prosperity abounds" *laisser-faire* can be an inducement to laziness and indifference. If the challenge is removed and authority only watches from the sidelines then we must choose for ourselves

what we should do and remember that complacency is alike fatal to individualism and the community.

* * * *

“None doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.”

Queen Elizabeth I refounded a “stately habitation” and now we are delighted to learn that Queen Elizabeth II is to honour it with an informal visit.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: P. C. S. Medawar
J. K. Ledlie
G. R. S. Congreve
R. V. Aston
J. T. Wylde
P. J. B. Latey
L. C. Haynes
J. P. Daniels
M. C. C. Heaton
G. C. Pope
V. C. Gifkins

We welcome this term: H. H. Clark
P. D. Craze
P. A. A. Dudgeon
C. N. Foster
R. J. Green
J. P. Hardman
N. Harling
P. G. Hollings
P. K. H. Maguire
S. R. Oldschool
J. D. R. Rose
A. H. Tizard
A. H. C. Vinter
T. B. Williamson

Congratulations to: N. Halsted on his Pinks for Fencing.
and to: R. Pain on his Pinks for Cricket.
and to: P. J. Bottomley on his Thirds and Seniors for Swimming.
and to: P. I. Espenhahn, T. M. Hunt and R. D. E. Spry on their Colts and Seniors for Water.
and to: R. J. Hale on his Seniors for Water.
and to: A. H. Sandford-Smith on his Seniors for Squash.
and to: C. W. M. Garnett on his Junior Colts for Water.
and to: A. J. Dugdale on his Juniors for Athletics.
and to: C. S. B. Cohen on his Juniors for Water.

M. B. McC. Brown is Head of House.

The Monitors are: M. G. Hornsby, M. A. Hall, N. Halsted,
E. R. Espenhahn, M. C. Norbury and D. S. Stancliffe.

F. M. B. Rugman is Head^{*} of Chiswick^{*}s.

The Chiswickites are: E. G. Jones, R. Pain, R. J. Hale and
J. H. G. Langley.

Head of Hall is P. W. Semple.^{*} ^{*} ^{*} ^{*}

Hall monitors are: R. T. E. Davies, R. C. Beard and R. J. Simpson.

HOUSE DIARY

When we were first informed that Her Majesty would only see the garden of Grant's, we peered down through the haze from the heights of Buckenhill. Under the blaze of twenty suns no bloom would ever show her face in that "Huis Clos" of Westminster. Grant's Yard with its sparse, placid foliage embedded in the shallow brick nests, and the glimpse of a lush winter rose, over the wall, simulates the passive horror of *Tantalus* for a Hallite. Cheery, but abortive schemes in the past have suggested bright ideas, amongst them a skittle alley and a Viennese Beer Garden run by the Modern Linguists.

For all this, Grant's has been gently brushed. One occupant complains of the rumoured painting. We do realise that many colour schemes might well be ruined by this. However there seems to be few signs of a mass redecoration of Grant's. This does show how very study conscious the newer inhabitants of both floors are becoming. Buckenhill takes the "Directors Office" line. Cool, clean, often subtle but always tidy, embellished sparsely by Rubber Plants, *Katharine Mansfield* and slim volumes of *Euripides* translations. Ferney is homely. The orderly chaos of comfy chairs, the flower paintings by Grannie, the utter warmth of colour harmonises with the courtly leather bindings of *Emerson* and "Enoch Arden." One might suppose also that the respective views of College greenery and the bleak, cheapness of Rigaud's Yard might have some influence. One notes that the older occupants and Monitors prefer the rustic wilds and the fond music of the Queen's Scholars.

Exclusively enough the Head of House has always been removed from the corrupt decadence of studies. Perhaps the cold and disturbances suit his position. As usual it is rumoured that even he will be deprived of his study to make way for extra beds. Even this term the quantity and size of the New Boys damaged tradition and possibly the Head of House's morale. We are informed that we might well expect even more next term.

We look forward to Her Majesty's visit as the climax of the Quatercentenary Year although this is by no means the culmination. However, it does seem an appropriate moment to reconsider Grant's Yard. It will appear no doubt to our Royal visitors in the light of *Macbeth's* Castle but with the ever present aroma of smouldering autumn leaves it becomes a conscience. As Her

Majesty's noble predecessor suggests it seems something of a vanity that such a pleasant seat "should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke."

THE WHEEL

It was a cold winter's day as an old man stumbled across the threshold of his tiny hovel. The usual pall of smoke hung over the entire town. He coughed dismally.

The town had not really changed ever since he could remember but perhaps now at last he had begun to change. Resignation was not enough, He realised that things would have to end; but how?

He walked slowly across the already darkening sitting-room to the window, and pushing to one side the net curtains, peered out to see the ending of another day. Roof after roof stretched away into the smoke shrouded distance. Those houses in their rows were just like his. They had been built a hundred years ago and now they were filthy and ready to collapse.

He saw the figures of the first grimy miners to return from the subterranean darkness wending their way wearily up the street. Perhaps to them the light seemed bright even in the deepening gloom. Soon the rush would come as it always did. The cobbles would resound under the feet of a moving mass of men who had surged up from the depths like the dead returning from the grave. In the daytime the town was dead, a few filthy children might play in the squalor of the gutters but that was the only sign of life.

He looked beyond the rooftops at the chimneys of the collieries, which were belching out black smoke, and there below them was the tangle of ironwork above the pit head, and at the top of this was the wheel. It had been turning now for several hours and would continue for several more till all the miners had been brought to the surface.

He wondered to himself where all these people, who had thronged the street only moments ago, had disappeared. He imagined them in their houses eating their scanty supper before going to sleep; he imagined others who had gone up the road to the pub to forget their troubles and the gloomy monotony of their lives.

The street was now quite dark: a gas lamp flickered feebly, casting shadows on the walls of the tiny sitting room. The old man sighed and let the dirty curtains fall back into place. He did not own the top of the house, so descended the stairs, which groaned loudly under his diminutive weight. The basement consisted of one room—his bedroom. It was scantily furnished with an iron bed, a broken armchair and a cracked washstand on a pedestal in the corner. He walked over to the bed, his footsteps sounding hollowly on the bare floor, and sprawled on to it. He lay there in the darkness. The pubs must be closing by now. He looked up at the square of light at the top of the window and saw through the bars of the railings the heavy booted feet of the men returning home with uncertain steps. He saw that the railings were shaking and imagined the men's

dirt engrained hands grasping the rusty ironwork to support themselves.

Soon it would be morning, the siren would wail and the wheel turn but now it was night and sleep would release a thousand miseries with its oblivion.

OBERAMMERGAU 1960

The atmosphere of the play is suggested in the very landscape. Oberammergau is closely fastened down by the traditions emphasised in the Mountains, the wood-carvers and in general the Baroque Age (the famous Wiess Kirche is nearby). The Passion Play is unconditionally sacred to the villagers and their wish is not to excel in their interpretation, or as actors, but to be worthy of their predecessors. The long hair grown specially, makes it impossible to distinguish the children apart without noting how they are dressed. The players are all people who live and work in the village and consequently sacrifice any free time to produce the play, in which a thousand appear on stage alone.

The first impression I had was that here was a magnificent spectacle, but as a play (if one will name it such) it lacked in various ways. Often I was distracted from the action, which lasts eight hours, by constant thoughts of how I could so easily improve it. These people are fulfilling the vow made to God in enacting the whole of the Passion. This means much of the cast "live" their parts rather than "act" them. The result was often dreary and deadened lines. However Judas did not do so and used the stage to great dramatic effect. The crowd scenes also were impressive, particularly the entry into Jerusalem on the donkey, Ecce Homo, and the way to Golgotha. The crucifixion was marred by the stage machinery. It seemed unnecessary to clothe the three Offenders in white nylon, which was introduced to simulate the effect of death. Is there any evidence to support the fact that the two thieves had all their bones broken? The piercing of the Heart was particularly revolting. The Resurrection seemed superfluous. A white figure dashes out of the tomb as the soldiers lie prostrate—blinded. The finale, The Triumph of Jesus, saw Christ precariously balanced in an aura of light complete with Rainbow. This, I thought tended to mar the earlier Stanislavsky-inspired acting.

The setting against the Alps suits the impressive stage set, which gives a wide scope for the street scenes. These were undoubtedly the highlights of the play, although I did not care for the awkward gestures and the methodic chanting, reminiscent of the Third Programme Greek Chorus. Nevertheless, looking back, without bias, I enjoyed every minute of it, even though the facilities were devoid of the German efficiency we hear so much of. I would not want to see it again, any more than the Royal Tournament but I would encourage anybody to witness it once, even if he is an atheist.

FROM "THE YOUNG LEADER"

The silence of eternity calls him forth to battle:
Hear the wind whistle in the Tomb of Life;
The sarcophagus of cold distrust and pain
Is filled with light of victory: soon the lamp,
Torch of a million souls, is cast out into black
And empty desolation. Death is for him
Not the end, but true beginning—Life the ladder
Of imperfection, sold to hate: but now
He can be done no harm, Art in deaf despair
Of utter reality, doomed to fame or life.
Humble his soul and Grace his aim—his brief life
A battered tower of fortitude and proud resolve.

A SCHOOL EIGHT

A school eight glides past,
With the grace of a swan,
The broad backs a-bending,
And the cox urging on.

Like the Greeks on brave Argo
With the Fleece in their eyes,
Or an old Roman Trireme
As a wing'd bird she flies.

As the eight dip their oars,
Still straining for lead,
They look like the Vikings,
Racing home for their mead.

If you want to see beauty
Then just make a date
To go down to the River
And see a School Eight.

DANCING: A SOCIAL ASSET

When I came home at the end of the term I was met at the front door by my Father who gave me a quick, calculating look and told me to leave my luggage and come over to the college with him. On the way over he explained that I was going to have lunch in the Senior Common Room with the Dean and some of the fellows.

I had never thought much of the Dean, but after that lunch I was terrified of him. He started by telling me that I was late and that if I thought that the college was prepared to keep my soup hot for me;

I was very much mistaken. Then he asked me what I intended to do with myself during the holidays, which he thought were far too long anyway. I replied that I had not made any plans. Then he gave a "Humph" and said: "I remember when I was your age, I used to dance with pretty girls all day long."

At this point in the conversation, my father took the opportunity to inform the Dean and myself that I was going to go to some dancing lessons which were to start in two days time. I gave a groan and the Dean said, "That will be fun for you, will it not?" I gave a dismal "Huh" and kept quiet for the rest of the meal which was spent in discussing nuclear fission.

Two days later I was smartened up beyond recognition, given a guinea to pay for the classes and sent off to dance. On arrival at the dance-hall, I walked over to a group of equally dejected boys whom I had known at my preparatory school and started to exchange news.

Then the door swung open and in walked the dancing mistress followed by her pianist. She was a large, ugly, muscular looking woman with a referee's whistle round her neck. The pianist was a small rattish looking woman, who was smothered in make-up and who kept on drinking cups of tea from a thermos flask between each dance. The dancing mistress then came up to the group of boys I was standing in and told us that we were rather small and would have to do the best we could. At this, the other boys burst into hideous laughter and the girls gave faint smiles.

Then we were told to take partners for the Valeta. There followed a silence, then one martyr of a boy walked up to a girl and the rest of us followed his example. I found myself with a girl of about my size, but I did not like the look in her eyes.

The mistress started to explain the dance, but I could not hear what she was saying as my partner was telling me how much she adored the foxtrot, and when we started dancing I just walked to where I thought my partner was dancing to and she did not notice as she was busy telling me about the medals she had won for ballroom dancing.

Nobody noticed how I was dancing and for the next dance I decided that a change of partner was necessary, but in my haste to get a different partner I did not look at who I was choosing and I found that she was worse than the other one. She did not talk all the time but grabbed me by the scruff of my jacket and shoved me around the room with a menacing look in her eye.

How I survived that lesson, I do not know. I kept on getting partners who were either too strong or too talkative, and once or twice the dancing mistress got hold of me and kicked my poor feet into the right positions pronouncing the word foot "Fewt." There was only one girl who looked quite nice but another boy seemed to think the same and he always got there first.

The next lesson was better as I got the partner I wanted, she did not push me around, as she did not know any more about

dancing than myself and instead of talking about dances she talked about interesting things like pantomimes and films.

The rest of the lessons passed for better or for worse, and I gradually learned the dances. Towards the end of them I was reading a paper in my bedroom when my mother came in and sat down on the end of my bed.

"It is a pity that the dancing lessons are nearly over, isn't it?" she said. I mumbled a vague "Yes" and she continued, "So I thought it would be a good idea if you were to give a dance." I shot up in the air and said "What!" She repeated what she had said and showed me invitations she had bought and told me who I was going to invite.

We decided to hold it in the College Hall and that meant getting permission from the Dean, so on the next morning I went, feeling very scared, to his room and when I had told him what I wanted, he burst into laughter and said that there were articles in that room worth hundreds of pounds and that if I imagined for one moment that I could bring hordes of children into it, I was crazy; with that he told me to get out.

I left, feeling slightly relieved, but when my father heard of how the Dean had received me, he went to his room and managed to get permission.

The day came nearer and nearer and all the time I was receiving replies. When the time arrived I had to help bring food into the room and I had to welcome my guests.

The whole evening is a whirl in my mind, I can vaguely remember shaking hands with people as they went and I remember the Dean came in and finished off the orange-squash, but what dances I did I do not know.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Did I ever tell you about the time sixteen schnapps crazy cray-fishing Swedes tried to . . . or how we were locked in the lavatory at Hamburg Airport while Hitler . . . No ? Well it would only bore you to death, my children.

The other morning, meshed in a traffic snarl, watching taxi-meters tick on remorselessly all around, reflecting, from a bus, that I was buying life for three pennies which is as cheap as you can have it in these inflationary days, my mind fluttered over several choice little cameos from my mental filing cabinet. Like brilliant butterflies on a buddleia bush, my thoughts hovered and darted over a collection of exciting and even occasionally, embarrassing moments, recalling one or two of my favourites guaranteed to amuse during a profitless wait. Let me assure you, my pets, that what might have seemed a most disconcerting episode at the time can often be transformed into entertaining food for thought in the years to follow. Wonderingly, I have heard myself murmur "However did I have the

nerve to make such a complete ass of myself?" Remembering in particular the time I was conceited enough to enter myself and mount for the local point-to-point. The consequences? Quite unmentionable but they had their compensations.

The only part I really regret about it all is that money cannot be made this way. Mind you, I have tried. Writing a book seems child's play with all that material behind one but those gloriously exhilarating epics and pithily witty sketches emerge like "Listen with Mother" in the preciseness of print.

Was it Lady Macbeth, poor misguided woman, who wailed "Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose." (Wait, I must look that up). I see she also said "That memory, the warder of the brain." What a pity that she spoilt her chances of a cosy comforting "re-cap" over the winter fire because of all that washing.

Why live in the past, you say? When you still have a few more years to live it all down and make a good impression on your fellow men? I'm sorry, my dears, but I can see nothing in the future likely to attract me. As far as I'm concerned tomorrow's stop-press is yesterday's cold mutton. Don't ask me to ruminate on a probable lunar landing or who will be the first nutnik to nip into space. Or even wonder, will it be the yellow, black or whites who hit the jackpot and scoop up the remains of the world for what it is worth.

Now that the years have taken their toll and middle age is fast encroaching, I am going to cultivate my past for all it's worth and water the naughty little weeds for my own amusement. Even deplorable events can be relived with immunity, causing just the nicest tiny twinge of conscience. Enough to send the blood belting through the old veins, reviving those far off indecorous, intoxicating, ineluctable images.

I cannot blame you, my children, polite though you normally are, if you unrestrainedly yawn when I begin those old stories. *You* don't want to hear how I won the Monte Rally on three wheels or how a Portuguese Man of War spoilt my chances of swimming the channel but Oh: how they still fascinate *me*.

ONE MAN IN A BOAT

Five men have recently crossed the Atlantic Ocean. "Blondie" Hasler conceived the idea of a single-handed Trans-Atlantic race. These men are, of course, fanatics. The tall, black-bearded Welshman. Valentine Howells sold his farm to face the challenge. Jean Lacrosse dashed across to Plymouth the night before and Francis Chichester spent the whole winter in preparation. These three and Doctor Lewis, who was unfortunate to lose his mast soon after the start, assembled at the Royal Weston Yacht Club on June 14th. I was there next morning at 10 o'clock to see my father start in the largest boat—the 13-ton yawl "Gipsy Moth III."

Although it was a chance for these men to prove themselves, there was a considerable award offered by the sponsor of the race. *The Observer* also bought the exclusive rights of the logs of the entrants. My father spent the winter designing his automatic steering device "Miranda." The numerous parts of *Meccano* sets lying about the house explain the great trouble he took to perfect it. Later came the relaunching of the yacht and the laborious task of fitting it for its gruelling journey. With the vessel at its mooring we began to ferry across tons of this equipment, which included blankets, china and cutlery. These were all brought down from London by car. Food was also very important and well we remember those crates!

We left my father to practise sailing by himself, living by himself and experimenting with "Miranda." *Exeat* coincided with the start. The competitors disappeared over the horizon, as if they were going for a picnic on the Atlantic. Father was next sighted by the "Mauretania" about half way across. He was the first to send out a message with his short-wave set. This is what he said:

"Rough crossing—delayed by headwinds and gales—Lost two days in storm—Third day repairing damage—Fourth day sleeping—Please advise wife New York—Unable contact any ship or aircraft until today. 50 miles S.S.W. Cape Race."

This gives some idea or at least a glimpse of his passage. However on Thursday, July 21st, Francis Chichester crossed the finishing line off New York to be winner of the first single-handed Transatlantic Race. He has, of course, set up the first record of 40 days, although my mother optimistically arrived at New York on July 5th. As I write they are on the way home to England. I heard this morning that they have reached the Azores.

THE GREATEST EYE

This is a democratic age. It is a high powered era; it is the hour of the super-swift investigator, of the computer, of the egghead, of the jet-liner, of the monster hamburger and of the tubeless motor tyre.

These are the symbols of our current civilisation. We are swift to learn that if we went to Jupiter we should speedily be crushed to death, that proprietary stain removers are toxic; and that if we all try hard enough for long enough we may become radio-active. Politically we are almost universal but seldom unilateral. We are waiting for something to happen but we do not know what it will be. There are blackguards around somewhere but we are not quite sure where. The wind of change is blowing across the pages of the national newspapers. There was indeed some fog this morning but we hope it will not rain.

"Lights! Switch in one please!"

A pekingese in the Scilly Isles has begun to snore.

“On the air in ten minutes.”

Dilated corneas glow in the artificial twilight of five million
“distinctive residences.”

“Sound on!—Vision on!—Titles!” (It is all a tape recording in reality but confusion illuminates).

Streets are empty and desolate, unseen smoke drifts across the roof tops, the gentle hum of fifty cycles per second and four hundred and five lines per screen pervades the cluttered sonarity that we call silence.

A toe twitches in Wood Lane; a sharp voice speaks, the icy syllables luxuriating in an onslaught of gracious familiarity.

A golden hamster in Newcastle has woken up.

There are kettles on the stove in Northern Ireland and chickens roasting in Southend which may have to wait until the kill has been well and truly made.

A fist is clenched; a drop of perspiration is spotlighted, immortalised, projected on to thirty million retinæ.

A gentleman living in Gloucestershire has injured himself with his fork.

A nation quivers as filial loyalty is exposed.

“Camera Two. Close Shot.”

Eyeball meets eyeball, wit meets wit.

He loathed his seventh cousin twice removed. He denounced his fascist school-friend. He deliberately set fire to his tutor’s collection of walking sticks.

We shall all go to bed a little more enlightened tonight.

“O.K. Pull back slightly.”

Another twenty-three minutes fourteen seconds. He’s bound to crack. He sabotaged the linseed oil when the team was about to be chosen. He bribed a Russian; who let him down. He has an allergy to breakfast cereal. He is turning to a monochrome green. Will he be sick?

Kind soul! He changed the subject.

Coffee is being served in Calvary but only to the electricians.

There are men running upstairs in Edgware who would give their right arm to see him black out.

“I hear he’s going to talk to a woman next.”

“It oughtn’t to be allowed.”

A cat has swallowed a ball of wool in Chippenham.

Does he still agree with what he said when his colleagues resigned?

Who *was* responsible?

Ten minutes to go.

He feels strongly about Zen. It must be a result of what his nanny did to him.

An emissary from Ulan Bator has tripped over the flex in Hyde Park.

We are all waiting.

The day after tomorrow's correspondence column is already being allowed for in Fleet Street.

"Better revise that obituary."

"How on earth will he bring himself to say thank you to that creature?"

He is about to break his little finger.

"They probably won't bother to issue a warrant."

"Camera Two close in. End music and titles. Stand by."

A man disporting himself at Alexandra Palace has inadvertently masticated the headline news.

The coup de grace has arrived.

"What did he say to that? It can't be true!"

"Get me the telephone directory."

"Stop kicking the dog."

"Why doesn't he move?"

"He's enjoying himself."

The requirements of etiquette have been satisfied.

"Sound and Vision off."

"We will now have a short interlude about death on the road."

Fingers reach out, buttons are pressed; knobs are turned; we are suddenly back in the land of marvels untold, of merry little ditties about drip feed radiance and sociable cigarettes. The ritual is over. Purgation has been achieved and one more soul lies filleted on Ampex tape so that the great grandchildren of those mesmerised eyeballs will, if they have time to be born between trips to view the traffic jams, be able to hear the smooth cadences of the officiating luminary speak out with clarity, vision, alacrity, incisiveness, and all the other virtues which that ubiquitous electronic optic has conscripted to its command.

We, his spiritual employers, creep round in the shadows, fifty million faceless ones armed with a switch and a licence. And at the familiar clarion call we rally.

"Sound and Vision on."

We know the facade; we are earnest to learn the facts behind it.

In them we see a single momentary reflection of our world mirrored in a mind to whose surface we, as a mass, have contributed. Then we are satisfied. We have found out what we formerly only suspected. And in a fortnight's time . . .

Meanwhile we shall carry on as usual in the good old solid world where life is steadily improving, where $v = u + at$ and where there is just a chance that anyway it won't last long.

AN AGE OLD NOVELTY

As one knows, a fossil is the imprint in chalk or any form of clay made by an insect or animal which has been instantaneously killed by the same substance. What one may not know, however,

is that if the substance is found with a complete fossil inside and that substance is carefully removed, the animal will not have deteriorated. Moreover if the crust of the fossil is very gently filed away, the expert is often able to see how the animal died and how the cells and organisms reacted when death came about.

Fossils are to be found in rock of almost any form. I have in my collection a bone of a dinosaur, which was found in the Rocky Mountains. This bone is believed to be the toe of the great animal. Outside Cheltenham, a favourite haunt for geologists, is Leckhampton Hill. On a certain rock I was fortunate enough to discover about thirty fossils of flowers; the largest of these is no more than half an inch across. Their main curiosity is their shape; they are stars with eight points and in some cases several of them are fixed together lengthways. On the same hill I have found many other types of fossil including a complete imprint of both sides of a snail.

Fossils indeed are the basic form of many hobbies but how many people realize how fascinating they can be under a microscope? On one occasion whilst looking at one of the smaller specimens of my "flower fossils," I noticed that the tips of the stars were slightly darker than the rest. However, a geologist explained this to be the colouring of the plant. I had also imagined the eight points to be the petals but under a microscope I saw the divisions of these petals.

It is fascinating that the marks of living creatures and plants can be carried through centuries in rock, until one day someone notices an unusually marked stone, and on picking it up find it is the exact imprint of a flower or tiny insect. Truly nature has its ways.

MUSIC

The Quatercentenary Thanksgiving Service was the first of a whole variety of musical events in which the House has played an important part. The Music of the Service was sung by the Abbey Choir, with the aid of some trumpeters from Kneller Hall. This was a notable occasion in which the Choir, now under the direction of H. S. Davies, proved its excellence.

In the Music Competitions, the House Choir was complimented on its chosen piece—a dramatic and lively song, "A Tale of Two Rats." In the individual events, Grant's, for the first time for some years, won the Erskine Cup. Both D. S. Stancliffe (bass) and N. E. G. Jones (treble) won their voice solos, and P. J. B. Latey (tenor) and M. O. Gellhorn (treble) came second in those events. S. C. Pollitzer ('cello) was second in the string solo and M. J. Stancliffe (oboe) third in the wind solo. H. S. Davies came third in both the piano solo and the original composition. Third place was also achieved in the Vocal Ensemble and the Junior Piano Duet. In the Chamber Music, always the most enjoyable event, a

Haydn Quintet (M. O. Gellhorn, flute; M. J. Stancliffe, oboe; H. S. Davies, clarinet; D. S. Stancliffe, bassoon; M. R. Mackenzie (BB), clarinet) came second to an excellent performance of a Beethoven Clarinet Trio. Another Grantite ensemble, a Vivaldi Concerto, came fourth.

The Haydn Quintet was performed on the first night of the two concerts, and on the second D. S. Stancliffe sang a Purcell song with spinet and 'cello accompaniment. The Choral Society sang the first movement of the Vaughan Williams Sea Symphony, and the Concert also included Brahms' Academic Festival Overture and the first movement of Mozart's piano concerto K.491 (J. N. S. Murray, W.W.).

In July a chamber group was formed under the name of the Westminster Pro Musica, which gave a concert in Carewdon Church, Essex. It was reviewed by the *Musical Times* and the *Musical Opinion*. The group consisted of M. O. Gellhorn, M. J. Stancliffe, D. S. Stancliffe, and R. F. S. Townend (BB), with H. S. Davies.

The organ Up School in the fine Schmidt organ case has now been used for Latin Prayers. This term in addition to the School Concert, in which the Choral Society are to sing the Magnificat of C. P. E. Bach, a rarely heard work, Sir Adrian Boult is conducting a special Quatercentenary Concert. There is also to be a Carol Service in St. Margaret's, as in the past two years. These will complete an eventful and successful musical year for both the House and the School.

CRICKET

At the start of the season Grant's looked set to retain the cricket shield, having an unchanged side but for the departure of last year's captain, R. N. Chinn. M. A. Hall took his place with three Pinks in support—M. G. Hornsby, J. K. Ledlie, and P. C. S. Medawar.

Our first match against Busby's was an easy victory. Busby's could raise no more than fifty runs—eight of their batsmen failing to score. College, our next opponents, succumbed to accurate bowling from Ledlie and Pain, backed by some lively, if erratic, deliveries from Hall. The match against Liddell's followed much the same course and after three matches it was still difficult to tell how Grant's would react against strong opposition. The game against Ashburnham was to supply the answer. Splendid attacking batting from Cooper, with steady support from Broadhurst, enabled Ashburnham to achieve the distinction of being the only side to score more than a hundred runs against Grants'. Our innings began disastrously, and several wickets fell cheaply. It began to look as though Ashburnham would run out easy winners. Careful batting from Ledlie, however, and a fine display by the Captain, altered the whole picture and saw Grant's through to yet another victory. The match against Wren's provided a brief inter-

lude before we met Rigaud's, who had also won all their games.

The tension of the final match seemed to be reflected by the stutterings in the clouds. Rigaud's batted first and had reached 49 for 2 when the ominous rumblings gave way to a heavy downpour. When play was resumed, ninety minutes later, Rigaudite wickets fell quickly to the hostile bowling of Hall and they could only muster sixty-two. The match was not yet won, however, although three early Grantite batsmen played as though it was. When Hornsby was joined by Ledlie the match was in the balance, and they had to defend dourly until the close of play.

On the next day these two set off at a brisk and confident pace until Hornsby was beaten and bowled. The scoring rate now dropped to a fraction of its former pace; but victory seemed to be within comfortable reach. There now occurred a further series of bizarre umpiring decisions. Rigaud's had suffered twice in their innings and at this vital stage in the game, Grant's suffered likewise. Ledlie, in playing forward to a ball from Tucker seemed to give the bowler a return catch. The umpire raised his finger and then immediately altered his decision. Fielders and batsmen engaged in a fierce dispute and the matter was not resolved until both Mr. Lowcock and the Captain of Cricket had taken the field. Ledlie returned to the pavilion. This rather unfortunate incident was not improved by the subsequent dismissal of Langley who fell to another doubtful decision. But by now the scores were nearly level and some effective, but rarely seen, strokes brought us victory by two wickets. Grant's thus won the shield for the third year in succession.

Hall, Pain and Ledlie all bowled extremely well throughout the term. Pain, in particular, bowled very accurately, even if he lacked penetration, and thoroughly deserved his Pinks at the end of the School season. Hornsby's wicket-keeping could usually be relied upon and the side fielded keenly. As was expected the bulk of the runs came from Hall, Ledlie, Hornsby and Medawar, who were able to win most matches without any need for the batsmen lower down the order.

After enjoying such extraordinary success for the past three years, the next season may be something of an anticlimax. But this need not be so if the confidence gained in the last three years is passed on to the younger members of the side.

At Grove Park Grant's were weakened not by the usual lack of enthusiasm but by a scarcity of cricketers. The team never included more than nine Grantites' and often an even smaller number. To come second was, therefore, no mean achievement. With the exception of Wren's, against whom no game was played, and Busby's, every match was won. Credit for the very reasonable scores belongs mainly to C. E. Manderson, who batted consistently well, and A. J. Dugdale and H. S. Davies. The bowling relied almost entirely on the captain; J. D. Seddon, who captured the vast majority of the wickets, although, on occasions, he was ably supported by F. Strickland-Constable.

SWIMMING

The inter-house competition was unexpectedly satisfactory for Grant's. The excellent performances of the house relay teams secured us fourth place in the final result, only half a point behind Rigaud's. In the face of strong opposition P. J. Bottomley, E. G. Jones and J. D. Seddon just failed to hold Rigaud's in the Medley relay, although Ashburnham and Liddell's were comfortably beaten. In the Freestyle relay the same team, with the addition of R. J. R. Hale, made up for a bad start to come second to Ashburnham.

In the individual events P. J. Bottomley's win in the 100 yards Backstroke was outstanding. R. J. R. Hale and E. G. Jones secured further points in the diving, and in the finals of the Breast stroke and Backstroke events. Results in the House Standards competition were bad—Grant's finishing fifth. This was mainly due to lack of enthusiasm in the upper half of the House—points were won by only eight of the thirty-five seniors. It is to be hoped that there will be more active participation next year.

TENNIS

Once again it was only in the Junior Section that our tennis seemed to make any headway this summer. M. B. McC. Brown, a part-time player, played very well in the Senior Singles and beat one member of the School First Six before going out to another in the Quarter-Finals. But apart from this very praiseworthy effort the Seniors progress was not at all encouraging. In the Juniors R. C. Beard reached the Semi-Final of the Singles—a particularly good performance since he is not in fact a regular tennis-player. J. J. T. Jeal and A. J. Stranger-Jones reached the last round of the Junior Doubles with comparative ease, but in the Final itself, though they started very well, over-confidence proved their downfall and they lost the match 2 sets to 1. They obviously play well together but unfortunately will be too old for another year as Juniors. However with age and experience there is every reason to hope that they will someday make their mark in the Senior Section.

WATER

After several very depressing years for the house in the school Regatta, Grant's Watermen have at last achieved some respectable results. To come fourth, and only half a point behind Wren's, was a great improvement, and had it not been for the failure of our Juniors, who were expected to win both the Junior House Fours and the Junior Sculls, we might have done even better.

In previous years Grant's has won nearly all her Regatta points in the Senior and Junior-Senior events. Now the emphasis has

changed, and the Juniors and Junior-Seniors were the more successful—the house did not have a single representative in the Senior division. The Junior-Senior “A” Four, which contained three Colts, T. M. Hunt, P. I. Espenhahn and R. D. E. Spry, did well to reach the finals in which they were outclassed by the stronger and more experienced Ashburnham Four. The Junior-Senior scullers nearly all won at least one heat, but only Spry and Espenhahn got through more than two rounds to be beaten in the third round by the eventual winner, J. M. Wilson of Busby’s.

The greatest disappointment of the Regatta was the failure of our Juniors. In this division Grant’s had both numerical strength and the force of experience to support them. With four members of the Junior Colts Eight and nineteen competitors in all, we were expected to sweep the field. The Junior Four was, on paper, the strongest at the Regatta, but after coasting through the first two rounds, Rigaud’s beat them by two feet in a race rowed under appalling conditions. Results in the Junior Sculling were more encouraging. Many heats were won and N. S. B. Tanner reached the final, in which he was narrowly beaten, and N. E. G. Jones reached the quarter-final.

The immediate future of House water is bright. The house may well have several representatives in the first and second eights, and the Colts and Junior-Colts eights should also contain a large number of Grantites. This will mean that we will enter the next school Regatta with many experienced oars of all ages, and a very good chance to assure the return of the Halahan to its rightful position.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

It will be a great shock to any of his friends and contemporaries, who do not already know, to hear the sad news of the death of C. C. L. Brown (1951-54). Our deep sympathy is extended to his parents and brother.

Rumour has reached us of the marriages of a number of recent Old Grantites to whom we would offer our congratulations were we sure that the rumour was true but we must confine ourselves to authentic cases and do heartily congratulate: D. M. V. BLEA (1945-49), A. C. HORNSBY (1947-52), R. P. C. HILLYARD (1949-52) and M. S. MAKOWER (1949-54). Congratulations also on their engagements to J. H. M. ANDERSON (1949-54) and J. U. SALVI (1950-55).

Of recent leavers those who are going up to Universities this year include: J. S. DUNNETT (1953-58), J. K. LEDLIE (1955-61), P. C. S. MEDAWAR (1955-60), J. D. NOAKES (1954-59), J. P. POLLITZER (1955-59), D. J. WALTON (1958-60), and J. T. WYLDE (1955-60) to Oxford; R. N. CHINN (1954-59), J. A. CORCORAN (1954-59) and

N. R. K. HALPIN (1955-59) to Cambridge; A. E. RICHMOND-WATSON (1954-59), G. R. S. CONGREVE (1956-60), and S. B. WESTOBY (1952-56) to Edinburgh; A. H. LEE (1954-58) to St. Andrew's; J. S. INGHAM (1954-59), after a year in America, to Bristol. Our best wishes to them all.

J. B. CRAIG (1934-40) after sixteen years' service as an Administrative Officer in Nigeria is now in Sydney with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and congratulates the *Grantite Review* on the pertinancy with which it has chased him round the world.

The congratulations, we feel, are due to him for keeping us informed of his changes of address. Among members of the Old Grantite Club whose present address is not known are: C. L. FISHER (1953-56), M. C. M. FRANCES (1952-56), A. C. B. HUNTER (1950-55), R. A. LAPAGE (1944-47), A. H. R. MARTINDALE (1946-51), M. W. PARKINGTON (1935-38), M. T. PITTS (1935-38), D. F. H. SANDFORD (1945-49), A. P. WOOLFITT (1952-55), R. O. WRIGLEY (1936-40).

If any reader knows the present whereabouts of any of these it would be a great kindness if he would notify the Hon. Sec. at 2 Little Dean's Yard.

The Editor on looking through past copies of the *Grantite Review* has noticed that the following numbers are missing: Vol. XIV, No. 3 (Election Term, 1931), No. 6 (Election Term 1932) and No. 7 (Play Term 1932). Would any Old Grantite who possesses a copy of any or all of these and is prepared to part with them please get in touch with the Editor ?