



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

THE GRANTITE REVIEW

FOUNDED
1884

VOL. XXIV
No. 2

LENT TERM, 1962

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

HOUSE NEWS:

HOUSE NOTES
HOUSE DIARY

THE MAGAZINE:

MODERN MUSIC	<i>Sir Adrian Boult</i>
JUST GRANNY	<i>"Cherry"</i>
AROUND THE WORLD IN ALMOST 80 DAYS	<i>F. T. H.</i>
HYMN	<i>"Poap"</i>
DEATH BY MISADVENTURE	<i>R. M. McE. Compton-Miller</i>
S.A.S. CAMP	<i>C. D. Gale</i>
ECONOMICS, AND KENYA'S POLITICS	<i>D. Seddon</i>
LIT. SOC.	<i>J. J. T. J.</i>
CHESS	<i>J. J. T. J.</i>

SPORTS SECTION:

FOOTBALL	<i>F. S.-C.</i>
WATER	<i>N. S. B. T.</i>

OLD GRANTITE CLUB:

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
OLD GRANTITES AND THE APPEAL
UNKNOWN ADDRESSES

Editorial

“**W**ORK is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind,” said Carlyle, thus giving hope to generations of schoolboys for whom school was no longer unpleasing, but viewed rather as a place for recuperation from the miseries resulting from those idle holiday hours.

The Grantite, then, arriving “up House” on the first night of term ought to feel no regret, enormous relief rather should overwhelm him, not unlike that experienced by a patient entering a hospital for a badly needed operation. Instability will be his complaint; the terrifying contrast between hours of idling and spasmodic but nevertheless frantic festivity may perhaps have led to an unbalanced state of mind. The dangers of the dances, the pace of the parties, and the innumerable nights spent in cinemas and theatres are over, and the more stable life of Grant’s welcomes him with extended arms.

This Grantite stability does not, however, result in stagnation and rigid uniformity. Previous more observant editors have noticed within the House definite separate trends. The top floor of studies was seen to prefer the office style of furnishing, whereas the bottom floor favoured a more homely approach. One editor even ventured as far as arguing that each floor had a different mentality and illustrated this by saying that Fernie had a marked tendency towards classical music, while Buckenhill was inclined towards the popular. It was further suggested that the difference in altitude of the two floors may well have been the cause. These differences do exist and the reason might at first appear to be that the Grantite is a thorough-going individualist, but this is only partly the truth, for individualism is limited by environment. The example of the study altitudes is, of course, exaggerated, but the uniform rows of studies and the community life of Hall must be restricting.

An eminent historian once argued that the only reason Holland ever aspired to being more than a sea swamped bog was because of man’s natural obstinacy in the face of highly unfavourable surroundings. The glory of Venice is similarly explained; and so, likewise, in Grant’s the individualist, finding himself drowning in the waters of conformity might, with equal obstinacy, attempt to assert himself all the more. Strangely enough this is not his wish, he is content to fit into the mould of first Hall and then either of the study floors. Their small differences seem sufficient, yet these are lacking in permanence, as quickly changing as the stream of boys who endlessly filter through the House.

Where then does the continuity and timelessness of the Grantite existence lie, if not supplied by the boys themselves? The answer is to be found within the very walls of the House. The more perceptive reader may at this stage be asking himself whether surroundings do in fact affect character or mentality. The editor, however, rests sure in the knowledge of the Duke of Edinburgh’s words on seeing the studies, “A bit of a troglodyte existence.” Claustrophobia was also mentioned as a possible effect. But this is merely another stage in the House’s balanced “treatment.” Really an attack of claustrophobia is just what the

Grantite needs after leaving the airy vastness of Hall, where he will probably have suffered from severe exposure and a feeling of deep insecurity.

The boys though moulded by the House to play their part too, for, strange to relate, without them the name of Grant's would be but a purposeless cypher. The spirit of Grant's lies then in the reactions of many generations of boys to the same environment. Thus the House and its members combine to form a great unity both House and boys contributing to the glory of Grant's, the one by influence, the others by their reactions thereto and by their subsequent loyalty.

Nor do the divisions in the House prevent this unity. The transition from Hall to study is easily attained, and traffic between the floors is frequent. The Grantite is never more or less a member of this unity, be he in the dark airlessness of the blanco room, or in the higher regions listening to the gramophone's resonant moans. The "swear-box" is but an outer and superficial manifestation of the inner and stronger bonds. The walls of the House close in and the individual is swallowed up by the institution, bound by his moulded reactions, and tied by the apparently illusory but nevertheless unbreaking cords of House spirit.

And how, indeed, you may well ask can the Grantite ever really appreciate these fascinating developments in his very being? . . . Is not the *Grantite Review* his inner voice?

HOUSE NEWS

House Notes

VALETE:

P. I. Espenhahn
S. C. Pollitzer

AVETE:

W. M. Holmsten
W. N. Latey
M. E. Lonsdale
T. H. Phelps Brown
J. Reed

We congratulate the following:—

R. C. Beard, Pinks for Football.
 Thirds for Shooting.
F. Strickland-Constable, Thirds for Football.
P. J. Bottomley, Pink and Whites for Swimming.
A. J. Dugdale, Seniors for Football.
P. G. Hollings, Juniors for Football.
P. K. H. Maguire, Juniors for Football.

* * * * *

R. D. E. Spry is Head of House and *Princeps Oppidanorum*.

The Monitors are: A. Pain, F. Strickland-Constable, P. J. Bottomley, H. H. Clark, A. J. Stranger-Jones.

M. J. Stancliffe is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are: T. M. Hunt, A. C. E. Jarvis, D. B. Wadham-Smith,
R. C. Beard, A. T. Cooke, J. J. T. Jeal, P. W. Semple.

* * * * *

J. H. C. Proudfoot is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are A. C. T. MacKeith, P. G. Hollings, A. H. C. Vinter.

House Diary

HE returns to school with crisp appearance but dull in mind, up those hateful stairs past old faces, remembering empty spaces. The study is bare but soon there are carpets and rugs and pictures and books. Big Ben, it is prayers, with a hymn tonight to extinguish all fears, and then there is cocoa, chatter and bed.

School ends at lunch—potatoes, cauliflower, meat and bread. A quick change and then he and his mates are off to the cinema, the West End, and the coffee bar. The film was good, but the evening is cold and the collars are up; the warm breath is lost in the dazzle of neon as the little group wanders among the crowds, jostling, bustling, chattering, pass the glitter of light reflected from glass. Cold eyes glance at statues, at windows and at cookies crumbling in chromium cafes; through the park to Yard and back up house.

Work begins (had it ever stopped?) and continues; essays, problems, games—they are all there as ever. But good character forms as broken windows are reported, as belts are blancoed and brasses cleaned, as competitions in chess and billiards are played, and as Seniors and Juniors fence it out in the gym or battle it out up fields. And of course there is time to relax with a book or with records, or, for the “Heavies” and “Chaps,” with talk of the week’s sport.

All this is interspersed with weekends at home or at school, painting the study perhaps. He takes everything in his stride, few things upset him, though at times he revolts against an excessive bout of impositions or becomes exasperated with a particularly tiresome essay, and then he languishes in his study wondering why he was allowed only to paint one wall and not the other. He thinks of Hall beneath him and wonders whether the same likes and dislikes, the same tensions and pleasures infest its occupants now.

The end of term draws near and preparations are made for concerts and play suppers. It is announced some four weeks previous to the event that skits should be thought up and general preparations be made. This is of course sensible but contrary to the Grantite Spirit which leaves everything to the last minute; it is obvious from the start that this play supper is to be sleek and streamlined. The great event takes place three days before the end of term (it is still a mystery why the school doesn’t break up over the weekend) and joy of joys, it rapidly loses its sleekness for things soon go wrong revealing a typical Grant’s play supper. The whole house is assembled applauding an act which is not particularly funny,

but then a musical group comes on and is a tremendous success, and the house is full of enjoyment. It is a fitting end to the term as among the audience, below a curl of smoke, sits the Master smiling, thinking and appreciating.

THE MAGAZINE

Modern Music

THE Editor has honoured me with an invitation to write in *The Granite Review* about modern music. He is an optimist; it is more than sixty years since I entered the House; music has developed (like most other things) incredibly through these years, and a 72-year-old can hardly be expected to keep up with all this. Readers who want information about Boulez, Dalapiccola and Stockhausen had better look elsewhere; I'm afraid I can only make a few suggestions to those ordinary mortals who can't see much in modern music or are rather inclined to switch off when their wireless offers it.

I think we can all agree that nothing creative in the world of art can be allowed to stick to the methods and habits of the generation it follows; things must progress all the time, and anything written (or painted for that matter) in the style of the day before yesterday is bound to disappear soon after it's life has begun—it is the second—and third-raters who slavishly copy their predecessors and add no fresh element to the art. I must confess that whenever I have been asked to perform an important piece of new music and I have started to study the score, I have often felt it was going to be a tough proposition, indeed I have sometimes felt at first that the work was beyond me, and that I could not undertake it. I can, therefore, feel plenty of sympathy for the man who is puzzled when he hears the first performance of a new work which flashes past him just once, after which he may not hear it again for months, when he may expect to have forgotten a good deal of his first impression. The performer has the work on paper and can study it at leisure; he then has the experience of repeated hearings at rehearsal; but the listener is not invited to rehearsals; he can only hear the straight performance at the concert, and if he is a critic, he must run to the telephone the moment the show is over and dictate his "considered" opinion on the work without a moment's reflection.

"Anyway," people often say to me, "this modern stuff hasn't any tune in it." My reply here must be "Beware! You know the Tannhäuser Overture? Well, don't forget that several critics at its first performance said that there wasn't a tune in it." I can remember often being puzzled at first by music that has later grown into my understanding, and finally come to thrill me.

And so I would advise anyone who is going to hear a new work to do all he can to find out about it and about its composer, if he is not already known. I have often gone to the hall early in order to read the programme note quietly before the concert begins, and take in, if I can, the composer's outlook on things

generally, and particularly the special subject of the work I am to hear. I do not like reading the programme once the music has started; I can't do the two things at once.

It is, I think, important that we should follow a work, once it has begun, straight through to its end without interruption. Every work must have some kind of architectural plan, its keys, its climaxes, its colours and its emotion, but it is not going to be easy to take in all these at once. Personally I try to listen for some prominent quality to show itself in the first few bars—say a rhythmic pattern or some exciting colour—and if I can get hold of something there, I try to stick to this and to follow its development right through the piece. I don't say I listen to nothing else, but for the first time I concentrate mainly on this one, and let the other aspects of the work come into my consciousness when they obtrude themselves. I hang on to the first characteristic I find, and try and trace that uninterruptedly right through the work.

I hope that this will help some listeners to like new music a bit more than hitherto; there is no doubt that practice and repetition help a very great deal and please don't let us forget about the Tannhäuser Overture!

ADRIAN BOULT.,

15.1.62.

Just Granny

HENRY walked briskly along the pavement, his hands sunk deep in the pockets of his well-buttoned grey overcoat, and wondered if he would be lucky. He turned the corner of the Square and stepped into the late afternoon sunlight, which had previously been denied him by the tall privet hedge, that encompassed the Square's large garden. Across the road stood the building in which his grandmother had her gigantic flat. His mother had told him that the house was pseudo-Gothic, but for fear of sounding ignorant he had refrained from asking her what this meant; he assumed most impressive or very old.

He ran quickly across the road, for although a glorious sunny day for February, there was a cold wind, and he looked forward to the warmth of his Grandmother's flat. He pushed open the front door of the house and walked cautiously across the well polished parquet floor of the hall; with an effort he opened the lift doors which, though less than a quarter pulled-back, he managed to squeeze through without pinching his fingers as he had often done before.

The lift stopped with a jolt at the second floor, and after the dangerous job of re-opening the lift doors, which apparently resented being touched, he rang the bell.

"Good afternoon, Master Henry," said the kindly old Scottish nurse who came to the door, "I am afraid your grandmother is not feeling so well today, but I expect she'll be pleased to see you."

He took off his coat and following the old nurse was ushered into the vastness of his grandmother's bedroom.

"Hello, Henry boy," came the tired and ever so slightly cracked voice of his

grandmother. "Must be a half term, that you've found time to see your old granny."

She looked somehow very small and helpless in her vast bed in the large empty room.

"You haven't had a birthday lately, Henry, dear . . ."

". . . Oh I am sorry," she said, laying special emphasis on the 'am,' "I must have forgotten it—I had better write it down."

Henry remembered the countless times his grandmother had written down his birthday on small scraps of paper and the countless times that she had forgotten.

"Go and get my bag, it's on the top of the chest of drawers."

Henry, full of hope, obeyed and handed the small crocodile skin bag to the recumbent figure.

"The cupboard's bare, Henry, boy. . . . No, not a penny piece."

"Mummy had said that perhaps you might write a letter for me and then I could go and buy a bicycle at Harrods, as you did say you would give me one for my birthday."

"Oh, did I?" said his grandmother in a tone of voice which Henry felt conveyed almost distrust, "Well then go and fetch me some writing-paper."

He knew only too well that there was no paper in the room and so before she could deny having any at all he was opening the door into the adjoining sitting-room. When he returned with the required pad his grandmother was sitting up in bed and reading a newspaper with rapt attention.

"Granny, I've brought the . . ."

His grandmother apparently not hearing or else, as Henry was convinced, purposefully ignoring him, broke in, speaking from behind the paper, slowly, and enunciating each word with great emphasis.

"You see the reason why we are having such awfully cold weather is because the icebergs at the North Pole are breaking up and floating into the Atlantic."

Henry just managed to stop himself saying it was a simply gorgeous afternoon for February, but instead cautiously replied that the sea seemed very cold this year. He then summoned the courage to tell her that he had found the writing paper.

"Writing-paper?" she said, and he could not help detecting a menacing note of incredulity, even anger in her voice. "Writing paper, there isn't any in here . . ."

"But Granny, it's for the letter."

"But I never . . ."

"I asked you if you could possibly write a letter for me so that I could get a birthday present at . . ."

Before the quaking Henry could finish, his grandmother chimed in, speaking very slowly and deliberately as though remembering a childhood acquaintance.

"Oh yes, I remember now."

Henry gave a sigh of relief as she paused before continuing.

"You see, Henry boy, I don't seem to remember as well as I used to. You know it doesn't do to live as long as I have."

"I should be very proud if I . . ."

“ Can I have the paper, then Henry?” the old lady said as though he had not spoken.

“ Oh, I’m sorry. . . . Here it is, it must have slipped off the quilt.”

Ten minutes later Henry had the finished fruit of his labours safely in his hand. The letter stated that its bearer was Lady Elderton’s grandson and that a bicycle was to be charged to her account. He was just about to say it was time he was going when—

“ Henry, can I have that letter a moment?” He could hardly sustain a gasp of dismay as he saw her slip the letter into the security of her crocodile bag.

“ You see, Henry, I think it would be better if I came too as they might not give you the right kind.”

“ Granny, I can promise you that . . . ,” Henry blundered on.

He might just as well have remained silent, she had evidently made up her mind and he saw his dream shattered; for longer than he could remember his grandmother had never left her bed, let alone her flat, and what was more he heard an ominous rattling, which he knew only too well heralded the arrival of the aged tea trolley.

“ I brought some tea for your Ladyship and Master Henry,” said the old nurse.

“ You see, Henry boy, its the icebergs which are . . . ”

Henry had to sit there and once again endure hearing about the fascinating changes in the world’s climate and how various lakes in Austria, where his grandmother had once swum, would now be more suitable for skating.

The old lady’s two traditional parting phrases, “ Backs to the wall ” and “ Stiff upper-lip,” were said, the battle was lost, and his grandmother was without doubt victorious.

He must have been there for the entire afternoon, for when he emerged in the street again it was nearly dark and the lamps cast a dismal ray on to the wet pavement.

As Henry dejectedly walked through the now fast falling rain towards the bus stop, he felt that at last he knew more than his mother and why he had once overhead her say that Granny had been very clever once.

“ *Cherry.*”

Around the World in almost Eighty Days

A WORLD tour starting in early February and ending in late April, and going via India, Australia and America presents clothing problems. Do you take an overcoat and thick suits? I took advice from an American and was assured that in April Chicago would be cold, there would be ice on the lake, and an overcoat was a “ must.” I left London airport on a wet, cold day, and discarded a thick suit and the overcoat at Delhi. Neither were put on again until the *Queen Mary* docked at Southampton. America, particularly Chicago, was very hot and humid. The excess baggage costs of the heavy clothing have so added to the

original cost that they have become valuable family assets to be treated with care and reverence.

The outward plane touched down at Frankfurt, Beirut and Teheran. The fleeting impressions of these places were that Frankfurt was modern, expanding fast, and charged with an air of efficiency; Beirut was a dusty dump; Teheran was spotless and seemed to be expanding too. At Beirut we were compelled to surrender our passports to a murderous-looking official in a musical-comedy uniform, and when we returned to the Comet all the passports were heaped in a pile on a table. This seemed a shade casual, but there were no groans of anguish.

I motored from Delhi to Agra, flew from Agra to Benares to Calcutta in a Dakota, where I rejoined the Comet for Singapore. Here I boarded a Qantas Super-Constellation for Western Australia, making a stop in Djakarta. Within Australia the flights were in Vicsounts or the luckless Lockheed Electras visiting all the main cities. The journey home was by Boeing jet to Honolulu and San Francisco, calling at Fiji, then across America by train to Chicago and New York, with the final luxury of the Queen Mary home to England.

While I personally dislike flying, the trip could not have been done conveniently any other way, and indeed two parts of the 'plane journey were wonderful. The flight from Djakarta to Perth enabled me to acquire a very good picture of what the virtually uninhabited part of North-West Australia looks like; the flight over the Pacific was fabulous with wonderful sun-sets, giving one a panoramic view of the Hawaiian islands. Otherwise most of the flying was done at night. I spent a week in India, nine weeks in Australia and a week in America; the impressions are therefore superficial.

A day and night were spent in New Delhi; the day occupied partly in working, partly in sun-bathing on the roof of my partner's house; the night partly in a vast party, and partly in catching up on much-needed sleep. Little of Delhi was really seen. The next day we motored to Agra. This was fascinating, travelling on surprisingly good roads and passing through any number of villages, all of which were squalid to a degree that would drive any self-respecting local health officer quite mad. I have memories of performing bears, snake-charmers, elephants, camels, primitive and modern methods of agriculture, temples, hovels, beggars, thousands of children, trains with hundreds clinging on everywhere, even on the roof, and now and again a luxury European car with an obviously wealthy Indian inside.

When in the middle of one village our driver said "Breakfast" my heart sank as nothing I had seen made me feel particularly hungry, and indeed I would have eaten only something out of a can or from a bottle I had opened myself. However, he was thinking entirely of himself and my partner and I were left in the car to cook gently while he disappeared. I say "left" but in a few seconds we were surrounded by beggars, snake-charmers, and hordes of merely curious. We were compelled to close all windows which increased the cooking rate vastly.

When approaching Agra we were swept into the forecourt of a vast red structure, stopped, the driver getting out to announce "Akbar's tomb, you will see."

We saw without being very clear as to who Akbar was, and then opened the car boot for a welcome drink. All haste to Agra and into the hotel, a modern air-conditioned one of some considerable luxury. The contrast with the poverty, dirt and dust of the morning was very marked. Beer disappeared at an alarming rate with no visible effect whatever. After lunch we visited the Taj Mahal, and went back after dinner to see it by moonlight. Thoroughly tourist but I would not have missed it for anything. It exceeds in sheer wonder and beauty anything you have ever read about.

The next morning we set off to find Agra airport. After a lengthy search this was found tucked in a corner of an Air Force aerodrome. The building was ramshackle and clearly not now serving its original purpose. Never to be forgotten were the lavatories which consisted of two chamber-pots and two commodes, attended by two male officials and a glamorous girl all in gorgeous uniforms. In Benares we hired a guide and had a fascinating tour in and out of museums and temples, although we got a little tired of continually removing our shoes. We wandered up and down numerous alleys and at one stage somehow acquired two more guides. Eventually we emerged on the Ganges, saw the famous funeral pyres, the holy men reading to groups, the devout bathing; all one has read about and seen in photographs. Buildings towered above the banks supported on what seemed to be most flimsy foundations, yet they had been there for years. A fascinating city of incredible contrasts; of luxury, of dirt and poverty, and a city in which much time could be spent before any really acute impressions could be made.

The Indians appear impervious to noise. Many of the alleys had a loud-speaker fixed to an outside wall emitting a mixture of American "Pop" music and Indian music at full blast. A pause outside any shop was a fatal mistake as a horde of persuasive sales staff descended upon us and an iron will was required to escape. A day and night were spent in Calcutta but there is nothing much one can say about a large dirty city much like an industrial city in England. Perhaps the main source of surprise was the large number of homeless who slept on the pavements every night. One amusing incident was seen in the Saturday club, a place strictly confined to Europeans. At four in the afternoon a boy dressed much like a boy-scout advanced on to the lawn and stood to attention with a small red flag. Half an hour later he disappeared. On enquiry this turned out to be an old piece of tradition of a regimental club absorbed some years ago into the Saturday club and was originally a signal that the bar was open.

In general India gave the impression of struggling hard to develop industrially but of being desperately short of technicians and managers, and of still being terribly poor. This impression seems to be supported by the fact that there are at least as many if not more Europeans employed there now than before independence, and very well employed in terms of salary and benefits. There are clearly a number of top-class Indians running profitable businesses but there was equally clearly a horde of very poor who had not much future.

Owing to 'plane delay a few hours were spent in Singapore. A call then was made at Djakarta, a horrible steamy place full of surly anti-Europeans, where we

were warned not to stray at all on pain of being shot at, and then on to Perth.

Perth is a beautiful place on the Swan river, but so remote from the rest of Australia as to be virtually a separate country. Indeed only forty years ago there was a movement to break with the Commonwealth. There is not much industry and the economy rests on sheep and cattle stations and fruit. The country suffers from bush fires and hurricanes, and a motor trip through some of the forests showed the terrifying effects of a very severe bush fire a few months previously.

Melbourne is a large thriving city continental in appearance; Sydney an industrial sea-port where life goes at a much greater pace. In their own way both are very attractive, with Sydney having the advantage of the famous harbour. The beaches, Bondi, Manly, and further north Surfer's Paradise are magnificent, but lack surrounding scenery and colour. It was interesting to see the shark guards in action and the sea clear rapidly when the siren blew. The skill of the surfers was incredible. Nowadays balsa wood is used which can be thrown with tremendous force through the air if caught by a wave. As metal fins are attached to the boards it was surprising that no-one was cut badly. Adelaide was so English you might have been in Cheltenham. Brisbane is like any other small town on a river and is hardly industrialised; again its economy is sheep, cattle and fruit.

Australia was rapidly expanding and many first-class firms were visited, one of the most notable being the very new steel works at Port Kembla which included a completely man-made harbour taking one thousand-ton vessels. Many English and American firms now have plants there. Life was swift, exhilarating and gay. In Melbourne there was a night club that operated on Sunday nights—what a contrast to London.

Honolulu was visited on the way home and seemed to be a very pleasant, wickedly expensive playground; pineapples everywhere, glossy hotels, appalling slums, and a general air of being a vast, highly-organised tourist trap; yet this impression may well be quite unfair since it was based on a day and night only.

The United States I crossed by train. I travelled from San Francisco (one of the most beautiful cities I have ever visited) over the Rockies, through the Mojave and Painted deserts, through a dust storm and some wonderful scenery. After two and a half days in a luxurious and most comfortable carriage Chicago was reached. Chicago was awful and best forgotten. New York was fabulous, but only for the things London has not got, the Empire State, the Rockefeller centre, the Staten island ferry and suchlike. Otherwise it is a bustling city as is London. However in contrast to London the hotel service, the subway, the shops and life generally seemed rough and democratic to a degree that benefited no one. I acquired much fame, not to say pity, for being slightly eccentric because I insisted on walking from the hotel to the office and back. No New Yorker appears to walk if he can help it. But I am sure I saw much more by doing so.

After New York the *Queen Mary* gave me a lasting impression of almost absurd luxury. You only had to breathe a vague idea of wanting something to be overwhelmed with lavish service and extravagance. For example, one night at a

small party of six in my cabin I asked for some sandwiches. The steward returned with enough sandwiches to defeat twenty self-respecting Grantites.

The tour was wonderful. I saw much, made a large number of good friends (the Australians are as overwhelming in hospitality as the Americans), and learned a great deal. I even did a lot work particularly in Australia. It was very tiring at times but was an experience not to be missed. I have so far not been able to persuade my partners to let me go again, but I am still hoping.

F. T. H.

Hymn In honour of the 'Swear-box.'

"The world is founded on four essential freedoms. The first is freedom of speech and expression everywhere in the world."

Franklin D. Roosevelt.

THE Grantite's one salvation
Is cleanliness of tongue
His verbal reformation
Is what has been begun,
He now can swear no longer
Or else he needs must pay
His will-power must be stronger
Or broke he'll be away.

The use of Anglo-Saxon
Has lately been repressed
And such words have a tax on,
Though Bishops have expressed
Their ardent admiration
For Lawrence's great skill,
His words still bring temptation
To Grantites of free-will.

Now rise up from oppression
And loose your verbal chains
Then freedom of expression
Will ease your oral pains,
Swear now ye cursed and blessed,
It really is no sin
For words that are represséd
Are better out than in.

Note: This hymn may be sung to the tune of hymn 489 (English Hymnal) in time of pecuniary distress.

Death by Misadventure

IN the Spring of 1938, a young man walked slowly up a flight of stairs and vanished into the vast building which served as Headquarters for the British Secret Service. He made his way up to the fourth floor where after striding along a maze of corridors he stopped outside an unimportant-looking room marked with the number "45." A sharp rap on the door produced a hearty bellow from within, and as Simon Brent entered the unpretentious office, he could never have foreseen what a momentous change this visit would have on his life. In front of him, seated on a large swivel chair, sat the tall bespectacled figure of his superior, Colonel James, who was head of the world-wide net of intelligence. Brent had only seen him before at important functions and it came as a surprise to him to be addressed with his christian name and to be put at ease so quickly by a man who previously had been a remote figure.

With brevity and disarming candour, the Colonel informed Brent that he wanted to entrust him with an important mission overseas which could well prove dangerous. He spoke frankly and always believed in stating a case with no embellishment, never making the picture brighter than it was.

But Brent had no hesitation in volunteering his services. His mission was to enter Germany illegally and to gradually acclimatize himself in his new surroundings so that he could send back to England information of any political or military value. He was to keep in radio contact with London, and it was hoped that he would soon be able to get a job so that he could be properly absorbed by his new country.

War was imminent and Brent prepared to parachute into Germany; his mission now even more vital, but then none could foresee the force with which it would descend on the whole of Europe, and the destruction and misery it would leave behind. In the following year England was at last drawn into the War after many months of uncertainty and false hopes.

In Spring 1945 Peace was declared. At the same time a diminutive figure might have been seen returning to England. Trudging through the rubble and destruction of Whitehall and climbing the long flight of stairs which led to Room "45," Brent looked a very different man since his last visit. He had experienced the horrors of a concentration camp and had been tortured at the hands of the Gestapo after his capture, three years from the beginning of the War. He had done well; he had revealed no information to his captors, whilst his work for England had been inestimable. Yet he was full of self-reproach when he entered his superior's office. The Colonel in his usual subtle way, began by expressing his sympathy for the injuries he had sustained, glancing at the hollow sleeve which hung limply at his side. Then a faint smile momentarily flickered across his hard features, as he informed Brent that his work had been of the utmost value and that his capture, though unfortunate, was compensated for by the fact that the Government had by that time installed other agents. Warming to his subject, he informed him that he had made arrangements for a large sum of money to be

given him for his work and that in addition the Government had seen fit to invest him with a Knighthood for his mission.

Farmhurst was a small hamlet deep in the Cotswold Hills; a place where all the villagers knew each other and where strangers were usually viewed with suspicion. It was here, in the large derelict house that overlooked the village, that Sir Simon Brent intended to spend his retirement. His arrival was unheralded although several days before, the villagers had been puzzled by the removal of the decrepit house agent's notice, but they only concluded from this that the place was to be demolished. However, after several months, the building had been restored and its owner was able to move in. After he had taken up residence, Brent was always aware of inquisitiveness and animosity down in the village, where he was often greeted with surliness and suspicion. His solitary retirement added scope for the gossip-mongers and rumours began to spread that he was a crook or even a pool winner. It was noticed that rather unsavoury and suspicious people often visited his home, which of course added to these malicious rumours. However, some months after Brent's arrival a new canning factory which was being built on the outskirts of the village was completed, and the dormant hamlet soon became a bustling community. Large tenements were built to house its employees and the Manor soon lost its splendid isolation. Thus, with the all-pervading excitement and upheaval, the villagers lost their natural hostility and suspicion of strangers and when two men with foreign accents rented one of the new houses, none took any interest. Later these men could often be seen walking round the countryside and the local Vicar even discovered that they were keen archaeologists, and used to accompany them sometimes on their trips.

Although Farmhurst had lost some of its peacefulness and isolation, it had lost none of its community spirit and at the annual bazaar, Sir Simon Brent was chosen to be guest of honour. His neighbours had been less suspicious since his donation to the new village hall and he was now a respected member of the parish. A few days before the bazaar, however, tragedy came to the village. Brent was found dead at the bottom of a disused well in the ruins of a Roman Villa. There was no evidence of foul play but the Coroner could not understand why Brent had been wandering in these ruins. The only person who could shed any light on the matter was the Vicar who mentioned that he had seen him in the company of the two foreigners going in that direction. On enquiring as to the whereabouts of these men it was revealed that they had vanished and that they had been living under assumed names.

Meanwhile in a certain Whitehall office the news had been received in silence by the gaunt bespectacled man sitting behind his oaken desk. It was unusual for one of his men to have been murdered in revenge, but at all costs the true nature of the man's death and the history of his past must be kept secret. There was little chance of capturing the murderers, and even if they were found, the case would have to be handled discreetly.

Farmhurst was to remain comparatively unknown for Brent's murder never

attracted the press and the mysterious circumstances of the "accident" were dismissed in favour of a verdict of death by misadventure. It was in the Obituary Notices that the villagers at last solved the mystery of Brent's suspicious guests, for it was revealed that he had for long been a helper in the rehabilitation of criminals. Thus their curiosity was satisfied but the much more important mystery was never revealed.

Richard Compton-Miller.

S.A.S. Camp

AS the first Westminster to join the Special Air Service (T.A.), I feel that you may be interested if I give you some idea of the S.A.S.'s activities at their summer camp in Scotland. The first week of the camp was spent on short map reading exercises and in firing the S.L.R., the S.M.C., and the 9 mm. pistol in the field. Grenade throwing, various aspects of sabotage, and the art of concealment were also practised.

The second week started with a three-day ninety mile walk in the heart of the Cairngorms, passing through some of the most beautiful country in Scotland. The climax of the camp, the final exercise, was a raid on a Naval Air Station, which, for security reasons, I am afraid I cannot name. Leaving camp on the Wednesday morning, we made our way towards the airfield, moving across country by day and along the roads by night. On Friday we changed into civilian clothes in order to reach the airfield and recce it by day through binoculars without being detected.

As the airfield is normally patrolled by dog handlers and armed guards with orders to shoot at intruders, the airfield commander had to be informed of our intentions to prevent any nasty accidents. Unfortunately for us, he decided to call out the reserve guard, some fifty strong, so that, when the attack began we were confronted with an objective swarming with sentries. However, sailors are not well trained in guard duties and the conversations and snatches of song that we overheard were most entertaining and enabled us to pinpoint nearly all of them. Working in pairs, we crept up to the perimeter where we found a barbed wire fence, ten feet high with strands four inches apart, which, as we were not allowed to cut it, proved to be quite an obstacle. We waited to enter the airfield until one o'clock on Saturday morning, when guards are not at their brightest, and, although we passed very close to some, we had little trouble in planting our "bombs" most successfully.

Targets blown up included the radar installation, the power house, and nearly all the fuel storage tanks. The next morning the security officer got quite a shock as only one saboteur had been seen, let alone captured. All things being considered, the raid was a most successful end to a splendid camp.

C. D. Gale.

Economics and Kenya's Politics

AFFAIRS are moving so fast as regards Kenya's political and economic position and her attitude to this country that we can merely note and comment upon events as they happen; a complete summary of the situation must be deferred to a time of less activity and negotiation.

For far too long, Kenya has been obsessed by politics and by constitutional changes to the neglect of an economy which is greatly dependent on agriculture. If agriculture goes wrong the people must suffer and their standard of living decline. A good example is the present state of Masailand where the ufbalance, that is so characteristic of East Africa in general and Kenya in particular, has been greatly increased by the recent drought. Men and livestock multiply while the land declines; this is obvious everywhere in agricultural Africa. After the Lancaster House Conference, which paid virtually no heed to the effect of constitutional changes in the country's economy, or to the future of those Europeans whose livelihood the land represents, the decline in the standard of European agriculture began. And today the great majority of white farmers have lost faith in Her Majesty's Government, for they believe that the Government recognises no obligation, moral, legal or financial, towards them, and that they are regarded as expendable pawns in Great Britain's policy of withdrawal—if this country may be said to have anything as clear cut as a policy in Africa. Because of uncertainty about the future integrity of land titles, and about the outlook and policy of an African Government towards European farmers and landowners the value of farming land has fallen to a very low level. In these circumstances it is only natural for the farmers, deprived of the prospect of realising their capital, to extract all they can as quickly as possible from the land and to get any surplus money out of the country. This, it must be obvious, will be to the detriment of the economy of a country that needs all possible assistance. It is a policy which may temporarily increase output and exports—and so enable fools to claim that there is nothing wrong with the farming—but the ill-effects will be clear enough in future years. "Land cannot be flogged for long in Kenya for the soils quickly break down with ill treatment, and to restore worn-out land to good condition is a slow process," is what I heard from one Kenya farmer.

Recently the publication of the agreed statement on Land-Titles and Property-Rights by the K.A.D.U.—K.A.N.U. Committee was a first, if a tardy, step towards a revival of confidence, and there was a widespread feeling that matters were getting better, but the wild and threatening words of Mr Paul Ngei at a meeting of 60,000 Africans at Nairobi not long afterwards: "You must condemn those who give assurances to the Europeans that the land they hold is theirs," and the fact that these words were not immediately and emphatically repudiated by Jomo Kenyatta, has swept away the first shy signs of confidence. Today there are few European farmers who believe they will be able to farm in Kenya much longer, and if they go the trade of the towns and townships will shrivel and the economy will collapse.

Unfortunately Her Majesty's Government still seems unaware of the grievous damage that is being done to Kenya's economy, or else, perhaps, they regard that damage as an inevitable part of the price that must be paid for the political design of scuttling from Africa. It is more unfortunate still that so few of the African leaders seem to realize what is happening and what the consequences must be. No doubt several of them have vague ideas of a Socialist State but without a viable economy Socialism will not achieve much of value to anyone. There are not enough rich people in Kenya—and there will soon be fewer—to squeeze for the benefit of the poor; and any form of Nationalization will drive away the capital investment from overseas, without which, despite the claims of Jomo Kenyatta, I feel Kenya cannot manage successfully. Other African leaders talk of large grants from overseas. Meanwhile scores of thousands of Africans will have been led to believe that, after the granting of "Uhuru," money will flow like water, and no one seems to think where the money will come from. It is high time that Kenya had some respite from politics and did some hard thinking about how to revive a depressed economy, otherwise independence will become a miserable mockery.

* * * * *

I am glad to be able to add, seven days after the first part of this article was written, that on the 1st of December, in view of the Kenya Constitutional Conference fixed to open on February 14th, the Kenya African National Union proposes to "turn its thoughts to the economic and administrative problems that an independent Kenya will have to face." Mr. J. Murumbi, K.A.N.U. representative in London, has produced an outline plan for agricultural and educational development, and believes that by January next year it should be possible for expert advisers to visit Kenya and undertake detailed research into the practical possibilities of the plan. If somehow, K.A.N.U. can stamp out the Youth Wing terrorism that has brought the Party into disrepute and is able to order its internal party discipline (in the General Election they lost the Nakum seat because no fewer than five K.A.N.U. candidates opposed one K.A.D.U. man) then this plan will provide a basis for confidence. If the decline of law and order can be stopped, and it must be, for there are too many violent incidents (arising largely from unemployment brought about by the European farmers cutting down on the number of farm labourers), for peace of mind—then confidence in this party and its ability to improve the economic status of the country will grow. And, surely, well-placed confidence most of all is something badly needed in Kenya today.

David Seddon.

December, 1961.

Lit. Soc.

LIT. Soc. has once again awakened after its annual summer inactivity, due, mainly to Exams. and Cricket. The Society read eight plays during the course of the Term and these were almost all well received.

We started the Term with the play *Roots* by Wesker, and were, for the most

part, disappointed. "Mr. Wesker triumphs," wrote a critic and one can only assume that it would have been better on the stage; but for reading a certain frankness of speech used by most of the characters led to the play being taken rather more lightly than was intended. The last two pages of the play, one of the more critical members remarked, seemed to be its only possible purpose. He further added that as these pages were also self-sufficient he wondered by Mr. Wesker had bothered to write the preceding pages. Anyway the next play *Epitaph for George Dillon* by Osborne and Creighton, though it had been a failure when performed in London, was more popular, although the whispered question "So What?" was breathed afterwards. Following in the Lit. Soc. tradition the next play we read was *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The usual laughs were had and Wilde once again proved his timelessness. *The Flies of Argos* by Satre, was not generally appreciated and the observation afterwards that political theorists should not be allowed to write plays was perhaps rather too harsh. *Easter* by Strindberg, only had a caste of six and though Mr. Woodhouse was also reading, the play tended to drag and was not on the whole a success. *The Moon in the Yellow River*, an Irish play, was our next effort, but the evening was to be remembered mainly for the Secretary's lack of memory and the subsequent lack of refreshments. *Waiting in the Wings* by Coward, was certainly based on a good idea but somehow we were left with the feeling that the author had not taken full advantage of it. The scene where the mother pleaded with her son not to persist in his efforts to remove her from the Wings and support her himself, seemed nevertheless very real. The Term ended with a suitably good play, *Becket* by Anouilh. The Housemaster's remarks afterwards about Becket's earlier life historically not being as luxurious as the play led one to believe, left some with the suspicion that he feared their attempting Becket's road to sanctity. His transformation compared with his earlier life, however, form a contrast of great importance and only too well illustrates the impossibility for a zealous Archbishop to live as a friend of the King and as a true Servant of God.

The Society's conversation after Readings was always interesting. Among the finest topics were the pleasures gained in the process of becoming intoxicated, and a most amusing story told by Mr. Woodhouse about a pink elephant called "Bumbo."

J. J. T. J.

Chess

LAST term Grant's managed to play through a House Chess Competition as far as the Final, which was eventually halved because of lack of time. Espenhahn and Jeal were the finalists and both are seeded in the School Competition, the *Barton Cup*. They have played for the School regularly and Grant's therefore can claim to have provided one third of the team.

Although Chess is not frequently seen played by members of Studies, more

interest is shown in Hall. Espenhahn has left, but perhaps if some of the Junior members of the House practise the game more, they may well play for the School in the future.

J. J. T. J.

SPORTS SECTION

Football

AS usual there was much speculation before House Seniors as to the outcome; Grant's with only one member of the first XI, Beard, and two "A" XI players, apparently had little hope against Liddell's with their seven "big game" players. For the first fifteen minutes Grant's seemed to be in control and went into the lead with a fine header by Dugdale. The defence played well with Beard, McNeil and Bottomley forming the nucleus, ably supported by Maguire, Hollings and Harling, who were outweighed by all the Liddell's forwards and put up a very plucky performance.

In the next round against Busby's the forwards played more constructive football; Grant's seemed to dominate, and they were most unfortunate to lose by a penalty goal. McNeil played a good game at left half, and Hollings valiantly marked Machray. The Busby's goal was under considerable pressure towards the end and it was disappointing that no score resulted.

F. S.-C.

Water

THE play term was taken up as usual with training and trial eights. This routine was broken, however, a month after the beginning of term with the Weybridge Silver Sculls.

Only two Grantites competed, R. D. E. Spry (the Head of the Water) who came fifth in the Senior division, and N. S. B. Tanner, who came second equal in the Junior division. Both were first in their divisions out of the School's entrants.

For two weeks of the term senior watermen played rugger in Hyde Park, and Spry unfortunately broke his collar bone during the course of one of these games. Consequently he was unable to row for the rest of the term.

The annual Michaelmas Sculls was the next interlude. Tanner came third in the Senior division, H. Clark rowed in the finals of the Junior-Senior division, and C. Garnett in the semi-finals of the Colts' division. Johnson reached the finals of the Novice division, and after a dead heat, finally beat Horsley.

Grant's seems to be well represented in the school eights this term. Spry, Hunt and Tanner are rowing in "A" crew, and Clark, Davies and Cohen (cox) in "B" crew. Grant's can also account for two members of the third eight, four of the Colts "A" and four of the Junior Colts "A". Altogether highly satisfactory figures.

N. S. B. T.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Annual General Meeting

THE Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club was held up Grant's on the 5th December, 1961, once again through the kindness of the Housemaster who most unfortunately was not able to be personally present owing to a bereavement. Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens was re-elected as President for a second year and the Vice-Presidents and Officers were duly re-elected.

The President reported on the Club's activities during the past year, mentioning particularly the Annual Dinner which, through the courtesy of Lord Rea, had been held in the House of Lords on May 12th and attended by sixty members of the Club. He also announced that through the generosity of an anonymous Old Grantite the recently discovered film of the House made in 1940 had been repaired and was now in the care of the School's Film Group. He reported that the Committee had authorised the Housemaster to allow increased expenditure on the *Grantite Review* and it was generally felt that this had been an excellent investment. Approximately one hundred Old Grantites remained after the meeting for sherry and the Club members were much indebted to Mr. R. D. Creed and Mr. J. D. Noakes, members of the Executive Committee, who acted as Honorary Barmen.

Old Grantites and the Appeal

AT the time of going to press rather over half the members of the Old Grantite Club have contributed to the School's Quatercentenary Appeal. This is a most generous response. It also represents a considerably higher proportion of responses than has been achieved by Old Westminsters generally.

At the same time a considerable number of Old Grantites have not yet contributed though it is known that many of them intend to do so. It is therefore hoped that this reminder may draw the matter to their attention, and that they will now respond to this most excellent cause so that the Club may eventually show a one hundred per cent. response.

Unknown Addresses

WE are without the addresses of the following Old Grantites. If it is known what any of these are, would the fact please be communicated to the Editors.

T. E. D. Beresford

A. G. Clare

M. C. M. Frances

A. C. B. Hunter

I. D. Kingsley

Wing-Commander A. W. H. Le Hardy

Dr. A. W. D. Leishman

H. L. Murray

M. W. Parkington

M. T. Pitts

D. F. H. Sandford

W. J. M. Syngé

A. P. Woolfitt

T. J. W. Smethurst

P. G. Wentworth-Sheilds

C. L. Fisher