



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

Acc 2018/024
HCU/3/4/1/26/5

the grantite review

ELECTION TERM, 1966

FOUNDED 1884

VOL. XXV. No. 3

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Editorial

Are we entitled to regard sincerity as a subtle pretence calculated to win the confidence of others? For once we are convinced of a man's sincerity we no longer question his scruples: our confidence in him is in itself a proof of his honesty. Pascal maintained that to be held in the esteem of another man was the most enviable position in the world. It is also a place of authority, as *Tartuffe* and *Iago* prove to their own advantage. As we mature, this "sincerity" becomes a reflex, an intuitive mode of conduct in keeping with the requirements of society.

Concerned as we are with artifice, a "true" sincerity is explained away as being artless or a token of undesirable innocence. If we delay our contact with the outside world we retain a fundamental purity which society quickly absorbs and dismisses, replacing it with more calculated and suitable behaviour. We reject purity because it represents truth, reminding us of our initial innocence because it questions the new moral attitudes by which it has been replaced.

Seventeenth century France ridiculed the "honnête homme"; today, inversely, we incriminate a Meursault because he is persistently truthful. Society cannot accept Camus' hero: he flaunts social etiquette through his inability to cry at his mother's funeral. Negative revolt against bourgeois ethics is ultimately penalised by an equally bourgeois self-righteousness against which the Outsider has no defence. The prosecutor says of him:

"This man has, I repeat, no place in a community whose basic principles he flouts without compunction."

Society advocates a code of behaviour distinguished by ostensible sincerity. We are entitled to call it hypocrisy: a schoolmaster, member of the clergy or politician simply plays a rôle in keeping with his title. We permit these people to commit the sin of sanctimoniousness because their's is the "model behaviour" we seek to emulate in our own lives. Every ambitious man needs a form of dissimulation, even of dishonesty, to succeed; he is forced to fight according to his means or admit defeat along with the majority of his fellows. In the final analysis we judge a man by his exterior: the superficial is always impressive. Requiring no mental effort, it stands to be assimilated in a moment.

Man is not an essentially honest animal; he is selfish in the use of his superior intellect. Moral scruples are seen to be out of place in an uncompromisingly realistic approach, substituting pretence for truth. The mask we adopt in private and public life has a dual purpose. It reduces the element of surprise and causes our behaviour to be more or less predictable. At the same time we keep our true opinions unknown both to ourselves and the outside world. To be frank is to be vulnerable; to be reticent is infinitely more profitable. We make capital out of a social mask insofar as it avoids honesty, an unfashionable and unpopular virtue.

House News

In the Lent Term

I. K. Patterson was Head of House.

The monitors were W. E. K. Macfarlane, P. L. L. Smitham, R. C. G. Horsley, J. M. K. Lamb, W. M. Holmstén and M. E. Lonsdale.

* * * * *

C. P. Rankin was Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites were S. F. Bartlett, C. R. Hornsby, T. H. Phelps Brown, R. J. Shearley-Sanders, J. H. Suckling and R. H. Woolrych.

* * * * *

S. A. Mortimore was Head of Hall

The Hall Monitors were J. A. D. Carey, A. J. Green, and D. G. H. Lascelles.

* * * * *

VALETE:

J. Donald, P. A. A. Dudgeon, C. F. Earle, C. W. Galloway, T. F. Hart, P. G. Hollings, R. E. Jones, W. N. Latey, P. K. H. Maguire, A. M. Milne, A. H. K. Postan and A. H. C. Vinter.

SALVETE:

N. R. Haslam, C. P. Kemp, J. A. Mumford, J. A. Rentoul, D. H. Robertson, B. G. Schroeder, J. A. Serpell and C. R. A. Wilkinson.

* * * * *

Election Term

W. E. K. Macfarlane is Head of House.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is J. A. D. Carey.

The Hall Monitors are J. A. N. Davies, G. D. Jones, and N. P. A. Shinnie.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Athletics .. *Pinks* to A. B. S. Medawar.
Seniors to J. M. K. Lamb, W. E. K. Macfarlane, R. L. Panaguan and P. L. L. Smitham.
Juniors to C. J. G. Forman, N. R. Haslam, C. P. Kemp, and B. G. Schroeder.
- Football .. *Pinks* to R. G. H. Kemp.
Junior Colts to P. J. Ashford and J. A. N. Davies.
Seniors to P. L. L. Smitham.
Juniors to P. J. Ashford, J. H. D. Carey, J. A. N. Davies, C. J. G. Forman, P. D. V. Mieville and J. A. Mumford.
- Tennis *Seniors* to M. J. Abrahams.
- Fencing *Thirds* to A. F. K. Monkman.

VALETE:

I. K. Patterson and S. F. Bartlett.

SALVETE:

A. J. Fforde, J. D. E. Montague and N. E. H. Tiratsoo.

House Diary

IT seems as though little has changed. As a junior member of Hall endearingly remarked, the Grantite's "parochial perennial" was to appear for the first time in 1966. If the date was new, it heralded changes, some of them tradition-shattering and others precedent-making. Last term saw the departure of two members of Buckenhill for the temptations and cultural attractions offered by the other side of the Channel. The month-long visit to a Parisian lycée was intended as an exchange and indeed an unsuspecting Frenchman will have the doubtless fascinating experience of crossing the House's threshold many times after this Exeat.

The date for the beginning and end of term were re-organised so that the Grantite now departed for more verdant pastures on Saturday rather than the traditional illogical Monday. In the Lent Term small groups accompanied by the Housemaster watched Flanders and Swann (perhaps the most famous old Westminster) drop Another Hat before later concluding that the men in their quaint Flying Machines were not so wonderful as extensive advertising declared them to be. If the House has been any quieter this term, it is perhaps due to the departure of our secular Tutor for the lure of foreign parts. It was rumoured that Mr. Martin had been drafted to Vietnam; feverish international correspondence revealed that he was in fact basking in the comparative sunshine of Phillip's Academy. The indefatigable personage of Rumour subsequently announced that students of the academy actually opened doors and carried books for our Tutor and that he was the coach of a middle-distance athletics team recording extraordinary times by Westminster standards. America's gain was the House's loss: all Junior House Societies and Gram. Soc. died a swift and painless death, leaving only the erstwhile members of Lit. Soc. to partake at irregular intervals of coffee and biscuits in the Housemaster's drawing-room, hunched over copies of Wesker and Anouilh.

The Grantite gradually grew aware of significant celebration in his immediate surroundings. Instead of the stock "Where exactly is Westminster School?" visiting Americans in Yard were eager to find out all about the Abbey's Nonacentenary. As usual the Grantite was ready with all the answers, taking his stand in the Abbey on Monday evenings to discharge his duty as official and possibly involuntary guide, complete with complex and all-purpose guide-book.

Members of the House were discreetly but firmly forbidden to take any form of monetary gratuity: sweet-lovers and the School Store were unanimous in their disapproval.

The upper reaches of Buckenhill are disturbed in the later hours of the day by one of the more diminutive but sporty members of the Monitorial noisily returning "Up House" after an appearance at the White City T.A. Barracks or simply from locking up Ashburnham House. He also distinguished himself by coming fifth in the Public Schools Pentathlon and proved himself, it seems, in the critical eyes of Hall, for he now enjoys the recently created crown of our sole "House Hero."

Awaiting the approach of more favourable weather omens Studyites have recently been displaying their partially-clothed bodies among the notoriously costly shrubbery of the popular roof-garden. Even the Housemaster refused to be drawn to a public statement concerning the price of our much-water edgeraniums and solitary rhododendron. Amidst all the excitement was it perhaps significant that one, elsewhere referred to as "Rigger Rick" was observed to be sound asleep in all four of the House photographs?

2066 And all That

THE scene; a television shot of crowds all in what appear to be uniforms (black for men, white for women) lined up on concrete beaches, cheering and waving out to sea.

The commentator speaks (by this time even the B.B.C. have mid-Atlantic accents): "We are now witnessing one of the most colourful old ceremonies to be handed down to us. We are celebrating the centenary anniversary of the sailing of the pirate radio ships. These heroes of our history who, branded as lawless pirates, braved the open sea in what was little more than a steel shell with only radar, telecommunications and radio to link them to the shore and the loved ones they left behind. These fearless Robin Hoods of yesteryear threw caution to the wind in their fight for freedom of communications."

"We can see them coming now. Those tiny ships! What must life have been like for those pioneers, so quaintly called 'D.J.s' They braved the elements with just the bare essentials of television and air-conditioning and a staple diet of steak and chips swallowed with the aid of lots of an evil smelling liquid known as coke. Naturally special precautions have been taken to safeguard those taking part. Hover-guards and the aerial police have been notified and the Prime Minister has himself ordered atmospheric conditions to be fine.

The crowd is hushed now as we can see the King and Queen on the foredeck of one of the ships, *The London*, and the other ships, *The Caroline*, the *Radio 390*,

and *The Britain*, spread out behind her. Now throughout the nation a silence of one minute is to be observed for those who fought for us, and for what we now are, remembering especially the fated vessel, *Good Ship Screaming Lord Sutch . . .*”

“ . . . Now the moment of sadness over, the Queen, looking radiant today in her sparkling P.V.C. trouser suit, prepares to say the words that remind us of the battle cry of those freedom fighters one hundred years ago.”

“ My husband and I are so glad to be here, in the nation the number one station, Radio London. And I am sure that the hearts of all today are cast back, into cobweb corner, thinking of those oldies-but-goodies, who have gone into the page of English history. Our parents and grandparents, brought up on such sentiments as their Lords Beatle “I wanna hold your hand,” fought for the things we hold dear to us today. Finally my family and I would like to say to all you guys and girls, goodnight, stay bright, don’t get too tight, if you’re driving don’t drink. You might spill some.”

“ Now for a moment the crowd is hushed, and suddenly, almost as if a sign has been given, the crowd bursts into choruses of “She’s got a ticket to ride,” as the D.J.s, dressed in the ceremonial hipsters and Paisley shirts, jump ashore and carry out a magnificent mock battle with Post Office officials and Customs and Excise men.”

Whymper

WHYMPER’S father was an artist, and as such earned little but was expected to behave and dress in a gentlemanly manner. Whymper himself was the oldest of eight children and therefore had to do without much parental attention; thus he grew up striving to draw attention to himself, striving to succeed, striving to obtain a social goal that must have been very hard for him to define.

He left school at fifteen to work with his father making woodcuttings. He was most fastidious; his pictures are entirely lacking in life and inspiration but through many painful hours of toil he produced careful and extremely detailed replicas of his subjects. In fact he had no natural artistic ability but his desire to succeed in the only professional occupation to which he had access led to almost photographic reproductions. This style was ideal for the pre of the time, and in the mid-1850’s he was commissioned by Longman’s to make some engravings of the Alps.

Among the subjects to be covered was Mt. Pelvoux in the Dauphinée which was to be attempted that summer by a British party. Whymper made his engraving but the party decided on closer inspection that Pelvoux was too hard to climb.

In the valley Whymper fell in with a disconsolate Frenchman who was to have assisted in the attempt; together they determined to try. Their first attempt was unsuccessful because of the routfinding of a local peasant who claimed to know the mountain: the second attempt ended as Whymper's first ascent.

Because of the recently rebuffed British party Whymper's name rapidly became widely known. Thus he had drawn attention to himself, had in a limited field succeeded brilliantly and because the prominent mountaineers of the time were at the very least gentlemen of leisure he had also increased his social standing.

On Pelvoux he found that he derived pleasure from the smooth mechanics of climbing, found the mountains exhilarating and disproved to himself the still prominent rumours of lurking dragons and goblins. Thus it was logical and natural for him to become passionately interested in mountaineering. During the following years he visited the Alps regularly and greatly increased his reputation by numerous ascents, notably that of the Aiguille Verte. Although he became respected by other Alpinists he never became much liked; even after sharing great danger, triumph and physical hardship with his companions, he remained shut off from them—as a child he had been discouraged from giving vent to his emotions and this, mixed with ambition, effectively prevented any fraternisation.

There remained one summit in the Alps whose ascent would bring world fame to the conqueror—the Matterhorn. When Whymper first saw this mountain, before his ascent of Mt. Pelvoux, he described it as a “sugar-loaf with its top knocked to one side”; this suggests that his original desire to climb the mountain was not, as has been suggested, created by the Matterhorn's peculiarly phallic shape, but by the likelihood that all they strove to attain would be granted to the victor.

His big problem was companions; the other British Alpinists, quite apart from not liking him, and the best guides all believed the mountain invulnerable, while the locals were afraid of the spirits that dwelt on the summit and of the wandering Jew who haunted the precipices. Only J. A. Carrel, a native of Breuil, believed that the ascent could be made. However he intended to climb it with an exclusively Italian party by the Italian ridge. He was Whymper's rival although he had occasionally gone with him.

Whymper now had to resort to climbing solo or with bad guides attracted by the big wages he was forced to offer, but his knowledge of the mountain and the feeling that it was his mountain grew. He decided that the ascent could best be made from Zermatt, but the incredibly perpendicular aspect presented by the Matterhorn from this direction prejudiced others.

Finally in July 1865 Carrel tricked Whymper into inactivity and then started

up the Italian ridge with a strong party sponsored by the Italian government. Whymper, furious and desperate, met Lord Francis Douglas with his guide, Taugwalder, in Breuil; they agreed to attack together and crossed to Zermatt. There Whymper met Michel Croz, a Chamonix guide who came closer to being Whymper's friend than any other man. He was engaged to the Rev. Charles Hudson and his companion Hadow who, like Whymper, were setting out for the Matterhorn the next day. Whymper was quick to join forces with them: they would have been a much stronger party than his.

The group that left Zermatt on July 13th was seven strong, but despite this they climbed easily to a point some way up the Hornligrat where they camped. Early the next afternoon they arrived at the summit and great was their relief when they saw Carrel's party far below. This was the greatest hour of Whymper's life. All that he had striven for seemed at last his. It was a little below the summit that the famous accident occurred; Hadow slipped and Croz, Douglas and Hudson were instantaneously pulled from their holds. The rope joining this group to the elder Taugwalder broke and the four fell down the North face of the Matterhorn.

Whymper had now achieved his fame, but also, of course, infamy. He had reached the turning point in his life: instead of being a rising professional man he was now a degenerate gentleman. Although he became quite a successful lecturer, he drifted downhill; he married but that only lasted two years, he suffered terribly from insomnia and took part in other expeditions on which he seldom felt like climbing himself but in his jealousy forbade others to do so. He died all that he had striven to become but at the same time broken.

Endeavour and Reward

FOR him
The wave of fortune had reached its high and seemingly well-guarded Peak.
Until the liquid hollows of hope subsided
And his fate crashed down onto the rocky shore of Despair.

But not to be destroyed.
Those tiny drops of Life flooded back into
The Ocean of Endeavour
Where once again his fate rose and fell along the billows of Change.
This time however he was ready for the coast that would pull him down
As it did.

But now the flow of time carried him past those rocky shores
To the soft, hot sand of Apathy
Where he was to stay
Motionless
Until he evaporated under the hot glare
And nothing was left of him
Except the smooth curve in the sand
Where he had made his mark.

The Will to Win

IT was Friday the 13th. Now I am not by nature a superstitious person, but somehow, deep down, somewhere, I felt the rumblings of trouble ahead. Ralph, who is apparently worth four hundred pounds because of his “unique pedigree breeding, sir” felt my stirring toes as I began to doze off peacefully again. He made the head of the bed in one leap, and tried, as my dear kind father had so persistently taught him, to rip off my bedclothes to get me up. I held on desperately with hands and teeth (we have this ridiculous little scene every morning when I wake up) but as usual, he won. It is in fact quite an expensive lark; between us we get through five sheets a month. If any of us in the family had the guts to speak our mind, we would have collected that four hundred long ago.

Anyway, there I was, flat on my back on the floor, with my pyjamas hanging off me in rags. It was then that the bad news entered.

“Archibald,” said my mother (I am applying for a name change at the moment), “what in heaven’s name have you been doing? I’ve told you before not to tease the dog.”

Ralph smiled at me. I clenched my fists but said nothing.

“Oh, by the way” she added airily—I didn’t like the way she said it—“Granny is coming to tea.”

Suddenly the room exploded in a flash of blue and white lights, my eyes closed and I died.

“Who’s coming?” I asked recovering slightly from the initial impact of her words, hoping that I had heard wrong.

“Granny,” she repeated smiling, and left the room quickly, to avoid my instinctive flow of Anglo-Saxon clichés.

Ten seconds to go, and still no sign of her.

Was it too much to hope that she wasn’t . . . coming?

Luck did not seem to be on my side.

“Hullo, how nice to see you . . . here, I’ll take your coat and hat . . . go very well together yes . . . last time I came . . . does look nice with the new paint . . . couldn’t agree more (she never could) . . . well, well! ARCHIBALD!”

screamed my father's mother, with her strange rising falsetto, "My hat! You're standing on my hat! George dear, can't you do something?"

In fact I managed to solve the problem myself by removing my foot from her hat (tea cosy?). My eyes wandered to the calender on the wall; a bad start. I decided to read my horoscope from that day forth.

After that little incident, all went well for some time—or should I say, she went well—like a well oiled machine. Over the years we had all produced a built-in immunity to the boredom which she inevitably inflicted; when you have heard the same fascinating speck of your past history many, but oh many times before, you just have to. We dozed quietly with our eyes open, nodding as our individual cues demanded.

Suddenly my mother burst to life, as she saw her chance to open her mouth while Granny took a breath.

"Pour out some tea will you Archy," she said languidly, "Granny's first."

I lent over slowly, got hold of the pot, and lifted it carefully off the tray—

"I'll get the cloth." I shouted, rushing for the hitchen, leaving Granny to wring out her tea-sodden cardigan.

"Not on the carpet mother" my father's voice drifted through the five doors separating us.

"Well if that stupid little idiot . . ."

When I got back, she had gone.

"Oh," I said, trying to sound upset, "Was she livid?"

"She just went off muttering," said my father. Then added with a smile—"She said something about her will."

Woe is me, I thought (well that was the gist of it), struck by utter depression—two thousand pounds down the drain because of a damn Tetley tea bag.

She did in fact forgive me in the end—after three years to be precise. She sent me a little note last week. She's a good person at heart—and after all, where would we be without grandmothers?

"Tranquilitas in Seccessu"

The end of the lake lay still in the shady light of the summer evening. The orange sun cast long shadows over the disused boat-house onto the shining surface of the water. Secluded under the drooping weeping willow the mossy boat-house with its little landing stage was scarcely visible.

Suddenly a white figure ran out from under the trees, across the landing stage and launched itself in a wide arc through the air. There was hardly any sound as it parted the water, sending little ripples to the side of the lake. With a faintly heaving motion the swimmer made out into the lake. It was as though he had the whole wet otherworld to himself. As he moved through the grey

tranquility of the water, all was silent except for the gentle sound of the ripples flowing off his back. But soon he was gone, out of sight round the bend in the lake; the water was still again.

The Little-Girl-Eater

THE flesh on the tips of his fingers had been rubbed off and were now bleeding. It was of no use, beneath his body was solid concrete. With his head cocked sideways on the wet sand he tried to remember what had happened. He had been walking along the derelict old pier and it had collapsed. He was now trapped under a steel girder and unable to move his body. Slowly but surely the tide was creeping in and he felt sure that soon it would be round his neck; it was now at his toes.

Though his mind was hazy, he seemed to recognise the noise of a car which promptly stopped. Inside the car the little girl on the back seat was very excited. She had not seen the sea for some time. "You can go now," said the mother. So off ran the little girl.

The icy water was now at his waist, he could feel it jumping forward in little steps up his body; he shut his eyes and waited. The little girl was singing as she ran down the beach, and when she saw the man she stopped. The man saw her dimly through his tired, weary eyes and with an effort feebly cried for help, but the girl ran off.

"Mummy, Mummy," she said. "I have seen a terrible man on the beach, and he called for help." Not believing her one little bit, her mother reprimanded the little girl for trying to deceive her. "But I did," she wailed. Trying to get rid of her, her mother replied that he was a horrid man who ate little girls and should not be allowed to live long. At this the little girl skipped away again.

Again the man vaguely saw the little girl, but not what she was doing. The little girl heaved the large round rock up and it toppled off the wreckage of the pier. With a final effort the man looked up as the rock crashed into his face; the little girl went back to the car. "Mummy, it's alright, I've killed the horrible little-girl-eater."

Grantite goes Readers Digest

FIRSTLY this article comes to you absolutely free of charge. Beautifully printed on the finest quality paper with leather-bound staples. Yes, it's your's to examine for seven days free trial with positively no obligation to buy. If you like it, it's your's for the ridiculous pre-publication price of ten guineas,

and we'll continue to send you another, every week, for your approval. If not, just place an alpha plus at the bottom and return.

By the way, have you heard about the impatient driver in the traffic jam? Kept blowing his horn. A Cockney lorry driver rolls down his window and shouts, "And what else did you get for Christmas?"

Actually I've been very worried recently. It's our position on the world money market. The gnomes of Zurich are moving in on us. Credit's squeezing, the national debt's expanding and we're having to borrow madly from the international depilatory fund. The trouble is that it over-activates my pituitary glands and causes my blood pressure to rise, thus over-working my congenial organs.

Still they say laughter's the best medicine.

What goes Ha-Ha bonk? A man laughing his head off.

I know what it stems from, though. You see when I was a baby, I loved my mother very much, but she dropped me on my head. Now I'm bald and I have this mother-resentment phobia.

What goes tick-tock Woof? A watch-dog.

Vietnam is the real problem. I remember when I was in the war, I killed 117 Japanese Hari-Kari soldiers with one bullet, fought my way back from Auschwitz single-handed, and invented cures for Malaria and Dandruff on the way.

My most unforgettable character? Isaac Goldschwitscher Grossbinder-mann. A Roman Catholic priest in South Chile.

One soldier drives into the barracks and says to the sergeant, "How tall's a penguin, sarge?" "About two foot six." "Oh I've just knocked down a nun then."

Humour in uniform.

"The War Game" and the Threat of Extinction

THE *War Game* is in no way a pleasant film but this is no reason for banning it. It is controversial, I agree, but then any intolerable subject like nuclear war is. Take for example Cancer, which fifty years ago was an unmentionable subject although now it is a dread but popular subject for the newspapers. It is precisely because *The War Game* is unpleasant and likely to unsettle and depress people that its effect would be valuable. The emotional and visual experience it provides might succeed in arousing people's awareness where rational debate has failed. People fail to adapt themselves to intolerable facts and need something to jerk their consciousness.

Above all the film is an understatement: it is not over-dramatised or biased. It has been said that all the effects resulting from nuclear war shown in the film could also have been caused by a conventional war. But this is not the point, for the film is not merely a brash, impassioned plea against war. It does not

tell us what we know already—that nuclear war is intolerable. Instead it gains power from not overstating its case, from not being self-righteous and over-emotional. It helps us to see the irrationalities and superstitions that lie behind much of the present views of nuclear war. It points out such facts as the difficulty of evacuation: we see families moving from London and families in the provinces being forced to put up eight evacuees. There are the cold facts of what this would entail economically and practically, what the result of the bombing would be, and most moving of all, a family is shown barricading their home with tables and improvised defences because sandbags have been priced out of the market.

Fire storms, famine, inadequate medical supplies, breakdown of law and order, radiation fallout and probable death for anyone within a radius of thirty miles from the bomb. These are the facts of nuclear war. Yet how many people can think of them? Our present sense of security is, I believe, the result of our inability to accept unpalatable facts. The attitudes that “It won’t happen to me” or that “The bomb is safe so long as it is widely handled” are widespread. People do not adapt quickly to new situations and confronted with an intolerable fact such as nuclear war, a large percentage of them will react in a positively unfavourable way. Some may alleviate doubts by adopting an insensitive dogmatic attitude such as Goldwater does; others might be unresponsive or adopt a fantasy approach—going to a desert island. This was demonstrated when before exploding a test bomb in the Pacific, the Americans gave warning to the Japanese that there would be a tidal wave. Of those likely to be affected over 90 per cent. were known to have understood fully but over 40 per cent. failed to take any action and were hit by the wave. Very few people, when merely told the facts about nuclear war, will do anything positive to prevent it; their reaction is to escape, forget, gloss over. It is a fear of being afraid.

The degree to which people have become immune today to the horrors, pictures and torture of Vietnam, is terrifying. It is not merely this that is worrying, but also the extent of their ignorance. The film asked “the man in the street” what were the effects of nuclear war, what was Strontium 90 and most important of all, should we retaliate if we were attacked and in so doing destroy cities and people. The answers were muddled and vague and this is the theme of the film for it also shows the statements of nuclear strategists to be absolutely meaningless and valueless in a world where virtually everything would be lost. What is the meaning of terms like “first strike,” “second strike,” or “overkill,” the equivalent in nuclear capability of 100 tons T.N.T. per person? These terms offer a means of escape to those whose destinies are so much ravelled up in the present balance of power that they need some means of escape, of understanding. To an ordinary person they are absurd and very depressing. Despite promises there has been no widespread education in the effects of nuclear war: Civil Defence is weak, vague and not at all clearly orientated. In the light of these facts how can the film be classed as dangerous? Maybe it would induce hysteria in some

and it would almost certainly cause some panic and widespread insecurity. I believe, however, that the effect can only be good. The emotional response would surely be great if it were to be shown on television. The result would be to make people more conscious of the dangers, less glib in their support of politicians and more aware of world problems like poverty.

I place the main emphasis on the fact that we must get people emotionally involved in order to cultivate a positive attitude to world problems. I am convinced that in any case the mass of people do not have rational views on nuclear weapons. Therefore the best way to achieve an active response is to prey on their emotions. From this will follow a more objective involvement and a realistic assessment.

The film is more than propaganda. Only the opponents of any attempt to disarm say this. Surely to say anything about an intolerable thing is, especially when done in an objective way as in *The War Game*, much less propaganda than to keep silent and cynically propagate fantasy and ignorance. The original stimulus from which C.N.D. gained mass support in its hey-day is no longer present. C.N.D. remains an umbrella movement sheltering any number of diverse opinions, but it is now declining because of the fact that it relied on an emotional solidarity and common horror in the face of the bomb. Now more people are unconscious of the bomb and C.N.D. has lost its voice as it has never had cohesive policies or realistic political objectives. As our reasons for retaining the bomb have become more subtle and our policies more baffling, so the influence of C.N.D. has dwindled.

What is needed to awaken interest and provoke discussion is something like *The War Game*. The emotional impact is surely therapeutic and is likely to lead in the long run to more rational thought and analysis on the part of laymen and experts. One can only hope that mass response to such a phenomenon would influence those in power. However, we must always remember the defeat of the Unilateralists at Blackpool in 1960 when Gaitskell in a brilliant but vicious speech branded all of the peace movement together as "fellow travellers."

Finding Out About Britain

NOT so long ago I was sitting in the American Cable and Wireless office waiting for a telegram from the U.S.A. On the table in front of me was a pile of American *Weeknews* magazines. I was particularly attracted to one which sported in small print at the bottom left hand corner of the cover "Supplement on Britain." I thumbed through twice, trying to find the article, and eventually found it wedged between an advertisement for Chevrolet automobiles and a review of the most recent "Batman" film.

The article began harmlessly enough. "Britain is still a great nation and a

beautiful country.” After this encouraging start the subject turned suddenly to the political state of Britain.

“Without a doubt,” it read, “the Monarch is still the supreme power of this country. For example, a recent air crash outside London airport was due to the fact that the Queen had complained about aeroplane noises over Windsor Castle, and the pilot, having cut his engines to lessen the noise, crashed.”

Evidently this impressive example of monarchial power was not enough to satisfy the *Weeknews* thirst for knowledge of Britain’s political machine. “Britain’s Prime Minister,” it explained, “was so unpopular prior to the last election that a small detachment of the Home Guard had to be called in to defend 10 Downing Street against would-be attackers.” By this time I was getting a sneaking feeling that American tourists did not come to this “precious stone set in a silver sea” just to see the beauties and wonders of a great nation. Perhaps their intention is to get caught up in an illegal sale of weapons to Britons who are trying to usurp the English authorities. (See *Weeknews* article entitled “Mods and Rockers demonstrate against violence. Police retaliate, using lead-piping, chains, sticks, clubs, etc.).

This varied and entertaining, if not strictly accurate supplement on Great Britain ended on the note of clothes fashions, which *Weeknews* seemed to think was the most important factor in Britain’s everyday life.

“Carnaby Street is the centre of fashion in Britain, and has been so since Shakespeare’s day. Recently pop-group millionaires Paul McCartney and John Lennon (Paul’s Male and Lord John) had the idea of buying up the whole of Carnaby Street for the exclusive sale of teenagers’ clothes.”

If you happen to be feeling that life in Britain does not quite match *Weeknews* lively and exciting standard, be thankful that at least our island, at present, enjoys a reasonable degree of safety and security. That is, it will do until about the year 2050 when (a *Weeknews* statistician assures us) the whole of the British Isles will have sunk beneath the waves. For, he explains, the natural gas underneath the U.K. and the North Sea which maintains the pressure to keep our island above water, will all have been used up.

The Future of Britain’s Railways

THE future of Britain’s railways depends not on what the public wants, but on what the government thinks the public wants. The two major political parties have very different views on this matter; when Labour nationalised the Railways after the last war, there was a clause in the Act saying that they must provide a service and run at a profit. This, however, has been found to be completely impossible. (And this is true not only of Britain; every major Railway in Europe made a loss last year).

Modernisation got into full swing under the Conservatives with the publishing in 1955 of the Modernisation Report. But this did not much improve the financial position, and in 1962 the Transport Act was passed which stated that the railways must pay their way. This was followed in 1963 by the Beeching Plan, which proposed the complete closure of approximately 5,000 route miles of railway (There were 17,000 route miles in 1961), and "Beeching Part Two" which selected certain trunk routes for development.

The Labour party is, however, pledged to halting rail closures. Mrs. Barbara Castle even says she is prepared to make the councils subsidise their local lines if they want them kept open. This is to be made clear in a white paper soon to be published. The next steps will be outlined in the National Transport Plan.

Railways can be divided into four main types:—suburban, inter-city, cross-country and branch lines. Living in London, it is the first of these which affects us most. Everyone has a picture of monorails being the urban transport of the future, but no one has yet succeeded in building one that is both fast and smooth-riding. In 1962 the people of San Francisco approved the investment of 350 million pounds in a rapid-transit commuter railway for the area. All forms of transport were surveyed, but a conventional railway was finally chosen, although its gauge is to be 5ft. 6in. instead of the standard 4ft. 8½in. This will enhance both capacity and stability at the projected speed of 80 m.p.h. In London the obvious step is first to ban all cars from the city area and to provide a really efficient bus service (which could be done, as buses would then be the only vehicles in the streets besides taxis). Meanwhile the tubes would be extended and new ones built to take the extra traffic. The next step would be a linear-motor powered, tracked hovertrain network, but that is some distance in the future.

A great deal of money is at present being invested in the inter-city rail network: The London/Liverpool/Manchester electrification is costing £185m. This is virtually the ultimate in conventional railways. But is such vast expenditure worthwhile? At the moment statistics prove it is, but will it still be in five years' time when aircraft carrying 500 passengers are available to Britain's airlines? The hovertrain also has immense possibilities, and with financial help from the Government for its development, could render much of our present railway system obsolete in ten years time.

Cross-country rail services have very largely been cut off by Beeching. A typical example of this was the Somerset and Dorset Railway where no attempt was made to introduce modern rolling stock and the service was gradually cut down which naturally discourages traffic. It was finally closed in March. But buses cannot hope to produce as good a service on long routes such as this and the Oxford—Cambridge line, also scheduled for closure.

Nevertheless, in depressed areas uneconomic railways are kept running in an attempt to surmount the problems of the increasing movement of labour away

from these areas causing greater immobility of labour in the long run as there will be no incentive to work in those areas.

All in all, the railways look as if they could be in for grim times in the future, and could all too easily suffer the same fate as America's railway system, where apart from the high-density commuter services, there is virtually no traffic by passengers; everyone goes by car or plane.

SPORTS NEWS

Athletics

WITH a long distance result of third (seniors—thanks to two watermen) and fifth (juniors) in the communal belt the Grantite tested the new standards system and found it uninviting (hence fourth position?). He opted, assembled and competed with the prospect of a decreased number of opportunities and an inability to attend that questionable event, the last day of standards, unless he had an "A". The "organisation" enabled HHA'S to arrange one or two days' station in addition.

In the Bringsty S. Harling improved a previous performance and helped Grant's into second place, ably abetted by Smitham and others.

Medawar, Captain of Athletics, won the Javelin but ceded the Discus to Nops. Kemp and Smitham both contributed significantly in the Seniors; Carey and Harling were major point gainers in the Under-16 section. C. Kemp, Schroeder, Forman and N. Haslam provided hope for the future.

We won the Challenge and Relay cups and even without Nick Harling it could have been worse and will probably be better next year.

Football

FOR the last two seasons, a six-a-side league has been held at Vincent Square instead of the House Junior Competitions. All the matches are played on one afternoon, each game lasting twenty minutes, and no player in more than two matches in succession. The idea is to give as many younger players as possible a chance to play for the house.

Grant's started off badly, losing to Ashburnham and Busby's, but afterwards found their form. For the rest of the afternoon they did not lose another match, beating College 7—0, Rigaud's 2—0, Wrens 10—1 and Lidell's 2—1. A score of 10—1 is particularly noteworthy, for a simple piece of arithmetic will show that there was a goal every two minutes.

All the players did well, especially Mumford, J., in goal, Davies, Ashford, Lascelles and Harling.

Water

ONCE again Grant's is well represented at the top of the Boat Club. In the first VIII last year's bow pair, R. J. Shearly-Sanders and R. C. G. Horsley, have moved down the boat to seven and four respectively and J. P. Emerson, who is the third consecutive Grantite secretary, rows at three. There are two Grantites in the second VIII, R. J. Haslam (first VIII reserve) at six and N. P. Dickson who is the cox. Nevertheless the lack of support in the junior part of the house is now making itself felt as Mumford is our only Junior/Senior. However, further down interest has revived and Nevin in Junior Colts "A" and Aggs, Jenks and Walker in Junior Colts "B" are doing well. Novices include N. Haslam and Schroeder, two heavyweight new boys, and Williams, who has decided to join the Boat Club in his third year at Westminster and who is already doing land training with the second VIII.

The news that the School Regatta will not take place this term due to the revised G.C.E. Timetable, although it may return in a revised form next term, has met with a mingled reception. There is on one hand the joy of knowing that the "Training after Prayers," so necessary to achieve anything, is no longer required from the Seniors who have better things to do, whilst the Juniors are spared the torture of rowing on fixed seats. Against this is the disappointment of missing a good chance of winning the Halahan back from Rigaud's. Although their weight of numbers might be the turning point, Grant's will probably win more events. The Senior Four would be a certain winner, whilst the first Double Sculls pair, which is the same as last year's, is regarded as the fastest combination in the Boat House. Although the Junior/Senior field would undoubtedly remain barren, Grant's could boast a reasonably strong Junior Four, stand a good chance of winning the Junior Sculls with Walker, winner of the Novice Sculls last year, and present a formidable force with the heavyweight novices. In the Senior Sculls Grant's would probably be the best House overall as, although it does not have the best sculler, it possesses a greater depth of ability.

Prospects for the immediate future are undoubtedly grim, but in two or three years' time the House should regain its pre-eminent position.

Grant's Voluntary Service

ABOUT a year ago an Old Westminster, Anthony Steen, gave a talk up school about TaskForce. This is a limited company financed by the government and L.C.C. to provide funds to decorate the homes of old or crippled people and also to arrange a visiting scheme for them. His appeal was very successful and there are now twelve Grantites visiting old people in the neighbourhood.

All of them have said how much they enjoy helping these people; they not only talk to them about once or twice a week, but also do odd jobs for them. The people being visited have also said how grateful they are to us for visiting them and how much they enjoy it. Some of them live alone in poverty or are in wheelchairs. Most of them cannot get out of the house unless the Welfare Service, who are a great help to TaskForce, can give them transport to a club or community centre where they can go once a week. In all ways the House is a great help to them and as more people learn about TaskForce, we hope to find more people willing to give a little time to those who rarely see anyone from the outside world.

There is also in the House a branch of Oxfam to which many people give their support. There is a collection twice a term and anyone can bring along old clothes at any time. Although some people think that Oxfam spends too much on administration and so do not contribute, a great many are prepared to give a little money.

Both TaskForce and Oxfam are entirely voluntary and everyone is free to come and go as they please although few stop their good work. When visiting an old person it is essential to go as a friend, not as someone sent out to do an hour a week for charity, and the House has entered into this spirit well and have found great rewards from the little time they give. As more people find out that it is rewarding—TaskForce has only been running in the school for a short while—we shall have many more people participating.

Old Grantite Club

THE Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place in the King Charles Suite at Whitehall Court on Tuesday, May 24th. Mr. L. E. Tanner presided and the guests of the Club were the Housemaster and the Reverend J. R. McGowan. There was a substantially better attendance than in previous years which seems to show that the change of day to a Tuesday met with general approval. Mr. Tanner proposed the toast of "Grant's" to which the Housemaster replied in one of the wittiest speeches heard at a Club Dinner for a long time.

The following members of the Club were present:—Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. D. G. Standish Hayes, Mr. J. W. Winckworth, Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. C. Gould, Mr. R. V. C. Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. V. G. H. Hallett, Mr. D. Nares, Mr. J. M. Wilson, Mr. G. I. Chick, Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. P. N. Ray, Mr. L. Lipert, Mr. E. T. Holmes, Mr. R. D. H. Preston, Mr. C. T. Sims Williams, Mr. V. B. Levison, Mr. R. T. E. Davies, Mr. J. Woodford, Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. A. S. H. Kemp, Mr. R. D. Creed, Mr. A. G. Cheyne, Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. C. H. H. Lawton, Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. H. C. E. Johnson, Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. J. K. Morrison, Mr. R. R. Davies, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. P. C. Pearson, Mr. J. R. B. Smith, Mr. G. P. Stevens, Mr. J. R. Moon, Mr. J. Hewitt, Mr. B. E. G. Davies and Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee.