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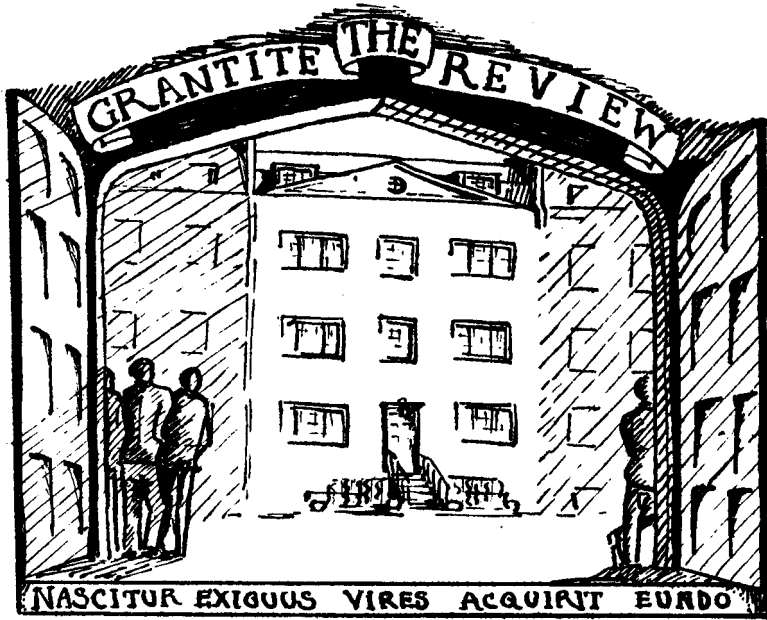
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY-LENT TERMS
1951-2

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VOLUME XX. No. 7.

214TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

Westminster is going through a period of change. With the coming in of the new time-table and the third station day, the general tempo of school life has quickened considerably.

In the *Elizabethan* there have lately been several letters accusing members of present-day Westminster of apathy, ill manners and lack of school spirit. If this is so it is an inheritance and not a novelty. There most certainly is school spirit and let us give thanks that it is not the kind which shows itself in mass hysteria over a victory or defeat at any game we may at the time be playing. The school likes to win, is encouraged to win and tries to win. We are, it is true, a very critical generation. But it is surely a weak reply for anyone to evade the question by telling his critic that he is impolite. Apathetic we have been ; it has been too easy to hide behind the recovery from the war. We still are apathetic in a small

way, but Westminster is finding less and less room for gentlemen of leisure.

Up Grant's we have had a good run for our money in the way of producing solid teams and crews, and a large share of winning the various House events. At the beginning of a New Year, with the generally improved standard of games throughout the school, we face a more difficult task than we have done for some time in this direction. We have not yet awoken to the necessity for greater effort in all our activities, for it is to be hoped that in the forming of a new Westminster, Grant's will not regard itself merely as a sporting House but will enter wholeheartedly into every activity and form of School life.

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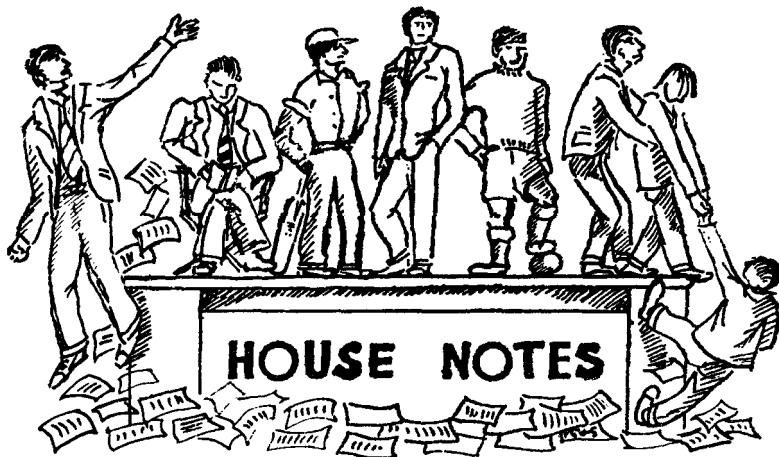
In this term's edition we are beginning a new series of articles by Old Grantites. The first one is "From an Artist's Point of View," by Mr. D. S. Cammell, O.G. We hope that all Old Grantites will help us in writing articles for future editions.

NOTICES.

All correspondence to the Editor should be addressed to: 2, Little Deans Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and *The Grantite Review* is D. I. Gregg, Esq., 3, Woodlands Road, Barnes Common, S.W.13.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of *The Grantite Review* and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.



There left us last term : S. G. Croft, who is to go to Trinity, Oxford ; K. J. M. Kemp and J. G. S. Harris, who are now in the army, soon to be joined there by N. N. G. Maw.

We welcome this term : J. G. F. Fraser, who has changed from half-boarder to full-boarder, and F. P. Dove, J. G. Lowenstein, H. H. L. Phillips (boarders) and G. S. Clarke and J. A. K. Garrett (half-boarders) who are new boys this term.

In Inner there are : C. J. H. Davies, A. C. Hornsby, J. W. L. Croft and G. G. F. Wordsworth.

In Chiswicks there are : T. H. Stewart, K. H. Hodgson, D. J. van Rest, C. R. Hayes, I. J. Fulton, T. J. Davies, A. W. Abbott, M. W. M. Davidson (boarders) and J. Brostoff and D. M. Lloyd-Jones (half-boarders).

In Buckenhill there are : J. D. S. Macdougall, R. F. Wilding, H. H. M. Rogers, P. R. J. Vickers, R. W. Hawkins and C. T. Sims-Williams.

Head of Hall is M. G. Drake and Hall Monitors are J. H. M. Anderson, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby, C. J. Croft (boarders) and M. S. Makower (half-boarder).

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

1st XI v. Winchester (home)	Feb. 12th
1st XI v. Corinthian Casuals (home) ...	Feb. 16th
1st XI v. Eton (away)	Feb. 23rd
Pancake Greaze	Feb. 26th
1st XI v. Old Westminsters (home) ...	March 1st
1st Team Fencing v. Royal Navy (away)	March 4th
Schools' Head of the River Race ...	March 8th
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury at the Political and Literary Society	March 12th

Confirmation in Abbey by the Bishop of				
Willesden	March 15th
1st Team and Colts' Fencing v. Winchester				
College (home)	March 18th
" School for Scandal " up School				
				March 20th, 21st, 22nd
Head of River Race	March 22nd
Athletics Finals	March 22nd
1st Team and Colts Fencing v. St. Paul's				
School (away)	March 22nd
University Boat Race	March 29th
1st Team Fencing v. Salle Bertrand (home)				March 29th
Term Ends	April 1st
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Congratulations to : A. C. Hornsby on his Pink and Whites and C. J. Davies on his Thirds for fives, and to R. P. C. Hillyard on his Thirds and Pink and Whites ; E. J. N. Kirkby and J. S. Woodford on their Colts and to R. T. J. A. Clark for his Junior Colts, for football ;
and to : C. J. Croft on his seniors for fencing and fives ; R. T. J. A. Clark, N. A. Phelps-Brown, A. C. H. Lathe, C. H. Prince and D. E. Wilkins on their Juniors for football.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS.

MR. GEOFFREY STEVENS (1916-21) was re-elected as M.P. in the General Election in October.

MR. DAVID ALMOND (1943-48) has left Cambridge and is now beginning his clinical studies at University College Hospital, London.

MR. IAN GREGG (1938-43) has gone down from Oxford, and has joined MR. JOHN BRADLEY (1942-45) at the Westminster Hospital, where the latter is busily engaged with the stage management of the Pantomime.

MR. I. D. KINGSLEY (1939-42) is at the B.B.C., having returned recently from Ceylon.

MR. J. R. B. HODGES (1938-43) is expected home on leave shortly after Christmas from Uganda where he has been in the Colonial Service for nearly three years.

MR. S. P. L. KENNEDY (1939-44) has been elected to the committee of the Elizabethan Club.

* * * *

The engagement is announced between Mr. D. P. Davison of the White House, Shiplake, Oxfordshire, and Miss Nancy Carter, of Kiloran, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

HOUSE DIARY.

The Play term was on the whole a successful term. We did not make the school sit up in the world of sport, in fact we had rather a lean time ; but, rather more for our own amusement than for anybody else's, we produced a play. Not a great play but a successful

play, successful not in brilliance of acting but in the fact that all concerned with it enjoyed it and it is to be hoped that those who had to look on helplessly, caught something of our own enjoyment in watching.

There were no moments of the term when a bed or a bath went through the floor, or a boiler tried to burst to brighten the hopes of those who still believe in the fairy story of the rebuilding of Grant's; but recent observations of meticulous measurements being taken of the more dilapidated parts of our fabric, have prompted the suggestion that we should have a poll to discover the views of Grantites on the home they or their successors will occupy. It might also be an idea to form a "yard football" committee to draw up some rules and even go so far as to arrange an inter-House league.

The House library has been much improved this term due chiefly to the very energetic efforts of the librarians, who carried out their job with a resoluteness hitherto almost unknown. Perhaps this inspired rule coincides with the moving of Buckenhill into the House library and the House library into "Chis' change."

We welcomed up Grant's last term a new cook, whose effect on the work of the Modern Language side may be good, but hardly as good as her cooking. This reminds us how indebted we are to all the members of the domestic staff, for whose efforts and interest we are, as always, most grateful.

THE HOUSE PLAY.

"Badger's Green" by R. C. Sheriff was produced up-School on November 23rd and 24th, 1951. The following criticism was very kindly written at our request by Mr. H. C. Keeley:—

Presenting a modern play is an act of courage in itself. The friends of Grant's and of the revival of Grant's Play were therefore prepared for an enjoyable, if something less than faultless production of "Badger's Green," and their expectations were not disappointed.

Mr. Sheriff may not have intended this certainly attractive study of village rulers confronted with a disturbing intrusion to be received with general complacency. Dr. Wetherby, tenacious of his patriarchy, and invincibly patronising to the villagers, essentially unmoved by plans involving their obvious betterment, is not perhaps wholly sympathetic. His reception of Mr. Butler and his momentary wavering before the latter's artful approach, together with the return to his usual frame of mind, if amusing, are in the end repellent. The Major might be a considerably more irritating figure in daylight, and the real significance of both Major and Doctor may be hinted by the author in the childish Mr. Twigg.

To create conviction with these big toads in a small hole, it seems necessary first to portray them with a real if ridiculous firmness, and then to confront them with a truly artful and plausible Butler. The first requirement has to be met in long opening conversations which any but experienced actors must find a severe

strain on memory and assurance. In these, the players earned sympathy and perhaps even admiration, but scarcely achieved conviction. It was thus not clear what Butler was confronting. K. H. Hodgson's Butler seemed during his encounter with the village leaders rather careless than plausible and alert, and it could be felt that from this somewhat tepid interloper final withdrawal was only to be expected.

G. G. F. Wordsworth's Dr. Wetherby was the most interesting piece of acting. The Doctor was sensitively played, with a deliberate restraint which was perhaps carried too far. He was very deftly made up, again with a caution which had the effect of adding some years to his private character. His appearance, particularly in tails, seemed to confirm the impression that he did not altogether accept the ribs and spleen of the village gerontocrat and stalwart of the cricket team. Lines such as "You are a white man," or the repulsive patronising of Rogers and of the village boy at the end of the play, were fairly clearly a form of bloodless martyrdom to the actor. A fairly common step in order to get one's watch out of a waistcoat pocket is, of course, to unbutton one's coat, and it could be found difficult to imagine Dr. Wetherby remaining firmly buttoned throughout the process of rummaging for his watch over half a dozen times in quick succession.

There were the usual moments when players were inaudible or spoke with their backs to the audience. C. R. Hayes' Major, despite an urge to fidget about during critical speeches gave an effective impression of the rather "flash" rival to the Doctor, and managed his costumes, and particularly his eye-glass, with skill. D. Dewar's secretary gave promise of good appearances in future, and D. D. Cammell's Maid was pleasing. Details like the moving of Twigg's table and the comic business before the match were carefully and quite successfully carried out. Scenery was good: the marquee in particular received a deserved ovation after its very expeditious erection. The idyll of J. H. M. Anderson's Twigg and the sympathetic Secretary was charming, and the climax of the match, with its chorus and narrator, created real excitement, even if the Major did seem to be giving off his lines a little at random. The enthusiasm of the village boys was convincing. D. J. van Rest played Rogers, perhaps a difficult part for a gentleman, with remarkable success at some points. N. Maw and I. Fulton presented village ladies of marked poise, dressed with taste; R. Hillyard as a lady of less exalted rank was received with much amusement, and C. Davies, the Captain of Cricket, created an amusing village cricketer.

The revival of Grant's Play was certainly a very creditable one. The labours of many both before and behind the scenes ensured that we shall ask most insistently for more.

* * * *

The cast was as follows:—

Doctor Wetherby	G. Wordsworth.
Mary, the Maid	D. D. Cammell.

Mr. Twigg	J. H. M. Anderson.
Major Forrester	C. R. Hayes.
Dickie, the Doctor's Son	W. E. A. Phillips.
Mr. Butler	K. H. Hodgson.
His Secretary	D. Dewar.
Morgan, a Cricketer	C. J. H. Davies.
Mr. Rogers, the Landlord of the Blue Boar	D. J. van Rest.
Mrs. Wetherby	N. N. G. Maw.
Mrs. Forrester	I. J. Fulton.
A Woman	R. P. C. Hillyard.
The Other Scorer...	J. D. S. MacDougall.
The Chauffeur	E. J. N. Kirkby.
Boys :—R. T. J. A. Clark, E. C. Dickinson, F. A. Warholm, and D. D. Cammell.				

Crowd at the Cricket Match :—H. H. M. Rogers, R.
W. Hawkins, A. C. H. Lathe, and M. J. Hall.

The play was produced by S. G. Croft.

Stage Management :—J. W. L. Croft, D. M. Lloyd-Jones, M. W.
Davidson, M. G. Drake, C. J. Croft, and M. S. Makower.

Property and Costume Manager :—T. H. Stewart.

Business Manager :—K. J. M. Kemp.

The Scenery was painted by S. G. Croft.

* * * *

FOOTNOTE BY THE PRODUCER.

When the House embarked on the production of "Badger's Green," the name of its author must have meant little more to most people than the man who wrote "Journey's End" and "Home at Seven." But later in the term when it was announced that Mr. Sheriff "author of Grant's Play" was to speak to the Political and Literary Society, further interest was aroused in his personality. So, at the invitation of the Secretary, the ranks of that society were greatly increased by the cast, the stage-management and the curious. It was for most of us a pleasant surprise and encouragement to hear that "Badger's Green" was first written for a boat club for, with a few distinguished exceptions the cast was entirely composed of, Watermen, who felt embarrassed by cricket pads, white flannels and lively enthusiasm for cricket practices.

Afterwards Mr. Sheriff offered to come and help at one of the rehearsals. His offer was very gratefully accepted. The idea that at any moment the author might be looking on from the darkness at the end of school did more than anything, except the actual presence of the author later on, to improve the cast. It was not until the final dress rehearsal that he was able to find time to come. But it is never too late to mend, so Mr. Sheriff stayed with us for several hours making various changes in the first two acts. However, it was not until the first night that we were able to appreciate how very much he had helped and how valuable the advice of the author is, even if popular saga lends us to believe otherwise.

FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

A Letter from our Byam Shaw Correspondent.

Having been persuaded, rather foolishly, perhaps, to contribute a "Piece" about life in the wicked artistic world, let me first endeavour to make it common knowledge that you have brought it upon yourselves: the pain which this article will cause you being due, solely and entirely, to your own vile sloth in not writing articles for yourselves in *The Grantite*. Let me make it clear that the views expressed are those of the author, and that neither Editor nor management can be held responsible for them, however much they might like to be.

Firstly, about Art generally and the Art Schools in particular. The latter are thriving and filled to overflowing; the former on the whole is in a chaotic state, aesthetically and financially. The last two or three years have seen yet another "swing" in ideas and paintings (leaving aside for the moment the vast field of commercial art which is a stable and highly prosperous business). This time the slide is in a healthy direction—I greatly regret if I offend anybody's intellectual notions, but I must insist that the change is decidedly for the better. The academic artist, after watching the almost ludicrous procession of great modern aesthetes leaping from obscurity to fame and for the most back to obscurity again, is once more coming into his own. Any profession which relies upon originality as its main advertising potential is bound to die a lingering and rather shabby death. Constant originality, a never-ending succession of the new, the striking and the "hard to understand, but intensely stimulating to the intellect" (Modern intellectual jargon) becomes unutterably tedious after three decades.

Though art may be a lofty and heaven-inspired business, it is a business just the same; and vile commercial instincts have caused a good many surrealists to start thinking again. In the vanguard, as always, of the "new movement" is Salvador Dali, the greatest expert of all time in the art of self-advertisement; the man who did more to sell surrealism in America than anyone else; the wealthiest (despite what he says) painter in the world; the man who walked through a plate-glass window and hospitalised himself for weeks in order to publicise a super-surrealist window display in New York. Dali has been disowned by some of the old gang and supported by others. He can draw, of course, and paint with great academic skill. He exhibits his cleverness with gusto, "discovers" that a fabulous attention to detail is necessary for every great artist from now on, and sails forth once more onto the high seas of popular acclaim. Those who can, will no doubt try the same; most of them are in all probability feverishly trying to draw eggs, dead fish, and strands of hair with the same cold perfection as he does. There is much more evidence, in the shape of cash results of recent exhibitions, to show what is happening. The "sordid realism" school, also in vogue immediately after the war is now definitely "out." The vogue at the moment is for detailed portraiture, decorative realism in subject

or *genre* pictures—Annisgoin, unknown outside Italy a couple of years ago, is the big noise to-day—a painter of magnificent academic accomplishment, whatever criticism may say. The grand old man, Picasso, who had disappointing sales at his last exhibition (only a few hundred pounds) has taken to pottery design—and religion.

How does all this affect the student at the art schools? Has the riotous life been sobered by all this academic stuff? Well, the full effects have certainly not been felt yet but the beginnings are apparent. The art colleges are flourishing, especially the big London and Council-run establishments, filled with budding aesthetes expressing their egos on paper and canvas, painting morbid studies of bloated female figures and so on in the good old modern style. The art schools still succeed in persuading anyone with a quick eye for the old Cubist masters and a good knowledge of Herbert Read that they are potential painters or at least great aesthetes, a title much sought after by artistic young ladies. If they hold that you are young, expressive, uninhibited, and possessed of enough creative urge to last you from now until Tuesday you will be lapped up; you can even venture into commercial art, and design loud textiles and wall-papers and terrific eye-compelling posters, intellectually stimulating book illustrations, etc. Indeed, that is still the general opinion, I'm afraid. But the palmy days of the art student are over and most of them will realise it eventually. To learn the profession, we must take to the tortuous path of grinding study, experiment based on experience, study of drawing, and handling of paint study of the great masters of past centuries, trial and error, and drawing and yet more drawing: as much work, as, in fact probably more, than goes into becoming a carpenter or a doctor or an engineer—for art is a craft and a science and a profession also. The *technique* of art has now returned to the position of importance it vacated during the last confused decades. Inspiration, pseudo-intellectualism and all the expressive, uninhibited, colour-made slickness in the world are no longer sufficient; these qualities if they are desired or necessary may be acquired after five or six years of intensive study and constant work—they may then make just the difference between a competent artist and the genius whose works will rank with the Old Masters.

It is apparent that five years from now the art schools will be greatly depopulated. It is bound to happen and though the prospect no doubt appears tragic to those who teach it will prove exceedingly good for art in general. The idea that it "might be fun to have a dab at it" has never been a problem in the medical or engineering or shoe-making professions. Even if there were a lot of hobbyists in these professions, those who do it for fun have never confused matters by proclaiming themselves the enlightened geniuses of the trade. Thousands of people have done, and will continue to study art for the personal pleasure it gives them; but they will no longer be able to foist themselves on the public at large, or eventually the critics either. No longer will it be possible for long-haired modernists to seek and find fame and fortune on the basis of obtrusiveness,

originality and pseudo-intellectualism alone. For they are the spivs of the art world, and it will be well free of them.

Forgive me if I have been overlong in this article. I think it has all been worth saying, however, if only to make the present position in my part of the world clear. One gets all kinds of curious ideas in a public school. Forgive me also if I have appeared cynical about young intellectuals and aesthetes—they may have some compensating characteristics, but it seems to me that they are only noteworthy for their nuisance value and for their remarkable aptitude for quoting Mr. Herbert Read.

DONALD CAMMELL.

JULIUS CAESAR AND THE BUSBY PLAYERS.

Busby's began their present run of Play-Term productions four years ago, in 1947, with a competent and promising production of "The Blind Goddess," by Patrick Hamilton. From the first it was clear that Busby's was fortunate in possessing an actor of more than usual public-school ability. A. M. Howard played a difficult leading part with that quiet conviction that was to become his characteristic genius. In the following year came J. B. Priestley's "Laburnham Grove," and again it was the easy subtlety of Howard's interpretation of the seemingly respectable business man, who one evening reveals to the astonishment and horror of his family that he is the leader of a dangerous crime circle, that raised the production far above what is usually expected of a House play. The truly brilliant presentation of the supper scene has had little to equal it on the post-war Westminster stage.

After two such notable productions, Noel Coward's "Peace in Our Time," came both as a shock and a disappointment. Its interminable Cockney patriotism rising at times to grotesque sentimentality, as when R. K. Franklin gushed across the stage, quoting "This precious stone set in a silver sea," struck a chill of horror into much of the audience. But it should not be imagined that the players were at fault; for there was much good acting especially in the portrayal of the female parts. R. Norrington, who has since emerged as one of the very best of school actors, was sadly miscast as the shallowly-created villain of the piece. Howard's performance as the barman showed outstanding competence but appeared to lack the sudden glare of emotion that we had come to expect of him. Probably amongst so much racial hate and sentimental violence his mannerly playing could not be expected to have effect.

It was with surprise and some forecasts of a flop on a grand scale—an event for which many have a profound longing—that the school heard of Busby's intention to perform Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" at the end of Play Term, 1951. Such forecasts increased greatly when it became known that Howard had been forced to take no part owing to the pressure of work for Election.

The remarkably uneven quality of the performance makes it difficult to form a fair opinion of it as a complete whole. Generally

the production was skilled and the handling of large numbers on a small stage was remarkably effective. The spirited crowd of Roman citizens managed to break their way into our attention when it was useful to the broad picture for them to do so, and at other moments faded again into the background of Rome ; a remarkable feat of production in a play which is often marred by stage-frightened or over-confident crowds acting either too individualistically or like a line of carefully trained chorus girls in a Victorian Music Hall.

The performances of the four main parts varied greatly from scene to scene and from night to night. Of them all, perhaps S. H. Baynes' Brutus was the most satisfactory. His quiet playing was never at fault and he appeared to grow in nobility and good intent so that at the end we were able to hear and believe Anthony's great epitaph on him. R. Norrington's considered interpretation of Cassius had moments of true fire, smouldering or, as in the tent scene, in flames. Indeed his potential excellence was at all times apparent. He seemed to know instinctively what it was that was needed but to lack guidance as to how best to put his ideas into practice. Though often deeply moved we were not at the end altogether convinced. It is further proof of the almost insoluble problems the character of Cassius presents, that an interpretation, studded with so much truly brilliant playing, should appear when judged as a whole aesthetically unsatisfactory.

New interpretations of the part of Julius Caesar are rare. The character of a proud old general, foolishly conceited and carelessly undiplomatic in his handling of powerful civilian statesmen has become accepted as the character that Shakespeare conceived in it. C. S. E. Long, while neglecting to emphasise the pride and old man's petulance revealed in the part, offered nothing new in its stead. Nevertheless his solemn under-playing served to accentuate the nobility of the part, and by never using extravagant gestures he managed never to appear foolish or unconvincing. Unfortunately this restraint served often to make more daring players seem ridiculous.

R. N. Edwards played Mark Anthony in that spirit of public-school debatemanship that has made " Julius Caesar " many people's least-favourite Shakespeare play. There seemed to be too much oratory throughout and too little thought ; a fault that the loose construction of the character especially invites. It should be added that as expected he spoke his lovely lines with feeling and understanding though he did not seem to find sufficient moments for quiet soliloquy—the only way to offset the forceful moments of passion.

Many small parts were admirably portrayed and indeed it was in the large number of minor players that the production achieved real distinction. With thirty or more entirely inexperienced actors, it is astonishing that Saturday's performance passed off very satisfactorily, leaving a full house much impressed and moved. We were delighted throughout by K. M. Carmichael's faultlessly designed and constructed Elizabethan set. It was not only the most daring

Westminster has seen for a long time but also in many ways the most successful.

* * * *

Busby's must be congratulated on an interesting and entertaining sequence of plays, which have built up for them a reputation that it would be presumptuous on our part to challenge. As yet we have only shown that they are not the only House with sufficient courage to attempt a production before the School. It is to be hoped that other Houses will follow our example. Certainly there is little as good for the general spirit of friendship and co-operation in a House as the presentation of a House Play.

THE BOATHOUSE.

Two years ago people believed that the boathouse could not accommodate the large number of 130. In spite of this, at the beginning of last term the authorities were faced with an additional 20 boys who wished to row, which, together with the shortage of tub boats, the remittance of summer time and an extra station day, presented a difficult problem. Those watermen rowing in eights were easily dealt with, for there are sufficient eight-oared boats to provide nearly half the boathouse with outings, and there was one afternoon last term when eight such boats took the water. It was the watermen rowing in tubs which presented the most perplexing problem, for after long and faithful service, "D" tub pair is now unable to take to the river without filling with water, which left us with one boat fewer than before. Although this was partially rectified by the loan of a tub-boat fitted with swivels on two of the three station days, it by no means solved the whole matter. It was finally decided that it was impossible to give the whole boathouse three outings a week, and that only those watermen being coached by masters and all eights, were to go out every station day. The remainder were to row on only two of the three days, and a rotary system was attempted whereby they did not row on the same two days each week although in the same crews and with the same coaches. This was only partially successful for sickness and other unforeseeable difficulties presented themselves. However, we hope that this expansion in numbers will still further increase the competition in the crews and so raise the standard of rowing and improve the league results in the summer.

With a yearly grant to be spent on new boats it is planned to replace the heavy tub-pair by a lighter one, and have a new clinker eight and a few more rum-tums built. For the accommodation of the latter a slight alteration will be made so as to fit racks for them. Certain alterations have also taken place in the changing room, for with boys sharing two or three to a locker for the greater part of last term, new lockers, looking more like rabbit hutches than accommodation for rowing change, were installed in

one half of the boathouse. Soon it is hoped that every boy will have his own locker and that the revolting piles of rowing change left after each station day will no longer be seen, but each persons' change will hang in his own locker.

The increase in numbers has also made it necessary for Mr. Brock to have an assistant. The boathouse now employs an apprentice, Phillip, who is of great help on station afternoons, and takes a great interest in the repair and upkeep of the boats, under the watchful eye of our faithful boatman. His interests do not end there, for he also enjoys rowing the dinghy around the boats. Indeed it would be a great year for Westminster, if, as well as winning the Princess Elizabeth Cup at Henley, we can also lay claim to the winner of the Dogget's Coat and Badge race.

At the end of this term we have the two Head of the River Races and it is to be hoped that Grant's will be well represented among the many Westminster crews entered.

FOOTBALL.

Juniors this year was played on a League basis for the first time. This was found to be infinitely more satisfactory than playing a knock-out tournament, as an interest for all the Houses was sustained until the very last round. With the introduction of the third Station day, the usual question of time did not recur.

We had rather an ill-balanced side, which was held together by four or five good players. Of the five matches we played, we beat College and Ashburnham fairly soundly, but lost to the other Houses. Busby's were the eventual winners.

A certain lack of spirit and enthusiasm was noticeable amongst some of our players, in one or two of the games, especially against Wrens. This is something which has never been associated with Grant's before, and it is to be hoped will never be again.

The usual team was : R. T. J. A. Clark ; P. K. Smith, C. H. Prince ; E. J. N. Kirkby, P. M. Godfrey, A. C. H. Lathe ; N. A. Phelps-Brown, R. P. C. Hillyard, captain, J. S. Woodford, J. G. F. Fraser, D. E. Wilkins.

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Grant's, under the enthusiastic leadership of G. Harris, finished the Play Term, equal with Busby's at the top of the table, having amassed a total of 18 points—winning 8 and drawing 2 of their 13 matches.

We had in the side as usual one or two old hands from the top of the House, prominent among whom was N. N. G. Maw, who was enjoying his sixth year in League football. Davidson, an ex-waterman, presented a formidable appearance whether in goal or on the left wing ; while Harris, as captain, was no longer able to waltz

down the right wing ignoring the remainder of the side, but throughout the entire term, by his keenness and not altogether unsuccessful enthusiasm, succeeded in maintaining a really impressive spirit.

Drake, Macdougall and Phelps-Brown, under the guidance of Harris, composed a forward line which possessed practically no skill, but what of this?—when elbows, knees and teeth form an essential part of a League forwards make-up in front of the opposing goal. Maw, Hawkins, Smith and Abbott made up a defence, which was inclined to play the man rather than the ball, but this, one feels, was in retaliation to the similar tactics of its opponents, rather than for any sadistic pleasure.

One hopes the team, bereft of Harris and Maw, now under the joint leadership of A. W. Abbott and J. G. S. Macdougall, will be as successful this term.

FENCING.

As the old system of Seniors and Juniors was found unsatisfactory, it was decided at the beginning of the Play Term that Foil Seniors would in future be fought on a team basis, and that there would also be an individual Foil Championship not fought for by houses at all. This last will take place this term after the Epée-Sabre Cup competition. Juniors, as it used to be, was abolished as well, and replaced by a Junior Foil Championship, organised individually and not by houses. For seniors we entered a team of three: Stewart, Croft C. and Makower. This may seem rather unfair on Cameron who was quite up to standard, but unfortunately teams were limited to three. None of those entered were exceptionally good, all were about the same standard, while some of the other houses had one or two better fencers as well as one or two weaker ones in their team, making for a bad balance.

Our first match was with Wrens, whom we beat very easily, not losing a single fight to them. In the next match, however, we lost to College 4—5. This was a very closely contested fight in which all the three Grantites kept up a good standard against a house which has always produced fast and effective fencers. Croft C. did particularly well in winning two fights out of three. After this we lost to Busby's the eventual winners, who were rather too much for us, and finally beat Ashburnham. Altogether, the standard of fencing was higher than it has been for some time and we may be quite pleased with our final position of third. All the four Grantite fencers have now reached a reasonable level; none are particularly stylish but all are quite effective as was seen in the Junior Foil Championship, won by Croft C. with Makower and Cameron as second and third. This was very satisfactory, of course, but the standard was not comparatively as high as that of Seniors. The Foil Championship and the Epée-Sabre Cup competitions will be fought out during the course of the Lent Term; it is to be hoped that Croft C. and Makower, who have just begun doing sabre, will go in for the latter. We wish all Grant's fencers the best of luck.

FIVES.

We were fortunate enough to be in the easier half of the draw in fives seniors, and this enabled us to reach the final with comparative ease. No one played particularly well in the first two rounds with the possible exception of C. J. Croft, who is still eligible for Juniors in the Lent term. He, partnered by C. J. H. Davies, formed a good second pair, who actually had better results than the first pair—A. C. Hornsby and J. Brostoff.

The finals against Rigauds were played right at the beginning of the Lent term, and the standard of play suffered considerably through lack of practice. Rigauds had two well balanced pairs, while we, as before, split up our two best players, Davies and Hornsby. This move, which had been successful in the Play term, was unsatisfactory against Rigauds' who played on the weaker member of each pair and thus secured a moderately easy victory. The two Rigauds pairs each winning twice—their first pair 2—0 and their second pair 2—1 in each case.

THE PLAY SUPPER.

Though the Play Supper is highly traditional, customary, and constitutional, no supper has been, or can be, in any way like its predecessor for each one is remembered by some outstanding feature. Play Supper, 1951, will go down in memory as the Play Supper at which Dr. Radcliffe made his first appearance as President of the Old Grantite Club. For the members of the 1st XI in the House it will, however, be remembered better as a rather hasty, but much enjoyed meal, before their journey to the Channel Islands, for they had to leave the Supper before the end to catch the Southampton boat-train.

Besides Dr. Radcliffe our two guests were the Rev. Michael Stancliffe, School Chaplain, and the Hon. J. A. Davidson (Head of House, 1946—47). That Andrew Davidson was a great asset to the sing-song afterwards need hardly be said, while Mr. Stancliffe, the Housemaster, and Mr. Brock (who was attending his first Play Supper up Grant's) created a classic, a song of many tunes in the form of a new boy's letter home. The rest of the evening's entertainment was amusing, often hilarious, but no one was offered a contract by Andrew Davidson. Not that anyone expected it!

THE CONCERT.

The concert, held last term on December 14th, began with the lively orchestral item, Haydn's Symphony No. 94 in G. This was followed by "The Magnificat," by Bach, a very difficult work which was attacked with great determination by both the chorus and orchestra. However, in some of the choral items the chorus had to sing against the rather loud playing of the trumpets, which marred the effect. Credit must be given to the contralto and tenor who

gave an outstanding rendering of the duet "Et misericordia."

After the interval, D. A. Viney and R. A. C. Norrington gave a very pleasant performance of the Concerto in D minor, for two violins and strings, by Bach. It was a great joy to hear such good balance and co-ordination between the orchestra and the soloists. In contrast to this J. R. D'Arcy-Dawson next played Mendelssohn's piano solo Capriccio Brillante, a difficult piece but most competently executed.

Possibly the most enjoyable item in the concert was R. J. H. William's (O.W.) rendering of Vaughan William's, Fantasia on Christmas Carols for Baritone Solo, chorus and orchestra. The concert ended with the audience singing the Christmas carol, "God rest you merry, gentlemen," in place of the School song and then the National Anthem.

It was a difficult and adventurous concert, well performed as we have grown to expect from Mr. Foster, and he deserves all credit for daring to tackle such a formidable programme. To get much needed help from outside, which makes it possible to put on such a programme, is a brave step to take, and it is all too easy for boys in the school who do not perform, to criticise him. They should remember that if they all made the effort either to learn an instrument or to sing, we should be able to support ourselves without outside assistance.

THE HOUSE LITERARY SOCIETY.

It was decided that Lit. Soc. should not be particularly active this term so as not to stand in the way of House Play rehearsals.

Six readings were held and though none were what the ledger refers to inconspicuously as "flops," the standard of reading was generally rather low. G. Wordsworth succeeded S. G. Croft as secretary and he was perhaps misguided in choosing so few comedies. The plays read were Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," Chekhov's "The Seagull," "Rope" by Patrick Hamilton, Christopher Fry's "The Lady's not for Burning," "Arsenic and Old Lace" by J. Kesselbrig and that old favourite "Charley's Aunt." We should once again especially like to thank Mrs. Wilson for her generous hospitality and for the delicious food, and the kitchen staff for their very kind co-operation.

MUSIC AT WESTMINSTER.

The terminal concert at Westminster is the culminating point of all the musical activities of the School and it is by the standard of these concerts that its musical capabilities are judged. It is therefore hoped that a long-due retrospect of these concerts will help to form a true judgment on Music at Westminster and that it will show the many benefits and interests that result from joining the musical societies.

The first and foremost feature of these concerts is the painstaking and devoted direction of Mr. Foster. No one can deny that he had a difficult task in preserving the standard of music at Westminster when the school first came back in 1945. The hardest task, perhaps,

was the reorganization of the orchestra which had suffered so badly but which now attains, with the inevitable outside assistance, a very high level of achievement.

And then there is Mr. Foster's choice of works for performance. Glancing back over the past four years it is most striking and gratifying to see the vast range of works which have been covered so well. Choosing a concert programme at Westminster is not as easy as it may seem, when not only the capabilities of the chorus and orchestra must be taken into consideration but also the fact that the choice is made to include as many of the instruments as possible.

The time of performance of certain works also handicaps the choice, and it is most regrettable that the time allotted to these concerts should not equal that given to the School Play. Yet, in fact, one finds that, with the exceptions of Wagner and Schubert, all the great masters have been represented in one way or another. Furthermore Mr. Foster always includes an item of unusual interest in his programmes when he introduces works which have either suffered sad neglect, or have seldom been performed before. We are not continually confronted with the old and well-worn favourites as we often are on the stage at Westminster. On the contrary, works by such modern composers as Vaughan Williams, Kodaly, Britten, Dyson and Walton are frequently on the programme. The value of a catholic taste in music in a school cannot be overstressed, for it is a safeguard against a too limited range of interest, and often stimulates a curiosity concerning hitherto unknown and apparently uninteresting music. There must be few who sang in "The Blacksmith," by George Dyson last summer, who would not agree that it was an exhilarating experience and that had it not been for the resourcefulness of Mr. Foster in selecting this virtually unknown work, a rich experience would have been denied to them for ever. Other works of interest which have been performed, include Handel's "Sixth Chandos Anthem" and Fauré's Suite, "Pelleas and Melisande." The performances, with possible and debatable exceptions, have attained a very high standard, and the rendering of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Beethoven's "First Symphony" and Brahms' "Requiem" might even be described as outstanding.

It is therefore regrettable that such interesting and polished concerts should be so ill-supported by the rest of the school, and it is to be hoped that this indication of their interest and merit will result in a wider realization of how well the School is served in this respect and how richly deserving these musical activities are of every encouragement.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.

"I can't understand it," said the vicar in a loud voice, as he helped Mrs. Higgins to another cup of tea, "how these dreadful bats can stick it, up there in the belfry. It's so draughty and damp." It was obvious, however, that the vicar was not thinking so much of the bats, as his belfry. Mr. Bloggs, whose fame lay in the fact that he was the village's oldest inhabitant, took this, and the

vicar's previous remarks on the subject, as a challenge to his knowledge. The vicar wanted advice on how to remove the bats from his belfry.

Many helpful suggestions had been put forward by the other guests at the garden party, such as laying mouse traps, or installing central heating in the belfry, but none of them seemed suitable, and most of them would need a fortune to carry out.

But Mr. Blogg's suggestion was both original and easy to put into practice. It did not require anything so energetic of the vicar as to stay up all night with a butterfly net, as the vicar had recently done, at the expense of his nerves and usual good temper.

"All you have to do," said Mr. Bloggs, with finality: "is to smoke them out."

The next evening saw the vicar and Mr. Bloggs leaning over a huge bowl, the vicar stirring, and the oldest inhabitant adding various substances, ranging from a pound of raisins to fifteen teaspoonfuls of quicklime. The concoction completed to the instructions of Mr. Blogg's ancient book of remedies for all "Pestes and Pestelences," the two men hurried up the belfry. Up the steep ladder they climbed, through the trap door to the accompaniment of faint flutterings in the darkened loft.

Mr. Bloggs produced a large paper bag and emptied the mixture into it. A match flared and was held to the mouth of the bag. The two hurried down the ladder; a few wisps of greenish smoke were already to be seen floating out of the trap door.

About ten minutes later the sound of the fire engine roused the inhabitants of the village; but Mr. Bloggs and the vicar, crouching behind the altar knew nothing of the alarm given by Mrs. Higgins, when on returning from feeding her chickens, she saw clouds of acrid smoke pouring from the window of the tower.

The first the two men knew of the excitement they had caused was when a stream of icy water, from a hose, cascaded down the vicar's neck.

The village has won notoriety now, and the inhabitants say it should go down in history as the only church with a smell unrivalled by that of any other church, bats in the belfry, and a vicar who is a bit that way himself.

O.H.M.S.

As I was returning complacently to Chiswicks after breakfast I observed in passing the notice board that I had a letter. There are certain letters which look menacing even on the outside and I have long ago lost the thrill of seeing letters marked O.H.M.S. In the one private place in the house I read that I was to be medically examined at Acton, in December, after an X-ray in the morning at Tavistock Square.

My appointed day was the first really fine day we had yet had. The wind was strong and fresh and London looked almost clean in the sunlight. The X-ray was a simple job and left me more time than I had warranted for, to wait. After it was over, while I was getting dressed, I fell into conversation with two other boys and

we went together to a low coffee-house where over several cups of coffee I learned all that there was to learn about being a clerk in a Customs office and a boy behind a counter in a chain store. I heard their complaints, their hopes and their fears. We left the coffee house and while we were waiting, until it was time to leave for Acton we wandered through the sordid stations at King's Cross and St. Pancras. It was impossible to escape from oneself. The very engines as they pulled out of the station seem to hiss, "The Army needs you, Army needs you, Army needs you . . ." Every platform contained a multitude of uncomfortable-looking young men in new uniforms and carrying heavy packs. Every wall seemed to possess an advertisement saying, THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU IN THE R.A.F., or MAKE THE ARMY YOUR CAREER. Eventually we arrived at the time, long ago calculated, when we should have to leave. At Shepherd's Bush we lost one of our trio. My remaining companion provided me with an interesting study of nervous apprehension as from time to time he attempted unsuccessfully to do the *Mirror* crossword.

Acton is not a pleasant or an unpleasant place : it is merely a place. There are people and buildings in it but even the inhabitants assume a morbid and uninteresting, uninterested look. The big Government building which we entered was surrounded by the same chilly atmosphere as the buff-coloured envelope I had received a month before. There were a thousand forms to fill up and a thousand questions to answer, and you always have to go "just along the corridor on your right," and whatever you have to do you must wait. For two and a half hours I was pulled, or pushed, from one doctor to another and each one added a dirty joke to the examination and passed me on. As I went out I saw carved on the scratched and vulgarised wall, the inscription, "Lose hope all ye who enter here," and my first five hours of experience under Military rule were over.

A NIGHT IN THE PARK.

The park is quiet and almost deserted, the sky is already darkening and the glow from the many street lamps and lighted windows reflects in the water of the lake.

There is still a small crowd of ducks near the bridge, squabbling for an occasional tit-bit thrown from above, their shrill cries echoing strangely in the night air.

Most of the birds, however, are floating in the shallows and wandering about on the water's brink, or nestling in against the islands, their heads tucked in, flipping their feet now and then to steady themselves against the slight breeze which ruffles the water and whispers through the bare trees.

The hardly audible lapping of the water is soothing, and the low rumble of London's traffic seems distant and unreal.

Gradually, as the sky grows darker and darker, the calling of the birds ceases and, except for an occasional flurry or squawk, there is silence.

The stars begin to appear and the moon starts to rise over the rooftops. One by one the lights go out until the park and its surroundings are lit only by the faint glimmer of street lamps.

Ten o'clock strikes, then eleven, then twelve. The dew glistens in the moonlight like a shower of tiny diamonds, gleaming from the grass.

An owl hoots somewhere and a duck shuffles uneasily. A chill wind has sprung up, and the trees are rustling and creaking softly, while wavelets on the lake sparkle momentarily in the silvery light.

The time passes slowly, but at last the notes of Big Ben foretell the coming of dawn. As the grey light gradually brightens, shapes become distinguishable. The dark silhouette of a large building, the outline of a tree, slowly take form, until, with the return of day, everything is made clear. Lights go on, doors bang and the sound of traffic fills the streets once more.

SNOW USE.

The train winds slowly upwards, passing Allmend, the Water Station and Wengernalp. The windows soon steam up, and, tired of writing initials on them, you wipe yourself a view and criticize the snow. At Scheidegg there is the dash to gather up your skis and get to the bottom of the ski-lift. At last your turn comes and with skis on and pointing uphill you wait for the inverted T to swing into place behind you. The first pulse of the T is the worst and if it hits you behind the knees you may go over. Once under way, however, you relax and allow yourself to be dragged to the top of the Lauberhorn. Half-way up you raise the sun over the Jungfrauoch and ears and hands begin to thaw.

You pause for a moment at the top and then the run begins. A fast traverse to the top of the shoulder and then sharp left down a steepish gully. You wind your way down. You overtake X who has his face in the snow and shout a sympathetic "bad luck," but it is not well received. Next time you murmur a sarcastic "enjoying yourself?" but this is not well received either. X passes you as you shake the snow out of your hair. He preserves a dignified silence. Another steep bit and then a long "schuss" at the end. Feet close together and let yourself go. You make straight for the bottom of the ski-lift and go up again.

Lunch in the sun on the terrace at the Scheidegg. Ham sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, biscuits, chocolate and fruit. A three-man band thumps away nearby.

Up the Lauberhorn again and, finally, the longer run over the shoulder to Wengernalp. From here you go by Brooklands—a fast bumpy *piste* where you can let yourself go—to the Water Station. Then comes the "Bumps." "Schuss" down them if you can but otherwise "Christy" most of the way with some side-slipping at the end. Into the woods round a nasty corner and branch off down the Standard Course. Steep going until you are through Devils Gap and round another corner to the telegraph pole. Make your mind up firmly about this pole as it is right in your path. At the

bottom of the Standard Course another ski-lift takes you up to Allmend whence a quick run with some ice traversing takes you to the nursery slopes. Show off your "Christys" before all the beginners on the steepest part and ski right up to the door of the tea shop. From then on you can justifiably disgrace yourself with cream cakes and hot chocolate.

D. S. B.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on October 30th, 1951, in Ashburnham Library by kind permission of the Head Master. Mr. Tanner was in the chair, and 21 members attended.

The Executive Committee's Report for the past year was passed by the meeting. Following this the Hon. Treasurer presented his report and explained the statement of account. The latter showed some loss during the period, and this was due principally to the subsidy paid by the Club on the Jubilee Dinner, and the purchasing of the portrait of Mother Grant, which had been presented to the House to commemorate the Club's Jubilee. The meeting was unanimous in agreement that the expenditure on the Jubilee Dinner had been amply justified by its great success and by the record number of members (nearly half of the Club's total membership) who had attended it.

The following elections were made for the year 1951-52:—

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

Vice-Presidents : Sir Adrian Boulton, D.Mus., D.C.L., Mr. W. N. McBride, Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, M.A., D.Sc., Mr. L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., V.P.S.A., Col. The Rt. Hon. Lord Rea, O.B.E.

Hon. Treasurer : Mr. Raymond Plummer (1924-28).

Hon. Secretary : Mr. Ian Gregg (1938-43).

Executive Committee : Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (1915-20), Mr. F. N. Hornsby (1916-21), Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, M.C. (1932-37), Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile (1935-40), The Hon. R. Bruce (1940-45), The Hon. J. A. Davidson (1942-47).

Honorary Auditors : Mr. Wallace Hepburn, F.C.A., Mr. Geoffrey Stevens, M.P., F.C.A.

Mr. F. N. Hornsby paid a tribute to the resigning President and reminded the meeting of all that Mr. Tanner had done for the Club since he became its President on its revival following the war. He asked the meeting to record its appreciation of his Presidency, and this was unanimously carried. Mr. Tanner told the meeting how much support he had received during his term of office from Mr. Cunliffe, the resigning Secretary. In recording the Club's gratitude for all the work which Mr. Cunliffe had done as Secretary, Mr. Tanner said that he felt that the present flourishing state of the Club was largely a result of his efforts.

The date of the Annual Dinner was not decided, though it was provisionally agreed to hold it during April, 1952, and the arrangements were left in charge of the Committee.

After the meeting members went up House where they enjoyed a most pleasant sherry party with the Housemaster and Mrs. Wilson.