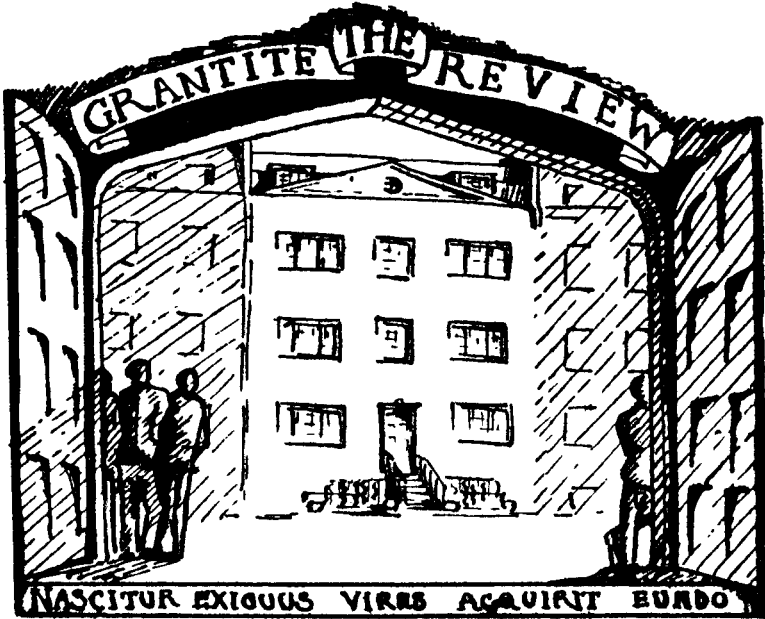


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EDITORIAL

Westminster, perhaps, was never a liberally minded school as Eton was. The Eton of *Coningsby* was wrapped in a halo of romanticism. There was a cruel system of punishment no doubt but there was also a freedom which allowed Coningsby to cook his goose in his rooms, a freedom of variety and anomaly which gave Etonians under Keate a sense that [they had studied what they wanted. Westminster was altogether in a different category. In that age of comparative freedom prior even to Wordsworth's Hawkeshead or Dickens' Canterbury, through whose gates the wistful novelist gazed with admiration, Westminster led the way for barbarism. Cowper would have been unhappy anywhere, but his *Tirorcnium*, a lasting plea against public schools, was, above all an exposition of 18th century Westminster.

“ Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong or all these at once
That in good time the stripling's finished taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste
Should prove your ruin and his own at last.
Train him in public with a mob of boys
Childish in mischief only and in noise?”

The mob was inevitable but the exercise of authority was unjustifiable.

“ The management of tiroes of eighteen
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
The stout, tall captain whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes
Become their pattern upon whom they fix
Their whole attention and ape all his tricks.”

It was in reaction to an already absurd system of authority, described so vividly in “The World at Westminster” that any more liberal element at last appeared.

When the 15th Hussars rode up Whitehall on the aftermath of the French Revolution crying “No Philosophers, for Church and King” the only reaction was a rebellion at Westminster, which Feiling recounts. Burke, of course attributed to French principles. At the same time Southey in wildly francophile published the *Flagellant*, as an exposition of Vincent and was expelled.

Eventually a liberal awakening had taken place and it was not forgotten. The reaction against all progress which set in on the collapse of Westminster under the Tory administration was as much forced by the boys as by the masters. In some of the outbreaks of 1824 and 1826, the boys in fact had the upper hand.

By Arnold's time Westminster was still almost the most unpleasant school to be educated at. The Industrial revolution reduced attendance to forty. College dormitory became a bastille populated only by toughs and rats. But a change was beginning to tell. By 1860 Arnold had varied the school curriculum by introducing

mathematics and modern languages to break up the antiquated monopoly of classics. But *Tom Brown's Schooldays* showed that Rugby was also the most terrifying of schools. The Victorian mind could not swallow these bullyings. Meanwhile Westminster under Sargeaunt was becoming civilised as the other public schools hardened under a bourgeois and Victorian discipline.

In some ways the effects of the industrial revolution were working the other way. Westminster far from being in a rural suburb was now in the heart of the metropolis and anomalies so prevalent in Eton were modified by the influence of contemporary fashion. The full effect of this was not seen till the thirties of our own era. The cold bath and open lavatory technique of Winchester was a little pedantic a few yards from Dolphin Square. Endless sport and heartiness became a little unsuited to the educated tenour of modern London. By the war Westminster had regained a name, this time for its liberality, its freedom, in short its sophistication. Producing snobs while Winchester turned out the toughness and heartiness of retired colonels. The School came into its own as a refuge of liberty and its counterpart, laziness. The war completed this with the abolition of the top hat.

A balanced policy since the war has mixed with the freedom a more ordered curriculum, regulated work and personal liberty are thus combined. We live in a happy equilibrium between the two extremes.

It is however on the second count that the importance lies. Having curiously become a symbol of humane life, Westminster has been described in the *Observer* in the most flattering terms. "Rugby has a faint menace, Westminster an intellectual charm." It is the freedom which lies at the bottom of this that puts it on a level to compete with its former rivals.

In furtherance of this a curious group has emerged in the common room of Buckenhill, the "Grants' Revivalists." It is indeed curious that in furtherance of their aims they should quote the 18th century, which as we have seen was a peculiarly barren period at Westminster. But their main point, the maintenance of liberalism may not be incorrect.

During October a political charter conducted like a mock heroic, demanded the revision of the food rules to regain the spirit of "taking tea in rooms," optional top hats, to reintroduce the element of variety, optional station and, an old one, free choice for Corps. On one point the October disputation was agreed that the Quater Centenary celebrations would have to be conducted with the spirit of the 18th century liberalism. Though in fact no such thing ever existed at Westminster.

They will have to be made with an emphasis on the 18th century if only because nothing has happened since, but if this is overwhelmingly dosed with the typical if not traditional notion of Westminster free choice, it may be that by a double deal, for this is the only way, one could reclaim the lead which has fallen to others in the last century and a half, and become again the key point of the major public schools . . . and now for less serious topics.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: A. E. Richmond Watson

J. A. Corcoran

R. N. Chinn

J. S. Ingham

C. Macfarlane

We welcome this term: R. G. Chisholm

P. Macfarlane

S. F. B. Heaton

J. P. Gambles

J. F. Westoby

Congratulations to: M. G. Hornsby, J. K. Ledlie, and P. C. S. Medawar on their Pinks for Cricket.

and to: R. Pain on his Pink and Whites for Cricket and his Seniors.

and to: T. M. Hunt on his Junior Colts for Water.

and to: A. S. G. Boyd on his Juniors for Fencing.

and to: S. C. Pollitzer on his Juniors for Fencing.

and to: A. J. Stranger-Jones on his Juniors for Fencing.

and to: R. A. Summerfield on his Juniors for Tennis.

and to: J. J. T. Seal on his Juniors for Tennis.

* * * * *

J. D. Noakes is secretary to Pol. and Lit. Soc.

* * * * *

J. D. Noakes is Head of House.

The Monitors are N. M. W. Anderson, P. C. S. Medawar, J. K. Ledlie and D. H. Weigall.

Head of Hall is J. A. B. Heard.

The Hall Monitors are P. I. Espenhahn, A. S. G. Boyd and C. E. Manderson.

HOUSE DIARY

A number of somewhat remarkable occurrences have taken place this term. The first of these should really be in a "believe it or not!" column. College Hall has been painted white inside. No longer are we graced with considerable wall and ceiling in our porridge; instead there have been other interesting treasures hidden in it, post mortem examinations revealing perhaps a maggot or even a weevil (kind of beetle with head extended into a proboscis).

On October 29th, between the hours of 10.30 and 12 noon a sale was held in the Grant's Hall, in aid of the World Refugee Fund. This was an immense success and interesting personalities were seen buying cushions, bath-salts and pots of jam. In break

it was well patronised by Grantites who were mainly at the food counter and amongst the white elephants.

Some benign elf has persuaded the establishment to turn on the heating before exeat. This has been unheard of in Grant's in previous years, and though there appears to be an excess of air in the radiators, thus rendering many of them useless, a difference in temperature has been detected. What the house requires is a good coal fire around which chestnut-lovers could roast this wholesome delicacy. There are two owls about the school at the moment, one lives in College Garden (a screech owl) and the other has rented a tree on Green (a tawny owl). Their noise is pleasing, being a rustic addition to the curriculum.

The House Gramophone has been hard at work since the beginning of term and a wide variety of music is oft times to be heard, ranging from Vivaldi to cha-cha. Someone even spoke of a similarity between the two a short time ago. In fact there have been few changes within the house itself. We still keep a resident housemaster in case of interference by the Ministers of Education and possibly Labour. Several studies are feared to be irreparably impregnated with the pungent effluvia of joss-sticks, but this only upsets the staunch Englishmen among us who prefer the aroma of autumn and winter blankets recently separated from moth-balls. The house tutor has bought a new car which is a funny shape but we are frequently assured that it works and does at least five miles to the gallon.

There have been a number of meetings of Lit. Soc. this term and two distinguished members of the staff have accepted invitations to speak. Mr. Keeley read Heinrich, the priest in Sartre's *Lucifer and the Lord* and Dr. Garten read Michael Kramer in Hauptmann's play of that name. Dr. Garten kindly gave a short introductory talk before the reading. Both these evenings were much enlivened by their presence.

DR. G. R. Y. RADCLIFFE

The death occurred in London on the 18th July, 1959, of Dr. Geoffrey Reynolds Yonge Radcliffe, in his 74th year. Dr. Radcliffe was up Grant's from 1899 to 1905.

It would not be appropriate here, nor are we qualified, to mention his distinguished career as Fellow and Bursar of New College, as Principal of the Law Society's School of Law, and in connection with many other public and private bodies and trusts. It is as an Old Westminster of quite exceptional loyalty, and in particular as an Old Grantite, that we shall like to remember him. There was hardly a facet of Westminster life with which he was not closely associated whether as a Governor, a Busby Trustee, Former President of the Elizabethan Club or member of the Council of the Westminster School Society. On all these bodies his experience and

knowledge was of inestimable value: but it is perhaps in the Record of Old Westminster that Dr. Radcliffe's most lasting and distinctive contribution to Westminster life will have been made. This quite remarkable work, edited jointly with the late Mr. Whitmore, is a reference book of exact scholarship and painstaking detail which is unrivalled by any other school. Keeping the records up to date and preparing for the new volume planned for next year required disciplined and almost daily concentration by Dr. Radcliffe. A small and devoted band of Old Westminsters assisted him with individual letters of the alphabet, and dealing with so small a canvas they came to have some realisation of the burden which the picture as a whole threw on the Editor himself, who accepted it gladly and with enthusiasm.

For his old House Dr. Radcliffe had a very particular affection. He was President of the Old Granite Club from 1950 to 1954 and was a Vice-President at the time of his death. For the life of the House and the work of the Club he had an abiding interest, and it was largely due to his intervention that the old Hall was carefully photographed before its destruction and the photographs presented by the Club to the House. The very last work he undertook on behalf of the Club was the revision of the History of House and Club which is in preparation for next year, the first drafts of which were on his desk when he died. Indeed he had planned shortly to set aside a Sunday to go through them in detail with the Honorary Secretary of the Club, and would doubtless have contributed his infectious enthusiasm for the project coupled with his hawk-like eye for any historical inaccuracy. Known to many younger Old Westminsters as one who was always prepared to help them in their professions and careers, to his contemporaries as a most lively companion, and to his closest friends and relations as a man of endearing depth of heart, he leaves a gap in the ranks not easily filled. We extend our sympathy to his widow and to his son Guy, who was himself up Grant's from 1931 to 1937.

CRICKET SENIORS

In one of the most exciting seasons for some time, Grant's beat Ashburnham by 18 runs in the final play off and we thus retained the Shield which we had won the year before. But even the play off, let alone the shield, was not reached without toil and tribulation.

We started the season well with a very convincing victory over a weakened College side, and beat Liddells by 9 wickets, with Medawar taking 5 for 23. We lost our first four wickets for a mere 43 against Wren's, but our middle and tail batting rose to the occasion and our final total of 193 for 8 dec., was mainly due to a fine 51 not out by Pain. Wren's innings was a complete débâcle, and they were dismissed for 36, Ledlie finishing with the amazing figures of 7 for 5, including a hat-trick. Then came the Ashburnham

match, and although there was every prospect of a close game, Grants' again ran out easy winners. Ashburnham were dismissed for 55, with Ledlie taking 6 for 18, and Pain 3 for 8, in spite of some determined resistance from Broadhurst; Grant's were able to knock off the runs for the loss of only 3 wickets, mainly due to some powerful hitting by Medawar. Grant's now looked almost home, but unfortunately at this stage, confidence turned into over-confidence, and keenness into lethargy, and the Rigaud's match illustrated well how fatal such a lapse can be. The bowling lacked hostility and penetration, and as a result Rigaud's were allowed to reach 102. Even so, the task looked well within our reach, but with some fine fast bowling from King, and an unfortunate run-out, Grant's lost their first four wickets for 26. Medawar and Ledlie set about righting matters, and added 45 before Medawar was bowled for 33. Ledlie left soon afterwards, and Grant's were finally dismissed for 100 and so lost by 2 runs.

The team recovered for the Busby's match, and thanks to some fine batting by Hall (81) and Hornsby (61 not out) we were able to declare at 203 for 3 after 100 minutes batting. Busby's were dismissed for 48; this was almost entirely due to some very hostile fast bowling from Pain, who finished with figures of 8 for 15.

Meanwhile Ashburnham had emerged as our opponents in the play-off, and considering our previous victory over them our hopes were high. But a watered pitch and a determined Ashburnham side were nearly our undoing; on being sent in to bat we lost our first five wickets to the Ashburnham spinners, Broadhurst and Bird, for only 50 runs, on a wicket that always responded to the turning ball. This was in spite of an innings of class by Hall, who scored 35 out of 41, driving with great power. Then 36 were added for the 6th wicket, of which Ledlie, who ruthlessly hooked anything short, made 32; the tail made some valuable contributions, and our final total was 125. Before tea Ashburnham made 27 for the loss of one wicket to Pain, so that the match was very much in the balance, though the wicket had by now dried out and so favoured Ashburnham. After tea, Broadhurst and Cooper, their second-wicket pair, carried the score to 55, when Cooper was bowled by Ledlie, and when Bird was brilliantly caught by Channer at mid-off at 56, the onus from the Ashburnham point of view lay very much on Broadhurst, who could expect little help from his partners. But the score crept up and it was not until Hall was recalled that our final break-through was achieved, Hornsby taking a fine catch behind the wicket to dismiss Broadhurst for 40 with the total at 98. The Ashburnham tail provided little opposition, and they were finally dismissed for 107, giving us the victory by 18 runs.

On its day the side looked very good, but it could not be relied upon, particularly in the batting. The bowling never let us down; with four 1st XI bowlers it was always tight and usually very penetrating—indeed the highest score against us was 107. Ledlie and Pain were consistently successful and the extra speed of Hall and

the spin of Medawar often provided the vital break-through. The batting was not so praiseworthy; we seldom had a good start. No one was consistently successful, though Hall, Hornsby, Medawar and Ledlie all had their moments of glory. It must not be forgotten that the very best batsman is easy to dismiss if concentration and determination are lacking, and this was too often the case.

The fielding was generally of a high standard, with Chinn and Medawar particularly outstanding; Hornsby kept excellently behind the stumps, and many good catches were taken by other members of the team. Chinn handled the captaincy admirably, showing great sympathy and tact when required. The team played well together and our resources at the moment are strong, for most of the team will be here next year, when we hope to win once more and complete our hat-trick.

WATER

A certain eagerness could be seen among watermen last term to show that Grant's had not completely disappeared from the list of possibles for the Halahan. If the result was not stunning, Macfarlane and Corcoran at least rose to the 2nd round in the Senior Sculls and the Senior IV "A" reached the semi-finals. Sculling is not the House's strong point; only two people reached the second round in the Junior-Senior Sculls, but the Juniors, seeing that there are now seven on trial for eights (twice as many as any other house) should eventually remedy this. The result should be seen first in the Novice Sculls this December.

TENNIS

As regards tennis in the top half of the house, the prevalent opinion is that the only seniors who can play tennis are all cricketers, two of them in the 1st XI; the same applies to squash players. However in spite of these gallants, Grant's Tennis remained undistinguished this year. The situation in the lower part of the house is more hopeful, for the Tennis Club has been strengthened by three new recruits from Grant's, J. J. T. Jeal, A. J. Stranger-Jones and R. A. Summerfield. All these show promise for the future.

FOOTBALL

The House's stock of football talent is steadily decreasing, and this year there are only 26 footballers from whom to form the Seniors and Juniors sides; nevertheless we should be able to produce two useful teams, with an outside chance of success in both com-

petitions. Manderson will captain the Juniors team, with particular support from Strickland-Constable (captain of the Junior Colts), Bottomley, Summerfield, Beard and McNeil. For the Seniors matches next term Medawar in goal will captain the side; Hall and Hornsby, both members of the 1st XI, will provide the nucleus of the attack, and Ledlie, Espenhahn E. R., and Seddon should all help to keep the side together.

SHOOTING

With the departure of many of the shooting personalities and the coming of the new school year there usually tends to be a very marked deficiency in shooters of a sufficiently high standard; however this is far from true this year so far as Grant's is concerned.

We still have two places in the 1st VIII, with Heaton's promotion from the 2nd VIII; Boyd has come up from the shooting classes to take Norbury's place. With two shooters from Grant's in each VIII we are in a strong position for the competition next term.

We have also gained a few more valuable places in the shooting classes to add to those which we already hold and this should spell success in the future.

CORPS CAMP, 1959

To those who had been to previous Summer Corps camps this year's at Bourley came as a pleasant surprise. The Sappers who were sponsoring the camp had done their best to offset its rather dreary situation near Aldershot and the fact that there were nearly 4,000 cadets present, by trying to make it as comfortable as possible—a welcome change in policy. Even the food was good (roast chicken on two occasions) and, wonder of wonders, the washing-up water was usually hot enough and clean enough to remove grease. To our relief there were only three demonstrations, staged in the usual imaginative army fashion. The only thing that aroused anything like enthusiasm was when the Engineers allowed us to paddle round their private lake in assault craft. It would have been better had all the demonstrations been of equipment we ourselves could have used. Earth-moving machines and helicopters can be seen (and heard) any day in London, and there seems little point in sitting on a wet and windy hill-top to watch them at Camp.

Apart from these demonstrations Westminster pursued an isolationist policy made possible by our having the use of the two Land-Rovers. Much to our sorrow we did not march three miles to Rushmore Arena on the Sunday for an open-air service attended by Monty. Instead we were transported to the village of Winch-

field, ten miles away, to attend the simple but sincere service in the parish church.

Of the 36-hour exercise planned as the grand finale for the Camp, only the first twelve went as planned. We did an assault course, carried a seriously wounded man through a twenty foot wide river and stormed a bridge. However at nightfall it was discovered that someone else was using our training area, so our night scheme was delayed till after midnight and thus had to be curtailed. The next day there was intended to be a large scale operation against a small band of guerillas, who entered too enthusiastically into the spirit of things that they set fire to three acres of scrub with a Verey light, just after we had been warned that there were unexploded bombs in the area. The rest of the contingent was called up by wireless, which happened to be working, to beat out the flames. When it had been put out, packet lunches consumed, and a post-mortem on the camp conducted, we all went back to Bourley which appeared to have all mod. cons. after the previous night. Next morning the armed might of Westminster dispersed to its homes, having spent a remarkably comfortable week under canvas.

FIELD DAY, OCTOBER 16th

Field Day for some began the evening before when three patrols each six strong set off from Gomshall station for an unknown destination, guided only by messages placed in tobacco tins at the foot of signposts and other unlikely places. Box Hill was successfully scaled by the steepest route, but it was unfortunate that there should have been two oak trees at Juniper Top with fire warning notices on them. Everybody arrived at the wrong one, decided they had been given the wrong map reference, and retired to camp for hot cocoa and sleeping bags, feeling that their fitness, initiative and map-reading had been tested enough for one night.

Most of the contingent went to Headley Heath for Field Day proper, but some went to Rainham Ranges to frighten the sheep, and the Navy and R.A.F. went wherever they do go on these occasions. It was at least fine and warm, and not too strenuous, a pleasant change from some past Field Days.

MUSIC

As is customary in the Summer Term the first part of the School Concert consisted of the winning events of the music competitions. The concert began with "A Smuggler's Song," sung by the House Choir conducted by N. M. W. Anderson. There was no doubt that both the choir and the conductor were greatly helped by the presence of a few very useful voices who were more familiar with the song than the rest; but there was a good performance by the

whole choir and this should bode well for next year. N. M. Broadbridge, N. M. W. Anderson and D. S. Stancliffe sang a madrigal by Travers which had a most desirable effect on the audience, who even demanded an encore, to the consternation of the Director of Music. N. M. Broadbridge sang a song by Grieg, and though this was not the song with which he won the unbroken voice solo, it did suit him better. Both the House and the School will miss his voice very greatly.

The second part of the concert was mainly devoted to Carmina Burana by Carl Orff. This was a great success and is certainly the most popular modern work which Mr. Foster has rehearsed with the choir, for a few years. The text of the work derives from XIIIc Sacred and Profane Verses found in a Bavarian monastery in 1847. The profane songs were in three sections, "Spring," "The Tavern" and "The Court of Love." Of these "The Tavern" songs were the most popular possessing a drunken monotony and an infectious rhythm. The melodies were very simple and the orchestration was most exciting, some trombone passages inciting audible mirth.

The new Grantites this term do not make an un-melodious noise when singing and it is hoped very much that they will develop some interest in music and start to learn an instrument.

Informal concerts have been taking place Up School at fairly frequent intervals, and the general standard seems to be higher than a year or two previous. Last term F. Strickland-Constable (violin) played the Gavotte from Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 in D. His tone was firm and he interpreted it in the joyous manner with which Bach suites must be played, to give them their true XVIIIc court style. Later in the term F. Strickland-Constable, N. M. W. Anderson (oboe) and D. S. Stancliffe (bassoon) played two movements from a Corelli Chamber Sonata. This was unfortunately rather under-rehearsed and a beat was lost somewhere in the second movement. This forced the trio to begin again, which if not entirely unforeseen caused varying comment from the audience. There has been one informal concert this term.

This term there are eighteen Grantites in the School Abbey Choir, and the standard of singing is becoming much more reliable owing to a greater confidence of individual members. The choir now sits in the choir stalls, and no longer in the lantern. Two anthems have been sung this term, "Cantate Domino" by the XVII century Italian composer Tommaso Pitoni, and an anthem by Maurice Greene "Thou visitest the Earth and Blessest It." Choruses from the Messiah are being rehearsed at the moment. Later in the term the choir is to visit a church in Hammersmith to give a recital of carols.

Earlier this term the London Symphony Orchestra were seen and heard rehearsing Up School for the Monteverdi Vespers of 1610, performed in the Abbey on Friday, October 2nd. A few boys from the school were able to go to this concert which was a

memorable occasion. Mr. Walter Goehr, the conductor, had edited the manuscripts himself and the performance was therefore strictly in accordance with his research. It was a pity perhaps the Abbey was vastly over-illuminated as this seemed to detract from the atmosphere. Had there been a great deal less lighting and candles been used the true spirit of the work would have been accented.

On Thursday evenings there is a Male Voice Choir which meets in College to sing part songs and shanties. This is supported almost entirely by Grants' and the Queen's scholars. Many informal concerts are enlivened by renderings of sloppy Victorian arrangements and absurd imitations of Handel's style. The Choral Society is singing "Acis and Galetea," a dramatic oratorio by Handel. This work has been orchestrated and arranged by Mozart who was desperately in need of some money. Mr. Foster is disappointed in the orchestration, but most of the choir perceive nothing irregular in the scoring. A "Polonaise" from Rimsky-Korsakov's Opera "Christmas Night" is also being rehearsed. The orchestra is preparing a Scarlatti Suite and sight-reading Hadyn's Symphony No. 4 (the Clock).

POLITICAL RETROSPECT

How much we hear of the broad-mindedness of Westminster and yet how conservative the School is. Blue shirts and ties have this term been enforced as the school dress and the success of this subtle Tory propaganda has been staggering. Busby's have already declared themselves overwhelmingly conservative, and a recent census taken Up Grants' shows a similarly strong support for "Mac and his team." Out of the 73 boys in the House, 46 supported the Conservatives at the election, 9 the Socialists and 13 the Liberals, with 5 abstentions. Had this trend been followed (under a proportional representation system) in the country at large the Conservatives would have an overall majority of 233, and the Socialists a mere 75 seats. The Liberals, who would hold 113 seats, are indeed justified in their claim that Liberalism appeals to youth, and that they are the "up and coming" party, while the Socialists, with such a farcically low vote would appear to have good reason for despondency, even admitting that Westminster is a middle class school.

The arguments were interesting also: Nationalisation, extravagance and inflation were the main cudgels used against the Socialists while the Conservatives' colonial and nuclear policy came in for the sternest criticism. Support for the Liberals came from dissatisfaction with the two main parties rather than from any genuine desire for radical reform.

It was certainly stimulating to notice that, no matter where the allegiance lay, great interest was taken in the election, showing

itself in many forms. "I back Mac" badges became a commonplace and replaced the nuclear disarmament badge as the fashionable emblem to wear. Propaganda from every party was littered around the House, posters being erected by one or two of the most ardent supporters and being torn down by conscientious officials. Loud-voiced political groups formed in Hall at tea-time and with much clicking of fingers and citing of facts proved beyond doubt either that the country had gone to the dogs under the Conservatives or that it would go to the dogs under the Socialists. At this pre-election stage most Grantites, both in Hall and Studies, were adamant about their own political views, but were guarded as to the result of the election. The Conservatives were thought to be losing ground all the time, mainly through the success of the Labour broadcasts, received with derision on the lower floor of studies.

So by Election day noone was really sure and the daily papers added to the uncertainty. Those who had money (and there were some) on the Socialists' success, were encouraged by the Jasper affair, while the Conservative supporters retaliated with the oxygen strike, and the public opinion polls. By ten o'clock excitement was high: radios were switched on, pencils poised . . . "Billericay" (only to be expected—doesn't prove anything) . . . "Cheltenham" (The Socialists had no chance there anyway) . . . "Salford East" . . . "Salford West"—two marginal seats where the Socialists had increased their majority. The radio announcer's comment that if such a swing continued the Socialists could be returned with a majority of about ten seats raised the roof in the Socialist stronghold in Ferney, but gradually depression set in as the Conservative gains, Acton, Holborn, St. Pancras, came in and at 11.30 a disillusioned Head of House retired to bed. The Housemaster had already come round—could one detect a note of jubilation in his voice?—and although a few stalwarts continued till 3 o'clock the majority were satisfied with Mr. Gaitskell's dignified admission of defeat, going to bed convinced of a Conservative majority.

They were right of course, but the result produced surprisingly little jubilation; perhaps people felt that it was rather an anticlimax, and that after all it did not affect them anyway—though next weekend one could see about the gramophone a delighted (or saddened) Chiswickite swaying rhythmically to "I never felt more like singing the blues, 'cos I never thought that I'd ever lose Lewisham North—you got me singing the blues." He was much in earnest.

DATELINE NEVADA

"There's a stranger in town." The age old maxim blew through the little settlement like a silent breeze bringing death to some gun totin' hero of the past. In fact it was the past. Men were just beginning to feel that the nineteenth century had gone for good and the saloons of the ghost towns still echoed to the music

of the good old days of the Gold Rush and the fabulous Golden Gate.

True to the ancient traditions of the west the stranger took a walk down Main Street. Wide eyed inhabitants peered from dingy saloons as if awaiting some terrifying upheaval like the day when Wild Bill someone shot whatsit the Kid. "Never ain't seen nuttin like it. No I ain't. He comes walkin along sorta casual like and then bifore yer knew it ee was dead. Lyin' down there in the dust, the man with thirty notches on his gun."

But the stranger didn't look the sort of man who had notched up a score of killings in a week. He looked more the quiet sort. He marched up to the sheriff's office and knocked on the door. When the door opened and the sheriff popped his head out expecting to hear all about some grievance or maybe about some breach of the law all he got "What's the dust like around here?"

By now the inhabitants had recovered somewhat from the shock of seeing a tall, lantern jawed figure striding down Main Street with what looked to the oldest inhabitant like the "daddy and mammy of all shootin irons" dangling from his hand. "Dust?" said the sheriff, "ain't no gold around here if that's what yer lookin for. Cain't be, or we'd a' known it long ago."

"Thank you for the tip but I'm only interested in dust, if you see what I mean?"

"Cain't say I do."

By now a crowd had gathered round, intent on hearing what this curious young man had to say for himself.

"Hey you! What d'yer want with our dust?" shouted a burly uneducated looking individual on the edge of the crowd.

"I want to suck it up."

For a moment there was a stunned silence, then the sheriff who had been elected because of his notable aplomb on such occasions motioned to the young man to follow him inside his office. Once inside he closed the door and locked it behind him. "You'd better stay quiet like until I call the doctors to come and take you away."

"But I only wanted to sell you a . . ."

"Keep it quiet and don't let me hear any more of yer mad jabber. I'm gonna send you back to town where you belong."

Which is how an inept salesman and that ubiquitous child of civilisation, the vacuum cleaner, finally arrived in Yellow Gulch.

FOR CYCLISTS ONLY

Though there has recently been a fairly comprehensive survey of the place of the motor car and of the pedestrian in our modern traffic problem, as yet the subject of the pedal cycle has remained untouched and I feel that the time is now ripe to put in a word for the pedal cyclist.

Since in such a short time one can hardly hope to touch on all the many facets of impedalcycling (impedior pedal cycle: deriv.) I shall content myself with describing a few of the simpler manoeuvres of traffic jam aggravation. Always remember that in a jam you can feel quite safe about bumping any car: so long as the jam remains firm the motorist can't get you by car and even should the jam come unstuck it need only be the work of a moment on your part to move out of danger into another lane. Be assured that it is unlikely that the enemy will catch up on foot. But do please be careful of those cars with large boots: for all you know the owner may have a motor scooter hidden inside. All too many unsuspecting novices have been cut down in prime of their career by this trick. Though A. Parkinson-Smith of *Handlebars Only* claims that his scythe type pedals have been a great asset in jams I would not recommend them to any but the most experienced cyclist.

If by some misfortune you actually have the bad luck to get immoveably stuck in a traffic jam pick out the most expensive car and lean on it (for relative car prices see my article in *The Impedal-cyclist* last May). But watch out for evasive action; tintacks and such and remember that with the advent of winking lights many of the more ardent motorists have converted their flippers in to flick-knives. Don't forget that however tempting a Rolls Royce, even so a glass-topped bubble car may well provide the greater amusement, though probably the most enjoyable will be one of those very low sports cars just the right height to rest a foot on the bonnet. I hope that I have been able to give some help to aspirant impedalcyclists and in conclusion I must once recommend that well-known pamphlet which no true cyclist can afford to be without, now in its fiftieth edition, *Relative Braking Distances of Modern Motor Cars* (published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office at 3s. 6d., obtainable from any good taxidermists).

TO A SUICIDE

Fashioned in an instant of unconsciousness
In some bare, iron-ribbed accidental bed
He let the whitewashed window fall
Impassive in the vacant corridor
Like guillotines to axe the trivial,
The senseless, strange and fragile flaw.
A "tricoteur" of unreality. Voiceless
He was, yet felt that hungered, restless dread;
A desperation at the rotting net of thoughts,
Irrevocably holed with ragged nerves.
This is the youth they traced in their reports
To chart out into lines and curves.

“ PASTORAL ”

Once comes the spring in sleepy woodland copse.—
The air, incensed of dew-encumbered herbage—
Invests the mind a hint of godly beauty.
Springs tender shoot, in gentle glossy green,
Perfection but attained by natural process.
Here is no square of human sterile symmetry,
Here swells no fruit of man's induced mutations;
But yet he comes, disrupting this most hallowed place,
To seek out that he knows he cannot find.

COCKNEYS, BARDS AND THE BOURGEOISIE

“ Big Ben is striking twelve,
Old Father Thames is flowing along,
The leaves are falling from the trees:
As I gaze on the embankment
I see human beings
Who have fallen through no fault of their own in the
depression ”—Fallen leaves is the Title of the book—
“ I examine the miner,
How he became the fallen leaves of the tree.
And now as I stand by St. Martin's
I see each person passing in mystery
Yet soon they will become the buds
And bloom to peace and happiness ”
—What do you think of that?

The old boy tapped me with a maimed finger, screwed up his grisly chops so that the furrows played about his eyes.

“ Brilliant,” I replied. “ Have you written any more?” Whereupon the fellow leant across the table and in confidential terms recited the last thirteen pages of his “ Forgotten Journey.” Then looking round the room he continued “ Look Son, it's getting a little crowded in here, let's hop it.”

No-one would have called the lines he had repeated in the Lyons Corner House at the foot of Trafalgar Square, between mouthfulls of pork-pie and O.K. sauce, poetry, but there could be no doubt he was a poet.

The relating of the workless of the Great Depression to the “ fallen leaves ” was a step towards a brilliant simile; the associations of the evanescent and neglected qualities of leaves, was intimately connected in his mind with the chance and impersonality which determines unemployment. “ Old Father Thames ” is as flat as any line could expect to be, but sophistication could have made a striking contrast between the permanence seen in “ Big Ben ” and the “ Thames,” and the flux of life itself. The ending is artificial, but it is so because the spirit of the peace is one of pro-

found melancholy. So strong is his attachment to familiar landmarks—"I know London inside and out"—he said—"The rough and the smooth, the rich and the poor y'know, the greatest thing is to know how the other half lives"—that emotion has forced natural prose rhythms to the brink of verse, by its own restrictions the natural channel for experience. The element of the detachment of the author's job and the overflow of powerful feeling, is unquestionably present.

A more popular poet only expressed it differently when he wrote:—

"I wander through each chartered Street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe."

The difference is not in the Art; Art is constant; but the expression is more sophisticated.

Quite apart from the intrinsic badness of their writing, the working class poets have an awe of their own, independent of their verse. They belong to the other "Nation," whose contact to which crudities of living give them authority to which refinement is meaningless. It is as much a commonplace to speak of politics and God in a Stepney Canteen or a Birkenhead bus, as it is a commonplace for the suburban southerner to talk of laundry. It is not surprising that the common man has the aura of proverbial wisdom.

Disraeli in his *Sybil* involves his heroes in the fascination of the working class charities, after his visit to Manchester. The age but saw the flourishing of the working class "spasmodics," saw Gladstone's interest in the East-ender. At a later date Lucas, Shaw and Chesterton rediscovered the soul of the romantic cockney, the latter and his successor Betjeman, admitting themselves true cockneys at heart.

If our poet had not reached the sophistication of a Chesterton or a Betjeman he had at least begun. He gave a toothy grin, tilted his cloth cap, adjusted his coat, winked, and shuffled into an alley between the rain and the lampposts.

RUINS

There was a smell of rain in the air and mingled with it was that most common of all odours, the odour of decay.

The empty shell of the city bore no sign of having been hurriedly abandoned. Instead it seemed to have sunk into oblivion as a forgotten field disappears beneath the encroachments of the on-coming forest.

The square lay deserted beneath the darkening sky, the paving stones askew, pushed up by the ages of busy plant life which separated it from its prime. A fallen tower lay like some tremendous giant of the forest, man's forest, among the debris of the past, and the

roofless skeleton of what must once have been a church stood overgrown beside this scene of timeless desolation.

A rugged, much travelled looking figure began to write.

“The tower had evidently once borne a clock face, or even a series of faces, though only one, that pointing to the sky, was still visible. The others were buried under many feet of accumulated vegetable matter, most of it in the form of mould. The rest of the square was surrounded by various ruined monoliths, one of which might possibly have been the headquarters of some sort of cult other than Christianity, for it still retained traces of a former wealth of ornament.

The church and its smaller companion building obviously pre-dated those on the other sides of the square by some considerable period and the presence of a circular edifice behind the larger building suggested that there might possibly have been a monastic order on the site at some time prior to its evacuation.

The broad avenue leading off the square to the north seemed, like the square itself, to have been a place where the inhabitants were accustomed to commemorate eminent personalities with statues. And there was also a large, almost heathenish, stone with an inscription on it, placed, strangely it was thought, in the centre of the thoroughfare. At the northern extremity of this avenue was another square in which lay a large broken column which had presumably been topped by the statue whose head and cocked hat protruded from the earth in the vicinity, along with the heads of some allegorical stone beasts ranged symmetrically around what had been the base of the column.

To return to the large church and the square in which it stood; behind it lay the ruins of a smaller square and of an interesting piazza containing an arch on which were inscribed a number of inscriptions. The buildings around this piazza yielded on investigation a large quantity of chalk and a few fragments that suggested a library. The place seemed to be a particular haunt of birds and their nests could be seen everywhere among the cellars and in what remained of the outwalls of the buildings.

In ancient times a river ran behind the rather ornate edifice on the east side of the square and it was to the north of the west bank of this river that we made our most interesting find.

A column which had fallen into the bed of the river in comparatively recent times had revealed some carefully sealed jars which, when opened, proved to contain a collection of articles the inhabitants can only have buried in a last attempt to preserve something of their culture. At first sight this seems to have been rather disorganised, but doubtless further study will clear up that point, for some of the buildings on the site suggest a more advanced culture, as do the finds in them. It seems improbable that two sets of people occupied the area . . . ”

The archeologist looked up from his scrawl and gazed pensively at the approaching thunder heads. As he raised his eyes he caught sight of two of his assistants coming towards him across the rubble-strewn square and, on seeing them, he folded up his notebook and trudged off to meet them half way.

As he walked he thought of the work he would publish that he had longed to write all his life, "The Past Lives On." In it he hoped to tell a story, a story gleaned from this and other sites, which would really interest the apathetic public in what they had always termed ridiculous old ruins.

The day would come, he told himself, when people would arrive by the hundred to see this outlandish place, and it would be all because of his book. He was roused from his reverie by the shouts of the others. "Another important find!"

"Tomorrow is another day."

SONNET

Repeating that stuttering, easy smile
I shuddered in retrospect,
Crowning the scaffold of the
Heavens with supernatural sympathy.
At home there was no inward guilt
Rising from that tension of fiscal company
Diverging on the aesthetic sect.
Beware of the paradox, beware of beauty.
Under this vast opaque sea,
Named after those who silent be,
To trust is to love—however slight.
I feared the bearing fruits of fair youths
Now all is fear, for fear he leaves my light
Gone forever to seek some better truths.

CONTRASTS

Just imagine then, that all over the city, clocks are striking one. One o'clock in the morning, a time when even the buildings seem asleep and only the night watchman remains awake to guard the warehouses and stores. Nothing wakes but guilt, revelry and despair, the night thief walks abroad through the deserted streets and the suicide meditates his death. Midnight is past and a new greyness, that of the coming dawn, slowly dispels the utter blackness of the night, the street-lamps feebly shine and no sound is heard save the chiming clocks.

All the bustle is forgotten. How few appear in those streets which but a few hours ago were crowded with humanity! Those

who dare appear have changed their daily masks and try no longer to conceal their filth or misery. The broad streets, with their standard lamps glowing and the barred shop-fronts gleaming yellow and white the whole night through, retain, perhaps, something of their daytime glory. One can remember the crowds and the flocks of cars and buses scurrying on their way and hear at least an echo of the noise that was and soon will be.

But it is in the back-streets that the night seems blacker, denser and more menacing. Up the narrow lanes no lamp holds off the darkness, and the unpainted doors and windows with their squalid net curtains leer down. Here, behind those black house-fronts are scenes of revelry and drunkenness lasting into the morning, when the grey light forces its passage through the dusty panes into the filthy rooms.

And yet, these abodes of squalor will look almost prim when the lights go out and day crawls in. These narrow streets will open wide to the throngs of noisy people, and with the dawn, life will start afresh.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

“All things recede into Mystery.”—*Augustine*.

And once the time came true,
Silent upon the lonely snow mist,
The pulsation of an artery
Flickered the infinite to bring
The real to the shadow of created things.
And the doors which closed us in the doors
Burst in the brilliance of perception.
Light grew within the legendary isle
Far, far, receding into light
And the Phoenix transfixed in the summit
Of lovely blueness stopped for a moment,
Moment.

And then the thunder,
Exploding, and exploding, and exploding
Blackened the view with falling
To where we were;
And so we wandered down the vaulted cave.

Ah weary—worn sunflowers,
Searching the climb of the sun
Out of the cloister,
And the droop of the moon flower
Long fixed in the measure twixt the chain and the
Copulation and death, [chain,
Dead-knock and stop.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

Congratulations to A. H. R. Martindale (1946-51) on his marriage; to D. M. V. Blee (1945-49) and A. C. Hornsby (1947-52) on their engagements; and to the wife of D. G. S. Hayes on the birth of a second daughter, and of H. Kleeman (1940-45) on the birth of a son.

One of the oldest Old Grantites, H. Castle Smith (1890-95), recently visited the house; not least among his distinctions is that he fought in the Boer War.

C. I. A. Beale (1937-41) is Agricultural Officer with the Bank of New South Wales in Sydney, the father of two sons, and writes to send his regards to his contemporaries Up Grants.

R. R. Davies (1945-49) is now working with Cubbitt's as he prepares to take his final C.A. examination.

R. N. Mackay (1945-50) has returned from Canada and is engaged in Advertising in this country.

S. G. Croft (1946-51) is to be found at the Mermaid Theatre.

I. J. Fulton (1947-53), after Oxford, is preparing for a legal career.

D. M. Lloyd-Jones (1948-53) has been working with the Covent Garden Opera Company.

C. R. Hayes (1948-53) is still in the Hotel business, in Brighton.

M. G. Drake (1949-53), after Oxford, is entering the business world.

J. U. Salvi (1950-55), after serving his apprenticeship in France in the wine trade, is, at least temporarily, in this country again.

F. A. Warholm (1951-54) has been teaching at a Prep. School.

M. C. M. Frances (1952-56) called in on his way between Chile and the U.S.A. via Rome. He intends to go to an American University.

R. M. Jones (1952-58) has gone up to New College.

D. B. Inglis (1953-56) has recently started at O.C.T.U.

R. J. Abbott (1953-58) is at the Dundee end of St. Andrew's University.

F. R. Lucas (1953-57) and N. R. P. Heaton (1953-58) are up at Christ Church.

T. C. Harrs (1955-56, then Liddell's) is taking a Scottish Diploma of Agriculture at Edinburgh University.

P. S. Weld, who was Up Grants' for a term in 1955 on an exchange from Milton Academy, U.S.A., visited the house while passing through London on passage to India.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Members of the Old Grantite Club might like to note that 1960 being the School's quater-centenary year, the Head Master has kindly given permission for the Club to hold its Annual Dinner in College Hall. The date provisionally arranged is Thursday, the 21st April, 1960, and it is hoped that all Old Grantites will kindly make a note of the date.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Both the Housemaster and the Honorary Secretary of the Old Grantite Club spend many wearisome hours tracing Old Grantites who have moved from their former addresses without notifying either of them, and very often without leaving behind in their former addresses any note of their present whereabouts. It would be a great kindness if any Old Grantite who is moving his address would be so good as to send a postcard to the Honorary Secretary at 2, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1. By so doing he would save endless trouble.