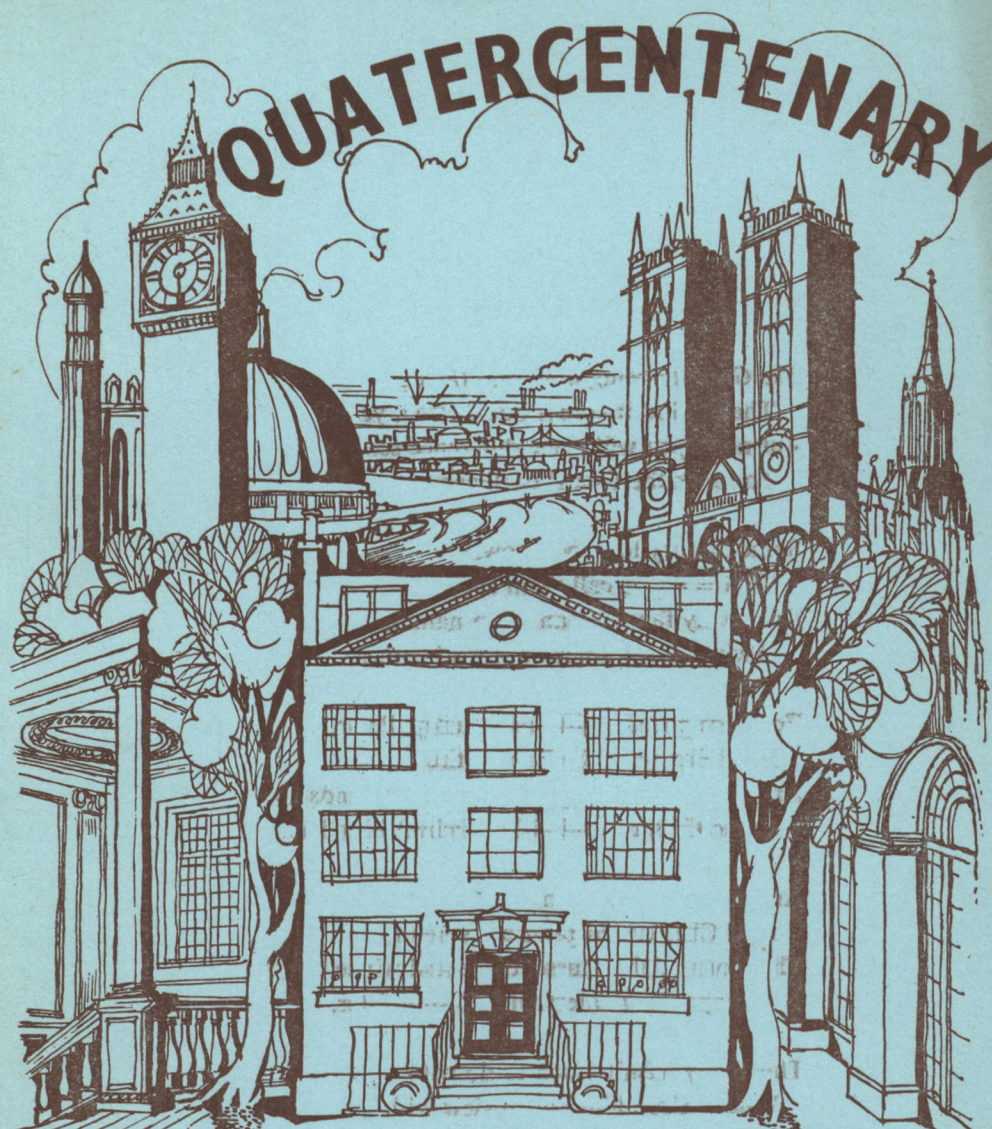


WS/HOU/3/4/1/23/10

QUATERCENTENARY



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

PROLOGUE

The Grantite being drab and drear,
Thank God it comes but thrice a year.
But now, you will some difference see,
To mark the Quatr' centenary.

Some literary lines we show,
That is if you call them so,
And many famous names on names,
'Twixt horrid notes on horrid games.

For here paced Swift, and Harley, Prior,
Lord Fanny of the Pope satire
And, where Earl Keppel's fame commands us
Came Gielgud and ah!—Michael Flanders.

And when Cowper'd harped his muse,
And Chesterfield pour'd his news,
The Young John Russel came and winced here
Perhaps the greatest Old Westmin'ster.

This really hasn't much to do with
What we're filling this review with
So the rest we'll put much simpler by,
—Et ceteri et ceteri.

INDEX

PROLOGUE	<i>J. Jeal and Plum</i>	<i>Cover II</i>
EDITORIAL	<i>J. T. W.</i>	2
HOUSE NOTES	4
HOUSE DIARY	<i>J. A. B. H.</i>	5
CAB STALL	<i>C. R. McNeil</i>	7
AQUILA REBOATUR	<i>F. M. B. Rugman</i>	8
BERGEINSAMKEIT	<i>N. Halsted</i>	9
IN 1970	<i>G. B. Chichester</i>	11
EPSTEIN FOR WESTMINSTER	<i>J. A. B. Heard</i>	12

POETS' CORNER:

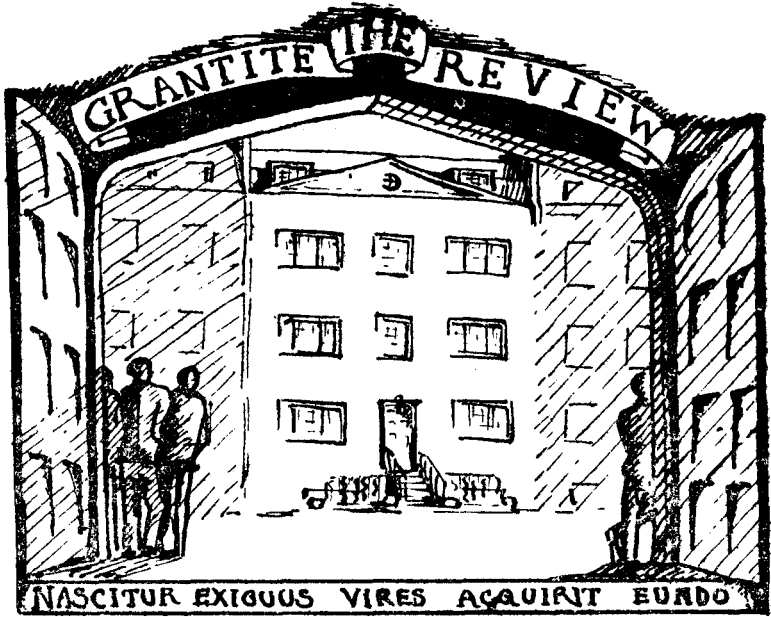
LINES TO MELANCHOLY	<i>Northumbrianus</i>	12
FROM "ROOT OF ETERNITY"	<i>P. J. B. Latey</i>	13
ST. JAMES' PARK, The First Day of Summer	<i>J. T. Wylde</i>	13

FROM THE GRANTITE:

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG	<i>J. D. Carleton</i>	14
GRANT'S II	<i>Lawrence Tanner</i>	17
THE BURNING OF PARLIAMENT	<i>Clayton (1834)</i>	18
GRANTS AND THE WAR	<i>Michael Flanders</i>	19
A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT	<i>Oxoniensis</i>	21
THE LID OFF LIT. SOC.	<i>Michael Flanders</i>	21
EVACUATION	<i>F. Noel Baker</i>	22
FROM ONE LANCER TO ANOTHER .	<i>W. van Straubenzee</i>	23
LITTLE OLD DEAN'S YARD	<i>Michael Flanders</i>	24

THE CHRONICLE:

JUN. LIT. SOC.	25
MUSIC	26
ATHLETICS	26
CRICKET	27
FENCING	27
SHOOTING	28
THE WATER	28
OLD GRANTITE CLUB DINNER	30



ELECTION TERM, 1960

Volume XXII. No. 10

239th Edition

EDITORIAL

The news that the Queen is not visiting the School during the Quater-Centenary term may be disappointing for some. They think it a trifle unexciting that other, often minor Public Schools, should have the publicity of a royal visit and Westminster at a vital moment should be neglected.

Westminster, after all, has no small connection with royalty. Before we were even re-founded, the school was an integral part of an ecclesiastical institution firmly linked to the throne. If our benefactors contain merchants and commoners our prime benefactor was not, as at Rugby, a business man, but a monarch. Since when the Queen's scholars as part of the collegium have had a part in the coronation and though the Archbishop might, in temporary forgetfulness enquire "What are these people" they still seem capable of managing royal footstools. Our Head Masters, to think of Busby and Vincent have usually been wholeheartedly loyal, even when the boys were not. Nor have the most significant alumni of the School played any minor role in supporting the crown at difficult times. One thinks of Dryden, satirical but loyal, of the toriyism of Southey, or the Generals of the Napoleonic era. For this we fully deserve the many royal visits we have had in the past.

Yet if Westminster has, like any other institution of note, an element of loyal conservatism, neither the rigorous discipline of its administration nor its intimacy with the Abbey ever covered its fundamental tendency towards liberalism and whiggery. In its aristocratic phase it was always to the great Whigs rather than the small Tory gentry that Westminster appealed, and the Whigs were only loyal as far as their principles and their business allowed. It is significant that their two most daring exponents should have both been Old Westminsters, Locke who put forward the idea of rational contract in government which directly attacked the basis of the royalist outlook, and, when Halifax, Newcastle, Rotheringham had reached the top of the greasy pole, Lord John Russell, who worked out part of Whig doctrine to its conclusion with the Reform Bills.

With the disappearance of the party, after Russell, the School was all but extinguished, but the tendency for opposition to move from Whig to Liberal and Radical, was marked in the School, by the subtle changing of the Whig element into the Liberal, intellectual sophisticated element which was, perhaps, its legacy. We still breed, if nothing else, the cultured, critical, intellectual provided by actors, writers and professional men, not aristocrats.

Small wonder, then, that the monarchy has always been suspicious of Westminster. Busby would not even take his hat off to the King. George III, livid that Westminster had won the boat-race against Eton, slammed his carriage door and pulled the blinds. What could the establishment say when some years later Westminster rioted in favour of the French Revolution? So in our own day, Montgomery, perhaps a chip off the die-hard block himself, exclaimed, "Westminster?—a good school, but not the best."

In this case far from being disappointed at not having the Queen at the Latin play, for this term at least, we should think it extraordinary that the successor of a Hanoverian who understandably ruined the School should now like her namesake be patronising it with funds. Even a visit by the Duke of Gloucester might have been unthinkable in 1820.

Luckily also the *Grantite* has taken its duties for the Quatercentenary equally seriously, in its much humbler capacity. True the Old Grantite, the legendary club bore, puffing gruffly in his armchair between writing to the *Telegraph* about his reminiscences of India, is not going to be woken up by a fan-fare of literary virtuosity. He will not as yet see the new cover which must come, or a revival of the old letters signed *Oxonienis* and *Cantabrigiensis* he had to write himself when he went up. He will not, alas, hear that Chiswicks has been given a new room with customary panelling, that the use of "muzz" and "fuzz" has come back up Grant's, that the *Grantite* has begun walking on the common's terrace before breakfast as he used to, nor will he hear that Westminster has gone back to the Top Hat. We wish he could.

In a less glamorous way, however, we have reprinted a small collection of pieces by eminent Grantites, most still living, done for the *Grantite* when they were still in or attached to the House. The subject is mainly Grant's and the point of the edited series is to give a brief sketch of the house and school at the most important parts of their history. It is by no means an adequate history of the house, so many people have written on it (a history is being written at this moment) and so few would want to hear it that it would be absurd.

All the same we start off with a long interview with the Head Master, taken after Lit. Soc. when he was still house tutor. Part is in his own words. This is followed by a piece from Lawrence Tanner, the historian, when he was Editor of the *Grantite*, to cover the period 1800-1850, then a piece by Michael Flanders on the first World War, followed by one or two other passages out of the volumes he wrote, a notice or two of the O.G.G.S. of the twenties, an article on our exile at Lancing by Francis Noel-Baker, M.P., and one by van Straubenzee, one of our Young Conservatives. We end with another creation of Flanders which illustrates the position of Westminster, in our own time. The articles are worth re-reading, either because they have historical or literary interest or no interest whatsoever.

It is hoped that this with the normal batch of facetious articles from the house (of which we had so many contributed, many of them creditable efforts, that we apologise for not representing them all in this edition) will focus our minds on what we should all be conscious of. (What a jolly good thing it was we were put down for Grant's and not any of the other places). It is in fact our offering for the Quatercentenary term.

One final warning, please could those contributors and Old Boys mentioned not reply saying they never wrote anything of the sort, because they did, and will people not complain that their articles are printed wrong because they are, and won't be changed.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: N. M. W. Anderson
D. J. Walton
C. K. Channer
K. J. C. Groome

We welcome this term: D. Brand
E. V. K. Fitzgerald
A. C. T. Mac Keith
J. H. C. Proudfoot

Congratulations to: P. C. S. Medawar on his Pinks for
 Athletics.
 and to: M. B. McC. Brown on his Pink and Whites
 for Athletics.
 and to: J. D. Seddon on his Pink and Whites for
 Football and Seniors for Athletics.
 and to: M. C. C. Heaton on his Thirds for Fives.
 and to: A. S. G. Boyd on his Thirds and Seniors
 for Shooting.
 and to: C. E. Manderson on his Seniors for
 Athletics.
 and to: A. S. G. Boyd and S. C. Pollitzer on their
 Seniors for Fencing.
 and to: G. R. S. Congreve on his Seniors for
 Squash.
 and to: C. D. Gale on his Seniors for Shooting.
 and to: P. J. Bottomley on his Juniors for Football
 and Athletics.
 and to: A. D. R. Abdela and C. R. McNeil on
 their Juniors for Athletics.
 and to: R. A. Summerfield on his Juniors for
 Football.

* * * * *

P. C. S. Medawar is Head of House.
 The Monitors are: J. K. Ledlie, G. R. S. Congreve, M. G.
 Hornsby, R. V. Aston and M. B. McC. Brown.

* * * * *

J. T. Wylde is Head of Chiswicks.
 The Chiswickits are: M. A. Hall, N. Halsted, E. R. Espenhahn,
 P. J. B. Latey and M. C. Norbury.

* * * * *

Head of Hall is A. Pain.
 The Hall Monitors are P. J. Bottomley.
 R. A. Summerfield and F. S. Constable.

* * * * *

J. T. Wylde was awarded a demyship in history at Magdalen
 College, Oxford.

HOUSE DIARY

"You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?" No, it seems
 not. Now we have a copper Phoenix rising up from School to
 remind us of our past. Opinions vary as to its nature, but you can
 be assured that Mr. Michael Murray's creation will not turn green
 nor does it foretell the weather. However Liddell's tree remains a
 faithful symbol of Westminster's learning for most of us. Each

term we find it still flourishing, much to our relief, and we even listen in our beds for that imaginary brown owl which, as a recent Head of House has maintained, nestles there.

Those of us in studies always tend to disregard the Juniors, and I heard someone exclaiming, "It seems that none have heard of Jerome K. Jerome these days"; and he quoted "It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty to do." Perhaps we are right for now we hear "Brecht is echt, but Heine is finer." Let me admit that not all of us wear grey suits and short hair, studiously worrying over our studies. What has then become of the Romantics? Just this—the renewed fervour in the pre-Raphaelites, which brought us back to the smell of lilies and joss-sticks, hot drawing rooms, and "over ripe" illustrations from the *Yellow Book*, was succeeded by coffee mornings run by Chiswicks. This term the maitre de l'Hotel has been elevated and this habit no longer continues. This does not mean that the "Hons and Rebels" have disappeared. Meanwhile Modern Art arrived in Hall and interesting, primitive, Sgraffiti were observed on the dirty windows of Hall. This term has not yet advanced enough for the London slime to provide vast virgin canvasses for our Juniors.

There has been, as you may know, a wedding in the Abbey and Studyites even sold piles of old newspapers to buy tickets for it—but I fancy most succumbed to desecrating St. Margaret's Churchyard with a soapbox. We hear that Americans might be interested in "Precincts Passes," but I hasten to add these are not transferable.

This term is full of exciting events such as the Latin Play, the Inspection and various other celebrations but the most frightening task awaiting us is living an ordinary life behind the magnificently prepared façade. Rumours have it that the Housemaster is to have a new car for the occasion. Will it be a Citroën, asked a Modern linguist. This was the only touch of "French fortnight" that we noticed here.

The Underground Lobby of Grant's has been painted in healthy, hospital grey and white. At least before it did not pretend to be above ground.

Talking of the Race that long in darkness pined . . . the Grantite who had a fine picture of Jung in his study has changed it for one of Freud or as Adam Sedgewick aptly put it

Jung
Really ought to be hung,
He thinks Freud
Was a pseud.*

We look forward to the Quatercentenary celebrations with all the enthusiasm of the Head Master. Great preparations are being made for the Four-Centuries Ball, the "Commem" Service and the Inspection.

* Our apologies to the *College Street Clarion*.

THE CAB STALL

For as long as any of the most senior boys in the house can remember, the cab stall has stood behind the batch of phone boxes at the junction of Victoria Street and Tothill Street.

Every day of the week, except Sundays, and in all weather it is open for business from early in the morning till late at night.

Behind the counter, the stout Cockney proprietor stands all day, serving tea and giving orders for cheese and pickle crusties to his hard working assistants in the back. There are many slang phrases for things but he just calmly translates them into Queen's English and repeats it to the assistant. For example, quite often you will hear a Westminster boy come up to the stall and say, "Two cheese and pickle crusties please, and make 'em walk." He would just turn round and say, "Two crusty, cheese and pickle rolls to take away."

The proprietor is very proud of his stall and his customers. Pinned to the back wall of the stall are two pictures. One, I think, of himself, taken about twenty years ago, stripped to the waist with his fists up. The other is of a very fat Eastern gentleman wearing a fez and a pair of dark glasses. I think it is meant to be King Farouk, but even with the steaming mug of tea in his hand it does not look very convincing. Even so, I am sure he has met quite a few famous people in his time.

Indeed this small red stall on wheels, with its green awning, and the pigeons strutting around in front, not a stone's throw from the Houses of Parliament and right at the door of the Abbey is a hive of activity.

Most of the customers are cab drivers and there are usually two or three there, sipping tea or eating a fruit pie. These are nearly as popular as the cheese and pickle crusties, or so it seems. In the front of the glass food-case is displayed a football pool coupon. This belongs to a syndicate of cab drivers who one day hope to win £75,000.

The only other regular customer that I ever see, barring Westminster boys and pigeons, is an old tramp with a long grey beard, who is forever dropping his money and asking people to pick it up. He is usually to be seen in the break.

At this time in the day the school contingent is made up mainly of fags and it is not uncommon to see a boy staggering away under a load of seven or eight crusties. I myself have never had to get more than four.

My main objection is getting there, as this involves crossing a road with traffic coming from five different directions. However, it has been crossed hundreds of times in the past and it will probably be crossed many more times in the future.

AQUILA REBOATUR

There was once an eagle which unexpectedly laid a golden egg, and, being a bird of prey which traditionally lived by brawn and savage expertise, its embarrassment was acute. "Geese," it would repeat to itself as it flew between the mighty crags which surrounded its mountain fastness, "are stupid creatures who gravel in gaggles. They may with impunity lay golden eggs. But I, even though I am a golden eagle, would not stoop to such a base denial of my proper status as monarch of the upper air. A goose is a chattel of man and a chattel may give rise to greed and foul deeds, but what would become of me if I were to get involved in high, and low, finance?" In such a frame of mind the eagle would return to its nest perplexed and ill at ease and stand for a time gazing at the offending egg. At first it hoped that it would go bad, but it did not, and remained immutable, as gold always does, through the months, the years, and the decades, until the eagle died, and then it lay alone, century upon century, perched high up among the desolate rocks of its distant abode.

It rested thus without disturbance while men peopled the world outside and their cities crept nearer to the foot of the massif which guarded the golden secret.

Then, when man had finally and definitely arrived and mountaineers were already beginning to scale the outer peaks, an earthquake occurred. Shaken from its age old home the egg tumbled into the valley below, leapt high in the air as a new shock struck the heights and ran bouncing and spinning down the cleft into the plain, over the level ground into the suburbs, past the villas of the rich, through the slums of the poor, round the botanic gardens, down the triumphal avenue dedicated to the president of the republic, over the tomb of the unknown warrior, and finally came to rest at the foot of the ornamental fountain which formed the centrepiece to the Square of Victory.

When the earthquake finally stopped the inhabitants picked themselves up, inspected their surroundings, discovered no damage, a fact which they attributed to the remarkable abilities of the municipal architects appointed by their Sagacious, Much-Loved, Benevolent, Just, Universally Victorious, Unimpeachable and wholly Instructive Protector, whose presidential palace fronted on the Square of Victory, opposite the triumphal avenue, and when all had been reassured, continued life where it had been left off at the initial tremor.

The first man to pass by the ornamental fountain saw the egg glistening in the sun and cried with surprise, "a golden egg!", which brought many people running towards him thinking that he was an insane would-be assassin. Some of the guards who had been standing at the gate of the palace were the first to arrive and when they too saw the egg they were aghast and drew back and the others, who had meantime arrived, also retreated. "It may be a bomb,"

voiced an anonymous opinion which soon became general, but a mine detector, quickly brought, gave the lie to that. "Then it must belong to our wholly Instructive Protector who alone must be allowed to touch it," continued the same opinion.

In due course the Protector appeared, acclaimed on all sides by the populace who had assembled to witness the impromptu ceremony at the bidding of his equally instructive public communications system: "As he paraded round the fountain he was seen talking amiably to his aides de camp. The egg proved something of an anticlimax," wrote the official reporter of unrehearsed occasions in the official paragraph for such events, on the official page of the official daily newspaper the next day. When the Protector, who numbered among his innumerable educational accomplishments the knowledge thought necessary for amateur ornithologists, came to the egg he saw at once that it was an eagle's egg. He was, naturally, perturbed, for it was common knowledge that primeval folk legend stipulated that geese laid golden eggs and that eagles were birds of prey and did not. He personally was of the opinion that knowledge was the key to perfection and that perfection was the aim of man. He turned from the egg with a look of disgust mingled with the proper measure of disappointment. "It is not," he said in an amiable way to his chief aid de camp, "what it might be thought to be. Let it be placed in the museum of fabrications, in the section associated with folk law."

The official report continued on the morrow, "As is now common knowledge the egg conforms in size, shape, and weight to that of an eagle. It may now be seen by all whose interests have been led in that direction in the appropriate museum, where it serves to illustrate the maxim so favoured by our S, M-L, B, J, UV, Unimp, and wholly Instructive Protector that 'All that glitters is NOT gold,' which, incidentally, he has ordained the great thought for today." So passed the moment, which had been so long awaited, when men found, and graciously rose above, the accoutrements of a long dead eagle's embarrassment. And it was with pride aroused at the contemplation of true understanding that those who passed by the ornamental fountain read the inscription which contained the Proctor's immortal motto:

"The Truth, not the Lie—The Thought, not the Deed."

BERGEINSAMKEIT ?

The tall green mountains rose up on either side, and shimmered gold and silver in the sweltering heat of the day. It was one of the hottest days of the summer, a drought had already begun to show its effect on the country; the sky was cloudless, and the ground was dry.

In the distance the mountains seemed to merge into one solid mass, but such was the mist that they appeared hardly visible. I could just about discern the peak of the tallest, which was my journey's aim, but even that seemed to stand in the background, and my heart sank deep as I saw the immense distance to be covered: nevertheless I strode onwards.

The grass around, through lack of moisture was already turning yellow, and higher up I saw that there was no longer any vegetation, but just scattered loose rocks. The path was extremely trampled down and was so dry that clouds of dust flew up behind me. There was not a soul to be seen; I stood there alone in a vast expanse of echoing hills.

My walk was not accompanied by the cheerful song of the birds as I was so accustomed, because here there were none. The occasional butterfly flew past, creating the spectacle of a vivid red against the richness of the blue in the sky. Very soon I came to a stream, whose rushing I had heard from afar off, and beside it stood the ruins of a house, the only remains of which were the grey stone walls; the heat was so overpowering that after refreshing my thirst in the welcome coolness of the water, I lay down in the shade of the ruins and admired the beauty of the surrounding country.

I had not much time to lose, however, for I had to be back by nightfall, and so I soon found myself once more treading the already beaten path. Nevertheless it soon became fainter and fainter until it was often very difficult to discover which direction it really took. I was very thankful to those kind predecessors who had with good purpose marked the direction to the mountain with piles of stones, but these man-made objects rather took away some of the charm of the untouched, unspoilt and natural landscape which I had found so faultless.

I started to climb. It was no case of just a hard walk, for I had to go on all fours, holding on to anything with my hands while the dry rubble crumbled and slid away under my feet. Sometimes I would feel myself slipping down when I would seize with all my might anything which looked firm and solid enough to support my weight. It was a frightening experience. I had completely lost all trace of the path although I was told there was one. I climbed on and on, endlessly covering as it seemed to me almost no distance, until I found a tiny patch of flat ground which turned out to be a large boulder with a levelled top on which I took the occasion to rest a while. I looked down from where I had reached and saw to my horror a sheer drop right down to the bottom of the valley, almost as far as I could see.

Once more I plucked up courage, and after my short rest I now felt capable of attaining the summit without any further stops. The slope was still just as steep and just as hazardous; I slipped several more times, but each time I pressed my body as tightly as possible against the dusty ground and groped wildly, with both my

feet and my hands until I secured a grip, when I would begin climbing again, but always a little more disheartened. It was no easy route.

Very soon I saw that I had very little further to go and I made sure that I did not slip again, climbing steadily and safely. How happy I was when at last I reached the highest ledge leading to the actual peak by a gentle incline! What a view I had standing there, higher than any of the surrounding peaks! And how proud I was to see that path, every inch of the way I had just trodden, twisting and turning amongst the rocks lying behind me!

I turned towards the highest point of the mountain, a beam of satisfaction and happiness glowing on my face, when all of a sudden my heart sank in the most indescribable way, my expression changed to that of the utmost disappointment, and I felt suddenly so depressed as if my whole journey had been in vain—what was to greet my eyes at that time of supreme joy, at that time of an inner sense of conquest, and at that time of blissful solitude but a cream and green painted “café” surrounded by crowds of people, a railway and a sign saying:

“ WELCOME TO SNOWDON.”

1970

Have you seen those advertisements of some oil company? “ This is Mrs. 1970,” they proclaim, “ complete warmth and comfort with oil-heating, is hers.” But when 1970 comes up will the nations of the world be much more developed scientifically and economically as these advertisements say the oil heating in your house will be?

Will all this space exploration do any good? Will the summit conferences do anything to relieve the present political situation? There is a remote possibility that there won't be any 1970. The present development of nuclear bombs and guided missiles is such that the whole population of the world can be obliterated in a matter of hours. But this possibility is extremely remote, indeed; since all men would be frightened to press the button that would lead to the extinction of the human race.

The main problem that will loom up for the big powers in the future, is Red China under the leadership of Mao tse-tsung and Chou en-lai. The population of China is expanding rapidly and with it go the ideas, plans and schemes of the odd three million party members in China who control the populace.

Soon perhaps they will fix their eyes on all the many south-east Asian states, then perhaps they will overrun India and Pakistan. Then perhaps they will turn to the north and set off the biggest war man could ever see. The U.S.S.R. versus Red China. The result of that would be extremely doubtful.

And what would the nations of the West, England, France, West Germany and America for example, be doing while all this conjecture is happening? Would our policy be controlled by America

as it is now ? If America did control our policy, what would it be ? Would America let the two Communist blocs fight it out between themselves and then move in on the remains ? Or would the West become the allies of either China or Russia and help whoever it might side with to win the war ? Or would it ally with the victor ?

Then again Russia might drop nuclear bombs on China, obliterate the Chinese, and then turn on us. Or perhaps China might have missiles and the bomb. If that happened Russia and China would probably destroy each other. And then the West would start bickering.

What is needed is one country, preferably a westernised one, to conquer and control the whole land mass of the Earth, for about four or five centuries, like Rome. In that time Science could take tremendous steps, and political equilibrium could be attained.

EPSTEIN FOR WESTMINSTER

We think of perspective as a device of the two dimensional arts but it is most important for the sculptor to design with a reference to sight and " picture space." At St. Paul's, Christ in Majesty, one of Epstein's later works, has been placed high on the blank, red brick wall of the North transept. This plaster maquette is much happier than the aluminium original in Llandaff.

Today we have four modern sculptors as representative of the contemporary styles. All these four, Rodin, Epstein, Lipchitz and Moore have been cleverly shown off to the public. Moore statuary is placed on barren mews, Rodin is to be seen in many European parks, and Lipchitz has been erected on the summits of mountains. Epstein has an over life size quality, slightly reminiscent of Rodin, which is the result of the roughness of handling. Intrinsic analogies as there may be between sculpture, architecture, and religious movements, Epstein's work needs contrast. At his best he will always need a contrasting power to compete with, and the blank wall at St. Paul's fulfils this admirably. He needs the nobility of Selby or the unreality of St. Paul's. But we already have an Epstein at Westminster—and this does not harmonise with its surroundings. It refuses to share the power of the 13th century Gothic with the 18th century statuary. It would not be ideal for Westminster for it would destroy both the aesthetic and religious feeling of the Abbey.

LINES TO MELANCHOLY

All is woe indeed!
Ah, how I stand alone.
And where my footsteps lead—
Is to Death alone.

ROOT OF ETERNITY

Old seed of Pythagoras' chain
Now comes Melchizedec the great.
His power, though latent, in the key is hid,
Which can and will, when once displayed,
Through th' unlocked door, the heavens bid
To issue forth.

See thy lucre grow and gain,
See thine ages wax and wane;
The glass is light—but in reflection
There you see yourself.

But yet, Melchizedec, what are your powers
Above these fools who worship naught but hours ?
Who knows not birth—as thou—
Has lived since time began,
And seen those sands that slow and faster ran!
His strength forgotten, do you think
Within the space between the link:
Upended and suspended in a piercing chill,
When all is tortured, aching, void, and still ?

Soft blows the wind of time's forgetfulness;
Too short the moving souls regretfulness,
As thus his memory sleeps.

ST. JAMES'S PARK, The First Day of Summer

And this is the moment of the year
All things have met
And the young are dressed like dragonflies
Under a green lime.

The old folk flat on the green
And the green is against yellow
And the tulip is
Immaculate velveteen.

They are all dressed in wrappers
Round this pond.
There are more dressed in paper
Under the vast marquee.

See how the picnickers are laughing,
The boiled egg is, yes, laughing
And the ice cream carton
Perfectly striped
Dances the *Evening Standard* near and far
'Neath a pink parasol.

So was it when the world—
Blimey there's a policeman
Feeding a pelican on chips—
Was young—oh, this is too ridiculous—

There's Stanley Spencer
Lying on the top of the tree
With only his braces on
Throwing up apple cores
Ha, ha—I dunno.

And yet it's all so still
Under the long slow clouds.
And the fixed sun,
Sampling the tea.

“WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG”
or “The House Grows Up”
(*Grant's 1500-1800*)

“If you trace its history back far enough,” said the House Tutor, relighting his pipe for the fourteenth time, “if you only go back far enough you will find that its history is lost in the obscurity of the middle ages.”

The editor eyed him dubiously for a moment or two. “So what?” he said at last.

The House Tutor ignored the interruption. “Just because you fellows live in an up-to-date modernised house,” he continued, “you think that its history begins when you set foot inside it and that nothing which you can't remember is worth recording. You're wrong, though, of course. History ends where memory begins and if you suppose that—well anyhow Grant's was not built in a day.”

“Busby's was,” murmured the editor, “at least in about ten days. But the Middle Ages, you were just going to get lost in them,” he added helpfully.

“Of course. As I was saying, at about that time when the Middle Ages were emerging from their own obscurity, that is at about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the space now occupied by the three houses on the south side of Yard was covered with a great House whose original owner seems to have been one Sir Henry Vaughan, who held it on a lease from the Abbot and Monastery of Westminster. “Vaughan's house,” as it came to be

called, was a pleasant, rambling building, with a courtyard in front, and a garden behind bounded by the old monastic wall (still to be seen), on the other side of which ran the Abbey millstream. Its front windows looked over—well I needn't describe the view from the front windows of Grant's to you; but you would hardly recognise the view from the back. From the window of Inner you no longer look out over a mile of fields across the river to the Surrey Hills. It was a large house (there is a mention of "a great staircase in a great turret" in it), and in 1549 the Lord Protector Somerset cast a covetous eye upon it. The Dean and Chapter, who it is alleged had just countered a proposal to pull down the Abbey to provide stone for building Somerset House, were ready with their answer. They said that it had become a prebendal residence and therefore could not be alienated, and the plea was successful. But before the end of the century it had again become a private residence and at the beginning of the next century it passed by inheritance into the hands of an old Westminster, Dudley Carleton, afterwards Viscount Dorchester.

"Carleton after being mixed up in the Gunpowder Plot (he had negotiated, quite innocently as it turned out, the transfer of the fateful cellar to the conspirators), lived to become one of the leading diplomats of his day. He largely remodelled Vaughan's house, and added a banqueting hall to it and a gateway opening on to the narrow passage-way which led from the entrance of Yard to the School.

"After his death his widow continued to live there, and during the Civil War it was occupied by one of the parliamentary generals. Then, early in the 18th century, it came into the possession of Dr. Robert Friend*, the Head Master of the time who turned it into two large and 'very airy' boarding houses to receive, 'about 80 sons of the nobility and gentry.' To one of these, Mrs. Beresford's, came Edward Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, who has recorded that in the Sacheverell riots in 1709 the mob came and broke Mrs. Beresford's windows and threatened to tear down her house, with the result that the boys were suddenly sent home†. Yet another part of Vaughan's house 'up one pair of stairs between the staircase and the dormitory' was turned into lodgings for the under-master in 1732.

"Then in 1751 a familiar name appears, . The Mrs. Grant (the first of the three 'Mother Grants'), who makes her bow from the pages of the Rate-Books for that year, was the wife of a certain John Grant, who, so far as the house was concerned seems to have played merely a shadowy Albert to her Victoria. It is possible that she had already kept a boarding house elsewhere (the earliest mention of Grant's House against the names of boys in the school registers

* Who entertained there, Swift, Atterbury and Prior. (*L.E.T. 1908*).

† Another of her boarders was the celebrated John Lord Hornby, the "Lord-Fanny of the Epistles and Satires of Pope. (*L.E.T. 1908*).

occurs in 1745) and even in 1744 her services to Westminster had already begun, since her son Richard, later to preside over Grant's in her stead had been born in that year. Richard Grant rivals Dean Vincent in length of service to the school. He entered the house in 1750 at the age of six; in 1757 he was elected to College; in 1762 he was captain, and, after the briefest of careers at Trinity College, Cambridge, returned to Westminster as an Usher in 1764 and remained there for the next 44 years of his life.

“ It is unfortunate that we have the names of few early Grantites. Arthur Chichester, 1st Marquess of Donegal entered the house in 1748, and a year later came Charles Agar, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin and Earl of Normanton, who amassed an enormous fortune in Ireland and completed the destruction of the magnificent old cathedral on the Rock of Carshiel. But from 1752 to 1815 the custom of noting the house to which a boy went against his name in the Admission Books was discontinued and it is only occasionally that a casual reference will supply the missing information. Gerrard Andrews, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, was perhaps Usher of Grant's, the 18th century equivalent of a house-tutor, for there exists a letter addressed to him in 1775 at “ Mrs. Grant's, Little Dean's Yd.” As a boy he had been in College, and had stood by the Tomb of King Richard II in the Abbey while another King's Scholar put his hand through a hole in the stonework and fished out the jawbone of the King. Andrews thrashed the boy, but kept the jawbone and it was not till 1906 that it was restored to the tomb by his descendants.

“ In 1787 Mrs. Grant went to her well earned rest and was buried in the North Cloister. Her House had not, perhaps, been one of the most fashionable; the ‘ Quality ’ children mostly went to Mrs. Watts' next door, and probably not many early Grantites arrived like Cowper's* friends the Bagot boys, who used to ride from Staffordshire at the beginning of each term, preceded by a servant blowing a horn. But Grant's prospered under her rule and we could wish we knew more about the house in her time. Even its appearance is a matter for conjecture. Jeremy Bentham has recorded his impression of Mores', as Mrs. Watts' house had become by 1755. He described it as a large rambling edifice containing a sort of irregular central spot ‘ with processes in the anatomical sense issuing from it in various directions,’ and as Grant's was another part of the original Vaughan's house we may imagine it as something similar. When Mrs. Grant died the old house was in its last days. In 1789 it was pulled down and Mr. Robert Furze, architect, of Berkeley Square, contracted to build three houses on the south side of Yard. One of them was the present Grant's and we may leave a former generation of Westminster's examining its brand new façade with a critical eye, much as we ourselves examined the exterior of Busby's last term.

* “ Mr. Sargeant is inclined to identify Grant's with Ludford's. If we are to identify Grant's with Ludford's we may claim Cowper among the illustrious alumni of the house.” (*L.E.T. 1908*).

“ It would be interesting to know the emotions of the members of the House who gathered in Yard in 1790 as the last scaffold-pole around the new Grant’s was struck and Mr. Robert Furze’s work was revealed in all its uncompromising freshness. ‘Hardly a work of consummate imagination,’ says Mr. Sargeaunt rather unkindly, referring to its external architecture, and even the most enthusiastic Grantite must admit that he is right. But the House is pleasant enough to look at, solid and unpretentious and typical of its class. It has at least restraint and dignity characteristic of the period in which it was built and, imaginative or not, it contrasts favourably with the fin-de-siecle pseudo-classicism of the re-built Rigaud’s next door.”

J. D. CARLETON (1936).

FROM “GRANT’S II”
(*Grant’s 1800-1846*)

When we come to the 19th century we find that much more has been preserved. In 1803 Lord John Russell was admitted a boarder “up-Grant’s” where he remained about a year, and kept a diary of his experiences. He speaks of having been a fag to Lord Tavistock, afterwards 7th Duke of Bedford. “Being in the upper school I at once became a fag and as such was directed by some of the boys of Grant’s boarding house to desire the glazier to mend a window which was broken. Two days afterwards, as the glazier had not appeared, the same boys asked me whether I had given him the order. When I said ‘Yes’ they replied, ‘Did you swear at him?’ I said ‘No.’ ‘Then go and swear at him.’” As Lord John remarks, telling the story some sixty years later, “For a little boy this was not a very good lesson.”

Another Grantite, Lord Albemarle, who was admitted in 1808 and boarded at “Mother Grant’s” as had done generations of Keppel’s before him, has left us a more detailed account of his fagging experiences. “I rose as the day broke, hurried on my clothes, brushed those of my master, went to the pump in Great Dean’s yard for hard water for his teeth and to the cistern at Mother Grant’s for soft water for his hands. . . .”

Such was fagging “up Grant’s” a hundred years ago—a hard life as Russell called it, but it was a splendid training; a fact proved in the Peninsular War, causing the Duke of Wellington to exclaim that “whenever he gave an order to an old Westminster he was sure of its being well carried out.”*

* “Keppel’s escapade which involved getting out of Grant’s after lockers and leaving a dummy in his bed was followed by instant expulsion. But Keppel’s high spirits remained irrepressible. Within a fortnight he had been gazetted Ensign with the 14th Foot and within three months was fighting at Waterloo, of which battle he lived to be one of the last survivors.” (*J.D.C. 1936*).

Some of the names of Lord Albemarle's Grantite contemporaries have come down to us: Charles Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury (1862-68) had been a Grantite before he was elected "head of College" and "chaired" as "liberty boy" round the bounds in 1808. At this time until Dr. Liddell the King's Scholars kept up their connection with their old boarding-houses by breakfasting there and Bishop Short of Adelaide remembered seventy years later how his own wretchedness as a fag "up-Grant's" had been alleviated by the kindness of Archbishop Longley, whose breakfast fag he was.

In 1813 Richard Grant was succeeded as housemaster by his son who bore the same names. Richard Grant II, as we may call him, seems to have been master of Grant's until his wife's death in 1837, when the house passed to his daughter Maria who had married a Dr. Frederick Dixon and lived at Worthing. The house was therefore entrusted to a resident Dame known as the "Black Sergeant." She was the last of the old time "Dames," but in spite of her intimidating sobriquet does not seem to have been a success; and together with other relics of the past was swept away by Liddell's reforming zeal when he became Headmaster in 1846.

LAWRENCE TANNER (1908).

THE BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (*Grant's in the Mid-19th Century*)

GRANT'S,
21st October, 1834.

My Dear Mama,

I now set down to address you. I want to write a long letter as I have nothing particular to do this evening. First of all I shall tell you all about the fire, what a dreadful catastrophe. It will be an everlasting misfortune and I am sure it will never go from my mind as long as I live. On Thursday evening as we were, as we call it, at Lisck, that is at tea, Farrar came running into our room telling us there was a great fire quite close. You may conceive my fright, I immediately ran into Farrar's room and looked out of the window, where such a sight was open to view as I shall never forget; the whole of Abingdon Street close to us appeared to me to be in a blaze but I soon heard it was the House of Lords that was on fire. When we first saw it we could see the lead pouring from the roofs, afterwards we heard an immense crash of some place falling in. I was looking at the fire all the evening. I went to bed and then I could not sleep, there was such a noise in College Street . . .

Saville, a King's Scholar, kicked the football over the railings of the green in which we play and as it fell among the crowd he got over to get it but they would not give him it. Therefore, what with the Town and King's Scholars there were all collected together and

tried to get the football. One of the people was stabbed in the arm by somebody or other. It isn't known who.

Dear Papa, I forgot that coffee was not included when I asked for tea; Maule has got half a pound of Souchong at — shillings per pound, a pound of coffee and some brown sugar, he does not drink white with his tea. . . .

I remain your devoted son,

CLAYTON

(Printed by permission of Lady Davson 1940).

“GRANT'S AND THE WAR”

(Grant's in World War I)

The Englishman, naturally, is a little puzzled when confronted with irreconcilable accounts of the part his country's Public Schools are playing in this war.

There are accusations against our defeatist cynicism, our splendid isolation, our armchair strategy even. And these accusations can gain support from evacuations, evacuations of men able, if not ready, to bear arms; from some of our smaller Public Schools too, whose advertisements in the *Telegraph* emphasise that they are “in a safe area and untouched by war conditions.”

Partly, we admit these faults, but they are almost entirely a reaction from the Englishman's failings up to the end of the last war—shoddy imperialism, blind support of superhuman leaders and such impatience to “get at 'em” that higher education for those who should have built on the peace was sacrificed to brass bands and medal ribbons.

We have perpetuated some of the ideas about war which we held at the end of the last war. The ordinary man now sees, more or less how essential it is to distinguish between our war aims and our peace aims. For if the peace aims are lost or distorted then the war aims dissolve into so much wasted life.

Apparently there has always been a section in the public schools who took the wider view. When the Boer War was declared the Editorial of the *Grantite* launched into a lamentable account of the Grantite in India. But at the same time the Grant's Debating Society is proposing: “That the cause of the Boers is justified.” It is not unpatriotic to discuss these things it is merely common sense to discuss them openly.

The attitude of the *Grantite* to the Great War is stereotyped and official right from 1914 up to 1917. Here is the list of old Grantites serving, picked out from the one the *Elizabethan* had compiled.” “* indicates that the corps is not officially recognised at the War Office”—“The following distinctions have been gained by old Grantites”—“It is with deep regret we have to record . . .”

But by Election, 1917, there is a change. "The exigencies of war have caused widespread changes in the immediate life of Westminster. With a few exceptions the school is in khaki . . ." An old Westminster returning to "Suts" will find that a war-bun and a few dry biscuits are all he can obtain . . . Grant's as do all the other houses, support a prisoner in Germany for the small sum of £18 a year."

The war is getting nearer, the *Grantite* is heroically if a little self-consciously, light hearted. "On our return to school it was soon apparent that the German Authorities had received information of our patriotic activities during the summe rholidays. "In this and the following term the School spent nearly forty-three hours in the air raid shelters. A shell fell through the roof of "Big School" an aerial torpedo fell behind the Choir School; both failed to explode—we could hardly expect such luck today.

By Election, 1918, Westminster is fully aware of the war, of its seriousness, of its wider implications. "It is with mixed feelings," says the Editorial, "that the House looks forward to the last day of this term. To the new boy it is a great day. . . . But to those who are leaving it is a sad day. But for the war we should, many of us, meet again at the Varsity, but now leave never seems to coincide." The suggestion by a correspondent that a war number of the *Grantite* should be produced is condemned by another because "in the first place there is a very serious shortage of paper and in the second place any such report would of necessity be incomplete if published before the end of the war."

This in Election, 1918. When the next *Grantite* appears the war is over. An Editorial headed "The Past and Future" concludes with these extracts—"The greatest war in history is all but at an end; after over four years of unparalleled effort. And what is the result? Out of all this turmoil, after all these sacrifices, a better world must emerge. Grandiose schemes are in the air. Statesmen talk of reconstruction, and idealists of an everlasting peace. Yet none of us, be he ever so humble, must fail to take his part. The future of the world is in the hands of the rising generation, and it must start now to prepare itself for the task."

The Public Schoolboy leant this lesson after four years of war. Gradually he ceased to think of war in terms of uniforms and distinctions and hats. He began to think of the wider aims of war; the Peace and a sincere conception of the evils we are fighting against.

It is perhaps because we have had these thoughts in mind when deciding what our war effort should be, that some of us have been accused of apathy. The English Public Schoolboy is genuinely afraid of being called a "hearty," who plays the game with the brave lads at our Empire's outposts."

He refuses to read Kipling, he despises the heroes of the last generation. But his patriotism is there and it is genuine. He is

merely obscuring his war effort and his love of country in case it, too, should be despised by his descendants.

MICHAEL FLANDERS (1940).

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT, 1900-1920

Our heartiest congratulations are due to A. J. Gielgud and I. G. S. Montague on getting non-resident scholarships in the recent Challenge exam.

Mr. A. C. Boulton has been distinguishing himself in the O.U.D.S. With a green band in his unruly locks he looks like a love-sick maiden, though the chorus seemed to entirely depend on him. After the first night of the *Frogs* he was noticed to have a very bad shin—the result, we believe, of trick-cycling near Hinckley.

OXONIENSIS (1909).

“THE LID OFF LIT. SOC.” (*Picture of the 30's up Grants*)

At last, at great danger, trouble and expense I have wormed myself into the midst of that fiendish branch of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and am able to describe the dreaded and fatal Lit. Soc.

On Thursday, at the earliest, the summons is sent out to members. This takes the form of an embossed card, scented delicately with bat oil, shaving soap, Ellimans, and, occasionally, tomato soup. Except for the symbolical fact that rats have unfortunately got at the edges, this appears harmless enough; but the legend inscribed thereon!

Take one:

“ Grant's House Literary Society.

The next

MEETING

will be held on Friday, 31st Feb., at

9 o'clock p.m.

when Tilly Tompkins, the Terror of Tanganyika

will be read.

To T. Crumpitt* has been assigned

Second-Housemaid's under assistant's nephew.”

On Friday, if you are lucky, you get a book. After prayers on Friday evening, the master in charge proffers his hand to the Head of House. It is spurned with a half contemptuous smirk; and so down the line; the Senior Hallite not in Lit. Soc. receiving the full force of the dozen or so handshakes saved up before him.

A hurried dash to wash. Then as you approach the room where the Seance is to be held, you remember that you have forgotten

* This name is entirely facetious.

your book. You run so fast to fetch it that you get back about five minutes before you started, and you find you are still brushing your hair (see Einstein).

Enough of this! Bandy words no longer! To Lit. Soc.! You enter and give the pass word: a mumbled "G'devening, Sir."

"Hot or cold or hot or cold?"

"Have some lemonade?" a toothy figure in a horse-hair scarf enquires in a gentle whisper, like unto the roaring of elephants through a megaphone.

"O thanks."

"THERE ISN'T ANY! HUAW! HUAR! HOOE HOO!"

Everywhere are littered plates of miniature cakes, sandwiches and biscuits. You see a pile of delicately tinted squares. When you have eaten about a dozen of them, someone politely asks if Alison may have her paints back now.

There is a rush to the sofa, you lose (of course). The toothy figure wins (equally naturally). The rule about beginning is that, if you have to start you must take at least twice as long as anyone else to find the place. If you expect a prologue there is none.

Horrors! it is your turn to speak.

"Your carriage awaits, sir."

You start with a horrible grating screech, and decide to stick to it as though it was intentional. Overcome by your triumph you sit back gracefully in your chair and admire the ceiling.

Half a dozen "Ooms" in a Devonshire burr and a few chatty confidences by the stereotyped flighty heroine, give way to a deadly silence.

Everybody laughs heartily and derisively, up their sleeves, into their handkerchiefs or any other convenient place (this is much more effective than an open laugh).

The rites may last from one to two hours. At the end the members depart, laughing heartily to each other, hurling abuse, and generally enjoying themselves. This hearty laughing forms an integral part of the whole ceremony.

In the words of the prophet Teroboarn:—The ceremony is dedicated to Hatta (the God of laughter) as much as to the muse of literature.

Peculiarly enough each member looks forward to the next week and the meeting of Lit. Soc.

MICHAEL FLANDERS (1938).

"EVACUATION"

(Grant's in World War II)

On Tuesday nothing but the ever-increasing rumours relieved the tension of the day; but at the end of break on Wednesday all Grantite boarders assembled in Hall and heard that we were leaving for Lancing College on the following morning.

Grant's were allotted a House room—soon known as Hall—the Monitors were very hospitably invited to share the House Captain's room and the Chiswickites were later even given studies.

On Thursday a number of day boys came down to a farm house owned by the College and about half-a-mile away from it. Beds for them were erected, and almost as hastily collapsed. In fact the great majority slept on mattresses on the floor. Since there was no electric light, illumination was provided by one hundred and eight candles hastily purchased for that purpose. Though the farm house contained an unusual number of rooms there was very little space by the time all the boys had been installed. Indeed every square inch of the place was filled by either boy, bed or candle.

We heard that before returning on the following Tuesday (October 9th) there would be a farewell concert in Great School. . . . There were two negro spirituals magnificently sung by a choir of Lancing boys, and some very hearty community singing.

F. NOEL-BAKER (1938).

FROM "FROM ONE LANCER TO ANOTHER"

Curdle and Murkey, bosom pals of the upper fourth at Lancing College, were propounding to one another, their various theories on Westminster life, habits and customs.

"Poor fish! Do you really imagine they brought that Burch all the way from London just to say prayers to? Not he! He is far too wrapped up in his Science."

"Utter idiot! I meant the cane in Great School that Busby refused to take off when the King came into the room."

"O that! You see they are so soft they can only be gently handed."

"I say," he began again when the danger was past, "did you know Westminster do sports?"

"Thought they could only run to Scholarships myself. By the way, did you go and watch their lamp-post football match when their junior master sold muffins?"

"No, I didn't actually, but I heard one of their crowd saying he was going to Poona. That may have had something to do with it."

"Fool! That's their name for Coventry."

(Here there was a long silence).

"They are in their Lent Term aren't they? Can't see why they can't call it Easter and be done with it."

"I expect its because its about the only thing we haven't lent them" said Murkey with grim humour.

"All I know is that they work hard in the General Election and rest in the play term."

"Gosh! They are a Queer Crowd."

W. VON STRAUBENZEE (1940).

“LITTLE OLD DEAN’S YD.”

(The Present Westminster)

Howd’y folks!

Still wandering round London in search of its elusive charm our next stop is St. Peter’s old college itself. Here, through the dim light of its monastic passages, Shakespeare and Chaucer strolled, chatting with boyish enthusiasm of high school topics, a baseball game perchance. Who knows?

And here we bump into a group of the Church’s choirboys themselves, dressed in the black of Old England, a relic of Queen Bess’s jubilee. Perhaps they are discussing those very sports and pastimes which have made this School’s name one to conjure with. Take pancake making for example; no, you take it mister . . . ah, oh, no quarrelling please!

Every year in this noble old foundation an original, sure thing, Roman pankake cookie, specially kneed by a member of the Modern IVth and liberally sprinkled with castor sugar and Pollux lemons is slung bodily into the ether on its beam end.

That hardy soul who ventures to ward off the deadly missile of unleavened dough is given a pass to a good show, and guardianship of the golden guinea-pig, the college totem.

Is it not wise, folks, to ponder on the hidden meaning of things; when we realise that it is in the honour of this very culinary tradition that English waiters wear the choirboy’s garb?

Let us now turn aside, for moment, to watch these two ginks indulging in another world-famous adjunct of this joint’s scholastic breeding . . . cutting the station. Watch them folks as they shoot through the portico, and leave their hats in the science block . . . oh, well played! They done it, folks.

Now over to the library. Here we see students in the classical and historological grades using the very desks that tradition has it discerned from Boadicea, Cromwell and Mary Hamilton. In this corner an ancient linguist is studying “Decline and Fall”; in another, a group are discussing the relative philosophies of Marx and Stooage. Ah! how far away seems the dreaded day when they are to be launched into the universe, the great unknown.

There y’are folks, the dump itself taken from Church House. And again, Church House lovingly depicted from the school. But all good things must come to an end, and it is time to say “Adios” to this little haven, where is preserved, in miniature, all the best that England can show; the goods in culture and la politesse.

Hey! Look where ya goin can’t you ?

And so let us take one last, loving look at the birch with which Queen Anne chastized the Archbishop, at the stone on the underside of which the poet Monos inscribed his only extant contribution to civilisation . . .

“Nullus Additus! Cave canem!” (it adds up to nix! Take 'em into a cave and cane 'em.). And let us turn away, perhaps for ever, from this little promontory of noble life, keeping ever fresh its memory as a little living thing, a pulsating soul.

Farewell! Grant's, beloved alma mater of our southern general; and to you Busby's, where unkempt hair was once trained round a wire frame to form a hat; and last to you, Rigaud's, who have given a new meaning to the phrase “Rigaud's Mortis.”

Maybe, someday we shall return to this happy spot . . . Who cares ?

MICHAEL FLANDERS (1940).

JUN. LIT. SOC.

On Friday, February 19th, a panel of masters answered questions put by members of Hall. Opinions differed on several subjects, including whether there should be pubs. on the M1. Mr. Rogers said that as fatigue was the worst enemy on the Motorway, there should be pubs to try to induce drivers to stop. Dr. Haines held that if there are to be no pubs on the M1, there should be no pubs on the roads at all.

The panel believed in ghosts, and Mr. Woodhouse gave a long story on how, while he was opposing the motion in a debate, “That ghosts do exist,” he thought he saw a ghost come into the room and stand beside him, and when he sat down he found it was only someone who had come in late, and stood beside him while he finished his speech. In answer to the question, “What action does the panel consider ought to be taken concerning the increase in population, Dr. Haines revealed to us that in England the population had increased only very slightly and that the only country in which the question ought to be considered is China. The panel on the whole had no sound ideas on the subject, although they discussed it for some time.

On Friday, February 26th, about half Hall collected in Chiswicks after prayers to be filmed listening to records by the Busby Film Group. After some delay, they managed to get their apparatus upstairs, and after about forty minutes, they had finished filming the notice put up by the music secretary, R. C. Beard, and they began to film us listening to the records. In the end they filmed only Mr. French, the Hon. Secretary and the music secretary, and after waiting patiently for more than an hour, the fifteen or so members of Hall were never filmed at all.

The Society met on the last night of term to read the play “Arms and the Man” by Bernard Shaw. This was very entertaining. Argyle reading especially well.

MUSIC

The concert held in the Abbey last term was among the most enjoyable and successful for some time. The trumpets and drums together with a large choir sounded splendid in the Haydn Imperial Mass, and the effect of the Holst 148th Psalm was excellent. For this term's concert, the main work is the first movement of the Sea Symphony, by Vaughan-Williams. The concert will also include the winning pieces of the music competitions which are to be held on June 8th.

Grant's at the moment, is very alive, as far as music goes, and good results can be hoped for, in spite of the departure of N. M. W. Anderson, who left last term. There is a week of Quatercentenary celebration just before the competitions but nevertheless it is to be hoped that Grant's will do very well, in the House Choirs and Vocal Ensemble particularly. There are also a number of young instrumentalists, who, as well as playing solos, will provide an amount of Chamber Music, which promises well for the future.

ATHLETICS

Grant's was successful in procuring several cups, including the treasured House Challenge Cup, but nevertheless we tend to forget that we came last in the standards competition. We were relatively competent in the Finals but only due to the unfailing efforts of Brown and Medawar, who not only excelled in their own fields, but gave good all-round performances that one expects of an athlete.

Apart from a few enthusiasts, Grant's never takes the interest in Athletics that it does in other major stations. Athletes up Grant's are half-hearted, we need to be driven on to any satisfactory results. This showed itself particularly during the season, when many were reluctant to attempt "voluntary" standards on non-station days. Athletics is the only sport in which everyone can partake but the results seem to demonstrate the resentment of Grantites being compelled to give up their usual station. Although it is notorious that footballers try to evade their station one hopes that the watermen will show their usual hidden stamina in the standards competition.

Brown managed to gather the Individual Cup for his performance in the Long Distance Race. He won easily and came only seconds behind Givan's record under far worse conditions.

Grant's came second in the Bringsty Relay which was satisfactory only. In the Standards McNeil and Abdela gave efficient performances amongst the Juniors, and Seddon proved himself very worthy among the Seniors.

In the Finals Grant's looked like ending the season with a certain amount of success. Strickland-Constable won the under

16 long jump and Abdela came 1st in the Under 14½ 440 yards. But the only section of the House to have any distinction was the Open Age Group. Medawar broke the school record for the weight, and won the discus and javelin, whilst Brown won the 880 yards and the Mile. To finish with, the House showed what could be done, and everyone performed creditably.

Although we won several cups, Grant's must pull itself together if it is ever to do well in the standards competition, which should not be considered unimportant. The whole House can at least pretend to contribute to this and attempt to gain points, even if it is not always successful. We cannot allow the few Athletes to bear the burden of the whole House. Finally we must congratulate Brown and Medawar on reaching the White City where, however, they met with little success.

CRICKET

Grant's prospects for the House Seniors competition this term are extremely good; there seems little reason why the house should not repeat its success of last year and so win the Cricket Shield for the third time in succession, for nine members of the team remain from last season. The batting will be mainly in the hands of Hall, Hornsby, Ledlie, Medawar and Espenhahn, and in its variety of technique should prove more than adequate, while in the attack the fast bowling of Ledlie, Pain and Hall will be supported by Medawar with his guileful leg-spinners. Hall will captain the side, and wicketkeeper Hornsby, with three years of experience behind him, should take any chances going behind the stumps. All in all, an imposing array.

FENCING

Last term in the house competitions Grant's came second to Busby's over all three weapons, a place which was however only to be expected of us. Although results showed us to be far behind Busby's, we were potentially better than the final points would lead one to believe. In the Junior competition, however, we did surprisingly well, with A. S. G. Boyd second, S. C. Pollitzer third and P. W. Semple sixth, in the finals. This was a good start and augurs well for the future. In the Senior Foil N. Halsted and S. C. Pollitzer reached the final round, but unfortunately Pollitzer fell ill and was not included in the final placing. In the Sabre Halsted and Boyd came third and fourth in the finals, and in the Epée only Halsted reached them. The bright sun of success is climbing over the horizon for Grant's fencing and by next year when Busby's two fencers have left it will be at its zenith.

SHOOTING

Grant's I stood a good chance of winning the shooting competition : with three people out of four in eights they were in a very strong position. Grant's II were entered more for experience than for results and were sadly depleted by Pollitzer's absence. Grant's I reached the Finals without any real difficulty and then due to a piece of misfortune, lost to College by two points. Grant's I score against Ashburnham and College of 364 was a record until broken by College's winning shoot. Boyd shot well throughout the competition and Beard is a very promising newcomer. Heaton won the Bulgin cup with an average score of 96.14.

THE WATER

No one has ever heard of the juniors winning the Halahan for their house, but for Grant's this seems by no means a remote event at present. In the Head of the River in March the only representative of Grant's in the first three eights was Hale in the 3rd VIII. Whereas the Colts—not such an outstanding crew as that of the last two years—included Espenhahn P.I., Spry and Hunt T. M.; and in the Colts "B" were Jarvis and Wadham-Smith. The Junior Colts were no more lacking in Grantites with Compton-Miller, Garnett and Tanner; while Davies R.T. now rows in the Junior Colts "B" and Jones N. E. G.—in the tradition of Grantites—strokes this crew. These together with two school coxes—Cohen and Gould—bring the number of Grant's watermen now in eights to fourteen. out of the present twenty-nine watermen in the house.

In this quatercentenary year we should perhaps look back at Grant's rowing: without doubt it has fluctuated enormously during the past six or seven years, and one must realize that while it is the number of senior watermen in the house that governs its success in a regatta, there is always a steady stream of "graveyarders" in the background, and it is they who form the continuous backbone of the house's rowing—for they are always there. Often, like our present Rugman, Aston, Hale and Lawton, they have gallantly done their piece of service for the house by rowing in the fifth or some other obscure eight for a season or so, and then they gracefully slip back into a four, to go down to Putney each station afternoon without fail and philosophically row once round the boats.

To return to those who row more in the limelight: of the Colts, Spry has the ability and will to become a first-rate oarsman and sculler, and Espenhahn and Hunt could do the same if they put in some practice with determination. Jarvis has a neat, easy, rhythmic style, but, though a better oarsman than Wadham-Smith who rarely sees a station day without going for a scull, he is put to shame by the latter by seldom (if ever?) being seen in a sculling boat. The

Junior Colts are even more promising since Compton-Miller, although heavy, can well pull his weight and could be of use to any crew, as could Garnett, who although amazingly keen at rowing and sculling could usefully acquire some weight to give him stamina along with his strength. Tanner, an enthusiastic, good all-round waterman, will be as good as Spry and stands an excellent chance in the Junior Sculls. Davies, unfortunately, is somewhat unreliable, but Jones, quite inexperienced as yet, could make another good Grantite stroke; and with Westoby training to be a cox, Grant's will not be short of coxes for a few years.

During the past six months Grant's has gained four watermen, and this term *seven* boys have joined the boat club, raising the number of our watermen eligible for the Junior Sculls to 18. With names like Douglas-Mann before them these budding oarsmen have far to go to raise Grant's to the heights we reached three years ago, but one can only remind them that these achievements were not gained without a large amount of constant training and practice in sculling beforehand. So with this in mind, Grant's can look forward to a good regatta this July, and even more successful and glorious ones in the future.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB DINNER

On April 21st the Head Master was kind enough to give permission for the Old Grantite Club to hold its Annual Dinner in College Hall and on that evening some 85 Old Grantites and their guests assembled under the Chairmanship of Sir Adrian Boulton. The number attending was substantially greater than in previous years, and was a reflection of the importance of the evening since the Club was marking the Quatercentenary Year of Westminster.

The members of the Club first assembled up Grant's where a bar was provided in Hall and they later moved over to College Hall. All the catering was done by Mrs. Burd, and her team of helpers, and it was generally felt by those present that she had done a really magnificent job. The guests of the Club were the Dean of Westminster, for whom this was his first Old Westminster function, the Head Master, the Housemaster and Mr. W. E. E. Gerrish, President of the Elizabethan Club. The President was supported by Mr. L. E. Tanner, the only living past President of the Club, and by five of his Vice-Presidents, namely Lord Adrian, who had come up specially from Cambridge; Lord Rea who had come down specially from Cumberland for the evening, Mr. Edward Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. Geoffrey Stevens M.P. and Mr. G. F. Pitt-Lewis. During the course of the evening Sir Adrian was able to announce that at the annual General Meeting later in the year the Executive Committee would recommend that Mr. Edward Cleveland-Stevens should succeed him as President of the Club. This announcement was most enthusiastically received.

After giving the Loyal Toast, the President this year proposed the toast of "Grant's" purely formally, thus exonerating the Housemaster from having to make a speech. In view of the special nature of the occasion the third toast was "Westminster" which was proposed by the President in a most felicitous speech and replied to by Mr. N. P. Andrews. Mr. Andrews probably struck a chord with his audience best when he reminded the members that he had first met Sir Adrian Boulton when Sir Adrian returned to the house at a play supper to accompany him in the song which he was detailed to sing. As a result, whenever Mr. Andrews was in company which he felt needed to be impressed he made a point of saying "Boulton? Why, yes, he started as my accompanist." Mr. Andrews went on to remind members of the Club of their responsibilities to the Quatercentenary Appeal which would shortly be issued to every available Old Westminster. The obvious depth of feeling with which he made the appeal made a profound impression, and it was generally felt that it was a singularly happy choice to have asked him to respond to the toast.

After dinner the Head Master kindly opened School to the members of the Club who were thus able to see for themselves

something of the reconstruction undertaken there. Others returned to the bar which was available, free of charge, in Hall and some dispersed only in the early hours of the morning. So ended another important occasion in the history of the Club.

FLOREAT.

