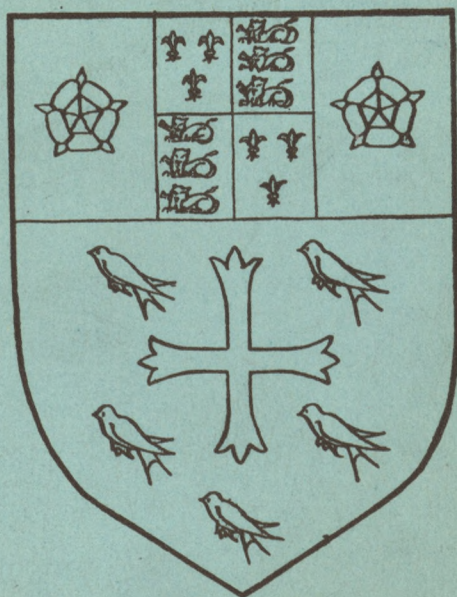


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# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT-ELECTION TERMS  
1952



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## **“TRIFLER,” 1952.**

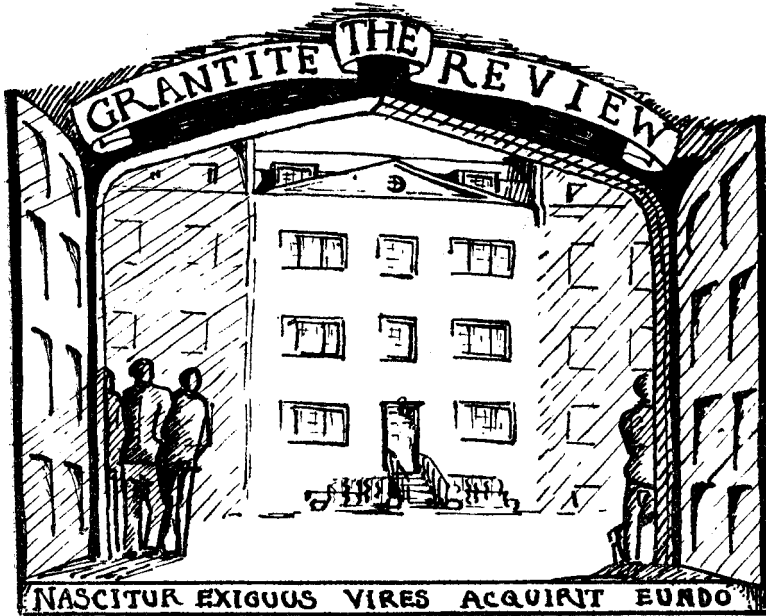
*On the eve of the French Revolution a new magazine appeared at Westminster with the intent, as its editorial said, to trifle with the written word. It was not long before it came to an end but in its short life a high tradition of literature and entertainment was established.*

*Many years later, on June 6th, 1950, King George VI came to Westminster to re-open the College Dormitory and once again there was a Trifler to celebrate the occasion.*

*This year's edition with contributions by Old Westminsters, distinguished and unheard of, will appear on July 22nd, and may be had of:*

*The Editor, The Trifler,  
2, Little Dean's Yard,  
Westminster, S.W.1,*

*at a cost of two shillings and sixpence.*



VOLUME XX. No. 8.

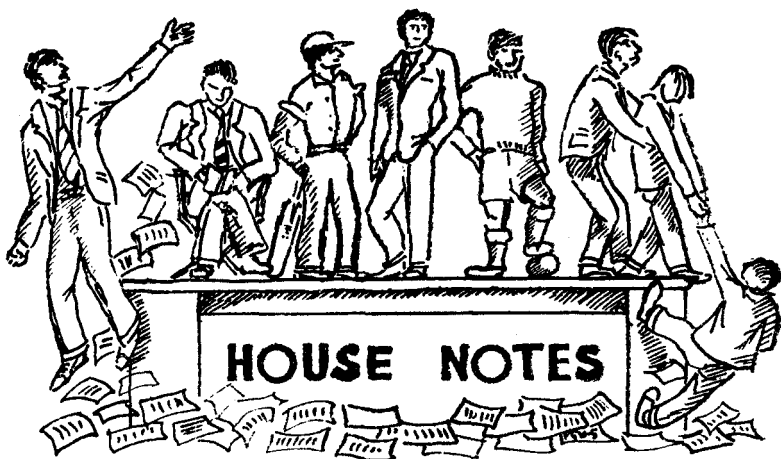
215th EDITION.

#### EDITORIAL.

One of the pleasures now attached to being Editor is that of dining with the Old Grantites at their annual dinner. In the course of after dinner conversation I was asked the same question by several Old Grantites. What is Buckenhill? Such was the excellence of the dinner that I cannot vouch for the exactness of my reply at the time, and I feel that it may be of some interest to Old Grantites to know just what Buckenhill consists of. In a small room at the far end of the House, once the House library, a small group of people have been formed into a study. They have, since they were created, lived in both "Chis" and "Inner" Change, but now their abode seems more or less fixed and they live a secluded and rather luxurious life. However, at the beginning of this term a somewhat revolutionary change has been made and the Head of Buckenhill has now become the Head of Hall. This, then is Buckenhill as it is at the moment.

The Lent term is rarely a spectacular one, and everyone was heartily glad when April 1st, our fateful day of release, was over without mishap and the last over-loaded taxi disappeared through the archway.

In this edition we are particularly glad to be able to introduce an article from the secretary of the Old Grantite Club which will, I am sure, be of the utmost interest to everyone in general, and to embryo Doctors in particular, and however modest Mr. Gregg is about his medical achievements, he has certainly produced an extremely interesting account of the life of a medical student.



### ELECTION TERM.

No one left us last term—M. S. Makower is now a boarder.

We welcome this term :—M. Makower (half-boarder).

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

C. J. H. Davies and A. C. Hornsby are also School monitors.

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

In Buckenhill there are :—P. R. J. Vickers, R. W. Hawkins, C. T. Sims-Williams, M. G. Drake, R. P. J. Ball.

P. R. J. Vickers is Head of Buckenhill and Hall, and the Hall monitors are :—J. H. M. Anderson, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby, C. J. Croft, P. G. Wentworth-Shields, M. S. Makower.

C. J. H. Davies is Captain of Cricket.

A. C. Hornsby is Captain of Football.

C. R. Hayes is Captain of Athletics.

J. W. L. Croft is Secretary of the Boat Club.

T. H. Stewart is Secretary of Fencing.

T. J. Davies is Secretary of Tennis.

### CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

Apr. 30th	...	Election term begins.
May 3rd	...	1st Tennis VI <i>v.</i> O.W.W., up Fields.
„ 13th	...	Boyd Neel Concert, up School.
„ 17th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Stowe, up Fields.
	...	1st Fencing team and colts <i>v.</i> City of London (Home).
„ 22nd	...	1st VIII <i>v.</i> City of London, at Putney.
„ 24th	...	1st Tennis VI <i>v.</i> R.M.A., Sandhurst, up Fields.
„ 27th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Radley, up Fields.

May 28th	...	1st VIII v. Tiffins, at Putney.
„ 30th & 31st	...	1st XI v. Sherborne (Away).
June 4th	...	1st VIII v. St. Paul's, at Putney.
		Music Competitions, up School.
„ 6th	...	C.C.F. Inspection.
		Exeat Begins.
„ 10th	...	Exeat ends.
„ 11th	...	Authors v. Publishers match, up Fields.
„ 12th	...	1st XI v. M.C.C., up Fields.
„ 21st	...	1st XI v. Lancing (Away).
July 5th	...	1st XI v. Tonbridge, up Fields.
„ 12th	...	1st Fencing team and colts v. St. Paul's.
„ 19th	...	1st XI v. Charterhouse (Away).
„ 26th	...	1st XI v. O.W.W., up Fields.
„ 29th	...	Term ends.

#### LENT TERM.

We won the Inter-House Athletic Cup, the George By Henderson Cup, and the Bringsty Baton.

After extra time we were beaten 2—1 in the first round of Football Seniors by Busby's.

Congratulations to : C. J. H. Davies, R. P. C. Hillyard, and N. A. Phelps-Brown on their Seniors ; and J. G. F. Fraser, C. H. Prince, G. S. Clarke, J. W. Parker, M. J. Hall, D. E. Wilkins, and C. M. Wolchover on the Juniors, for Athletics.

and to : T. J. Davies, P. C. Hillyard on their Pinks ; and C. H. Prince on his Junior Colts, for Football.

and to :—C. J. Croft on his Thirds and I. R. Cameron and M. S. Makower on their Colts for Fencing.



#### HOUSE DIARY.

As we came back this term in sunshine, we saw a remnant from last term ; a notice that said, "No snowballing." Memories were recalled of the freak blizzard in which Oxford won the boat-race and of the warm period that preceded it when Grant's won the athletics and the Housemaster could be seen announcing our victories through a loud-speaker from a rather doubtful green tent up fields.

At the other end of the term, we shall always remember the day when the King died. The processions were memorable in their solemnity as was the Lying in State, which the whole school witnessed by forms. We are now accustomed to having Queen's Scholars as our next-door neighbours, and yielding hearty thanks for our Foundress, Queen Elizabeth the First.

We did not produce a play or do anything of such enterprise last term except maintain the number of ornaments on the dining-hall mantel-piece.

This is a term of sweat and idleness, of pretty window-boxes and ice-creams, and of perpetual musical noises that claim to be House choirs. Now that a new rule states that no less than thirty-five boys from each house may offer their service, the less melodious amongst us will have more time to work for Higher Certificate or gossip after prayers.

Forgotten are the orders, "Three press-ups" or "Run round Green," when we *earned* our glass of milk after P.T. Such words echoed round Green, only this time last year, but if surplus energy is not worked off in such an organized way, while small voices and tricycles flourish in Little Dean's Yard, less small voices continue to kick and throw tennis-balls in Grant's yard and as long as this is so, it may be assumed that Grant's is just the same as ever.

### THE THIRD OF THE HUMANITIES.

There are two questions which I am frequently asked by people on their learning that I am a medical student. The first is, "What made you take up Medicine?" and the second, "What are you going to specialise in?"

To the latter question I often feel inclined to reply, as casually as possible, "Oh! I'd like to be a brilliant surgeon." It is not conceit which nearly promotes such a glib answer, but merely the desire to inform my questioner that I am too modest to presume to any future specialisation, and that at present the horizon of qualifying at all seems sufficiently remote. For nowadays to specialise is not just as simple as putting up a brass plate in Harley Street and calling oneself a specialist. It is practically only the gifted or the fortunate who find themselves able to specialise.

The first question, however, is one more worthy of consideration—if for no better reason than the frequency with which one is asked it during interviews for admission to medical schools and so on. Moreover, it is such a fundamental one that every medical student must have asked it of himself at some time or other—particularly when confronted by the unpleasant imminence of examinations which he does not expect to pass.

It is nevertheless a difficult question to answer even to one's own satisfaction, and its very personal nature would make many reluctant to put an answer into words. Many reasons and many factors may predetermine the choosing of a doctor's life. Nor should it be forgotten that there are many widely different fields



within Medicine—each requiring perhaps a different temperament. There is the research biochemist, the pathologist, the surgeon, the psychiatrist and finally, the most numerous and familiar to us all, the general practitioner.

For some people a single factor may be predominant in their choice of Medicine. For instance a doctor's social position offers the attractions of respectability, security and a car. Again the fact that one's father is a doctor often results in one never having contemplated any career but that of Medicine. But the majority of doctors and students would, I think, be unable to give any single reason for their choice. I myself can say only that I now know that there is nothing else which would interest me nearly as much, but I must confess that had I known beforehand the heart-breaking arduousness of the first three years' training, I doubt if I should ever have had the courage to undertake it.

Whatever reasons one might give as having been decisive in one's own case, I am certain that very few doctors or students would admit to any altruistic motives in their choice. Some might avow that they find people interesting, but none, I dare to suggest, would ever claim to have chosen Medicine because they wanted to heal the sick or comfort the suffering. But by no means does the fact that they would disclaim—from shyness or modesty—the vocational aspect of Medicine imply that doctors perform their task without humanitarian motives or are devoid of idealism.

I have often wondered why the term "Humanities" is conventionally reserved for the subjects of Latin and Greek alone. In the days of our great-grandparents a classical education was deemed indispensable for the attainment of a cultured mind and an understanding of Humanity. I believe that Medicine deserves to be included in the term "Humanities." For if by Medicine be understood the treatment of human ills—whether physical, mental or social (and one has only to visit an outpatients' department of a hospital to appreciate how closely interwoven are these three subdivisions of human sorrow), then a medical education clearly provides a close insight into Humanity, and moreover it does not end as soon as a student qualifies but continues throughout his life as a doctor.

During the early days of a student's training he learns about the very fundamentals of Life itself—the properties of organic matter, the genetic laws which govern inheritance and the theories which attempt to explain the evolution of the diverse species of life. Later he is taught more about Man himself: in Anatomy he becomes acquainted with the structure, and in Physiology with the working of the human body. In his clinical training the student learns about the living human being and the effects which germs, worry, poverty or sorrow bring about when inflicted upon him. Unless he be a very unthinking type of person, this clinical training cannot help but turn the student into an amateur philosopher in an attempt to discover an answer which will explain all that he so intimately observes. True, Medicine does not, as do the classical philosophies, provide one

with ready-made theories. What it does do is to provide a limitless field for observation and personal reflection. Often one is left wondering and bewildered, as was Brother Juniper after his research into the lives of the victims of the Bridge of San Luis Rey.

While no other profession affords such an intimate acquaintance of birth and life and death, Medicine inevitably imbues its practitioners' attitude with a degree of objectivity which has sometimes been misinterpreted. It may happen that a doctor daily visits a patient until he comes to know him very intimately. One day the doctor may have to watch a post-mortem being performed on the same patient, and he will do so without exhibiting any signs of grief. Yet it is not that he is indifferent to his patient's death, but he sees the patient as having passed across a boundary with which he is all too familiar—Nature's own remedy for too great a burden of suffering. Without such an objective attitude moreover, a doctor would scarcely be able to perform his function well, for it is essential—as every student learns sooner or later—to maintain a detached attitude towards his patients, and to guard against any emotional response within himself which might prejudice his decisions. There are also occasions when the patient himself appreciates the doctor's ability to retain an objective viewpoint, as when he wishes to discuss some personal worry. That patients will often unhesitatingly make revelations to a doctor of which they would think twice before telling even the Clergy, implies not only confidence in their doctor, but also that they expect him to remain detached in his opinion. On such occasions it is wise for the doctor to remember the saying, "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner."

I think the greatest danger of all which besets a student or doctor is that of the power over others which is conferred upon him. There is no denying that this is often immensely gratifying—and it is harmless enough provided that one's motives are always benevolent and that it is remembered that one has only the patient's tacit acquiescence for this power over him. Herein lies one of the greatest problems which doctors are called upon to solve—how much should the patient be told?

I once saw an eminent surgeon address a patient in roughly the following words: "How are you feeling to-day, my good man? You are progressing very well. Aren't you glad that I've cured you?" I could not help remembering the words of Ambroise Paré—the great French military surgeon of the sixteenth century—who humbly disclaimed his successful treatment of a dying soldier with the words, "I dressed him; God healed him."

I fear that this article has concerned itself too much with the serious side of Medicine. It is, therefore, on its lighter aspect that I shall conclude. This is provided in abundance by the patients, and I remember one in particular, who was a dear old lady—rather hard of hearing—whom I was examining in the casualty department. The conversation went as follows:

"Say 99," I said, applying stethoscope to her chest.

"Eh?"

"99; say 99" I repeated louder, to which she complied. I encouraged her to repeat this by nodding and smiling but without avail.

"Go on," I practically shouted. And to my intense surprise she *went on*, "100, 101, 102."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

School magazines are usually dull and seldom vital in their approach. Undoubtedly, as an editorial in this magazine pointed out some terms ago, the best come from country schools where there is only one publication. The diffusing of talent brought about by the existence of eight separate magazines at Westminster results for the most part in bringing all to the same level of mediocrity. Of course the aims of Westminster periodicals differ widely and it is by no means easy to compare their relative achievements. Probably it is only in so far as their editors lose their sense of purpose that they fail to make their trouble worth while.

First in any survey must come *The Elizabethan*. It is not a popular magazine, nor does it intend to be so. Its editors are conscious, perhaps too conscious, of the ancient traditions which they feel themselves bound to uphold. They see *The Elizabethan* as a *Westminster Times*, a periodical of quiet, good taste in production and heavy clarity in style. Usually they preserve also a desire to interest and entertain. Sometimes, however, this last ideal is forgotten and they fall back on mere conventional flatness, using good taste as an excuse for general lack of purpose. In order to be fully successful *The Elizabethan* must reach a high standard in two fields, as a news carrier, an accurate reporter, and as a commentator and source of interest as put forward in its articles. It is on these leaders that its reputation chiefly depends. Many of them during the last three or four years have been excellent. They have dealt widely in their subjects from studies in Latin pronunciation and specialization in education to illustrated essays on Christmas at Westminster or histories of buildings and traditions. It is this excellence which, together with good reporting and attractive presentation makes *The Elizabethan*, from time to time, an entirely pleasing public school magazine. If things are often not as they should be it is because the unending groushings of various members of this school have driven the hard working editors into a hopeless depression and miserable apathy.

The only other school, as distinct from house production is the literary magazine, *Trifler*. So far it may only be judged on its two appearances. Necessarily the first number was something in the nature of a display, an impressive list of famous names, and literature was sacrificed for snobbism. The result in many cases was boredom, though one or two contributions from the school, the delicious monologue by Margaret Kennedy and the two studies in portraiture by Roy Harrod demonstrated that there need be

no shortage of good contributions within the wide range the *Trifler* has set itself. It might be said that last year's number went to the opposite extreme and gained the same result. The accent was heavily on literature and many readers were put off by it from the start. Nevertheless the actual standard of writing was high and it was pleasing that it did not go without notice in the popular Press. The touching study of A. C. Liddell by the Master of the Queen's Scholars, Mr. Lushington's witty memories, Hyam's odd and rather pleasing poems on worms, the fine simplicity of Mr. Michael Hamburger's translation from Goethe, and finally the two characteristically beautiful poems by Kathleen Raine combined to make it a work of very remarkable merit. Unfortunately bad layout, lack of news-value and absence of any pure entertaining fiction prevented the enterprise from enjoying the popularity that in many ways it so much deserved. It is to be hoped that the 1952 number will meet with a better reception.

Of the six official house magazines, *The College Street Clarion* is probably the only one that lays claim to anything more than house status. There is no doubt that the *Clarion* has an unbeaten record for vitality. For over a decade it has appeared at fortnightly intervals, gradually building up an ever-increasing circulation. Its merits lie in the cheapness of its production and the frequency of its appearance. Without doubt it is the only near equivalent at Westminster to the *Eton College Chronicle* and *The Harrovian*. But it attempts more than these and has often been successful in doing so. It not only records, it comments and attempts at the same time to support at least two pages of literary contributions. Its role of commentator has recently been heavily curtailed except in a few minor matters and its standard of literature during the last few terms has dropped very low. Its reporting, especially of the activities of School societies remains excellent, but the general first impression caused by milk-and-water tragic incidents, facetious comic stories, and careless production is not a good one. Nevertheless there are still occasions, not now, alas, as frequent as they were, when the whole tone of an issue is high. This is especially the case on occasions when members of the staff oblige with their literary contributions, usually in the last number of terms.

When Wrens emerged from Homeburnham an unusually lively periodical came into being. *No. 18*, pasted up in a busy corridor, has a great number of readers, probably more than the *Ashtree*, from which it sprang, though this magazine now enjoys luxurious printed format. They both vary considerably in merit though *No. 18* sustained a whole year of active controversialism and surprising wit under a pair of more than usually energetic editors. The length and boredom of some articles is greatly accentuated by having to read them standing up. Their editors do not seem to have grasped that articles that may be thought readable in a comfortable armchair and articles that can be read in Wren's passage are very different matters. With these magazines as with *The Clarion* and *The Trifler*, the absence of creative fiction is forever noticeable.

It is depressing that there should be nobody at Westminster able to write a good short story.

The magazine most easily compared with *The Grantite Review* is *The Rigaudite*. Its general layout and purpose is the same except that like *The Elizabethan* and *The Trifler* it is compelled to pay its way with advertisements. Like *The Grantite*, its literary section is seldom well written or even entertaining though it has less excuse for this as it only appears once a year to the *Grantite's* three times. It is not an entertaining publication to non-Rigaudites; one suspects that *The Grantite* does not appear of much interest to non-Grantites either.

Finally, there are two magazines of very much the same nature and the same distinction, the *Queen's Scholars' Chronicle* and the *Rigaudite Reflections*. They are the Westminster casuals and their editors, though hard working, have the most rewarding jobs. Their office is merely to entertain—and they do not suffer so ill from censoring as others with a greater responsibility. Their creative humour is for the most part far in advance of their contemporaries and it is of course encouraged by the easiness of production which consists merely of a single typing of all material, placing it in a chosen order and the writing of an accompanying editorial. With so few material obligations, editors are free to write much of the material themselves which is after all the only sure way of getting contributions of the nature desired.

But even in these, the most encouraging evidences of a Westminster literary renaissance, real fiction is not easily forthcoming. It is a long time now since any magazine has seen a really satisfying and individual short story. Perhaps it is too much to ask for entertaining and truly perceptive fiction. The results of the newly-instituted *Bethune Prize* will show whether a large sum of money can extort something that eight badgering editors have for many terms been unable to find. Meanwhile the reader and critic of Westminster's several efforts at journalism must search for vitality alone. He will find himself frequently disappointed in his quest but that is perhaps only to be expected. After all it must be admitted eight is a very large number in so small a school, and here perhaps lies the answer to the problem, if there were ever anybody with courage enough to act upon it.

### FOOTBALL SENIORS.

Football Seniors was as usual played on a knock-out basis. The draw and results were as follows:—

	AHH .....	}		}	
BB .....	BB ....2-1	}	BB ....2-0	}	
GG .....				}	BB ...3-0
WW .....	WW ..8-0	}	WW...1-0	}	
KSS .....	RR .....	}		}	

Fields were in perfect condition for our draw with Busby's, and I think all agree that this was the best game of the series, if not the best in Seniors for a number of years. Busby's had a large, well balanced team with no outstanding players, while we had definite weak spots, but possessed a much more dangerous forward line.

During the first half Busby's were perhaps stronger in the tackle, but we had more of the ball, and certainly looked more dangerous in front of goal. Our efforts were rewarded when Davies crossed from the left, and Hillyard rammed home, after the other forwards had had a go and missed. Busby's equalised, rather against the run of the play, just before half time, when Griffiths scored via Jeeves' back after a melee in the goalmouth. The second half was goalless, but produced some fast, eventful, if rather unskilful football. Busby's had more shots this half, but our finishing efforts, though rather infrequent, looked more like netting. The game progressed into extra time with signs of tiring on both sides, though more on ours than theirs; and just when a replay seemed imminent Griffiths crossed a hard centre from the right which Blume headed beautifully into our net. A really good goal ending a really good match. A draw would perhaps have been a fair result but Busby's were rewarded for shooting more frequently, if less accurately, than us.

This game showed that we have some very useful young players in the house, G. S. Clarke and P. M. Godfrey being the most prominent. D. E. Wilkins had rather an unhappy game, but he is also most promising. D. M. Lloyd-Jones and C. H. Prince held together a rather inexperienced defence. T. J. Davies was very safe in goal, while C. J. H. Davies produced the thrust in the forward line. On the whole our chances in two or three year's time should be good.

The team was:—T. J. Davies; P. M. Godfrey, C. H. Prince, E. J. Kirkby, D. Lloyd-Jones, J. Brostoff; R. P. C. Hillyard, D. E. Wilkins, G. S. Clarke, A. C. Hornsby, C. J. H. Davies.

## THE WATER.

Westminster was well represented in the sixth Head of the River Race for Schools, entering as many as seven of the 53 crews. However, only seven Grantite oarsmen took part, together with two coxes, J. Croft stroked the "A" crew to hold the low position in which they started, while Rogers and Hodgson rowed 2 and 4 respectively in the "B" crew, which dropped nine places. Unfortunately Grant's had no representative in the "C" crew, which, rowing even better than last year, moved up one place. However, we can lay claim to the coxes of the next two crews. Cammell vigorously encouraged the "D" crew, with Phillips rowing 3, which followed the example of "C" crew and improved their position by one place. The "E" crew, which dropped 4 places, was coxed by Dewar, with Hunter rowing bow and Sims-Williams 5. The only

other Grantite rowing in this race was Anderson, who rowed 3 in the Colts' "A" crew, which last year won the Colts' cup. Although they did not succeed in repeating last year's victory they rowed well to finish one place higher than before.

Because of University examinations it was impossible to enter the same "A" crew for the Tideway Head of the River Race, but it seemed worthwhile entering a crew, even if it did not do particularly well. This turned out to be the case for it dropped 24 places.

For some reason Westminster crews always do badly in the winter terms, and then in the summer succeed in defeating quite convincingly many of the crews which beat them in these winter events. It is to be hoped that this Summer will prove no exception, for we can hardly congratulate ourselves on a good start to the year. Nevertheless oarsmen have not wasted their time, and although most of the crews have not yet learnt how to win races, a solid foundation has been laid in these winter months out of which it is to be hoped fast crews will emerge in the coming season.

#### ATHLETICS.

Self praise is on the whole unendurable, but on this occasion we may perhaps feel justifiably pleased with ourselves. To start off the season, and through the grace of Allah, we won the Bringsty Relay. I say through the grace of Allah with good cause for our first senior miler only just managed to get to the start in time to take over the baton, wearing a pair of long trousers! But still we won in only two or three seconds off the record time. In the school athletics, Grant's, led by C. R. Hayes, the Captain of Athletics, who set an admirable example in enthusiasm and performance, winning both the Mile and the Half Mile, were well in the forefront. Apart from Hayes, T. J. Davies was awarded the George By Henderson cup for his four straight wins in the High and Long Jump, Putting the Weight and the Discus. A grand performance. In the junior and senior long distance races Grant's made another clean sweep, Hayes coming first and C. J. H. Davies fifth, in the senior, and Phelps-Brown coming first and Parker fifth in the junior, to give us the individual and team cups in both races. Altogether a most successful season, which left us in possession of the inter-House athletics cup.

#### GOLF.

A minor tragedy hit Grantite golfers when for the first time in the history of Westminster golf one of the golfing cups went out of the House when S. L. Henry of Rigaud's captured the Pitamber Cup with a net score of 69 round the West Course at Moor Park. To date C. J. H. Davies has won the Barnes Cup twice with net scores

of 74 and 69 and the Pitamber Cup once with a net score of 76. T. J. Davies, the holder of the Barnes Cup, has won it twice with net scores of 68 and 63. So far A. C. Hornsby, our other leading golfer, has yet to notch a win, but the competition should be very keen at the end of the summer for the next Barnes Cup at Richmond.

In the afternoon the school took on the Old Westminster in five fourball matches round the High Course. It was a needle match all the way through and Grant's were well represented by seventy per cent. of the team. In the first match T. J. and C. J. H. Davies, wearing a colourful combination of clothing, slammed their way round the long championship course in a best ball partnership of 71 shots, only to get beaten on the post by a red hot run of birdies by Mr. Norden, who was partnering Mr. Grover. Great golf by A. C. Hornsby in the outward half enabled the Hornsby-Henry combination to bring off a victory against Mr. L. Hartley, who stands in the ranks of the greatest English amateur golfers, and Mr. R. R. Davies. Finally, after losing and halving two other matches respectively, the result of the complete match depended on the last hole of the match between Hillyard and Abbott, an all-Grantite pair, and Mr. J. Hornsby and Mr. Jacomb-Hood. One up on the 18th tee, the school pair only needed a half to win. Mr. Jacomb-Hood got down in a chip and a putt for his three and Hillyard was left with a three-foot putt for a half. Alas, he missed it and so gave the O.W.W.s the victory by one point, and so ended a thrilling match and a wonderful day's golf.

\* \* \*

We would like to congratulate T. J. Davies on his fine effort in winning the Surrey Boys' Championship and on being runner up in the Burhill Junior Tournament.

## FENCING.

There were hopes at the beginning of the Lent term of a series of school competitions, the Epée-Sabre cup, Lamprobaties and the senior and junior guinea pools. Unfortunately there was only time for the Epée-Sabre and junior guinea pools, the former with two Grantite entrants, Stewart (Epée) and Croft, C. (Sabre), the latter unfortunately with none. The standard of the Epée-Sabre cup was quite high and both Stewart and Croft were lucky to come fourth and fifth in their respective weapons.

All the four Grantite full-time fencers entered for the Public Schools Championship; Stewart for senior foil and épée, Makower and Croft, C., for junior foil and sabre and Cameron for junior foil. All the Grantite junior foilists qualified for the semi-final but only Croft, C., was promoted to the final pool where he took fifth place. In the senior foil Stewart was unfortunately eliminated in the first round and in Epée and Sabre no Grantites succeeded in getting further than the second round but Lee, the Captain of Fencing, won



the Epée and was placed fourth in the final of the Sabre. The Graham-Bartlett Cup (awarded to the school who gained the most points in the finals of the senior events) was again won by St. Pauls, who had a large number of finalists but did not win any single event. Westminster came fourth.

### SHOOTING.

There was only one house shooting competition this term and it was for the George By-Henderson Inter-House Shooting Cup.

Our team was drawn against Wrens in the first round, who put out a very good team. We lost with a score of 453 out of a possible 600 as against their 466.

The Grant's team was : J. Brostoff (captain), H. M. M. Rogers, J. G. Fraser, A. Hunter.

### PHOTOGRAPHY.

The annual exhibition and competition of the photographic society was held at the end of last term. There was a considerable all-round improvement over last year's exhibition, but still too few members enter suitable prints. Grant's was fairly well represented, three Grantites out of a total of about a dozen entrants had prints hung. We had the winner of the Levi Cup in Brostoff, who produced a truly excellent portrait. Vickers also had several first-class prints, but we are beginning to know his Pekingese rather well. Grant's always used to supply a large number of members but at the moment Grantite membership is falling. The society on the other hand is going through a period of great improvement.

### FROM OUR SPECIAL WATER CORRESPONDENT.

Unfortunately the Boat Club was without van Rest this term. This made an enormous difference as was shown in the disappointing results in the Head of the River Races. To add to the general disappointment Fulham came bottom of the league championship and must play next season in the second division. In spite of holding such famous clubs as Manchester United and Newcastle to a draw, and although Charlie Mitten gave a consistently brilliant display, the team suffered from bad luck ; often losing vital points by the odd goal. Towards half term the Oxford boat appeared in the boat house and later actually *floated* on the river.

There were no Old Grantites in the Oxford crew this year. A few weeks later the Cambridge crew started large scale practice. There were no Old Grantites rowing in the Cambridge crew either. For the future we can only hope for a successful regatta. With van Rest restored to health we should do better than last year. It would be surprising if we fared worse.

## LETTER FROM THE *ECOLE DES ROCHES*.

A party of Westminster Modern Linguists has been spending three weeks at a French Public School in the care of Dr. Sanger. The following letter was received from a Grantite member of the party :

Le Vallon,  
Ecole des Roches,  
Verneuil.

*27th April, 1952.*

My Dear . . . . .

After the gay, carefree bottle-parties of Paris we arrived at Verneuil on Friday morning at about eleven o'clock, full of hopes of a pleasant holiday in the French country, coffee in the quaint provincial cafés, visits to local beauty-spots such as Chartres and perhaps a little work to keep boredom away in the evenings. Our first few hours did much to confirm these hopes : we were met at the station, our luggage was whisked away in the school brake, after a short walk we were shown a scattered group of buildings in lovely wooded surroundings and given tea and biscuits by the headmaster and his wife.

Then we were shown our dormitory, and gradually, as our fate dawned on us, we were overcome by an extreme fit of mass depression. Breakfast at 7.30, work from 8 till midday, work again from 2 to 4, prep. from 4.30 to 7 and again from 9 to 10. No hot water or mirrors (we shall have to grow beards, I suppose), one blanket and starched sheet per person, no breakfast, no spare time and not the slightest chance of leaving the prison even if we had the time.

This place, Ecole des Roches, is on the public school system, but seen through a curious distorting mirror. They have prefects, but no power. If the prefect wants a boy to leave the room he has to throw the boy out by force ; when the head of the house told another boy to put away an air-pistol he got shot at ; the smallest junior amuses himself by kicking the monitors when they are not looking. There are studies, but they are only class-rooms meant for prep. (a chaotic three-and-a-half hours in all) and if one wants an armchair one has to go to a smoking room which is so thick with tobacco-smoke that it is impossible to see the other side of the room, although it is only half the size of Inner. I have had to buy a packet of cigarettes so as to qualify for admission.

However, there is a very friendly atmosphere in our house, Le Vallon ; instead of punishing people, the housemaster just pulls their hair at call-over and threatens them with a species of horse-whip.

As for learning French, about half the school seems to speak English habitually, but the lessons are, of course, in French. The tuition is extremely good, rather like that of a University, I imagine, with the master talking and the rest taking notes. After working for six and a half hours in form, however, one is liable to go to sleep in prep.

I am not sure how the sport is organised here as it only occurs on Tuesdays and Thursdays, but it is probably absolutely chaotic. No one minds, or even notices, if a boy turns up late for a meal or prep. and I imagine that "le sport" is roughly similar, those who do appear, running aimlessly in every direction, or just lying down on the volley-ball field. There is a swimming bath, too, but our housemaster says that it is too cold to use before the 15th May, the day we leave.

After the first day, however, when the contrast with Westminster seemed so painfully acute, no studies, no spare time, no hot water and no societies, life has become more tolerable. Dozing under the trees is a pleasant change from London, if one can escape the enormous beetles and the vipers, that is.

I keep wondering whether a French boy at Westminster would think it worse than here or not. I am sure that the complete absence of school societies here ought to be remedied. There is a room known as the English Club, but that is restricted to those who speak English and can hardly be called a school society. This club meets every Saturday and the members sit around reading *Punch* or *Life* and sometimes discussing how to get rid of 88 books they bought some time ago.

This afternoon, however, our sentence has been ameliorated as we are to be allowed into Verneuil to see a film and the town, supposed to be very picturesque. Civilisation at last! It is very galling to hear the Paris express pass barely 200 yards from our window every morning; I am sure almost everybody wishes themselves on it. Everyone has promised to paint the town red with any remaining francs when we return for England in three weeks time. I will try and bring you back a couple of bottles of wine for the Inner binge, if I can.

It is possible, of course, that by the time we come to leave this place we will be quite sorry to as it may well become more bearable when we have accustomed ourselves to it. I am sure that when we return to Westminster we shall enjoy the glory of having everyone listening to our story with bated breath, however painful our experiences may have been.

You might like to publish this letter, or parts of it, in *The Granite* if you don't think it too depressing, but I think it sums up the situation.

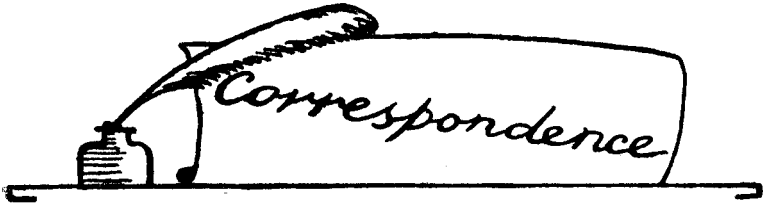
Well, until we meet again, if we ever do,

Yours,

HARVEY STEWART.

#### POSTSCRIPT :

On returning, Stewart says that he was very sorry to leave as the long hours were not intended for the visitors and they had time for several excursions and a sending-off party which did much to consolidate Anglo-French relations. He would also like to add that the French in general are extremely hospitable.



O.G.C. LIST OF MEMBERS AND RULES.

3, Woodlands Road,  
Barnes Common,  
S.W.13.

To the Editor of *The Grantite Review*.

Sir,

I would be grateful if you would allow me space to bring two notices to the attention of Old Grantites.

The current issue (1950) of the Rules and List of Members has become seriously out of date and inaccurate, and its revision and reprinting is therefore shortly to be undertaken. Owing to the high cost of such an undertaking, it is essential to ensure so far as possible that all addresses in the new issue will be correct and likely to remain so far the next two years. Many Old Grantites have informed the Secretary of changes of address, yet it is probable that several other cases the Club has not been notified. Would such members be kind enough, therefore, to let me know their new address, or of any other inaccuracies which may occur in respect of their entries in the present list.

Secondly, I should like to endorse Mr. Wilson's plea at the Club's Dinner for support of the *Grantite Review* by Old Grantites. *The Grantite* should perform three functions. It should be an official record of the House's activities, and this duty is faithfully carried out. Secondly it provides the boys of the house with the valuable opportunity of seeing their own literary contributions in print. Its third function is the one which has been most neglected in the past, and that is the publication of Old Grantite news.

It is proposed to appoint an Old Grantite who will gather news for future issues, to whom all Old Grantites are sincerely asked to write with information of their present doings. In the meantime, however, any news—or articles—should be sent directly to the Editor and will be gratefully appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

IAN GREGG,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

## THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

THE ANNUAL DINNER, 1952.

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held on April 4th, 1952. Due to the kindness of Mr. F. N. Hornsby, the Club dined in the "King Charles' Suite" at 4, Whitehall Court, and forty-five members assembled to enjoy the excellent dinner for whose arrangement he was largely responsible.

The President, Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, D.C.L., F.S.A., was in the chair. The guests of the Club were the Housemaster, the House Tutor, Mr. J. R. Peebles (Housemaster of Rigaud's) and C. J. H. Davies (Head of House).

Dr. Radcliffe proposed the toast of Grant's. He wished the Club to know what a great honour he felt had been accorded him by its electing him president. Both he and the new Secretary, who had taken office together, were aware of the very high standard set by their predecessors, and he assured the Club of their determination to uphold it.

Dr. Radcliffe then went on to say what a pleasure it was to have Mr. Peebles as one of the Club's guests, and he felt it all the more fitting in view of the friendly rivalry which had always existed between Grant's and Rigaud's, and he reminded members that the two Houses had once shared the same roof during the rebuilding of Rigaud's. He was aware that unkind comments had often been directed towards the *architectural* qualities of Rigaud's, yet he thought that it would come as a surprise to loyal Old Grantites that in the opinion of the Ministry of Education, whose inspectors had recently been visiting the School, it was Grant's which was "quite the worst house (physically, of course) that they had ever "seen at any public-school." It was true, he admitted, that Grant's had long been overdue for rebuilding—indeed, it was always just about to be rebuilt, in 1924, in 1904 and even in 1894. However, his rejoinder to Her Majesty's Inspectors that at any rate boys had been supremely happy up Grant's in no way altered their opinion that the basement was a literal Hell.

The rebuilding of the House was, he assured members, no more a matter of the far future. What form the eventual plans would take he did not know but he greatly hoped that the frontage would be kept intact and that somehow Hall—which had for so long been one of the centres of the House's life—would be maintained or remodelled. He anticipated that there would be many small features which could not be foreseen in estimates and whose need would give the Club a real opportunity of showing its support to the House when the time came.

Mr. Wilson, replying to the toast, confessed that he felt a lot of sympathy for himself for, as always, he had come to the Dinner quite unprepared what to say. Should he tell the Club that Grant's was the best House? That would be preaching to the converted. Should then his speech be a catalogue of the events of the House,

its athletic prowess and so on? This he felt was really the province of *The Grantite Review*, although perhaps two events did merit his special mention. One of these was the Bringsty Relay race, which the House had previously won seven times, and had monotonously won yet once again this year. Secondly, last Play Term the House had presented "Badger's Green," and the whole production had been carried out by the boys themselves. Not only had the boys derived a great deal of enjoyment from it, but they had succeeded in giving a performance which the author himself, during a visit to one of its rehearsals, had been able to recognise as one of his own plays.

Apart from these two events, he wished to refer to some of the more esoteric activities of the House, whose diversity and individuality he believed to be as much the hallmark of a good house as its athletic achievements. He thought that Old Grantites would be surprised to learn that among present Grantites were included an expert cactus grower, a horologist, an authority on the House of Commons and a boy who had broadcast on the B.B.C. Other Grantites had won the Photographic competition and the English Poetry prize.

Referring to the rebuilding of the House, Mr. Wilson quoted a boy who had sincerely believed that the baths were of Georgian antiquity, whereas they were in fact the most recent installation. He finished a most entertaining speech by a plea to all members of the Club for support to *The Grantite Review*. He stressed its value as a link between past and present, and above all the Editor would welcome news of Old Grantites.

The following Old Grantites attended the Dinner—Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe (President); Mr. L. E. Tanner and Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens (Vice-Presidents); Messrs. T. M. Murray-Rust and J. D. Carleton; Messrs. N. P. Andrews, P. B. D. Ashbrooke, Z. D. Berry, P. J. S. Bevan, D. M. V. Blee, R. O. I. Borradaile, C. M. Cahn, D. H. Carlisle, D. F. Cunliffe, The Hon. J. A. Davidson, R. R. Davies, D. P. Davison, J. H. M. Dullely, F. J. Earle, W. B. Frampton, K. G. Gilbertson, I. D. Grant, D. I. Gregg, V. G. H. Hallett, J. R. B. Hodges, F. N. Hornsby, J. M. Hornsby, J. P. Hart, S. F. P. Jacomb-Hood, I. D. Kingsley, K. Kleeman, Col. E. H. G. Lonsdale, F. R. Oliver, M. L. Patterson, G. F. Pitt-Lewis, R. Plummer, M. H. Prance, Major G. L. Y. Radcliffe, D. F. H. Sandford, D. W. Shenton, G. G. Skellington, J. R. B. Smith, A. L. W. Stevens, K. M. Thomson, L. A. Wilson.

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All changes of address should be sent to :—

The Editor,

*The Grantite Review*,

2, Little Deans Yard,

Westminster.