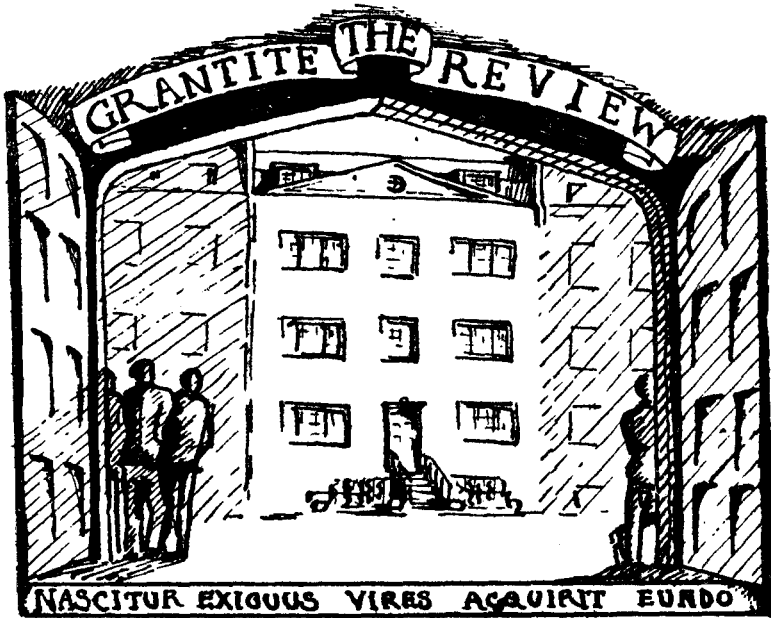


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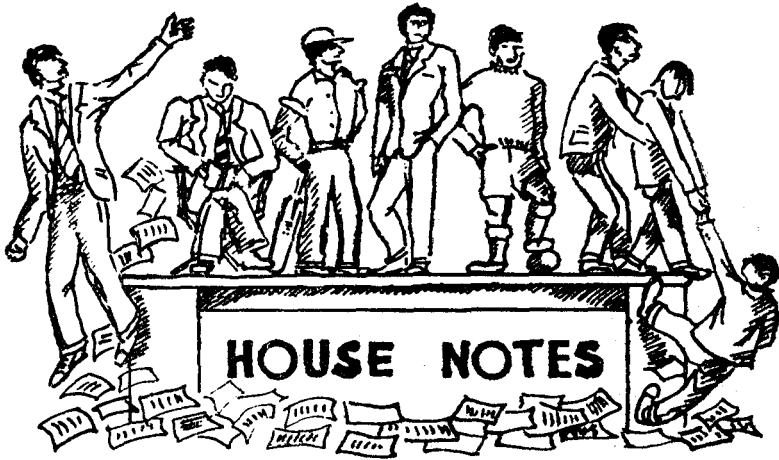
LENT TERM, 1957

INDEX

EDITORIAL	2
HOUSE NOTES	3
HOUSE DIARY	3
FOOTBALL JUNIORS	5
WATER	5
FENCING	6
SHOOTING	6
FIVES	7
THE LITERARY SOCIETY	7
CHESS	8
MUSIC	8
THE PLAY SUPPER	9
YOYO	9
NOCTURNAL ERRAND	10
DE MORTE SKIERONIS.. .. .	10
OLD GRANTITE CLUB	11
OLD GRANTITE NEWS	12

EDITORIAL

Grant's has never been slow to move with the times: this is a fact you cannot escape, even though some aspects of progress being what they are, you might like to. Nevertheless, every new foible, every new development, every crisis may be seen mirrored in the activities of Grantites. Rock'n Roll is firmly established on both floors despite the efforts of a reactionary whose murmurs of "But I like Bach" were truly touching. Petrol coupons are fetching a snappy price in the blanco room, and the Grant's league team is doing nicely. (Reports, on the other hand that the House-master's youngest is peddling cocaine from her pram in break have proved unfounded.) Even this magazine has kept in step; a glance at its pages reveals an almost alarmingly modern style of *reportage* coupled with a literary verve that is quite striking. Most certainly, Grant's moves with the times.



There left us last term: D. Dewar and J. C. Overstall.

We welcome this term: A. S. G. Boyd and P. I. Espenhahn as boarders and K. J. C. Groome and G. C. Pope as day-boys. N. D. K. Evans becomes a boarder, F. R. Lucas becomes a day-boy.

* * * *

We offer our congratulations to D. Dewar on his open scholarship in History to Trinity College, Cambridge and to J. C. Overstall on his scholarship in Modern Languages to Christ Church, Oxford.

* * * *

Congratulations to: R. G. M. Spry on his Pinks for Football, and to: M. Makower on his Pinks for Fencing,⁴ and to: C. J. Alderson, A. E. C. Ball, A. C. McKinlay, and J. D. Seddon on their Juniors for Football. and to: A. H. Lee on his Juniors for Fencing.

* * * *

R. D. Creed has been appointed Head of House; A. G. Cheyne and M. Makower have been appointed House Monitors; C. W. Redgrave is Secretary of House Literary Society; A. G. Cheyne is Head of House Corps.

HOUSE DIARY

SWEEPING UP THE ASHES

When the house, banished to its various places of exile throughout the school, saw the bricks of the Old Order tumbling to the ground, and those of the New slowly aspiring to greater things, it

was generally assumed that all the old institutions of the past, of the "Good Old Days," had been superseded, giving way before progress. For several years, indeed, these premises were confirmed; the Studies and Hall, each with their own hierarchies and growing traditions settled down comfortably in the places of Inner, Chiswicks, Buck'n'ill and Old Hall; novelty became custom, and custom tradition. And then, just when the New had begun to feel that it had built around itself a past of sufficient size to be comfortable, there came a grunt of protest from underneath, and the Old, popping its head from underneath the foundations, exclaimed: "We are Chiswicks." the New, to say the least, was annoyed.

There appeared, at the outset, to be two opinions concerning the unexpected resurrection of Chiswicks. The members themselves, conservative to the roots, saw in their coming a return from Babylon, a purging of Greek decadence by solid Roman discipline; and the past, as always, shone before them with the rosy light of memory. The New, however, in the personification of all those who felt themselves in some way at a disadvantage, were more inclined to treat the whole affair as yet another example of bourgeois reaction, or, in the words of the poet, a "remembrance fallen from heaven, and madness risen from Hell."

A current of tension ran through the house; the Old had issued a challenge; the New accepted it. And then came an unexpected turn of events. Into the battle, like some mystic envoy of the United Nations stepped the commanding figure of authority, and in one decisive day transformed the whole question by a single "coup de renversement." The Old, still waving its flag, suddenly found itself part of the New, and discovered to its horror that, with the exception of the flag, it had startlingly little clothing around itself. The New, progressive to the end, found that to pursue its old line of action would be denying the very basis of its existence, and reluctantly gave way with a mutter of resigned ridicule. The status quo once more returned, and both sides promptly forgot all their old weapons.

The New Chiswicks, however, had not found its equilibrium; being newer than the New, it promptly started to lay about itself to prove that it was Older than the best of them, and the rest considered that they had been taken advantage of. Misunderstandings arose like bubbles in boiling water, and once more the pot seemed to be on the point of boiling over; but all was not lost. That innate sense of proportion which pervades all British politics, swimming over the whole house like the London fog which is its home, rolled in at the eleventh hour and won the term.

No one knows how it happened; the broom of moderation swept the disruption, the ill-feeling, and the barrels of beer into the waste paper basket, leaving the field clear for common sense and constructiveness. At all events, whatever the cause, the Play Supper of 1956 saw the New Chiswicks once more singing in the inimitable style of Old, once more a part of the House, and once more accepted

by the House, as part of the New. Long may it remain so; and yet, lest it should be tempted in the future to contemplate its glorious past and say, "Look; we have risen once more, like the Phoenix," let it not be entirely forgotten what a mess was made sweeping up the ashes.

CLERIHUEW

Grants,
Wishing to give the devil a chance
Dabbled in metaphysics
And resuscitated Chiswicks.

FOOTBALL JUNIORS

From the beginning of this year's competition it was evident that the two best teams were Grant's and Rigaud's. In the vital match between the two houses Grant's played with an unaccountable lack of determination and will to win and lost by 0—1. Rigaud's thus won the competition and Grant's finished second. Against the other houses however, the team played well and won all their matches, mostly by convincing margins. The team was a good combination of strength and skill. Ball captained the side with energy and enthusiasm, and the team spirit was notably high. Ledlie and Seddon formed a steady rearguard as backs, and the wing-halves Alderson and McKinlay backed up the forwards confidently and started many movements which brought goals. Chinn and Lowe, the wingers, both provided good scoring chances for the others, and were often in good scoring positions themselves. After two matches at left back Hall moved to centre forward with immediate success. He scored many good goals from half-chances. Of the other forwards M. Hornsby was the most prominent but although constructive, he lacks a hard shot.

The team won 5 matches and lost 1. They scored 38 goals and conceded 5. The goalscorers were: Hall 16; Chinn, 7; Lowe, 7; Espenhahn, 3; M. Hornsby, 2; Ball, 1; McKinlay, 1; One own goal.

WATER

It is one of the boasts of a good waterman, that he can still have a station in all conditions except fog. Last term, however, there appeared a difficulty more formidable than the changeable weather: the changeable Trade Union.

Westminster School Boathouse is being rebuilt, but although work began last July, the builders, through no fault of their own, are still to be seen mingling with watermen on station afternoons, when, as always, operations are invaded by hordes of volunteers, who say that they can lay bricks, make mortice and tenon joints, paint, and, of course, wear the metaphorical bowler hat, but prefer the latter.

Among the many changes are more room for boats, so that the eights can be kept apart in one boathouse, a better changing room, lined with lockers, and a tea room, still under construction, which does not get flooded by every spring tide. The old tea room, which is still in use, will become a workshop for the boatman, Mr. Brockelsby, whilst the new one is being built on a new mezzanine with glass panelled doors leading onto a large balcony at the same level. The new façade will be plain but bright, with two new balconies, the large one on the level of the old, and a smaller one outside the old Pinks window which has been replaced by double glass doors. The whole effect is rather reminiscent of a theatre, but the view is the best of all the boat clubs on the riverside.

Despite these upheavals, and only a small number of new watermen, Grant's is holding its own at Putney, with J. F. Hewitt, J. A. Macfarlane and H. H. L. Phillips rowing in "A" crew, A. E. Richmond-Watson coxing "B" crew, and five members of the two Colts trial eights, the final eights are being picked early this term. Some people have been taking advantage of the warm weather to practise sculling, but everyone must follow their example if we are to retain the Halahan next July, taking the new boathouse as an added incentive to try harder in both sculling and their respective eights. A determined effort will be needed; and it must start now!

FENCING

Last term the inter-house senior foil competition was held. As usual Grant's did very well: C. W. Redgrave was 1st, M. Makower 2nd, G. B. Patterson 4th and E. C. Blauvelt 6th. This is a very satisfactory result, although looking to the future the situation is not so bright. We need some more junior fencers with the talent and the will to do well and to get to the top of the tree.

The épée and sabre competitions are to be held this term but the foil leaves Grant's with 15 points, Busby's 4 and Ashburnham 2 towards the senior cup which we retained last year. If one may be permitted to forecast it seems likely that Grant's will retain all the fencing cups again.

School fencing has been going well—last term the 1st team was unbeaten by any other school and only lost to the Cambridge Cutthroats 13—14. We are expecting similar success this term and in the Public Schools next holidays. Redgrave and Makower, fighting all three weapons in the 1st team, are Captain and Secretary of the Fencing Club respectively for the rest of the year.

SHOOTING

The inter-house shooting competition has not yet started, but Grant's should have a reasonably strong team including two members of the 1st VIII, A. G. Cheyne and N. R. P. Heaton, and the

choice of two of five in the shooting classes. Unfortunately these last two will have had no match experience, but the conditions of the shoot, rapid firing after a run round Green and kneeling firing, are unfamiliar to all. Rigaud's, the holders of the cup have a strong team composed of experienced members of the 1st and 2nd VIII's and are unlikely to be beaten. They are undoubtedly the favourites with Grant's running second. Cheyne usually gets top score on his day but he is liable to fail, he was however the most consistent shot in last year's .303 VIII. Heaton is fairly steady but last term he became the 2nd person since the war to score the highest possible score on N.S.R.A. targets at Westminster.

FIVES

In recent years the number of fives players up Grant's, and, indeed, in the school, has been painfully low, and it is only since last term that the prospect has been brightened by the introduction of the Thursday afternoon fives station. This has brought more people to the game and it has also raised the standard of playing of both juniors and seniors. It is the juniors who are the most important, as it is on them that the future of fives in the school depends.

Last term saw a fives competition for those in their first and second terms. Although the three Grantite pairs did not do well, this was mainly because they lacked practice and had not had much coaching. When they have played more, however, there is no reason why they should not be formidable opponents in years to come.

This term, we have both the juniors and the seniors knock-out tournaments. Although we cannot expect to do well in the juniors—our entrants are all under 15, it will be good practice for them, which is their main need, giving them victories in the juniors and seniors tournaments of the future. While the immediate future in fives looks dim, there being no fives players in the middle of the house, the prospect in two or three years time looks much more hopeful. May Grantite fives flourish!

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Lit. Soc. has a tendency to be ruled by its ledger. Entries such as "this proved successful" have in the past had such an overwhelming influence on the secretary that his choice of plays has perforce been somewhat circumscribed. Thus generation after generation, year after year, Grantites have read "Life with Father," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "What the Butler Saw," and though on each successive occasion they seem to have proved successful, there comes a time when even the firmest traditions can die a profitable death.

With this in mind, Lit. Soc. has abandoned the mesmeric ledger as a means of selection, embarking on a flexible policy of choosing the kind of play which people ought to read and would enjoy reading, without ever actually getting down to it. Lit. Soc. provides the means for their getting down to it, and what they get down to has included, Shaw, Anouilh, Fry, Jonson, Dekker, Jonesco and O'Neill, as well as an occasional "popular" play. This suits most members, who like disguised Kulchur as well as the low-brow and middle-brow elements of drama. On the whole it proves successful.

CHESSE

On the face of it, Grant's chess during the past term or so has had the appearance of passing through one of the periods of stagnation to which all societies are prone. There have been no large scale competitions, no vast monetary prizes, and few mass meetings; in fact the outward facade has been one of lethargy. But, of course, the truth of the matter lies far from this dismal picture.

Carrying on their games in a quiet way, slowly improving their technique, and storing up experience for more important occasions, the core of Grant's chess has been every bit as active as ever, and, free from the compulsion of a competition, has enabled the genuine spirit of the game to mature quietly. Unaccompanied by hordes of supporters, the School Chess team, with its first and third Grant's boards, has been calmly playing, and often convincingly winning its matches. The steady undercurrent of intrigue on the chequered board has been flowing the whole time; and when the time comes for the seeds of action to be once more sown (and it is likely to come very soon), it is to be hoped that every chess playing member of the house will follow the example of those who took the opportunity to develop their game while the field was allowed to lie fallow.

MUSIC

The most important feature of last term's concert was the performance of Sir George Dyson's "Canterbury Pilgrims," which provided, in a tailored version, 30 minutes of very good choral singing, often stimulating and rarely lethargic.

Of the seven episodes which were sung, the Monk and The Poor Parson received on the whole more sympathetic renderings, but it was difficult to select bits for criticism from a performance which was on the whole uniformly good.

Last term informal concerts were again held in Grant's Hall, a very satisfactory arrangement socially and acoustically; what was evident, however, was the urgent need for a new piano, since without an instrument which is at least in reasonable condition, no informal concert can be an unqualified success.

THE PLAY SUPPER

Last term's play supper occasioned the use for the first time of a curtain for the entertainment. Nor was this the only change: instead of a series of numbers which however successful individually, when gathered together have proved in past un-coordinated, the entertainment was shaped into a revue of a fairly continuous nature, which was further welded into one piece with the help of a chairman in the person of Patterson. Certain traditional items were included, such as the new boys songs, and a song from the audience, but on the whole the evening settled down to abandoned mumming of a new and cohesive quality. Particularly memorable was the scene on board Ahab's whaling vessel, and the downfall of the Matabele performed by Dewar and Redgrave, and some interludes involving topical references to Majors, and certain Grantites. Once again we were honoured by the presence of the Head Master; as well as Mr. Zinn, Mr. Crumpler, Malcolm Davidson and David Lloyd Jones.

YOYO

"Shoeblick, this is Bull Durham, Yoyo now out." said the ether comfortingly as a passing bullet gently stroked the day-old stubble on Private Jones' chin. "Hell!" said Private Jones to the ether, wiping the blood from his face with a partially respectable handkerchief; and, "Now of all bloody times," he added to the empty space next to him. Neither seemed to pay very much attention.

He sighed; and then a curious feeling of half malicious amusement came over his face beneath the now unrepresentable handkerchief. How absurd the ether sounded, he thought, saying with its pompous air of detachment a loud and categorical "Yoyo" into his headphones. What a laugh he had on it sitting there in his hole, while the important little "Yoyo" bounced busily up and down between the earth and sky, shouting its message into a thousand ears all over the world. How mad it would be, how deflated, if it were to know just how much he cared for it. A little while ago he had been straining every limb in his body, working himself into a fever of excitement in his eagerness to hear the one magic word come floating in over the static; but now it seemed hardly to matter. Even the fact that it was probably the last human voice he would ever hear, failed to raise much respect in him. "Yoyo now out" does not instil in a soul any overpowering love of humanity.

An explosion on his right carried away his aerial and removed the handkerchief firmly from his chin. "Silly bloody fools; wasting ammo. like that," he said to the space next to him, now noticeably larger. What should be happening now? he thought. Operation Yoyo was quite a complex affair; the timing had to be accurate. "At figures zero 5 hundred hours I spell Charlie Coy will advance and take nightmare." Oh, yes! of course, "C" company; that meant himself; by now he ought to have taken Nightmare. He

looked around at the scenery which bubbled about him like an army frying pan, and through his radio set out of the hole. Then, casting a casual, almost perfunctory glance at his scattered comrades, who lay like a series of broken molehills on the surrounding ground he slowly, methodically unslung his harness, lit a cigarette, and settled down in his hole to wait.

“Shoeblick, this is Bull Durham, Yoyo Now,” came the echo of the ether.

NOCTURNAL ERRAND

The gas lamps flickered on the platform cold
Five dim trucks in the siding stood
And nobody stirred, the owl only, told
It's story from a far off wood.
But then through the void of the still night air
Came a far faint sound though the distance—small
Yet nobody stirred at its coming near
Save the owl that replied with a plaintive call (and fled).
When a burst of noise, a haze of light
From the glow of the furnace in the cold dark night
Rounded the curve of the moon mirror rail
And it surged through the darkness—the Midnight Mail.
Clank shot fearful hitting pistons by the side
of mad wind wheels, and the siren cried
'Piyooo' with a full blown blast while smothering smoke
Covered all the train with a dashing cloak
And the banging
And the clanging
The pressing of the engine to the crush
To the rush
On the rattling rail.
But nobody stirred as the train went by
At the fiery glow of the furnace light
And nobody stirred when the hissing sigh
Of the Midnight Mail
Of the Midnight Mail
Melted into the night.

J. T. WYLDE.

DE MORTE SKIERONIS

A fathom down, alas, lies one
Who did a thing that is not done,
But was.
It is small wonder he died there
Instead of perishing elsewhere
Because

Taking no heed before he skied
 Of his instructor's wise advice
He went alone, rash youth indeed,
 To practise on the Ice!
 And hurt'ling down the slope in spate
 He saw the gaping hole too late
 He could not stop
 Before the drop
 So plunged on to his fate.
 Over the brim went life and limb;
 Trying his best, he did the worst;*
 Oh! How the girls would fall for him
 Had he not done so first.

*(Finding it too risky, to execute a Christie, he went straight on
 and is a Corpus.)

BY A. AND P. PLUM.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club took place in Hall on Thursday, the 13th December, 1956, at 6 p.m. Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, C.M.G., Q.C., was in the Chair and he was supported by about 35 members of the Club.

In presenting the report of the Executive Committee for the year, the President referred to the Annual Dinner on the 16th April, 1956, when 36 members dined in the King Charles Suite at Whitehall Court. The Club had departed from tradition somewhat in inviting as a Guest of the Club on that occasion Sir Robert Wilkinson, a Past President of the Elizabethan Club, who had been particularly kind to the Old Grantite Club on the financial side in a number of ways. He also mentioned the somewhat unusual circumstances in which three boys have left the House in order to form the nucleus to start the new House, Liddells, and outlined the arrangements made for their joining the Club on leaving School.

During the course of the Meeting the following elections took place:

As President: Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, C.M.G., Q.C., (1895/99).

As Vice-Presidents: The Lord Adrian, O.M., F.R.S. (1903/08), Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (1915/20), Sir Adrian Boulton, D.Mus., D.Sc. (1901/08). Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, M.A., D.Sc. (1895/1901), Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, D.C.L., F.S.A. (1899/1905), The Lord Rea, O.B.E., M.A., D.L., J.P. (1913/18), Mr. L. E. Tanner, C.V.O., V-P.S.A. (1900/09).

As Hon. Treasurer: Mr. R. Plummer, F.C.A., (1924/28).
As Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E.
(1937/42).

Mr. F. N. Hornsby (1916/21) retired from the Executive Committee but was re-elected and Mr. S. G. Croft (1946/51) also retired from the Committee. In place of Mr. Croft, Mr. J. S. Woodford (1949/54) was elected to the Committee.

Mr. F. T. Hunter, F.C.A. (1923/26) and Mr. Geoffrey P. Stevens, F.C.A., M.P. (1916/21) were re-elected as Hon. Auditors.

After the Meeting the members adjourned to the Housemaster's private rooms by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson and a number of members took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the House.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

Once again little information has been forthcoming about Old Grantites and we would repeat our constant plea for news.

R. A. MILES (1946/1951) is in his second year of National Service in the Army, having completed his training as a quantity surveyor. The last news of him was that he was on his way to Suez.

Other Old Grantites on National Service who have been involved in Suez include J. W. PARKER (1950/1953), D. N. S. MC-ARTHUR (1950/1954), G. I. CHICK (1949/54).

T. J. W. SMETHURST (1947/1951) after reading Agriculture at Oxford is now at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad preparatory to becoming an Agricultural officer in Tanganyika.

G. G. F. WORDSWORTH (1948/1952) has had his Fleet Street career unhappily interrupted by illness from which we wish him a complete recovery.

G. N. P. LEE (1946/1950) was recently home on leave from Malaya where he is in tobacco.

E. J. N. KIRKBY (1949/1953) is an Assistant Inspector in the Northern Rhodesian Police, having been awarded the Cane of Honour as the best cadet on his training course.

T. H. STEWART (1947/1952) is working for a firm of Investment Consultants in Cambridge.

J. G. LOWENSTEIN (1952/1956) has made a good recovery from the illness which curtailed his time at school and has been recuperating in Switzerland.

NOTICES

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review* and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary: W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E., 7, Spring Grove Road, Richmond, Surrey.