



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

THE GRANTITE REVIEW

FOUNDED
1884

VOL. XXIV
No. 1

PLAY TERM, 1961

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

HOUSE NEWS:

HOUSE NOTES
HOUSE DIARY

THE MAGAZINE:

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
A DISCONCERTING EVENING
A NIGHTMARE
THE DESCENT IS SWIFT
TALE FOR SOCIALISTS
SIXTY YEARS ON
THE RUSSIAN EXHIBITION
HUMOUR
NABOTH'S VINEYARD
IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA
AFTER THE BATTLE
A PICNIC
A FEW MORE HOPS
MUSIC

Anon.
Richard Compton Miller
Adrian Argyle
Shamrock
Alan Boyd
H. V. Argyle
Christopher Gale
Michael Flanders
Penguin
Timothy Hunt
K. A. R. MacDonald
Plum
Peter Bottomley
F. S.-C.

SPORTS SECTION:

THE WATER
TENNIS
CRICKET
SWIMMING

N. S. B. T.
C. D. G.
R. P.
A. J. D.

Mr. A. T. Willett

MANY generations of Westminsters will have heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. A. T. Willett, which took place at his home at Broadwindsor, Dorset, on October 6th.

Almost the whole of Arnold Willett's life was bound up with Westminster. He came to the school as a boy in 1896, returned as a master in 1909, and continued to teach there until 1943, when he became the first Master of the Under School. To Grantites, in particular, his death will come as a blow. He ruled the House from 1924 to 1934 with a sort of detached devotion—infinately kind, gentle and patient with individual boys, omitting no detail which he conceived to be his duty, and yet giving the impression that he was always glad to be rid of the burden of housemastership and to get away to his beloved garden in Sussex. His calm and serene nature was reflected in a well-balanced life. Courteous, punctilious, always punctual to the second (“It's as easy to be punctual as it is to be late,” was a favourite maxim) he seemed to have time for everyone and everything. He played golf regularly once a week, he dressed for dinner every evening, and yet got through an immense amount of work and correspondence. His generosity was proverbial, for although he was the last person to wish it, the extent of his gifts to good causes of all sorts and to individual persons in need of help could hardly fail to become known as the years went on. The plaque on the wing of Ashburnham House which was added in 1930 records but a small part of all that he did for Westminster.

Editorial

A PAST editor once wrote, "In the future I look forward to many most unreasonable editions of *The Grantite*." Well—here is the first of many more, and that is all that shall be said by way of apology to the conservatives.

The Grantite is a fortunate person if for no other reason than that he is working freely within a tradition. It is interesting to speculate upon the reasons for his existence up Grant's, the reasons which prompted his parents to send him here. Of course it must be admitted that the choice of house is of secondary importance to the choice of school, but within the school it is the community of the house that exerts the strongest influence. Whatever were the reasons that cause him to hurl himself from the mantlepice, he is a Grantite and should be justly proud of the fact.

The Grantite looks no different from any one else. He wears a grey suit just as others do, though the chances are greater that it isn't a school one; he has scruffy hair and dirty shoes as do all schoolboys. Change his surroundings—say to the baths in Great Smith Street, the haunt of many in their early days up Grant's, and again he might be anyone, except of course that man in whom the imaginative can see something of a debauched Roman emperor. So to all appearances he is nobody special.

And what about his dwelling? Truly Grant's is the natural attraction in Yard. As a shrewd editor once put it, "College boasts a blank wall, Busby's a stack of drainpipes. Rigauds . . . makes an interesting variation of the railway tavern at Kentish town, leaving Grant's the honour of supplying the dignity and antiquity of Yard alone." The Grantite is very much an individualist, but yet he clings loyally to the rather elusive "House Spirit." Quite what this spirit is nobody knows, but it accounts for many laughs at play supper and many trees at Grove Park.

The Elizabethan noticed that *The Grantite* has contained articles of broader interest recently, and partly in furtherance of this trend this new lay-out has been planned. A quick glance at the index shows that the range of subjects is broader than ever before: Grantites have travelled to places of topical importance, while others have combined hard labour with pleasure. Old Grantites may rest assured that not everyone in the house suffers from the same nocturnal delusions as one contributor, and the perceptive reader may wonder why it is that another contributor blithely asks, "What's in a name?" and yet prefers to remain anonymous. Nevertheless it is hoped that more people will be interested by more articles.

The last word must be one of thanks to those who have contributed either openly or behind the scenes to yet another edition.

HOUSE NEWS

House Notes

VALETE:

A. S. G. Boyd
H. S. Davies
C. D. Gale
M. A. Hall
J. A. B. Heard
J. H. G. Langley
C. H. Lawton
C. A. Manderson
M. C. Norbury
R. Pain
D. S. Stancliffe
R. A. Summerfield

AVETE:

P. J. Franklin
C. R. Hornsby
R. G. C. Horsley
N. Mc. I. Johnson
J. M. K. Lamb
W. E. K. Macfarlane
R. Mackenzie
I. K. Patterson
A. H. K. Postan
R. J. Shearley-Sanders
J. H. Suckling
R. H. Woolrych

We congratulate the following:

T. M. Hunt, Pink and Whites for Water.
P. I. Espenhahn, Pink and Whites for Water.
S. C. Pollitzer, Pink and Whites for Fencing.
G. S. Gould, Pink and Whites for Water.
C. S. B. Cohen, Thirds for Water.
C. W. M. Garnett, Colts for Water.
G. B. Chichester, Junior Colts for Water.
A. D. R. Abdela, Juniors for Tennis.
C. R. McNeil, Juniors for Tennis.

* * * * *

R. D. E. Spry is Head of House.

The Monitors are: P. I. Espenhahn, S. C. Pollitzer, A. Pain, F. Strickland-Constable.

* * * * *

P. J. Bottomley is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are: H. H. Clark, T. M. Hunt, A. C. E. Jarvis, M. J. Stancliffe, A. J. Stranger-Jones, D. B. Wadham-Smith.

* * * * *

A. D. R. Abdela is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: D. Brand, J. H. C. Proudfoot, G. B. Chichester.

House Diary

“**L**EST we forget, lest we forget!” These words from Rudyard Kipling’s hymn should act as a salutary warning, for although the final two weeks of last term were spent in academic tranquility, some members of the house regretted the absence of the gramophone’s silver tones.

In spite of a colourful chart on the downstairs noticeboard and considerable speculation, the Halahan did not come up Grant's to fill the yawning gap left by the departed cricket shield. Possibly this double disaster coupled with a somewhat pungent aroma emanating from the blanco room during the latter half of the term, led to a large number of the house seeking the assistance of a certain institution for the assessment of mental ability.

Many Grantites in scanning their new timetables must have noticed with disapproval the sudden decline in the number of private studies and will be considering abandoning their survey of the newspapers. The repercussions to this are as yet unforeseeable, but the need for fewer free periods for masters, coming at a time when teachers are agitating for more pay, may result in private studies again, a teachers' strike or an increase in the fees.

In this age of change and space travel it does not seem inappropriate that the *Grantite Review* should also advance, one hopes not only in size but also in literary attainment. Though a total of three pictures now adorn the walls of Buckenhill and Ferney, the conservatives will be glad to hear that not only are two of these pictures strictly appertaining to the house, but that the red geraniums once again adorn the window boxes, and as far as one knows, there are still holes in the dormitory walls.

THE MAGAZINE

What's in a Name?

MY name is Wilde; because my parents are from the Midlands and little uneducated, my other name is Oscar. You might think everyone would remark on it, and indeed everyone does; people are so ordinary.

After they have made their tedious comments, I almost invariably smile, my smile is one of my fortes; my legs are the other; everyone says how good my legs are. Sometimes I use my charming smile—when I think I am being looked at; other times, simply my condescending smile—one with no feeling behind it, just a grimace. It's supposed to make them squirm and it usually does.

Sometimes though, I don't feel like smiling; then I say nothing. You may think this is the same as not saying anything. It isn't; you try it. If he is dumb or clever, he will take the hint, for the dumb and the clever are much alike. If he is just ordinary, I have to say it again; this time it's louder; it seldom fails.

Occasionally when introduced by a hostess of magnificent proportions as Oscar Wilde, they say "Oh, don't be silly dear; what's his real name?" This used to embarrass me, but it doesn't any more, and if you pretend not to have heard, they are rather embarrassed themselves. It's great fun to watch them, because embarrassed people always look—well—embarrassed.

Once or twice people have asked me if I mind being called Oscar Wilde. I tell them not really, yet everyone says such stupid things about it. But you know, really I rather enjoy it; people are such fun to watch; they are all so idiotic.

Anon.

A Disconcerting Evening

THE moon was clear and bright as I looked out of my study window, the cool night breeze blew past my face through the open door, and I sat at my desk busily trying to complete my script. The piercing hoot of an owl momentarily broke the silence and all at once loneliness began to prevail upon me; I remembered my foolhardy reply to the postman when he had asked me whether I ever became lonely, living by myself and cut off from the rest of the world. It was ten weeks now since I had rented this croft deep in a Scottish moor and five miles from the nearest town, and it had certainly turned out to be a suitably quiet place for the completion of the script which I had been commissioned to write on my best-selling novel "Death in the Night." But I was beginning to miss the company of my friends and I wanted to return to the excitement of London, and I felt glad that it was nearly finished.

Suddenly my thoughts were violently awakened and I felt that I was not alone in the room, some sixth sense had conveyed to me the presence of someone else; perhaps it was the smell or the deadly hush, but at all events I was certain somebody was standing directly behind me. I stood up. Something hard was sticking into the small of my back, I sat down again. The silence was broken as a sharp feminine voice spoke, demanding whether my name was Edgar Simon. I nodded feebly. The woman turned to face me and for the first time I was able to see the gun that she held in her hand. Her hair was concealed under a scarf and she wore a black, tightly-belted raincoat, which accentuated her beautiful figure and added another touch of mystery to her appearance. I had no further time to examine her more carefully for suddenly she shot her hand across the table and snatched my partially finished typescript. Then she began an impassioned tirade against me, explaining that her name was Gloria de Bunsen and that ever since I had used her name in "Death in the Night," her life had become a misery. Many of the events which had occurred in the book, subsequently manifested themselves in her life, beginning with her husband's adultery and the divorce which followed, and now a sudden desire to kill and avenge herself of her husband's infidelity.

She continued for a long time, pausing only to collect her breath before launching on another verbal assault. There seemed to be an almost hypnotic quality about her eyes which compelled one to take her seriously, although all one's other instincts declared her insane. I remembered the mental institution only ten miles across the moor and wondered if perhaps she was an escaped patient. But at all events I realised I was in a tight situation, and I gulped nervously at the thought. Gradually I became accustomed to her odd highly pitched voice, as it rose and fell, sometimes upbraiding me and sometimes despairing over life in general. Then suddenly her voice altered and took on an hysterical note, the gun wavered drunkenly in her hand, as she implored me to let her play herself in my new play, for she thought it would put an end to her suffering. This confirmed my belief in her insanity and so trying to humour her I consoled her by telling her I would be

delighted if she would play the part, and promised that I would let her have the script as soon as it was finished. Thereupon she laid down the gun, wiped off her scarf, and to my amazement went through a complete transformation, her face lost its strained look and her eyes seemed to relax, a slight smile began to linger on her lips, and in a quiet voice she admitted that her real name was Jane Marks.

I stared back at her in mingled disbelief and amazement, for I remembered she had been the leading actress in a play called "Lovers Paradise," which had enjoyed only a very short run, due mainly to the scathing reviews in the local press, in which I had been the critic. I had written that "her performance lacked feeling and she should avoid drama in the future and stick to comedy and musicals." Owing to the failure in this play no producer had employed her since, and so in the depths of despair she had hit upon the idea of hoaxing me into giving her the leading part in my play which she had heard I was writing, and at the same time displaying her dramatic talents to the best advantage. Well—I had to admit that she had certainly achieved her aim, and although in the circumstances I could have afterwards refused her the part, I decided to give her another chance.

After Jane had left, the fragrance of perfume still lingered on, and somehow the croft did not seem quite the same, it was as if something essential to its well-being was missing. More and more I felt the loneliness of my existence, so I comforted myself with the thought that in about a week's time the play would have been completed and I would be able to return to London. I longed to see Jane again, to get down to the actual production and once more to enjoy the exhilarating atmosphere of the stage. However I never met Jane Marks again: she was killed in a car accident. Whenever I think of her death, I remember the last chapter of my novel, "The Aftermath and Death," perhaps there was some connection after all between Gloria de Bunsen and Jane Marks.

Richard Compton Miller.

A Nightmare

THE rain had changed now to a heavy drizzle, which blew into his face, stinging it. In front the road was lost in the mist; behind it stretched away endlessly, rather clearer. He cursed as he splashed in and out of the puddles, staggering he knew not where. The wind tore at him, screaming, clawing at his flesh. "So this," he thought, "is how it must end." The gate loomed out of the mist ahead. Nobody had told him there was a gate, but he had known it would be there, and he stopped to rest.

He could see little on the other side, though the mist seemed to have thinned a little. The field was ploughed, and sloped away from him. Some distance further on a scarecrow, or was it a human, slapped its huge sleeves, inviting him towards the void, which repelled and yet drew him on. He knew that once through the gate he could never return. Perhaps he could go back now, but it was so far and

he felt so tired. Anyway they probably wouldn't let him. He was old and only a burden to others.

The scarecrow beckoned again, more urgently and, as if drawn by an impulse that was not his own, he passed through the gate. The arms of the mist reached out and encircled him; the face of the scarecrow showed for a minute and then was gone.

Adrian Argyle.

The Descent is Swift

A CITY may be great because it is old and has ruins as proof of its age, but the greatest city is the living city with its sophistication and sordidity. The two aspects are much entwined; the sophisticated is false, but the sordid is real and impresses the mind.

Along a narrow sordid street in a great city walked a young man, intelligent and well dressed. He walked with a carefree manner; his feet hardly touched the pavement at each step and this gait reflected his attitude to the scene around him—surprise, scorn, disgust. But he did not show his feelings, for this man belonged to the sophisticated parts.

It was an airless summer evening. The city, unclean with the stagnant heat, seemed to be sweating, to be shedding the last drop of moisture in her walls. The street ran behind the great hotels and their basement kitchens poured forth washing-up water and the rancid remains of the evening meals and from the dark mouths of the drains there rose a stinking breath. There was a pub on the street corner; it was squalid, but it had beer and the young man was thirsty. He went in.

Inside there were three people, a tall man, a small man and a woman. The young man walked up to the small man at the bar and ordered a light ale. The drink came and he drank. The man beside him shifted his position and asked what his occupation was.

"I'm a clerk at the railway offices." His voice was strong and sure. "What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing really—I'm what you might call a bit of a thinker. I'm also a king, you know."

"Really. You certainly don't look very regal to me." The small man raised his arm in a sweeping gesture. "In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king. These people here, they're nothing, they're blind and I'm their one-eyed king. Don't you realise I'm better than them, I've reached the top, and as for the others," he motioned towards the couple arguing in the corner, "one's a tramp and the other you might call a priestess of love." He laughed at his little joke.

"What are you thinking about at the moment," queried the young man.

"Death," replied the small man. "Yes, death is a deep subject, but it would bore you. You're young, you wouldn't understand."

"Please go on, it doesn't bore me a bit."

"Life is a hill. When you're climbing it, you're eyes are fixed on the top and

your ambition stimulates your desire to reach it. But when you get to the summit you see with sudden horror the descent towards the bottom, towards death. You probably found it hard to go up, but it's the easiest thing in the world to go down. Truly the descent is swift." He gulped down his drink and ordered another.

"For you life is cheerful, full of love, indifferent and pure, but for me life has no prospects except death."

"My, you are a cheerful fellow."

The small man continued as though uninterrupted:

"The realization of death is a slow process, and then quite suddenly you appreciate its full meaning and somehow everything about life is different. You know death is not abstract, it is real like the dirt in the gutter. See—it has robbed me of my flesh, it has turned my hair grey. It's a frightening spectacle to watch young man."

The clerk from the railway offices was uncomfortable, his throat was dry, so he asked for another drink.

"So much has been taken from me that I feel death in every move I make, every breath I take, and everywhere I look." The small man calmed down a little and then went on, "I suppose you think you are living for love, but you must live for money to pay for love. And then you want success. What is the use of success, when you cannot enjoy the fruit it yields? And finally there is death."

"Death is truly to be feared, it is all around us, you must push it aside as you move through the world. You see it everywhere, fallen leaves, squashed flies and rotting vegetables. They all have one voice which shouts so loud, "Death, here is death." We are being squeezed to death by the expansion of those who are still climbing the hill; I cry for help, but nobody bothers to answer. I shall die a forgotten man. You must marry young man and then you won't be lonely in your old age. Marry and live according to your age."

With that remark he grinned and was gone, leaving the young man with little beer in his glass.

Shamrock.

Tale for Socialists

WIVES, in search of something new,
Rose in anger, cry and hue,
Against detergents, far from few,
Demanding that a change was due.
So now, when washing clothes anew,
If white's not white, then blue!

From this a moral tale we drew,
Whence Socialists may take their cue.
If black not white, and white not blue
Then how about a change of Hugh.

Alan Boyd.

Sixty Years On

HAPPILY Grant's, greatly improved and modernised within, retains after the lapse of sixty years and the passing of two world wars, most of the features familiar to those who inhabited it more than half a century ago. We still enter it down the steps from Yard, and pass through what was then the lower changing-room. Through this, and the medley of boys struggling out of wet and muddy football kit passed our house-master, Mr. Tanner, known to all as "The Buck," after the character so called in Conan Doyle's "Rodney Stone." As always immaculately dressed in morning-coat and top-hat, he remarked to the visitor who accompanied him "This illustrates 'through all the changing scenes of life.'"

Above is still the house-master's study, wherein on one evening in every term each boy received a "pi-jaw" from The Buck. This always revealed his unfailing and sympathetic insight into the conduct, thoughts and habits of us all. The entrance hall and staircase are the same, as is the first landing whereon the house "John" set out each evening a tray of "tollies." These were very small candles, in tiny candlesticks, one for each of us, which we lighted and placed beside our beds. There was no other form of lighting in the dormitories. On the top storey was the sick-room, looking out at the back over Great College Street. Here, on Sunday evenings in winter we could hear the tinkle of the bell of the muffin man, sounding through the fog as he slowly approached from Pimlico, and dying away as his round progressed. Sometimes a hansom cab would drive into one of the neighbouring streets, accompanied by the jangle of the bell of the harness and the clip-clop of the horse's hooves. When we could persuade him to do so John would step out and purchase a supply of muffins for us, which we were debarred from doing for ourselves.

In the basement was the room of little Johnnie Crockford, Grants' "John." A small and dapper man, he had spent his life in "gentlemen's service." Consequently he took great pride in our appearance when we went out, and would polish our shoes, press our trousers, roll our umbrellas and iron our toppers. By our costume we were known all over London, and greeted by the "Scis" (as we called the "non-U" citizens) as "Scholar" wherever we went. Many of these Scis were amongst those who packed the outside of the railings Up Fields each Saturday to watch the football matches. They had nick-names for most of the Westminster team, and when, years after they had left, these players turned out at Vincent Square for the Corinthians or O.W.W. they were immediately hailed with delight by the Scis by their former nick-names.

And for the half-dozen or so left in on Sundays there was a stroll on The Terrace of The Houses of Parliament after morning Abbey, and in the afternoon an expedition to The Zoo, by the kindness of various members of The Zoological Society, who sent their Sunday admission tickets to The Buck to be passed on to us, or to the concerts at The Albert or Queen's Halls. To these we went on the Underground, whose tunnels and stations were full of smoke and grime, for the

engines were of course all steam driven. Perhaps the greatest thrill of all was to see the fire-engines, drawn by a pair of horses at full gallop, with bells clanging and smoke pouring from their squat funnels, threading their way along the crowded streets, whilst the horse-drawn buses and other vehicles crowded to the sides to let them pass.

Times may change, but not thank Heaven, Westminster, Grant's and our memories of those happy days.

H. V. Argyle.

The Russian Exhibition—London 1961

BY now most people will either have forgotten all about The Russian Exhibition or it will be remembered as an experience which was worthwhile but of little lasting note. This sums up the main point of the exhibition. It was not of a startling or revolutionary nature, and unlike the British Trade fair, it did not appeal to the general public.

The reason for this is simply that the Russians used the exhibition to give the British an idea of their remarkable achievements in the scientific and technical fields. In this endeavour they undoubtedly succeeded in impressing our more technically minded citizens with their superb machinery and concise and logical approach to technical problems. But how many of our populace are technically minded? A minority I am sure. As for the rest, they are completely at sea in the mass of unexplained instruments and hydro-electric schemes.

The standard of presentation and salesmanship were, I am afraid, deplorably low. Few of the machines had more than a placard with "Please do not touch" written upon it, to help the visitor in his search for information. The attendants, most unlike their British counterparts, were shy and retiring and never spoke unless questioned. They made no attempt to interest possible customers in their wares, and generally looked rather miserable and bored. Apart from this the most disturbing thing about the exhibition was the undiluted presentation of supposedly awe-inspiring news which was plastered on every available blank space. The fact that the Soviet Union produces two million "three inch" nails every week could hardly interest me less. Its object is to startle the onlooker—a not too distant possibility. However one must not forget that the Soviet Union is a large country and most of its labour is devoted to the production of more and better machinery, and not to raising its standard of living by manufacturing household commodities and luxury goods.

There can be no doubt that in the mechanical field the Russians are far in advance of the British. Their agricultural machinery is impressive and obviously most efficient, but it is as well to remember that Russian farms are considerably larger than ours and thus require equipment which would be financially impossible on a British estate. Other articles of particular note were the optical instruments: the binoculars, microscopes and cameras which were very well constructed, and

had reached a high degree of accuracy. The textile machinery, the hydraulic and other factory equipment was also of a high class. The literature department was well stocked and attracted large numbers of people, although most of the books on show were in Russian.

Unfortunately, commodities such as food, clothes, labour-saving devices and toys, which would have had great appeal to the housewife, were very poorly represented, and what was on show lacked variety and imagination. At the food display the main item was caviar which, although an important Russian export, can hardly be described as a normal meal in Russia, and I feel sure that the Russian peasant has scarcely heard of it let alone eaten it.

Thus while the Russian left the British Trade Fair in Moscow with, so reports say, a very favourable view of British life, the average British citizen left the Russian exhibition not, as the Soviets intended, impressed by the achievements of Socialism, but rather depressed by the propaganda that had been pumped at them. Nor did the exhibition erase from people's minds the popular image of a downtrodden and exploited populace ruled by an all-powerful Supreme Soviet. Thus the exhibition failed in a sense by not appealing to and not impressing the man in the street.

Was it, therefore, worth the time and money spent upon it? Did it improve relations between the two countries? The answer to both questions is certainly yes, although the average man's opinion of Russian society may even have taken a turn for the worse. On the other hand many British firms have purchased Russian equipment and adopted Russian ideas. In this way the exhibition was a success, or in other words it succeeded in selling but not in deceiving.

Christopher Gale.

Humour

HUMOUR HAS always defied definition. It defies me. But I think I can chance a short note on the subject.

James Thurber got as far as anyone when he wrote: "Tragedy is insight. Comedy is outlook." The humorist's first obligation is to look out on the world as he sees it. To do this he must have a point of view. And, if he is to have any social function, his view of the world must be clear, balanced and unprejudiced. It must be recognisable to each of us who share that world and evoke the clear, balanced and unprejudiced in us.

All art tries to capture the natural balance of things and ideas; whether it be in words, shapes, colours or sounds. Some art will only be recognised as balanced and true by certain people at a certain time: Some will be so recognised by whole civilizations over long periods of history. By so doing and because it is "serious," Tragedy may seem the greater art. But its greater permanence may not be solely of its own making. What we see within ourselves evolves only slowly, if at all. What we look out on changes rapidly and continuously. And so whereas the insight of great tragedy endures, the outlook of great comedy rarely does so. The

Tragedy of the Greeks and Elisabethans is recognisable to us today: the Comedy, for the most part, is not.

But the humorist's world, though impermanent, is a real world. And he must seek to find in it its own truth. His second obligation is to define the true shape of this world as he sees it, by demonstrating a "Play" world (in a "Play-house" for example), in which aspects of this world are exaggerated, caricatured, pushed off their natural balance to a point where we laugh at them. He defines what is, by showing what is not. And because his world is moving, his exaggeration—his caricature—must be a laughable extension of the line, of the direction in which it moves. A long nose is caricatured by an absurdly longer nose, not by no nose at all. We recognise it at once as true when elongated by humour and by contrast accept the definition of a normal nose.

The clearer his point of view, the greater the humorist. The more he can define for us the direction in which we and our civilisation are moving. For by holding up the magnifying glass of humour the humorist can show us "the way the world wags."

Michael Flanders.

Naboth's Vineyard or A Few Thoughts on Berlin

WRINKLED hands turned the pages: chubby ones grasped the pillow. "Are you going to read another story tonight?"—said the child to the old man. It seemed as though the child's appeal could not break the dispassionate gaze of the old man.

"I shall read you a piece from the next chapter of the book"—replied the patient old man.

"And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria."

"I pity poor Naboth, up against a tough man like Ahab," reflected the child, "though of course he was a fool to have his vineyard right next to the palace." The child's innocent eyes looked upward. "Ahab was a bad man, but he was powerful and you must respect the powerful man."

The old man sighed, very sadly it seemed, and then continued. "And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying . . .

"Heavens above that language is so out of date. Tell the story in your own words."

"As you wish. Well, Ahab demanded that Naboth give him the property, saying that he would give Naboth the value in money. But Naboth knew quite well that Ahab wouldn't keep his word, and so he refused."

"But that was only a supposition," the child protested angrily.

"No it wasn't," cried the old man passionately. There was a pause and then he said quietly but firmly, "Anyway it was his land and nobody else had a right to it." The child was no longer interested.

“Ahab had been rebuffed, so he put on one of his false angry moods and stormed about the palace, ranting at everyone.”

“Good diplomacy,” remarked the child pertinently.

The old man went on as though deaf to the words. “Well Ahab’s wife influenced the king very much, and telling him to quieten down, she assured him that he would have control of the vineyard. Then she intrigued with her friends who ruled Naboth’s village, and on a false charge they stoned him to death.”

“And so Ahab won the vineyard,” said the child, finishing the story. “Do you think Naboth realised what was happening? I mean surely he was preparing himself for an attack.”

“I very much doubt it. He was probably far too interested in making money, but don’t let that worry you. Now lie down and go to sleep.”

“What was the name of Ahab’s wife?”

“Jezebel.”

“Jezebel, I don’t like that name. What happened to her in the end?”

The old man smiled and reached again for the book, opened it and read, “And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, ‘The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel.’”

Penguin.

Impressions of Russia

MOSCOW is a grim city. The old walls of the Kremlin and the Pushkin Museum are mere oases where one can almost forget one is in a Communist country. Yet always outside there is the real Moscow, and a trip through the city on a bus soon reveals its true characteristics, monotonous standardization and restriction. To a visitor however, this monotony is fascinating; vast, cold, wedding cake skyscrapers towering into the sky, building sites stretching for miles on end, with drab utility housing blocks in formless rows, characterless and typical. And yet everything is typical from the dirty green lorries to the standard produce in the shops, from the clothes people wear to the expression on their faces. One notices restriction everywhere; people are wary about what they say; literature is greatly restricted and Western produce is limited virtually to the *Daily Worker* and *l’Humanité*.

Out of all this control there must be granted extraordinary efficiency: the rate of building is phenomenal and even if the consumer goods are poor quality and the choice is limited, the standard of living has undoubtedly been raised enormously in recent years.

One of the most striking and frightening aspects about the Soviet Union is the continual brainwashing of the masses. Until one actually goes to Russia it is hard to imagine. Everywhere one goes, on the train, in the street, at exhibitions, in your hotel room, and even on the beach political propaganda and patriotic music is blared at you through loudspeakers; every bookshop is arrayed with Soviet propaganda, books on Lenin, books by Lenin, on Krushev, by Krushev. Dominating every street is a statue of Lenin or a political slogan.

You can never get away from the regime, you are encouraged to work and play together for and with the state all the time. You must never be alone with your thoughts, it is a virtual disgrace for a man not to be married. It is no wonder then that public buildings are so extravagant, why every underground station is a marble palace, decorated with bronze reliefs and chandeliers, why cultural and economic exhibitions are so extravagant even if the exhibits are dull.

The control over the people is interesting in the price of goods too, a twelve-inch L.P. costs as little as ten pence and an ordinary untailored suit costs as much as a television set. How does such complete dominance affect the people? Certainly Russians as a whole are the friendliest of people, willing to talk, to exchange souvenirs and shake hands. They are eager to talk about Western things, but with most people it is not long before one meets the Party Line answer to any question on world affairs. One feels that most Russians really do believe in Communism and really do believe the lies they are presented with.

Among people of all types however, there do seem to be reactionaries. Most apparent are the black marketeers. They are regarded as a national disgrace and are very severely punished when caught by the police. They come mainly from the poorer classes, but I also met one or two who belonged to rich families. These "spivs" as the Russians call them, are numerous and constantly accost you in the cities for Western clothes, silk ties, nylon socks, and short-length mackintoshes. All these things are unobtainable in the U.S.S.R. and fabulous prices are offered; forty roubles (£15) for a good plastic mack. One Swiss woman we met had made over a £100 out of clothes she did not want.

Most of these "spivs" just work for easy money, but while we were staying in Sochi on the Black Sea in a youth camp, we met another sort of Russian, who did not seem to fit in with the community. Like all Russians in this camp he was one of the fortunate few. He wore good clothes, and cultivated a passable American accent. Alec, as he called himself, was a "progressive" Communist and this progressiveness seemed to be directed mainly to Western Capitalist culture. He possessed a record library of over a thousand British and American pop records, including over two hundred L.P.s. Needless to say these were not obtained through the official channels, pop music being regarded as the height of decadence. He also wore Western clothes and was eager to talk on anything Western, about his American friends, about Cliff Richard, about Elvis Presley, about whom he knew a quite amazing amount.

Yet at the same time Alec was a member of the Young Militiamen, a positively frightening organisation, which entitled him to arrest anyone "misbehaving" himself. He told us cold-bloodedly of situations where this privilege could be useful in showing oneself to be a great fellow. Alec was also one of the only people who admitted mistakes that had been and were being made by the government, and although it is common knowledge in the West he was the only Russian who admitted that relations with China were at present bad.

Alec was a slightly sinister character. What was he really? What did he really

think about things? At any rate he is bound for success; this year he has been given a grant to study Arabic in Baghdad; a great privilege. But what of the ordinary people who do not necessarily have such opportunities? Certainly their standard of living is becoming better. Both men and women work, and the combined wages seem reasonable if one compares them with the market prices and the low rents. With the 1959 seven year building plan, which is intended to rehouse most of the Soviet Union by 1965, housing shortage seems to be rapidly passing away. However modern utility flats are very small. I met one old man, a bus inspector, who kindly showed us his flat in Yuri Gagarin street. It was built in 1959 and already cracks in the plaster were showing. However, the one room which he shared with his wife was quite comfortable.

Primary education is good from what one can see, and secondary education is rapidly improving. In a local school we visited in Sochi the staff seemed kind and efficient and the pupils happy. Yes, when one thinks of the terrible trials and tribulations the Russian people have been subjected to, the standard of living is surprisingly high among the masses in a humdrum sort of way. Travelling hard third class in the train lets one into the peaceful world of talk and cards, the strumming of the balalaika, the steaming samovar at the end of the compartment, old men in over pyjamas snoring all day long. Things seem relaxed until Moscow radio is turned on or the man you are talking with is hauled off the train.

Timothy Hunt.

After the Battle

THE sunlight's now gone,
But the sky's still red
As I walk alone
Among the dead.

Tombstones grey all round,
On the hills not a cry,
In the churchyard no sound.
Just memories and I.

My friends died here long time ago,
Who once lived and moved,
But the tide of war must flow,
And with it go the ones you loved.

The tide of war must onward flow,
Unchecked by man, as yet,
And with it there must always go
The ones we can't forget.

K. A. R. MacDonald.

A Picnic

“**J**OAN what do you mean by it?” Godfrey shouted at his wife and then added in a softer but more disdainful voice, “Cutting the crust off—anybody might think you hadn’t got a tooth in your head. You know you’re wasting half that loaf.”

“Godfrey, Laurence is taking us and he has got very few teeth,” said Joan, laying stress on “few.”

“Too few I suppose to eat the crust of a perfectly good fresh loaf. I bet he doesn’t cut the crusts off his bread,” said Godfrey, his voice rising.

“If you can’t stop it you had better leave the kitchen,” said his wife with the tone a long-suffering nanny might reprove a backward child. Godfrey turned as though to go but seeing a gas jet on the cooker burning for no apparent reason, renewed his onslaught.

“Why can’t you turn the gas off when you’re not using it?”

“Why can’t you leave me to run the kitchen as I please?”

“Why can’t you turn the . . .” Joan picked a cup off the table and hurled it at her husband. He dodged, letting it smash futilely against the wall.

“I’m asking you why you left the gas on?” repeated Godfrey in a quiet controlled voice.

“Godfrey, I’m warning you . . .”

“And I’m warning you, if you don’t tell me why you left the gas on, I’ll . . .”

“Daddy,” an accusing child’s voice came from behind Godfrey.

“Oh, there you are, James, we shan’t be long now,” said his mother hastily and with forced cheerfulness. “Now run along dear.”

“Daddy, what were you saying to Mummy?”

“We were talking about the gas stove.”

“Is there anything wrong with it?”

“There may be. Now just be a good boy and do what your mother says.”

“I expect he heard every word,” said Joan reproachfully. “You shout too much.”

She turned and noisily began to climb the stairs. Godfrey, muttering “profligate,” started to put all the crusts into a paper bag, which he slipped into his pocket.

“You can’t go with that bulge in your pocket.”

“Why not? It’s only food for the gulls when we get to Eastbourne.”

“All right Godfrey, if you don’t take those crusts out of your pocket, I won’t come.” Reluctantly he put the bag on the table. The front door bell rang.

“That will be Laurence,” said Joan, opening the door. They walked down the path and sat awkwardly in the back of Laurence’s Bentley.

“Lovely day to see the sea, eh Joan,” said Laurence with good humoured joviality. Joan prodded her husband as she saw him rummaging in his pockets.

“Oh Laurence, you don’t mind if I get a handkerchief? Silly, I must have dropped it.” He got out again, and emerged from the front door with a large bulge in his left pocket. “Joan I found it straightaway. It was on the table.” His

wife glared at him and went on talking to Laurence, who put his foot down and the car moved away.

Plum.

A Few More Hops

WITHIN days of the start of hop-picking, *The Grantite's* special investigators into this vital industry soon found themselves very much in the public eye. The renowned *Kentish Gazette*, estd. 1717, devoted the front and middle pages to pictures of the dutiful duo.

The working day began at 7 a.m. Breakfast was soon discovered to be a dispensable meal. It was not an infrequent sight to see a drowsy figure come stumbling down the grass bank, from the tents, with shirt under one arm and trousers on back-to-front. Most of the "students" worked in the field, cutting down the hop-laden vines to be taken to the automatic stripper. The normal day was ten hours long, with an optional two of overtime at midnight. The six hours of sleep was very welcome.

The only "mod. con." provided was electricity for a razor. It was partly for the sake of cleanliness that we adopted a blue stocking who possessed a bath relatively close to hand. The only other people who made this survey possible were the kind drivers who offered us lifts. They included an encyclopaedia salesman who earned £30 on a journey to London, and a busdriver on a touring holiday. They played their small part in this vital section of the nation's internal economy.

Peter Bottomley.

Music

DURING the past term, music up Grant's has flourished, not only at the competitions, but also in other more enterprising performances. A group of players organised by Stancliffe set out for Eddington in Wiltshire on the Saturday before the G.C.E. exams. started, to give a recital of chamber music in the Parish Church. The same group played some music for wind instruments at the Headmaster's garden party. Although not perhaps so accomplished as yet, there are among the juniors several talented players, notably a quartet which meets at least once a week to play collected pieces and even original compositions.

Grant's tackled the music competitions with great spirit and determination, and it was perhaps disappointing that success was rather limited. The one and only outright success came in the Junior Piano duet, which Brand and Gellhorn won in great style. The standard in the String Solo this year was very high, so much so that John Carol Case, the Adjudicator, found great difficulty in choosing the first four places. Pollitzer deservedly came second, only two points behind the winner, with an *Elegie* by Fauré. In the afternoon, Grant's gave a very talented performance in the House Choirs, and there was some surprise when Liddell's won. Grant's won the Vocal Ensemble with great verve, and the energy with which the singers tackled the song "Sing we and chaunt it" was reminiscent of the same event two years ago. Altogether it was a very creditable performance. F. S.-C.

SPORTS SECTION

The Water

SINCE the slump in 1958, Grant's has gradually increased its potential and in this year's regatta took second place to Rigaud's. From our great resources of thirty-two watermen, it was possible to form crews in all classes, from senior to junior. The house was well represented in the sculling events.

The Senior four lost by two lengths to Rigaud's, after a poor start in rough water. Both the Junior-Senior fours lost to the eventual runners-up, Liddell's, in successive rounds. The Junior four "A", comprised of one colt and three prominent junior colts, reached the finals, but were beaten by a length, once again by Rigaud's. Then came a victory, the Double Sculls were won from a strong Rigaud's pair by Spry and Espenhahn in three gruelling races; the first was a dead heat.

Spry reached the finals of the Senior Sculls, but was defeated by Bryant (Rigaud's). Espenhahn was unlucky to fail in the semi-finals of the Junior-Senior Sculls. Garnett, in an extremely close race against Devereux (Rigaud's), a sculler of greater weight, lost by only four feet in the final heat. In the Novice Sculls, an event which has now been included in the regatta programme, Williamson showed great promise. We must thank Mr. Garnett for his vigorous coaching of the Senior four and Double Sculls; this was a great aid to our performance.

This term there is the prospect of seven new watermen to help the house reach and maintain the peak which is now expected of it. In the three trial eights which have been formed for the First, Second and Colts there are ten Grantites. The cycle has nearly been completed and Grant's could win the Halahan Cup in the next few years with more thought and determination. *N. S. B. T.*

Tennis

TENNIS at Westminster has improved steadily since last season's rather low ebb. The only real drawback in the full enjoyment of this, the gentleman's sport, by members of the club has been the melting of the new courts under the unusually hot sun this summer. This, together with the expected bouts of rain has reduced the number of stations played alarmingly. The trouble will, we are told, soon pass and by next season all should be well.

Although possessing no outstanding players the house had four fairly permanent members of the 2nd VI and of these, two remain to play it is hoped for the 1st VI next season. The Doubles and singles competitions did not go very well for Grant's. Despite the large numbers that entered for the Singles, especially the Junior, no Grantite reached the last eight of either competition. In the Senior Doubles bad luck struck and after winning the first round both pairs met the eventual finalists in the second. In the Junior Doubles C. R. McNeil and A. D. R. Abdela played well but met a strong pair in the semi-final to whom they eventually succumbed. *C. D. G.*

Cricket

WITH three members of the 1st XI up Grant's there was a sound nucleus around which a side could be built. However, the complete lack of cricketers in the middle of the house resulted in five regular members of the team being boys in their first year.

The season began successfully with a victory over Liddells. The match was dominated by a brilliant 128 not out by Hall. After such a fine start there were high hopes for the future. Certainly a victory over Wrens, a team without a single prominent player, was imminent. Yet Wrens won. Defeat was due largely to the early dismissal of Hall and the absence of Langley, which resulted in almost half their runs coming from extras. This does not however excuse the feeble display by many members of the team. Surprisingly we beat the strong Ashburnham side the following week. The bowling was very tight and Langley returned to take three catches and allow no extras. An easy victory over College was then followed by another lapse, this time against Rigauds. Once again the fielding and tale-end batting must take much of the blame.

The final match of the season against Busby's, although a draw, was in many ways the most successful, and there was always the hope that with victory we would retain the Shield. Hall scored 70 and the last five batsmen proved their worth by putting on 63 runs. Busby's lost their three best batsmen for 70 and then tried to shut the game up. With a little more luck we might have won, but instead they snicked their way to 101 for 7. Nevertheless this match showed what the juniors can do both in fielding and batting, and is a good omen for the future.

R. P.

Swimming

ONCE again Grant's did not have the numbers to bring victory in the Swimming Competitions. Personal results however, were more inspiring. Bottomley won the backstroke and had a second and two thirds in other races.

In the Juniors, Dugdale reached the backstroke and diving finals, but unhappily was not able to compete any further, owing to exams. Gould and Jones also proved themselves able swimmers, both doing well in the relays, which the house only just failed to win. Standards were disappointing because, as in the case with Athletics, so few people bothered to enter. With greater effort from non-swimmers, a better showing would have been possible.

A. J. D.