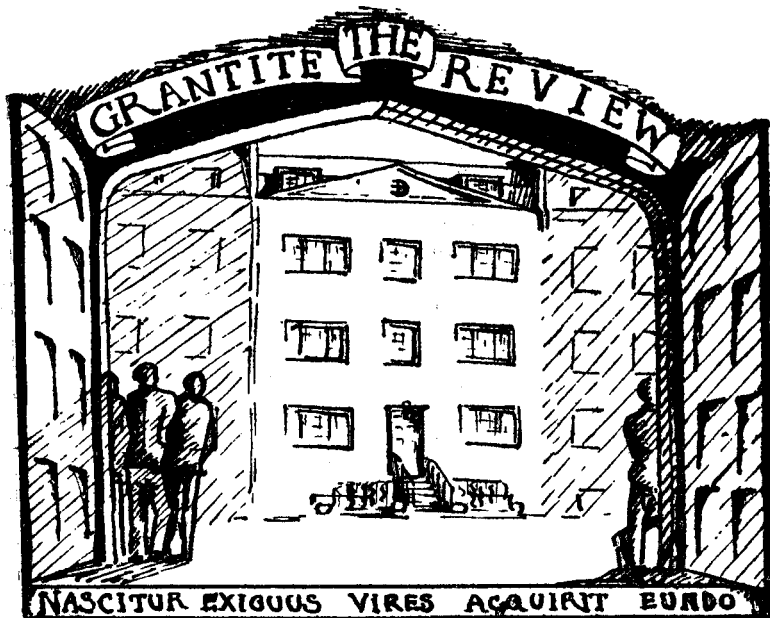


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EDITORIAL

Granites have a propensity for disagreement. A former Editor considered the fact that "one or two more large cavities" had appeared in the dormitory walls confirmed "the true Granite spirit." This destructive tendency is admirable as long as it remains serious. I do not want to imply that we should all set to and pull the House down, rather that criticism should be genuine and individual and not subject to rivalry or the conventional criticism that worms its way into every corner of our existence. It has become *bon ton* to be liberal in approach, and we all busily conserve this treasured tradition. This is the difficulty. Past liberal ideas have become conservative fortresses, and no new ones seem to be forthcoming. Even opportunism, about which we hear so much, is conservative, in that it waits on the process of events. In the political field the struggle for control has dominated the conflict of ideas.

An alternative government requires an alternative policy, and it is hard to oppose something without sympathising with the other side. It is ridiculous to devour without feeling better for having done so. It is pointless to destroy without an intention to construct. But Dissenters found a way round this, they set out to replace a fact as well as a notion. They got over the assumption that if everything is wrong in the existing order the greatest improvement would be to seize power themselves. There was a simpler solution. As it is impossible to have a Dissenter in power the whole notion of power must be abandoned, there must be "no foreign policy." The British have a passion for coming to terms, and Dissenters are still regarded as figures of fun or just plain scoundrels. We seem to be hypnotised by the doctrine of the lesser evil.

Just as there is still a fatal discrepancy between our manner of observing things and their manner of occurring, so we seize on the practical and possible to the detriment of the ideal. It seems impossible to set a target without first concentrating on a preliminary step towards its achievement, which takes the place of the original ideal and becomes an end in itself. Gladstone pointed out how necessary was the movement towards capitalism and industrialism in order to lay broad foundations of material well-being for the society of the future. But we have remained at an unsatisfactory half-way house.

How strange that he who cleaves to shallow things
Can keep his hopes alive on empty terms,
And dig with greed for precious plunderings
And find his happiness unearthing worms.

It is not enough to worship "Milor Rosbif," and it needs something more than Yorkshire Pudding to put things right. It is as though we were doing nature a favour by being alive. "You must either know why you live or else nothing matters . . . everything is just wild grass." Campanella's ideal society was based on the need

for only one hour's work a day " as everyone likes to be industrious, and the labour is quickly dispatched." We might do well to ask ourselves what we would do with the other twenty-three, or would we give way to the growing terror of nothing to think about?

It is thirty years since the *Grantite* included " literary " contributions in its pages, and we have taken this opportunity, or excuse, to draw on the funds of our Senior Modern Linguist and induce him to point out the importance of Baudelaire to modern literature.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: E. R. Espenhahn
F. M. B. Rugman
E. G. Jones

We welcome this term: C. W. Galloway
T. F. Hart
K. A. R. MacDonald
C. P. Rankin

Congratulations to: S. C. Pollitzer and A. S. G. Boyd on their
Thirds for Fencing.
and to: R. C. Beard on his Colts and Seniors for
Football.
and to: C. R. McNeil on his Junior Colts and
Seniors for Football.
and to: J. H. G. Langley, C. E. Manderson, and
R. A. Summerfield on their Seniors for
Football.
and to: P. W. Semple on his Seniors for Fencing.
and to: J. A. B. Heard on his Seniors for Fives.
and to: R. M. McE. Compton-Miller and G. S.
Gould on their Junior Colts for Water.
and to: D. Brand and G. B. Chichester on their
Juniors for Water.

* * * *

The following appointments have been made:

N. Halsted, Captain of Fencing.
M. B. McC. Brown, Captain of Squash Racquets.
S. C. Pollitzer, Vice-Captain of Fencing.
A. S. G. Boyd, Secretary of Fencing.

* * * *

H. S. Davies won the Gumbleton English Verse Prize.
M. C. Norbury won the Levi Cup for Photography.
J. H. G. Langley and J. A. B. Heard are Editors of the *Trifler*.

* * * *

M. B. McC. Brown is Head of House.
The Monitors are: M. G. Hornsby, M. A. Hall, N. Halsted,
M. C. Norbury, and D. S. Stancliffe.

R. J. R. Hale is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are: R. Pain, J. H. G. Langley, A. H. Sandford-Smith, H. S. Davies, C. D. Gale, J. D. Seddon and J. A. B. Heard.

* * * *

A. J. Dugdale is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: A. R. Argyle, C. S. B. Cohen, and R. M. McE. Compton-Miller.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT

The preparations that precede a royal visit, or any official occasion, are invariably carried out in a spirit of harmless hypocrisy. Although we did not sink to the level of the Americans who, in preparation for the recent Presidential Election, painted the grass around Lincoln's statue green, we were nevertheless guilty of employing camouflage of a similar kind on the occasion of the Queen's visit Up Grant's. Floors were swept that had never been swept before; passages, formerly dank and dingy, now gleamed suspiciously white. As the route which the Queen and the Duke were to take was along the first floor of studies it was naturally upon this floor that the efforts of the cleaning squad were concentrated. The common room was stocked with the few pieces of undamaged furniture the House possessed and the shelves were elegantly arrayed with some of the less battered volumes from the House library. As a final touch to this atmosphere of artificiality vases of flowers were placed at unlikely positions along the route.

All those who were to be introduced to the Queen and the Duke were most carefully and methodically "briefed" on various points of court etiquette. My particular task was to accompany the Duke, whilst the Head of House went with the Queen. On the day itself it was of course all very different. The Queen, it is true, behaved in a reasonably conventional manner. The Duke, on the other hand, came bursting in at the back entrance, brushed aside the carefully rehearsed formalities of introduction, and proceeded to bound up the stairs, four steps at a time, with myself and a vast train of deans, canons and equerries struggling manfully to keep up with him. Once in the studies the Duke spoke at great length to Jeal and Davies and was heard to remark that he considered life in the studies to be "a bit of a troglodyte existence." The Queen spoke to Stancliffe and Seddon. On the downward flight of stairs that lead to Hall the Duke accelerated his pace and before I was much more than half way down he was already firing short, staccato questions at the ring of monitors and Chiswickites collected at the bottom. Hall was questioned about his task as Captain of Cricket, whilst Langley tried valiantly to explain his duties as Editor of "the House Magazine." Sandford-Smith indulged in a lengthy exposé on the delights of bird-watching. The Duke then looked into Hall and

demanded that the game of ping-pong, which had come to a statutory halt on his entrance, should continue. The Queen also payed Hall a visit and remarked that she thought it "rather nice," from which we may safely assume that she thought it rather horrid but was too polite to say so. The whole party then proceeded to the front door where swift farewells were made.

The atmosphere of a boys' Public School is nothing new to the Duke and, as one might have expected, he seemed much more at his ease than the Queen. However, both the Royal visitors appeared to enjoy themselves and it was a memorable occasion for the House.

HOUSE DIARY

Since our last edition was published the visit of Her Majesty to the House is particularly significant. This has been written about elsewhere in this issue; so a quick, quiet note on the Play Supper will occupy this perennial vacant space. The Queen's Holiday, three days of which we enjoyed at the end of last term, put us all out. Grant's was the only house to have a play supper and College Hall unfortunately let us down over food. Grant's, of all houses, feel strongly about "Dat Cibus Incrementum." Great fuss was made because there was no supper before the entertainment. Psychological effect on the enjoyment? Also it was held not on the last night of term but three days earlier. The result was a clash with two society meetings—Poetry Society and God Soc. which was featuring a film on refugees. The contrast between the House Tutor singing the top of the Hit Parade in his bath, naked, and starving children eating grass, and Robert Graves enunciating "Trudge Body" was almost upsetting. For all this it went very well, but we shall always remember that great play supper of last year. We were at the beginning of the renaissance of a peculiar House humour. Why for instance do Buckenhill imitate Dave Brubeck and conscientiously hide the *Guardian*, or why do Ferney play records at the wrong speed, whilst they chatter about the Corps in Italian.

IT'S NOW OR NEVER

John got on the bus at Gloucester Road and sat down on the first seat nearest the platform. There were only three other people in the bus. Two middle-aged women were sitting in the front and their conversation seemed to be mainly about illnesses; one of them was especially concerned about the state of her small intestine. Opposite John was a girl with a very short skirt and hair died white with a mauvish tint; her face was obscured by an open *Daily Mirror* with the headline caption: "Headless Girl Found Dead in Ditch."

“Fares, please.” John, with an effort, wrenched himself away from the lurid article, and asked for a threepenny to the Victoria and Albert. His thoughts turned suddenly to the three months of school and work to come. Four weeks ago the holidays had begun. Why should he go back term after term? He was not merely a machine. He had agreed with his father who had explained that without machines society would collapse: “The very fact that we have to sleep regularly and eat regularly shows that we must be ruled by a system, and education should be no exception.” But where was it leading him? Perhaps he would not get the necessary exams to join daddy’s firm.

The bus came to an abrupt halt at some traffic lights. “Harrods next stop, madam.” He had missed the stop and so he jumped off as it was beginning to move off again. He wondered without much interest what the exhibition would be. His mother might not have got there; he hoped she hadn’t. She had said that she might not be able to make it and that if she couldn’t he was to go to Daddy’s office near Waterloo where his train went from. Daddy would take him out to lunch and make the usual remarks. “Work hard. Don’t ever give in. I know what you feel like. It will be quite all right when you settle down. The term’s not too long, and you know you like football.”

If his mother was not at the Victoria and Albert he’d catch a train to Yorkshire where Uncle Robert lived, he’d always been sympathetic; but no, he’d probably send him back. Well what about Grandma? . . . no, she’d be the same. He’d just have to catch a train; but not the right one. By now he was mounting the steps of the Museum. “Oh, there you are Johnny,” he heard his mother’s voice, “aren’t you glad I’ve made it. The exhibition is antique china, and after that we will go on to have lunch with Daddy and pop you on the train.”

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

In the early 1920’s Paul Valery announced in a famous lecture that Baudelaire was at the height of his fame. Since then his reputation has steadily grown, and he has come to be regarded as the founder of modern European poetry.

Baudelaire’s poetry presents such a vast field for criticism that it is difficult in a short essay to know which aspect to choose. Perhaps the most useful approach would be to attempt to show the peculiar relevance of Baudelaire’s ideas for modern readers. His reputation rests almost entirely on a large volume of verse entitled “*Les Fleurs du Mal*.” In this collection we see the gradual development of the poet’s outlook on life, moving from an almost pagan sensuality to a serene and calm spirituality. Much of Baudelaire’s originality lies in the fact that while reacting against the sentimental excesses of the Romantic movement, he did not, unlike so many of

his contemporaries, go to the other extreme of cold, impersonal, sculptural art. Throughout his poetry he maintains the sensitivity of the Romantics but not that personal directness with which they expressed their emotions and ideas. All his deepest themes are expressed in symbolic form; he was the initiator of the movement in French poetry known as Symbolism. His poetry was to be the source of inspiration for such poets as Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and a host of others.

The essence of his symbolism is expressed in the poem "Correspondances." In it he revealed the affinities that exist between the various sense-perceptions—sight, hearing and smell; he tried to show how certain smells evoke corresponding colours, certain sounds corresponding visions, and so on. He believed that everything in this world was part of a seemingly meaningless language which it was the duty of the artist to decipher and thus interpret the mystery of the universe. He thereby placed the artist above God, provided that the artist had reached the degree of spirituality which would render him capable of attempting such a task.

It is the essentially spiritual vein of his philosophy that makes it so meaningful for the modern generation. Living in the middle of the 19th century Baudelaire saw the birth of the utilitarian and materialistic outlook which is universal today. The whole purpose of life is to attain to the "high standard of living" about which politicians are so fond of telling us. Baudelaire hated the whole notion of "modern progress" and had a profound contempt for those whom he called "les entrepreneurs du bonheur public," those who thought they could make man happy and contented by legislation. All these ideas are concentrated into a symbolic poem entitled "Les Hibous." Baudelaire contrasts the air of serene meditation which seems to surround the owls as they sit under the eaves with the "tumulte et le mouvement" of mankind. He describes how man will pay the penalty for his perpetual desire to pursue "une ombre qui passe," the material happiness which is in the end only an illusion.

No other European poet of the 19th century saw through the popular slogans of the day and the religion of progress more completely than Baudelaire; and for those of us for whom the clap-trap idealism of the "you've never had it so good" school is beginning to wear rather thin, the poetry of Baudelaire provides a source of sympathy, consolation, and above all hope.

MEDICAL NOTES

Still obese and does'nt care.
Has a malady so rare
The less he eats
The more he grows.
Now can hardly see his toes.
Rather him than me.

SHADES OF GRAVES

We walked behind him this morning,
Deliberately,
Deliberately touching the hem
Of his gown with our toes
As he swayed with each stride,
Eddying the dust in the empty yard.
Deliberately, turn and turn about,
We tweaked the grey tufts of hair
Growing at the base of his skull,
As he dodged through the scaffolding.
He never looked round,
Deliberately.

AGAIN, OR NOT AGAIN

Asked you when you'd like to come
Merely sat there mute and dumb
Then replied "I'm happy here."
When I'd gone why d'you sneer?
Cos I'd said Come out with me?
Or was it that I'd left you free
To turn me down, at your sweet whim
Chances always had been slim
I felt resentment for m' pride
I'd b'n refused where I had tried.

THE SNAKE

Nearer, nearer, nearer.
He started off on the other side of me,
Soon after I had scared him by nearly stepping on his long, dark-
green body, like
A length of garden hose.
Then he waited, watching me as I took out my palette,
And dipped my brush into the yellow ochre.
Satisfied that I was now too busy even to hear the bees in the
cowslips
Or to brush off the flies from my bare arm, intent on the scene in
front of me
Across the water,
he started off.
Under the rotten tree-trunks he
Glided, rustling over the dead leaves for all but me
To hear, except that we two alone were on
The island, with the ants and crickets.
Had I turned to look at the dragon-fly on the water-lilies
To my left, or had stopped
For a moment to squash the ants crawling up my back,

I should have heard him. Not seen him, though, among the rotten
Tree-trunks, moss, and pine-needles, which creaked as he slid
Over them. Not even the fact that the sun had gone in
Did I notice, nor the rough ripples on the lake,
Except in my picture.

All was included there, the horse-fly,
The creaking of the branches of the pine-trees, (or so I thought),
A spider's web, all but the long dark-green length
Of garden hose, which I had forgotten.
But he had not: and at last when I had finished, and looked up, and
Saw him lying there watching me, I remembered. I wished that
The spider could trap him in his web as a
Fisherman does an eel, and chew him up with as much
Relish as he himself would
Devour a young bird that had fallen out of its nest,
(Or so I imagined).

But there was nobody else, just
He and I. Not taking my eyes off him
For a moment I quickly packed up my paints and my picture.
And then

The sun was out, and a huge shadow passed over us both, eclipsing
The smiling ripples on the lake; and when I looked
Again, he had gone.

I looked for the spider, to see if he was
Somehow responsible, but he had gone
Also. So there was nothing left for me with my paints and my
picture
But to go too.

THE BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP

The Bible Reading Fellowship was introduced to this school in
October, 1954, with three boys taking the notes up Grant's. By
October, 1957, these three had left and no new blood had been
introduced to carry on the good work. Now over a quarter of the
house take the notes and, it is hoped, read their Bible every evening.

Why this sudden leap in numbers? Is today's Christian more
ardent than those of yesteryear? Or has the new Chaplain instilled
into the hearts of present Westminsters an insatiable interest in
the Bible and its wisdom? Perhaps, even, the Granite of today has
a more inquiring mind than those of his predecessors.

The last statement seems to be nearest the truth not only because
half the present members are scientists, and therefore should have
inquiring minds, but also because the B.R.F. notes explain with
great clarity and understanding the works of God.

"When a beloved daughter asked her dying father if she should
read the Bible to him, the old Scottish Saint replied: 'Nay, lassie,
its ower late the noo, I thecik (thatched) ma hoose before the
storm began.'"

THE THALER'S STORY

Although I am not so well-known as my descendant, I still have a fine reputation in some parts of the world. If you go to Ethiopia, for instance, I might be able to solve some of your exchange problems, for if I have the head of the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa, on my obverse side, I am still accepted in bazaars and stalls.

My history is a long one, which begins in the sixteenth century, when the Count of Joachimsthal, a small Bohemian town, decided to mint his own coins from the silver mines that he had just begun to exploit. The coins were called thalers, and upon one side I had the picture of St. Joachim, and later of the monarch in whose reign I was minted. I became so widely known that by and by other silver coins of roughly the same size and value were called by my name too.

It happened that at the end of the eighteenth century, the Bank of England became very short of coins, so the directors decided to use Spanish pieces of eight, of which they had many millions. The English knew them as dollars, which was their way of pronouncing thalers. George III's head was stamped on the coins and off they went, journeying along the trade-routes of the world in the wake of the English traders. This was the origin of the Hong Kong and Singapore dollar.

As you know, for good or ill, Britain's colonies in North America fought for their independence in the later eighteenth century. The coins mostly in use in the colonies, as well as in Spanish America were these dollars, and so in the first flush of independence it was quite natural that when establishing a new currency in 1787, the dollar should be taken as the unit upon which to base it.

And so it is that I have such a long and proud history. Ever since the days of Joachimsthal, I have been accepted as a worthy and respectable coin, at first because of the value of the silver of which I was made, and now because of the wealth of men and natural resources with which the United States can back my descendants.

THE LOGICIAN

"'E was born right here in Lillington Street and look where 'e is now." Well then madam where is he now? Don't stop; where is he now? Borstal? Hollywood? On the board of I.C.I.? Don't stop I can't bear it. Perhaps he plays for Arsenal, or cuts discs for E.M.I., or perhaps he's 'inside.' Damn, I couldn't hear the rest of it; ah well, probably find he's only moved to Tachbrooke Street anyway. But I would like to know . . .

. . . Oh look, there is Lillington Street. Perhaps if I walk down it I might see his mother or at least his house.

“Oops, sorry sir. I wasn’t looking where I was going.” ‘Well really there’s no need to be that rude about it. I said I was sorry didn’t I?’ Horrid man.

What on earth is the point of all this? How am I going to recognise his mother? . . . Well, she’ll be a vast, wheezing, blowsy (that’s a good word), blowsy woman, red-nosed, bad-tempered, breath smelling of stout. Wait, does stout smell any different from beer? Well any way I happen to know she drinks stout: she carries the empties back clinking in an old carpet bag. Her hair sticks out all over; in a word she blowsy. A large tottering woman in a blue print apron and worn red slippers. She looks as though she needs a prop up . . .

Wait a minute, look over there. Surely that must be her. She isn’t wearing an apron but otherwise. . . I’ll ask her . . .

“ . . . I’m terribly sorry madam. I must have made a mistake.

“ . . . No I quite see that if your son was killed in the war . . . no, no of course I’m not a policeman. . .

“ . . . Look madam, I’ve said I’m sorry.”

Well really; these people ought to learn some manners. A copper she called me. Wonder if I do look like a policeman. I’ll try it on those two standing in the shop doorway: suspicious looking characters, probably going to nick a radio or beat up an old woman. I’ll go up to them and I’ll say. . . No I don’t think perhaps I will. Don’t want to embarrass them. Be honest with yourself my boy; admit it you haven’t got the nerve . . . Course I’ve got the nerve; just don’t want to cause a disturbance that’s all. What’s it matter anyway?

Perhaps he used to work in this greengrocers. I doubt it, though . . .

“Never did a hands turn in all ’is life: broke ’is mother’s ’eart.”

Of course that’s it, he won the Pools, or robbed a bank . . . “Driving round in ’is Rolls Royce” . . . I’ll never know now. And I’m out of Lillington Street again. I shall never know.

. . . Ah, what’s the use: ’spect he’s dead.

LIT. SOC.

Since J. D. Noakes revived the intellectual strings of Lit. Soc. some terms ago, considerable interest has been sustained. Through the modern French-German phase we have returned, via the more entertaining, but didactic, plays, to dramas which are conservative in form if not always in subject matter. Busby’s performed Christopher Fry’s *The First Born* and we read it in preparation. We all came away with the impression that the static action suited

the drawing room better than the stage. *The Cherry Orchard* was, of course, vice-versa and we had the usual trouble with proper names and differences in the interpretation of the play as a whole. The simpler textures of the contemporary play read more successfully. Fortunately we have been able to throw over the perennial Brandon Thomas and Agatha Christie. Nevertheless, more by mistake than intention, *The Winslow Boy* appeared; some still enjoyed it, as it was at least public school. Peter Shaffer's new play, *Five Finger Exercise* offers the sort of problems that keep progressive parents awake at nights. It was an original treatment of a familiar theme. The atmosphere of *Chicken Soup with Barley*, on the other hand, was alien to many of us. The apathetic vitality of these East End Jews and their parallel disillusionment as Communists was misunderstood. We decided it was more of a literary discourse than a play.

This term we hope to continue the same policy, reading: *The Critic*, Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, Pinter's *The Birthday Party*, *Coriolanus*, and so on. We have tried to read authors who possess supreme theatrical skill, blending farce, comedy and pathos. In these days of personal comfort it is reassuring to know that Lit. Soc. flourishes. Admittedly Grant's does not have a television but we are honoured by the use of the Housemaster's peaceful dining room. The choice of play is, as always, a most important element, and it is foolish for the amateur to read a play which is neither illuminating nor satisfying. We serve our purpose by reading plays which are not likely to be seen in the West End, or plays that for some reason or other people have missed. The greatest stimulus is the School or House play, but we have not yet revived ours. Let us then hope for the future.

MUSIC

Little has happened in the Grant's music world during the past term that concerns only the House itself. Arnold Foster, despite his usual pessimism, produced a fine concert at the end of the term; Sir Adrian Boult conducted the Quatercentenary Concert which fulfilled both its musical and financial purpose.

Perhaps the most encouraging fact is that over one third of the House learn some musical instrument, and well over that number are in Choral Soc. This is especially satisfactory since many of the number are in the lower part of the House.

Grant's are now sitting in the Quire in Abbey. For a long time we have been relegated to remote corners in the Transepts where it is all but impossible to hear anything; but now we can do our proper part in leading the singing and the saying of responses and amens.

FOOTBALL

The House Seniors competition this year was by no means expected to be a closed shop, but not even the most ardent optimist would have given Grant's much hope of ruling the roost. The draw was as good as we could have hoped. A bye is always welcome, even if it precludes the chance of organisation provided by a first round against one of the weaker Houses. A.H.H. were drawn against their nearest rivals, Rigaud's, and duly disposed of them. Liddell's annihilated Q.SS., and Busby's, our first opponents, accounted for Wren's.

The football fortunes of Grant's and Busby's seem to be eternally entwined, and it was with a degree of apprehension that we tackled a side containing three Pinks. The first half was scrappy, but satisfactory for Grant's. The defence looked solid and once the individual players had got used to their fellows' style of play, some of the solidity was surrendered in favour of a degree of skill. The forwards seemed to be overcome by the necessity to pass to Hall, the first eleven centre forward, and obviously the danger in our attack. No one else was eager to shoot and when they did they lacked sense of direction. As a result the only goal of the half came through a defensive error when Busby's goalkeeper obligingly dropped the ball on Hall's foot and his shot went just inside the post. Grant's continued to dominate the game and our goal was only threatened by a number of well-placed corner kicks, which exposed the weakness of the side in the air and caused some anxiety in defence. The second half started much as the first had finished, with Grant's doing most of the attacking but never looking as though they might score. At this juncture M. Hopkin-Jones left the Busby's goal and moved to centre-forward. Faced with another fast and tall forward our defence fell to pieces. Another well-placed corner kick saw Hopkin-Jones rise and head it into goal. The next ten minutes were vital. Gradually the defence recovered its composure and settled back to its former soundness. By the end of full time Grant's were once again in control, and it was with an odd air of confidence, though of course no one would admit it, that we began extra time. Busby's even seemed to be more tired than we were. Early on Busby's goalkeeper could not hold a fierce shot from the wing and Hornsby was on the spot to atone for an earlier miss by calmly placing it beyond the reach of all the defenders. Both sides seemed to accept this as the end of the game; though in the last minute a free kick sailed across our goal causing a brief flutter. The final whistle was greeted with the usual relief, and this was increased by the knowledge that Liddell's had done their work splendidly and beaten A.H.H. by the only goal of the match.

The final was altogether a better game. Both sides played fast and skilful football and the forwards gave a much better account of themselves. The defence remained robust against a small forward

line but yet found time to link better with the forwards. Hall had the beating of the Liddell's defence and it was from his fierce drive across the goal that Bottomley bundled the ball into the net. This early success brought out the usual satisfied air in our football, but as Liddell's had not the man to score this produced some delightful but purposeless moves. The Liddell's goalkeeper was called upon to keep the score down to one goal, and did his work very well. Langley, on the other hand was rarely called into action and our defence gave nothing away. It was with a sense of promise unfulfilled that the game ended.

The great strength of the team was the lack of weak links and the combination of experience and enthusiasm. Seddon was an inspiration to the whole defence with his cool grip on our left flank. The two Colts, Beard and McNeil, played intelligently and rose to the occasion. The Grove Park trio, Langley, Manderson and Pain, did everything that was asked of them efficiently and without fuss. The forward line was consciously built round Hall to the eclipse of the two wingers, although Summerfield combined well with Espenhahn on the right flank. Hornsby showed some deft touches but has the unhappy habit of slowing the game down to his own pedestrian pace. Hall was a tower of strength and his willingness to come back and steady the defence and then start a swift attack encouraged the whole team, and maintained a general balance in both matches.

At Grove Park Grant's were not successful. Only two out of the six games played were won. The team played outstandingly for short periods, but there was a lack of sustained effort. This may have been due to the fact that the team had to be continually changed because of many absentees through exams, and illness. R. Pain, the Captain, was the major goal-scorer, and with three regular members of the "A" eleven, Espenhahn, Langley and Manderson, it is to be regretted that better results were not recorded.

WATER

Grant's have enjoyed a successful term at Putney, even if the watermen's Rigger efforts at Grove Park were not quite so startling. Not only were the Novice Sculls won by Brand with Chichester runner-up, but the Michaelmas Sculls were won by R. D. E. Spry. As the House has a large number of oarsmen in the embryo first, second, and colts eights, our chances of winning the Halahan next term are bright. However our hopes of victory will be jeopardised unless we win the sculling competitions, which count for a large number of points. This can only be achieved if each waterman practices regularly by sculling at least once a week.

There is only one cause for concern in the thriving state of rowing in the House at the moment, and that is the sudden decline in the

number of recruits. Only one new boy joined our ranks last term. At least three new boys wanted to row this term but unfortunately they were unable to do so as the School Boat Club has no vacancies until the Election Term. In the future we must assure that there are a large number of new watermen in Grant's, as numerical superiority is a prerequisite of the House regaining and maintaining its eminent position in Westminster rowing.



OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club took place on the 17th November, 1960, when once again the Housemaster was good enough to allow it to be held up Grant's. The meeting took leave of Sir Adrian Boulton as President who did not stand for re-election after three years in that office. Warm tributes were paid to the way he had presided over the Club during his Presidency, and to the fact that he always found time in an exceptionally busy life for the work of the Club. In his place, Mr. E. C. Cleveland Stevens was elected, he having been Up Grants from 1895 to 1901. Many Old Grantites will recall that his late brother, Mr. W. Cleveland Stevens, preceded Sir Adrian Boulton as President for three years, while he himself had a distinguished academic and sporting record while at Westminster. The Vice-Presidents were re-elected but their numbers were added to by the addition of Mr. N. P. Andrews and Mr. F. N. Hornsby, both of whom have given long years of service to the House. There being two vacancies on the Committee, the opportunity was taken of bringing on two younger members and Mr. R. D. Creed and Mr. J. D. Noakes were elected.

At the conclusion of the meeting some 100 Old Grantites enjoyed the Club's hospitality at a cocktail party, this being the second year when substantially larger numbers have attended.

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We offer belated congratulations on their marriage to: N. A. PHELPS-BROWN (1949-54), G. J. PUXON (1953-56), W. G. WICKHAM (1938-41); and on their engagement to: F. R. H. ALMOND (1943-47) and F. D. HORNSBY (1945-50).

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The Editor would like to thank those members who sent him copies of the missing numbers of the *Grantite Review*.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

It will be much appreciated if any Old Grantite whose address changes will notify the Honorary Secretary at 2 Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1, who wishes to thank those members who responded to the appeal for information about missing addresses in the last number. There are still some members whose present address is not known.