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Editorial

“ Tenants of the house,
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.”—*Gerontion*

THE story goes—and as it comes from the horse’s mouth, it is probably true —that Queens’ College, Cambridge have an annual endowment of ten pounds for someone to preach a sermon against witchcraft in Huntingdon market place every year. Now although the money has doubtless been turned into port long ago, this tale serves as a prime example of the ludicrousness of tradition.

This vice—probably the eighth deadly sin—appears to ensnare even the most unsuspecting and well-run institutions. Parkinson might classify it under the second stage of decay—but enough said; we are e’en still members thereof. Perhaps our tone is too harsh, after all what would we do without the moral reconstitution provided by Latin Prayers?

Thus runs the sarcastic drone; but if we care to review our circumstances, do we really find such an abundance of tradition? Everywhere we turn these bonds are being severed, whether it be in that noble imitation of Her Majesty’s forces, or the Chaplain’s successful and popular innovations in Sunday Services. But considering the matter still further, what other instances of tradition can we cite? Very few, except the unchanging one of rebelliousness. So perhaps we may concede that we have divested ourselves of the cumbersome fibres of our rotting pupa, and are now avidly chewing on the leaves of freedom!

With apologies to the English Language!

House Diary

IT would be safe to say now that all is safely settled in and the more sensitive among us might notice a mild air of stagnation, caused by the fact that there are no new boys and only one boy has left. However, precautions had been taken to prevent this static sensation and now Hall Monitors are allowed to wear shag. Below these honourable upholders of order in the lower regions of the House, a new group has been created, exempt from much of the humdrum life of Hall and living apart in Chiswicks. In fact, a vast new range of stati are in operation so that it has become a problem for members of studies to know which of those others should be where and when.

Perhaps stagnation is an unfair word for there has been much activity this term; even the ill-tuned piano has been replaced (temporarily?) by an older

one with a more pleasing timbre. This surely signifies progress though it be retrograde.

The Transatlantic Race has provoked much interest which we hope is not purely materialistic, for a sweepstake has been organised within the house for a small cash prize. A suspicious, nameless and doubtless boatless mathematician had provided us with the following figures. 50 per cent. of all House Monitors and House Tutors drew boats whereas only 14.084 per cent. of the rest of the house did. Could this be entirely chance?

The less mercenary and more aesthetic, especially those who have studies facing College, have been delighted and intrigued by the improvements made to the Undermaster's garden. We have all enjoyed the inauguration of the fountain and the floodlit conversations wafted up to us in the evening. Yet we must not neglect the Housemaster's window boxes which brighten up the front elevation of the house. Soon, however, the roof at the back is to be colonised and window boxes are being painted in readiness for their missionary role.

It is often said that the fairer sex provide a civilising influence in a male society and we wonder if the absence of the resident maids, last seen in December, has altered the moral fibre of the house. Perhaps not, but some look back on those autumn days with nostalgia, nay, regret.

House News

C. W. M. Garnett is Head of House.

The Monitors are C. R. McNeil, A. D. R. Abdela, G. B. Chichester, R. T. Chisholm, and C. H. H. Lawton.

J. F. Westoby is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are D. Brand, J. H. C. Proudfoot, A. C. T. MacKeith, P. D. Craze, C. N. Foster, P. G. Hollings, P. K. H. Maguire and A. H. C. Vinter.

* * * * *

I. K. Patterson is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are J. M. K. Lamb, W. M. Holmsten and T. H. Phelps-Brown.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

Water *Pinks* to D. Brand and C. H. H. Lawton.
Pink and Whites to A. H. C. Vinter.

Athletics *Seniors* to C. N. Foster, and P. G. Hollings.
Juniors to I. K. Patterson, M. J. Abrahams and M. B. Adams.

Cricket *Pink and Whites* to C. N. Foster and P. K. H. Maguire.
Colts to A. B. S. Medawar.

Fives *Thirds* to P. K. H. Maguire.
Seniors to C. N. Foster and P. K. H. Maguire.

Squash *Pink and Whites* to A. D. R. Abdela.

Shooting *Thirds* to T. B. Williamson and N. McI. Johnson.

* * * * *

VALETE:
 S. E. Robertson.

Reflections

ERE long, we know, must die the swan:
 We never hear birds sing.
 We only love friends when they're gone.
 We never notice Spring.

Who sees the glory of the Sun
 And counts his love a prize?
 Does no man know his life's begun
 Until the day he dies?

Leaves
 on the ground;
 it's late.
 I'm going Home.

The sky grows dim
 at last:
 alone once more
 I watch
 dusk creeping on:
 So soon
 must all men die.

Monsoon

DANK drains choke with tumbling waters.
Drenching rains convert dry dust to mud.
Bright canopies and sunshades droop and fall
As stalls disintegrate before the flood.
Sun-tanned foragers, bronze-limbed daughters
Of golden days when Monsoon thoughts were dead,
Fling baskets, fruit and rice, to ground,
And pitchers crash unheeded from the head
That they before so proudly crowned.
Panic shivers
Heavy-eared late harvests sag and fall.

Dark clouds erupt; flashing lightning
Illuminates the crumbling dykes,
Where seething currents fight unceasingly.
Above the roaring wind the thunder strikes.
Impatient Ganges overflows her banks, hight'ning
The wounded terror of a sacred cow,
Pinned down by split Acacia's spiny branch
While water rushes on. A sweeping avalanche,
Titanic rivers
Roar through frightened night unceasingly.

The Latin Play

SINCE the last two productions—the *Adelphi* and the *Heautontimorumenos*—were both written by Terence, it was decided this year to make a return to Plautus, and the play selected is called “The Bacchides.”

This particular choice entails one initial and unavoidable difficulty—the beginning is missing. Such a misfortune is a golden opportunity for the sceptics to suggest that the play was never written by Plautus at all, but if we can accept these as the customary band of scholars who are always trying to create crises, then such a worry need not detract from our enjoyment of the play. In fact

the loss matters little, for many plays, especially Latin Comedies, start "in medias res" anyway, so the absence of a beginning is of no great consequence.

The play itself displays the same laxity of morals as does "Tom Jones" and is certainly one of the most bawdy of the extant plays by the two authors; (this probably accounts for the fact that it has never been performed at Westminster before). It tells the story of two young men becoming involved with a brace of ladies "of doubtful reputation" and requiring the help of a wily slave to secure money from their fathers to pay those pillars of their particular kind of establishment. The play romps along with the scheme first conceived falling through owing to jealousy on the part of Mnesilochus, one of the "adulescens," however the unfailing Chrysalus-servus-devises another villainous plan, which is both successful and also enables a subtle twist to be added in the last act.

Although these are common characters in Latin Comedy, Plautus does not let them take the well-known stylized role, but draws an individual personality for each of them. Chrysalus is not only a sly schemer and an extempore humourist but is also extremely proud as we see when he compares himself to Ulysses and Agamemnon. Nicobulus, as well as being the stuffy old man, is also rather a wit, and even in the midst of raging anger he produces a pun which must have convulsed the Roman audience with laughter. We are also shown a paedagogus—Lydus—who is ridiculous in his chastity, and a "miles"—Cleomachus—who blusters in looking for one of the Bacchides whom he has hired for a year; he is eventually paid off by Chrysalus. Of the ladies themselves—well, I suppose we can say that they are high-class!

We are presented with morals and beliefs subtly mingled with wit. Chrysalus says, talking of Nicobulus his master,

"Quem di diligunt
adulescens moritur, dum valet, sentit, sapit.
Hunc, si deus ullus amaret, plus annis decem
plus iam viginti mortuom esse oportuit!"

He whom the gods love
dies young, while strong, sensible, and wise;
but this man, if any god loved him,
should have been dead ten, no twenty years ago.

But perhaps the play revolves round five words spoken by Philoxenus, the rather pleasant, understanding, old man:

"Alii, Lyde, nunc sunt mores."

Trends in Modern Economic Development

IN any discussion on planned or free economics, the issue will tend to become one of degree rather than absolute adherence to one or other principle. We have seen the virtual success in the U.S.S.R. of a completely planned economy. In half a century Russia has made a tremendous transition from being an agricultural nation with an outdated social system which retarded both social and economic growth. Today, as a result of a series of Five Year Plans and the stimulus to economic growth of a World War, Russia has become a major industrial nation. On the other hand, we can see the heights attained by a country which has come as near to complete "laissez faire" as the U.S.S.R. has come to pure communism. The U.S.A. has become, over a period of 200 years, the most powerful economic force in the world, through the natural development of resources and technology. Although there is much to commend each type of economy, it is probably true to say that the modern economy requires a mixture of both.

In the contemporary world, there is a tendency towards macro-units both politically and economically. Already there are two major power blocks headed by the macro-units of Russia and America. In Europe, countries are seeking a closer unity with a view to creating a third macro-unit. And in Africa, one can see signs of a similar tendency towards amalgamation for mutual benefit. A modern industrial economy balances uneasily between boom and slump, requiring a high standard of living to maintain demand for manufactured goods. The need to maintain very high levels of economic activity has become so important socially, and the balance between boom and recession has become so keen that the large economic unit of today can no longer operate itself effectively to maintain development. To ensure a continued high standard of living and a steady growth, an economy requires Government action to keep it moving in the right direction.

This form of economic planning is indirect and is effected through taxation, the bank rate and credit levels and a stable currency backed by gold, dollar and other securities in reserve. This is most effective in countries with well developed economies.

Just as the industrial nations wish to improve their standards of living, so do the poorer nations wish to develop their economies, and raise their standard of living by doing so. Today the economic situation is such that the industrial nations get richer while the less advanced countries get poorer. This is because the latter tend to be agricultural nations spending what money they earn from raw materials exported, on consumer goods they cannot produce themselves. This means they do not accumulate sufficient capital to use in developing latent resources.

In a natural economic situation this balance would remain roughly the same for some time, although the poorer nations would gradually improve their economy.

The only way in which natural development can be really speeded up is through capital investment in a planned economy. That is to say available resources should be used to their greatest advantage. The problem of how to provide capital remains.

Private enterprise will only invest where there is a prospect of a profit, and such investment tends to be in the extraction of minerals and petroleum. As a rule agricultural nations do not receive private investment because the profit margin is low. At the moment, the Foreign Aid of the wealthy nations, mainly European countries and the U.S.A., takes several forms. Firstly, direct grants are made, usually for specific purposes, and no interest is required. Far more aid is given, however, on long-term loans, again with a certain objective in mind. Then most countries make some contribution towards International funds which administer multilateral aid. Assistance in education and technology is also important in a developing state.

The Commonwealth Development Corporation, set up by the British Government in 1948, merits a special look. It is a semi-autonomous organisation investing capital in local enterprises and creating its own businesses. Its aim is to carry on developing on the profits of initial prospects. It can borrow up to £130 million from the government, and £20 million elsewhere, and it must pay its own way. The enterprises it has started or invested in are widespread and varied and include one of the largest man-made forests in the world. Projects such as this are doing useful work today, but only national governments can hope to develop fully individual countries through planning and a greater programme of Foreign Aid.

The Perfectionist

A SMALL, rather dapper-looking man walked with quick, short steps up the street. His dark suit was a little shiny, and only a cheap, loud tie marred his appearance. In his hand he carried a string bag, almost full of parcels. At the end of the street, he paused, darting anxious glances around him, then set off again, now in little more than an alley. The streets were old and cobbled and the terraced houses were black with years of grime and smoke. He wrinkled his round, pink nose distastefully, as the rubbish in the gutter rustled in the breeze. A rat shot across the pavement in front of him and disappeared down some steps. He stopped, passed a handkerchief over his forehead, and smoothed down his

sparse, greased hair. It was hot. When he had almost reached the end of the street, he turned into a dark doorway.

Inside, as out, the house was badly in want of repair. An elderly woman was putting some cracked china on a table; she was wearing an old flowered dress, now torn and faded, and the two inches of petticoat which she displayed behind, were neither new nor clean. As the man went towards the wooden stairs, she turned.

“ Oh, it’s you again.” Her eyes twitched as she spoke.

“ I didn’t expect you today.”

“ No?” He paused and laughed nervously. “ Well . . . you were wrong weren’t you?”

He bit the ends of his finger-nails agitatedly as he spoke. His voice was high-pitched, and he tried to speak very correctly, although it was an obvious strain. Silence. He hurried up the stairs. Outside a door with peeling brown paint, he brought out a key ring, selected a small key, and turned the lock.

The room he entered was completely incongruous with its surroundings. A thin red carpet covered most of the floor; a shiny leather armchair stood by the window and a bed occupied half the length of a wall. A table in the middle had on it one or two bundles of papers written in a close, spidery hand, and a bowl of imitation fruit. There was a gas fire and a cane-backed chair. In the far corner an easel leant against the wall, and a pile of canvasses lay face down near the bed. A copy of “ Collector’s Monthly ” had been thrown on the bedspread. The whole room had a fusty smell.

The man shut and locked the door. He looked around him and then went to the table. He turned over one of the bundles of paper: it seemed to be the manuscript of a book. In large letters he had written a title page: “ People, their Characters and Characteristics. Observed by George Jefferson.” He smiled and glanced at the canvasses. . . . illustrations for the book perhaps?

Mr. Jefferson looked like a collector: meticulous, perhaps a little unscrupulous in obtaining specimens: it was strange, however, that in his own particular way he should collect people.

He turned away from the table and opened a cupboard. On the top shelf was a crumpled stocking and a tin of mothballs. A dark shape in a polythene bag was propped up beneath the shelf. The collector, standing now in his shirt-sleeves, switched on a light. The polythene bag contained a woman, somehow preserved, although only about two and a half feet high. Once again the smile, hanging curiously on his lips for a second, then disappearing. The gem of the collection . . .

But Mr. Jefferson was a perfectionist in his own small way, and to have a perfect collection, he needed a matching specimen of the opposite sex. He smiled once again, but rather sadly, then went to the table, took a piece of paper and wrote. He left the note above the manuscripts.

Then he took another polythene bag and laid it on the bed. He placed the

shrunken woman beside it. From the tin of moth-balls he poured a strange liquid into the bag: it formed droplets all over the inside of the polythene. He tested the door and shut the window. Biting his fingers, he looked lovingly at the papers on the table: the perfect collection . . .

He took off his shoes and walked slowly to the polythene bag; a last glance at the manuscript and the note:

“To be published posthumously.”

The Night King

IT'S the last mile into a town which hurts most. Legs, feet, thighs all conspire to stop the weary trudge and only the mind peering through tears of meths-glazed eyes sees the misshapen goal. The low sprawl surmounted by those great brown works upon which the town existed and by which it was moulded and governed. He knew all but a few hated it, loathed its domination, creeping about, heads bowed, pretending not to see, like debtors before a vast, inhuman usurer. All these poor fools chained and hating, yet he, unfettered and owing nothing, loved it for its power to bind, and pitied it for its size and immobility.

The slag heaps he pitied most because they had no power, despised, unfertile imitations of the surrounding moors, and although the night was going to be cold he forgot to look for suitable sleeping places, by-passed the low, inviting railway bridge and walked more resolutely now through the shift workers who were changing over. They hardly noticed him; the day-shift tired, dirty, wanting baths, suppers and wives; the night-shift some a little sleepy but chattering, walking straight, swinging bait tins—unnecessary movements; none gave more than a sideways glance to the insignificant shuffler in their midst. As a result, he thought little of them and saw even less but left them at the works entrance behind which all was now lit up by myriad frosty bulbs, naked and bent at angles, spattered up the circular stairs on the towers and dabbed along the high catwalks in between. Once again he felt sorry for the unlit, unacclaimed slag-heaps, even the filthy town had street lights. His pyramid was without light.

From the bottom it seemed awesome, and still he climbed it getting up above the town, away from it, above all of it. Higher still and yet more control. From up here he could master it all, except perhaps that irritating steeple, but a few scrambled, dirty feet would bring it to heel. It did, and with power—weariness,

and he became aware how warm his loved one was, and warmer further up where there were larger chunks of slag.

Lying down to sleep was bliss, the warmth beneath him, the security of those boulder-like cinders and the little love bites in his hair. Power, love and sleep were his.

Near midnight is the first tapping of the furnaces for the night shift, their first yield of iron, their first waste of slag. Waste run off white-hot into tubs and up the ramp for the tip. Jerkily up, tip, then back down as the molten river grows and glows with every tub.

.....

He need have felt no sorrow for the glow on top of the heap lit up the sky and he was safer than all the Kings of Egypt.

Now his pyramid is once more without light.

Athletics

WE started the season with considerable success in the Long Distance races; N. Harling won the Senior, and P. G. Hollings and J. M. K. Lamb enabled us to secure the house cup too; the juniors completed a satisfactory afternoon by coming second in the Junior race. Even at this stage, however, it was apparent that our main weakness would lie in the Under 16's, a premonition that was born out in the Bringsty Relay. In this rather remarkable race although in fact we covered the course in the third fastest time, we nevertheless retained the Baton because of the disqualification of both Busbys and Wrens.

As the season continued the gap in the Under 16's became more and more obvious, and it is almost safe to say that in this age group we relied solely on about five people, and notably R. G. H. Kemp and A. B. Medawar who won the Discus and the Weight respectively. Again in the Standards Competition, which was never completed because of rain, this part of the house failed us miserably. Elsewhere, however, we did better, especially in the Open. N. Harling was the main-stay of this group, winning the 440, 880 and mile (and being rightly rewarded for his efforts with the George Bye Henderson Cup). A. D. R. Abdela won the javelin, and did well in the Weight, and C. N. Foster was second in the High Jump. The main disappointment in this group was the fact that C. R. McNeil, the Head of School Athletics, was unable to participate in anything owing to a

sprained shoulder, sustained on the last day of the Football Season. Amongst the Under 14½'s, M. B. Adams won the 110 yards Hurdles, a new event this year, and S. Harling was first in the 440; M. J. Abrahams and J. H. D. Carey distinguished themselves too.

After a hard struggle we eventually took second place in the Inter-House Challenge Cup. Next year we will still have N. Harling and Foster and, judging from performances this season, we may look to the new part of the House as our hopes in future years.

Water

IN 1960 there were no Grantites in the First Eight; in 1961 there was one, in 1962 there were two and in 1963, three. Although at one time it seemed as if there would be seven Grantite Pinks this year (judging by the trial eights), the pattern has been repeated, and there are now four. These are the two old Pinks Garnett (7), Chichester (6) and two new ones, Lawton (3) and Brand (Stroke). The other three seniors are now the backbone of the Second Eight and are Johnson (Stroke), Vinter (7) and Williamson (5).

There are also five Grantite colts, and two junior colts. From this it might seem that next year Grants should be well represented again in the First Eight, but there seems to be an unfortunate lack of drive and spirit in the Colts; unless this is remedied, House Water may find itself declining again.

Prospects for the Halahan are good, especially in the senior half of the House, but we may well be disappointed if we let complacency and, with it, laziness creep in. If not, we should win it for the third year running.

Fives

THE first Senior pair, P. K. H. Maguire and C. N. Foster, although demoralised by the defeat of M. E. Lonsdale and R. G. H. Kemp in the Junior final, managed to win the Senior Fives Cup this year. However, one must admit that Grant's strongest opponents, Rigauds and College, were beaten in the first case by the toss of a coin and in the second by injury. But with the same team next year, it looks as though Grants have a good chance of retaining the cup.

Old Grantite Club-Annual Dinner

THE Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place in the King Charles's Suite at Whitehall Court, S.W.1, on Friday, May 8th. Unfortunately Lord Adrian, the President, was on official duty in Poland and his place was therefore taken by Mr. L. E. Tanner, the senior Past President. The guests of the Club were Mr. D. S. Brock, who was particularly welcomed to his first Dinner as House Master, the two new House Tutors, the Revd. J. R. McGowan and Mr. C. S. Martin, and the Head of House, Christopher Garnett.

During the course of the Dinner Mr. Tanner made a presentation to the House Master of a coloured reproduction of the portrait by Francis Hayman of the Grant Family. He recalled how he had first seen the original picture while himself Head of House, and recounted its subsequent history including its eventual sale last year at Sothebys for £6,500.

The following Old Grantites attended the Dinner: Mr. W. W. Abbott, Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. M. V. Argyle, Mr. P. J. S. Bevan, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. J. W. P. Bradley, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. A. G. Cheyne, Mr. G. I. Chick, Mr. R. D. Creed, Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. I. J. Fulton, Mr. J. P. Hart, Mr. K. H. Hodgson, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. J. W. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. S. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. A. S. H. Kemp, Mr. H. C. E. Johnson, Dr. V. B. Levison, Mr. L. Lipert, Mr. N. N. G. Maw, Mr. E. V. Notcutt, Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. R. Pain, Mr. M. L. Paterson, Mr. P. C. Pearson, Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. M. H. Prance, Lord Rea, Mr. J. Sanguinetti, Mr. P. W. Semple, Mr. G. G. Skellington, Mr. A. J. Stranger-Jones, Major V. T. M. R. Tenison, Mr. W. R. van Straubensee and Mr. L. A. Wilson.

The Grant Family

THERE has now been presented to the House a colour reproduction of the Francis Hayman portrait of the Grant Family which for so many years hung Up Grants. The reproduction was the work of Fine Art Engravers Limited and the original print is now hanging in the House Master's drawing room.

It may be that some Old Grantites would themselves like to have copies of this picture and orders can be placed direct with Fine Art Engravers Limited at 139 High Street, Guildford, Surrey. The charges for individual prints are as follows:—

Colour prints, 6½ × 8½	£5	5s.	0d.	each
Colour prints, 8 × 10	£6	6s.	0d.	each
Colour prints 10 × 12	£7	7s.	0d.	each
Colour prints 15 × 12	£8	8s.	0d.	each

The editors have heard from C. I. A. Beale, who has spent the last fourteen years in Australia. He has asked us to say that he will be in England for about three weeks from the 10th of September next, and that anyone wishing to contact him could write to him either at his address in Australia, which is: 9 Livingstone Avenue, Pymble, New South Wales, or, as he leaves Australia in about the third week of August, c/o The Bank of New South Wales, Sackville Street, London, W.1.

A Brace of Epigrammata

PROGRESS FORSAKEN

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stood.
Ah! Once it stood, alas no more;
They pulled it down and sold the wood,
And now a supermarket store
Gives plastic anvils away free
With every smithy kit they sell,
And thus the curfew tolls the knell
Of passing poetry.

DREAM LATE FINAL

TOPLESS Mods and Modoms come out to fight,
Toppered Rockers put to flight;
Passengers in white-hot planes,
Fish-eating weeds in Water Board drains;
Even an election in sight at last,
A Legion d'Honneur tied to the mast.
Pirate stations on the air
Pop-singers with Yul-cut hair;
A Civil Rights Bill has been passed,
And nobody here seems aghast.
Fiddle-de-dee,
Fiddle-de-dee,
What are these purple hearts doing to me?

