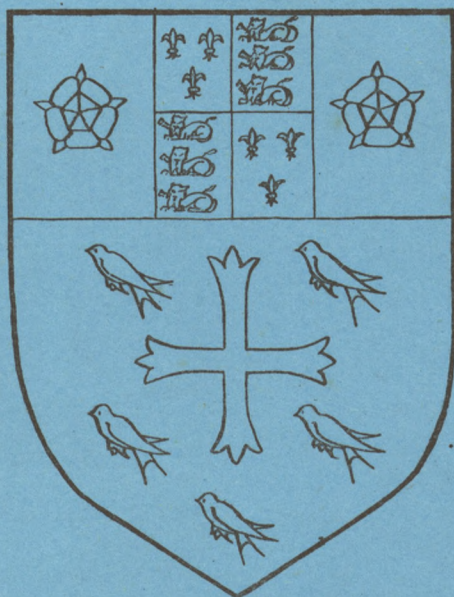


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THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT—ELECTION TERMS

1951

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EDITORIAL.

Many, many people both inside and outside the school ask : “ What is wrong with the literary side of Westminster ? Why is the *Elizabethan* so uninspired ? Why, when the *Trifler* re-appeared were the vast proportion of the better-written articles the work of Old Westminsters, not boys ? What really is wrong ? ”

It is indeed a question to be asked. Few people would dispute that *something* is wrong, but again, few people would be quick to reply with the reason. Just go into the library, and pick up a few of the magazines that are sent to us by other schools and acknowledged in the *Elizabethan* ; the *Wykehamist*, the *Eton College Chronicle*, the *Bryanston Saga* ; read them carefully and critically, and assess their worth by general every-day standards : “ Do I enjoy this as much as *Lilliput* ? Has such-and-such a writer made his point clear ? Is the lay-out pleasant ? ” Then turn to the *Elizabethan*, or even last year’s *Trifler*, and apply the same tests. Or perhaps it would be better not to.

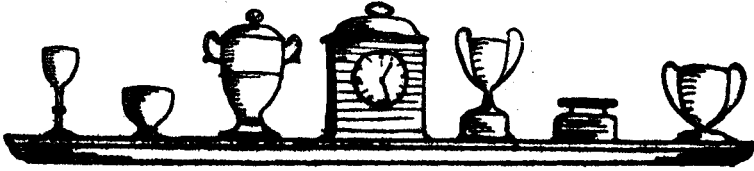
The *Bryanston Saga*, for instance, contains normally not only well-written stories but also a good deal of highly intelligent verse, which at times approaches the rank of poetry. Good photographs are well reproduced, and among them are shown the prize-winning paintings in the Art Competition. And everywhere are charming little illustrations and decorations, which give the whole paper a pleasant and business-like appearance.

But the *Saga* only appears once a term, compared with the *Elizabethan*’s twice. Remember that there must be about twice as

much of each issue, and that the *Saga* has at the most three editors, while at the beginning of the Play term there were six working for the *Elizabethan*. Perhaps Westminster suffers from diversion of talent, and has too many papers in the school? Perhaps, but it is doubtful; first of all most other schools have nearly as many, and then the result of having many magazines should be to encourage people to write, and make each one attempt to be better than its rival publications.

Perhaps the real reason may be a little clearer if we put aside the *Bryanston Saga* and the *Wykehamist*, and turn for a moment to the magazines of some London schools; in most of these (it would be invidious to suggest any particular names) we can see the same faults, and room for the same criticism that we confess in our own *Elizabethan*. The common link is not that we are all within the London area, but that we are all, to some extent, non-boarding schools; though most Westminsters board during the week very few indeed remain at week-ends. This system obviously has great advantages, but it has also one very far-reaching effect. Schools which are situated in the country and have no opportunity for going home at the week-ends are driven into the habit of living as one compact body throughout the term, of centering all main interests in the school itself, and of filling the time with activities which have little connection with home. It is not so much that at Westminster we suffer for not having that extra week-end time to devote to our activities, though this is of course an important factor; the real trouble is that in that week-end we tend to develop interests outside the school and thus to divide our concentration. This may be a very good thing as far as we ourselves are concerned, but it does make our school life suffer. The editors of the *Elizabethan* have not time to give to their job the undivided concentration that it requires, and the same applies to the contributors; instead of being forced to invent devices to fill in their spare time, they are almost rushed off their feet by the swarm of interests that invades their minds, interests both at school and at home, and as a result less time is applied to literary and other efforts than at many country public schools.

This is not written in any spirit of depreciation of Westminster's geographical position; but so much has been said, and truly said, about the advantages of our situation that perhaps it is not out of place to suggest that it has its disadvantages too, and among them maybe we can find the reason for that most difficult question "What is wrong with the literary side of Westminster?"



HOUSE NOTES.

ELECTION TERM.

We welcome this term:—C. C. L. Brown and D. Dewar (boarders)

In Inner there are:—R. P. Harben, E. J. W. Oyler, J. F. Wordsworth, A. H. R. Martindale, S. G. Croft.

In Chiswicks there are:—K. J. M. Kemp, M. L. B. Pritchard, N. N. G. Maw, T. J. W. Smethurst, J. W. L. Croft, T. H. Stewart, K. H. Hodgson, C. J. H. Davies, D. J. van Rest, A. C. Hornsby, G. G. F. Wordsworth (boarders), R. A. Miles (half-boarder).

In Buckenhill there are:—J. G. S. Harris, I. J. Fulton, A. W. Abbott, T. J. Davies (boarders), J. Brostoff (half-boarder).

The Head of Hall is C. R. Hayes and the Hall Monitors are:—J. D. S. MacDougall, R. F. Wilding, M. W. M. Davidson (boarders), D. M. Lloyd-Jones (half-boarder).

LENT TERM.

We won Football Seniors.

We won the Bringsty Relay.

We won the Medley Relay.

We lost to Busby's in the semi-finals of Fives Seniors.

We lost to Wrens' in the final of the Shooting competition having previously beaten College and Ashburnham.

We came 2nd in Fencing Juniors.

Congratulations to:—J. F. Wordsworth on his Pinks for football.
and to:—C. R. Hayes on his Half-Pinks for Athletics.

and to:—R. P. C. Hillyard on his Colts for football.

and to:—C. J. Croft on his Colts for fencing.

and to:—J. S. Woodford on his Junior Colts for football.

and to:—R. P. C. Hillyard on his Seniors for football.

and to:—D. M. Lloyd-Jones and T. J. Davies on their Seniors for athletics.

and to:—I. R. Cameron and M. S. Makower on their Juniors for fencing

and to:—R. W. Hawkins and H. H. M. Rogers on their Juniors for shooting.

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read:—"King Henry IV," part one, Shakespeare; "Ten Little Niggers," Agatha Christie; "Badger's Green," R. C. Sherrif; "Lady Windermere's Fan," Oscar Wilde; "The Morning Star," Emyln Williams; "French Without Tears," Terrence Rattigan; "George and Margaret," "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," "Venus Observed," Christopher Fry.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

May	17th	...	Field Day.
	24th	...	Installation of Knights of the Bath.
	26th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Eton Ramblers.
	29th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Radley (A.)
June	1st	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Sherborne (H.)
	5th	...	Challenge.
	6th	...	Challenge.
	7th	...	Challenge.
	9th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Forty Club.
	12th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> M.C.C.
	13th	...	Music Competitions.
	14th	...	C.C.F. Inspection.
	14th-18th	...	Exeat.
	19th	...	Westminster Entrance.
	23rd	...	Marlow Regatta.
	28th	...	Field Day.
July	4th-5th-6th-7th.	...	Henley Regatta.
	7th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Stowe.
	14th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Butterflies.
	16th	...	School Regatta.
	17th	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Lords and Commons.
	21st	...	1st XI <i>v.</i> Charterhouse.
	27th	...	Concert.
	29th	...	Election Sunday.
	30th	...	Putney Regatta.
	31st	...	Term ends.

HOUSE DIARY.

The House has suffered a good deal this term. Desire to break the monotony might account for the bed that dropped through the ceiling, forgetting to turn the handle for the broken latches on doors, wanting a new building for the attempt to burn the place down, but why someone should think that the bath is more convenient to use when tilted at an angle is a question requiring serious thought.

Big Ben's greatest rival has returned to Hall, after an absence of nearly two years, with a new mechanism. When going it keeps good time, but if the hands are pushed back at all it stops. Perhaps it is best to welcome this feature as evidence of a desire for progress all the time, and of a refusal to "put the clock back" to the bad old days.

Yes, as hinted above, we did have a fire in Hall, but it was discovered before anything more than a curtain and the wallpaper caught fire. This happened in the daytime, but it was at the dead

of one night that the fire alarm sounded and we all departed through Rigaud's and No. 3 and assembled at the appointed places. The practice was certainly successful : it showed clearly that it is possible to empty the top two floors with considerable speed, though how the Housemaster's family and Matron are supposed to escape in the event of a fire is difficult to see. No doubt anyone should be proud to have Grant's for his funeral pyre. On the top floor at least the escape is easy : all windows and doors were shut and every boy was out in well under two minutes. A few nights later Rigaud's returned the visit, and assembled in our Dining Hall.

April Fool's morning was not quite so eventful as last year's, perhaps because many of the boarders availed themselves of the permission to go home for the week-end, since the usual end-of-term week-end arrangements had been put forward to the Easter week-end. Matron's dressing gown was temporarily purloined to prevent her waking up the house (she borrowed another, however, and surprised the foolers), and the bell itself was hidden, but beyond that April Fooling was on a minor scale.

THE CHESS SOCIETY AND S.N.U.G.

The Society has maintained a steady interest in the game in the lower part of the house, but, as was shown in the knock-out competition which was thrown open to the whole house, many of the better players in the house are outside the Society.

Under the Presidency of the House Master there are Harris, Chick and van Rest as Hon. Secretary, treasurer and third member respectively. At the end of the Play Term an " American Tournament " was played but not quite completed. MacDougall finished first with 10 points out of a possible 16 ; Chick and van Rest tied for second place with 8 points each, and Salvi was fourth with 7. In the Lent Term a knock-out competition was held, in which C. J. H. Davis won the final from MacDougall. A provisional fixture against Wren's was arranged and in preparation for this the Society's team was challenged by a team led by Davies, and was beaten by 7 games to 6.

S.N.U.G., on the other hand, had a very bad term ; the attendance never reached double figures, and on Easter week-end, when all the boarders were in, nothing had been arranged ! Charades, play-readings and a debate were held with only moderate success. An experiment was tried in the organisation. Instead of the usual committee there are three equal officers who take turns to arrange the evening's programme.

FOOTBALL SENIORS.

Had the Finals of Football Seniors been played last term, as had been originally intended, Busby's would have fielded a considerably stronger team than did in fact face Grant's. Deprived of two Football Pinks who had left at Christmas, and with their Captain unable to play, Busby's fought in a match which, on paper at least, it was almost certain they would lose.

Grant's won 7—0. It was not a good game. In fact it was a thoroughly bad game—a game described by one player as “beginning by being boring and ending by being a farce”—though this is not in any way meant to reflect on the Busby's XI as a whole, which fought hard from start to finish. But it should be mentioned that of the seven goals scored by Grant's, six should have been saved by their goal-keeper. Had goals for Grant's been a little harder to come by, then perhaps the whole match would have been more satisfactory for both sides. But Grant's did have such a far stronger side, that it would have been very surprising indeed had they not won in the end.

The team was :—T. J. Davies ; J. F. Wordsworth, K. J. M. Kemp ; M. L. B. Pritchard, D. Lloyd-Jones, E. J. N. Kirkby ; R. P. C. Hillyard, A. H. R. Martindale (capt.), J. S. Woodford, A. C. Hornsby, C. J. H. Davies.

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

When Grant's, the proud possessors of the title of last year's League Winners, took the field for their first match of the season against Ashburnham, they were a far less imposing and fearful array than last year's team. We missed Mr. Mackay to form the rock of defence and to aid the forwards with his inspired bursts of energy, and vocal encouragement ; there was no one with the pendulum kick of Mr. Milner, or like Mr. Rodway in the attack. Nevertheless we emerged victors from this first match with Harris scoring a hat-trick, with his usual disregard for the rest of the team.

At the end of Play Term we were a close second to Wrens, but in the Lent term we only added one point to our total—and that by mutual agreement of the two captains after ten minutes play in pitch darkness.

Every now and then the League “regulars” were blessed with the aid of odd gentlemen who drifted up and down from the Big Game ; Kemp, a reliable pivot both in defence and attack ; Pritchard, a happy-go-lucky footballer ; Brostoff, a keen player who might do well to try to combine a little more with the rest of the team ; Cammell, who put in some useful shots ; and finally T. J. Davies, whose exodus into the second eleven left us a difficult gap to fill.

Our forwards, receiving good support from their wing-halves Lathe and Phelps-Brown, were then inclined to let their movements fizzle out when near the goal, but Drake, Frazer and MacDougall often produced quite hard and accurate shots. Our backs, Smethurst and Smith also did useful work, but Smith should use his weight to more advantage.

Next year, however, with that same fine spirit in which these games are played, we should have a very good chance of winning again. FLOREAT!

WATER.

Seldom does anything of particular interest to the House occur down at Putney in the winter, and last Lent term was no exception. With two Grantites, Harben and Croft, J., in the first eight and three, Hodgson, van Rest and Croft, S., in the second we were reasonably well represented in the higher boats; in the third eight Wordsworth, G., was a regular member and Hayes rowed occasionally; only one Grantite rowed in the fourth eight which won the new Colts Cup in the School's Head of the River Race, Rogers, at bow; Chick, as a cox, and Anderson, Davidson, Fulton, Miles and Wilding as oarsmen, were regularly in one or other of the lower eights, and Chick actually coxed the third eight in the Schools' Head as a substitute, and steered very well.

We lost a few watermen when the football season ended and Athletics began, but at the same time we were joined by four new Grantite watermen, Clark, McArthur, Parker and Smith, who showed considerable promise in a very short time. It is not easy to calculate how well this material will serve us in the School Regatta; it is not even clear who will represent the House in each event, but we have ever before our eyes the reminder that in most events it is not the raw material that matters so much as the spirit in which training and the actual date are approached, and that reminder stands on the mantel-piece in the Dining Room, the cup for Junior-Senior Fours, won by Grant's last year in record time.

ATHLETICS.

The weather has been very disappointing and has resulted in very difficult running conditions and slow times, and the evils of 'flu' have left our runners weak.

The Bringsty Relay was run in deep mud and a heavy fog. Grant's were behind at the end of the first lap, but Sims-Williams and Salvi ran very well and gave Grant's the lead. The relay ended in an easy victory for a competent team.

The Long Distance races were held in heavy rain. In the Open, Rigauds won the House cup but Hayes won the Individual Cup. The Juniors' race was exciting and Grant's was strongly represented. The Grant's team won the House Cup, but Ashburnham won the Individual Cup. The House has some very promising Long Distance runners.

In the finals, Grant's was not strongly supported, Salvi, a welcomed addition to the House, came second in the 440 and 220. Davies, T., won the Long Jump, Pritchard came second in the High Jump, and Hayes won the 880 and mile.

In the House Relays, Grants sadly lost by one point to Rigauds. The open team ran very well and won the 220 and Medley Relay, but the Under 16 and Under 14½ teams were very disappointing. Davies, T., Pritchard and Hayes represented the School against Eastbourne and all did well.

FENCING.

In the past three terms, Grantite fencing seems to have risen from the dead, or at least from the obscure. The number of full-timers has increased from one to four, two of whom are in School teams, Stewart in the second and Croft, C., in the Colts. In foil Seniors, last term, Stewart and Croft reached the finals, Stewart coming fourth and Croft sixth, but the ultimate order, including épée and sabre, placed Grant's only equal fourth. In Juniors, however, we entered a team of three, Croft, Cameron and Makower, the first two reaching the finals. After a very close fight with Busby's, in which there were barrages for first place between Croft and Boyd (Busby's) and for third between Cameron, Oliver (College) and Herbert (Busby's), we came second. Busby's, our only serious opponents, were the winners, Boyd being first and Croft second. Croft is fighting remarkably well, considering he has only been doing fencing for just under a year, but he has a tendency to become rather wild, particularly if he meets a wild opponent. Next year I hope we shall do even better when the three newcomers are more experienced.

FIVES SENIORS.

Fives Seniors, held at the end of the Lent Term, were in many ways a disappointment, not simply because Grant's lost, but because Grant's lost so badly. Busby's had split their two best players between their pairs, and, probably foolishly, Grant's carried out the same sort of plan by placing A. H. R. Martindale (captain) in the first pair with J. F. Wordsworth, while A. C. Hornsby was placed in the second pair. The problem of the fourth player was at length solved by pairing Hornsby with J. Brostoff. Three of the players had played fairly regularly throughout the term, but

Brostoff suffered from lack of practice, and, though this was perhaps not his fault, since he was called on to play at short notice, the side suffered in consequence. Grant's first pair lost to Busby's first pair 3—0; not a very promising start, and certainly a very shaky one, which came in contrast to an easy victory of 3—0 over Busby's second pair. In the second pair, Hornsby, partnered with an unequal player, struggled to avoid defeat—the result was: Against their second pair, lost 1—2; against their first pair, lost 3—0.

The lone Grant's victory, it should be added, was perhaps due more to Grant's gamesmanship than to a superior skill at fives, though of course I by no means exclude this explanation. Nevertheless the fact is that through frayed temper in the Busby's second pair the match rapidly developed into something "very interesting" (to quote a famous historian) from the Grant's point of view. Further remarks would be perhaps unwise.

GOLF.

At the end of last holidays the school competed for the Pitamber cup, which was presented by Mr. E. R. B. Graham, president of the Elizabethan Club, in honour of R. K. Pitamber's golfing successes at Oxford.

The cup was played for at Northwood Golf Club and we arrived to find the course two inches under snow. However, a rapid thaw enabled us to start although the conditions were far from easy. C. J. H. Davies recovered from a terrible start to tie with A. C. Hornsby with a score of 76 net. The cup was awarded to C. J. H. Davies on a better last nine holes.

The leading scores were :

C. J. H. Davies	82— 6=76
A. C. Hornsby	84— 8=76
R. A. Bulgin	96—18=78
T. J. Davies	86— 6=80

In the afternoon the school played the O.W.W. and lost by 5 matches to 4.

In the first match C. Davies beat Mr. Grover 6 and 5 playing very steadily. Mr. Grover being 5 down and 6 to play, lost the next hole when C. Davies holed a full 7 iron shot for an eagle two against Mr. Grover's birdie three which left little room for argument. In the second match T. J. Davies played very sound golf but not sound enough to give two shots to Mr. Creswick who has a reputation of being a very hard player to beat. T. J. Davies lost by 3 and 2.

A. C. Hornsby played very well to give shots to and beat Mr. Walton by 4 and 2. He has shown a great improvement in his game and is striking the ball very well indeed. Another greatly improved golfer is R. Bulgin, who did well to win his match by 4 and 3.

A grand day was enjoyed by all and I think that the best side won—not without a keen struggle, but experience told against the lower half of the school side.

The results were as follows :

- C. J. H. Davies beat Mr. A. C. Grover, 6 and 5.
- T. J. Davies lost to Mr. M. de J. Creswick, 3 and 2.
- A. C. Hornsby beat Mr. Walton, 4 and 2.
- R. Bulgin beat Mr. Jacomb-Hood, 4 and 3.
- N. N. G. Maw lost to Major R. C. Orpen, 3 and 2.
- A. W. Abbott beat Mr. J. Hornsby, 2 up.
- R. P. C. Hillyard lost to Mr. R. S. Barnes, 1 down.
- J. M. Grover lost to Mr. F. N. Hornsby, 7 and 5.
- J. G. Woolich lost to Mr. F. N. Hornsby, 6 and 5.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

The chairs up school are very hard, and that is what most people remember about School Concerts. But let that be, for my criticism is not of chairs but of concerts, and in this case certainly the concert was much better than the chairs.

Many people go to the School Concert who are not by any means music-lovers. For these people it is an effort to keep their minds on the music and not on the chairs. In the Summer and Winter terms the concert caters largely for these people's taste but at Easter it has become customary to hear a religious or at least a serious work of some length. For those Old Westminsters whose sole purpose in visiting a School Concert is to show off their wives' new hats and those boys who only wish to get out of having to do their prep., such works as Brahms' German Requiem are unlikely to be as satisfactory as "There was a pig went out to dig," or other such Christmas items or those Summer Concerts in which small pieces are played or sung by members of the school. The Lent term Concert is the concert for those genuinely interested in school music and it is the testing point as to how good that school music is. The German Requiem was a hard test, and the Choral and Orchestral Societies came out of it very well indeed.

The climax of the piece came rather too early with the moving baritone solo sung by The Hon. Andrew Davidson, O.G. The fact that the performance never afterwards regained so high a peak of excitement was very largely due to inaudibility. This is very important, for with an audience that does not for the most part follow the musical score not being able to hear, is liable to spoil the whole evening's entertainment, and once again both societies should remember that primarily, whether they practice music purely for their own gain or no, the performing of it in public is designed to entertain an audience and is totally worthless if it fails to do so.

This article has not dealt to any great extent with the orchestra, whose performance was very highly commendable. This is because in the opinion of the writer, the orchestra fails to fulfil its duty as a school society in having so few representatives of the school playing for it. If this is because there are really not enough boys in the school who play orchestral instruments of a standard high enough for a concert it is lamentable in a school once famous for its music. If, on the other hand, it is because people called in to play instruments for the society years ago when there was nobody proficient enough to play them in the school, continue to do so now when there are many school players of some promise who sadly miss the experience that only playing in a public concert could give them, then surely is it time the Orchestral Society was re-formed and became once again a Westminster School Society. I for one, would gladly listen to music of a less-superlative nature if I knew that the players of it were boys in the school and not semi-professional outsiders, however good they may be.

WE SHALL SEE YOU AGAIN?

Why should the supernatural be malignant? Are not the souls of the dead at peace? It is only because the mirrors of Time occasionally reflect old scenes that sometimes we feel we have revisited the past. I can only conclude as much from my experience.

When I return from work it is my custom to cross a large bomb site where a number of delightful eighteenth century cottages used to stand—their loss was much lamented in the neighbourhood. In a corner one of them still remains, shattered and derelict. At one time I had a habit of putting my hand against the door as I passed. It was always firmly locked. But I liked to imagine that it was my own house, and that I was going home there, instead of to the shapeless block of flats at the further end of the bomb site. This went on for a year. In the dark of the winter it seemed snug and cosy, and in the lighter evenings of Spring I wondered what I would have done with the small but overgrown garden. Later on, in the Summer, there was a heat wave and I used to come home exhausted and dreamy.

One evening in July the bomb site seemed to have grown particularly faint and unreal, dry and undernourished under a thundery sky. I was not at all surprised when the door gave way beneath my hand, and before me I saw a pretty little hall with an oaken chest of drawers. But I must confess that I *was* surprised when I heard a babel of voices in a room on the right. Yet it seemed part of the strangeness which hung over that evening.

A young woman emerged from the room whom I cannot describe though I think she was beautiful. In a very low voice she said:

“ Oh! You’re Robin’s friend, aren’t you? I’ve been so looking forward to meeting you. Do come in! ”

By now I was not at all sure that I wasn't Robin's friend, I was so much confused by the strange atmosphere. I followed her into the room without a word of contradiction. I got the impression of a crowd of people, all talking, but it was difficult to get a view of my companions for the gathering storm outside made it all so dim, like a reflection in an old mirror. Their voices came faintly through the first growls of thunder and it was with some difficulty that I made out that the conversation was all about Civil Defence. They seemed to be taking this recent appeal for wardens very seriously. I was introduced to a few of the guests as Mr. Carter and I discovered that my hostess's name was Mrs. Hallam. I was given some sherry which seemed to have no taste at all, less flavour even than water, and a cigarette so mild that I put it aside and smoked one of my own. I used a fascinating ashtray curved into the form of a little foal lying down and that is the only item I can clearly remember in the room.

A person to whom I had been introduced asked me how long had known Robin. I said I really couldn't remember and was much relieved when he, or she, went on to ask me whether I thought there was going to be another war. I said I thought it could quite easily be prevented. I was uneasy lest "Robin" should come in and ask me who I was, and my attention was distracted.

Suddenly I heard the patter of rain beginning outside and I remember being somewhat surprised at hearing it so clearly over the sound of so many voices. But I was glad, for it was an excuse to go, as I did not want to get soaked crossing the bomb site. I found Mrs. Hallam and made my excuses for not waiting for Robin. She came to the door with me and as I ran out into the storm she cried after me :

" We shall see you again! "

When I got back to my flat I noticed that I had left my cigarette case behind, probably on the shelf beside the ash tray, but had no wish to go back through the terrific storm which raged all night. I decided to call in the morning on my way to work.

The next day was cool and fresh and the bomb site looked as real as usual. The little house was shut and silent and one glance assured me that nobody lived there, and that a knock on the door would be quite useless. But where was my cigarette case?

The Estate Agent, whose office of SITES FOR SALE had long decorated the bomb site, had an office next door to the Underground Station. On my return from work that evening I dropped in and asked him for information about the cottage. I asked if it belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Hallam.

"The Hallams? That's who it used to belong to," he said. "It's condemned now and going to be pulled down. Nobody's lived there since 1941 when Mrs. Hallam was killed out wardening in the Blitz. Mr. Hallam? No, I don't know what became of him."

When I asked for the key he made some demur, but I explained that I had found the door open the night before, had taken refuge from the storm and believed I had left a valuable cigarette case there.

He refused to believe that the door could have been open until I suggested that someone might have used a skeleton key. Muttering that he couldn't have that sort of thing he decided to come over with me and have a look.

The little front door, when unlocked, revealed a rubble of broken glass and fallen plaster. We turned into the room on the right where our feet made the first prints in the dust that had been there for many years. On the remains of the mantelpiece I found the head of the foal and, lying beside it, my cigarette case.

“ TWELFTH NIGHT.”

BY A MEMBER OF THE STAGE-STAFF.

Even the schoolboy, tormented by English books in School Cert., usually regards Hamlet, last year's school play, as a play worth seeing, producing, and even filming. Not all the plays of Shakespeare are so honoured, and his comedies are often written off as out-of-date and obscure. Nobody knew of this attitude more than the producer and the cast, and during early rehearsals it seemed that schoolboy opinion was for once correct. Full of good intentions not to be unduly influenced, depressed, or encouraged, some of the cast saw the Old Vic production, an original production with a considerable amount of “ business,” burlesque, and good stage-craft. It was worrying to see that the Old Vic considered it wise to “ have ideas ” in order to put Shakespeare comedy across to a modern audience. Was this originality necessary? Would the comics at Westminster raise a laugh? It was, indeed, disturbing for those who compared the Old Vic performance with our early rehearsals, but few worried, except perhaps our prospective audience, the bulk of the school, who looked upon “ Twelfth Night ” as doomed.

Then the cry went out—“ The play is under rehearsed, a state of emergency must be created.” The scenery, already painted in pink, was changed to yet another pink ; but before this final colour was dry, the set had to come down to make way for Brahm's Requiem. For two days after the concert, the stage director screamed at any actor who dared put his foot on the stage to practice his fight, to sing his songs, or even to help the stage director! Illyria was reconstructed. A slight air of panic in the streets of Illyria, and as yet no sign of the renowned box-tree, which was later pushed in somewhere up-stage and hidden in front of. But somehow amidst this havoc the play came to life in time to make the first night as good as any other night.

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BY A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE.

“ Twelfth Night,” the sixth School-play to be produced up-School since the war, was despite the more than usually ominous rumours

which filled the school before the first performance, a great success. After a slow first act, the play seemed to warm up, and the drinking scene opening the second act in which Malvolio, entering in a night-cap and gown, gained the first real laugh of the play, set an extremely high standard which seldom lapsed.

The inevitable comparison with "Hamlet," produced last year, is particularly interesting because of the strong contrast between the fast-moving first act of "Hamlet," starting as it does with the Ghost scene, and the slow disjointed first act of "Twelfth Night." No attempt was made in the school production as is being done at present by the Old Vic to burlesque the tiresome sea-captain scenes, which are necessary to explain the complicated plot.

"Twelfth Night," unlike "Hamlet," is a play without any central figure, which is perhaps an advantage in a school production. Possibly for this reason there was no outstanding performance though everybody was convincing. In particular the two important female parts, Olivia and Maria, were specially good, as were Belch, Aguecheek and Malvolio.

As the producer, Mr. Lushington, pointed out after the performance, the set, for the first time designed entirely by a boy, Stephen Croft, was excellent, as also was the almost faultless lighting and scene-changing throughout the play.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

There stood a lonely cottage, stark and drear,
Encircled by a grove of pines austere.
Ten years had flown since mortal form had last
Into that dim deserted dwelling passed.
Up through the hearth where once a fire had glowed,
A tangled mass of weeds and creepers showed,
While winds caressed the worn and weathered walls
And owls conversed with melancholy calls.
And funguses their mouldy fingers spread
Around the rotting rafters overhead.
Now miriads of rats and insects roam
Where once a living man had made his home.

SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARSHIP.

Many books in great earnest have been written to prove how Shakespeare spent those years of his life when he had left Stratford and had not begun to write plays. Some say he was a butcher, a soldier, or even a ships-boy, but no one has observed Shakespeare's outstanding knowledge of lower animal life. For in "Hamlet" alone (Act 1, Sc. 1) Bernardo asks: "Have you had a quiet guard?" to which Francisco replies: "Not a mouse stirring."

Any ordinary person would have said : " Not a pin dropping." But Shakespeare here goes out of his way to use the metaphor of a mouse.

Later during the play, Claudius asks Hamlet : " What call you this play," and Hamlet again shows his remarkable knowledge of mice and utters those significant words : " The mouse-trap." This is not immediately understood by the King, and Hamlet makes it clear both for the King and Immortality with the words : " Marry, how ? Tropically."

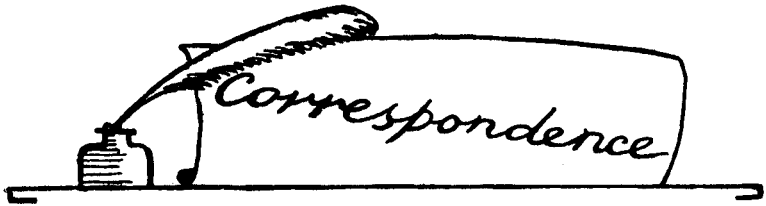
But lastly comes the great and unquestionable proof of this rodent-complex, for when he runs his dagger through his mother's bedroom curtain, he thinks he has killed a rat, and immediately realises that he will be duly rewarded in cash. He is later disillusioned and disappointed when he sees old Polonius and realises that his technique has gone. The lines relevant to this are : " How now! A rat ? Dead, for a ducat dead!

Who now can challenge this proof that Shakespeare was all the time a rodent-operator ?

THE COLLABORATIONISTS.

Well, you seem in a bit of a huff, don't you ? Like old Bob was, that time when he didn't get all the dough, though he thought he'd done the whole crossword, he was in the hell of a bate. Because it was like . . . you know . . . when two authors work together, they call it collation, I mean he did it with me and the wife. Any way he thought he did it all. But Mum said to me, when the prize arrived : " We done it," she says. " Bob only gave us the words." And I said to her : " We'll give the old chap a little, otherwise it ain't fair." And then she says to me, rather annoyed : " O.K." So when he comes to our house we say to him : " Look here old man, we play fair. I and Mum got 13s. 4d. between ourselves, and you get 6s. 8d." And Bob, he says : " Look here, Tom, I did the puzzle. Why, you didn't know the words, where would you be without me ?" So I says to him, I says : " Look here, old man, don't be so d——d unreasonable. You said it was collation and dash it all we wrote the words." And he says - " You fool! Of course I knew where the words ought to go. Give over, or I go to the police." And I said to him the cheque was sent to Mr. Markins, Tobacconist. And he says to me, picking up his hat : " Mark my words, you'll see me again about this."

And in such a bate he was that instead of rushing out of the door, where do you think he rushes ? Why, into the kitchen cupboard, right among the cups and saucers, and there he stopped. Wasn't in any hurry to let us see him again, for all he'd told us to mark his words. Perhaps he thought we'd laugh or something. So Mum and I remembered we'd be late for Danny Kaye, so we put 6s. 8d. on the kitchen table and went out. And when we came in again, what do you think ? No 6s. 8d. but a note saying coll—collaboration, whatever that means."



To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

1, LITTLE DEAN'S YARD,
WESTMINSTER.

December 15th, 1950.

SIR,

With regard to the Editorial of the last issue of the *Grantite Review*, let me assure the writer and Mr. Douglas-Mann, that I had no knowledge whatsoever that the story "The Mouse that Helped," which I remember writing some eighteen months ago as a school work, had been used for the purpose of literature in the *Grantite Review*, or indeed for any other purpose than that of salvage, until some weeks after its publication the story was brought to my notice.

I was greatly surprised to find that in the Editorial of the latest issue the writer has not only ignored the fact that a story of mine was used without my consent or knowledge, but has made a series of accusations, arising from some gravely erroneous deduction. Such accusations, I feel, demand an apology.

Yours faithfully,

J. HYAM.

[When last issues Editorial was written it seemed that the story had been deliberately inserted by the actual author as a joke. Since Mr. Hyam claims that this is not the case, we are puzzled how it did come to be published, but all the same we must offer a sincere apology to the author for an unintentional mistake.—EDITOR.]

OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

We have been unable to print an account of the Jubilee Dinner of the Old Grantite Club, which took place on Friday, April 6th, in College Hall. It is, however, hoped that a full description will be published in the next issue of the *Grantite*.

NOTICES.

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

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and the *Grantite Review* is D. F. Cunliffe, Esq., M.C., and any enquiries should be sent to him at Brookwood Corner, Ashstead, Surrey.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review*, and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.