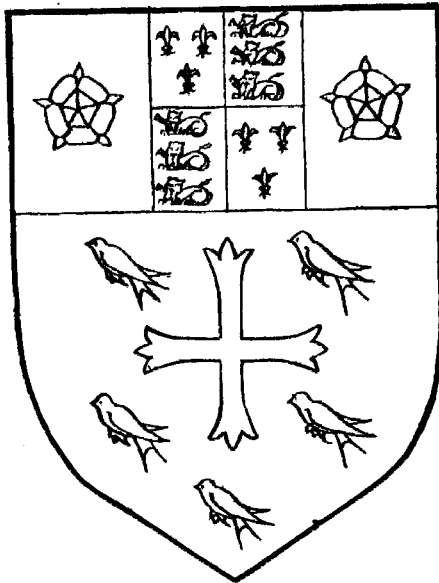


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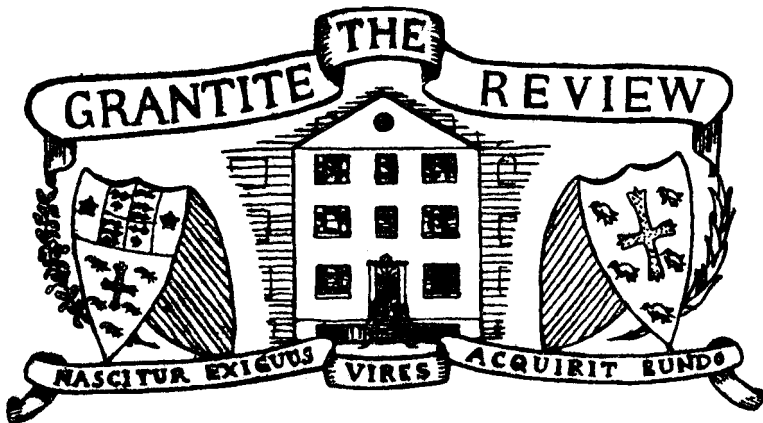
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM
1947

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EDITORIAL.

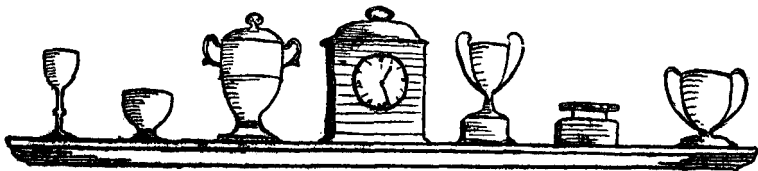
Just over eight years ago the Second World War, which was destined to have unbelievably great effects on the life and environment of Westminster, broke out. For six years the School was exiled, first to Shoreham, then Exeter and finally Bromyard. But even though the travels of the rest of the School ended temporarily when we reached Bromyard, yet Grant's was destined to move once again from Fernie Bank to Buckenhill. We have been back at "2 L.D.Y." only two years and yet there are but nine boys up House who ever experienced the Exile. To those of us who remember Buckenhill so well it seems such a short time ago since we were feeding the hens, chopping wood, "making a two to Whitbourne," or "topping and tailing" on the Ha-Ha in the summer evenings. Buckenhill had its disadvantages—we shall never forget the efforts with the water supply, for instance—but there can have been no one who did not enjoy the open air and freedom which we experienced in the countryside.

But I think that all Grantites who experienced both Fernie Bank and Buckenhill will agree that the former was more the "home" of Grant's. We were isolated from the rest of the School, but that did not worry us as we were a self-contained community. There are only two of us still left who remember Fernie, the routine jobs of pigs, hens, coal, blackout, acetylene and so on. Being as we were on the verge of Bringsty Common we used to do a lot of long-distance running and even now we have still kept our reputation as "long-distance house," having won the Bringsty Relay baton five times out of the six that it has been competed for.

Now we are back in London with thoughts of evacuation far away from all but a few. When we first arrived at our real home at "2 L.D.Y." the School buildings were in rather bad shape and our activities were of necessity somewhat curtailed. School itself had no roof and was used as a rifle range; College dormitory had only a skeleton of walls and some of the classrooms in Ashburnham had been destroyed by fire. School has recently been temporarily re-roofed and Sir Adrian Boult (O.G.) is to re-dedicate it musically by conducting Beethoven's Consecration of the House at the concert at the end of the term. The Ashburnham classrooms have now been completely re-built, incidentally providing a fine Art School, and it seems as if they are at last starting work on College dormitory. The fives courts, too, which were

played on when we first came back but which were declared dangerous owing to the fall of splintered glass, are now again playable and fives forms a major part of our sporting activities by reason of the proximity of the courts. Even we who experienced the top football pitch at Buckenhill were horrified when we saw the state of Vincent Square two years ago. It had no fence and was covered with rubble. We took hope when it was fenced in and was partially cleared inside, but there is no more heartening sight than to see Fields as it is now. It has been completely flattened and the blades of grass are beginning to peep through and give the whole a green tinge. There must be hundreds of Old Westminsters who spent their schooldays in exile and consequently never knew Fields as it was, and they would not be wasting their time if they strolled up there when they are near the School at any time ; it is an encouraging sight.

Probably the greatest advantage the School possesses when it is in London is its close connection with the Abbey. This was particularly apparent when it had a very privileged view of the Royal Wedding on November 20th. Thanks to the Dean and Chapter, the Town Boys were allotted the pavement in the Broad Sanctuary opposite the West Door, while three Grantites were among the very few Town Boys who, together with the King's Scholars, were in the Abbey itself acting as ushers. No one who witnessed the glorious, colourful ceremony, whether from within or without, is likely to forget that day or to dispute how fortunate we are to be at Westminster and so closely connected with the Abbey.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—J. A. Davidson, F. R. H. Almond, R. A. Lapage, H. L. Murray, G. G. Skellington, D. J. Swan and P. S. Michaelson. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome this term :—J. W. L. Croft, C. J. H. Davies, I. J. Fulton, J. G. S. Harris, K. H. Hodgson, A. C. Hornsby and T. H. Stewart (boarders) ; and J. Brostoff, D. S. Cammell, B. A. Clarke and D. J. van Rest (day boys).

In Inner there are :—D. L. Almond, R. E. Nagle, P. C. Pearson and J. R. B. Smith.

In Chiswicks there are :—D. M. V. Blee, D. N. Croft, R. R. Davies, D. F. H. Sandford, N. P. V. Brown, E. S. Chesser and J. H. Milner (boarders) ; and E. M. Carr-Saunders, L. Lipert, H. Ward and A. E. C. Bostock (day boys).

The Head of Hall is G. N. P. Lee, and the Hall Monitors are A. J. Allan, R. N. Mackay and F. D. Hornsby.

* * * * *

We came second to Busby's in the Halahan Cup.

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We lost to Busby's in the semi-final of Tennis Seniors.

* * * * *

We won the Gym Competitions.

* * * * *

We came second to Rigaud's in the P.T. Cup for the second successive year.

We were placed last in the Shooting Competitions.

* * * * *

We lost to College in the first round of Fives Seniors.

* * * * *

We beat Rigaud's in the first round of Football Juniors, 3—0.

* * * * *

Congratulations to:—D. L. Almond on being appointed Captain of Shooting and Captain of Gym.

to:—D. L. Almond on his Pinks for Cricket

to:—A. E. C. Bostock and H. Ward on their Thirds, P. C. Pearson, D. N. Croft, R. E. Nagle and H. Ward on their Seniors and J. H. Milner on his Juniors for Water.

to:—D. L. Almond on his Pinks and G. N. P. Lee on his Colts for Football.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read "The School for Scandal," by Sheridan; "Love from a Stranger," by Frank Vosper; "The Late Christopher Bean," by Emyln Williams; "The Astonished Ostrich," by Archie N. Menzies; "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," by Barre Lyndon; "Jane Clegg," by St. John Ervine; "The Doll's House," by Ibsen; "Gaslight," by Patrick Hamilton; "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne; and "Banana Ridge," by Ben Travers.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Westminster is of all schools the least provincial even in normal times, but around November 20th it had a national—even an international air, for the eyes and the lenses of the world were focussed on its chapel and the world's ears were listening for the lightest whisper from its precincts.

For three weeks before the great day small changes, a microphone here, a bit of scaffolding there, gave warning of what was to come. On November 3rd morning service was transferred from the Abbey to School. On two Sunday mornings any Grantite who cared to get up early could have had a pre-view of the carriage procession parked around Green, royal luggage brakes representing the Glass Coaches; and on November 14th Gold Staff Officers and senior King's Scholars who were to act as Stewards were briefed in the Jerusalem Chamber by Col. Geoffrey Codrington, Chief Usher for the occasion. On November 19th came the highlight of all this preparatory work—the rehearsal in the Abbey attended by the Bride and Bridegroom, the King and Queen, and most of the Royal family. As the Royal party arrived at the West Door the November evening was lit up with flashes from the cameramen, and inside the Abbey it was momentarily reminiscent of those other November evenings, seven years ago, when the Nave windows flickered with gun-flashes and the stained-glass saints sprang into life for a vivid fraction of a second. The rehearsal was strictly private, and when the Great West Door had been shut behind the Royal party the atmosphere became informal but business-like. The order of procession was explained to the King, the exact position where Princess Elizabeth would stand next day was pointed out, and the procession was timed down from the High Altar to the West Door. Their Majesties stayed about half an hour, and after they had left the rehearsal continued for another two hours, and every detail of the ceremonial was practised into split-second perfection.

After all the millions of words which have been written about the actual Wedding it would be superfluous, even impertinent, to describe it here;

but a school's-eye view must include some tribute to the King's Scholars who both as Stewards and as members of the Bride's procession played their parts with assurance and dignity. It must also include some account of the great Awning Question. This awning, which nearly prevented the School from having any view at all, was put up by the Ministry of Works with the unexceptionable object of sheltering the wedding guests. It ran from the West Door towards the corner of St. Margaret's Churchyard and, perhaps stung by jests about austerity, the Ministry had extended the canvas for an extra thirty feet, just in front of the School's reserved watching-place. Last minute representations to the authorities were made and another and better position was found on the other side of the West Door, the best position on all the procession route, with one exception. The Under School, drawn up on the Steps of the Crimean Memorial, that strategically placed oasis of school territory, had an unrivalled view not only of the arrival and departure of the distinguished guests but also of part of the actual ceremony, for when the West Door is open it is possible to see right up to the High Altar. It was the high-pitched cheering of the Under School which first gave notice to those inside the Abbey of the arrival of the Bride, and their voices could be heard above the crescendo of cheering which greeted the Royal couple on their emergence after the ceremony.

FOOTBALL.

This year we have a larger number of footballers up House than we have ever had since before the war. Of a total of thirty-one, however, twenty-nine are eligible for Colts ! This is, indeed, a good sign especially as so many of them show real promise.

Big Game and Colts' Game have been held regularly every Thursday and Saturday and anyone who was not required for either of these was able to play in the League, which was continued again this year. There are to be three rounds altogether, two this term and one next. We again entered two teams but we found after a while that we could never field two full sides as so many Grantites were required for the representative games. For although we only had two regular members of Big Game, we once had as many as twelve in the Colts' Game, though the average was nine. It was decided therefore that our "B" team should amalgamate with College, who were unable to produce a team at all, while still retaining the name of Grant's "B." This not only meant that our "B" team stood a better chance against other houses, but it also gave Scholars, who would otherwise have had to play in a "pick-up" game, the chance of a good game. With so many potential Colts it was obvious that our League teams would be weakened, but they surpassed all expectations and put up very creditable performances.

Besides Almond, Allan twice played for the first eleven while Smith was twelfth man. Lee captained the Colts' side and Hornsby, F., Allan, Milligan, Mackay, Wordsworth and Lowe all played for them while Hornsby, A. was twelfth man.

Hornsby, A. and Davies, C., were the outstanding new boy footballers, but Croft, J., Cammell, Brostoff, van Rest and Clarke deserve mention as being promising newcomers.

Juniors are to be held towards the end of this term and the prospects look distinctly good. We have larger numbers from which to pick a team than we have had for a long time, and the general all-round standard promises to be higher than has been attained since before the war.

As no footballers are leaving us this term we should be able to produce a good, though rather young and consequently inexperienced, team to try and regain the Football Seniors Shield next term.

D. L. A.

THE WATER.

Grant's was much more successful in the School Regatta this year than last. We won the Senior Fours—the crew being stroked by R. A. Lapage, the first eight stroke, with P. C. Pearson rowing three, R. E. Nagle two, D. N. Croft bow and H. Ward cox.

We drew Rigaud's, an all-second-eight crew, in the first round and establishing a lead at the start we held on to it, finally winning by over a length. We also beat the record (4min. 33sec. by A.H. in 1938) by a second. The final against College was a much more interesting race. We again led off at the start; by the boathouse we were $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths up and everything seemed assured; then, however, two's blade got caught in some driftwood and College put in a terrific spurt (for which they were noted) and closed the gap to half a length. We then settled down again and finally won by $\frac{3}{4}$ length.

Our junior-senior four, after breaking the record by five seconds in the first round, did not come up to expectation and lost to Rigaud's in the semi-final.

Six Grantites, distributed over four pairs, entered the Double Sculls, which was being rowed, instead of Pairs, for the Fisher Goblets, Lapage, who was in the winning Pair last year, won with Berkinshaw-Smith (K.S.), their only hard race being in the first round when they beat Pearson (G.) and Spokes (R.) by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths after having been 2 lengths down. Ward and Bostock were the only other Grantites to survive the first round but had to meet Lapage and B-Smith in the next.

In the Senior Sculls Pearson, who had unfortunately drawn our other hope, Lapage, was the only Grantite to survive the first round; he also survived the second and met B-Smith, the eventual winner, in the semi-final who proved too good after a hard race.

The Junior-Senior Sculls promised well, five Grantites surviving the first round; Allan and Smith reached the semi-final. Milner was the only one of ours to survive the first round in the Junior Sculls; he got through the next also but was defeated in the semi-final.

The Coxes' Handicap, rowed against the tide which had apparently changed too early, proved highly entertaining from the spectator's point of view. It turned out to be a duel of endurance between Johnston-Noad (H.B.), the first eight cox and last year's winner, and Ward (G.), the third eight cox, who were undoubtedly the best stylists. After a collision Noad, who was by this time exhausted, fell in and Ward went on to win easily from Walker, the second eight cox, with Croft S. third and Noad, who had re-entered his boat, fourth.

Grant's came second with 37 points for the Halahan Cup after a keen competition with Busby's, who won by 4 points, and College, who were 4 points behind; the result was still in the balance until the last race had been rowed.

This term we have returned to the more sober side of Water and, having suffered tub pairs and the like, we are out in eights once more. The house has a good nucleus for next year's regatta, notwithstanding the fact that Lapage, who has been a "tower of strength," to quote Mr. Fisher's words, has left.

So far time has been spent in practising for the Schools' Head of the River Race. Unfortunately the crews were rather upset by illness, "A" crew in particular losing Steele, the Secretary of the Boat Club, who was rowing six, and also their four, less than a week before the race. However, they got together well and managed to tie for third place with Owen's in 9min. 11 sec. Bryanston won in 8min. 47sec. with St. Paul's second in 9min. 7sec. Westminster "B" were seventh in 9min. 26sec. Grant's had three members of "A" crew and two of "B." The course this year was from the St. Paul's boathouse to our boathouse instead of the Bridge to Bridge course used last year.

P. C. P.

FIVES.

Soon after term started we had our second fives revival since our return. But this time our playing was no longer dependent on daylight or on sweeping the courts clear of rain water, for the glass roof had been mended and the lighting restored. There were doubts at first about the roughness and powdering of the walls and floor due to their period of exposure but these seemed to have been only superficial and the polishing effect of intensive playing has left the courts as good as ever.

For the most part the teaching of the game had to begin all over again. Courts were allotted throughout the week to houses and each one organised its own training with the assistance of masters—whose fives-playing strength, incidentally, has been strongly recruited from some of the recent appointments. Surprisingly soon a considerable number of people, large and small and from every house, were playing well enough to get the real feeling of the game and some promising talent started to emerge. Enthusiasm kept pace with ability and not only were the courts fully occupied during the standard times (between 5 and 6.45 in the evenings) but players were making use of the odd half-hour here and there, notably an innovation of a game between prayers and bedtime. As a result it was decided to start up house matches, seniors this term and juniors next.

Twenty years ago fives talent was largely restricted to College, who alone made much use of the one court which was at all playable—and that one only in clement weather and full daylight as it was uncovered. The conversion of the racquets court to the present courts gave a great encouragement to the game and all houses took to it. House matches no longer went by default to College, or perhaps with one challenger. But the enthusiasm nowadays is at least as widespread as it was then and, though individual players have not yet got near the experience and technique of some of the pre-war teams, the general level of play in the house matches has seemed already to be not much lower and, in patches, even better.

Patches is, perhaps, the word to describe the standard achieved so far. The ability to cut effectively has outstripped the ability to return the cuts, which makes for a rather negative absence of rallies; and inexperience leading to bad judgment of angles and bad positioning offers to opponents far too many mistakes far too soon, which tends to shorten all the rallies that do start. It will be particularly interesting to see what promise is shown by next term's junior house matches for, though fives is fortunately a game that can be successfully taken up at any age, boys who can get an instinctive feel for courtcraft while still young are the ones who form the backbone of strong school teams. This year's junior players have a chance, if they develop soon enough out of the "patchy-mistake" stage, of providing the first post-war representative school players.

As though to provide a faint memory of those distant days when Grant's were College's challengers, fortune drew these two houses in the preliminary round of Seniors. Two pairs from each house played altogether four matches of three games each. Had matches been evenly won, the number of games or even the number of points would have been taken into account, but in this case College won all four matches. Our first pair, Pearson and Hornsby F., ran their opponents very close in the first games of each of their matches and then let the second games go more easily—a possible effect of inexperienced over-anxiety, for in fives the result of the second game can so often reverse that of the first if the pairs are fairly evenly matched and the losers of the first game do not get rattled into mistakes. The second pair, Smith and Lee, on the other hand started with lost games and then in one match fought back to winning a second game and in the other to an improvement in the second and a game-ball all in the third. Each of these pairs included a junior and several other juniors have at times shown much the same standard of promise.

So long as a large number continue to play, Grant's fives players look like getting as much enjoyment from it as before the war.

In the second round College played Busby's. This time their first pair allowed themselves to be shaken into a fatal succession of mistakes and lost both their matches. Their second pair, however, redeemed the situation, won their matches and enabled College to win the contest on games. Rigaud's won the other semi-final and, in the final, College achieved a fairly comfortable victory.

T. M. M-R.

TENNIS.

We met College in the first round of Tennis Seniors last term, and they retired after being beaten decisively in two matches. Our first pair of Davidson and Almond F. beat their first pair, Adie and Chambers, by a big margin, and Murray and Almond, D., similarly disposed of Graham-Dixon and Lowe.

Busby's were our opponents in the semi-finals and they beat us in a close contest. When Murray and Almond, D., took Busby's first pair of Anderson and Wall to 6—8, 5—7, it looked as if our first pair would beat them. However, they too, were beaten, by an identical score. Davidson and Almond, F., beat their second pair with the loss of only one game, but our second pair failed badly against the slow but clever game of Momtchiloff and Tchok, who, by winning the first set 6—4, won the match for Busby's. In the final, Busby's easily beat Ashburnham and Homeboarders, retaining the Seniors Cup which they won last year.

D. L. A.

GYM.

Grant's were successful in the Gym Competitions last term for the second successive year. Busby's were runners-up with twenty-five points against, as opposed to our thirteen against. The places of the first two boys from each House in both Senior and Junior Competitions was counted for the Cup, but all gymnasts were required to enter.

Almond, F., the Captain of Gym, appropriately came an easy first, while Almond, D., came third and Smith fifth. Our juniors were rather disappointing for neither Sandford nor Hornsby, F., improved on their last year's positions, coming fourth and fifth respectively. Davies, R., our only other gymnast did well to come sixth.

Gymnasts as a whole, and Grantite ones in particular, suffered a real loss when Almond, F., left at the end of last term, for he did a great deal to bring Gym to its present high standard by his overpowering enthusiasm.

A test for prospective gymnasts was held at the beginning of this term, when there were twenty-five applicants for the ten vacancies. Of the selected ten, four were Grantites, Hornsby, A., Martindale, Davies, C. and Clarke, B. This swells the number of Grantite gymnasts to nine which is a good proportion of a total of thirty in the School.

D. L. A.

SHOOTING.

We came last in the Shooting Competitions last term with a total of 251, against 284 by College, the winners. It was decided that five boys should represent each House, three seniors and two juniors. The competition was shot under Empire Test conditions, only juniors, however, being allowed to use rests. In the Senior competition we were represented by Lapage, Almond, D. and Nagle, who between them scored the highest aggregate for seniors in any House. Unfortunately our juniors were badly off form, though they did have trouble with their sights.

Although Lapage left last term we still have two members of the 1st VIII, for Nagle now shoots regularly for the School. Davies, R., has proved himself to be a very promising shot and if he continues to do as well as he is doing now he should soon find a place in the team.

D. L. A.

MUSING VERSE.

O comic Muse! O epic Muse! Indeed
O any other Muse! Help, in my need.
For editors have looked at me askance
And I must write an article for Grant's.
Can articles be turned out to command?
Can verses scan, by waving just a wand?
But to these editors I'll bow my head,
And what I had to say I'll leave unsaid.

The subject that I choose to help me out
I choose, because it's all I know about:
What does the dayboy lose, what does he gain,
By coming daily, going home again?

The dayboy's greatest pain, though you may laugh,
Is caused by that distasteful little "half."
It makes him feel a dwarf, a midget, small
And stunted, good for nought at all,
A being half the normal height, a worm,
No good at games and bottom of his form.
It makes him groan at lists in which to see
Writ large and plain the mystic sign "½ G."
But then a solace makes him inly dance,
Perhaps it means he's worth one half of Grant's!
Worth twenty-odd of boys in brains and strength,
In breadth, in speed, and, most of all, in length.
Another paltry nuisance dayboys mind
Is finding that they've left their books behind.
And also some have younger sisters, who
Request their aid to do a sum or two

But now for gains; to this all will agree:
A dayboy can just play the absentee.
I don't suggest that I commit this crime,
I merely say, and see, no names this time,
That dayboys can, and will, illegally
Absent themselves from school on slightest plea
Of illness, though I firmly will deny
That I should ever stay away; not I.

Three ills I've shown, of pleasures but a few;
Both petty those, and rather shaky too,
And yet I ever stoutly will affirm
I wouldn't be a boarder for one term!

SUZETTE.

Have you ever been to Paris? If you have, and if you are a lover of good wine and sparkling conversation, you must know Pierre. Pierre keeps a little *café* in the Rue de la Corbeille, much frequented by rowdy young reporters in slouch hats having a bite to eat after phoning their story to "Ce Soir" in time to catch the last edition. Although Pierre mournfully says that his *vin rouge* is not the same as before *la guerre*, the conversation still flows pretty freely in the evenings, when the little place looks like a chessboard from the street with its lighted windows showing up against the dirty yellow brick. It was on such an evening that I first heard the story of Suzette from Pierre as he stood, all seventeen stone of him, at the counter quite motionless, except for his hands which, as if to compensate for the rest of his body, moved incessantly.

"It was in mid 1942," he began, "and Mme. Dinaud, who keeps the lodging house on the other side of the street, had a new guest, Suzette. She was a pretty girl; her mother was Italian and she had inherited her dark complexion and romantic disposition. Suzette did not come in here often, but I used to see her going out in the morning to the milliners around the corner where she worked as a cutter. One day, we saw a German staff car draw up at the house and a few hours later a young German air force officer arrived as a billetee. He had been shot down in a dogfight and sent to Paris for a rest cure. He was a man such as Hitler must have dreamed of—tall and broad shouldered with straight fair hair. As to whether it was the attraction of opposite types or the bullet wound over his left eye, I do not know, but soon Suzette was walking out with him in the evening and in a month it was obvious she was head over heels in love. Of course, we didn't like it, but she was not of the Resistance so she couldn't give anything away. And when all's said and done, how can one reason with a girl in love?"

Pierre filled up my glass and continued, "She was devoted to him—his name was Hans by the way, I never found out what his surname was—and promised to marry him when the war was over, which he always said would not be very long. At last the time came for him to return to his unit, and of course the girl was terribly upset. Now you must know that there was only one thing she loved as much as this German and that was a little tabby kitten which I had given her as a present on her nineteenth birthday a few weeks previously. It was typical of her romantic outlook that she was not content with being merely unhappy at her lover's departure, she must reduce herself to a state of agony, so she gave him the kitten. 'After all,' she said, 'I will have him again when we are married.'

So the German went back to his unit with the kitten in a basket under his arm and kept it in the mess. One evening he and his comrades were sitting round the stove playing with a pistol. You know how it is when children have a knife, they must cut something with it. Well, very soon Hans was looking for something to shoot at. Just then the kitten crossed the floor. He lifted up the gun and shot the animal clean in two.

"At Christmas he came back to Paris and came to see Suzette. She met him at the door and the first thing she did was to ask for the kitten. With a laugh he told her what had happened. She laughed too, in a strange voice and put her arms round him as if to kiss him. As her arms closed round his neck—I saw everything from this window—she throttled him where he stood and he dropped down dead on the door mat. That was the first blood drawn in the Rue de la Corbeille and it was not the last. But that is another story."

THE VACANT SEAT.

Mr. Robinson liked to have the seat next to him in the railway compartment empty so that he could keep his luggage, newspapers and gloves by him without having to put them on the luggage rack. All the other seats were occupied except this one, and everyone was reading his morning paper, except Mr. Robinson who was watching the people on the platform hoping that no one would enter his compartment. Then the guard blew his whistle, and the train began to move. Mr. Robinson heaved a sigh of relief.

But suddenly a purple-faced young man ran down the platform, burst open the door and jumped in.

"Excuse me," he said; "But is this seat taken?"

"Yes," replied Robinson; "I'm afraid it is. Those are the owner's bag and gloves."

"Well, he must not lose his luggage," said the youth; and to the astonishment of Mr. Robinson, he threw the bag and gloves out of the window on to the platform.

SOME NAVAL TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

DO YOU KNOW

... *how the custom of saluting the quarter deck originated?* First let me explain where the quarter deck is and why it is so called. It is the flat part of the deck right at the very stern of the ship; its name originated in the days of the Spanish galleons which had the stern built up very much higher than the rest of the deck. The height of this structure in the stern was, in all, a deck-and-a-quarter above that of the rest of the ship. In the days of sail, a crucifix was carried in the stern and this is probably the object saluted. In addition the stern was the part of the ship frequented by officers and they were also saluted.

... *why senior officers are piped aboard?* When a ship was at sea often the only way of getting on board was by scrambling up the side of the ship with the aid of hand-and-foot holds cut in the ship's side. Owing to the conviviality of the age many senior officers were unable to do this and they were hoisted aboard in a rope chair. The men hauling them aboard needed signals to tell them when to start and stop, and the pipe-signals originated. When leaving a ship the senior officers are always the last to go into the piquet boat and the first to leave it. This probably arises from the fact that they did not wish to be kept waiting, but an interesting alternative is that when the side of the ship had been newly tarred the junior officers going down first would rub the worst off, leaving it quite clean for the senior officers!

... *why a bugler of the Royal Marines is called a drummer?* This is handed down from the time when the marines were soldiers, and the commands now transmitted by bugle were transmitted by drum. The mutinies of 1795-7 were caused by under-payment and at that time the Marines were the only branch receiving full pay. Therefore they had nothing to mutiny for and were consequently considered more trustworthy than sailors. As a result it is now customary to place the Marines' living quarters (the Barracks) between the officers and men in order to protect the officers.

... *the reasons for some items of a sailor's uniform?* The three stripes on his collar are said to commemorate Nelson's three victories (the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar). This theory is however disproved by the fact that the French Navy also have three stripes. They certainly would not commemorate his victories! The explanation is that the sailor's pigtail very soon soiled his jacket. Because of this he put a piece of linen over the top of the coat, the linen being more easy to wash. However, a plain piece of cloth did not suit his eye; preferring to have it decorated, he did this with three white strips of tape. The black silk a sailor wears round his neck is said to be in memory of Nelson. However, it was in use long before 1805 as a sweat band tied round the forehead when going into battle (it was probably black because it did not show dirt so well when of this colour). It is true, however, that the sailors present at Nelson's funeral wore their silk round their arms and this fact probably gave rise to the idea that it was in his memory.

... *anything about Midshipmen?* When one first joins a ship after going through Dartmouth, one has the rank of Midshipman. They live together with the next highest rank—the sub-Lieutenants—in a room called the gun room because it was the old gun-deck. No midshipman dare lock his sea-chest for fear of having the padlock removed by the Captain with a hack-saw. For obvious reasons to accuse somebody of being a thief or even implying that there is a thief on board is a very serious matter. If the Sub-Lieutenant thinks that his conversation is not suitable for Midshipmen he just remarks "Breadcrumbs" and immediately every Midshipman stuffs his ears with breadcrumbs or fingers. If the Sub. has been displeased by some junior he sticks his fork in the beam over his head ("Fork in beam") and every Midshipman scrambles to get outside the gun room as soon as possible.

. . . *about Captains?* When the Captain decides to walk the deck he always chooses the starboard side and any officers on that side immediately cross to the port side. His and the Admiral's cabins are also always on the starboard side. This preference probably arises from the fact that all small boats come alongside the port-side which is consequently cluttered up with gangways. So the Captain prefers to walk on the starboard side and all other officers must give way to him. Only one expedition has had the Captain's cabin elsewhere ; and that was when the proper side was required for scientists and astronomers. The peculiar thing is that great misfortune dogged the expedition ; and nowadays many old sailors refuse to sail in a ship in which the Captain's cabin is anywhere except on the starboard side in the usual part of the ship (the stern).

THE RETURN.

"Excuse me, but is this the bus for the air port?" The smart attendant that I had asked sprang smartly to attention and told me that it was. Meanwhile our luggage was whisked away.

Just as we were settled a very slick man dashed in and grabbed the controls, and the bus moved off on the first stage of our return to England. Did I say move? That is an understatement, for I soon found myself plunged on to my neighbour's seat. As I was recovering myself I caught a glimpse of our precious luggage in a little trailer streaking along behind, but before I could worry we had turned the next corner and I was automatically back in my seat. Flying—well, almost—round the next bend we just missed a similar bus going the other way. At last I decided to take a firm grip on my seat and another on my companion's shoulder and hope that Providence was on my side.

Eventually when the machine stopped outside a shed, with an inch to spare, we flopped out exhausted. Here we were at the airport with hundreds of breezy, smart and slick attendants, and everything streamlined and luxurious, to help us recuperate from our hectic drive.

After going through the customs we met our pilot who conducted us down the ranks of silver wonder machines. "You'll be quite all right," said my companion, "there will probably be a nice air hostess and all the latest safety devices. You'll be fine."

They looked majestic, marvellous, towering swans bordering both sides of the alley through which we passed.

At this moment the officer stopped. "Here she is," he said. Well, firstly, she was painted cream and green, secondly, she was about the size of her neighbour's tail and thirdly she was a biplane. No air hostess, just seven small seats out of which you *must not move*, and sitting at an angle of 45 degrees with the ground. Off we took and all was fine—well, in motion anyway.

After about an hour we ran into some air disturbances, making us go up and down like a quick moving lift. At last we were told we were about to land. Down we came outside Rheims ; no brilliant lights, no giant control towers, not even a tarmac runway and certainly no buffet, just a large field with a rusty metal runway belonging to the French Air Force. Eventually a man come out on a bicycle and things gradually got going. Back in once more—feeling like veteran fliers, now that we had stuck it for over two hours—to start on the last half of our journey. Soon we were sweeping over France and the Channel, and at last we came over the country lanes and fields of South East England. It was nice to think that this at last was our homeland although it did mean the end of a glorious holiday.

Soon the wonders of London's lights from the air were revealed to us, a really magnificent scene, and here we touched down, amid a maze of lights, control towers and other things at Croydon.

As we got out we saw the other great silver motor birds again around us, but we felt an affection for our little plane which "like the toad ugly and venomous yet wears a precious jewel in its head."

CHIS' CLOCK.

Seen rising out of the haze shrouding Whitehall, from Trafalgar Square, or from the top of a tram on the Embankment, Big Ben is a stirring sight. Towering high above the circling buses and crowds in the square below, it possesses a grandeur so lacking in the Government offices nearby, a grandeur which imparts that strong sense of purpose and constancy so familiar to every Londoner. Yet even the stranger chilled by the indifference of the surroundings, when seeing it for the first time cannot but feel that air of warmth and familiarity. Truly it is the clock of the Empire.

Yet looking out of Chiswicks window at the vast dial looming over the new roof of School, I feel forced to pause and think. Perhaps to us in Chiswicks it has a closer kinship. In such a temporal world, a clock, governing as it does our whole lives, can become a very personal friend. The resounding lilt of the bell on a frosty winter's morning, or the dull boom drifting through the fog, seem to ring in the ear long after the last note has faded. Even at this moment I find myself fascinated by the measured precision with which those giant hands creep round. The patch of red brickwork remains to tell of bomb damage, and the little windows inset in the pinnacled roof, which somehow invariably suggest the appearance of a dovecote, are only too familiar.

Alternatively the attraction may be due to the complete confidence and trust it inspires. That deadly suspicion of most clocks, that they are either fast or slow, never arises. Everything can be timed to the minute with unparalleled certainty—Big Ben is always right. Perhaps this confidence inspired by its awful accuracy has a deeper effect. A famous statesman, renowned for his punctuality, once said, on being asked to what he attributed his habit, that he had an office from which he could see Big Ben. I doubt whether we are all affected in the same way; maybe it is just a flight of fancy. Nevertheless, whatever its effect on the occupants of Chiswicks, great or small, as long as it is the only means we have of telling the time Big Ben will remain Chis' clock.

1947 AND ALL THAT WASN'T.

This was a memorable year for crises, two of them—the Economic under the control of Hugh Dalton and the Coal under the control of Emmanuel Shinwell. During this Labour Government under the guidance of Sir Stafford Cripps (Mr. Atlee, however, being Prime Minister) many memorable things happened. Song-in-the-heart Dalton, Minister without a pound (not portfolio) was compelled to give his job to Sir Scrifford Taps, Chandelier of Economic Crises, as he found he had leeks in his Budget Basket. This was a good thing. Mr. Gaitskell, Minister of F-u-u-e-l and Shinwell's successor, enforced the what-no-bath-law because, as he only had one bath a week, therefore everyone else must. This was a bad thing.

Their policy was to nationalize everything so that anything that went wrong was a "coup d'etat." They also tried to abolish the House of Lords as the Commons liked their new premises in the Lord's old chamber.

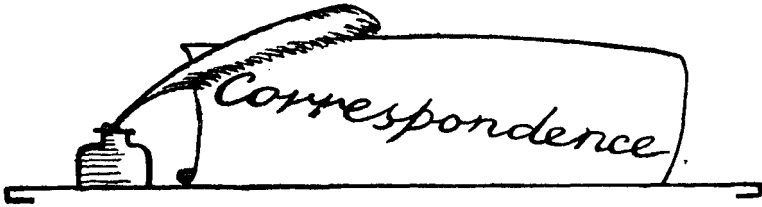
Of other events in this memorable year, one worthy of mention, although the *Daily Worker* dismissed it in twelve lines, was the Royal Wedding.

Princess Elizabeth married Philip who was made Duke of Sterling (or Edinburgh?) in memory of pounds, shillings, and pence. The wedding was watched by Bob Hope, with his little ciné-camera; this was a good thing.

Another memorable event was the Opening of Parliament, when it was decided that Parliament was not a closed shop!

Under the new international swap system, the Royal family exchanged with the South African cricket team. This was a good thing.

In 1947 the Atomic Age began at Dorland Hall; it is expected to begin in the world in 1950.



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

With the Michaelmas Term drawing to its end, the strain of work is telling on those with least mental stamina. Mr. Russ has not been seen since the Old Grantite Dinner, and we presume either that he has confined himself to his rooms in an effort to catch up on his engineering studies or that he is suffering from such acute mental fatigue that he is unable to venture out beyond Emmanuel. Mr. Eady, who is now in his second year at Trinity, has mentally got his second wind, but has nevertheless no time to spare. He is evidently actively engaged in the production of a play, for he is always able to decline an invitation because he has a rehearsal that night. Mr. Kennedy, also from Trinity, wears the anguished look of the mathematician who wonders what subject he can change to with the least mental effort. He has been seen, with a no less anguished look, running vast distances across the countryside. Mr. Beale may occasionally be seen in the neighbourhood of Kings, though rarely if ever actually within the college, for he is one of the select community of married undergraduates. With a true sense of the urgency of the times, he has gone back to the land; he has forsaken modern languages and is reading agriculture.

Yet another Trinity man is Mr. Adrian, who has taken his degree and whose worries, we feel, must be small. At all events he shows the least sign of that mental fatigue which besets so many of us and which has quite overcome.

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

The winds have blown on us from the east, a gentle Zephyr has soaked us from the south-west, and we have had a brief fall of snow. This only goes to show that the weather in the city patronised by St. Frideswide has been much the same as anywhere else.

Old Grantites continue to come up faster than they go down. This term we, who follow the lead of Hippocrates, welcome Mr. Gregg, who is at Wadham. Mr. Hodges is preparing to enter the Colonial Service, and is sometimes to be seen passing through Christ Church, squash racket in hand. It has been reported that Mr. Shenton was seen cycling over Magdalen Bridge wearing a pair of bright green corduroys, while Mr. Croft is said to spend his time in the neighbourhood of large cylinders of hydrogen. No doubt great developments in scientific knowledge will shortly be revealed.

Mr. Kirkham-Jones still coxes House boats (not house-boats) on the river and reads French in his spare time. Mr. Thomson has been seen tearing around on his bicycle in the throes of pre-examination fever. The small golden skulls on his Medical Society tie have attracted the gratifying attention of all he meets. Mr. Chaundy confesses that he hadn't been doing very much lately except dancing; mathematics, as a subject, seems to have its compensations.

Mr. Dickey, at Exeter, is reported to be writing what has been termed "weird" poetry (I accept no responsibility for that epithet). Mr. Borradaile has been seen in Wolsey's Hall and Mr. Davison has just finished his finals.

Mr. Bradley, when he is not in the Anatomy Labs, keeps open house in Christ Church for a small (no one could call it select) few, among whom a constant visitor is

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

In view of P. J. S. B.'s absorbingly interesting historical note in the Lent term issue, I feel it my duty to give the real—and hitherto unpublished—facts of the founding of the Old Grantite Club.

One day the Editor of the *Grantite*, in—I think—Play term, 1925, received a letter signed "Chocolate and Light Blue," suggesting the formation of an Old Grantite Club.

It was an excellent and constructive letter in every way. In fact it so impressed the Editor of that time that he promptly lost it. Keeping his head, however, he did not disclose that trifling accident but wrote a rousing leading article on the subject. This had immediate results and a meeting was held up Grant's consisting of James Heard, H. S. Bompas, Jevan Brandon-Thomas, P. J. S. Bevan, W. N. McBride and the Editor. The meeting had the blessing of Housemaster Willett and at it the Old Grantite Club was founded with McBride as the first Hon. Sec.

No one for one moment would belittle the importance of the older foundation, the Moth Club, which in the person of P. J. S. B. put House before Party, as it were, and so enthusiastically supported the new venture. In fact it is to be hoped that in these hard times it might be found possible to have an austerity Moth Club meeting, to drink the immortal toast and to hear once more P. J. S. B.'s clear tenor leading Old Grantite folk songs, such as—"Minchin, Minchin, why're you pinchin'.

"Fish cakes o' mine?" :—controlling his eager choir with a spoon banged on the table.

But I optimistically digress. The original great letter, signed "Chocolate and Light Blue," was written—it subsequently transpired—by D. R. P. Mills (1921-26) and the Editor who lost it, but kept his head, and wrote the leading article, was

Yours sincerely,

MICHAEL SHEPLEY-SMITH (1921-26).

THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

This was held in the School Lecture Room (by kind permission of the Head Master) on 2nd October, 1947. Seventeen members attended. The chair was taken by Mr. L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A.

(1) The following were elected as officers for 1947-48 :—*President*, Mr. L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A. *Vice-Presidents*, Professor E. D. Adrian, O.M., F.R.S., Sir Adrian Boult, D.Mus., Dr. W. T. S. Stallybrass, O.B.E., D.C.L., Mr. W. N. McBride. *Hon. Treasurer*, Mr. F. N. Hornsby. *Hon. Secretary*, Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, M.C.

(2) The following were elected as members of the Executive Committee for the year 1947-48 :—Mr. J. Heard, Mr. P. J. S. Bevan, Mr. J. B. Latey, Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. J. R. Russ, Mr. B. G. Almond.

(3) The following were appointed and kindly agreed to be Hon. Auditors for the year 1947-48 :—Mr. Wallace Hepburn and Mr. G. P. Stevens.

(4) It was hoped that the club tie would soon be on sale and 70 ties were on order.

(5) *Subscriptions*.—The following proposals were made and accepted :—

“(a) Life Members who had paid their subscription to date should be entitled to the *Grantite Review* for life and one free dinner, and should be asked to forego their right to a second free dinner.”

“(b) New Life Members, for the coming year, should have the same rights as in (a) above, while the Committee considered the matter more fully.”

“(c) The subscriptions for Ordinary Members should be 10s. per annum. This would entitle them to the *Grantite Review* for that year, and they should pay for their annual dinner.”

(6) Under Rule 9 of the Club, the Executive Committee had elected past and present House Tutors, namely Messrs. J. D. Carleton, E. C. N. Edwards, and the Rev. R. C. Llewellyn as Honorary Members. This announcement was received with acclamation by the meeting.

ANNUAL DINNER.

This was held on Saturday, November 8th, in College Hall (by kind permission of the Dean of Westminster and the Head Master). Seventy-five members attended (for names, see list below). Mr. L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A., was in the chair. The guests of the Club were the Dean of Westminster, Mr. D. C. Simpson, The Housemaster, and Mr. J. D. Carleton. A reception was held in Ashburnham Library before the dinner.

In an after-dinner speech, Mr. Tanner, after welcoming the guests, said how honoured the Club were to have the Dean with them. He thought it was the first occasion that the Dean of Westminster had dined with the Old Grantite Club, or with any Old Boys' Club at Westminster. He mentioned how much the Club regretted the absence of the Head Master, due to illness, and said that he would write, on behalf of the Club, to wish him a speedy recovery. He reminded members that Grant's had now passed her bi-centenary, throughout in the same place and under the same name. He said that Mr. W. G. Borradaile and Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile (father and son, who were both present) were the third and fourth generations of the family up Grant's, the first having been under the controlling influence of Mother Grant.

The Dean, in reply, said that he noticed that three of the guests were Scotsmen and said “We are always prepared to be invited to a function like this.” He mentioned the struggle he had had in gaining permission to have Green levelled off and railed ; this was now in an advanced stage of being ready for use by the School again ; his trump card with Government officials having been the Royal Wedding.

The Housemaster, in his speech, gave members a resumé of events since the last dinner in 1938. He described the evacuation as hectic and mobile and said that Westminster had shown that it was possible to live with another School amicably, but at the same time maintaining atmosphere. Since the return from Hereford, Chiswicks had moved to the front of Grant's (in the old 6-bedder) and Inner was now in the old 4-bedder opposite. The "under-change" was now used as a storeroom. Dayboys attended the Play Supper, the custom of walking the mantelpiece had been retained, and so had many other customs, but he considered that the attitude of dayboy to boarder had changed for the better and he thought that the boys had greater freedom and showed more naturalness than before the war. Although everybody was glad to be back at Westminster, he felt sure that the School had gained by their experiences during evacuation.

After dinner, members returned to Ashburnham Library. Past history and experiences were discussed until the early hours, and everybody said how much they appreciated the fact that the dinner had been held in the School precincts.

The catering arrangements were organized by Mr. F. N. Hornsby, and many members said subsequently how much they had enjoyed the dinner.

The following members attended:—Abrahams, I. J. (1935-40), Adler, A. L. (1919-23), Alexander, R. S. P. (1939-41), Almond, B. G., (1939-44) Almond, F. R. H. (1943-47), Andrews, J. D. B. (1937-42), Andrews, N. P. (1913-17). Batten, Dr. H. H. E. (1933-38), Berry, Z. D. (1915-19), Bevan, P. J. S. (1915-20), Borradaile, W. G. (1906-07), Borradaile, R. O. I. (1935-40), Bradley, J. W. P. (1942-46), Bruce, Hon. R. (1940-45), Budgett, H. A. (1932-37), Budgett, W. P. (1933-38). Cahn, C. M. (1914-19), Carlisle, D. H. (1917-18), Carr, L. R. (1930-35), Cawston, E. R. (1937-40), Chaundy, D. C. F. (1944-46), Croft, A. J. (1938-43), Cunliffe, D. F., M.C. (1932-37), Davson, Col. H. M., C.M.G., D.S.O. (1885-87), Dick, O. L., (1933-38), Dullely, J. H. M., (1916-20), Eady, D. M. (1938-42), Eden, G. E. M. (1880-83), Enever, W. B. (1919-22). Farley, Dr. D. L. B. (1935-39), Flanders, M. H. (1937-40), Frampton, W. B., O.B.E. (1915-21). Gilbertson, K. S. (1930-35), Glennie, G. D. (1941-44), Gregg, D. I. (1938-43). Heard, James (1894-99), Hepburn, Wallace (1911-15), Hewins, M. G. (1911-16), Hodges, J. R. B. (1938-43), Holloway, J. A. (1937-41), Holmes, E. T. (1918-22), Hornsby, F. N. (1916-21), Hornsby, J. M. (1919-23). Jacomb-Hood, J. W. (1920-24), Jacomb-Hood, S. F. P. (1916-21). Kennedy, S. P. L., (1939-44), Kleeman, H. (1940-45). Lapage, R. A. (1944-47), Latey, J. B. (1928-32), Levison, J. (1924-29). Mackintosh, Dr. N. A. (1915-18), Macmillan, W. S. G. (1936-41), Murray, H. L. (1945-47). Ockleshaw, J. M. (1925-30), Oliver, F. R. (1912-16), Overbury, F. G. (1936-42). Plummer, R. (1924-28), Prance, M. H. (1914-19). Ray, P. N. (1937-42), Rich, R. D. (1933-38), Ruegg, F. E. (1915-18), Russ, J. R. (1937-42). Sandelson, N. D. (1936-39), Skellington, G. G. (1943-47), Stevens, A. L. W. (1910-14), Stevens, G. P. (1916-21). Tanner, L. E., M.V.O. (1900-09), Thomson, K. (1941-45), Tilney Bassett, H. A. E. (1945-46), Tunncliffe, G. E. (1904-08), Van Straubenzee, W. R. (1937-42), Williams, A. H. (1938-43), Wilson, L. A. (1936-41).

NOTICES.

(1) The addresses of the Hon. Treasurer and the Hon. Secretary are as follows:—*Hon. Treasurer*, F. N. Hornsby, Esq., 4, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.1 (Tel. No. Whitehall 3160). *Hon. Secretary*, D. F. Cunliffe, Esq., Brookwood Corner, Ashtead, Surrey (Tel. No. Ashtead 343).

Members are particularly requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address.

(2) There are now over 200 members in the Club. Should any member know of Old Grantites who wish to join, will they please notify the Hon. Secretary.

D. F. C.

NOTICES.

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

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

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