

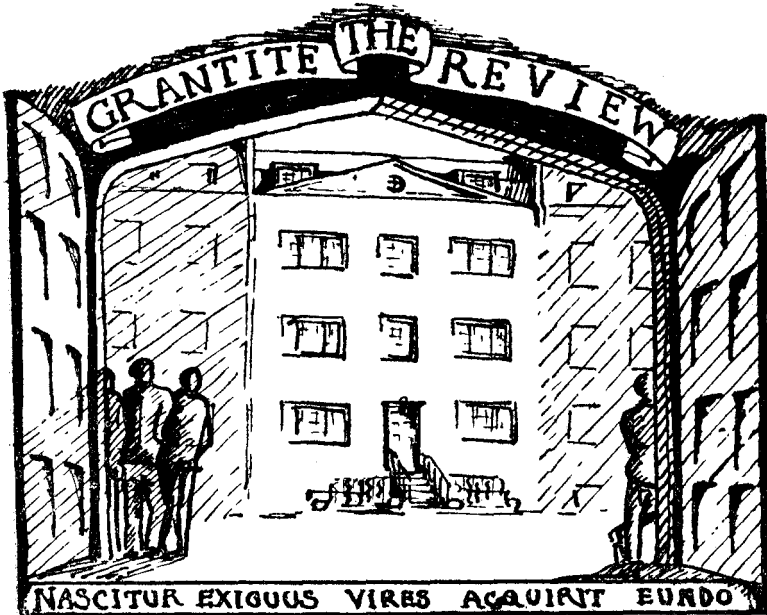
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THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

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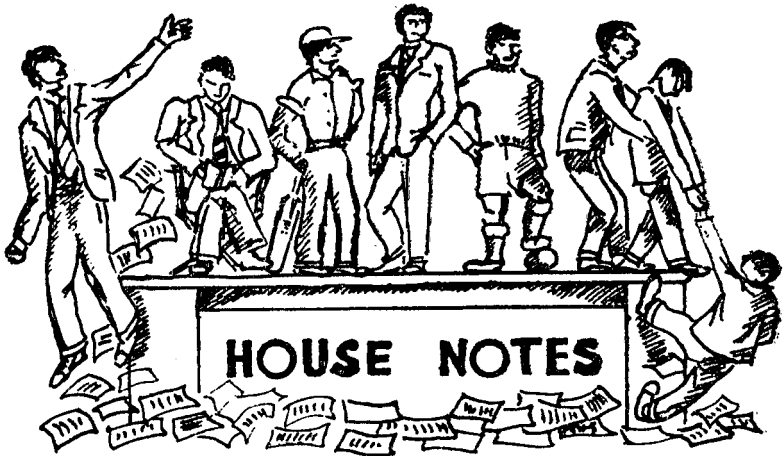
227th Edition

EDITORIAL

The Election Term has always been to our mind the most pleasant at Westminster. It is the term of the odd, the unrecognized activities that flourish quietly, hidden in the shade of Cricket Matches, the Inspection, Exeat and finally the Halahan. Possibly at some stage of the term yet another edition of *The Trifler* may emerge. In some little known room the Clifton Gordon Reading Prize is being won, while in the art school entries for the art competition are being snatched from half-forgotten cupboards.

Grant's is often lucky in these unpublished events, perhaps the House is sorry for their unrecognized existence, but last year we launched out and snatched the Halahan and have this term strong hopes of doing so again before we sink back into our search for unknown prizes.

During Election Term, too, the Editors fondly like to imagine (during the winter months) the editorial conferences held in the evening under the shade of the trees on Green. As it is the Editors are still waiting to meet anybody who has actually seen Green without the usual two inches of water that cover it during the summer months. It has been raining all the time that this Editorial has been written: it has rained when all the other Editorials have been written: there seems to be no reason to suppose it should ever stop. Roll on Play Term.



There left us last term: M. C. M. Frances. We welcome this term: R. J. R. Hale, M. C. C. Heaton, H. S. Mudge, R. Pain, as boarders. C. Macfarlane becomes a boarder.

* * * *

R. G. M. Spry is appointed Head of House Cricket.

C. P. Wakely is appointed Head of House Fives.

* * * *

Congratulations to: D. B. Wilkins on his Pinks for Football.

and to: H. H. L. Phillips, J. F. Hewitt on their Pink and Whites for Water.

and to: J. A. Macfarlane, M. E. T. Holmes on their Thirds for Water.

and to: G. B. Patterson on his Thirds for Fencing.

and to: F. R. Lucas, R. G. M. Spry, J. A. K. Garrett, J. A. G. Harrop, R. Munro-Faure on their Seniors for Football.

and to: J. C. Overstall on his Seniors for Athletics.

and to: C. P. Wakely on his Seniors for Fives.

and to: F. B. Lowe, J. W. Grose, M. G. Horasby on their Juniors for Football.

and to: A. E. C. Ball, A. C. McKinlay, J. T. Wylden, N. R. K. Halpin, J. K. Ledlie on their Juniors for Athletics.

HOUSE DIARY

In the course of the bi-annual Hope-Standish lectures at the Saffron Society this April, attention was drawn to the Grants' water piping system. While certain sections of the piping are as recent as 1879, and can therefore be dismissed as of little value there are fine, and elegant, examples of 18th century piping underneath the present kitchen. Other stretches, however, are of even more interest dating back as they do to 1520, or somewhere around that.

year, for they are made of hollowed out tree trunks laid in clay. That this method of piping was current in England until about 1670 is well known, that it is still used is a rather less widely distributed piece of knowledge.

There is a price for antiquity as for all things; occasionally we have no water, and last term a valuable sample of Edwardian piping was accidentally pierced. Sometimes therefore there is no water, but what of this, the comfort of knowing we have the finest collection of piping in the Commonwealth more than compensates for our occasional inconvenience. By the time this appears in print the most recent engineering feat which took place last week will be forgotten, I am writing on May 11th. But if things continue as normal there should be several new excavations before the publication of this issue.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

This society was started last Play Term, in December, with a view to providing the junior part of the house with an equivalent of the Senior Lit. Soc. Except that the scope of the Junior Society is broader, not being solely concerned with drama and meetings in the house. Its pastimes include reading poetry, listening to music, discussions and visiting Museums and other places of interest.

The society was founded by Mr. French, the secretary is Corcoran with Anderson and Pollitzer on the committee. For most meetings there is a subscription ranging from a penny to sixpence which helps the society to pay its own way.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

The Producer of "The Cherry Orchard" is faced with a peculiarly difficult problem about its production. Chekov wrote the play as a farce, although he was later forced to call it a comedy, but to English audiences the sense of futility that exists in it is far more appreciated than its humour. Whether then to produce it as Chekov wrote it with the characters, with the exception of Madame Andreevna, played not for their pathos but their humour, or to produce it as is so often done with a wistful, half thrown away atmosphere, is the producer's problem.

Mr. Lushtington, who produced "The Cherry Orchard" as the School Play last March, decided on the former course. But while the comedy of the characters was stressed as far as possible the subtlety of the play did not appear to be lost. Purely as a production it was perhaps his most successful to date. It was both polished and, although not obtrusively, fast; in this he was undoubtedly helped considerably by the settings and lighting which were far above the usual standard. But undoubtedly his main fortune lay in the cast. Being far smaller than is usual in school plays there were no passengers in the acting, and both to look at and to listen to his characters were perfectly in place.

The standard of acting was high, and the cast on the whole acted with unusual subtlety and sympathy. It was in the women's parts that the acting was weakest, but here the casting was hardest, but both Sherwood's Varya and Townend's Dunyasha were excellently played. The casting of the males was perfectly done, in the smaller parts Wakely's Pischik and Andrews's Yasha were outstanding. Dewar's futile and perhaps over-senile Gyer managed to keep on the dangerous path between comicality and pathos, it was the first performance in a school play in which he has really seemed at home. In his Lopahin Redgrave gave the best acting we have seen of him; it was a subtle performance that grew in strength towards the end of the play, and which succeeded in avoiding the anti-climax of the last act, which is perhaps the best praise for his portrayal of the assertive but unsure merchant.

If Westminster would be prepared to tackle more plays of this calibre, plays which provide great contrast to the eminently school boy songs we usually see, the improved standards shown by this extremely enjoyable production should be continued.

FOOTBALL SENIORS

After winning a very close match again Rigaud's 3—2 we entered the semi-final to play College. Even without Lucas and Clarke we felt confident we would win easily enough. As so often happens in these cases the game turned out to be a very scrappy affair and it was only through a goal by Lowe in the first half that we managed to reach the final for the third year running.

Once again our opponents were Busby's. They started clear favourites as we were still handicapped by the absence of our two 1st XI forwards, Lucas and Clarke, though this is not put forward as an excuse.

The match was in far from ideal conditions on a hardish 1st XI pitch. Straight from the kick-off Busby's looked the more dangerous side but spoiling tactics by our defence kept them from playing good football and the standard of play was not very high. Although Busby's came near to scoring several times it was not till late in the first half that they took the lead. The defence, however, with Spry in goal and Frances, centre-half, outstanding, and well supported by the two backs Garrett and Munro-Faure and Harrop at right-half. Harrop particularly was very successful in keeping Delmotte, by far the most dangerous forward on either side, in check. Our attack was rather non-existent, consisting entirely of occasional solo runs by Wilkins and Benson, who both had to spend a lot of time helping the defence.

The second-half was a different story. The standard of football was much better and Grant's came more into the game. An early goal by Benson, following a slip by Evans, the Busby's goal-keeper, brought us on level terms and for the next half an hour we were on top but our finishing was bad and we never really looked like

scoring. We were getting more of the ball and only a few Busby's raids looked dangerous.

Shortly before full-time the pace began to tell and we began to weaken and allowed Busby's to get on top again. The score, however, still remained 1—1 at full-time and like several recent finals we had to play extra time.

It was now that Busby's greater experience and stamina began to tell and they quickly scored their second goal. We almost equalised immediately afterwards when a powerful shot from Benson hit the crossbar but by now we had shot our bolt and Busby's notched two more goals before the final whistle brought an exciting, if not a classic, final to an end.

The defence played well throughout the series with Wilkins, Frances, and Spry outstanding but it was in the forward line that our weakness lay. There is no doubt that the absence of Clarke and Lucas made a tremendous difference but whether their presence would have altered the result no one can tell. The young members of the team, Grose, Hornsby, Lowe, and Chinn all played well and showed great promise for the future.

The team was Spry; Munro-Faure, Garrett; Harrop, Frances, Wilkins; Chinn, Hornsby, Benson, Lowe, Grose.

ATHLETICS

The athletics season turned out to be the most interesting and successful since the war. At first bad weather threatened to take a large slice out of the four weeks available but for the most part it was fine.

The season started as usual with the long distance races along Putney tow-path. Grant's finished third in the Senior, which was run over three miles, and won by Ashburnham. The individual winner was J. Myring (AHH.). In the Junior we were only just beaten into third place, 2 points behind Rigaud's and 1 behind Busby's. The individual winner was R. Givan (RR.) who won in record time.

A week later came the Bringsty Relay. We started with an outside chance of retaining the baton but Busby's and Ashburnham were obviously going to be hard to beat. We started the last lap with a lead of 20 yards or so thanks to some fine running by Ball and McKinlay. However, Frances, our last runner was passed by Rowland of Busby's, who went on to win and also by Myring of Ashburnham. The team was:—Open: Overstall, Wilkins, Frances. U.16: Chinn, Grose, Ball. U.14½: Evans, A., Wylde, McKinlay.

The heats passed uneventfully and so to finals day. We were well represented in both the Under 16 and Under 14½ events but had only two finalists in the Open. We started off the day in fourth position and we held on to it which was satisfactory considering our weakness in the Open events. McKinlay won the U.14½ 440 yards and in the U.16 Ball won the 220 yards hurdles and High Jump. He also finished second in the 440 yards and 880 yards. Wilkins

won the Open Weight but did not repeat his form in the Discus although he had broken the School record in the heats. The Athletics Challenge Cup was won by Rigaud's. The standard was much higher than for previous years and six records were beaten and one equalled.

The cups were presented by Mr. Murray-Rust who deputised for his wife who was unfortunately unable to attend through illness.

THE SCHOOL GOLF MEETING

The first of the two meetings which the Old Westminsters hold with the school each year took place on Monday, April 30th, at Sudbrook Park, Richmond.

After last year's extremely poor attendance it was gratifying to note that there was a considerable increase in competitors, due to great activity on the part of the captain, N. C. Roope. Out of a total of 20 players or more, four were Grantites which is a fair average, but it is hoped that more will attend the Summer Meeting.

The day was a fine one but the course was suffering badly from the continual dry weather.

In the morning the School played a medal round for the Pitamber Cup. This was won by N. C. Roope (A.HH.) for the second year running, with a net score of 70. A. G. Gordon (A.HH.) was second with the best scratch score of 87 but was playing with a handicap of 16 which gave him a net 71. An excellent lunch was then provided by the Old Westminsters.

In the afternoon the School played a match of six singles against a team provided by the Old Westminsters. This resulted in a draw of 3—3, following an exciting finish on the last green between J. B. Smith and Dr. Hallet. M. G. Hornsby, J. S. R. Benson, and J. B. Smith were the three School winners. Benson played particularly fine golf to win 8 and 6.

There was also a competition for those not playing in the match for a prize presented by the President of the Society, Mr. R. S. Barnes, and this was won by A. C. E. Pleasance with a score of 75 net.

The full results are given below:—

PITAMBER CUP			
1st	..	N. C. Roope (A.HH.) 90—20=70
2nd	..	A. G. Gordon (A.HH.) 87—16=71
3rd	..	M. G. Hornsby (GG.) 97—24=73

SCHOOL v. O.WW

O.WW. names first:—

- J. M. Hornsby beat N. C. Roope (5 & 4).
- B. Peroni beat A. G. Gordon (7 & 6).
- A. F. Davidson beat R. H. Brown (3 & 1).
- Dr. Hallett lost to J. B. Smith (1 hole)
- S. Barnes lost to J. S. R. Benson (8 & 6).
- J. Jacomb-Hood lost to M. G. Hornsby (6 & 5).

FENCING

SENIORS AND PUBLIC SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP

Last term the foil and épée seniors were fought. In the foil the results were:—C. W. Redgrave came first, M. Makower second, E. C. Blauvelt fifth and G. B. Patterson sixth. In the épée Redgrave was first, Makower came sixth and E. C. Blauvelt was eighth.

This means that Grant's retains the foil cup and gains the Epée-Sabre cup from Ashburnham. Grant's also retains the seniors cup by a large margin.

The points were:—Grant's, 34; Wrens 11; Busby's, 10; Ashburnham, 8.

Redgrave attained the distinction of being triple champion.

The public schools was held last holidays. Redgrave came second in the foil, which was won by Young (Dulwich College). In the épée A. F. Oliver (Busby's) came second after a barrage with Wells (City of London) for first place and Redgrave came sixth. On the last day Redgrave won the sabre, which was a remarkable feat at the end of three hard days' fencing.

Thus, as well as gaining the sabre cup, the school has won the Graham-Bartlet cup, which is awarded to the school with the highest number of points. Westminster had thirty-seven points while Dulwich, our rivals, had thirty and a half. Last year's holders, St. Paul's, gained two points.

The school's victory was largely due to the efforts of Redgrave—a triple finalist—who contributed twenty-four of our score himself.

CHESS

Grant's did not do as well in the House Chess Competition as had been hoped. In fact we finished second to Wrens. Lucas and Garrett, however, played well and won most of their matches. Unfortunately Fairbairn and Patterson did not produce their usual form and were frequently on the losing end. It was encouraging to see though that fifty per cent. of the school side were composed of Grantites. There is also promise among the younger players which bodes well for the future. In the Barton Cup Lucas played extremely well to reach the final where he was beaten by Simons, and Patterson and Garrett reached the second round.

“ B ” AND “ K ” VISIT OXFORD

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Kruch (ev or ov) were given a boisterous reception at Oxford by a crowd, which although rather menacing and rough, had no real bitter feelings. This crowd was comprised mostly of undergraduates, who, as some of them stated afterwards when their opinion was demanded by a television reporter, were all out to have a good time at the expense of the Russian delegation.

Only one building, Marygold House, flew the Russian flag (the

hammer and the sickle), but Blackwell's book shop had their sign written in Russian. Crowds waiting for "B" and "K" to come out of a building chanted "Poor old Joe," and sang the song of the Volga boatmen. Various banners and signs were hung outside buildings, the two most notable being "Stalin for Proff," and "Big Brother is watching you."

The most interesting events happened at New College, where a firework exploded in the quadrangle, and the warden of New College, walking into a room announced that the picture hanging at the end of the room was a portrait of Sir William of Wykeham, founder of the college, but all that could be seen was a diagram of Stalin; the then rather embarrassed warden said, "I suppose that students play tricks like this in Moscow, it often happens to me," then he turned round and saw that a bust of himself had been turned round so that his back was facing the party.

No one can know how seriously people take jokes on the other side of the iron curtain, but it is very unlikely that the scenes at Oxford will hinder world peace.

THE GENERAL

He had joined the army in 1915 and had succeeded in spite of himself. At the Kaiser's war he had been left, by the death of most of his contemporaries, a captain. Not that he had seen active service, but he had been doing something vaguely useful at Aldershot. After the war he chose to remain in the army, not because he liked it particularly, but he knew no other occupation in which he could do so little so well.

At first his appearance had been mild and unmilitary, being stout and flabby with a gentle pacific face. But the passing of years and long service out East; together with a ferocious moustache had made him sparse, grizzled and even warlike. Due to his obscure position in the East he had avoided retirement and since most of his brother officers killed themselves drinking, playing polo or pig-sticking, he survived and reached increasingly high rank.

The outbreak of the Second World War saw him a brigadier with a comfortable and safe post in the War Office; advising on Antarctic Equipment, his total ignorance on the subject making him nothing if not impartial. Most of his colleagues in the War Office were killed by tripping over bricks, steps or cats during the blackout. The same national hazard removing a host of his relatives. By the end of the war he was a General and a Baronet; both honours entirely to his own surprise.

After the war he became the commander of a select body of officers, "The Fluemen," trained especially in the ascent and descent of chimneys. He was more than usually unsuited for this position. Having been educated at Westminster, he returned for the annual inspection of the C.C.F., and met his death giving a demonstration of flue climbing to the cadre course.

IN MEMORIAM

So long I wait
UN DEAD through every age
Ashamed of life but more afraid to die
For in my body timeless demons lie
And in me battle wage
To make me hate.

I have to hate
Those men, my brothers,
And never die in any mortal way
But wait for man through God to slay
Me; so he smothers
My self destroying fate.

A BEGINNER'S VIEW

As we are at the beginning of yet another summer term, it seems necessary that all people taking up cricket should have some preliminary coaching, by one who has not only played cricket, but who can actually remember the time when he scored a run—"One far fetched hour and sweet there was a shout about mine ears and palms before my feet" as Chesterton once said.

The first thing about cricket is how to play. It's very simple. One side goes in and comes out, and its players get out and come in. Then the other side gets out having gone in when its players have gone in and out. When both have gone in and out the game is completed, easy when you get the knack. But don't be put off by the simplicity of it all; indeed you have a lot to learn: First of all the weapons used:—

"The bat" is a piece of wood used for hitting the umpire with when he makes a bad decision, and for hacking down nettles at the side of the field. It can also be used for defending your body from those vicious people known as "bowlers" and probably makes excellent fire wood.

Now comes the "cricket ball," which is thrown with the obvious intention of mortally wounding the batsman. The correct ball to use is learnedly termed a bumper, not to be confused with ice cream bumpers or bumper cars which unfortunately have little to do with the case. To make your bowling knowledge complete two other balls should be learnt—"the donkey drop" and the "sneak."

Underarm is another word for bowling, but if you bowl downside up, it is called "overarm"—this is an awkward form.

A "wicket" is provided for the comfort of the batsman, wicket keeper and umpire to sit on when they get tired, and is also widely used as a cane when masters can't afford a dog leash.

And now that the enthusiastic reader has a clear picture in his mind of how to play, it is time to experience the game itself.

First put on those dirty grey things with holes in them that you can find in the pavilion. These are "pads." Take the biggest you can find so that you can cower behind them to protect yourself

from the ball. Then put on your gloves, these are to keep the batsman warm on cold days. The batsmen and the wicket keeper are the only ones privileged to wear them. I should personally advise fur gloves, but many people cannot afford them and have to sacrifice their comforts by buying artificial ones made of rubber with spikes at the top to look like hairs, but which aren't very good copies.

You will then doze off in the warm sun till you hear angry shouts, "where can that wretched boy be, it is his turn to bat."

Slink off hurriedly towards the pitch. This is not made of tar as the name suggests but of mud where a hoary weed or two are fostered on the churned up patch. Stand up by the wicket, don't sit down yet because when the sticks collapse they'll think you so tired that they'll send you off the field as unfit to play (this is known as "hit wicket").

Now wait patiently while the bowler does what appears to be early morning exercises at the other end and watch for the ball. There are four alternatives you can take when the ball eventually arrives. Get out of the way, cower behind your pads, defend yourself with the bat or prepare to die. The third suggestion is usually used if you can't get out of the way.

Having chosen the third you have the choice of another three things to do. If the ball comes too close duck quickly; if it is too wide leave it; but if it is awkwardly in between I should get angry with it and smack it hard with the bat. If you hit the ball hard at one of the people standing around you (these are "fielders" who spend their time choosing daisy stalks to eat, and who curse because they can't bat) with any luck you can knock them over, thus executing an interesting version of "nine pins."

In the distance the bowler begins to run towards you—time is short. He eventually reaches the wicket and hurls the ball at you.

You ought now to have decided what to do. The ball thunders down the pitch. It is a straight one; duck for your life. It is obvious you are going to be out (knocked out or bowled out). Then you hear the ball overhead. A moment of anxiety and "crash," the ball flies harmlessly into the wicket.

This will cause the bowler much pleasure, perhaps he's glad he didn't hit you. He will then say he's taken his first wicket for the last month which is a lie, because both are standing or at least one is, the other as I said before, is lying on the ground rudely knocked over by the ball.

After this the team allows you to go away saying you're "out," another lie because although you have had your heart in your mouth for the last minute you haven't by any means completely passed out.

You now leave eleven smiling faces behind and with the thought of a longer doze ahead of you what more can you want.

Now all you have to do is to use this expert advice to the best of your ability and you'll find that before long you can do anything the bowler wants you to do, and can be out first ball every time, which before they had taken this advice many better cricketers thought impossible.

ELEPHANTS

'Twas dead of night, the moon shone bright,
When through the jungle sombre,
Came elephants with heavy tramp,
Some score or so in number.

Their heads were bowed, their trumpets loud,
Each little creature shivered
With fright at such a thundrous noise,
The mighty earth did quiver.

Then by a brink the animals drink,
To satisfy their thirst,
Then one by one they went away,
The largest of them first.

Then, when the sound had left the ground,
Each creature came back fast,
The noise which had so frightened them,
Had disappeared at last.

CRUET

There was no wind; the surface of the water lay quiet and untroubled. The sun was at its zenith and in the sun a boy lay dreaming. The wild, rugged mountains looked down on him; monarchic; silent and unyielding; powerful. Maybe they made the boy think what he was thinking, for he thought of power and conquests. Perhaps they chose his destiny, for in the boy's dream appeared a figure. The figure regarded him and at length enquired after his thoughts.

“Power. Conquest. Glory.”

“Have them, for you are the child of destiny. Destiny will wait on you: but one day it will overtake you.”

And the child awoke to reality; to a cold and empty reality which savoured of things mightier than he could conceive; to the wind whining over the world and ruffling the water. The sun was overcast.

Years passed, many years, in which much happened. And then one day a man lay dying. No child this man, but one before whom no man, no country, no continent could rest secure. He defied the world and nearly God. Kings and emperors had paid him tribute. But as he lay in death, no kings, no emperors came to pay him homage; to pay homage to a fallen legend, but only a woman. A woman who had knelt before him on a thousand battlefields, in a hundred cities and a dozen capitals. But she came, not to pay homage but just to visit him, as once before she had; the man was once her child but now her victim; for she was Nemesis; she was his destiny, or was it the mountains?

OLD FATHER THAMES

A spring ariseth in among the hills,
A laughing sound he makes as, gurgling out,
He dances o'er the stones in tiny rills:
Then sobers down, and slowly broadens out.
And now becomes the ancient Father Thames,
Whom endless years can not stop rolling on.
No more his " tinkling o'er the pebble " games;
He now the fame of ancient God puts on.
And then the city, once so calm and still,
Beneath whose ancient bridge of stone he glides.
Then on toward the sea, with but a mill
Disused, which fails to stop his rolling sides.
Thus Father Thames the cloak of time must don;
For he, like Father Time, keeps rolling on.

THE BULLFIGHT

The bullring was full of sunshine and dust and people. Row upon row of brightly variegated colour rose up from the edge of the central clearing towards the blue sky, where the sun sat like a king on his balcony and presided over the ceremony with a great warm smile. One would see and hear an excited tremor in the air, the beating of a thousand hearts. Faces and arms winked everywhere among the bright, dusty, sweat-stained dresses; fiery brown eyes sparkled and shining black heads waved like a sea. The great spectacle, was about to begin.

Outside the town was also basking in the afternoon sun, and there also were dust and people; but, although the siesta had been long finished, the people had a sad, depressed air, like souls before whom the gates of heaven have irrevocably closed. The streets were deserted, in spite of the people. It seemed as though the whole life of the town had been sucked up into a greater, higher plane, as though those men who remained had despaired of ever climbing there out of the mud. Even the sun was mediocre and metallic; it had withdrawn its true brilliance from the place, leaving only the cruel, thirsty heat of the desert. One would have said that the whole town, the houses, the people and their souls had been doomed. Everything was fundamentally dead.

The great spectacle, the bullfight, was about to begin.

FROM THE PAST

When a full moon falls on a midsummer's night
And a wind howls round the town.
There comes through yard in a mystic garb
Four Ghosts in a dressing gown.

They come into Grant's by the door at the back
 —And horrid and weird are the same
 They brandish a cane, in this eery train,
 With telescope sights to help aim.
 They shout as they dance around Hall seven times
 In voices both eerie and cracked
 "The boys are too shag, let 'em all do a lag
 And see they're all soundly whacked.
 These boys indeed are far too lazy and shag
 Why look at these studies—I trow.
 We never had one when we were young
 So why should they have one now.
 They walk the mantlepiece upside down
 All cackling, jolly, and gay.
 As they happily dance, the war song of Grant's
 'Tis sung the uncensored way.
 When one o'clock strikes with a boom from Big Ben
 The boggarts must all disappear
 They go in a trance, after bowing to Grant's
 And vanish into the air.
 So I want anybody on Midsummer night
 Lest downstairs they should have to go
 For this may be true, what I've said to you
 For who could possibly know
 Could know
 For who could possibly know?

THE SEASONS

Down by the Thames I wander along,
 Whistling softly a happy song,
 Here in peace I'm sure I belong,
 In springtime.
 Down by the Thames I often go,
 To watch the river onward flow,
 To see the oarsmen swiftly row,
 In summer time.
 Down by the Thames I deeply sigh,
 And see the leaves come fluttering by,
 And graceful swans with heads held high,
 In autumn time.
 Down by the Thames its chaos I've found,
 Hearing the crashing thunder pound,
 Watching the waters swirling around,
 In winter time.

MUSEUM PIECES

Now that Grant's has been rebuilt, perhaps it is a suitable time to recall some of the more historic features that have disappeared, and to suggest what may have happened to them.

Many old Grantites will remember the hot-plate, a reminder of when the meat came in joints and the gravy collected in the corner of the copper dish in which it stood. When I was a new boy, I was told that it was unique; the only one still in use. It was certainly very effective, if only in appearance, and quite made up for the sometimes cold, sometimes over-hot, plates and food.

Maybe it is now reposing in some shabby room in the British Museum, keeping the curators' hats warm in cold weather, or maybe it is in the same glass case as Hall fire in the children's section of the Science Museum. Possibly, to keep up tradition, it is still run once a year, so that people can still say that it is in regular use.

I have already mentioned the fate of Hall fire. By special permission you may see it at the Science Museum. The fire in the dining-room was bought by the American Government, and is now in the State Museum, Washington, D.C.

It is a pity we cannot trace any other objects beyond the scrap-heap, for they might have helped pay for the new Grant's.

DEMOCRACY

In all man's relations
With his neighbour
In the United Nations,
The Unions of Labour.
It is an interesting fact to note
That, even after the most democratic vote,
There comes a disastrous explosion
Because the wrong man is chosen.
Human nature is such,
That, out of so much
One can make so very little,
And choose the most brittle
To be the vital crutch.
And this being unfortunately so,
When the consequential blow
Falls
It appals:
One exhibits such unmitigated distress
At the unavoidable mess.
And yet, there is really no ground for wonder;
One has only oneself to blame for the blunder.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place on Monday, the 16th April, 1956, at the King Charles Suite, Whitehall Court. Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, Q.C., presided and he was supported by Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, Lord Rea and Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (Vice-Presidents). The Guests of the Club were Sir Robert Wilkinson, Honorary Treasurer of the Westminster School Society, The House Master, The House Tutor and the Head of House.

Those present were: Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. A. J. Sheldon, Capt. V. T. M. R. Tenison, Mr. V. G. H. Hallett, Mr. J. W. Winckworth, Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. J. L. Sheriff, Mr. J. P. Hart, Mr. A. L. W. Stevens, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. P. M. B. Savage, Mr. B. E. G. Davies, Mr. G. F. Waley, Mr. K. G. Gilbertson, Mr. T. W. Dutton, Mr. K. F. M. Thomson, Mr. J. M. Hornsby, Dr. D. I. Gregg, Mr. D. M. V. Blee, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. D. S. Brock, Mr. L. A. Wilson, Mr. J. S. Rivaz, Mr. J. Levison, Mr. D. M. Lloyd-Jones, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. J. W. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. S. P. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. I. J. Fulton, Mr. F. N. Hornsby and Mr. D. N. Croft.

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The Honorary Secretary is without addresses for the following old Grantites and would be very grateful for any assistance which readers can give him in order to trace their present whereabouts:

1937/41 Holloway, J. A.
1935/40 Le Hardy, Flt.-Lt. A. W. G., O.B.E.
1945/47 Murray, H. L.
1947/51 Smethurst, T. J. W.
1933/38 Woodbridge, J. W.
1934/39 Fitzhugh, F.

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The Old Grantite Club has recently had a generous present of early issues of the *Grantite Review* which have been presented by Mr. A. N. Winckworth (1931/35). These early issues will be invaluable in making the set which is kept up House.

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From an enquiry we have received, it seems that not all Members of the Old Grantite Club know that there is in existence a Grantite tie. These may be obtained, price 15s. 6d. plus 2½d. postage, from

The Manageress,
Westminster School Store and Bookshop,
Ashburnham House,
Little Deans Yard,
Tel.: ABBey 5513. S.W.1.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

The engagements have recently been announced of: S. P. L. KENNEDY (1939/44), P. C. PEARSON (1943/48), R. E. NAGLE (1943/49), J. F. WORDSWORTH (1946/51).

J. G. S. HARRIS (1947/51) is articled as a Solicitor and recently passed the Law portion of the Law Society's Intermediate Examination.

G. I. CHICK (1949/54) was commissioned last February.

R. P. C. HILLYARD (1949/53) is now out of the Navy and is working at Lloyds.

J. D. S. MACDOUGALL (1948/53) is out of the R.A.F. and is working at the Chemical Research Laboratories at Teddington before going up to Cambridge in October.

E. J. N. KIRKBY (1949/53) hopes to join the Colonial Police Force having completed his service with the R.A.F.

C. J. H. DAVIES (1947/52) was reserve for the Cambridge golf side.

R. F. WILDING (1948/53) is working for Army Films.

N. N. G. MAW (1946/51) sang the tenor solo part in the School Concert last term.

D. S. CAMELL (1947/50) had a painting in the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

R. P. J. BALL (1949/52) has been working at a Prep. School in Surrey.

J. H. M. ANDERSON (1949/52) has been invalided out of the Army and is working at a Prep. School before going up to Oxford in October.

J. U. SALVI (1950/55) is studying Russian in the Army.

R. P. G. RICHARDS (1950/55) has started his Service in the R.A.F. having passed the Mechanical Sciences Qualifying Examination at Cambridge and expects to go up to Peterhouse in 1958.