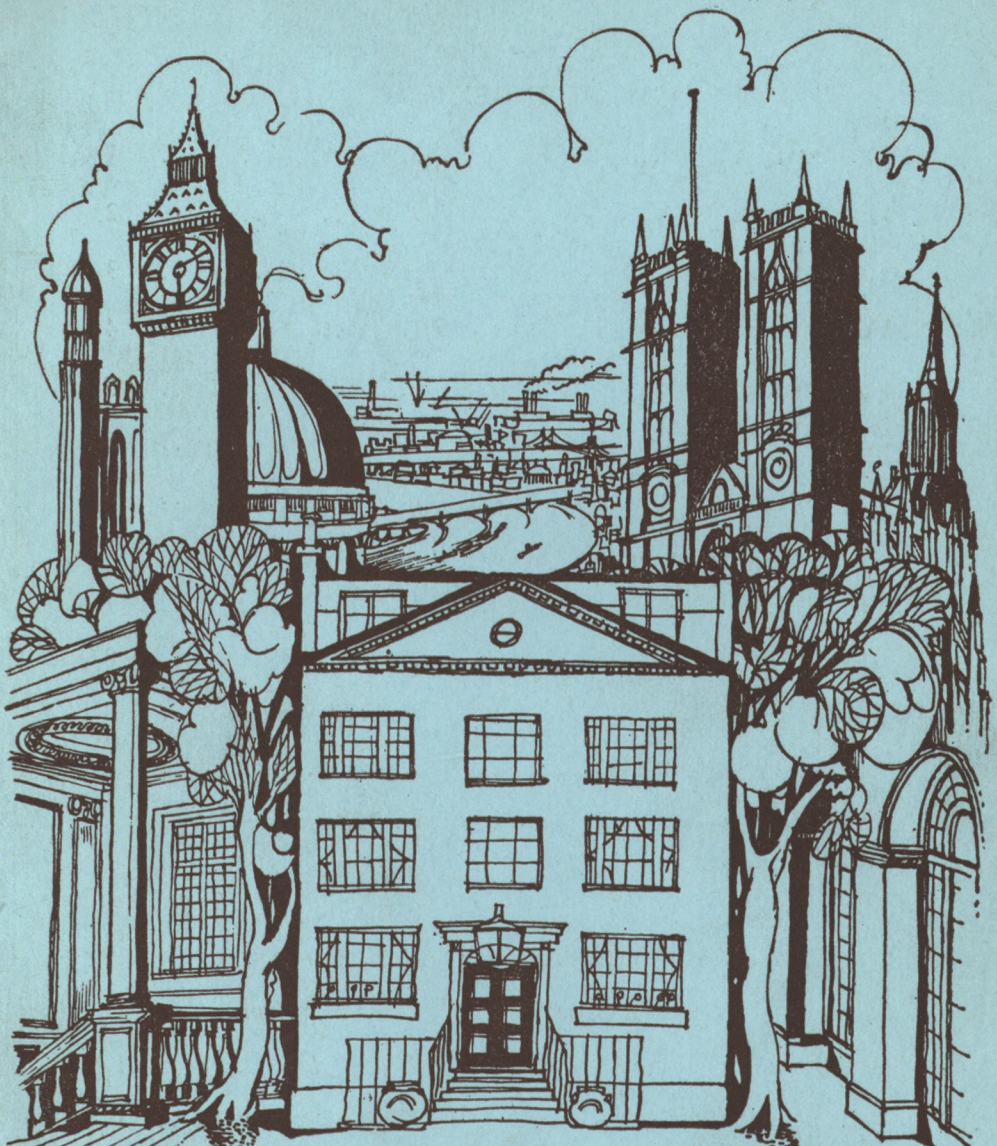


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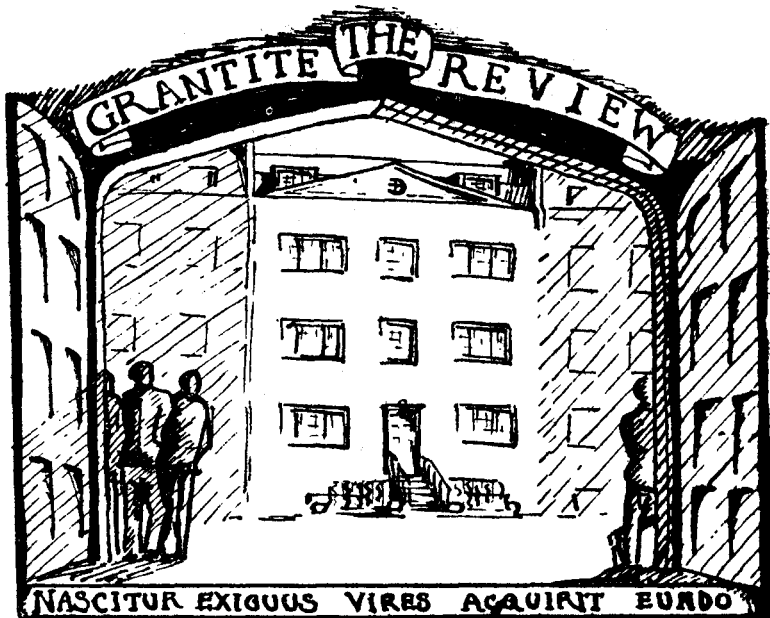


THE  
GRANTITE  
REVIEW



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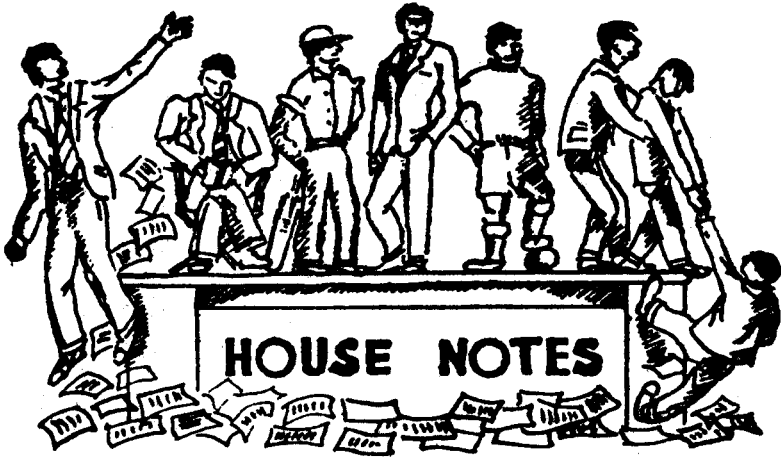
## ELECTION TERM, 1957

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230th Edition

### EDITORIAL

To the casual reader this number is just another *Grantite*. A little funnier perhaps, perhaps a shade more staid, but by and large another *Grantite*. And so the Editor would have it. Not his to reveal on these pages the herculean labour spent, by him and by his tireless staff, up at the top of Grant's where time has no meaning—his but to get the *Grantite* Juggernaut to the press, letting his labours go unnoticed. And yet he may allow himself a smile, tinged, perhaps, with a shade of complacency, when he thinks of past numbers down the years, an unbroken lifeline from Grant's to the outer world. It is then that he feels a real pride in his place, as, echoing another grand tradition he murmurs: "We never closed."



There left us last term: F. R. Lucas.

We welcome this term: C. E. Manderson, A. Pain, S. C. Pollitzer as boarders, and R. D. E. Spry and M. J. Stancliffe as day boys.

\* \* \* \*

We offer our congratulations to N. D. K. Evans on his Royal Naval Scholarship.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to: A. G. Cheyne and N. R. P. Heaton on their Thirds for Shooting.

and to: N. R. P. Heaton on his Seniors for Fives and Shooting.

and to: M. A. Hall and C. J. Alderson on their Junior Colts for Football.

and to: A. E. C. Ball on his Thirds for Athletics.

and to: M. D. Fairbairn, R. N. Chinn and A. E. C. Ball on their Seniors for Athletics.

and to: E. C. Blauvelt on his Seniors for Fencing.

and to: R. Munro-Faure on his Seniors for Tennis.

and to: R. V. Aston and A. C. McKinlay on their Juniors for Shooting.

and to: A. S. G. Boyd, J. A. B. Heard, M. A. Hall and D. S. Stancliffe on their Juniors for Athletics.

\* \* \* \*

N. R. P. Heaton won the Bulgin Shooting Cup.

\* \* \* \*

G. B. Patterson and R. G. M. Spry have been appointed House Monitors.

\* \* \* \*

P. C. S. Medawar has been appointed Head of Hall and D. P. Dugdale and G. R. S. Congreve, Hall Monitors.

## HOUSE DIARY

No doubt every Westminster boy, old no less than young, will have heard with regret of the Parliamentary Labour party's intention of swamping with state-aided scholars some of the oldest and most respected public schools of Britain. Some see in it the death of these noble institutions; some merely the rebirth, some the annihilation of education itself, others that of class distinction; but, whatever one's political inclinations it is certain that things in general would not be quite the same should the fateful day of the "Bill" ever dawn. There is, however, no need to think that things would ever come to a complete ending; the House would be heading for a different horizon, but it would surely be going there with its usual vigour and its own abandoned air of carefree academic dilettantism. Even if, the first step having been taken, the process of de-publicising progressed from infiltration to control and from control to downright nationalisation, boys would still continue to fill the halls of Grant's with the cheerful sound of their footsteps and of their gramophones. But, then, yes, things would certainly be somewhat different.

Take, for instance, the case of the Cake and Sugar Distribution Board. Naturally enough, the first stage on the revised agenda would be the abolition of all these abuses of the "fair shares" rule with which every Public School is liberally endowed, and, by the simple device of centralising "tea" under the Ministry of Food and Non-alcoholic Beverages, it could be ensured that every boy would receive his statutory one bun on the production of Union ticket. And then, for the more agriculturally minded, there could be the Grant's Yard and Window Box Collective Farm. No longer in the hands of a few élite, the profits and rural delights of ground-nut cultivation would be well within the reach of every member of the house who wished to indulge in agriculture for the benefit of the community; provided, of course, that he held his Agricultural and General Workers ticket.

For Unions of course there would be in plenty. Too long would the practice of throwing the house manual labour unrewarded on to the masses of Lower Hall have lasted. The Lag's Union, running under its own Executive Committee, but still a full member of the School Trade Union Congress, would be a powerful force, well worth consideration from the Monitors' Federation and the House General Board of Control. There would be the odd dispute here and there: the conflict between the Cricketers and Tennis Players Unions over the tea disc differentials might well become a major issue; but such minor affairs, despite any unavoidable disruption of the school's educative economy, would be more than offset by the total overall benefits which would be enjoyed by all. With unlimited quantities of the taxpayers' money at the school's disposal it would be but a matter of time before the ultimate object was achieved, and Grant's became a true model of Social Welfare,

undisrupted by such old fashioned conceptions as class distinction, compulsory lagging and work on a non-statutory basis the House Cultural Service, the Home-grown Cocoa Scheme and the Watermen's Welfare Association would take their places along side Chess Soc. and the House Literary Societies and the House would take its place in the Welfare State. Grant's would certainly be different, but it would be there with the best of 'em.

Good Tories everywhere are no doubt appalled at this visionary plan for the future; but be comforted. Come the Revolution, twenty years hence, it will no doubt intrigue and surprise the comrade casually reading through this issue of *The Grantite* to see that his Capitalist predecessors were not such blind, unenlightened fools; and then, of course, it hasn't happened yet!

### FOOTBALL SENIORS

The football shield was shared this season between Grant's and Busby's after a replay of the final. Grant's were generally considered to have the best team on paper and played well enough in the first match to confirm this.

Grant's beat Ashburnham in the first round by 5—0 and fully deserved to win by this very convincing margin. Wilkins was more than a match for the Ashburnham forwards and Lucas, the captain, often split their defence to provide goal scoring chances. Hall scored three splendid opportunist goals and Lowe and Lucas added the other two goals.

In the second round we played Rigaud's and won 1—0. The game was as close as the score suggests and it was thanks to the tremendous goal-keeping of Spry and the steadying influence of Wilkins at centre-half, when under pressure, that our goal remained intact. Rigaud's put up a great fight and their defence broke up all our attacks until Hall rolled the ball into the their net from an extremely narrow angle, for the only goal of the game.

The now almost traditional final between Grant's and Busby's proved to be rather an anti-climax. We should have won the game in the first ten minutes when many chances were wasted in front of goal. From then on the game, played in warm sunshine, became lethargic and ended 0—0 after extra-time.

The replay was full of thrills and spills but neither side gained the upper hand for any length of time. Grant's snatched the lead when Chinn volleyed the ball into the back of the net from a corner-kick by Lucas. However, Busby's equalised and the score, even after extra time, remained disappointingly 1—1.

There was not a weak link in the side. Ledlie and Munro-Faure provided a stalwart rearguard as backs, whilst Ball and Harrop played with great zest as wing halves. Lowe and Chinn, who are both colts, centre well, but were not menacing as goal-getters. Hall and Alderson are both young and will do well in the future. Alderson's passing was accurate although he tended to be goal shy

and Hall proved to be dangerous as a snap shooter but must improve his positional play.

Prospects seem good for next year and I hope that we make sure of winning the shield outright.

## ATHLETICS

The athletics season began on February 26th, with the Senior and Junior long distance races. Nine seniors and 31 juniors entered for these, but, nevertheless, Grant's did not expect to do very well. However, we won the senior team cup, the first three runners home being Ball (3rd), Chinn (7th) and Fairbairn (8th). In the junior we came 3rd, the first runner, McKinlay, coming in third. Two weeks later the gruelling Bringsty relay, run over Wimbledon Common, arrived. Grant's, heartened by the results of the long distance races, started with a good chance, but did even better than was expected, as not only did it win the race, but also ran it in a record time. The runners were Noakes (1), Boyd (2), Fairbairn (3), Hornsby, M. (4), Stancliffe, D. (5), Chinn (6); McKinlay (7), Hall (8), Ball (9).

The worst part of the athletics season now began in earnest. Grant's was very fortunate to have D. B. Wilkins, last year's captain, who left Grant's at the end of the summer to become head of the new house, Liddells, competing for it, as he excelled himself in both standards and finals. In the standards cup, run on a percentage basis, we did as well as could be expected. Most people attempted some standard, but there were several noticeable exceptions. We finally finished just behind College in 3rd place, with some 300 points. Boyd, Stancliffe and Hall all obtained the full number of points; Heard, Seddon, Lucas, Ball and Noakes all got some standard in every event. In the heats Grant's got 31 places, and so was well represented on the finals day. In the finals, Wilkins won the Open Discus and Javelin and Ball the Open Hurdles, but the most noteworthy performances were in the U.14½ events. Of the five events, Grant's won four and came second in the fifth—Hall 1st in the 100 yards, 220 yards and Long Jump and Heard 1st in the High Jump, excelled themselves. After all was over, and the mathematicians got to work, it was found that Grant's had come 2nd in the house athletics cup to Rigauds, which was a very praiseworthy effort as the house had begun the season with little prospect of any great achievement. Mr. Hornsby won the 100 yards old boys' race, comfortably. Ball, Fairbairn and Wilkins ran for the Senior and McKinlay and Noakes for the Junior team in the school matches.

## WATER

Last term the Eights, so far as Grant's was concerned, remained unaltered. J. A. Macfarlane, J. F. Hewitt and H. H. L. Phillips rowed in the 1st Eight in the School's Head of the River Race which

finished fifth, the highest attained so far. N. D. K. Evans and C. Macfarlane both rowed in the Colts' Eight which did very well winning the Colts' Cup for the first time since 1951. In the Vesta Dashes, H. H. L. Phillips and J. A. Macfarlane will both represent the schools in the sculls.

For the House, the highlight of the Election term is, of course, the School Regatta. Although we have lost three good watermen since last year, and Rigaud's looks stronger on paper, Grant's has a good chance of winning the Halahan and thus winning the Squire Bowl. It is by no means "in the bag" and we must in no circumstances rest upon our laurels; we must practice and try our hardest remembering that sculling is every bit as important as the fours. We hope that Mr. Harrison will be able to coach our Senior Four again this year. With continual practice and a determined effort we can complete the hat trick with the Halahan—a feat which no house has yet achieved.

## FENCING

Last term the épée and sabre seniors competitions were held. The only Granitites fencing in the épée finals were C. W. Redgrave and M. Makower, who came first and third respectively. In the sabre finals Redgrave came first, Makower second, E. C. Blauvelt fourth, and G. B. Patterson sixth. Thus Redgrave retained the épée-sabre cup and Grant's retained the seniors cup. After the Play term, 1957, the members of this stalwart fencing side will all have left and there will be only two fencers remaining in the house. It seems, therefore, that the great edifice of success built up in recent years by the house in this noble sport will cease to grow for lack of raw material and all will be lost. In fact the trouble is that the house is going to the dogs (I have it on the best authority that actually it is the rival attraction of football, cricket, and water and not visits to the White City that has brought this about).

From April 10th–12th the Public Schools' Fencing competition was held in the University of London buildings in Malet Street. The Wednesday consisted of the first five rounds of the senior foil, the finals being held on the following morning before the start of the épée. Only two Westminsterers reached the foil final. Makower, who came second and Redgrave third. The event was won by A. M. Lechie of Merchant Taylors School. This left Westminster with 17 points and Merchant Taylors 16 points.

Thursday continued with the épée. As before, all the Westminsterers were knocked out before reaching the semi-finals except Redgrave, who was knocked out in the semi-finals by one hit in a count of hits, and Makower who came fifth in the final. At the end of that day Merchant Taylors had 35 points to Westminster's 29.

The sabre on the following day did not alter the situation, only Redgrave reached the finals and came fourth. Thus the Merchant Taylors ended up with the total of 62 points, with ourselves second



with 33 points for the Graham-Bartlett cup, which we won last year. In conclusion it may be noted with some house pride that all the points scored for the School were gained by two Grantites: Redgrave scored 18 and Makower 15 points.

## SHOOTING

It has taken many years but at last I have the pleasure of announcing an entirely successful season.

Off to a flying start with the Empire Test, which was won off Rigauds' with the record average of 62.26. There were seven marksmen and well over half the remainder qualified as first-class shots.

N. R. P. Heaton has had an outstanding personal season for the first VIII, finishing the term with a match average of 83.75/90, thus well deserving the Bulgin Individual Cup.

Hopes for success in the Inter-House Shooting Competition did not run high as the team was somewhat unbalanced. Two members of the First VIII: A. G. Cheyne and N. R. P. Heaton, and two boys from the shooting classes: Aston and McKinlay. This competition, which includes a kneeling and a rapid after running round green, is trial enough for those who are used to the match rifles; credit, therefore, must be given to Aston and McKinlay who after only two practices produced consistently good scores.

We reached the final, having encountered on the way Q.SS., RR.II, and WW., this turned out to be a most exciting match with only four points separating the teams at the finish. As you have probably guessed, Grant's won. Thus we secured the third and only remaining shooting cup from Rigaud's.

## FIVES

The latter half of last term saw the Juniors and the Seniors fives competitions. Our hopes for any success in the Juniors were, to say the least slim, owing to the extreme youth of our players, and, indeed, they were beaten by much more experienced pairs than themselves. However, they obtained valuable practice for future competitions which should be extremely useful.

In the Seniors, we had two fairly strong pairs—at least, on paper—entered, the first being C. P. Wakely and N. R. P. Heaton, and the second Cheyne and Lucas. The first pair won their first match into the semi-final fairly easily, and then met a powerful College pair which beat them comfortably, after a match which was, to put it tactfully, one-sided: the Grant's pair was not on form. Cheyne and Lucas fared slightly better against the second College pair, winning one game before being beaten.

At first sight, it may seem to have been an unsuccessful season for Grant's fives, but, in fact, in the Seniors at least, we got further than in previous competitions. The chief essential is practice: it should be remembered that all that is needed to make a very reasonable fives player is a good eye and, above all, practice.

## CHESS

Although no house competitions have been organised this term, Grantites have been particularly prominent in school chess activities. F. R. Lucas won the Barton Cup and G. B. Patterson reached the semi-finals. Both have been regular successful members of the school team for the past two years. It is always difficult to concentrate on a game of chess, whilst others are enjoying a more active, but less strenuous variety of sport out of doors. Perhaps the traditional warmth of Chis. will restore this notorious room as a battlefield next winter (of intellectual struggles of course). (*The Old Régime*)

In last term's *Grantite Review*, considerable emphasis was laid on those junior members of the house who have been forming a new Chess playing kernel to the House. This term it is more than likely that the fruits of their patient labours will at last be rewarded, and, when the time comes for the house team to be chosen, it is very much to be hoped that this young blood will make up in some measure for the loss of F. R. Lucas. So keep watching the spaces. (*The New*)

## THE B.A.O.R. TRIP

On the night of April 4th nine Westminster Cadets including four Grantites left for the Hook of Holland in the troopship Vienna, famed for being uncomfortable and obsolete. We were camped near the town of Paderborn.

During our stay we visited Hermann's statue and the Möhne Dam that featured in "The Dam Busters." Pilots returning from the raids used up their remaining ammunition in target practice on the statue and the holes are still to be seen. We spent some pleasant and instructive hours on tanks, learning how they worked and their uses in war. Well remembered was the night on the tanks when Mr. French exposed his culinary genius in cooking a breakfast. The weather replied indignantly by snowing.

What with the restful evenings in the N.A.A.F.I. we all enjoyed it immensely and I am sure that many of us would like to go again.

## EUSTON

Everything is hustle and bustle at Euston. Trains arrive and trains depart, each leaving and removing crowds of overladen passengers. Everywhere the familiar cockney voice is inquiring "Did you say Manchester ducks? Platform 13 then." The continuous restlessness and honking of the motor trolleys as they wend their way through the surging mass of people, makes the atmosphere even more ominous than the trains themselves. Suddenly an engine lets off steam. Several ancient ladies jump and drop their

cases, and after the first shock they say irritably among themselves, "This sort of thing never happened seventy years ago."

At all barriers worn out and crusty ticket inspectors are punching tickets and answering silly questions from vociferous old gentlemen wanting to know when the next train to their country manor is, and could there be less cigarette ends on the floors of the first-class carriages. Everywhere are to be seen young and old kissing and bear-hugging friends and relations good-bye. Inside the trains may be heard a slightly cantankerous voice asking "Is this seat reserved?" and thawing slightly at the reassuring answer "No." Soon it is time for the train to leave. Porters and other officials tap the wheels with long willowy hammers. A weary voice echoes through the loud speaker, and old ladies are busily poking others in the back with long and villainous brollies. They are probably late owing to the purchase of *Women's Only* or some such trivial rag.

At last all doors are shut. The whistle blows and the green flag waves, and the train moves out. Everyone is waving handkerchiefs, papers and any other likely weapons at hand. The old ladies get so anxious and excited that the purchased magazines drop out of the window in the waving process. At last it is nearly out of sight. Hands are seen withdrawing quickly as a tunnel approaches. The crowd on the station moves away towards the barrier, hands in platform tickets and moves away, just in time to meet the next army of passengers surging on to the platform to meet an arrival or disappear on a departure.

The station is never still and it is never boring to watch North-countrymen, who, by the way, have a reputation for pushing and shoving, board their trains.

#### A LOVE POEM

When Cupid's arrows found me  
And love's first spark was seen  
The whole world floated round me  
Deceptively serene,  
And life was like a dream.

But when my folly left me  
And all my castles fell  
Most cruel fate bereft me  
Of every sou as well,  
And life was simply Hell!

#### GENERAL CONFUSION

A scout hurried into the camp. "Any sight of our reinforcements?" said the general anxiously sitting upright in his chair. "I am afraid not, sir, but our scouts are keeping a constant look out; the enemy are still advancing." The General dismissed the man

before sitting back in his chair. "It looks as though we shall have to attack with the remains of the 91st Lancers," he said to himself. "It'll be a massacre."

Later on in the evening the trumpeter sounded the attack on his bugle. There was a clatter of armour and a shying of horses as the cavalry prepared for action. The General was helped to his horse by his aide-de-camp as he gave the signal to charge. Then, with the flashes of the sun on their swords the 91st Lancers rode furiously into the distance.

The advancing Russians saw a fearless enemy stampeding towards them as they uncovered their brutal cannon. The officers urged on their men as they were approaching the range of fire of the line of artillery. Already a few of them had fallen and more and more of them collapsed each time the cannon blazed. Now only half of these gallant men were still left on their horses. The other half was left scattered about in the field. A disorganized band of weary men had already reached the guns and had succeeded in capturing many of them. Then suddenly from out of a cloud of dust, a fresh line of cannon belched out flame and smoke. Horses reared, men screamed as they collapsed to the ground like their comrades before them. The H.Q. staff, who happened to be immediately in front of these unexpected beasts of fury was scorched to death by their belching flames. After the smoke had cleared not a single man of the cavalry was to be seen alive.

Having won such a decisive victory the Russians retreated into their distant homelands. A scout came running out from the rear positions out on to the battlefield to inform the General about the arrival of the reinforcements. But where was the General? He searched mournfully as he looked at the lifeless faces of his fallen comrades. As he stepped over the dead bodies he remembered the past of the gallant men. Then suddenly he recognised the uniform of the General all scorched and bloodstained. It was a horrible sight with the remains of a head lying scattered on the ground. He walked back solemnly to the camp and into the General's tent; he looked up, the tent flap fell back into position with a dull crack; the scout stood rigid, staring and staring. There was the General sitting at his desk very sorrowfully. "I suppose it was a massacre," he said.

## THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

He looked down at the table. In front of him lay a shattered chaos of broken glass, which wallowed, half submerged, in a gently lapping mélange of blood, cyanide and South African absinthe, the whole giving off a sickly but colourful sparkle in the artificial lighting. On the whole, the effect was stimulating. He noticed with an intrigued interest that there was a neat, slightly oval bullet hole in the near left-hand corner of the surface, into which some of the

dark green liquid was slowly escaping like water from a bath; and also that it was gently falling in methodical drips on to his trousers from the other end. How long would it be, he wondered, for it to reach his shoes? If only he could brush the pool from the far end, the complete operation would be over long before he was dead; but his body refused to move. A playing card, the ace of clubs as it happened, lay face uppermost on the perimeter of the little tube, and he watched the liquid slowly creep up upon the black pip in the centre, touch it, and then swallow it up into its greedy green body. Beyond it lay the five of diamonds, and he was seized with a sudden urge to save it from the advancing tide; but his arms were powerless; a stiff numbness had crept over his whole body, and when he tried to turn his eyes sideways on to his watch, he found them immovable. They were fixed, as if made of glass, upon the table before him; time had ceased.

He stared at the surface of the liquid—it was motionless. The slow dripping through the hole had miraculously ceased, as if it had been blocked with the bath plug. The advancing arms of the green tide too had suddenly been paralysed, and had stopped only a hair's breadth from the five of diamonds. All was still.

And suddenly, in a terrible blinding flash, the scene ceased to be intriguing. It became a monster, terrifying, ghastly in its motionlessness. He struggled wildly, insanelly; horror, anguish, disillusionment and a deadly icy fear welled up inside him, but not an eyelash moved. He remained rigid, two glazed eyes fixed on the table, staring at the scene of his death endlessly into eternity. For this, of course, was Hell.

## A SHAGGY DOGGEREL STORY

It's hard for a self-respecting cur  
To be treated as if he were,  
Which was nearly always so  
Not so many years ago.  
"To your kennel!" they would say  
In the most abusive way,  
And for meals I got a bowl  
Of biscuits, water and charcoal,  
(Which, they said, was good for dogs  
As well as cats and other wogs).  
Then after years and years of waiting  
Acts were passed about me stating  
I was to be free again.  
No more kennel, no more chain!  
Biscuits and water! Now it's cream  
And beef-steaks wrapped in polythene,  
And let 'em shout, for I obey  
None but the R.S.P.C.A.



## MEAN STREET

The twelfth of December, 1910, brought a day so glum and gloomy that it almost equalled the boredom of the slums at Kensington, all except one single street so dreary and melancholy that it would have done justice to a schoolboy's prep, or a forest of gasometers.

A broken notice board at the side of a blackened wall told the rare visitors that it was called "Mean Street"; mean it undoubtedly was, for one had but to glance at the rows of dejected dustbins, the dominating, but not majestic factory chimneys towering among the heavy sky; the grey, grimy, smoke-clad atmosphere, and those rows of musty miserable things called houses that line the endless, dull, dread street, and one would have felt the whole world was misery, poverty stricken and pennyless.

A fat old woman called roughly to a ragged group of urchins playing hoop in the streetway in a most deplorable cockney accent, which only Mean Street's inhabitants could understand.

A mean, moth-eaten dog dragged his bag of bones, that served as a body, past the weary Victorian buildings, searching for a bad tomato or a mouldy sausage in the gutter, or a smelly tin inside a dust bin; but no such luck—every scrap of food had disappeared in this half-starved, poverty besieged district, for there was none in Bert's nor yet in Bill's bin, Charlie had gone to prison and Alf and 'Arry were working in the factory; not even a lurking "teddy boy" slumping at the lamp-post to throw him an old cigarette end—"Gor, what 'er life."

But life was shortly to prove less boring and dull than the "gor what a" one that had begun today. At about two o'clock that afternoon three gentlemen marched briskly towards the old shack where "Joe" lived. They wore smart shoes, clean collars, white handkerchiefs, even well-pressed suits, extraordinary as it may seem, they carried bowler hats and expensive umbrellas—things never before seen in Mean Street.

They stopped about a hundred yards up the road, looked about, and opened a map on the pavement. "About here, I should say, Sir Edward," said one in a business-like and upper-class sort of way. "Um, distinct smell of smoke here," remarked another. "A long walk, I should have brought my Rolls," added the other.

"As I was saying, lets get down to business. It should be here and roughly ten feet down—odd how Caesar and Orgeterix mention it and yet it hasn't been found yet—but as Virgil says, "Strange things are found where least you would have thought them."

A group of urchins, hags and skinny cats had collected all agog, and remarked "Gor' blimey, they ain' 'arf posh, look at 'em, brollies an funny 'elmets," in no careful way. The gentlemen soon left, however, but it was not the end. It so happened that a Roman camp and villa was supposed to have been buried nearby. Joe was given another house, much to his annoyance and great excava-

tions ensued in the coming month, watched by an ardent congregation of Gentlemen, Archaeologists, Architects, and Latin scholars and of course a goodly proportion of the population of Mean Street.

As it happened a very well preserved temple and villa were found, amidst the jubilations of the Architects and Archaeologists, some fifty feet from "Tom's Tea Bar." Large finds of statues, Roman coins, and Greek vases were found in the ruins; the baths and under rooms of which were still intact.

Crowds watched the excavations and still more visited it when it was let open to the public on January 15th, 1911. People from all over London, all over England, all over the world in a few cases came to see it. There was one point, however, which the Kensington Borough Council realised—the fact was that it was situated in such a repulsive neighbourhood that it was a disgrace to the public, and after much dispute it was decided that all people visiting "The Mean Street Villa" or "Virgilius-Ciceronemcaesaorgeteriguisionium" as *The Times* commented (this is a Latin name), should pay a shilling. Half would go to the British Old House Keeping Maintenance and the other half to the inhabitants of the district to do up their houses and to improve their slummy conditions.

It so happened, that so many people came to London, so many came to Virgilius . . . etc. villa, so many paid their shillings that the neighbourhood became quickly rich, to say little of famous.

Ted gave up his tea bar and built a "delightful modern residence" on the site. Charlie became C. Smith, Esq., and bought a Rolls and Joe had five butlers, who rushed about the street with bricks, de-Victorianising the outside of the dreary houses. By the time the war broke out, everyone was extremely wealthy. The temple was closed and made into an air-raid shelter—which has not yet been opened again, and a block of houses built on top.

But the road still remains where everyone has a car if not a Rolls; television arials protrude in place of factory chimneys from the gaily-painted houses; money can be found on the road and in the gutter where hitherto not a penny could be found in the whole area; butlers reeking of caviare and smoked salmon and expensive cigars patrol the street.

Chauffeurs are two a penny, and in place of urchins and teddy boys, aristocratic snobs march, not to St. Cuthbert's secondary grammar school, but to places such as Westminster where, instead of learning nothing, they learn such things as geography and join the scouts.

Dogs, instead of raiding the dustbins, relax on velvet gilt-edged cushions and could eat strawberries and cream every day; in fact nothing of the slummy, grimy street, it was in 1910, remains except the sign post which many people gape at in surprise—the smart white board at the side of a whitewashed wall which tell the many visitors that the road is called Mean Street—for mean it undoubtedly is.

## A SONG FOR TIME

The grass is cool; the lark begins to climb  
Above the haze of nature, sweet, sublime  
    Untaught;  
But we, we have no time, no time  
    For thought.

The willows dream, and where their tears are caught  
Among the eddies, silver shadows spurt  
    And throng:  
But we, we have no thought, no thought  
    For song.

Each picture fades; the endless clouds roll on  
The oak is bare, and cold the wind upon  
    The lime;  
But we, we have no song, no song  
    For time.

## THE SEVEN DWARFS

Once upon a time—oh! many, many years ago, longer than anyone can remember—there lived in an old, crumbling castle a family of seven dwarfs. The castle stood right in the middle of a great forest, where the songs of the birds and the whispering of the leaves filled the air all day with their endless music, and where the owls hooted all night; and indeed, so far, far away were they from the wide world beyond the forest, that the goings on of ordinary men, only reached them by hearsay in the songs of the birds. But they were the happiest of families, and each day they would joyfully take up their picks and shovels and march off in to the woods in search of knowledge, with the sun shining, and the birds singing, and all the little brooks gurgling in pleasure as they went by.

Now one day, when the evening sun was slowly sinking in the west and bathing all the forest in an angry red glow, and the dwarfs were plodding wearily back to their fireside, an eagle swooped low over their heads, and screamed at them: “Idle dwarfs! Idle dwarfs! Don’t you know the king of this land has commanded that all the young men should draw their swords from the sheath and follow him to battle? Idle dwarfs! Idle dwarfs!” And with this the eagle soared into the sky, still screaming, “Idle! idle! idle!” to the already quiet forest.

You can imagine into what a flurry and a scurry the good little dwarfs were thrown by this news. Some were for waiting until the king should come to tell them himself, some were for drawing

their swords from the sheath at once and marching off into battle; but since they neither knew who their king was, nor in what direction his land lay, they soon found that their ideas come to nothing. At last, the eldest of the family, a merry old dwarf with a booming voice, spoke up: "Since we can neither wait for the king to come to us, nor draw the sword from the sheath and go to him, we must find a middle way. Let us stay here, but let us postpone our search for knowledge and spend our time practising how to draw our swords from their sheaths, in case one day we are needed to fight for the king." And so, from then onwards, the seven dwarfs no longer marched out into the great forest every morning with their picks and their shovels on their backs, to search for knowledge, and the birds sang unheard, and the trees whispered in vain, and the little brooks wept sadly because the dwarfs went by no more.

But instead, the dwarfs became very busy about the castle walls. They took their swords down from the walls, and they dressed themselves in their old rusty-brown armour, and from the crack of dawn to the last shadows of dusk they marched and they drilled, and they manoeuvred and they strategised, and every day you could see them standing in a line outside their front door practising how to draw their swords from the sheaths. The days became weeks and the weeks months, and the months years, until at last the merry old dwarf died, but the next eldest stepped into his place and everything went on as before.

Now in the world beyond the forest, much had happened in the course of time, and many wars had been waged, and many men had been killed. And so, at last the king of the land decided that the time had come to put the sword back into the sheath, once more and to have peace. So the wars ceased, and the sword was put back into the sheath, and there was peace. But the tragedy of the tale is that no one told the six dwarfs about the change, for the eagle had gone away into a far off land, and no other bird was strong enough to carry such news; and so, for all I know they are marching and drilling, and manoeuvring and strategising, and practising how to take the sword from the sheath to this very day.

## TWO CRITICS OF MODERN ART

Two critics sat down on a seat and they mused

At a singular piece of Art—

A triangular leg, with a clothing peg

And a half of a lemon-curd tart.

Said one to himself, "What trifling tripe

Yet they say it is one of his best,

And I've got a name and a packet of fame

So I'd better look rather impressed."

Said the mind of the next " I just don't understand  
But the rest will undoubtedly do.  
They'll think I'm a lout if I can't make it out  
So I'd better pretend to too."  
"—I say, old boy. What a wonderful work,  
He's just captured the fire of a horse.  
One form is right"—" Oh yes, quite quite  
That's just what *I* thought of course."

So hand in hand with a bottle of wine  
They drank to a glorious hue.  
" The work of *châtisse* is a masterpiece "  
And they gave it a splendid review, review,  
And they gave it a splendid review.

### BORDER BALLAD

Seven by Seven the Gypsies went out  
Waving their beer mugs, and drinking their stout;  
The portrait of Nasser looked so inspiring;  
That is, until the guns started firing.

Seven by Seven the Gypsies came in  
Waving their glasses and drinking their gin;  
The portrait of Nasser looked like a Sphinx;  
Serve them right for mixing their drinks.

### ANGLO-SOVIET CRICKSKI

" It has been known to us for some years," said a Foreign Office spokesman, " that our English game of cricket has been the subject of penetrating study by the Soviet Government, and that it has now been officially approved as a sport suitable for the recreation of the Russian people." His diplomatic training warned him to refrain from further comment, knowing as he did that in cricket circles all over the world his words would be weighed and analysed by a relentless Press that was clamouring for news about the Moscow Touring Side recently arrived in London. " Was it true they were ambidexterous?" " Would they accept English umpires?" " Who had coached them?" On this last question there was much speculation



regarding a famous Flintshire player, who had retired from cricket and disappeared. It was even suggested that others who had gone behind the curtain were at heart so devoted to the game that they had thrown up their careers to spread the love of bat and ball in a strange land.

And so to Lord's where the M.T.S. met an English XI. The ground was packed and gates closed soon after 9 a.m. Loud speakers outside were hastily installed for the benefit of disappointed crowds who blocked the roads.

The M.T.S. won the toss and batted in reasonably good and orthodox style. Their running between the wickets was faster than had ever been seen by the oldest veteran in the Pavilion, and the graceful pirouette when turning for the second run, made it clear that the Russian batsmen had done a finishing course in the Ballet Academy. Their caps were crash-helmet type, and a batsman who could get his head to a bumper went for it avidly. Leg-byes were thus scored heavily, but when the last wicket fell at 3.15 p.m. the total was only a moderate 221.

A buzz of excited talk followed, for it was well known that the M.T.S. claimed to have the fastest bowler on earth, Ivan Nakhimov. It was rumoured that he had been specially trained from childhood, and was accustomed to practice with an iron 2lb. ball; moreover, his appearance as someone said in the Press box, gave rise to serious speculations as to whether his mother had not been frightened by a gorilla at some time in her youth.

When the M.T.S. took the field it was noticed that their wicket-keeper had his face protected by a vizor-like device which puzzled the umpires until they had word from the Pavilion that this form of protection against flying splinters had been approved by the English captain, the famous George Lancaster, who now came out to bat accompanied by the rock-like opener, Adrian Wall. Ivan loosened up while Wall took guard and inspected the field; wicket-keeper standing back twenty yards, seven others in a semi-circle far behind him, with only mid-off or mid-on in front.

Ivan bowled. It was certainly fast stuff for a first over from a bowler who was obviously warming up in low gear. The Press box calculated it was feet-seconds quicker than Larwood or Lindwall at his best, but there was some difference of opinion as to the precise significance of this calculation. It was agreed to defer comment until Ivan's second over. That over proved to be the most expensive one in the history of cricket. Before it started there was a hushed suspense and those inside Lords could hear the angry crowd outside clamouring for admission.

Ivan Makhimov took a long fiercely fast run up and almost before his flail-like arm had swung over his head the ball had flown off the shoulder of Wall's bat and soared for 6 high over the deepest slip's head. The bat was nearly split in two, and excitement rose to a high pitch while another one was sent out from the Pavilion. Ball No. 2 cut a large divot out of the granite-hard wicket, and this

slowed it down sufficiently for the batsman to lift it safely over the Pavilion rails. The third ball was a bumper, but Adrian Wall had taken the precaution of fitting a metal soup-plate inside his cap, and after a glancing blow on this armour, the ball flew on into the Mound Stand where it laid out a spectator. Six leg-byes signalled the umpire, wondering whether it could ever have happened before.

Ivan bowled a slower ball which the batsman managed to push towards cover; they ran one, Wall just getting home before the bowler had retrieved the ball and thrown the wicket down with a lightning shot that went for four overthrows.

England's Captain faced the barrage. It was a faster ball than ever that chipped the edge of his bat and went for 6 over a deep third-man's head. "The speed of sound" said a critic in the President's box. "No" returned an eminent Professor of ballistics, with whom no one felt inclined to argue, "the speed of light."

Ivan braced himself to make a supreme effort with what should have been the last ball of the over. It was literally a thunderbolt that went straight through George Lancaster's bat and smashed the stumps as if they were match-wood. But the umpire had called "No ball," and while the fielders crowded round the wicket-keeper and one of the slips to remove splinters from their bodies, George and Adrian set out on a long series of runs, for the ball was safely resting near the leg boundary. They ran ten at a fair pace, but after that it was jog-trot, and they were not sorry when at 18 the crowd burst on to the field, and play ended.

Ivan secured the ball and emulating Albert \*Trotsky's batting feat, threw it gracefully over the top of the Pavilion.

*\* Albert Trott years ago hit a ball over the Pavilion at Lords.*

## OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place on Friday the 3rd May when, through the kindness of Lord Rea, sixty-three Old Grantites dined in the House of Lords. This was one of the most successful Dinners for many years past and more Old Grantites attended than at any other Dinner since the Jubilee Dinner in College Hall. The guests of the Club were Viscount Davidson, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Governing Body, himself the father of two Old Grantites, and to whom the House owes so much: the Headmaster, to mark his forthcoming retirement on going to Rugby; the Housemaster, the House Tutor and the Head of House, R. D. Creed. On the proposal of the President, Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, both Lord Davidson and the Headmaster were made Honorary Members of the Club in recognition of what they had both done in their different ways for the House. It is only to be regretted that the size of the Peers' Dining Room did not

allow for more Old Grantites to attend as a considerable number had to be refused. Those who attended were:

Andrews, Mr. N. P.	Hornsby, Mr. J. M.
Argyle, Mr. M. V.	Jacomb-Hood, Mr. J. W.
Ashley, Mr. F. N.	Labertouche, Mr. P.
Balfour-Smith, Mr. C. R.	Levison, Mr. J.
Bevan, Mr. P. J. S.	Levison, Dr. V. B.
Borradaile, Mr. R. O. L.	Lewis, Mr. J. S.
Brock, Mr. D. S.	Lipert, Mr. L.
Brown, Mr. N. P. V.	Lucas, Mr. F. R.
Budgett, Mr. H. A.	Martindale, Mr. A. H. R.
Budgett, Mr. W. P.	Negus, Mr. A. A.
Cahn, Mr. C. M.	Ockleshaw, Mr. J. M.
Carr-Saunders, Mr. E. M.	Overstall, Mr. J. C.
Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. E. C.	Oyler, Mr. E. J. W.
Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. R. V. C.	Pitt-Lewis, Mr. G. F.
Cleveland-Stevens, Mr. W.	Plummer, Mr. R.
Croft, Mr. A. J.	Prance, Mr. M. H.
Croft, Mr. S. G.	Radcliffe, Dr. G. R. Y.
Davidson, The Hon. Andrew	Ray, Mr. P. N.
Davies, Mr. B. E. G.	Rea, The Lord
Dulley, Mr. J. H. M.	Read, Mr. M.
Dutton, Mr. T. W.	Rogers, Mr. H. H. M.
Glyn, Dr. A. J.	Sheldon, Mr. A. J.
Gould, Mr. C. H. M.	Skellington, Mr. G. G.
Gregg, Dr. I.	Stevens, Mr. G. P.
Hallett, Mr. V. G. H.	Symington, Mr. A. M.
Hardy, Mr. T. G.	Thomson, Mr. K. F. M.
Harris, Mr. J. G. S.	Tunnicliffe, Mr. G. E.
Hepburn, Mr. W.	van Straubenzee, Mr. W. R.
Hillyard, Mr. R. P. C.	Wilson, Mr. L. A.
Hodgson, Mr. K. H.	Winckworth, Mr. J. W.
Hornsby, Mr. F. N.	Yolland, Dr. R. H.

SILVER WEDDING.—On the 8th April, 1932, in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, Thomas Moray Murray-Rust to Marjorie Milne. Present address: 10, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells.