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# the granite review

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*Edited by C. J. G. Forman, D. H. Robertson and A. R. Elliston*

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## CONTENTS

---

EDITORIAL

HOUSE NEWS

HOUSE DIARY

---

THREE INTERVIEWS WITH

RT. HON. KENNETH ROBINSON, M.P.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

BRIAN RIX

BREAKDOWN OF THE CHALLENGE .....*George Royce*

MONOLOGUE .....*Thomas Mason*

HIGHER CITIZEN 17938011 .....*Tony Ashford*

CINDERWIN.....*Tony Elliston*

PORTRAIT OF A BOY .....*Patrick Matthews*

THE DAY THAT HAS BEEN TOMORROW.....*Drop Out*

---

FOOTBALL REPORT

ATHLETICS REPORT

FROM THE GRANITE 75 YEARS AGO

PETER BEVAN

OLD GRANITE DINNER

## Editorial

“Ten more days to write for the *Grantite*”—

THIS notice lasted only ten minutes, before being systematically trampled by 71 loyal *Grantites*. “Only nine more days to write—we still need articles, PLEASE!” Even those who had never seen a copy of the *Grantite* helped the others to deface this notice. “Only eight more days” Still no articles. Why is this? Only seven. There has been little positive reaction to last issue’s face-lift. Disinterest is not the cause. Six. Without the *Grantite* people would soon miss their practice at destructive criticism and of exhibiting this ability to others. Five. It takes a large bribe to convert one of these cynics into a sensible contributor. The people who do write — four — of their own accord are a small unchanging body who provide the core of the *Grantite* every edition. What about everyone else? Three. A trickle of articles. Ideally, everybody should want to write for any magazine which concerns them. We would like to see the *Grantite* produced by the house, not by the few who do so. That is why this term’s edition has an article from someone in every year at the school, rather than having merely the best articles from the people in the seventh. Two. What we are really fighting against is the general “Westminster Attitude” which corrodes enthusiasm for everything. More articles. One. “Your last chance to write!” Right. Nought.

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## House News

### JANUARY

M. J. Abrahams was Head of House.

The monitors were C. J. M. Sanguinetti, J. H. D. Carey, A. J. Green, D. G. H. Lascelles, J. A. N. Davies, and N. P. A. Shinnie.

D. H. Robertson was Head of Hall.

The Hall monitors were S. G. de Mowbray, V. J. S. Kinross, I. C. Macwhinnie, and R. P. L. Wormald.

### HOLA

S. J. Earle, N. C. Fergusson, G. M. Fletcher, P. J. B. Hooper, B. F. E. Jenks, S. A. J. H. Mundy, R. M. Shute.

### ADIOS

M. B. Adams, C. R. Bland, C. A. G. Cary, J. P. Emerson, C. H. Kinchin-Smith, S. A. Mortimore, D. B. Mumford, R. L. Paniguan, S. C. C. Stacey, M. G. Wilson.

## APRIL

The monitorial remains the same.  
S. G. de Mowbray is Head of Hall.  
A. T. McNeile is appointed a Hall monitor.

## HOLÁ

C. D. A. van Lynden.  
D. G. H. Lascelles has been appointed a school monitor and Head of School Cricket.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Football .. *Pinks* to D. G. H. Lascelles.  
*House Seniors* to N. R. Haslam, C. P. Kemp, J. E. Lascelles,  
G. H. M. Niyen, N. E. H. Tiratsoo.  
*Colts* to P. D. V. Miéville, N. R. Haslam.
- Athletics .. *House Seniors* to J. A. N. Davies, C. J. G. Forman, N. R. Haslam.  
*House Juniors* to C. R. A. Wilkinson.  
*Pink and Whites* to J. A. N. Davies.  
*Colts* to N. R. Haslam.
- Water .. *Junior Colts* to M. G. Everington.
- Tennis .. *House Seniors* to P. J. Ashford.  
*Thirds* to D. Mendes da Costa.
- Fives .. *House Seniors* to N. P. A. Shinnie.
- Fencing .. *House Juniors* to J. A. Rentoul.

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CONGRATULATIONS to Christopher Martin on his marriage to Miss Julia Parry-Evans on Saturday, 30th March, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It was very much a Grants affair as the Rev. J. R. McGowan, himself an ex-Grant's house tutor, conducted the service.

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## House Diary

NOW that Grant's long-standing House tutor joins our sexy Spaniard Dave in matrimony, the housemaster is left alone holding the baby. On their way to Abbey, Grantites have to wade through a stream of bustling commuters. Rivalry between the two Tutors for the honour of being in the top spot as West-

minster's most capable courier was intensified when interpreter Brown took 100 people, seven of them Westminsterers, to the Paris landmark set up by explorer Martin and far beyond, eventually ending up in northern Spain. He brought the five Grantites back with him speaking Spanish fluently, and helping him carry his load of " presents " which insisted on clinking even when being smuggled through the customs. Unfortunately there was no room for the señoritas as well. With exams much on our minds this terms we would like to thank Rigauds for the encouragement they give us, while playing their everlasting game of Rigauds cricket below our windows. Up above, in the evenings, a long-haired flower admirer can be seen artistically watering Grant's roof garden, with a hose which is unsuspectingly draining a poor victim's bath. For our further amusement we have had hundreds of bowls of hot soup brought frantically through the house to reawaken the audience of the Latin play in Yard. And, what with the re-arrangement of Hall to accommodate a new billiards table, and the redecorating of the dormitories, Grant's has sent in an application for a third star in the A.A. book.

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### Three Interviews

THE three questionnaires to which we have been lucky enough to obtain replies for this issue are not in the form originally intended. At first we had hoped to ask some of the same questions to all three personalities, but finding such a diversity of interest to cater for, we found it impossible to make up questions to suit them all. However we are extremely grateful for their willingness to co-operate.

#### KENNETH ROBINSON

1. *If you started life again would you still want to become Minister of Health?*

The question seems to imply that the Ministry of Health had been a specific ambition of mine for a very long time, which is not so. The possibility of my becoming the Minister did not seriously occur to me until a year or so before the change of Government in 1964, though it is true that I had taken a special interest in health matters for many years. My appointment was in no sense the culmination of years of planning—indeed my experience is that the important turning-points in life are nearly always occasioned by chance. If the question asks in effect if, with hindsight, I would again choose to become Minister of Health, the answer is an emphatic " yes ". My four years as Minister has provided me with a stimulus, an interest and a job-satisfaction more intense than I would have thought possible, and I regard it as a rare privilege to have had responsibility for the National Health Service for longer than anyone since it began, apart from its creator, Aneurin Bevan.

2. *Do you think there has been too much importance and publicity attached to heart transplants?*

Yes, but heart transplantation not only is a remarkable surgical achievement, but it carries emotional and dramatic implications which press, radio, and television are bound to find irresistible. My regret is that the publicity is disproportionate and tends to obscure other and no less remarkable medical advances.

3. *To what extent do you think the drugs problem is being overcome in this country?*  
It is too early to say, but there is a good chance that, thanks to the new arrangements which came into force a few weeks ago, we shall at least be able to contain the spread of heroin addiction. The so-called (and misnamed) "soft" drugs are likely to remain a serious problem for some time to come.

4. *Do you think legislation against racial discrimination also has the effect of inciting it?*

No, so long as the legislation is carefully thought out and strikes a proper balance between different aspects of personal freedom. The Race Relations Bill now before Parliament has been drafted with this in mind.

5. *Do you still find your political views are changing?*

Not fundamentally, though it would be foolish to maintain rigid views on everything in a fast-changing world.

6. *Most young people don't see how the Labour Party can get out of its present troubles; can you indicate how you think the Labour Party can gain the support of new voters?*

The Labour Party will emerge from its present difficulties when the economic policies of the Government begin to show solid results. No previous Government has made so courageous an effort, regardless of temporary electoral considerations, to overcome the basic weaknesses in our economy which have dogged us for the last twenty years or more. The necessary measures could not be anything but unpopular in the short term, but we shall be judged by the results of our policies. In the meantime, I would have thought that few young voters could feel any confidence in or allegiance to the Conservative Party, whose political stance (I refrain from using the word "principles") is not exactly designed to appeal to youth. After all it is the Labour Party which is out to change society.

#### J. B. PRIESTLEY

1. *How do you set about planning a novel?*

Before I start, I know the chief characters, the beginning and the end. I rarely make any synopsis but let the characters take over. Sometimes they surprise me—as real people sometimes do.

2. *Which of all your novels gave you most pleasure to write?*  
*Bright Day* and my newest novel, *The Image Men*.

3. *To what extent does your experience in writing plays and novels help you in your literary criticism?*

It helps me a good deal. I don't just sit in the restaurant. I have been in the kitchen where the dishes are cooked.

4. *How highly do you value the radio broadcasts you gave in the war?*

I said in *Margin Released* that I thought these wartime broadcasts were overpraised, just as I think some of my plays and novels have been underpraised.

5. *Which 20th century novelists impress you most?*

To answer this question would take too much time. If I had to single out one 20th century novelist, I think it would be Marcel Proust.

6. *Do you find your political views are still changing?*

Not very much—no. I am a radical rather than a socialist. I believe that political and economic power should be divided, so that a capitalist Britain should have a Labour Government. In extreme capitalist or communist countries, power is not divided—and there is tyranny.

7. *What do you think of student protests?*

Student protests are brought about in so many different ways—e.g., the Sorbonne was too rigid and narrow, Berkeley (Cal) too big, and so forth. But the real root of the sense of frustration goes down deep—and at the deepest level is the feeling that our lives are meaningless, then on other levels is the feeling that our urban industrial civilisation is not good enough, that the Bomb and chemical and biological warfare threaten us—and so forth. Students protest while they feel there is time, before they settle down to wives, kids, mortgages, hire purchase, the rat race. It is only when students announce they will not listen to anybody over 25 that they lose my sympathy. Some of us, with ages three times 25, have been saying what they say over and over again.

#### BRIAN RIX

1. *What do you feel is the most important ingredient of a successful farce?*

Apart from being based on truth the ability to make people laugh after a bad day at the office when they have lost £10,000, failed to get a taxi and had to walk to the theatre in the pouring rain and find that when they go to buy a programme their pocket has been picked.

2. *Do you find it difficult to prevent your performance from becoming stale when you are acting in a long run?*

Yes, but being a professional one fights it.

3. *How helpful is it to have the same basic actors in every production?*

Enormously, because you can be rude to one another from the first day of rehearsal. Normally actors spend at least a week getting to know each other and you can never act when you are embarrassed.

4. *Does one of your farces being shown on television bring a large extra demand at the box office?*

In times gone by it proved to be very beneficial but I am glad to say that the increase noted in 1956 has more or less been constant ever since.

5. *Which other plays being staged recently have impressed you most?*

Any that I have got money in which have made money and God knows this is difficult in these days of rising costs and S.E.T.

6. *Who do you see as the most promising young actor in Britain?*

Me, but I feel I might be getting past it now!

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## **Breakdown of the challenge**

**I**T is always around this time of year that on emerging from the dark and stony nether regions of the house into Yard, one blinks twice; once because of the brilliant sunshine, which Grantites only experience on their secluded roof-garden, and twice because there is, milling around the steps of School, a group of curious persons, obviously partaking in that unusual initiation ceremony, The Challenge.

I say curious persons since this group is very assorted. There are parents who can be distinguished by their worried appearance, or some because they are slightly older models of those we are only too familiar with! Then a scattering of "brothers" or "those about to take initials" who can always be matched up to their younger relations however hard they try to prevent this.

Perhaps there are some totally irrelevant people called candidates of differing shapes and sizes, mostly small ones. These get smaller every year until it is hard to believe that they know more than you, which every prep-school boy does. There are also fat ones who usually went to someone's prep-school, look utterly obnoxious and are always the ones who get it. All topped with a sprinkling of natty ones; a small group containing those not wearing shorts and blazers or grey-flannel suits or enamel badges with the legend "Head Boy" on them. On the contrary they are more mod than any Westminster and should pass or fail on the length of their hair if nothing else, and there usually isn't!

One thing everyone has in common is a bewildered, staring look in their eyes as they gaze apprehensively round at incomprehensible things like masters in gowns, or even masters at all for the really green, or the sheer numbers and the cynical pseudo-intellectual air which pervades all around and is soon unfortunately to pervert them into those smooth creatures who either live in the "Thistle" or are continually to be found wasting their time Up Fields, playing games, or so I am reliably informed.



## Monologue

“GOT a light, mister ?”  
Damn, all alone on a cold winter’s night bar light.  
Ah! Here’s a dame.  
“Excuse me madam . . .” no, no good. She wouldn’t touch a match.  
Hum, hum. Been standing here for half an hour now. Hum.  
Good here’s a promise.  
“Lend me a lucifer ?”  
“Cold day isn’t it ?”  
Bad luck . . . it’s hard in this weather. Try again.  
Another broken. Your last ?  
“Sorry guv. Thanks anyway.”  
Fee fi fo fum I’m hungry can’t afford a pint.  
Fee fi. Oh this guy will have one.  
“Spring a fire man ?” No go. That’s number six . . .  
Hum Hum. Looks like I’ll be freezing here.  
“Gotta have something to keep me warm.” Hum . . .  
Wouldn’t be surprised if it started snowing.  
There’s a dandy bowler. He’ll have a lighter.  
“Sorry to bother you sir, but”—Helluva snob, eh what?  
Looking down his nose at me like that.  
These midges are getting sore.  
I’ve got to get someone to light my mosquito coil.

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## The Times, July 16th, 2360

HIGHER CITIZEN 17938011

THE operational failure of this important senior citizen is the first collapse of an electronic body in the higher ranks. The manner of death is still not quite certain. It seemed to be self-destruction although these modern machines are supposed to be fool proof. Much of his brain was destroyed.

Citizen No. 17938011 was born in 1954 before either atomic war, and had one of the best, though somewhat curious educations of his time. He graduated in Sociology and Philosophy through one of the higher grade universities on a later stage course at the age of 167. He became an administrative attachment of computer X1100 for 200 years until retirement 15 years ago.

The history of his body is very interesting. He lived with a borrowed heart until he was completely replaced with artificial organs in 2279.

What remains of his brain and memory bank will be a useful addition to our new Y 3793 molecular computer.

## Cinderwin

**T**EACUP ladies gossip their tea-leaf predictions in cocoa  
while newspaper prophets who read the stars in computers  
sentenced all twins of position to twice-born chance  
And the superstition merchant, who tosses the always sovereign  
between the decks of contradiction and non-committal  
and reads the chemical clouds  
for the leaking addicts of chance:  
and the shuffling armies of providence's cards,  
arranged even to the unpierced hand of choice,  
sentenced to follow suit with fate forever . . .  
as the doorstep-orphan's parents followed the only door  
(although there were many choices)  
to the still-born cemetery winds  
and the ghosts of tortured voices.

---

## Portrait of a Boy

**I** KNOW a boy.  
He is five foot four and wears glasses  
He has mousy hair, a large nose and a drooping mouth.

They were talking about mathematical philosophy,  
So he said things.

They got confirmed  
So he did too.

They joined Task Force,  
So he did too, though he did not really like lukewarm tea and soggy biscuits.

They bought nude magazines  
So he did too, though he did not see the point.

They went to smoke three and two for ten cigars in an alley,  
So he went and bought one from them for ninepence. He coughed a bit.

They went to a hemp sitting,  
But they said he was too young.

So he shrivelled up,  
But nobody minded much.

## The Day that has been Tomorrow

WELL if it comes to that I'm O.K. they would say but I'm not. It was still raining. I looked through the plate glass of the café at beads of rain, scurrying in their zig-zag busy way down to the window ledge. I wish I was one of them, at least they've got a fixed place to go. Another train grumbled its way across the bridge at the end of the road. Seven coaches. Fifth train in a row with seven coaches. I looked down at my cold grey tea.

Another train. I saw a couple kissing in one compartment. I wanted to be there, not to watch them, just to be there, just to be somewhere. Somewhere, a place where if I was asked to say where I was I could, without just pretending and making it up. I got up and walked out without paying for my tea. I never do, it helps to make things more interesting like that. I like watching them trying to catch me but they never do. I just beat it. Once I did pay, I dropped my sixpence down an old lady's neck. I laughed after that one.

I was in the street. Nothing to do. People milling round trying to get nowhere. Why bother? Some run for papers trampling on Astoria reflected in the rain. I was just ambling on when one of the city stockbrokers brushed past and an excitable red-faced crud ran up.

“Hey, that guy there has just picked your pocket. I saw it!”

I told him politely I couldn't give a damn, so he just walked off.

I need movement. I hurled some mangy cat at a shop window, just to see how it looked. Anyway it makes people look round. I think they call that hooliganism, but they're wrong of course.

The shop-assistant didn't like it—she was screaming like hell—so I hailed a taxi. I asked for Cambridge Circus. I always ask for Cambridge Circus when I get into a taxi—nervous habit I suppose. A haze gathered on the window. I hope the things to come will lift that haze, that comes and stays and always comes and never goes. Well if it comes to that I have the right upbringing to behave respectably they would say; they'll never understand I suppose. Outside the taxi it was still raining.

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## Football

GRANT'S for the first time in living memory achieved a clean sweep in the inter-house football competitions. In the house seniors, not only was every match won, but only one goal conceded—and that in the last minute of the last match, with Grants leading 5—0 at the time. With nine members of the team who were normally forwards, including the goal-keeper, it was peculiar that the defence should be more effective than the forwards, who, especially in the early matches, found goal-scoring not so easy. In the later matches, however, this fault was remedied and eight goals were scored in the last two matches.

The pattern in the six-a-sides was similar, with the team's form improving with each game culminating in an excellent victory over Busby's in the final match. The juniors, without ever playing very well, also proved too strong in their competition.

The following represented the house in the House Seniors: Lascelles, D. G., Miéville, Carey, Ashford, Stacey, Kemp, Haslam, Niven, Tiratsoo, Lascelles, J. E., Earle, T., and Macwhinnie.

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## Athletics

FOR Grants this has been yet another successful athletics season; the Inter-House Athletics Cup, the Relay Cup and the Bringsty Relay all standing amongst the array of individual cups.

The first major events of the season were the Long Distance Races. Here we were very well represented in the juniors—N. R. Haslam 2nd; A. R. Elliston and M. A. T. Deighton in the first ten—an effort which won us the junior Long Distance Cup. In the seniors the story was not so happy—our best runners only managing to tie in 17th place.

A week after the Long Distance Races we were confronted with the thought of defending our Bringsty Relay tradition. Fortunately our power house in this race came from the Under 16's, with a particularly good run from A. R. Elliston.

From lying 4th in the race and 150 yds. behind the leaders after the first lap, we pulled ourselves up to first place, and at the finish N. R. Haslam came in with a comfortable lead. This was the most outstanding team effort of the season. The relays were not held *en bloc* on the last day of term but spread liberally over the last week and a half of the season. After unnecessarily losing a few races—namely the Open 220 yds. and the Under-16 100 yds.—everybody made a great effort and consistency won through.

Despite the satisfaction of winning all but one of the Inter-House Cups (and coming second in the Standards competition) perhaps the greatest success of the season was the individual achievements of the house. In the Open 100 yds. Grantites filled the first four places; we also won the Open Long Jump, Discus, and Javelin. In the Under-16's we won the Long Jump, 440 yds. plus several other events. A splendid effort by S. G. de Mowbray won him all three of his events in the Under-14½ group.

Altogether then, the House's Athletics achievement this term was due to consistency. There were no runaway victories (except in the Inter-House Athletics Cup), everything was hard fought and therefore won in grand style.

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[It should be mentioned that the Head of House Athletics, J. A. N. Davies, made a considerable contribution towards the success of the House.—Ed.]

## From the Grantite 75 years ago

To the Editor of the *GRANTITE REVIEW*

July 1893

Dear Sir,

Am I right in thinking that nasty, horrid, rough game—so-called football—still exists in the yard Up Grants? I feel quite sure that 70% of the injuries sustained by members of Grants are the result of that “fated” yard game, and I would suggest that in its place some nice quiet game be instituted, for instance, nine-pins or some other game which could be played without the risk of such fearful accidents.

Hoping you will agree with me,

I remain yours truly,

MOLLIS.

---

## Peter Bevan

Grants 1915-1920

Head of House 1919-1920

GRANTITES of many generations will have heard with sorrow of the death of Peter Bevan soon after his election as President of the Old Grantite Club. He was one of the founders of the Club which arose in its present form in 1926 out of an earlier club called “The Moth Club” also founded by him and confined to a few old Grantites. No dinner or meeting of the Club was complete without him.

After leaving Westminster he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he rowed in the Trinity Third boat; subsequently he practised at the Bar until shortly before his death, with the exception of the period of the second World War when he served in the Royal Navy. He was elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Tribute has been paid elsewhere to his professional distinction; here we would wish to dwell on the personal qualities which endeared him to such a wide circle of friends. He was a happy man with an immense sense of humour, and he had the gift of sharing his happiness with others.

At any gathering of Old Grantites there was always a group of which he was the centre and from which came gaiety and laughter; one always felt the better for having been with him.

Grantites will always remember him with deep affection and offer their sincerest sympathy to his wife and family.

## Old Granite Club

THE Annual Dinner of the Old Granite Club took place at the King Charles Suite, Whitehall Court, on Tuesday, 21st May. Mr. Norman Andrews presided and made particular reference to the recent death of his predecessor, Mr. Peter Bevan. The guests of the Club were the House Master, Mr. C. S. Martin, one of the House Tutors, and the Head of House, M. J. Abrahams.

Those attending the dinner were:—Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. R. Plummer, Mr. G. P. Stevens, Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. J. W. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. A. S. H. Kemp, Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. R. O. I. Borrodaile, Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. S. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. R. P. Adler, Mr. J. P. Hart, Mr. I. J. Abrahams, Mr. V. B. Levison, Mr. P. N. Ray, Mr. P. C. Pearson, Mr. I. Bowley, Mr. R. R. Davies, Mr. L. A. Wilson, The Reverend J. R. McGowan, Mr. J. W. P. Bradley, Mr. G. G. Skellington, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. J. Woodford, Mr. J. R. Smith, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. G. I. Chick, Mr. H. L. Phillips, Mr. F. R. Fuller, Mr. T. C. Harris, Mr. C. N. Foster, Mr. A. J. Stranger-Jones.

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