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# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



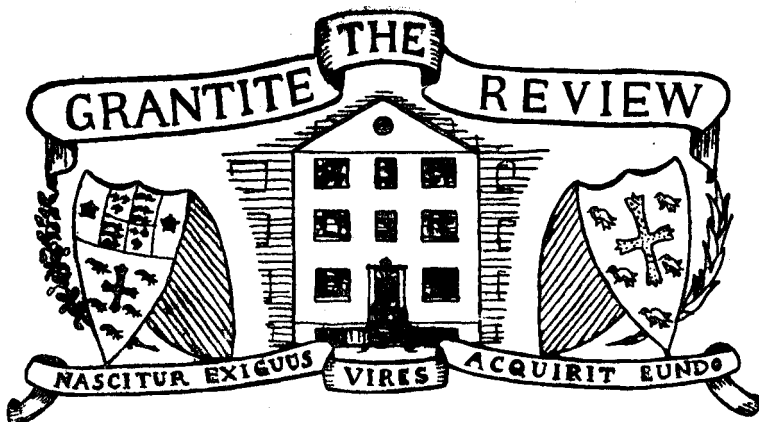
LENT-ELECTION TERMS  
1950



## INDEX.

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EDITORIAL ... ..	3
TRAGEDY IN GRANT'S ... .. <i>An Ex-Editor</i> ... ..	4
HOUSE NOTES ... ..	5
HOUSE DIARY ... ..	6
EDWARDIAN GRANT'S ... .. <i>L. E. Tanner</i> ... ..	4
FOOTBALL ... ..	9
THE WATER ... ..	12
ATHLETICS ... ..	13
FIVES... ..	13
"HAMLET" ... .. <i>A. H. R. Martindale</i> ... ..	14
THE CONCERT ... .. <i>G. N. P. Lee</i> ... ..	15
THE SCHOOL DANCE ... .. <i>R. P. Harben</i> ... ..	16
HIS LAST TERM ... .. <i>C. J. H. Davies</i> ... ..	17
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT STUMPER ... .. <i>D. S. Cammell</i> ... ..	17
MEAN STREET ... .. <i>W. E. A. Phillips</i> ... ..	20
HELL'S BELLS ... .. <i>J. F. Wordsworth</i> ... ..	21
HUNT THE NAME ... .. <i>F. D. Hornsby</i> ... ..	22
BILL AND I ... .. <i>G. G. F. Wordsworth</i> ... ..	23
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT ... .. <i>M. G. Drake</i> ... ..	24
CORRESPONDENCE ... ..	25
OLD GRANITE CLUB ... ..	26
NOTICES ... ..	27



VOLUME XX. No. 2.

209TH EDITION.

### EDITORIAL.

Westminster has deservedly established for itself a reputation for broad-mindedness and progressiveness. Yet it has managed to move with the times without losing the character and tradition of a Public School. This is certainly an achievement to be proud of. Its accomplishment has probably been due to the fact that it avoided the fever of reform for reform's sake, breaking tradition and custom for the mere sake of change.

It is this policy of Westminster's which has been responsible for the desirable review of the monitorial system and discipline in general which has taken place during last term in the school's societies and magazines. It is desirable because we can be sure that each topic will be treated on its own merits. The school has not been carried away by the novelty of radical changes because it has never been starved of the moderate reform.

A subject rather akin to the two mentioned above is to what extent should the "happy home" atmosphere exist in a boarding house. Is it desirable even to the extent of making a reasonable amount of discipline kept by senior boys impossible? Surely when this stage is reached the "happy home" atmosphere is being taken advantage of. It appears to be quite desirable to be introduced up to this point. It has never been the intention of Westminster to make term-time as different from the outside world as possible, creating an artificial community.

Might it not be this idea of creating a "happy home" which the "Disappointed Idealist" and "Another Disappointed Idealist" have got hold of but used to draw a conclusion that is incorrect? It is suggested by them that the so-called barrier between senior and junior is incompatible with a "friendly community" and produces a "house divided against itself." It is not fair to say that there is a barrier between senior and junior; there is a gulf, but it is not an artificial one. It exists because there really is considerable difference between a boy of fifteen or fourteen and a boy of seventeen. Boys of such different ages are not going to have the same interests. Those that do are the exception. This does not mean that seniors and juniors should not be on friendly terms. There is no need for one to cut himself off from the other but surely to go out of one's way to bridge a gap which is a natural one just for the sake of a forced unity is a mistaken ideal?

### TRAGEDY IN GRANT'S.

It was just before midnight on Monday, March 20th, and only the peaceful snores of Grantites disturbed the silence of London. As twelve began to chime, a faint murmuring could be heard coming from the top floor. On the first stroke of twelve the noise rose to a crescendo as bedclothes were flung aside, the door of a dormitory burst open, and a figure was to be seen crashing down the stairs. Hair, which had been torn out in handfuls, lay in its wake, and as it fell in a heap on the floor there could be heard among unintelligible words.

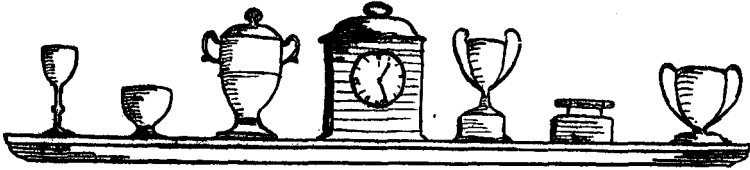
"Articles . . . . Promises . . . . \*?!!\* . . . . four of Rogers poems . . . . blue covers . . . . Oooooo . . . . Pink covers . . . . Ahhhhhhaa . . . . No covers . . . . Oooo . . . . Higgs and Co. . . . Slander . . . . Libel!"

The figure rose and staggered to a desk. "Twenty-five pages;" it tore out a file, "Twenty pages." It opened it, "TEN PAGES," and as it scrambled desperately among sheets of paper, "FIVE PAGES."

There was a short silence during which a window was opened and then could be heard "Nooooo Grantite Review," followed by a dull thud and squelch.

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Please get your article in on time for the next issue. Deadline, July 22nd.



## HOUSE NOTES.

### ELECTION TERM.

There left us last term :—D. N. Croft, G. N. P. Lee, R. N. Mackay, D. G. Standish-Hayes and B. A. Clarke. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome this term :—C. H. Prince and J. S. Woodford.

In Inner there are :—H. Ward, E. S. Chesser, F. D. Hornsby and R. P. Harben.

In Chiswicks there are :—E. J. W. Oyler, S. R. N. Rodway, S. G. Croft, A. H. R. Martindale, J. F. Wordsworth, M. L. B. Pritchard, N. N. G. Maw, K. J. M. Kemp, T. J. W. Smethurst, J. W. L. Croft, T. H. Stewart (boarders) ; R. A. Miles (half-boarder).

The Head of Hall is K. H. Hodgson and the Hall Monitors are C. J. H. Davies, A. C. Hornsby, D. J. Van Rest, J. G. S. Harris (boarders) ; D. S. Cammell (half-boarder).

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### LENT TERM.

We won the final of Football Seniors, beating College 1—0.

We came third in Fencing Seniors, our sole representative reaching the final pool in two weapons.

We lost the Senior Long Distance Race to Rigauds.

We won the Junior Long Distance Race.

We won the Bringsty Relay Race, beating the previous record by 16 seconds.

We lost to Rigauds in the first round of Fives Juniors after a very close match, the decision being decided on points.

We came fifth in the Inter-House Boxing Competition.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to :—C. R. Hayes on his Thirds for Boxing.

and to :—C. J. H. Davies, A. C. Hornsby, K. J. M. Kemp, and M. L. B. Pritchard on their Seniors for Football.

and to :—T. H. Stewart on his Seniors for Fencing.

and to :—T. J. Davies, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby on their Juniors for Football.

and to :—B. A. Clarke, J. W. L. Croft, and C. J. H. Davies on their Juniors for Fives.

We should like to congratulate R. N. Mackay on gaining an Open Scholarship in History at Trinity College, Oxford.

This term in Lit. Soc. we read :—"Candida," by B. Shaw ; "Ghosts," by H. Ibsen ; "Flare Path," by T. Rattigan ; "An Inspector Calls," by J. B. Priestley ; "Gioconda Smile," by A. Huxley ; "Cure for Love," by W. Greenwood ; "Lot's Wife," by P. Blackmore ; "Agamemnon," by Aeschylus (Gilbert Murray).

#### CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

1st VIII v. St. Paul's	...	...	...	...	...	May 30th.
1st XI v. Radley (Home)	...	...	...	...	...	May 30th.
Royal Opening of College	...	...	...	...	...	June 6th.
Exeat	...	...	...	...	...	June 9th-11th.
Music Competitions	...	...	...	...	...	June 14th.
1st XI v. Charterhouse (Away)	...	...	...	...	...	June 17th.
1st XI v. Lancing (Away)	...	...	...	...	...	June 20th.
Marlow Regatta	...	...	...	...	...	June 24th.
Henley Royal Regatta	...	...	...	July 5th,	6th,	7th, 8th.
1st XI v. O.W.W.	...	...	...	...	...	July 15th.
School Regatta	...	...	...	...	...	July 17th-29th.
School Concert	...	...	...	...	...	July 28th.
Election Sunday	...	...	...	...	...	July 30th.
Term Ends	...	...	...	...	...	Aug. 1st.

#### HOUSE DIARY.

The scene in the dining-room during prayers has changed since last year. Not only have the walls blossomed out into colour but also Chis. They now wear bright sports-jackets and ties of all colours in the evening. With readings from such authors as C. S. Lewis and Aldous Huxley for the lesson, altogether things have been enlivened.

This term has seen the opening of a third house society, the Chess Club. Harris, who was mainly responsible for its formation, was appointed Secretary and the Housemaster kindly accepted an invitation to become President. The Club meets each week in the Play and Lent terms. It is hoped that the inter-house competition will be revived next year.

We were more ambitious than usual in our choice of plays for the term in Lit. Soc. Ibsen, Shaw and Aeschylus were all represented. Ibsen's "Ghosts" was probably the best Lit. Soc. we have had this year. It was well read and the very small cast was an asset in producing the atmosphere of the play. Rattigan's "Flare Path," although rather dated, made very good reading. We ended the term by reading Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Agamemnon." This was definitely in the nature of an experiment and it proved successful despite a certain slowness at the beginning. Mr.

Kilvington read the difficult part of the chorus extremely well. Unfortunately Mr. Lushington has been too busy with Hamlet to come this term. The society's thanks are due to Mrs. Wilson for the refreshments she has provided after the plays throughout the year.

S.N.U.G. Soc. is by now a well established institution and it seems unnecessary to explain its name any longer. Its activities this term have included the reading of three plays, the "Gioconda Smile" being the most enjoyed, and a film show. Attendances have sometimes been very good, never very bad, but we hope that they will reach a consistently good level.

With only two competitors from Grant's in the Boxing Competition, too much could not be expected. But it can be said that we had quality, for both C. R. Hayes and Hillyard have represented the School. Hayes was not at his best for the Inter-House Competition, losing to Jeeves, of Busby's by a very narrow margin. Hillyard fought pluckily but was beaten by an older and more experienced opponent. Both of them should do very well next year. There would have been more entries from Grant's if the Competition had been held on the original date in February instead of being postponed till later in the term. What little enthusiasm there was then gradually waned as term wore on.

Stewart, who has been appointed Head of House Fencing, has again been our only representative in the fencing world, coming second in the Guinea Pools and reaching the final pool in both foil and épée in Seniors. In this sport, as in boxing, although our numbers are few, they all acquit themselves and House the well.

April Fool's Day falling on the last Saturday of term was an opportunity not to be lost. It was not! Things began to happen at 3 a.m. on Saturday morning. The focus was on TROUSERS. It seems as if a game of hide and seek developed between Inner and two members of Chis. First Inner took everyone's trousers from their dormitories while they were asleep and hung them out across the two top end formrooms of Ashburnham. They went back to bed leaving behind them the spectacle of twenty-three pairs of trousers billowing in the breeze. But this was not to remain for long. The two Chiswickites got up and brought back all the trousers to Chis. After some negotiations, Inner and they put back the trousers which didn't belong to Chiswickites. The Housemaster, having been roused from his slumbers at 5.30, worked his way through a barricade of two beds and some chests of drawers to make his personality felt first in Chis. dormitory and later in the top dormitory. Peace reigned—but not for long. By seven the hue and cry for trousers began in earnest. Yard was like a market place. Some people were clad in pyjamas and were trying to break into Ashburnham (it had been mysteriously locked), others, fully dressed, were gloating over their plight.

Breakfast was served punctually at eight.

## EDWARDIAN GRANTS.

Externally the house has altered hardly at all, except that the trellised wire guards which covered the lower windows on the east side (and also all the windows in No. 3.) have disappeared. In those days the paved part of little Dean's Yard was occupied at all spare moments by boys playing racquets against the then blank wall of College. The game was played with a wooden "bat" (about 2 feet long with an oval end) and required some skill, for the ball (a little smaller than a fives ball) was apt to come off the paving stones at all kinds of angles.

Only the House Master and his family used the front door of the house. The entrance for boys was down the steps to the right, through the under changing room, along the passage past "John's" room (all the men-servants were "Johns" and all the page-boys "Joes"), and up the stairs to Yard. Here much has changed. Immediately on the right were the three Chiswicks (the present Hall), Outer, Middle and Inner, opening one into the other. By day they were somewhat dark, but at night with the curtains drawn and a good fire they were comfortable enough. The walls were lined with boards carved with the names of former and present occupants. No Hallites might look in at the windows as they passed along the corridor. Inner was reserved for the Head of the House and the Monitors. When they wanted anything they shouted "Hall" ("Haw-all"—a high note followed by a low note) and the junior Hallite within range had to come along at once to see what was wanted.

Beyond Chiswicks (I don't think we ever spoke of "Chis") was Hall of which only the doorway and the extreme end remains. But the present Hall, with the old fireplace, so exactly re-produces the old Hall that it is difficult to realise that one is not in the same room. Hall was used as the common room for Hallites and for "prep" (yes, indeed, we had early morning "prep"—7 to 8 in summer and 7.15 to 8 in winter and very cold it was), breakfast, lunch, tea, and evening "prep". At tea some of the fags had to make toast for the Monitors, and a Chiswickite in turn supplemented the tea, bread-and-butter, jam etc., by a "sport" ("Whose 'sport' is it tonight?"), usually eggs and bacon or such-like. At evening "prep" the Head of the House, or a Monitor, presided (until the arrival of the House Master, usually about half way through) at the top table, with the Head of Hall on his right and the Second in Hall at the end by the fireplace. They were put with some little ceremony in these places by the Head of the House at the first evening "prep" of term. Hall "monitors" were unknown, and to a Grantite of my generation seem somewhat a contradiction in terms. The rest of Hall sat in order at the long table by the window. Chiswickites worked in their respective Chiswicks.

The new boys "walked the mantelpiece" after tea on the first Monday of term. The difficulty was to get from the table



up on to the mantelpiece. Once up, if you were tall enough, you could catch hold of the slats which held up the ceiling and so help yourself along. At the end you took a flying leap on to the top table. Walking it the other way on leaving is an innovation and, I think, a good one. Beyond Hall, at the end of the Yard were some rather primitive lavatories known as "Japs." At that time, and before the present buildings, Yard extended to College Street and was, in consequence, much longer than it is at present. Yard Ties (3 a side) were played off during the summer and winter terms. As there was no netting over Yard a hit with a broomstick frequently went over into the garden next door, and there were occasionally illegal but exciting expeditions after dark over the wall to recover balls which the Master of the King's Scholars had failed to return. Small "scis" used sometimes to congregate outside the College Street door and shout through the keyhole "give us a ball, scholar." That door was never used except at the end of term for luggage, and by the House Master on his way to and from Fields in the summer where he used to go most evenings and bowl at the nets.

Coming back to Grants, immediately on the left, before going through the swing door into the house, was a door (now blocked) to the Matron's room. Everyone went through it as a matter of course on their way up to bed in order to say "good-night" to the Matron, Mrs. Thresher ("Tic"), a kind motherly old lady who might have stepped out of an earlier age. At one time, before my day, this room had been used as a Chiswick. Up stairs, half way up the flight from the first to the second floors, was the little cupboard wherein used to be kept the old brass candlesticks with the half-hour candles ("Tollies") which had lighted generations of Grantites to bed and only finally passed out of use a few years before my time. At that time there was no other lighting in the Dormitories, so if your "tolly" went out you went to bed in the dark. On the second floor the room on the right was the "3-bedder" wherein the new boys slept. Opposite was the "6-bedder" looking out on the Abbey, and, fronting you, the "big dormitory" running the width of the house. Every bed had a little hip-bath placed by it for the morning's very imperfect ablutions. Upstairs, again, on the right was the sick room (over the 3-bedder), another dormitory looking out over Yard, and the Matron's and John and Joe's bedrooms. The ground floor (study on right, dining room on left, drawing room at back) and the first floor were used by the House Master and his family.

### FOOTBALL.

This term for the first time since 1945, Grant's won Football Seniors, and had the remarkably small goal aggregate 4—1. Those figures give a good impression of the closeness of the competition in which we never won a game by a larger margin than 1—0.

Our first match was against Ashburnham, who had beaten us 1—0 in Seniors the year before, and had then gone on to win the

final. This game, which was drawn, and the replay, were easily the best games that we played in the competition, both as far as the standard of play and the equality of the sides were concerned. The first game was played on a Thursday evening, and since there had to be extra-time it ended in almost total darkness. The play was very evenly distributed in mid-field at first, but realising that Pitamber and Chapman were an extremely dangerous left-wing combination capable of scoring goals, we proceeded to put into practice the old, and very true saying, that the best means of defence is attack, and from that time they only attacked by means of break-away rushes by two or, at the most, three forwards. It was from one of these sporadic attacks 3½ minutes from the end that Ashburnham opened the scoring, when T. J. Davies in goal dropped a pass-back when he was harassed, and L. Herbert scored. It now began to look as though we had said goodbye to Seniors for another year. However, we again returned to the attack, and our centre-forward, C. J. H. Davies, managed to elude the vigilance, for only the second time in the match, of his centre-half, and receiving a ground pass from the right put in a hard low shot which bounced off the goal-keeper into the net. Ten seconds later the final whistle blew! During the inevitable extra-time, which was played in enclosing darkness there was naturally enough very little good football when both teams were looking either for the ball or the goal or very occasionally both. It might be said that Davies was lucky to score, but is it not the job of a centre-forward to make the most of each opportunity that comes his way, however few they may be ?

The replay took place the following evening, it being mutually agreed that, in order to avoid the farce of the previous night, play should be restricted to 20 minutes each way. It was obvious from the start that Grant's were out for blood and were not to be denied, and so it was not surprising when after a first-half of almost continuous attacking C. J. H. Davies received a lobbed centre on the half-volley and hit it extremely hard into the net, to put us one up, a lead which we kept to the end and at times were unfortunate not to increase.

Our second round match was another hard one against Busby's, a very redoubtable Seniors team who claimed, and still can claim, that the team that beats them goes on to win the Shield. Owing to the returfing of Fields this match had to be played at Grove Park, and consequently this game and the Final which were played with an extremely light ball on a hard sloping pitch after a 40 minute bus journey, did not produce such good football as the earlier ties. In addition, there was the usual air of tension that pervades such matches. During the first half we played against the sun, wind and slope and failed to score mainly owing to Busby's fine defence. Both sides found it difficult to keep the ball under control, and consequently play was very scrappy. The second half, however, was a different story, for with the wind behind them and playing down the slope the forwards became increasingly confident and dangerous ; in addition our defence was not much troubled by an attack which

had shot its bolt trying for goals in the first half. The only goal came when F. D. Hornsby scored direct from a corner-kick, the goal-keeper being blinded by the sun. After this the game steadily deteriorated though both sides kept on trying hard. It is probable that we might have done better had we had our full team out, but unfortunately A. H. R. Martindale was unable to play owing to injury.

The next match was the Final, in which we met College, who had defeated Rigaud's 2—1. Their chief strength lay in their two 1st XI players, C. C. P. Williams and R. T. Robinson. It was known that they constituted both defence and attack, and it was hoped that they would try to do too much and thus achieve nothing. The conditions were exactly the same as during the previous game, and we again spent the first half playing up-hill, this time, however, with better success, for, about five minutes before half-time, we scored a goal after quite a good movement up the right-wing. The ball was passed cleanly out to the wing who crossed it hard along the ground, D. M. Lloyd-Jones eventually kicking it in after it had been missed by two forwards. We never scored again though we had the opportunities, and spent a great deal of the time on the attack. The College attack seldom looked dangerous, though C. C. P. Williams tried to do an individual run once, and was stopped on the edge of the penalty area. This again would have been a much better game had we had our full side, the main deficiencies being in the forward line, Martindale having not yet recovered, and both C. J. H. Davies and D. S. Cammell having gone sick, which left the brothers Hornsby on the right-wing to bear the weight of the attack, which they fortunately did very successfully.

It seems odd to grumble, having won the competition, but one cannot help feeling how much better we would have been had we always been able to field our strongest team, a thing which we were never able to do. The secret of our success lay in the fact that we were a much better balanced team than any of the other houses. Except for T. J. Davies in goal, all the other players had played at some time or another for 1st XI, 2nd XI or Colts sides, which meant a great deal as they had all had real match experience. We were also fortunate in that we had quite reasonable reserves to fill the ever present gaps.

As far as individual players are concerned, T. J. Davies has become a reasonably safe though somewhat "fright-making" goal-keeper as he has not quite grasped some of the fundamental points, but there is every prospect of his becoming a solid pillar of House football for some time to come. J. F. Wordsworth is definitely happier at back than at half; similarly I think that A. C. Hornsby is more at home at right half than inside-right. C. J. H. Davies, whatever he may say, is a much better centre-forward than wing, where he is not fast enough; he possesses a good sense of opportunism, an absolute "must" for a centre-forward. A. H. R. Martindale in the two games he played, showed himself to be a very hard-working and tenacious inside forward, a position new

to him, being used to the wide open spaces of the wing. G. N. P. Lee and F. D. Hornsby, one in defence the other in attack have formed the mainstay of this successful team. At centre-half Lee, who was injured before the Seniors match last year, gave the defence that confidence which was so noticeably lacking then, and thus eliminated a lot of worthless running around, and also did a lot to calm the nerves which are apt to put a player off his game. Hornsby, on the other hand, enlivened the attack a great deal, and made it look as though it could and would score goals, an all too rare thing in football nowadays.

The praise must go however to the team which would never let itself be beaten, and which fortunately regarded every match as the vital one.

G. N. P. L.

## THE WATER.

At the beginning of the Lent Term, practice started for the Schools' Head of the River Race, rowed on March 18th. For the first few weeks of term, six crews went out regularly and were settling down well, but the whole school was struck by the 'flu epidemic and for three weeks there was never more than five crews going out each station day. A fortnight before the race, six crews were collected, and these represented the School.

In "A" crew, Croft, D., Ward and Chesser were respectively 6<sup>o</sup> stroke and cox, while "B" crew was stroked by Croft, J. On the day of the race, conditions were very similar to those experienced three and a half years ago, when in November, 1946, half-a-dozen crews sank. With a south-westerly gale blowing against the tide, the water between Harrod's and Beverley Brook was impossible and it was decided to row from Barnes Bridge to St. Paul's Boat-house, which involved the lower eights' rowing up to Mortlake before turning. On the result of the race, Winchester were displaced by St. Paul's from Head, to finish 7<sup>o</sup>; Westminster "A" finished 4<sup>o</sup>, 7 seconds slower than St. Paul's "A" and Westminster "B" dropped five places.

A fortnight later, and in the afternoon of Boat Race day, the 1st VIII entered for the Tideway Head of the River Race, from Mortlake to Putney. Starting 43rd, they finished 39<sup>o</sup> out of an entry of 213, their time for the 4½-mile course being 20min. 14sec.

There are now twenty Granite watermen, twelve of whom are rowing in eights. It is too early yet to forecast the result of the School Regatta, but there has been more interest shown in sculling by Grantites this term and if this can be continued next term, we may atone for last summer's loss of the Halahan through a lack of points from sculling heats.

H.W.

## ATHLETICS.

Last term over a hundred boys did regular Athletics Station. Vincent Square was out of use except for some twenty-five boys doing Field Events ; the remainder travelled by bus to Wimbledon Common where Bugle Chases, Flag-raiding and similar energetic occupations took place. This programme was varied with a Relay Race at Putney and watching the Inter-'Varsity Sports at the White City.

The main event this term, owing to the discontinuation of the Felsted Long Distance Race, was the Bringsty Relay, held on Tuesday, March 28th. The course was measured for the first time this year and was found to be approximately 1,500 yards, which meant that Grant's, by taking 29min. 29sec. for six laps were running at an average speed of 10.9 m.p.h., compared to Busby's 10.7 m.p.h.

Grant's maintained its reputation, winning by about 150 yards from Busby's, in the record time for the Wimbledon Course of 29min. 29sec., beating the previous best of 29min. 46sec., set up by Grant's in 1948, by 17 seconds. This was primarily due to a high-standard of running throughout the team. Everyone ran well, although perhaps Hayes, C., may be singled out as not only increasing our lead substantially in the second lap, but also having completed the fastest individual lap in 4.54. Hornsby, A., and Makower ran the fastest combined lap in 4.41.

The Long Distance Races at Putney were run in fine conditions over a 3-mile Senior Course and a 2½-mile Junior Course. The winner of the Senior was F. D. Hornsby (GG.) and the House Cup was awarded to Rigaud's although they were the only team running. The Junior Race provided the expected Grantite victory, Hayes, C., finishing 1st with Hornsby, A., 3rd and Lloyd-Jones 5th.

Owing to Fields being out of use the Sports and Inter-House Relays will take place next term. It is hoped to fit them into a convenient gap in the Cricket fixtures. While this arrangement is anything but ideal, sports in the summer are infinitely more pleasant, and for this reason there should be some good performances. Grant's Athletics show every sign of keeping up their high standard, as this term's results testify. Among the new boys, Makower, Hillyard, Cameron and Phillips, in particular, are most promising and enthusiastic.

F. D. H.

## FIVES.

In Juniors, played this term, we lost to Rigaud's by 4 points, who went on to win the event. Our first pair (Hornsby, A. and Davies, C.), against the Rigaudite first pair (Peroni and Lorimer-Thomas) lost their first game 4—12 but improved in the other two games, winning one 12—9 and losing the other 14—15. The second pair (Clarke and Croft, J.) had in the meantime beaten the other



second pair (Higgins and Henry) by 2 games to 1 (12—16, 16—15, 16—14). Grant's finished the first sets 7 points behind. On the next day, our second pair was beaten in their first two games against the first pair 6—12, 2—12. Our first pair beat the Rigaudite second pair without much difficulty 12—0, 12—3, 12—2, and to win the match Grant's only needed 4 points from the last game of the second pair, but with Peroni and Lorimer-Thomas playing at their best, they had no chance and, losing the game 0—12, Grants had lost the match by 118 points to 122, each team having won six games.

The standard of play in all the games was of a high standard for a Juniors match and in particular the game between the two first pairs was very entertaining to watch. After the match Juniors were awarded to the team.

With the advent of full-time Fives Station this term, two Grantites now have regular practise, which partly compensates for the lack of match practice which the abolition of the American Tournament caused. This was a continual source of experience for players and it is a great shame that it was decided to do without it this season.

H. W.

## HAMLET.

It is a common saying that parents only really wish to come to school plays either if they can sit next to their offspring, or if he happens to be performing. For, runs the argument, if you go to a play as a play, you may as well do the thing properly and go to a first-rate production at, say, the Old Vic. In, however, perhaps the 25 per cent. of the School productions which raise themselves above the average standard of "good," I think that the parent need not worry about the presence of little Johnny to make the play enjoyable. *Hamlet* was one of these ; it was not merely "good," in places it was brilliant.

Outside those actually involved in the production, I suppose I must have known as much about it as any. I saw some of the original designs for the sets ; the Stage Staff filled Chis. with their half-intelligible talk ; and from other sources I learnt much. And then being in charge of a telephone at the lower end of School, in contact with the stage, I sat through all three performances and the Wednesday rehearsal—tricky circumstances in which to criticize it. For seeing four rounds of the play, I noticed slips which any audience, seeing it for the first time would have missed.

All three performances were not perfect—indeed this is hardly to be expected, and is perhaps one reason why I did not get bored, seeing that each day differed. For instance, on Wednesday and Friday there was the little matter of the Ghost and a green light, or rather lack of a green light. On the whole the Ghost's make-up disappointed me ; it reminded me irrepressibly of someone in a long

curious dressing-gown sleep walking—although I can quite appreciate that a convincing ghost must be one of the hardest things to bring off on the stage. Another place which always rather disappointed me was at the end of the play within the play, at the words "Give me some light" which I felt the King ought and could have made more of. It struck me as just a little bit of an anti-climax.

But besides noticing faults, I could also better appreciate good passages. Everyone must agree that the part of Hamlet was played extraordinarily well. Most people have their ideas about the less distinguished players—that curious sailor, for instance, with the American-cum-Loamshire accent; and others. But still I think *Hamlet* was quite the best play I have yet seen at this school, which is saying a great deal.

People will accuse me of being too appreciative. They will say that a critic has no business to enjoy himself at a play. He should be a hard man, embittered with life, ready to expose every little fault he can lay hands on. But I have already said that to list all the faults of every performance would take more space than is practical, and would make dull reading. If at the end I concluded that it was only a second-rate production, I should, I am sure, have no support from the audiences; and considering it was being played to the audience, it is their enjoyment which counts. And to end, I will add that in judging any school activity it is inconceivable how many toes one may be treading on at every step; dainty foot-work does not come naturally to everyone.

## THE CONCERT.

This year, to celebrate the bicentenary of the death of J. S. Bach, the School Orchestral and Choral Societies performed an abridged version of the "St. Matthew's Passion."

This extremely ambitious undertaking was the only event on the programme and, considering its difficulties, was given a highly successful performance. There was, however, a penalty to be paid for undertaking such a work, and that was that there were only two members of the School, in the orchestra and solo voices, the remainder of whom were made up of Old Westminsters and professionals.

The solo voices were not, perhaps, outstanding, but special mention must be made of the fine singing of R. J. H. Williams who sang the part of Jesus with great feeling. A. P. Graham-Dixon (Peter) and J. A. Davidson (Pilate), a former Head of House, gave competent though not exceptional renderings. The professional singers were generally felt to be disappointing, though it must be remembered that as far as acoustics and temperature were concerned the conditions were by no means ideal. The Evangelist (Tenor) did not possess the range to deal with all the

exigencies of the Recitatif, but when he was singing within himself he sang extremely well. The other two singers, a tenor and a soprano were competent, without being distinguished.

The choir had one great difficulty to overcome, and that was that since they were singing on a stage with curtains above, behind and on either side, they were, through no fault of their own, very muffled and indistinct. They did, however, give to the unknowledgeable observer an impression of being well together, though chaos was only narrowly avoided in the last chorus, and also of possessing quite good tone.

A word of praise must go to Mr. Foster, who every term produces a good concert, to which rule this was no exception, despite the perpetual crop of difficulties and the last minute crises.

## THE SCHOOL DANCE.

There are a number of boys at Westminster to whom the idea of an annual School Dance is very attractive. Nearly all school-boys of sixteen and over, and indeed, in some cases, under, know how to dance and enjoy it, as may easily be seen by the number of people who glide into school to the rhythm of a waltz, or attempt to fit their movements during P.T. to the beat of a well-known dance-tune. In some this dance-fever amounts to fanaticism, and at least one young gentleman is known to attend dancing classes every week. Dancing and singing give most people great pleasure; they can both be enjoyed in private, by singing in the bath and practising dance steps in the privacy of the bedroom; but whereas Morning-Abbey, Hymn Practices and the Choral Society give us an outlet for enjoying ourselves musically in community, there is as yet no opportunity for us to enjoy dancing together.

Recently several boys banded together in an attempt to remedy this defect, and with admirable energy set about the organization of a School Dance. Having gained provisional official recognition, they boldly faced the task of working out the details of their scheme. They entered the unequal struggle with joy and enthusiasm; they emerged wiser and sadder. But let it not be thought that they have admitted defeat—no, with great gallantry they have actually fixed a date in the Election Term, and propose to carry on, disregarding the cold pessimism of people like the writer of this article.

The difficulties are these. There is in the School no room which really is convenient for dancing; the Drawing Room of Ashburnham House, which is least unsuited to the purpose, can only accommodate about 30 couples, besides which the floor is covered with linoleum and is in such poor condition that only waltzes and two-steps can be attempted on it without danger of serious damage. The limit of thirty couples is, of course, a great difficulty, for if the dance is to be officially recognised, it must be open to all members of the school who wish to attend. If the numbers are limited;

the Dance Committee has no right to ask the necessary assistance from the Bursar and the School Staff, or to make use of School Premises. Secondly the refreshments served could not be anything like lavish enough ; (as a matter of fact the price of tickets suggested would leave little over after a band had been procured) ; for the amount of alcohol needed to induce most people to enter into the spirit of a good dance could very easily lead the inexperienced to make fools of themselves, and that responsibility is too great for the School to bear. Also in a function of this sort it is impossible to please everyone, and the compromise that is necessary is usually distasteful to all ; not every boy wants to come in a dinner-jacket ; for some it would mean hiring a suit, and the extra expense is unlikely to be justified by the evening's enjoyment. For holding a dance Westminster is sadly unsuited and though I wish the enthusiastic Committee every success in their scheme, I cannot but feel that many like me will have great difficulty in finding a partner who would actually enjoy such a Westminster School Dance.

#### HIS LAST TERM.

And as the solemn service ends  
And every praying knee unbends,  
The Dean and Head walk down the centre aisle.  
The school by houses leaves the Abbey, while  
The organ's stirring notes resound  
And make the building tremble as they echo round.  
Everyone goes hurrying out, totally, joyously insane,  
For term is ending once again.  
Orations over, after a speech and presentations,  
Up School all wait with varied expectations.  
The clapping ceases ; the Head stands up in silence  
Amid an atmosphere of strained suspense  
To say a few short words of thanks and sorrow.  
The school is moved, unthinking of the morrow,  
As he begins to speak, his voice echoing in the gutted hall  
For the last time, in this last farewell.  
The gentle winter sun softens the rugged crumbling wall,  
And in the background sadly tolls the Abbey bell.

#### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT STUMPER.

Phoebus, the fiery charioteer,  
One noon, a trifle bored,  
Fair England's hills and dales gazed o'er  
And to amuse an idle hour,  
Observed two white-clad armies dour  
Do battle on the sward.

Far down below the scene is set,  
The ground prepared, the conflict met ;  
Each man a warlike eye  
Turns on the foe, and each stands tense,  
Ready to do or die.

The ancient keeper of the stumps  
Crouched down behind the wood :  
His back was bowed, his eye was dim,  
But glaréd he intent at him  
Who 'fore the wicket stood.

Full thrice ten paces 'cross the green  
Doth the wily trundler stand :  
His knotted fingers clutch the ball,  
His gaze doth reek of acrid gall  
As stares he at the batsman tall  
Who waiteth, club in hand.

The wielder of the willow wand  
Who waits the swinging sphere,  
Knows that as fearsome as the foe  
Advancing swift on sprightly toe,  
E'en now to let the leather go,  
Is he who guards the rear.

The striker striketh at the orb,  
But ne'er the orb struck he ;  
It passeth by in hissing flight—  
Astonished stands the helpless wight  
With horror in his ee.

But from Olympus they who watched  
The pitch's verdant green,  
Took pity on the batsman's plight,  
Sent Hermes down in lightning flight  
Who speeds the clouds between.

E'en as it is about to strike  
The triple columns there,  
He deftly from the menaced stumps  
Diverts the crimson sphere.

But all at once doth Hermes spie  
The piteous batsman's boot—  
His risen heel the God doth see,  
No part of his anatomy  
Behind the painted line leaves he,  
Neither his bat nor foot.



All filled with wrath is Mercury,  
Ingratitude so base,  
Can ne'er avert the awful doom  
That frowns on Hermes' face.

Backward he tossed the leathern globe  
Into the stumper's glove,  
Who pounceth on it, as the hawk  
Pounceth on flitting dove.

With ravening zest he grasps the ball  
Nor doth he let the leather fall ;  
But as in palmy days of yore,  
He wields it in his practised paw.

From his octo-generian soul  
The gathered years like billows roll ;  
He feels himself the self-same stumper,  
Who once had stumped the mighty Trumper.

With rushing speed and furious blast  
As winter's north-east gales,  
The stumper with that ruddy ball  
Scatters the trembling bails.

Pavilionward the batsman  
His weary way doth wend :  
He and Achilles, each had met  
By self-same fate their end.  
Each did, by doom of cursed heel  
The pangs of death and failure feel.

Apollo turned, and musingly  
Drives off into the West ;  
The warriors smile, their conflict cease,  
Their horny hands they clasp in peace,  
And stroll they to their rest.

And as each weary cricketer  
His flagon quaffs with zest,  
That epic game's played o'er once more,  
And every ball, each smite for four  
Is put unto the test ;  
But all agree, both friend and foe,  
E'en he whose heel had wrought such woe,  
The Ancient Stumper's glorious blow  
Had been, of all, the best.

## MEAN STREET.

It is nine o'clock in the evening, and Duff's circus is nearing the end. Waiting to go in for his act, with his beautiful Persian cat is an old man with a long white beard ; he is nervous, and the cat is growling and spitting at a monkey in its cage. Suddenly a huge sandy rat scuttled out from a pile of straw and ran towards a group of caravans ; the cat was after it, and flew off into the darkness—the old man shouted and called, and then he turned very white and grasped hold of a tent pole ; his only friend and means of living had gone, what should he do ? At that moment three splendid white horses galloped out of the arena—it was his act next but he could not do it alone. There was confusion behind the scenes, and at last the finale went in.

The old man searched the fairground, people bumped into him, and shouted at him ; his cat was nowhere to be found ; it started to rain, an icy wind dispersed the crowds, he tottered back to the group of caravans. Suddenly he heard his name called sharply, and turned round to see the angry face of the manager glaring at him. The manager told him to come in. It was pleasantly warm inside, a meal was laid on the table, the oil lamp glowed warmly ; the door shut, the old man's heart sank, for the manager glowered at him, and said ; " I have no further use for you, be off with your cat ; get out ! " and pushed him out of the warm caravan into the cold December evening.

He walked out into the dark city, past gaily lit shops with Christmas decorations and candles in the windows, but he was penniless and homeless. He searched everywhere for his cat, but could not find him.

The town hall clock struck midnight, and he gave up searching, and turned down a dark street in search of a lodging : the gas lamp threw a dim light on the corner house, he glanced up at the sign, a cold gust of wind rushed up the street—he shivered—Mean Street ! He trudged on into the gloom ; suddenly he saw something lying in the gutter and two boys hitting it with sticks ; it lay motionless. A horrible fear swept through him, he ran to the nearest boy, but something hit him on the head ; he fell stunned ; he lay there ; another icy blast brought him to his senses ; lying beside him was the dead body of his only friend.

A few minutes later, he feebly climbed up a dirty flight of steps, and knocked on a tenement door. Someone opened the door after a few minutes, and roughly asked him what he wanted ; he mumbled that he wanted a bed for the night ; he was given a dirty attic in the top of the house, and when he reached it, the mice scurried back into their holes and cracks in the wall. It was an old house and had seen better days, the ceiling was hanging in cobwebs, and the wall-paper was hanging in streamers off the walls.

He crept over to the remains of an iron bed, and lay down on it, but the cold was unbearable ; he pulled out his last match, and collected the wall paper and bits of wood and lit a fire and lay down. In a minute the room was full of smoke, the walls caught fire and the floor blazed. In the morning a charred ruin remained, and the old man was dead.

## HELL'S BELLS !

“ You see Guv’ner, whenever we works in the bottom pit we ’ears a kind’a boomin’. ’Orrible it is really.”

“ And you mean to tell me, my good man, that you strike just because of a little booming ” ; said the mine-owning Colonel. “ Why ! when I was out on the frontier, those damned natives and their cursed drums, they boomed all day long. . . . And yet you, you lot of lazy good-for-nothing beggars, strike at the least rumble.”

“ Well Guv’ner, it’s easy for you to talk sitting up ’ere comfortable like. Why don’t you come down the pit yourself and see ’ow much you like it ? ”

“ By gad, Sir, I will,” said the Colonel, and rushed out of the room to try and find some suitable clothes for the job.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half-an-hour later Bill was at the “ Bull and Bush,” talking excitedly to his fellow strikers. “. . . . and what d’yer think, the Colonel ’imself’s a’going to come down the pit for the afternoon shift just to see for ’imself. In fact ’e should be ’ere by now.” There were cries of “ good old Bill,” and for the first time in his life everyone seemed to want to stand him a pint. But unfortunately after he had only had time for two, the Colonel’s Rolls drew up outside the pub.

The Colonel was dressed, as he thought, for the job. He was wearing as he explained to the admiring but slightly sceptical crowd of miners : “ My rugger kit, you know,” and then as an afterthought, “ last wore ’em playing for the Varsity at Twickenham in ’08.”

Bill led the way to the cage, where the miners picked up their tools and even the Colonel took a pick, thinking that it would be a good thing to show them what the army could do.

When they had been working for some time, the Colonel, who was belabouring the coal-face with his pick, while sweat streamed off his face, suddenly heard a dull rumbling sound. He shouted over his shoulder : “ I suppose that’s your damned booming.” There was no answer, the miners had heard it too, and knew that the roof had fallen in, and they were trapped.

When night fell they were still trying to clear the passage which was completely blocked, And, though they could hear a rescue-party working some twenty feet away, hope was failing fast, and they realised that their only chance lay in saving their energy and not wasting the very limited oxygen supply.

About midnight the Colonel woke up with a dull incessant booming in his ears. He saw by the light of a Davis lamp, all the miners sitting huddled together, petrified. The whole chamber was vibrating. Bill managed to whisper, "What is it, Guv'ner?"

The Colonel turned over sleepily and muttered, "I don't know. This damned noise is keeping me awake." A moment later, finding it impossible to sleep, he sat up indignantly and growled, "Hell's Bells!"

There was a loud unpleasant cackle. Everyone looked round accusingly to see who had laughed. Then a voice said, "You were right. You have penetrated to the belfry of Hell. No one has ever entered Hell alive."

The booming rose to a roar. The walls and ceiling of the chambers shook violently and then collapsed.

## HUNT THE NAME.

There was once a Grantite who had a terrible nightmare. He found himself listening to a German arguing furiously with a clerical gentleman . . . . .

"Himmel!" raved the German, "Harben Sie no Manneren? Ach! Cameron Blitzen, I vill—how you say?—knock your Brostoff!"

"Don't Ball at me," said the other. "After all, what are mere Wordsworth? However, I'll teach you a Fraser two. I may be an Abbott, but my vocabulary contains more than one Ward of that sort."

"Nein," replied the first, "we'd better go and sleep it off. I shall not use your diVan, Rest assured."

But the clerical gentleman did not like Wilding the time away, doing nothing. "I shall not Lathe about all day," he lisped, "especially as it's fine Anderson is shining in the sky. Besides it makeS me thirsty."

However it was one of his cHarristeric delights to play with the Vicker's Drake and his Chick. ("I like to Chesser about for exercise," he would explain). When he got to the poultry run, he found a Hawkins ide, so he decided to Leev it alone.

He was then distracted by a new arrival: it was an absent-minded Cammell which was walking about in an oveRodway. "Where can my Hornsby?" it muttered, "I've eaten them. Maw than likely. Hayes good for horses, but I can't stand the stuff; I'll have one of those Phillips of sole. I'm told you should Stewart in a saucepan, and leaving the lid off, Phelps-Brown it nicely on top. But, oh dear," it started to Oyler around in a melancholy way, "It's going to rain and I never Kempprepared. Have you got a Mac, Dougall?" it asked the clerical gentleman.

"No," came the reply, "mine's Miles away. I ought to have aLloyd Jones, my Clarke, to fetch it . . . . ."

It was at this point that the Grantite could stand no more and he awoke screaming.

## BILL AND I.

I often wondered as I passed the Snack Bar what it was that it smelt of so predominantly. It wasn't petrol and it wasn't sardines and yet there was something particularly "petrolly-sardine" about it. I tried to imagine the Menu, or would it be written on the cream wall above the coffee urn: "To-day's Special, Petroleum Sardines, 1/6"?

It was an unpretentious little place, more like a Workman's cafe, and there were people in there, smoking and looking rather miserably into tea-cups, which were empty, except for the spilt dregs in the saucers. The cups had the un-appetising air of something that is doomed to return to the tepid water in the wash-basin behind the door with "Staff Only" written upon its be-fingered surface and from thence to the counter and back again to the hoary mustache of the road-mender or the slut's painted "kisser," leaving its squalid impression on the white, chipped surface.

"Evening Bill, how's the wife?"

"As right as ever I suppose," came the grunt from the *Evening News*. Very ordinary talk, nobody seemed to notice it but me. The hum of the talk went on and Bill and the new-comer settled down to their chat in the corner, and the smoke curled up towards the low, smutty ceiling.

And the "sardine petrolly" smell poured out, with the smoke of cheap tobacco, and melted away into the damp, yellow fog.

The sound of the voices died away as I walked back to supper. It had rained and the lights left pathways of colour in the grey of wet roads.

Was there no real happiness in the world? Or were some bound by God to be happy while others sat in sordid milk-bars and breathed the smoke of their neighbour's pipes as the tepid tea cooled and the world outside hardened against them?

Was there salvation for all men? But the tug on the river hooted the answer, "No."

"Evening Bill, how's the wife?"—asked the man whose life wasn't worth living, whose only pleasure was the Saturday Match and the laze with the Sunday Papers, with nothing fine or beautiful, nothing new or comforting, only the knowledge that he had saved enough to lie in Brixton Cemetery with those others who have died and left only a white tablet to glint in the sooty sun to tell the world that they had lived, and died.—"As right as ever, I suppose, mate."

And the lives of Bill and his companion faded away as the smoke had faded into the fog.

Perhaps we will meet again, Bill and I, in Brixton Burial Ground, and then, if we possess the faculty of immortality our souls will speak to one another . . . . .

But, then it will be too late.



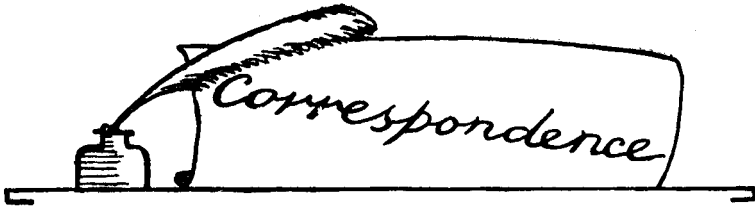
## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

It was a bleak windswept day when the French and the English armies faced each other on the top of two low hills. King Henry was very amiable and he told one of his Knights to raise the Banner. He did so and was at once blown off his horse by the strong wind. He was helped up and all the dents hammered out of his armour. Henry shouted "St. George for England" and waved his sword round his head cutting off the plume of the helmet of a near-by Knight. "Fire!" ordered Harry. A first volley of arrows hummed through the air, a second volley of arrows whistled through the air. "Fire in the air!" said King Harry. The Archers watched their arrows soar into the air, watched them start to come down again and hastily ran for cover. One archer in the heat of the moment let go of the wood instead of the string and retired from the fight holding his nose.

"Advance!" cried the King. The great war horses trundled down the hill at a good two miles an hour with the wind. The French began to advance also and so the English horses made a good five m.p.h. up the hill. At last, order was restored and the English and French closed together and the fight really began.

Two Knights were going at it hammer and tongs till one dropped the tongs and the other hit him with the hammer. The visor of one Knight was knocked so far down that he couldn't see anything and went charging off over the horizon. Another's helmet was turned back to front and he was attacked by both the English and the French.

At last, late in the evening the French had fought their way through the English and the English had fought their way through the French so both sides, taking care not to look behind them, called it their victory and went home.



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

THE CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Dear Sir,

Have you ever visited Cambridge in the Spring? If so, you will understand why the best news that your correspondent can send you is that the crocuses are out. To uninitiated foreigners this statement may well seem absurd, even facetious. But for us at Cambridge, life takes on a different meaning and changes gear into a higher tempo when the crocuses on the Backs begin to bloom. No longer can the nine o'clock lecture be dismissed with the idle excuse that one would freeze to death. No longer can one rush off to the cinema in the evening with a clear conscience engendered by the fact that the gas is at low pressure and one's room is a veritable icebox. No Sir. Here, in Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—Tripos.

So it was with this thought in mind that your correspondent set off last evening to the Pickerel, a pleasant pub. There he found Mr. Baron and Mr. Nagle who had slipped out of Trinity to refresh themselves after a hard day's outing on the Cam. Both in very good form. There also was Mr. Davidson of Pembroke, who has forsworn the boats for the boards, and for one week could be seen twice daily at the Arts Theatre singing Greek. Mr. Almond has been playing the oboe in C.U.M.S. with great effect, and this and running keep him in very good training. Mr. Williams seems to be having a very good time when he does take time off between his regular bouts of work.

Of the older O.G.'s there are Mr. Beale and Mr. Russ who have been but rarely glimpsed, but we hear it whispered that they really do work which is, I am afraid, more than can be said for your—

CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

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To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

Lately we have all read in the papers about the question of the re-introduction of flogging. Although this has no direct connection with Westminster the School should take this opportunity to think about a situation with which it is now faced.

Beatings, or as they are more commonly called, tannings, have been less and less frequent during the last five years at Westminster.

Is it not time to revise our whole outlook on corporal punishment? Surely the fact that it is being inflicted less at Westminster

has proved that it will soon be as out of date as flogging is? Surely the fact that in the house where beatings are quite frequent the same boys come up for punishment time after time proves that it does not work? Let Westminster show that it can move with the times and once and for all put a death to such a useless and barbaric punishment.

Yours faithfully,  
SIMON RODWAY.

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*To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."*  
Sir,

After reading last term's Grantite, I felt I must write to say how completely I agree with "A Disappointed Idealist." I am writing from the other side of the barrier. I am taking as a typical example my own case. During the last two terms I have made friends with a boy two years my junior and the criticisms we have received have been quite astounding. My chief defence is that if the friendship is a true one, the age and status of the other party do not matter and the friendship can only be judged by time.

In the House at the moment, one has only to be seen going about with a boy a year one's junior and unnecessary gossip starts. Thus it is almost impossible for a friendship of any kind to be formed between senior and junior. Because of this, the House is not, as yet, able to become a house of friendship and brotherhood to the full, as it should be. Although I am writing from the other side of the barrier, the same thing applies to both sides of it, as well as to trans-barrier friendship. One might say that the house is divided into three portions—The Seniors, Upper Hall and Lower Hall. This is wrong and I hope in time this unfortunate state of affairs will be corrected. "Let right be done."

Yours faithfully,  
ANOTHER DISAPPOINTED IDEALIST.

## OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

### ANNUAL DINNER, 1950.

The Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club was held on Friday, the 14th of April, at Simpson's-in-the-Strand. The President, Mr. L. E. Tanner, was in the chair. The new Head Master, Mr. Walter Hamilton, and the Housemaster were guests of the Club.

The following Old Grantites attended:—

Messrs. A. L. Adler, B. Ashbrooke, F. N. Ashley, C. R. Balfour-Smith, M. G. Baron, R. J. M. Baron, P. J. S. Bevan, D. M. V. Blee, R. O. I. Borrodaile, D. A. Bompas, M. I. Bowley, J. W. P. Bradley, C. M. Cahn, E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, D. F. Cunliffe, R. R. Davies, J. H. M. Dullely, D. M. Eady, F. J. Earle, W. B. Enever, W. B. Frampton, W. J. Frampton, K. G. Gilbertson, Ian Gregg, A. R. E. Hadden, T. G. Hardy, J. P. Hart, E. T. Holmes, J. M. Hornsby,

F. N. Hornsby J. W. Jacomb-Hood, H. C. E. Johnson, R. A. Lapage, R. M. Mere, H. L. Murray, T. M. Murray-Rust (hon. member), A. A. Negus, A. J. S. Negus, M. H. Prance, Raymond Plummer, R. D. Rich, J. R. Russ, D. W. Shenton, J. R. B. Smith, Dr. Martin Stratford, A. L. W. Stevens, Wilfred Synge, L. E. Tanner, G. E. Tunnicliffe, W. R. Van Straubensee, L. J. D. Wakely.

Mr. Tanner, in proposing the toast of the Head Master, wished him well. He (Mr. Hamilton) was accepting a great responsibility and a great opportunity. In reply, the Head Master said that though a bachelor, he felt like a bridegroom being introduced to the bride's relations. Westminster had no reason to be proud of him, but he was proud of becoming Head Master of Westminster. He was particularly attracted to the School because of its unusual character. Undoubtedly of Old Westminsters the most loyal were Old Grantites. If he left the School in as good a state as he found it, he would feel he had done well.

Mr. Cleveland-Stevens, in proposing the toast of Grants, emphasized that the strongest factor in the success of the House was the Housemaster. In reply Mr. Wilson said that he strove after individuality, not uniformity. The number of Shields held by the House was an indication of sporting prowess, but in addition he wanted to see open Scholarships, and in the House keen photographers, musicians, poets, politicians in order to achieve variety and diversity.

#### NOTICES.

If any member of the O.G. Club knows of the present address of any of the following, will he please inform the Editor.

B. R. Corcos (1939—1943),  
Lt.-Col. A. G. Hildersley (1922—1926),  
E. T. Holmes (1918—1922),  
I. D. Kingsley (1939—1942),  
R. D. Kirkham-Jowes (1940—1945),  
M. W. Parkington (1935—1939),  
M. T. Pitts (1935—1938).

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club will be held in October, the date will be announced later.

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All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to : 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

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