



PLAY TERM, 1958

EDITORIAL

Walter Savage Landor when taken to admire the sea, as was fashionable in Regency days, remarked "Is this the mighty ocean—is this all?" Westminsterers who glance at our modest dozen pages may exclaim with similar indignation "Is this the mighty *Grantite*—is this all?" and, licking their thumbs, ruck up the pages in turn to see whether anyone new has usurped the enviable position of head of house ping-pong, then stuff the edition in the unimportant letters file.

It is true that we have not smeared lipstick and toothpaste around the cover and printed "Play Term" in tachiste braille. Nor yet have we peppered the pages with amusing little quotations from Dostoyevsky. Inside you will find no angry young men proposing to demolish Grants' façade in the spirit of the Victorian revival to make it more like Rigauds; you will read few articles supporting the democratic election of monitors in an effort to bring Eatanswill to No. 2. All this perhaps will come in due course.

But yet there is nevertheless a very real pleasure to be had in the *Grantite*. It is the invigorating feeling of recognition. Each phrase has been used many times before. Old men remember that exhortations for contributions existed in their day. Former writers (and there can be few who have never written for the *Grantite* at some point in their lives) look through and see their successors mincing the same jokes out of the leathery material of house fencing matches. The old familiar faces still appear on the cover; the three figures balancing uncomfortably outside the cloister, Grant's unshaded in its glory beside its gloomier neighbours and the motto below which has nothing whatever to do with the contents.

There is more than there seems behind the pages of House Notes, appointments and congratulations, a long tradition almost a ritual whose pleasures are increasingly appreciated as the years roll by.

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: M. D. Fairbairn, J. F. Hewitt, A. H. Lee, and F. B. Lowe.

We welcome this term: C. S. B. Cohen, R. B. McE. Compton Miller, R. T. E. Davies, T. M. Hunt, and R. J. Simpson as boarders and M. O. Gellhorn, N. S. B. Tanner, and D. J. Walton as day boys.

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Congratulations to: M. A. Hall on his Pinks and Seniors for Cricket.

N. D. K. Evans and C. Macfarlane on their Pink and Whites for Water.

M. G. Hornsby on his Pink and Whites for Cricket.

J. A. Corcoran on his Thirds for Water.

R. N. Chinn on his Thirds for Cricket.

E. R. Espenhahn on his Colts for Cricket.

A. H. Sandford Smith on his Colts for Tennis.

A. S. G. Boyd on his Junior Colts for Cricket.

N. Halsted on his Seniors for Fencing.

M. G. Hornsby on his Seniors for Tennis.

J. K. Ledlie on his Seniors for Cricket.

V. C. Gifkins on his Juniors for Cricket.

M. B. McC. Brown and A. H. Sandford Smith on their Juniors for Tennis.

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J. S. Ingham won the Masonic Science Essay Prize. J. T. Wylde won the Phillimore Essay Prize.

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Head of House is R. J. Abbott.

Monitors are N. D. K. Evans, N. R. P. Heaton, R. N. Chinn (Day Boy), N. M. W. Anderson, J. A. Corcoran, and J. D. Noakes.

Head of Chiswicks is J. S. Dunnett.

Head of Hall is M. C. C. Heaton.

Hall Monitors are R. J. R. Hale, R. Pain, and D. S. Stancliffe.

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N. R. P. Heaton is Captain of Shooting.

The House won the Squire Bowl last year, and the Cricket Shield.

HOUSE DIARY

What has happened to the house during the last few months? It has received a new coat of white paint on the exterior which together with other recently painted buildings improves the prospect of Little Dean's Yard. A window box fell down one night from the first floor, knocking down the one below on to the ground. One or two more large cavities have appeared in the dormitory walls, but this just confirms the true Granite spirit.

What else has happened? Rock'n Roll so firmly established a year or two back has now almost died out, and has been replaced by the songs of Tom Lehrer. The number of hammers missing from the piano has now increased to two, but broadly speaking, the house goes on from strength to strength.

House societies thrive and Hall has challenged the rest of the house at "ping-pong," but things are not what they were. A new

set of forms has been introduced called the Remove, and is a means by which everyone becomes a "pseudo-intellectual" a year earlier than usual. The Headmaster said in his September bulletin that School would be ready for use sometime during April or May, but by now residents in Little Dean's Yard are acquainted with the School workmen's hours; in fact the workmen's words outside are often a great deal more interesting than the master's voice inside.

Lunch is still served Up House though there are some rare combinations; Marmalade-pudding and chocolate sauce, to whit. However, this instils lively if not enthusiastic, interest in College Hall food. The house gramophone will soon be taking a short holiday to recuperate, having worked for eighteen months non-stop, after two or three serious operations. The house wish it a speedy return.

Grants' has lost some silver cups, but that is probably because the back-door is not shut as often as it ought to be. The House Tutor is soon moving into a flat in the Science block from where, according to his predecessors, he will be able to hear the much renowned and respected Grants' Bathroom Soc. This is one of the few surviving societies at which a master does not preside.

So we begin another Play Term and it is not long now before the gay life Up Grants reaches its peak at the Play Supper; that glorious evening when walnuts resound on people's heads and oranges are used as water-pistols, while the quiet rustling over the mantlepiece of Floreat Grants' consisting of crudely cut crepe paper, reminds everyone that we hope it will happen again.

CHIS

Among words with a particular Grantite flavour are Chiswicks and Chiswickites. The authoritative record of the varying uses of these terms will perhaps have to await the appearance of a full history of Grants, but it may be of interest to readers to know that they are still in current usage up house though with meanings differing from those with which most will be familiar.

The rebuilding of the house brought to an end "Chis" as it had existed since the war; that day room which incorporated the senior members of the house who were not monitors, a body of whom the rest of the house went in awe and whose "Cases" and "Binges" were recurrent and prominent features in the annual round of the house's life.

Chiswicks is still where it was, but is now a day room available to all members of the house for quiet pursuits, and at the moment used also as the Housemaster's formroom. One day the comfortably decrepit armchairs may appear again and the room look less foreboding than it does now, despite its curtains and massed array of *Punches*.

Chiswickites also, although deprived of their exclusive home, still represent the senior non-monitor members of the house and enjoy certain privileges besides forming a body of responsible opinion and influence. The status depends on appointment by the Housemaster who has been heard to express, not very convincingly, regret at the passing of the good old days of a formidable Chis with its powerful *esprit de corps* and stern resistance to infringements of its traditions, among which hard work did not feature.

The term "Chiswicks" itself would seem to have derived from the school property at Chiswick, where boys were evacuated at times of "plague," and which was replaced in function by local sick-rooms on the site of the old, and present, Dining Hall, known, from their plaguey associations or from the fact that their erection was financed by money from the sale of the Chiswick property, as Chiswicks. This space was later converted into a series of studies (Inner, Middle, and Outer) which in their turn were called Chiswicks. These again were replaced, on the creation of the Dining Hall, by rooms in the new building adjoining Great College Street, and eventually surrendered their title to the post-war Chiswicks which has already been mentioned.

And so from function to location, back to function and again to location, the word has survived, although now for the first time the location of Chiswicks and the function of Chiswickites have regrettably been separated. Change however need not end there and the history of Chis may yet have further honourable developments.

CRICKET

Grants' won the Cricket Shield this season with surprisingly little difficulty. With three players, Hall, Ledlie and Hornsby, holding regular places in the First XI, and Medawar and Lowe on the fringe, a strong side was inevitable, but in fact the side was far stronger than was necessary. The Queens' Scholars though strong were inconsistent, and Busby's never really settled down. With Lowe in his last term batting with complete assurance to an average of 52 and Hall equalling this performance, there was little need for other batsmen, though when available, Espenhahn was reliable, and Gifkins played a fine innings against College when Hall was delayed by exams.

The bowling, too, was very effective, Medawar bowling fast, performed consistently and for long periods, and Ledlie who, when he feels like it, is the most accurate bowler in the school, achieved the fine average of 4.9, Medawar averaging 6.8. Again there was little need of more, but when called on Pain, Hall and Gifkins provided a second rank of class.

The fielding, if not brilliant, was sufficient and the accuracy of the bowling justified the aggressive field placing. Hornsby, the

First XI wicketkeeper, was always reliable and throughout the matches there was an aggressive spirit which grew with success. The side was captained by Chinn.

The League side, captained by Dunnett, had more team spirit than usual. McKinlay, Seddon and Groome bowled steadily throughout the season and the batting was nothing to be ashamed of. Seddon and Channer were the star batsmen and McKinlay and Anderson could be relied on in a crisis. To come third in the league table was praiseworthy.

WATER

The main event of the school year, the Regatta, is over and for Grants' it ended rather as expected, in complete disaster. Holders of the Halahan Cup for three consecutive years, we were set an almost impossible task of trying to regain it with only four active oarsmen.

To succeed, it was obvious we would need good luck and a favourable draw; and it was in the latter that Grants' first came to grief. We must never spend time deciding which crews are better than us and which crews are not quite so fast. It is this habit, so usual among Westminster oarsmen, that was the final killer of Grants' hope, for instead of concentrating on our own efforts, we thought a lot upon others' efforts.

Our Junior Four did not win their first race (against Rigauds "A") but they ought not to be despised as they were all very light and rowed with great determination against a more experienced crew. In the Junior Sculls our main hope, Hale, was unfortunate enough to meet the winner in the second round, but rowed well enough to have got through quite a few rounds against anyone else. No other sculler had had as much experience and all were beaten in the first round; Grants has only won two points in the junior events since 1956.

The Junior-Senior Fours were all very inexperienced, but the "A" four is to be congratulated for holding on to Busbys so bravely in their semi-final before superior oarsmanship and fitness took its toll; it was a gutsy performance of which Grants' should not be ashamed. In the Junior-Senior Sculls, Ingham, Congreve and Corcoran won their first races, the latter reaching the semi-final.

In the Seniors, where lay our best hope, the four was unfortunate in drawing Rigaud's and although they went up slightly at the start, Rigaud's having overcome some steering difficulties soon went ahead to win by three lengths. It was a disappointing row for a crew, who though slightly mutinous, a customary trait in senior fours, had shown some good form. In the Sculls, Evans, Macfarlane and Hewitt lost to a common adversary in consecutive rounds. The double sculls saw both crews lose to the winners (and holders) in very fast times.

Thus ended Grant's effort to win the Halahan for the fourth consecutive year. For the near future there is little hope, but already our reserves are building up with the influx of six new watermen this term, as many as we have gained in the last two years. In 1951, Grant's also only won eight points, with Rigaud's at that time also the winners, and the Head of House Water wrote ". . . the standard of watermanship has sunk to a very low ebb, . . ."

This is only too true now, but since 1951 we have won the Halahan three times and with a little fighting spirit we can win it four times by 1965.

During the rest of the season, Hewitt rowed in the first eight, Evans and Macfarlane in the second eight and Corcoran in the School four. In the after-term regattas, Hewitt stroked the winning Junior-Senior four at Maidenhead and Henley Town regattas and Evans the winning Junior eight on the Serpentine.

A. E. Richmond-Watson was kind enough to come back and cox the senior four and we are indebted to him.

FENCING

The last of a great line of Grant's fencers has just left us, and now we are left with an extremely young team, for which there is definitely a great future to come. To add to this we have two more beginners this term: J. T. Wylde and A. S. G. Boyd, who, I think, will become very good fencers in a year or two. Last term was the term for the Guinea Pools, for which we had very few contestants. In spite of this, it was won by N. Halsted, who had an extremely close battle. Unfortunately no other Grant's fencers managed to get into the finals.

We have no prospects for the immediate future, as our team is so young, but I feel sure that in a year or so we will fight our way back to the top as did our predecessors.

TENNIS

Grant's tennis for the last two years has been eclipsed behind a memory of what has passed before, and there is too great an inclination either to rest on past laurels, or to complain "Grant's tennis has been no good since Clarke left." Abbott played in the first VI the whole term, and Sandford Smith captained the Colts on several occasions. Next year, however, the mainstay of Grant's senior tennis will come from the first XI cricketers, and it will not be until the year after that, that last terms juniors will be able to hold their own against the rest of the school.

It is paradoxical that Grant's tennis should depend so much on other stations for its support, but it is an indisputable fact. Of the three Grantites who reached the last eight of the Barton Cup, only one was a tennis player, and Hornsby, the first XI wicketkeeper, played in the first pair of the senior doubles. In the junior singles only Sandford Smith got through to the last eight, and in the doubles neither pair distinguished itself.

MUSIC

At this stage of the term there is little to say about the house musicians other than the very pleasing and interesting interpretation at the School Concert by N. M. Broadbridge of Roger Quilter's setting to the anonymous Elizabethan lyric "Fair House of Joy." Though there is much controversy about Quilter's harmonies, such as the dominant thirteenth, they are an essential of his music, reminding us of the leisurely life now no longer existent in England.

The Choral Society under the Director of Music, Mr. Foster, gave a spirited rendering of George Dyson's "Agincourt," a work written for the 1956 Petersfield Festival. This was its first performance in London and in spite of Mr. Foster's forebodings of our interpretation, the *Daily Telegraph* gave a very favourable account of it.

Among the junior part of the house there are some very promising instrumentalists of a wide variety, of whom we hope to hear more anon. At the present a small group of boys from the house are occupied in learning their parts for a Requiem by the senior classics master, Mr. Zinn, who hopes to give a performance at the end of term.

CHESS

Last term was a fairly uneventful and unsuccessful term for Grant's chess. Unfortunately Patterson left at the end of the Lent term having reached the semi-final of the Barton Cup, which he probably otherwise would have won, and Fairbairn took over from him. He tossed and won his semi-final, but lost in the final to Mollison (Q.S.).

This term there is going to be a knockout competition in the house and the number of entries is encouraging, even though a number have entered as they have such a low opinion of Grant's chess, that they think they have a fair chance of winning a prize. There will also be an inter-house American tournament, in which Grant's will probably be represented by Espenhahn, Halsted and Langley.

A LAKE-DISTRICT CAMP

The night of July 29th saw a small group of Westminster boys congregated at Euston ready to board the 11.5 train to Carnforth. Two second-class carriages were reserved for us while the Air-Marshall travelled first-class. At 3 a.m. we disembarked at Carnforth in pouring rain. Buffets were closed and lighting was poor. After waiting for one and a half hours we caught another train to Ravensglass where we were met in a land-rover and taken to camp, arriving at Longrigg Farm at 9 o'clock. Tents were already pitched by an advanced party who left London at three a.m. on Tuesday morning, after eggs and bacon in Grant's kitchen.

During the afternoon Mr. French took most of us for a hair-raising drive at high-speed over notorious Lake-District passes. On the second day there was an unexpected heat wave and all the camp climbed Cumberland's less strenuous gradients. On our return several of us accompanied by the Major, wended our way in the direction of Lord Rea's private swimming pool, though there were a few who having seen the pool refused to enter it and preferred to watch the truly diverting behaviour of a frog and a slug in the shallow end. Two more unfortunate members of the party, who shall be nameless, were propelled suddenly by an unknown force from behind, into the deep end.

After being "broken-in" by Thursday's jaunt we next climbed Scafell Pike, the highest point in England. Though the day was overcast, at several stages of our journey Calder Hall and Winscale could be seen clearly. Lunch was served at the top, and all agreed with one accord that Army tinned food was almost up to the standard of a high-class grocery. Officers were heard to say "It's a pity that you cannot obtain these oatmeal blocks in the shops."

During the remainder of the camp it rained incessantly, but morale was kept buoyant, apart from one or two misunderstandings as to whose turn it was to sleep in the wet portion of the tent. This, however, lasted but a short time as by the morning "dry-patches" were non-existent. Mention should be made at this stage of the presence of a small but adequate wayside residence called "The Bower House." This was frequented by some of us on most evenings, officers permitting, which fortunately they did. Here the day's activities were discussed over what the Major liked to think was a glass of water.

On Saturday we returned to civilisation for a few minutes when we had baths in Lord Rea's cottage. On Sunday evening, those not concerned with preparing dinner went to Evensong at Eskdale parish church, a delightful edifice with one bell. Here we took an enthusiastic if not altogether tuneful part in the singing of Victorian chants and hymn-tunes. On Monday it rained all day, not to mention all night, and storm-lanterns were placed in the tents to fight a losing battle with tributaries of the River Miter. In the morning three of us pushed Mr. Rawes' car up and down hill in a vain attempt

to get it started. Mr. Brock, however, had more fortune with his machine and was able to go for a short spin before lunch. In the afternoon an attempt was made to meet some of our party on Burnmoor Tarn, but mist and rain put an end to such wishful thinking.

On Tuesday morning we struck camp, and most of the party left on the London train. Later Mr. and Mrs. Christie came to pay us a visit, and gave invaluable help in stacking equipment. We left the site at midday and on this note our activities end. We would have been able to climb far more if the weather had been favourable, but on the whole "a good time was had by all," and it is hoped that such an enterprising project will be organised another year.

N. M. W. ANDERSON.

SCOUT CAMP

This year the scouts sought seclusion on Arran and in view of the fact that a previous camp there had been nearly washed away, the elements were remarkably tolerant. There were a few days on which nothing could be done and on the first sign of good weather hordes of Scouts left the camp site, either plodding resolutely towards the mountains under a mound of tent poles, binoculars, canned peaches and cheese or wobbling precariously on top of troop bicycles and heading in the general direction of Brodick. Those who remained in camp either bathed, built ornamental gateways, lay flat out on ground-sheets hoping the brown would arrive before the rain, or, forming themselves into lynching parties, crept around beating up adders. The Scoutmaster, Mr. Stokoe, brought with him two other hardy backwoodsmen in Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Byrt, and these in spite of a blow out in their inflatable rubber tent came back with great fortitude and won all hearts by their ability to ignore burnt bacon and to produce petrol at the appropriate wet moment.

For the intrepid mountaineer there were a few disappointments. Having set out to climb the "highest" by the "difficestest," it was disconcerting to find at the summit of the local Everest (in this case Goat Fell) not the sweating bodies of others of the brotherhood, but cool young ladies in shorts, taking snapshots of assorted mothers, children and pets before commencing the return journey down the gentle slopes which led them back to Brodick and the coach.

There were visits from Mr. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Christie and that distinguished old Grantite Mr. George Patterson, who staggered in with two other very tired and sweaty Grantites, Wyld and Brown, and earned his keep by singing hot skiffle in German.

The end of camp was strictly traditional, the camp fire and the bumpf streamers were as usual and while some battled on to the Shiants the rest caught the Glasgow train and returned to civilisation.

R. N. CHINN.

GARDEN RUBBISH

Some two and a half years ago, shortly after Grant's moved back into her traditional seat, the Housemaster remarked, at lunch one day, how ugly was the wall which divided No. 3 from Grant's yard, and how nice it would be to grow some plants in tubs, in an effort to mitigate this ugliness. This idea was taken up by two brothers, who, deciding that tubs were not sufficiently permanent, marked eleven small beds against the wall and began with a pickaxe. The concrete proved to be between four and five inches thick, and in chipping through it, on more than one occasion they damaged one of our priceless Edwardian water mains. However, the mains were repaired, and the beds completed with a brick edging round each. Came the spring, and with it a small consignment of wall climbers for the "garden," which were duly put in.

Since then, these plants have continued to grow with remarkable vigour. Notwithstanding the fact that they are fast fulfilling their purpose, that of breaking the monotony of the wall, we hear numerous complaints that they do not flower. It must in all fairness be said that nobody with any real understanding of such plants would look for anything substantial in the way of blossom for four or five years. Furthermore, last summer, on return from the corps camp, it was noted that the two Honeysuckles and a summer Jasmine were covered with a very fair shewing of bloom. It may then be argued that it is not much use if they flower in the holidays, but we beg to point out that, with the exception of roses, very few things do flower in the term. The reason why roses were not included in the original planting is that the situation is so dark and sunless that it was very much doubted whether roses would grow. However, it has been proposed to put in at least one this winter.

There is one other section of horticulture attached to the house, namely six window boxes, five in the front of the house, and one at the back. We had a promising planting in the boxes last term until disaster struck and one of the upper boxes crashed in the night, bringing down with it the one below. Nevertheless the others produced a pleasant effect, so, provided Nemesis keeps off our trail, we should have a good show next year.

"AGRESTIS."

NOVEMBER

In November it was always desolate in the valley. A dense grey mist lay over the river-basin and the chestnut trees were almost bare. For the most part the apples were gathered and stored. Some rotted in little heaps in the sullen brown clay. And in the hop-fields the bare twisted stems were crushed in the earth. Moss and lichen were everywhere; creeping up the hollow struts of the old wooden bridge, covering the woodwork with a damp green

slime. A rusty, neglected hand-plough, was half buried in them. The track to the river bank was dark and rutted, sheltered by holly trees and ivy on either side. The leaves were gently rustling and occasionally there was the sound of footsteps splashing across the furrows.

Beyond the cottage gate there stretched the river bank. It was a sombre undulating green, patterned with black undergrowth. Where it curved towards the water's edge, there were reeds and bullrushes. Here the mist was thickest and an empty skiff floated half-hidden beyond the bridge. In the distance there was the muffled sound of water-fowl as they beat their wings against the still surface of the river. Then silence, except for the slow, insistent, dripping of the rain outside.

The red brickwork on the chimney stack was chipped, worn, covered with ivy; and the thatched roof had sunken in places into little black hollows. Near the lintel, the plasterwork was cracked and discoloured, held together it seemed by a wistaria which covered the entire front of the cottage. There were but four windows, quaint, lead-paned and behind them thick curtains were drawn. It faced south looking towards the murky reaches beyond the wooden bridge. To one side, a bonfire smouldered and a thin smoke was drifting higher up the valley. The darkness and mist were merging together. It was evening in the valley.

D. H. WEIGALL.

WEEKEND WESTMINSTER

Peace descends on Westminster at approximately six o'clock on Saturday evening until Monday morning at Abbey time. During this time the atmosphere goes back several centuries. Our own century is nowhere to be seen. The lamplighter adjusts the gas-lamps for the survival of Sunday, as the last of the suburbanites drift home. Those who remain are a select body who usually come from homes far away from London. It is they who love Westminster. Those who come and go each day cannot possibly have the time to know and respect the place.

The once crowded and noisy Halls are now empty; a few read and work and everyone goes about his own business and the "few" only meet together at meal times. There is a peaceful atmosphere which arrives with Sunday; everyone is happy and free because the prospect of a day of rest. It appears that the place is ridden with opium . . . no one runs or hurries, people saunter along yawning—almost asleep like the precincts themselves.

The house should be compared to its foundatory monastery. Always the same faces week after week always the same fight for College Hall butter. Always the same old porter who drops the dustbin-lid at various intervals to scare away hungry starlings from Green. This monotony never becomes dull and one notes a small

change as if it were a major event in our lives, which it is. The Dean has a new surplice and the Lantern has been relit. The weekend Westminster never misses anything new.

Democracy appears to reign over College Hall but is superficial. In order to cadge food, from people you normally do not know, you accost him by his christian name and he will hand over a piece of toast.

The same routine will continue for ever. Boys will saunter round Green always the same way and as the weekend closes the noisy creatures from the Home Counties drag the same tune from Grant's piano as the fleeting world rolls on.

J. A. B. HEARD.

PRESTON STREET

City of dreadful night monotonous,
Avenues of graves stretch far around,
And in the end a single chimney pot,
Two children playing on the ground.

And thousands, thousands have walked senselessly
The gaunt and bitter terrace of the track,
Beneath the chimney to the cemetery
And we can never call them back.

Not all the goodness in the world deletes
A single epitaph from these grey streets
Nor poet could exhaust 'ere kingdom come
Condemned infinity of slum.

J. T. WYLDE.

CONFERENCE

People always have a stock of quotations, which they produce at appropriate times of the year. For winter they quote "Ah, winter's come again"—and luckily forget the poet; for spring they perk up with "Summer is a-comin' in" and in autumn there is hardly anyone who does not quote "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

I cannot think why this is so popular. It is about the most unrealistic description of autumn I have ever met. I might agree with Keats' first proposition about mists if he could change the words to smog, but as to that fairy-tale about mellow fruitfulness it becomes quite clear that Keats has never been in our back-yard.

Here in a secluded few feet of Notting Hill Gate the blackberries remain green all the year round and the geraniums flower in November. Above all we have a large pear-tree that overhangs the wall, which bears "winter pears." The uninitiated at No. 5 think that in winter we get juicy summer pears; what in fact the term means

is that in summer we get pears as if they had dropped in winter—green concrete.

Every year at this period the large crop falls at night, like spanners on our dustbins; annually we prod them with a fork to see if they are riper than last year's—this month we could not pierce the skin. No matter how much boiling, sugaring, or keeping, they never sweeten or mature; they just rot in their green state. We have lived at No. 5 for twenty years and have long been wise to the impossibility of these pears, but our neighbours on the other side change frequently and so do the dustbin men.

These last are usually introduced to the tree by a pear dropping on their head. The one who is hit puts his dustbin down last and when all the others are gone, looks around and surreptitiously shakes the branches. A rain storm of these delicious green pears descends which he puts in his pocket and down his shirt and makes off; I always laugh to imagine the hours of misery his stomach is going to give him.

Last year's next-door neighbours filled three sacks of pears to mature in the attic to make perry. Some twelve months later I happened to be exploring their attic when I stumbled on three sacks of potatoes. I gathered that those brown pebbles once came from our pear tree.

Two months ago, the Gladstones moved into the house vacated by several generations of unsuccessful pear merchants, and today I saw him on the wall. He was balancing on the top step of his ladder and leaning on a branch a yard or so our side of the brink. On his arm was a basket in which he had collected a large pile of green and white pears. When I appeared in the yard he manoeuvred himself back and pretended to be picking pears on his side. He thought he was going to make pear marmalade. I replied that I thought our pears would make excellent marmalade.

J. T. WYLDE.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

- J. B. CRAIG (1934–1940) has retired from H.M. Overseas Civil Service after 16 years in Nigeria as a District Officer and has emigrated to Australia with his wife and daughter.
- O. L. DICK (1932–1938) has kindly sent to the Editor a copy of his edition of "Aubrey's Brief Lives." It is a fascinating book (a slightly abbreviated re-issue of the original edition of 1949) not only in the scholarly editing of the "Lives" but particularly in Mr. Dick's introduction, which brilliantly reconstructs the life and background of Aubrey himself. As a picture of the 17th century it is of outstanding merit and at the same time provides admirable entertainment for the casual reader. Mr. Dick is now working on an edition of John Aubrey's "Idea of Education."

- D. L. ALMOND (1943-1947), R. P. HARBEN (1946-1951) and A. H. R. MARTINDALE (1946-1951) have recently announced their engagements to be married.
- R. E. NAGLE (1943-1949) is to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter.
- G. G. F. WORDSWORTH (1948-1952) is happily recovered from his illness and has returned to Fleet Street.
- J. F. WORDSWORTH (1946-1951), now a fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was married last summer.
- D. M. LLOYD-JONES (1948-1953) after a visit to Russia has returned to Oxford to pursue Musical Research.
- I. R. CAMERON (1949-1954) got a First at Oxford to launch him on his medical career.
- C. H. PRINCE (1950-1955) is doing National Service after Cambridge and was last heard of at Mons.
- R. T. J. A. CLARK (1950-1955) is now a Sub-Lieutenant R.N., and is continuing his training in H.M.S. Albion.
- M. C. M. FRANCES (1952-1956) invalidated out of the Army after a car accident, is now working in Chile.
- J. S. R. BENSON (1952-1956) has started his National Service.
- T. B. JELLETT (1945-1949) is now a solicitor in Dublin.

The following Old Grantites are known or thought to have gone up to various Universities as freshmen this year:—

- D. D. CAMELL (1951-1955), Trinity College, Cambridge;
 R. P. G. RICHARDS (1950-1955), Peterhouse, Cambridge;
 R. D. CREED, (1952-1957), New College, Oxford.
 C. W. REDGRAVE (1952-1957), King's College, Cambridge;
 H. H. L. PHILLIPS (1952-1957), Manchester University;
 J. A. MACFARLANE (1952-1957), Trinity College, Cambridge;
 A. G. CHEYNE (1952-1957), City and Guilds College, London;
 G. B. PATTERSON (1952-1958), Trinity, Cambridge;
 R. G. M. SPRY (1953-1958), University College, Oxford;
 M. D. FAIRBAIRN (1953-1958), Wadham College, Oxford;
 J. F. HEWITT (1953-1958), St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

A number of Old Grantities at Oxford entertained the Housemaster to dinner last term. Many of them were on the brink of "Schools" but the Housemaster reported that that did not seem to hamper their hospitality and he is confidently understood to have spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Editor, as always, would welcome information about Old Grantites and would appreciate in particular news from those who are engaged on preparing for their careers.