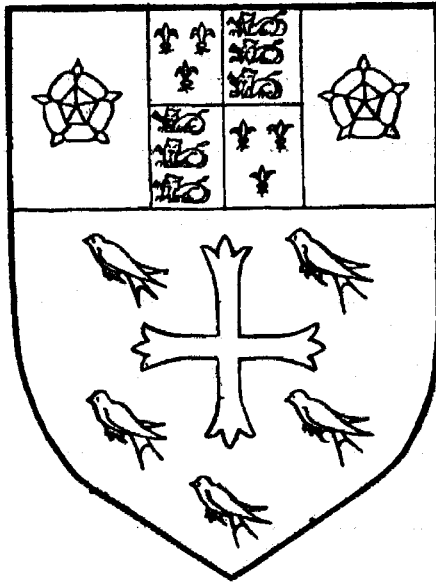


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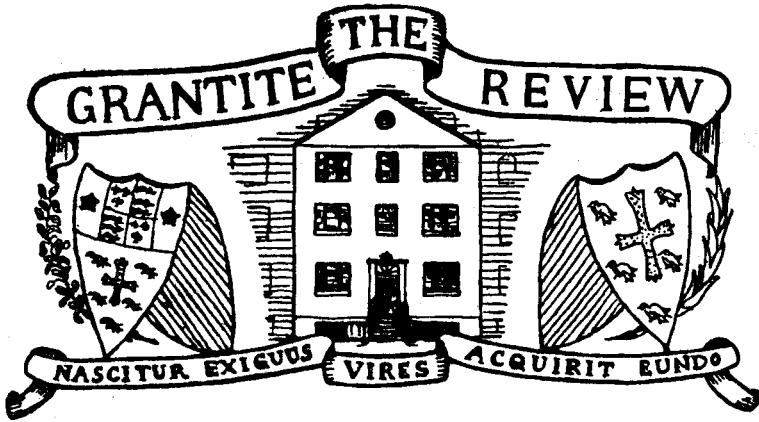
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1946.

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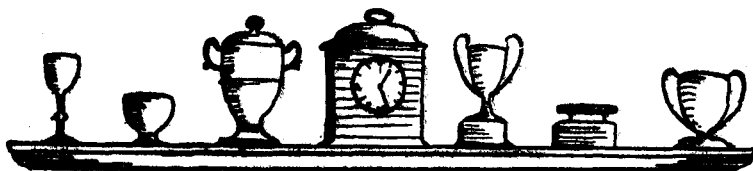
198TH EDITION.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS.

We have had visits from the following O.G.s since the last number was published ; apologies to anyone inadvertently omitted.

- R. J. M. BARON, still a F/O. and Met. officer in the R.A.F. and about to take up a job near Marseilles *en route* to the East in some six months time.
- B. G. ALMOND, at Cambridge studying Russian on a R.A.F. course.
- D. I. GREGG, who suddenly turned up (with a remarkable scoutlike hat!) on 28 days leave from India ; he may still be posted further East.
- V. T. M. R. TENISON, who came to the Garden Party and who is stationed in the North of England doing an artillery course.
- J. D. B. ANDREWS, who is still a medical student at Barts.
- J. G. BOYD, who has got accepted by the Foreign Office and been posted as an attache to Rome ; almost simultaneously he became the father of a daughter.
- W. E. and J. C. HEARD, of whom the former was re-visiting Westminster after a great many years, being a prep. school head master in the North of England, and the latter is still in the Army for some time at his own wish.
- Also J. HEARD, their father, who was at the Garden Party, where there were seen too J. EARLE with H. J. SALWEY ; also W. G. BORRADAILE, father, and R. O. I. BORRADAILE, son, the latter desperately trying to find accommodation for himself and his wife in Oxford ; and, no doubt, there were numbers more O.G.s at the party.
- E. F. R. WHITEHEAD, up at Trinity, Cambridge.
- A. G. ARCHER, a practising vet.
- M. L. PATTERSON, who takes kindly to a job in the brewing industry but not so kindly to Birmingham.
- D. L. B. FARLEY, whose doctoring has now taken him to Hammersmith.
- D. F. CUNLIFFE, demobilised and returned to the Bank of England.
- J. O. EICHHOLZ, still in the R.A.C., and stationed in the North.
- R. BRUCE, becoming a radio expert in the R.N. and stationed at Portsmouth.
- A. H. WILLIAMS and D. J. E. SHAW, on leave from Greece to which they were both most unwilling to return!

We have also had news of D. M. EADY, now a Captain and G.S.O.3 in Batavia ; F. W. E. FURDSDON, likely at any moment to be returning from Burma to W. Africa ; S. P. L. KENNEDY, in India ; G. L. Y. RADCLIFFE, who has got it arranged that he and his wife have service jobs within a few miles of each other in Germany and with suitable opportunities for transport ; and L. A. WILSON, who has been distinguishing himself as an actor and a fencer as well as an engineer in Manchester.



HOUSE NOTES.

We welcome this term : G. Somerset and P. T. Swan, boarders ; and S. R. N. Rodway, half-boarder.

* * * * *

In Inner are : G. J. H. Williams, J. A. Davidson, W. J. Frampton, J. C. Barrington-Ward and D. C. F. Chaundy.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks are : J. M. Chamney, M. G. Baron, I. M. Bowley, F. R. H. Almond, R. A. Lapage, H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett, D. L. Almond and R. E. Nagle.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is H. L. Murray and the Hall Monitors are G. G. Skellington and J. D. Swan.

* * * * *

We were beaten in the first round of Cricket Seniors by College.

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Congratulations to :—G. J. H. Williams on his Pinks, H. L. Murray on his Thirds, R. R. Davies, P. Michaelson, G. N. P. Lee, P. C. Pearson and A. J. Allan on their Juniors, for Football.

J. C. Barrington-Ward and W. J. Frampton on their Pinks, F. R. H. Almond on his Pink and Whites, D. L. Almond on his Colts, F. R. H. Almond and G. J. H. Williams on their Seniors and A. J. Allan, P. C. Pearson, J. R. B. Smith, P. S. Michaelson, and F. D. Hornsby on their Juniors, for Athletics.

R. A. Lapage on his Pinks, D. C. F. Chaundy and I. M. Bowley on their Pink and Whites for Water.

H. L. Murray and H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett on their Pink and Whites, D. L. Almond on his Colts, H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett on his Seniors, G. N. P. Lee on his Juniors, for Cricket.

F. R. H. Almond on his Thirds and Seniors for Tennis.

D. L. Almond and D. C. F. Chaundy on their Thirds for Shooting.

* * * * *

This term we have read in Lit. Soc. "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett ; "The Only Way," a dramatisation of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" ; "The Apple Cart," by G. Bernard Shaw ; "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie ; "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde ; and "Leave it to Psmith," by Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse.

* * * * *

Congratulations to W. J. Frampton on winning the Kent Junior Championship quarter-mile.

MISS MACRAE.

Twice our matron and twice swept away from us by the claims on her of her relations, she is now to return to Westminster under conditions that ensure a secure and lasting stay! We were so glad to hear of her engagement to Mr. Fisher and offer them both our most sincere good wishes.

* * * * *

MR. J. R. TURNER.

Many Old Grantites and many parents of Grantites will have got to know Mr. Turner well, especially during the war years when a visit to the School in London meant a visit to him and a very warm welcome by him. It will be with great regret that they, as we do, bid him farewell as Bursar of the School. His services to it have been immense and many of us can never realise the burden that fell on his shoulders when he stayed in London as our liaison officer during our evacuation. He was friends with Grant's impartially with other parts of the School, but we like to remember that it was as a Grantite parent that he was first connected with Westminster, having a son here who contributed a distinguished athletic record to the School. His other particular connection with Grant's was, perhaps, less direct and consisted in his at any rate not opposing the engagement of his secretary to its future housemaster!

We wish him all happiness in his well-earned retirement and hope that he will find the time often to re-visit us.

THE TERM'S HAPPENINGS.

If there was ever any doubt as to how long it would be before the returned evacuees were plunged up to the neck into the London life of Westminster, this term and the end of the first year back have dispelled it. It might be convenient for record purposes to classify events under separate headings.

THE ABBEY. Through two terms the School had come to feel its own, intimate, connection with the Abbey. It came back this term to be met with the great loss it had sustained in the death of the late Dean, Dr. de Labillière, a good friend from the Abbey to the School if there ever was one. The occasion of his funeral service introduced all the King's Scholars and a few senior town boys to their first major ceremony in the Abbey and, perhaps, to an enhanced sense of the closeness of their link with it. The prompt appointment of Dr. Don to the Deanery brought a sigh of relief from the School, for not only was the new Chairman of its Governing Body no stranger, but he was already one of its Governors, was aware of its problems and was, may we say, its friend. His installation, another of the great Abbey services, was attended by the whole School and forged an even closer link. Then, on Empire Youth Sunday, at the special broadcast service the Head Master was the preacher and one of the King's Scholars was selected with other youth representatives to read a part of the service. Many of the boarders who were in over the week-end attended this, and others, who elected to go to the evening service, were rewarded by a view at very close quarters of the Queen and the Princesses. On other Sundays services have been attended by the King and Queen and by Queen Mary and so the School has had already direct contact with the association of the Royal Family with the Abbey. Then towards the end of term came the School's own service of commemoration of Old Westminsters who had given their lives in the War. It was conducted jointly by the Dean, who read the prayers, and the Head Master, who read the Roll of Honour, while the Captain of the School read the appropriate lesson from the Wisdom of Solomon: there was a general feeling from all parts of the congregation of parents, Old Westminsters and present boys that it lacked nothing in dignity or sympathy, and that the singing of Milton's "Nothing is here for tears" by a choir in the organ loft of members of the School was very moving indeed.

The Abbey connection has also been shown in the permission granted for the use of College Garden first for its Garden Party to which came not only Old Westminsters and their families but also a large and very varied assembly of "friends of the School" as guests, and later on for a gym. display given by a team of gymnasts under the leadership of Mr. Monk to a gathering of boys and parents. And it is worth recording that on the morning of V-day those of the school who were here could go to the corner of St. Margaret's Churchyard, taking there, right through the Abbey, tables and benches to stand on, and thereby getting a close-up view of the mechanised procession over the heads of the spectators along the roadside and a more distant view across Parliament Square, first of the Royal Procession and later on of the marching procession.

GAMES : CRICKET. Fields has provided room for one game with wickets of very fair quality but, of necessity, with short side-boundaries ; Grove Park, judged by a Herefordshire standard of levels, has provided a very presentable cricket ground for other games. But the time problem is no less acute now than before the war—the double bus journey cuts a very big slice out of available cricket time—and there is an attraction towards Fields for a senior game which may need all the time possible, whereas often the two hours or so available at Grove Park suffices for a less skilled game in which the batsmen are rapidly in and out. This brings up the old problem of the personnel available for coaching and generally keeping the interest going in junior games : this problem must be solved if one is to feel at all happy about the general prosperity of cricket (and, indeed, football) and, to any extent that it still can be improved on, it may be pleaded that this is a transition year when there was another problem of importance in establishing representative school teams. It is not at all impossible that Fields will be entirely out of action next year—if it is to be the ground it used to be, it will need complete and not partial treatment and, after this, careful nursing until new grass is firmly rooted—and possibly this may facilitate the balancing of these twin problems if players of all standards are going regularly to Grove Park. The first XI has had a programme of matches from which it has emerged with evident enjoyment and without discredit, including a couple of scratch matches up Fields against mixed teams got up by Mr. Peebles and including a nucleus of masters. Seniors and Juniors have been played, details being recorded elsewhere. And nets up Fields have been freely used on whole school days. A link with the past was made when Donald Knight came and once more gave one of those demonstrations which so many generations of O.W. cricketers remember and in which everything seems so easy—until one tries to do it oneself!

THE WATER. Most fortunately for the School, this has been able to get into the pre-war swing of activity and enthusiasm without delay. This term has seen races for the various eights working up to a successful Marlow with the 1st VIII showing itself a notable finalist though not the actual winner in its event. This was followed by a Henley in which the VIII competed for the Princess Elizabeth Cup "in its stride"—just going for the regatta itself except for an odd practice there beforehand. They have no reason to be dissatisfied with their debut after the war years with a good win in their first race and a creditably close defeat in their second. Now there is the familiar fever-heat activity for the inter-house events in the School regatta after which those responsible can feel a deserved pleasure in having supplied plenty of interest and plenty of activity for a considerable number of watermen.

TENNIS. Roehampton was no longer available and the tennis authorities were faced with a rather serious crisis at the beginning of term for obtaining courts. Still, they were nothing if not persistent and succeeded in amassing courts all over the place—Sydenham, Wimbledon, Battersea, Regent's Park—sufficient to absorb and occupy all those who wanted to play. They have filled a great need in providing for the class of person who, though not necessarily a good tennis player, preferred a ball game to rowing but enjoyed tennis rather than cricket and were probably much better at it.

SWIMMING.—Thames House baths are not available, being still requisitioned by a Government department, and so the Great Smith Street and St. George's baths were again used until, by the good offices of Mr. Rudwick, an admirable arrangement was made whereby a limited number of boys (twenty-five on any one day) were given facilities at much reduced rates for using a lovely bath at Dolphin Square. Swimming sports are not being organised this year, though no doubt they will re-appear on the programme before long, but a great number of boys do avail themselves of the chance of a swim in these attractive surroundings.

The non-availability of Thames House incidentally has meant that squash has not yet been re-started.

BOXING, GYM., P.T. All these come under the training of the School Physical Education expert, Mr. Eastman. Classes go on in the two former things, the gym. culminating in the display in College Garden already mentioned, with an inter-house competition to follow. P.T. is done for twenty minutes every day in the mid-morning break by the whole school organised in house squads. A competition is being held in this and much of the instruction by boys themselves is notable for its liveliness and effectiveness.

FIVES. This has had the unluckiest re-start of all. Being learnt and taken up with enthusiasm last Play term, it received an instant set back when summer time was discontinued as there is no lighting system in operation. This cannot be got going until the roof is mended and the courts are again waterproof: the roof mending is far too big a job to be done by the school staff and requires a licence, materials and labour. A licence was granted some months ago, but it could not be honoured by the contractor. With the present building situation, the outlook is not rosy for the near future, in fact it may be blacker even than it is now as the courts may have to be considered unsafe for use for fear of glass coming through the deteriorating remains of the wire netting. Still, constant efforts are being made to get the combined trinity of licence, labour and materials (both glass and wire netting) to operate together and we must wait with hope for a further re-start as soon as conditions outside our control allow of it.

J.T.C. A noticeable feature of this year's training back in London has been that all Cert. A work has been done during parade hours and that much of it has had to be done by boy instructors. It was a risk forced on the corps by its sudden increase in numbers last Play term and, it proved successful, it was clearly better than a large number of candidates having to miss a good many periods of school work. The examination for both parts has just been completed by a board of Guards' officers at their depot at Caterham and resulted in a success of 20 out of 25 candidates in Part I and of all 29 in Part II; and a special word of commendation is due to some members who had come over from the A.T.C. and who, while cutting in at the level of Part II training, had successfully made up the Part I work of their own.

Since half-term we have also had the Annual Inspection by Lt.-Col. J. B. H. Kealy, D.S.O., a G.S.O.I. from the War Office whose special responsibility is for cadet training. None of the pre-war ceremonial was required or desired and the inspecting officer spent all the morning examining the drill, W.T. and map reading training at Westminster and the afternoon seeing our normal system of fieldwork training on Wimbledon Common. Lots of things were not perfect—he never expected them to be, and he was able to point out weaknesses and make suggestions from his experience of other units—but he was able to approve of the type of training and the standard attained, and to give us a satisfactory report.

The War Office left it to individual schools this year to decide whether to attend an official camp or to concentrate on the much-required harvesting

work. We, apparently like many others, chose the latter in view of the food situation and so boys are being urged by the Head Master to make what contribution they can in this during the holidays. No doubt soon, possibly next year, the general system of camps will return.

The command of the corps is changing again as Major F. R. Rawes, M.B.E., whom many Old Grantites will remember as a master before the war, has returned to the staff and will be taking this over. Though officially not then demobilised (and consequently drawing his pay!), he has been helping all through this term and his assumption of command is timed to coincide with his final demobilisation in July.

SCOUTS.—The Scout troop, limited to 30 in number, has been engaged on familiar lines of training, including week-end camps, and is going into camp in N. Wales at the beginning of the holidays.

BUILDINGS. A word about these might interest some old Grantites who cannot come and see the place for themselves.

No date can even faintly be suggested for the rebuilding, first of College, later on of Grant's, to begin. That is entirely governed by the general housing situation in London and, of course, by the extent of success attained by the War Memorial Appeal. A temporary roof on School is promised for before Christmas, but again housing conditions may hold this up; but, if we can get it soon, it will be a tremendous advantage. The two shelters are still in Yard; they will take some moving and this can only be done by pneumatic drills and, we hope, in the holidays. The sooner they go, the better: they do spoil the appearance of Yard and they are a perfect nuisance on J.T.C. parades!

As for Ashburnham, surely no one can fail to be grateful to the Churchill Club for enabling the library to look so nice, both for its having some paint on its walls at a time when paint is unprocurable and for its fittings and furniture which were almost all obtained from the club by the Westminster School Society and without which the rooms would indeed have been bare. The ground floor room in the new wing is the Bursar's private office, his secretary remaining in the old Bursary. The other ground floor rooms, in which the extensive cooking equipment that belonged to the Club still remain, are going to be used next term to feed the Under School for lunch. This will immediately remove any question of there having to be two halls in College Hall and may well insure that this most inconvenient arrangement need never be re-introduced. The top floor is now entirely available for form rooms except for the blitzed Art School and its two adjoining rooms. The Art School is transferred to what used to be the VIth form room and has to be entered by the side door at the back of School as the approach to the landing outside the old Busby Library is considered to be unsafe for the present.

NUMBERS. The School will be almost, if not quite, full to its boarding capacity next term. The day boy members will continue to rise at a controlled rate until after a period of years they are also up to capacity with the numbers in the different generations balanced. In our own case this will mean for next term our full boarding strength of 38, and in addition about 9 half-boarders which represents a fairly correct proportion, after two years, of our eventual total of 20.

As, no doubt, old Grantites know, only very few boys indeed—those with open scholarship or exhibitions—have any chance of going up to a University this year. Those who have gained election to Christ Church or Trinity from here have a good chance of being accepted in this class, but they will not know for certain until September. Others get called up to the services, having in many cases already had deferment in order to take their Higher Certificate, and of these some are hoping to go up to a University after their period of service. It is interesting that we have one boy leaving who hopes to be among the first from those not already in the Army to go up to the new Sandhurst course via the ranks and so to obtain a permanent Army commission.

MUSIC.

In general, music at Westminster goes on from strength to strength. Fortified by its experience in evacuation, it is regarded by everyone as being of far higher standard than that before the war. At the end of last Play Term, a concert was given at the Royal College of Music, a very creditable show for our first term back. Last term, there was another one given in one of the smaller halls at the Central Hall, which proved even more successful than the first; and again at the end of this term on July 26th, there is to be another one at the Royal College of Music. Choral Soc. and Orchestra are held on Wednesday afternoons and the passers-by in Gt. College Street are greeted by anything ranging from Gibbon's "O clap your hands together" to Borodin's dances to Prince Igor; and not only the passers-by.

In particular, the Music Competitions were held on July 3rd. These, as is always stated in these articles, provide the annual merrymaking for all the House, including the non-singers in the House Choir. This year, however, due to the play, rehearsals covered a period of only a fortnight. Grant's, as last year, came third in these. Our own choice was "The Seekers," by George Dyson, and the set piece was "Sea Fever," by John Ireland. In the individual events, Grants, again as last year, came second, King's Scholars winning the cup. Hornsby gave a very fine performance of "Where'er you walk," and with it won the Unbroken Voice Solo. Nagle came third in the String Solo against much older opposition and Davidson and Davison, the Ltd. Co., as the adjudicator called it, came second in the Senior Piano Duet.

As usual, there is much enthusiasm in the House, especially among the younger members, which bodes well for the future.

J. A. D.

CRICKET.

John Elson's great efforts have made a fairly good cricket pitch up Fields out of what was a wilderness. The wicket is good but the outfield is rather uneven and untrustworthy. Fields is preferred to Groves (where there are three good wickets) mainly because of the time wasted in the rather tedious bus journey there and back. Big games are played up Fields, and everybody uses the four nets which are available for practice there. The 1st XI this year has a fairly good batting standard throughout, while the bowling has been steady and the fielding fair.

As for the House, there has been a great increase in the number of cricketers. However, we had the misfortune to play College in the first round of Seniors. College, fielding a very strong team of which six were in the 1st eleven, beat us by seventy-four runs, and ultimately won the finals against Rigaud's. But in Juniors we have fared better, and have defeated Homeboarders and Busby's by ten wickets and eight wickets respectively. In the finals against College we need thirteen runs to win and have nine wickets in hand. There are now three Grantites in the 1st eleven, and many promising cricketers among the juniors, some of which may well in a season or two reach the first-eleven standard.

H. L. M.

P.S. We succeeded in getting the runs in the final of Juniors for the loss of two more wickets.

THE WATER.

After a year back at London the Water is again like pre-war; we now put out six eights on the tideway, and we are again having a full-scale School Regatta.

This year the School entered for Marlow and Henley.

At Marlow both the 1st and 2nd VIII took part. The 1st VIII lost in the finals to Imperial College and the 2nd VIII had a very close race with Exeter College.

At Henley the 1st VIII won their first race against Owen's School easily but unfortunately lost their second race against Bedford Modern by one length. It was a very good race, both eights rowing together for three-quarters of the way.

In the School Regatta Grant's is entering five fours altogether, one Senior, two Junior-Senior and two Junior.

R. A. L.

ATHLETICS.

It is hard to decide whether House Athletics have gained or lost through our return to London. At Fernie Bank and Buckenhill we had ample space to practice for the Sports and Long Distance Races, particularly the latter. Now, however, we have to limit our long distance running to the towpath at Putney with a comparatively short course of little over three miles. The result has been that the house was somewhat restricted in the long distance races in which for the last few years we have been almost consistently successful. Nevertheless in spite of lack of practice, we had successes in the Senior and Junior events. The Senior, which was won individually by Barrington-Ward, who now holds the cup for a second year, we won as a house with Frampton coming third and Almond, F., sixth. The Junior long distance race we did not win this year although the race was won by Almond, D., who also came in first last year, in an extremely good time. In the latter race Nagle and Pearson ran well and show considerable promise.

Fortunately it was decided to continue to hold the Bringsty Relay Race. It was decided that the race should be held on Wimbledon Common and a really excellent course was chosen. Like its predecessor the course included a number of steep gradients and made the race most interesting to watch; not only that, but the track ran through a pleasant wood which made the race enjoyable for the runner—that is if he was not too exhausted. Grant's won the race, which was nine miles in length, with a comfortable lead of a little under half mile. Judging by the performances of such Juniors as Smith and Brown, one feels that next year, even though without the considerable assistance of Barrington-Ward, we should do well in both the Long Distance Races and the Bringsty Relay.

Fields from the point of view of the cricketer is in a lamentable state, but we found the ground very convenient for running although the poor condition of the surface did not make for good times. This year our strength lay in the open group, but as this group was barred from the standards competition we had to content ourselves with individual successes. The open half and quarter were won by Frampton and in the latter race Almond, F., came second. In the mile Barrington-Ward and Almond, F., came second and third respectively after an extremely exciting race which was won by Eccles of College. Williams, Bowley, and Lapage were our mainstay in the Open Sprints and put up a good show against College and Busby's, who were very strong. Because the open group did not take part in the standards competition the field events were rather neglected, although Davidson, who is becoming a high jumper of some merit, jumped five feet and lost to Edwards, of Busby's, by only one inch.

Almond, D., was our mainstay in the under-sixteen group but unfortunately he had little support. However, in spite of the apparent paucity of wins in this and the under-fourteen and a half age group we gained a considerable number of standard points. Of those concerned, Michaelson should become a good sprinter with practice and Allan has the makings of a half-miler.

Grant's won the relay cup at the sports, which were held at Roehampton, mainly through the efforts of the Open Group. The Standards Cup we lost to Busby's but came second. However, as may be gathered, we had a successful season and were well represented in the School teams.

W. J. F.

VICTORY LIGHTS.

"The fireworks were terrific, and seeing the Thames on fire was the sight of a lifetime. . . The exquisite coloured fountains of St. James' Park should be a permanent national institution." So wrote the *New Statesman*, and it must be a pretty tough, blasé, spectator who would think otherwise.

The party on our launch will not forget those victory fireworks. Port of London Authority regulations compelled us to go on board some four hours before they were timed to start and, after a short trip from Chelsea to Blackfriars and back to Pimlico, nearly three hours were spent moored to (of all things) a coal barge until the Royal Barge went down past us and we followed on behind. The time had passed remarkably quickly and we were prepared for our show as is the housewife prepared for her fish or her cake at the end of a long period in the queue.

Our allotted station was in mid-stream under one arch of the temporary bridge just below Vauxhall. No one present will need to be reminded of our picture but for others it may briefly be described that we were looking through and past Lambeth Bridge down a river lined on both sides with the firework barges, a lovely, natural, sight in itself as the darkness fell. Then, at 10 o'clock, things started. The barges burst into showers of changing colours as the crews of firemen on board them turned on illuminated hoses. Rockets started from the Surrey side and curved in great arcs across the river towards the Houses of Parliament. As time went on more and more fireworks of a beauty that defies description lit up the sky, and a climax of excitement for us came when our own bridge first spread into a line of flames as a string of fireworks blazed upwards from it, then re-echoed to a noise like the explosions of a truckload of ammunition—aptly named a Devil's Tattoo—and finally burst out into another string of fireworks directed downwards! Perhaps it was as well that the tide had turned and we had drifted a boat's length below the bridge and so could look back and see this astonishing sight in comparative safety.

Meanwhile London was elsewhere transformed by its flood lighting. Many will remember from the years of Jubilee and Coronation the view from our upper windows across to the whiteness of the Abbey towers and of Big Ben. This was repeated, and from Yard we could see what was as moving a sight as any, the brightly lit Union Jack fluttering from the Victoria Tower. Round and about there were much the same sights as on those former occasions, but there was one notable addition. St. James' Park was transformed into fairyland with its fountains and cascades glowing in changing colours and those lovely gondolas, moored in the middle of the lake to realistic Venetian poles, gleaming directly and in their reflections from outlines of brilliant lamps; slightly close one's eyes and one might be standing on the Piazzetta looking across the Lagoon. One could only regret that this had to cease within a week; it would have done both Londoners and visitors good to be able to see it again and again, and public money is too often expended on objects less worthwhile than keeping before the people's eyes beauties as great as these.

T. M. M-R.

AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE: A CRITICISM.

Detectives, secret cupboards, pirates and pistols should be good ingredients for a playwright's mixing-bowl, but in "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" the self-raising flour seems somehow to have got left out, and the result is flat and shapeless. The performance by Grant's on June 12th was one more example of the truth that a good company can make something out of anything. From the moment when a creaky door opened in the lonely Cornish house and admitted Lush, the butler (H. L. Murray) to do the after-dinner honours of a routine-ridden household, the cast inspired confidence. As Ambrose Applejohn, the middle-aged bachelor in a groove not of his own making, J. A. Davidson provided just the right blend of resignation and

testiness, and his dessert revolt was helped out skilfully by the ladies of the family (I. M. Bowley and H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett).

The second act affords an opportunity for the company to take part in some private theatricals, and they enjoyed every minute of it. Ambrose, dressed up in 18th century costume and transported to a never-never-land of milk and honeys, kills, commands, and kisses with equal gusto; and J. A. Davidson, as his own ancestor, did the part full justice. Tilney-Bassett as a cabin-boy was happier than as the rather colourless Poppy Faire, and there was some good side-play by the rest of the ship's crew. Honours, however, go to D. C. F. Chaundy, who made as realistic a Chinaman as one could wish for, and acted with a fly-away charm that was wholly convincing.

Act III brings us back to 1946 and Cornwall, where rival gangs of crooks are after the diamond necklace. The mysterious foreign visitor, Anna Valeska (well played by M. G. Baron) turns out to be a crook; Mrs. Pengard (F. R. H. Almond) is a crook; Ivan Borolsky (D. L. Almond) could hardly not be a crook with a name like that. Old parchments are discovered and hidden panels snapped back, and guns are drawn as a natural consequence. All a little confusing; and the advent of P. S. Michaelson as a cop and R. E. Nagle as Johnny Jason, an old friend of the family's, did not make the matter any plainer. Here the action flagged a little, not through any fault of the actors, but simply because the author had left them fooling around with the scenery with hardly a decent gag between them.

Production throughout was smooth and efficient (bouquets to Electrician Williams, and to Props Chamney for allotting each pirate his fair share of pistols). But in spite of the excellent refreshments (Messrs. Frampton and Lapage) the evening left me tired and hungry—tired of *Ambrose* and hungry for Grant's. More plays, please, Mr. Producer, when the company has time for them. But oh! no Applejohn. No John. No.

J. D. C.

OPERATION APPLEJOHN.

"Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," in spite of all the obstacles which one is bound to come up against in producing a play, went off very well. The idea originated at the end of last term when we decided that we would like to put on a play. From the very beginning it was evident that Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure would be the play chosen as at that time it seemed to fit the available actors admirably. Everyone was supposed to learn their parts during the holidays but in actual fact some people did not know them properly till the week before the performance. The hall where the play was held, part of an L.C.C. Art School, was a lucky find at a reasonable price with the drawback that Wednesday was the only possible day on which we could have the performance.

At the beginning of this term rehearsals began in earnest after evening prayers every night and, although the acting seemed promising, it did not somehow seem as if we would be good enough in time. Meanwhile, those in charge of scenery were busy making flats and pasting on the printed paper scenery which we bought. Nobody at any time quite knew how the scenery would be made or how it would stand up, a rather important consideration as the stage had not been completely finished owing to the war, and had very few fittings, and practically bare walls. The rehearsals progressed and we got some very valuable outside help from Major Davis, a professional actor who had many helpful suggestions for the actors and who very kindly did all the make-up when no one else seemed forthcoming.

The arrangements for the setting up the stage and for the dress rehearsal were rather upset when the L.C.C. discovered that they had let the hall to someone else on the same night for a piano recital. The result was that the dress rehearsal had to be in the afternoon and the piano recital took place in the middle of Ambrose Applejohn's house in Cornwall. Mrs. Murray-Rust

and Matron did very well in providing more properties for the play than one would have thought possible and in having them all ready for the lorry which took everything up to the hall ; a very different matter from having a play up School and having everything on the spot. Eventually all was ready for the dress rehearsal which went worse than anyone could have imagined, and we were all relying on the maxim that the worse the dress rehearsal, the better would be the performance. The next day the scenery was stood up for the last time and all the props were collected, and at half-past two we were all surprised to find that everything was ready. The afternoon performance had several mistakes which we hope the audience noticed less than the actors but by the evening performance we were more accustomed to the stage, which was unfortunately rather shallow and thus rather restricted movement, and we had matters more under control.

Although we had not sold all the seats for the evening performance we discovered that we had bargained for more seats than there actually were so that we had a nicely filled house. The house was about half full for the afternoon performance but even so we made about thirty pounds for the Memorial Fund after allowing for all that we had to spend.

D. C. F. C.

UNTOPPED SECRETS: BROMYARD SETTLEMENT.

Let me start by saying that the title has outworn its veracity and that no secrets are to be expected in this!

The general decision about Bromyard was made when I was in London, and at the same time descriptions came through of a certain Buckenhill, which Mr. Fisher, with no small measure of faith and courage, was proposing should be, if not habitable, at any rate inhabited by his house. Decisions about allocating the other properties were bound to be difficult and I put in a visit to the party at Stalbridge prepared to take whatever came. And it came!—a telephone message to the effect that Rigaud's, Ashburnham and Grant's were to share the accommodation of Saltmarshe! I gathered that College were going to Whitbourne Rectory (with the reversion of the Court in addition when this should be considered habitable) and that Homeboarders were considering Fernie.

We knew nothing really about Saltmarshe—it might have had all the amenities of a Hollywood film palace—and the next step was for my wife and myself to go down for the week-end to stay with Mr. Barneby and fix things up. We went, we saw—and we were conquered ; it did not need a week-end to gather that the expected accommodation was not in fact going to be available and that things like cooking and washing would have been chaotic. So we sought out Mr. Willett, who was fortunately for us already installed as Head Master's deputy in Bromyard ; he was in no way surprised by our disclosures and between us we transmitted the news that, as a boarding house, Saltmarshe was definitely off. Somewhat of a setback—the School by now irrevocably committed to Bromyard and three of its houses homeless ; and a quite undeserved setback too.

The next move was that Homeboarders decided against Fernie and in favour of sharing Buckenhill with Busby's, thereby incidentally solving the problem of who was to do the catering there. Rigaud's were diverted to the Rectory, and College had to undertake the task of making the Court habitable, not at their comparative leisure but for immediate use. The combination of Clater and Brockhampton was to provide a home for Ashburnham and a few problems for Mr. Peebles who was to be in charge there. Grant's remained, stranded somewhat high and dry and " with no visible means of subsistence," as they say. Actually this proved a blessing in disguise for only a real emergency would have forced the undertaking of the Fernie experiment. But there were some anxious moments first and a rather desperate plan, which was very nearly attempted, for us to share Whitbourne Hall with the Evans family and their already large household of small evacuees from Birmingham. In

their generosity they were ready enough to try it but it broke down on the impossibility of finding living-out accommodation in neighbouring farms. However, it suggested an extension of this idea with Fernie as headquarters and when, as though sent from above, accommodation was found in one afternoon at Huntlands, Tiblands and Hamish, the last throw-out from Saltmarshe was placed.

Meanwhile the Head Master had switched to the idea of Saltmarshe as a temporary teaching centre as only room-space was necessary for this, and, as soon as advanced parties had prepared the way, the various houses assembled and term got going. But preparing the way meant solving different problems of lighting, building, plumbing, feeding and so on in each house, and each house had to face the necessity for dealing at once with its own problems in its own way. Some of these were confined to the initial period, others (like water and transport) persisted to the end of evacuation in one form or another. It is worth putting on record that the School was extremely fortunate in the help it obtained from its neighbours for, inexperienced as we were in country life, we never knew at the start where trouble was going to crop up and, when it did, it usually meant instant action. Of the many good friends who were constantly coming to our rescue Mr. Wells, the builder, deserves a special mention for without his immediate and continual assistance Fernie could never have been got going. Admittedly the job was a good contract but he and his team of craftsmen went out of their way in those early days to get things like the reconstruction of the stables into a changing room done quickly and to come out and help at a moment's notice when some plumbing crisis occurred.

It is not intended to undertake a sketch of the main evacuation period at

Bromyard ; this is still too close and can be written in better perspective at some future date. We will leave it with the stage set for it, with the background of practical and personal internal problems ; with the actors amply occupied in learning their parts and putting over the play without any opportunity for rehearsals ; with the producer himself having to take the leading part and having to keep one eye always on the performance of the actors and the other rather warily on the audience, some of whom were not going to take the play on trust but preferred to wait and see before indicating their approval or otherwise, some of whom were prepared to criticise without coming into the auditorium at all, while many others earned our lasting gratitude by realising the difficulties of production and by showing their confidence that the actors would get through with their parts to the end without a premature curtain.

As, indeed, they did!

T. M. M-R.

LITERARY EFFORT.

Many Early English manuscripts were written in Legalised Complimentary English. Here is an extract from one found in a dust bin :—

“ In heretofore as it hath been so much mentioned, I (sign here in BLOCK CAPITALS) of (cross out your signature, which you have put in the wrong space, and write in your address), do solemnly and earnestly state or express my desire and intent to become or be promoted to the rank of servile and humble pantry boy or scullion to the gracious and benign”

This type of literature found few readers. The only interesting feature is the ease with which it can be divided into two separate narratives. We can either have “. . . . do solemnly state my desire to become servile pantry boy to the gracious” or we can have “. . . . do earnestly express my intent to be promoted to the rank of humble scullion to the benign”

The next style is that in which the author tries to work the narrative up to a climax and keep it there. Here is an extract from "Hearts of Concrete," by Suzannette Potts :—" With a superhuman effort which contorted his face into a mask of determination, the villain rolled a huge boulder weighing many tons slowly towards the cliff edge. Once it stuck, but using a heavy pole as a lever he managed to clear the obstacle. After many hours' labour the boulder was poised on the edge of the cliff. The villain slowly wiped his streaming forehead and peered cautiously over the edge. Slowly his face changed to a mask of triumph, for far below him a narrow road wound slowly into the distance. Along this road a car was slowly approaching. It must contain the hero and heroine. The villain slowly put his shoulder to the boulder, and waited in a tense silence."

It is difficult to say why everything is happening so slowly, until the next chapter but three has been read. Then it is discovered that the approaching car belongs to someone else, that the hero's car is already parked at the foot of the cliff, and that the hero is half way up the cliff face. The action is slowed down to give the hero time to reach the top in the nick of time, fight the villain and throw him over the cliff (hoping, of course, that he will not hit one of the cars). The extract, even when read in its context, falls flat because suspense is intended with no apparent reason. One cannot see why the car does not accelerate in order to get to the cliff sooner, so that the villain can try his luck as a bomb aimer and get it over. He is bound to miss anyhow, in this sort of novel.

Here is an example of the same goal, attempted in a different way. It is taken from Frederodrigo Vestagutchi's "Blood on the steering wheel" :—" As his car skidded round a hair-pin bend, the hero caught a glimpse of the villain's car ahead. He pressed his foot down on the accelerator and took the next ten curves at breakneck speed. He drew his revolver and fired six shots into the villain's car, as the villain raised his sub-machine gun and sprayed the road behind with bullets. At the next bend, the hero opened his engine up to its limit and brought his car alongside the villain's. He braced his foot against the steering wheel and leapt on to the villain's back."

The action all takes place at top speed. But it gets a little tiring after twenty chapters "with every line packed with thrills."

Lastly, some poetry. The following is from Elija Woodwork Joanes' poem, "Ashboshivaleth."

Over the hill near Pigshott Harsh
Bill found himself up to the knees in a marsh,
But when he got to Maysmore Quarm
He walked along road to Michendon Farm.
From there he cut through the fields to Clay
Where he saw Farmer Johnston riding his bay.
Under the trees at Haysforth Gill
He stopped to look at the Ashmonth Hill.
And near the top he heard an ass bray
In answer to a horse's neigh.

All place names in this poem are imaginary. The method of fitting the lines is to make the hero of the poem go a journey like Paul Revere or Reynard the Fox, and to make most of the odd lines end in place names specially designed to rhyme with ordinary words in the even lines. This is again all right in very, very small doses, but oh, my! When we get to verse two hundred and ten of the fifth canto!

J. C. B-W.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

Uno's got a rival,
Ada* is her name ;
Brave new world is Uno's aim,
Ada's object just the same.
Ada offers as her claim :
" Men may mar and men may maim,
Blind and burn and twist and lame,
Men may set the world aflame ;
Something different is *my* aim.
Atom's powers I will tame,
Make of life an easy game.
History will soon proclaim
How the Atomic Freedom came."

Uno shook his head and sighed,
Paused a moment, then replied :
" Are you then so very sure
You will have a world to cure ?
You will have a world to cure ?
Won't your new ideas of traction
Simply end in " chain reaction " ?
Won't you now, at once, destroy
This most deadly dangerous toy ?
That's, I fear, the only way
Russia can be got to play! "

*A.D.A. . . . Atomic Development Authority.

T. M. M-R.

A NIGHTMARE.

My name is John Seymour. I was born in Lancashire in the year 1890. My father (with whom I lived alone except for a servant) was a rich and influential man. He owned two cotton mills. Ever since I can remember I have been woken up in the middle of the night by terrible nightmares. I dream always of the same thing, of a man dragging himself along in the snow with a deep wound in his back, looking for someone. Then he sees me and gives a cry and starts chasing me. Then I wake up at that point. My father has made me see doctors and brain specialists but they all declare I am absolutely all right. There is no sign of any sort of insanity or any other mental disorder.

Well, at the age of twenty I was made a secretary to my father, and I liked it. All this time I was still subject to the same nightmare. One day I was standing outside a hotel in Liverpool when I saw something that made me freeze. There, outside the hotel a few feet away from me, was the same man about whom I kept on having the nightmares. After a few seconds in which I gathered my wits and courage I went over to him where he stood and spoke to him. He looked at me slowly and, on my asking if he would like a drink, he agreed and we went into the hotel bar. He began to drink heavily, and after about thirty-minutes of drinking he began to talk.

He talked about a great search he was on, a search for vengeance. When I asked him whom he sought, and why, he said he would tell me all, and perhaps I would help him to trace this man. The man he wanted went

under the name of Lionel Seymour. When I heard this I nearly choked over my drink, and I felt myself turning red. I looked up to see if he had noticed it, but he apparently hadn't. He went on talking. "This man and myself went out together as partners to Canada in 1880. We arrived there safely and we set out from a place called Dawson, along the Skagway trail. It was at this time that the Klondike Gold Rush was on. Well, after a terrible time we finally managed to stake a decent-sized claim. We decided to work on the claim for a few weeks before going all the way down the trail to file it first. Eventually we had collected a very big haul, pure gold nuggets worth up to the amount of thirteen thousand pounds. We were travelling back down the trail when a sudden avalanche of snow and ice came crashing down on top of me. I gave a cry, and was immediately buried under. This man Seymour, after having given one quick look, immediately took up the gold which he had been carrying and proceeded down trail. About three hours later I managed to free myself, and staggered out without any supplies but with a deep wound in my back from a piece of hard ice. Well, to make a long story short, I was picked up by a wandering prospector and taken down to Dawson. There I found my partner had sold our claim and cleared out. I have been searching for that man ever since." He stopped: I hastily looked at my watch and said it was time to be going. He just grunted, and I got up and hurried out. That night on arriving at the house in Lancashire I found that my father was still away at the office, and I decided to wait up for him. Before I knew it I had fallen asleep. About seven hours later I was awakened by the sunlight streaming in through the windows. I immediately gathered that my father had not returned.

I went and opened the front door, to see if there was any message, and saw him lying there. I realised he was dead; he was lying in a pool of blood with a note beside him. "You fool; did you think I didn't recognise you as the son of Lionel Seymour?"

The police never found that man, and I ceased to have my nightmare from that night on.

P. S. M.

SHE.

I rushed home as quickly as I could because I knew she would be waiting for me. I was in a complete daze and did not notice any of the other people scrambling into the train with me.

I sat down and shut my eyes. Yes, I could picture her with her beautiful figure and delicate complexion, I could hardly wait to see her for the first time, but I knew that we would get on well together; in fact we were never going to part and she would be mine for ever.

I scrambled out of the train as quickly as I could, rushed out of the station, and felt like running all the way home. Panic suddenly seized me; what if she had not arrived? I began to run, but as soon as I turned the corner my mind was at rest for there she was waiting for me by the front gate.

I came up to her and gazed at her, she was so beautiful. I hardly dared approach her; to think she was going to be mine for ever; I could hardly speak . . .

I took the key out of my pocket, opened the door and sank down into her low, soft cushions.

A touch of the controls, and there I was, gliding softly down the street at ever-increasing speed.

R. A. L.

THE ANTEATER THAT WOULDN'T.

Once upon a time there was an anteater. He lived in South America, and naturally enough, ate ants. He ate ants for breakfast, ants for lunch, ants for tea, and ants for supper. And he sometimes had a few ants just before he went to bed, but he knew that that was not very good for him so he did not do it very often. He was very fond of eating ants.

It so happened that there was also in South America a man named Fernando. I should like to be able to tell you that Fernando was an honest, hard working man, that he was a clerk in a bank for twenty years, or that he was president of his local Debating Society. But unfortunately he was not, so I will not mislead you. He was the sort of man who would take infinite trouble to avoid doing any work. In fact the trouble he took to avoid the work was often more tiresome than the work itself would have been. But that was how he was.

Showmanship was a speciality with Fernando. He loved to stand on a box and shout till a crowd collected, take the sixpences, and let the people into his tent. In his time he had displayed a fat woman, some giant rats, and a mermaid that he had constructed by combining half a codfish with a broken doll. After seeing the latter, the crowd demanded their money back, and, in attempting to escape, Fernando spent more than the amount of money he had taken, besides losing his mermaid. But Fernando still thought that showmanship was a Good Thing. So he decided to show an anteater, and started to search South America for one. And he happened to come across the anteater that I was telling you about. The anteater was asleep beside an ant heap whose inhabitants he had just eaten. Fernando put a string round the anteater's neck and woke him up. Of course the anteater was not very pleased to find himself on a string, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Fernando took him home and put him in a cage. A lot of people wanted to see the anteater, so Fernando got plenty of money. But he had some difficulty in feeding the anteater. He found that the best method was to put the cage on wheels, tow it around until he found an ant's nest, park the cage over the nest, and open a little trap door in the floor. Then he was able to go to sleep while the anteater had his meal.

Things were going splendidly, until one day the anteater went off his food. He would not eat a single ant, not even a little one. The next day the anteater looked rather thin, but he still would not eat anything. Fernando began to get worried, and tried if an anteater would eat anything else, although he had been hoping to charge people two and six to see the anteater eat his ants. He tried successively :—Ants, cockroaches, worms, flies, beetles, cabbage, carrot, mutton, custard, toffee, bread, tobacco, old boots and finally ants again. But the anteater would not eat any of them, and got steadily thinner.

The anteater wanted a change of diet. He was tired of eating ants. But he did not want to eat any of the things that Fernando offered him. He wanted to eat Fernando. So, the next time Fernando came into the cage, the anteater ate him. The anteater had terrible indigestion. He swore that he would never eat another Fernando and that he would never grow tired of eating ants again.

If Fernando had been alive, I think that he would have sworn never to show another anteater. But he was dead, so that was that!

J. C. B-W.

NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Granite Club and the *Granite Review* is A. Garrard, and any enquiries should be sent to him at the Duchy of Lancaster Estate Office, Dunsop Bridge, Nr. Clitheroe, Lancs.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Granite Review* and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.