



THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

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Editorial

"Pulcra sunt qua visa placent"—Aquinas

Fortunately one of the expressions of some of our elders, that "things are not as they were in my day" is becoming less prevalent while the current trend of giving publication to the good deeds of the present generation shows that many ideas are being modified. Nevertheless many, needless to say of all generations, consider "modern art" to be "not as it was in my day." At a first glance this may be true, but a deeper understanding of the nature of the beauty of modern art—and who would deny that art should be beautiful?—can prove this the contrary.

Many think that the perfection of beauty is the perfection of harmony. But what is the perfection of harmony? Everyone has their own ideas on this subject.

No matter which standpoint is adopted it is possible to look at any object in two main ways: extemporally or ideally and intemporally or naturally. Ideally all objects should be looked at intemporally as this arouses an emotion in the viewer based on what he feels at one particular moment. Having been told that such a thing is beautiful, the same emotion does not necessarily occur and therefore no lasting impression is made.

Nevertheless any beautiful subject can become quotidian or stale. Yet, although we do not tire of some beautiful objects, the viewer often seeks pristine or fresh beauty. Plato wrote in his Doctrine of Recollection that, when regarding an object, the viewer subconsciously associates with it previous experiences which aroused a happy emotion—he has recalled something he once knew. Thus differences in aesthetic judgement are not differences in taste but differences in degree of knowledge.

Although it sets a standard, ideally "public opinion" should be ignored when looking at an object which gives pleasure: pleasure and knowledge are different in every person so that an intemporal prehension is longer lasting than an extemporal prehension dictated by "public opinion."

House News

J. M. K. Lamb is Head of House.

The monitors are W. M. Holmstén, J. H. Suckling, T. H. Phelps Brown, R. G. H. Kemp, R. J. Haslam and J. P. Emerson.

* * * * *

The Chiswickites are M. N. Robertson and H. T. Tizard.

N. P. A. Shinnie is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are P. J. Ashford, C. B. Jenks, P. D. V. Miéville, and A. G. Walker.

* * * * *

VALETE:

C. H. V. Davis, R. G. C. Horsley, M. E. Lonsdale, W. E. K. Macfarlane, A. B. S. Medawar, R. J. Shearly-Sanders, P. L. L. Smitham and R. H. Woolrych.

SALVETE:

M. A. T. Deighton, S. G. de Mowbray, T. J. Earle, V. J. S. Kinross, I. C. Macwhinnie, P. C. Matthews, J. P. Parry-Crooke, T. S. Ravenscroft, P. J. Robinson, C. N. Rostow, B. R. Wollheim and R. P. L. Wormald.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water *Pinks* to J. P. Emerson.
 Half-Pinks to N. P. Dickson and R. J. Haslam.
 Junior Colts to S. D. Nevin.
 Seniors to N. P. Dickson and R. J. Haslam.
 Juniors to C. H. Aggs, N. R. Haslam and B. G. Shroeder.
- Cricket *Thirds* to S. A. Mortimore, R. L. Paniguan and D. G. J. Ravenscroft.
 Colts to J. H. D. Carey.
 Juniors to J. H. D. Carey.
- Tennis *Thirds* to M. J. Abrahams.
- Swimming *Thirds* to M. B. Adams.

* * * * *

The Editors would like to congratulate Major French, one-time House Tutor of Grants and Housemaster of Ashburnnam, on his appointment as Housemaster of Rigauds.

House Diary

The beginning of term was heralded by our own Chelsea Flower Show in the shape of assorted extrovert ties, shirts and trousers. When worn, shoes remained the same though the line of the parting shot revealingly upwards to reveal one person's bald patch. Perhaps this is to make up for the fact that we are not having a house dance. If the Housemaster was not in favour of our widening our

outlook in this instance, he certainly welcomed five German boys. Dave, Marcus, Dick, Mick and Sy were replaced by Bruno, Pauli, Ingo, Thomas and Hans. Apparently cultural attractions for them means Portobello Road and Carnaby Street and Westminster's most popular pastime—wasting as much time as possible in as short a time as possible. After a visit to a girls' comprehensive school house monitors at lunch stopped having to answer the daily question, "Please, I have a question, please. Where I get your vunderfull gurls?"

They were ably aided and abetted by Mr. Martin.

Fresh from his triumphs on the American continent, our house tutor, Mr. Martin, was always at hand with a helpful "stimmt." Although the mental exploits of an imprisoned Bonhöffer may seem tame compared to Edmund Wilson and the Scugnizzi, the Germans vanished from Monday evening prayers never to return. Their disappearance was as sudden as the re-emergence of Hall Soc. was inevitable.

Mysteriously inspired, Hall has started to practise the noble art of fisticuffs under the guise of football. Punters will be surprised to hear that in the Hall F.A. Cup Final "San" beat "Barton St. Utd." Two other hot tips for the top are "New Boys B" and "Maths Set 4." "Losers" seem to be out of the running. Unfortunately these noisy and energetic matches prevented one person from recapturing the aura of Miss J. Hunter Dunn, even though it was only at table-tennis.

No matter what tradition be revoked, nor what practice be anathematised, the heart of the Granite still beats as it always has done—regularly.

The end of the day

Knarled roots of black charred trees seemed still to glow with flame as the scarlet sun set behind the island. It was not beautiful but it involuntarily summoned attention.

Terrace upon terrace of aged olive trees lay black and derelict. The old stones which used to stand as proud markers to the various allotments were now in small huddles and clusters, lying on boulders, or deep in the dry water-course into which children had pushed them.

The sun had set now and the twisted black twigs turned into mysterious silhouettes against the red streaks in the sky. Far, far below, the sea became sombre and menacing, as darkness slowly crept across from the island.

The sounds of daylight died with the sun and all that could be heard was a mule slowly trudging towards the distant port.

"Buenas Noches" someone called, and then walked on.

xxx words on what you like by Monday Abbey

Some people think it is selfish to consider oneself the centre of creation, but I think it is because they know it's not them who were intended to be perfect. I often wonder if the trees and flowers just cease to exist when I can't see them and if life is just a game played by someone who is trying to catch me out. I know there are lots of people who think that death is honourable and that patriotism is a good thing.

I think that every man has as much right to live as any other and that if there is a war all men great and small should fight in the front ranks, and not just the common man. Death is a state of mind and hell is when you have a guilty conscience . . . heaven, I suppose, is everything else, but I don't really always think of it in that way. Anyway I don't think there is a crime that anyone could do which would make them repent for eternity. Eternity is a must to believe. There was a theory I heard going about that we are just an atom in another great world and that that world was just an atom in another. Any minute now somebody could split our atom and we would perish. I often think that this is the last day of our existence and that tomorrow will no longer exist. If somebody exploded the bomb, I wouldn't be surprised if there wasn't a minor explosion in the larger world. Anyway, if I am the centre of creation this won't happen to me at least.

Impressions —

A GERMAN

To a continental imagination an English boarding school resembles a prison. We know this is a common prejudice. We spent some weeks in a boarding school. Can we agree with these preconceptions?

We arrived at Westminster in the second week of September and at the first moment our imagination was confirmed. It was the outlook of the school: very ancient buildings, latticed windows, a gloomy Little Dean's Yard, small cold rooms—then the pupils. Everybody wearing dark suits, black ties. Serious boys—snobs?

After some careful contacts the first sentences followed; during the first break we went together into a coffee; insignificant words changed to warm conversation. We realised, there is a nice atmosphere, the boys are free persons with own opinions. We were on the best way to become friends.

But what about the teachers? In the evening we were told to visit Mr. Martin. He wanted to tell us the rules, the customs of the house. Prepared for the worst

we went in. Hey! A grinning young man, record music, something to drink, comfortable chairs. We heard no instructions; we had a friendly conversation. Our reservedness melted away, we *feeled* well. But we wondered if this kindness was carried only towards us. How were the other boys treated? We watched them and the teachers and we noticed no differences.

Our exploration was not yet finished. How much freedom have boarding boys? We tried out and we got a lot of freedom. Everybody is allowed to go out; to visit theatres, concerts, cinemas even in the evening.

The only thing we did not agree with was daily prayer. I think nobody can force a boy to common prayer, if his religious opinion does not agree with it.

It is not easy to characterise or define Westminster School. The sense of a school has many trends—teaching, education, to mediate common sense. The majority of schools give only a part of that. Westminster School gives good teaching, modern education, solidarity and promotes individualistic thinking. This is the aim of a school—that is the best a school can give its pupils to their further life.

AN AMERICAN

Besides the fact that the two systems of education differ radically, Westminster is itself a unique school. It is the only school I know of to incorporate both the benefits that can be derived from a day school and a boarding school. The idea of weekly boarding does not exist in the U.S.A. nor does the policy of such great freedom of movement as enjoyed by the Westminster boys.

Admittedly Westminster cannot compete with American schools such as Andover or Exeter in wealth, facilities and size, but then these schools are not in London and so have to supply much of the benefits which are supplied by London such as entertainment and social activity. But these great American schools are very much on the scale of a small college and may have better facilities for living and athletics and often better libraries than small universities. This physical advantage makes for luxurious living and studying.

The teaching is the same; there are teachers both good and bad, university degrees notwithstanding. Both American and British schools have faculties of teachers who come from varied backgrounds and various college experiences. Each have their percentage of “stuffed shirts” and exciting teachers.

The educational systems are too different to be explained in full here. Briefly, they differ in that in the U.S.A. specialization does not begin until college level has been reached whereas in Britain the opposite is true.

One advantage that I think exists in American schools is in their organisation: red tape has been cut down to a minimum. But equally the freedom that boarders in Westminster have outweigh any organisational lapses from which the American schools may suffer.

AN ENGLISHMAN

Of course I should have realised that the English Court Circular would be read throughout Europe; after all I should have been at least prepared for the foreigners' inevitable questions; but somehow when they could hold themselves no longer—when they had to ask first-hand experience—I felt peculiarly unqualified as I said that the Scots *weren't* mean, that Lord Snowdon *wasn't* a homosexual and that Prince Charles was *no* dypso! But by the looks of sorrow and surprise on their faces I must have mixed the adjectives around and at least disillusioned them . . . As compensation I did manage to fit in the public school feudal system bit. The reader might now think that we have been taking part in a publicity or goodwill tour, but no—our part much more resembled a busman's holiday! . . . Indeed that extensive and comprehensive German course we have undergone even altered the lives of our hosts. With great reluctance would they show me their bedtime reading.

Notes on how to speak the Kaiser's German.

After that they were noticeably more reserved about telling me my faults as I tried to speak my textbook German.

However all their sorrow and shyness were totally forgotten as I approached my first German Autobahn. Having been well informed of the English 70 m.p.h. speed limit, they turned on me, looking to see how impressed I was with the silky smoothness of the road and naively asked, as an afterthought, about the 100 m.p.h. restriction. I dutifully admired the road and left them for the rest of the day contented and smiling talking about *our* modern roads, *our* modern railways and *our* modern towns.

These memories are nothing in comparison with those of the daily trips on the tram, a magnificent mode of conveyance. For every 200 standing 20 can sit down . . . and how privileged they are! Any cripple is immediately assured of a place, middle aged women fill most of the remaining—the eligibility of middle-aged men is about as remote as anybody under thirty. Perhaps the most exciting thing about the trams are their bells. Walking in front of it, getting off too early, swearing at the driver involves a downward thrust of his foot preceeded by the sonorous clang of a hard-hit bell. But should a real crime be committed—a car crossing its path, a dog rushing out of an alley, or waving one's first at the driver, then, overcome with rage, he gropes for the plunger . . . the metal pads sink firmly into the track and the German police arrive on the scene: one must remember that like London taxis, it's never his fault.

UCCA? Don't mind if I do

University? Yes. Great idea—good social life. It puts off working for three years anyway. Let me see, form. Yes. Colour supplement guide. A few prospecti. Pin.

Right, first choice. Oxford or Cambridge. No, a bit old-fashioned, I think. Can't take the car up first year either. Sussex then. Yes, Sussex sea air, plenty of night life, and . . . well if they're all like the Jay twins. Yes, Sussex first. What about East Englia next?

Could earn a few bob hop-picking on the side. Kent? Alex is there, think twice. I know, Exeter. Seven girls to every boy so I'm told. Probably prove a bit tiring but . . .

Now then, something further afield. A change of scenery. Trinity Dublin. What did the colour supplement say? "It has always been a gay and glamourous alternative for the English public school boys who failed or shunned Oxbridge . . . sophisticated undergraduate life." Yes, Trinity third.

What about Wales? No, I'd get back to Town too late on Saturdays, and Wales would be dead over the weekend. Scotland? Don't reckon I'd look the part in a kilt! Somewhere in between. Warwick? Leicester? Yes, both of these have a country location and a through train to Victoria every four hours. One more—where's that pin? Ah! Bradford college of advanced technology. Why didn't I think of that before?

Now, the form. Name, address, straight forward. Sex? What does that mean? I'll put down "Not averse."

Oh yes, I've got to think of something to read once I'm there . . .

A Trilogy

1—"WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN?"—John Ball

Way back in the auld Telegraph, when Adam was Devlin and Eve was spinneying on the Heath, they resighted this Lambstail about a nottygrotty man who tort he was everybully.

This man inhabituallytated a nicens house by a fishful stream that hubble-bubbled shawshallowy. All asquare were gracehoppers, ondots, orshes and moo-cows so it was velly prettywitty. But this haughtynaughty man tort everybilly laufed him, witch they did not as everybilly laufed everybidy Elsa, and was

herethereandeverwherefore a noosehance. But swoon, four many raisins, but below nothing because he was hatted, he went awa.

Then allmen lived hapililly and there were peaces of piece in the polis and Adam carried on with his Devlin and Eve with her spinney.

2—METAMORPHOSIS

Burning, spurning,
Endlessly churning,
The fire rolled on.

Aching, baking,
Consciousness slaking,
The fire rolled on.

Screaming, steaming,
Thought-life screening,
The fire rolled on

Till with slow painstaking agony it silenced mournful mouths,
Recalled men to their makers and sinners to Satan
While the blessed triumphed and to Heaven's realm ran

Where

Noiselessly burbling,
Lazily gurgling,
The stream flowed on.

Gently trickling,
Toes tickling,
The stream flowed on.

Silently gliding,
Death-fear hiding,
The stream flowed on

Till with quick and slow in alternate blows
It tossed men here and drove them there
So they blundered and thundered 'neath the fearful flare

Where

Burning, spurning,
Endlessly churning,
The fire rolled on.

3—ENDLESS REPERCUSSIONS

once upon a time there was a little boy and a sweet little boy he was until one day when he was helping his mother to lay the table he broke a plate

now in those days plates were very expensive and his mother was poor and his father was poor and none of them had any money so his mother beat him with a stick and from then on he hated being beaten he was teased about the plate they all said

break a plate
youll be castigate
break a plate
youll be castigate

so he ran away from home which was a very stupid thing for this sweet little boy to do because he had no money and his father had no money and they all had no money until this sweet little boy ran away

he was all too lonely so he went into the big city wearing his impermeable to keep him warm because he was going to stand on a street corner and sing to get some money to buy a plate for his mother because he had broken her plate and therefore had had to leave home and everyone teased him they all said

break a plate
youll be castigate
break a plate
youll be castigate

and it went on like this for a very long time

Irony and deceit

He came down the path leading to his home, climbed onto the front doorstep and rang the bell. Soon he remembered that no one had answered the door so he rang again and turned round. The milk van was jangling down the road. He rang the bell again but there was still no answer. Assuming that his wife had gone out with her W.V.S. friends and had not remembered to leave the key under the second flowerpot on the window-sill, he walked round the house until he found an open window at the back. He climbed through.

Bad-tempered, he mounted the stairs. In his room he decided to unsaddle himself of his clothes and to attire himself in his casuals and the slippers his wife had given him for his birthday two years ago. Then he went into the bathroom, but he noticed that something was missing—his wife's red toothbrush was

not in its stand! His immediate reaction was that of fear that she had left him, but this fear soon turned to joy for he could now lead his normal life without having to work an elaborate subterfuge to avoid hurting his wife. He thought she thought he was a clerk in a respectable London firm. He was right—she did think that. Really he always dressed like a clerk, but went to St. James' Park, where he sat on a bench to read a paper or to sleep until lunch, which he took in Soho after collecting the drugs that he would "push" around his clientele in the afternoon. Towards evening he would have a drink or two and then visit one of his girls before returning home to his wife.

Perhaps his wife had found out about this and, in her disgust, had left him. Thoughts flooded through his mind, he was utterly submerged. He realised that, at the moment, his life was a waste. He would throw it away. He was unfaithful to his wife about his job and his real job was only bringing these addicts one step nearer the grave. It seemed as though his wife was the only person who loved or cared for him. Without her the house would become shambolic for he did not know how to cook.

Properly dressed, he made his way up to Soho for the last time. He had his last night "on the town" before returning home for some sleep in the morning just as everyone else was getting up.

When he opened the front door, which was not locked, he noticed, he heard a female voice vibrate round the walls of the bathroom and come rattling down the stairs, "Is that you, Jim?" Dazed and tired, he staggered to the top of the stairs to meet the screeching invocation of his wife—"Where have you been all night?"

—Jean, he managed to stammer, I thought you'd left, gone. This puzzled Jean.

—I know I came home late, but the meeting went on longer than I had expected.

Jim turned his head to the basin and saw his wife's toothbrush in its usual place. On the stand.

—But your toothbrush was missing last night—that's why I thought you had gone.

—I know. I searched hours for it, and eventually found it behind the basin. It must have fallen there yesterday when I had to leave in such a hurry.

Nirvana 'neath the noise

See here, behold this restless place
Where men must bustle up and down
And leave no time amid their toil
To ease their weary limbs and rest a space.

Within the central square, the kingly crown
Demands that all should sell their nuts and oil,
Fruit and meat, although the busy flies have gnawed
The dust-drenched fruits, once so fresh and clean.
Men must run and rush amidst the heat
Which bids them sleep, by sun o'erawed.
But far from worldly cares a man is seen
Whose life is not to eat and drink
But to sit in lengthy thought
Realising this busy world is nought.

* * * * *

There is a place, some sad place afar
Besieged by giants of minute size.
Their brains are great, their stature small
To let them destroy their lands which are
Made unhappy and desolate with wailing cries.
Without its mighty land surrounded by a wall,
There is a place, some place far away
Inhabited by dwarfs of minute size.
Their brains are small, their stature great
And they sojourn 'neath Heaven's sway,
Where grief is small when one man dies.
They their gods' temples never desecrate
For unaware of other worlds and lands
They live happy near oases and sifting sands.

Kaos in ce klasrum

You might often have thought English spelling was unnecessarily difficult. Just look at words like *cough*, *plough*, *rough*, *through* and *thorough*. The great writer, Bernard Shaw, wanted us to change our alphabet, and someone worked out this way of doing it.

In the first years, for example, we would suggest using *s* instead of soft *c*. Certainly all students in all cities would relish this news with joy. Then the hard *c* would be replaced by *k*, since both letters are pronounced alike. Not only would this clear up the confusion in the minds of spellers, but typewriters could all be built with one less letter.

There would be great excitement when it was at last announced that the troublesome *ph* would be henceforth written *f*. This would make words like *fotograf* twenty percent shorter in print.

In the third year public interest in a new alphabet can be expected to have reached a point where more complicated changes are necessary. We would suggest removing double letters which have always been a nuisance and a deterrent to accurate spelling.

We would all agree that the horrible mess of silent *e*'s in our language is disgraceful. Therefore, we could drop these and continue to read and write merely along as though we were in an atomic age of education. Since by this time it would be four years since anyone had used the letter *c* we would suggest substituting *c* for *th*.

Continuing this process year after year, we would eventually have a really sensible language. After twenty years we venture to say that we would be no more or less than a trifle better off. Even Mr. Yaw, who believed, would be happy in the end to see his dream finally come true.

Bid a fond farewell

He was wont to call it his constitutional. Every morning at ten the small figure at one with the world would trudge across meadow and home again to the tune of Corn Flakes, or, on Sunday, to the luxury of All Bran. The mutter in his walk, the grunt in his heavy beard. Granted he looked a Rabbi: "Vom ganzer Macher" the children shouted. Sunday would find him, All Bran permitting, in Church, grappling with intercession, divine retribution and predestination. Leaning back, his sensitive ears would catch the arresting scent of Mrs. Rearden. Its very cheapness belies, as these things so often do, her own coarseness of character. She told little Jenny Rearden not to fidget or the priest would notice; by a process akin to elimination God's wrath would descend, she could not spend her penny until they were home again. Poor little Jenny, spend her penny. Child's play, this train of thought, he never could condone frivolity. Sunday, symbol and watchdog of the week, passed in self-indulgence and congratulation: a veritable contemplation of the navel.

And youth, standard bearer of an idyll never happened, a memory always reconstructed? The villagers spoke with awe that thinly conceals sensationalism of a childhood spent as a reluctant prodigy; of adolescence marred by unjustified feelings of self-importance; importunate that. He was reluctant to strangle the voice of Rumour and rejoiced in Infamy. He still played the piano, toying, as he liked to put it, with the incomparable melodies wrought by master craftsman: Debussy's "Nuages" recaptured musty civic halls, middle-aged mothballs, the cooing and simpering of women who should have known better, the white-haired

critic conspicuously out of tune with the delicate and sensitive chords of life; and eight year old boy—was he ten?—black locks and a contrived innocence. A past to be doted on; tickle his fancy and he would respond.

At twenty-five, imagination exhausted, the artist sacrificed himself to the great god Convention. His being was swallowed, regurgitated, digested and thrown up again, chewed into the pulp which marks the stockbroker dressed to kill and inevitably manqué. But convention is no solitary agent; it is supported by tradition, and tradition means time. Time is tradition's reason, not its excuse, and after forty years of soft sell to thankless mercenaries, the white collar was starched for the last time. Regrets? For these the march of time has no sympathy. Wrinkles, crow's feet and engraved gold watch, recompensation grudgingly received. The beard, grown so late in life, a sign of defiance and measure of contempt: fools alone listen to those who do not shout. And of course a credo: "that's just the way it goes."

The ebbing flood of years and its debris; disillusionment which, seen in the light of ill-gained experience turns to failure, so strong the power of self-delusion. Net result: insularity and parliamentality, sitting reactionary on well sprung committee. Rhyme and reason know nothing but pity. Children, a peal of shrill giggles, the mess on a faded lapel, a mutter, a limp and progress once more along the paths of custom which are ruts of anathema to those who do not tread them. Wiser they who stand aside to let their fellows pass.

Mrs. Rearden saw to the tombstone, a delicate and lasting memorial. Poor man, he had no friends, was most peculiar and stayed up late at night when good folk were abed. Except for little Jenny Rearden who went on howling, still too young to care.

S P O R T S N E W S

Swimming

A cold and very much depleted team faced the elements at Dolphin Square this summer. Exams and the attractions of other sports had once again done their worst. All three of us were undeterred.

There was a generally low entry from all the houses, again for the same reasons, and therefore it was only necessary to have a small number of heats. We had no Juniors at all this year, which naturally put us back very considerably. But what is more important is that it makes the future prospects of the house's swimming seem very low.

Our team consisted of Marcus Adams, Richard Kemp and Chris Sanguinetti. Kemp, in fine form, gained first place in five of the six events he entered, one by

0.1 of a second, an extremely exciting race which did much to raise the standard of the finals. Most of the times were very good. Adams had the first place in the 100 yards backstroke and a second in the individual Medley, the only race in which Grant's had both first and second place. Sanguinetti, with all the fire of his Italian ancestors, gained a useful third in the Breaststroke.

The relays were disappointing. It is these which normally pull us up, but with such a small tired team, we could manage no more than fifth place in both. The fact that we came overall third in the finals shows quite definitely that it is quality, not quantity that counts.

However, quantity always helps, and if other sports could ease their stranglehold for just one station day, then our potential as a swimming house might be able to show itself to the full.

Cricket

This year the House Cricket Competitions were run on a "Knock-out" basis. The first match was against Ashburnham, and was a complete victory. Lascelles took six wickets for 21 runs, and they were all out for 44. Grant's made the necessary runs in half an hour.

The Busby's match was expected to be close, but they did not come up to expectations. Although 98 seemed an easy target for Grant's, matters were very much in the balance, because of the speed of one of their bowlers. However Panaguian and Miéville came together when the score was 36, and were parted only 4 short of 96, when Miéville was out for 27. Panaguian made 44 not out, and the match was won by six wickets.

In the next match College were dismissed for 87, Lascelles taking 8 for 23. Grant's innings was highlighted by a crashing 64 not out by the captain Lonsdale.

The final of this competition was played between Grant's and Rigaud's. It proved by far the most exciting match of the series. Rigaud's made 112, and Grant's replied with another free-hitting innings of 52 by Lonsdale. After he had been dismissed, a number of quick wickets fell, and it was only due to the efforts of our tail-end that we managed to scramble home.

Grant's have won the last three competitions; let us hope that next year will prove no less successful.

Water

As there was no regatta last term due to the timing of exams there will be no Water report.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Club's list of addresses of the undermentioned Old Grantites is out of date. The Editor would be very grateful if anyone could inform him of their present address:—

A. J. Alan	'45-'48	R. J. R. Hale ..	'46-'61
Major J. C. Barrington Ward	'42-'46	R. P. C. Hillyard ..	'49-'53
I. R. Cameron	'49-'54	A. C. B. Hunter ..	'50-'55
A. G. Clare	'44-'46	D. B. Inglis	'53-'56
H. H. Clark	'60-'62	R. A. Lapage	'44-'47
B. R. Corcos	'39-'43	C. H. Lawton	'56-'61
C. J. H. Davies	'47-'52	G. N. P. Lee	'46-'50
J. M. Davies	'48-'51	Dr. S. Moller	'32-'37
R. W. Davies	'21-'24	M. W. Parkington ..	'35-'39
D. Davison	'44-'47	A. W. Pratt	'36-'40
K. J. S. Douglas-Mann ..	'47-'49	C. H. Prince	'50-'55
C. A. F. Fanshawe	'40-'42	A. D. Self	'36-'40
C. L. Fisher	'53-'56	T. J. W. Smethurst..	'47-'51
W. J. Frampton	'42-'47	A. P. Woolfitt	'52-'55