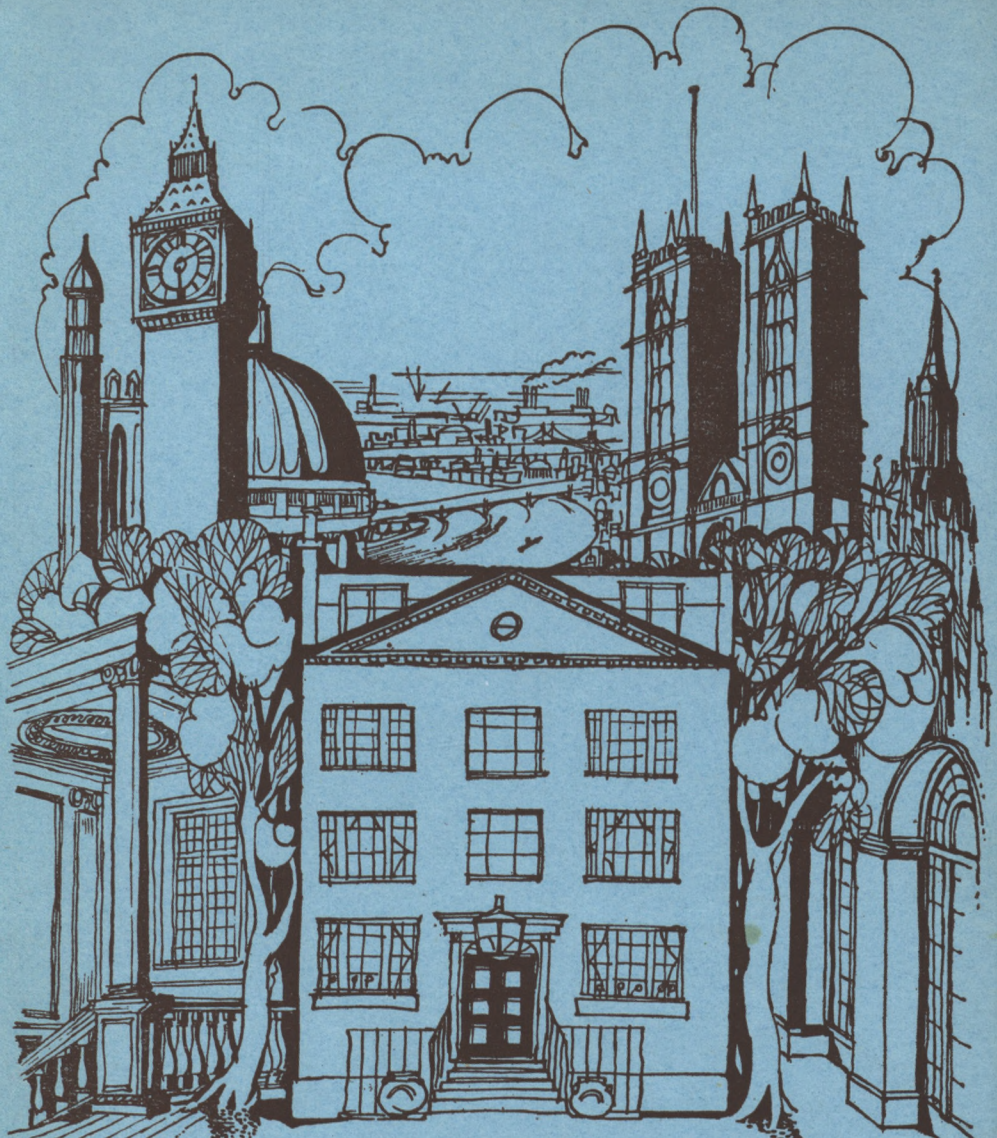


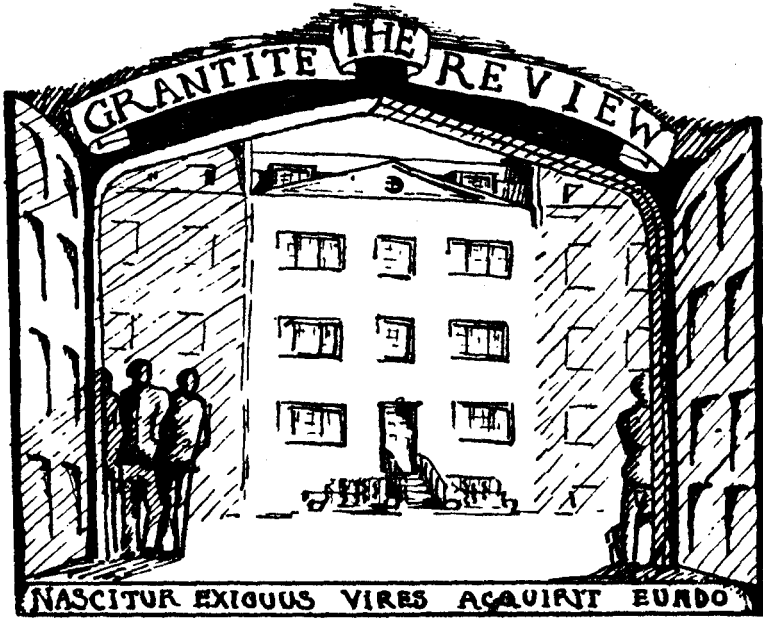
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THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW

INDEX

EDITORIAL	1
HOUSE NOTES	2
HOUSE DIARY	3
ATHLETICS, 1958	3
MUSIC	4
SHOOTING	5
CRICKET	5
LONELINESS	<i>D. H. Weigall</i> .. 6
IN MEMORIAM	<i>J. T. Wylde</i> 7
ELEPHANTS	<i>N. Halsted</i> 7
WORKMEN	<i>J. T. Wylde</i> 8
NECROPOLIS	<i>D. H. Weigall</i> .. 10
REUNION	<i>N. M. W. Anderson</i> .. 10
TO ECCENTRICITY	<i>P. R. Buff</i> 12
OLD GRANTITE CLUB: ANNUAL DINNER	13



ELECTION TERM, 1958

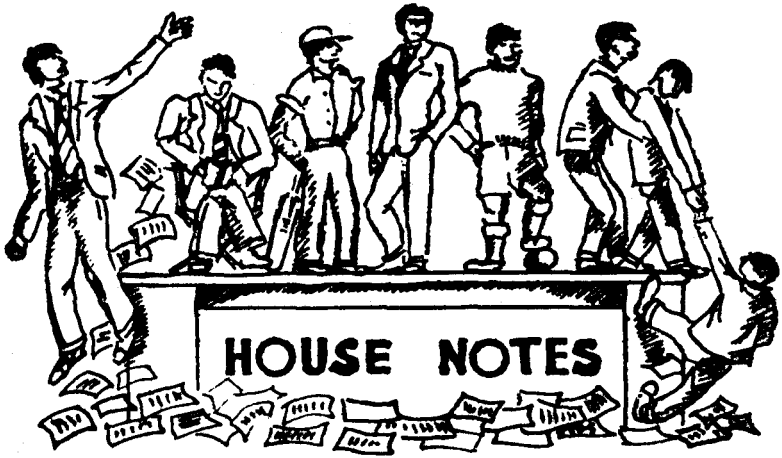
Volume XXII. No. 4.

233rd Edition

EDITORIAL

“Oh, Lord,” murmured the Editor, once again seated in his favourite pub and trying hard to think, “Here we go again,” and yet another editorial was conceived and gently brought to birth. But the problem was what to write: “Should I reveal to all that the fabric of Grant’s is suffering from dry rot?”—“No.” How lucky was that predecessor who had been able to get the famous son of a famous actor to write his editorials for him—but he suddenly thought of a contemporary house review which recently copied the editorial of an earlier edition and changed the order of the paragraphs. “How sensible,” he thought and gently murmured to himself.

“Closed? We? Never.”



There left us last term: G. B. Patterson, C. P. Wakely, R. M. Jones, A. E. C. Ball.

We welcome this term: R. H. Beard, A. T. Cooke, A. C. E. Jarvis, J. J. T. Jeal and P. W. Semple as boarders and V. C. Gifkins as a day-boy.

* * * *

Congratulations to: R. N. Chinn on his Pink and Whites for Football.

and to: F. B. Lowe on his Pink and Whites for Cricket.

and to: N. D. K. Evans and C. Macfarlane on their Thirds for Water.

and to: M. G. Hornsby on his Thirds for Cricket.

and to: P. C. S. Medawar and D. S. Stancliffe on their Colts for Athletics.

and to: F. B. Lowe on his Seniors for Football.

and to: A. H. Lee on his Seniors for Fencing.

and to: N. R. P. Heaton, P. C. S. Medawar, R. N. Chinn, and J. D. Noakes on their Seniors for Athletics.

and to: R. V. Aston, A. C. McKinlay and M. C. Norbury on their Seniors for Shooting.

and to: C. E. Manderson on his Juniors for Athletics.

and to: J. A. Corcoran, C. D. Gale and M. C. C. Heaton on their Juniors for Shooting.

* * * *

M. D. Fairbairn is Head of House.

The Monitors are J. F. Hewitt, R. J. Abbott, N. D. K. Evans and N. R. P. Heaton.

* * * *

Head of Hall is E. R. Espenhahn.

* * * *

The Hall Monitors are L. C. Haynes, F. M. B. Rugman, and M. C. C. Heaton.

HOUSE DIARY

It seems that the Socialists have revised their official opinion of Public Schools, and it would not be surprising if many of you are wondering why. Obviously they have come to realize that their virtues outweigh their faults, and Grant's has been the leading light in showing them that this is so. For up Grant's we have seen enormous strides taken towards our ideals of Democracy, following and extending the example of the *News Chronicle*, which claims to have introduced the Gallup Poll to England. In America this has long been a recognized method of estimating public opinion, but naturally no particular action is ever brought about by these polls. Up Grant's we have had more than a poll, we have had a census in which the opinion of every member of the house was asked, and action has been taken on the result. How could anyone deny that Grant's is taking an inspiring lead in the cause of justice, democracy and liberality? And these census have certainly had far reaching effects. The buns which we eat for tea on Saturdays between 4.45 and 5.15 p.m. have taken on a new lease of life, since we not only have chocolate ones with chocolate icing but can choose between these and plain ones with pink icing. Thursday swiss-rolls have ceded their place to doughnuts—so much more ventrally satisfying. On Tuesdays the less popular buns have disappeared and have made room for the more popular variety. It is all these small things which make for the happiness of the house, and how sad it is to think that very shortly they will all be taken for granted and none will remember the Head of House and pioneer of humanitarianism who brought them into existence. But we must not sit smugly back and congratulate ourselves on our liberalism; the most far reaching effect of the census is that the *Manchester Guardian* is lost to us and the *News Chronicle* has given way to the *Daily Express*. If by such liberalism we merely throw into relief the true Tory spirit of the house, then there is great danger that the Socialists will have to change their minds yet again and then we should have defeated our own purpose.

ATHLETICS, 1958

It was fairly obvious, even before the 1958 season began, that the two main Athletic houses would be Grant's and Rigauds', and this in fact was the case. The season started with the much anti-

pated and dreaded Long Distance races along the Putney towpath. In the senior race, Grant's had a good chance of doing well, as Ball, Chinn and Fairbairn who between them won the team cup last year, were all still in the school. To give valuable support was a number of other good runners in Patterson, Jones, Lee, McKinlay and Noakes. Unfortunately, things did not go according to plan, and although Ball came second to Givan, Chinn eighth and Fairbairn sixteenth, this was hopeless against Rigauds' who had first, third and fourth. Grant's therefore came second in the individual and team cups. In the Junior we had the misfortune of having one of our best runners, D. S. Stancliffe, ill, but it was encouraging that out of the twenty-seven runners Medawar came fifth and Brown ninth having led for much of the race. Next came the Bringsty Relay in which illness struck again, for both D. Stancliffe and Medawar were away, and Grant's came second, again to Rigaud's.

In the Standards competition Grant's again came second to Rigaud's with an average of half a point per boy less. Again, though, there were some outstanding individual performances in that Ball, Manderson and Boyd all got maximum points in their age-groups. Having three times played the Ajax to Rigaud's, Grant's decided to turn the tables and emerged more than an Achilles with ten places in the open finals, 14 in the Under 16 and six in the Under 14½. Ball won the hurdles and came second in three other events, Medawar won the Under 16 220 and weight with the best throw yet. Hall won the 100 yards and D. Stancliffe the 440. In the Under 14½, Boyd won the High Jump and the 220. This, coupled with many other fine performances, contrived to make Grant's beat Rigaud's by 42 points. With this success to inspire them the athletes went on to win the House Relay Cup, beating Rigaud's by nine points. The Open teams won the 440 and came second in the 100 and Medley, and third in the 220. The Under 16 won the 100 and 220 and came second in the 440; and the Under 14½ won the 100, came second in the 220 and third in the 440. Ball, Fairbairn and Chinn were in the senior school team, and Congreve, Hall, Medawar and D. Stancliffe were in the Junior team.

MUSIC: THE COMPETITIONS

The Music Competitions were very difficult to prepare for this year and indeed to perform at all. Mr. Foster said at the House Choir competition that he could remember no year which had presented so many difficulties since one year during the war when the only meeting of the whole school during that Election term was for the Music Competitions. This term there was practically no Music School because of the reconstruction and no time was allowed as last year after lunch on Mondays and Wednesdays to practice the House Choirs. The bus strike which added to the confusion made both Wrens and Ashburnham withdraw their

House choirs, but luckily it did not really effect Grant's as almost all its musical talent is to be found in the boarders or within easy walking distance of school. But the House Choir still had far too few practices and were consequently too unsure of themselves to do full justice to their potentialities.

The Vocal Ensemble suffered from the same disease, one of its members only having been called in the day before the competitions. Because of this they fell down on a very difficult modulation to recover from which took them four or five bars hard struggling. Nevertheless they managed to gain second place. Our stars, however, were Broadbridge and S. C. Pollitzer. Broadbridge won the Broken Voice Solo with Roger Quilter's "Fair House of Joy" which we look forward to hearing again at the Concert. It was a pity that he had no real opposition, but that does not detract from the virtue of a clear, straight-forward presentation of his song which was very pleasant to listen to and which particularly had some very good higher notes. Pollitzer came second in the string solo, and for the benefit of those who could not actually hear him play in the competition he was asked to play it again at an informal concert a week later. He played a sonata by Defesch and it was delightful to hear such a good firm tone which could be appreciated all the more by the fact that he had complete confidence in his own ability to play the piece. But it is sad that we shall miss the now almost traditional concerted effort by Grant's in the concert and we can only hope for better results next year.

SHOOTING

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

Some poor scores were had in practice but in the first round the "A" team improved slightly to beat Busby's 331—310. Wren's were defeated in the second round with a score only six points better but in the semi-final we excelled with 373, a record by about 20 points, and beat Ashburnham by about 100. The final against Rigaud's "A" which was fired in pouring rain was won by 27 points with 360. The "B" team met Rigaud's "A" in the first round and lost 314—351; 314 is however a very respectable score for a "B" team. Although we lose the Empire Test cup which is based on the average score per boy in the Empire Test, we keep the House Shooting cup and the Bulgin cup.

CRICKET

This season Grant's is among the favourites for the cricket shield. With five players in the first eleven at the time of writing and some promising newcomers, the House seems set for better days.

The batting seems strong with Lowe and Espenhahn as a solid opening pair; Hall should score well and there should be ample

support from the succeeding batsmen. The bowling tends to rely upon the opening pace bowlers, Medawar and Ledlie, but it is hoped that it will not be necessary to call on any others. The fielding, though not outstanding, should give the bowlers adequate support.

The season opened with a victory against Busby's, a fine win if modified by the unfortunate necessity of substitutes. It is a pity that the House matches must be marred this season by the over-importance of winning the toss and of thus being forced to take advantage of the absence of opposing players in order to use one's own. However, the Busby's batting, which is by no means weak, crumbled before some fine bowling by our openers who bowled unchanged. Busby's were dismissed for 35, and our opening pair, making no mistakes, saw the score to 34 before a wicket fell. A victory by nine wickets is a fine start to the season and it is to be hoped that the side will fulfil its promise in future matches.

LONELINESS

D. H. Weigall

The passage, as I remember it, with its cold, bare, yellow walls was crowded to capacity that evening with people and trunks—a symbol of utter confusion. For me everything I saw there was intensely real. It was a climax to all the fearful anticipation and wondering, but not knowing. Against a background of imagination, in which I had evolved every little detail, every petty supposition of what the place would be like, the truth was dazzling. And faced with it I felt lonely and hopelessly insignificant.

That feeling was nothing new to me. It was only a repetition of many past occasions, when I had sensed a growing insecurity and helplessness at being left to my own devices. And it was the heritage of my being an only child. The first occasion on which I became conscious of these returned forcibly that evening, probably because the intensity of my emotion was at its highest pitch.

It was the first time I went abroad. I was then eight and my parents had taken a holiday at a small French seaside town not far from Bordeaux. Set in a background of grassy sand-dunes and scattered pine-wood, it was placed around a large golden bay. And when the tide was low, we three always used to stroll along the beach, my father often chatting to the Breton fishermen while they mended their nets and emptied their lobster-pots. They were kind and friendly, and among all the people I saw and met there, they interested me the most. Perhaps this is why one evening, when I found myself lost at the water's edge, I looked to them for help. It was growing dark and almost the last fishing-boat had been anchored. The nets were drying in long rows like fantastic cobwebs and, except for the gentle washing of the sea against the shore, everything was silent. The day's activity had spent itself. Everyone, it seemed, except me had gone to the casino and the dancing-halls. I was utterly alone—or so I thought—for the first time in my life

and the prospect frightened me. For a while I wept silently. And then, in the dark, I heard the sound of a boat's keel being drawn out of the water, across the sand, and the muffled drone of a group of men's voices. I saw it was some of the fishermen I knew and, for the moment, my loneliness departed. I cried out to them in English, "Can you help me?"

They appeared not to hear me.

"Please, I want to go back to my hotel, but I don't know where it is."

They still went on and I heard the grating of boots on the harbour steps. In a moment I was on my feet and running after them. Then I tripped over what must have been a half-buried anchor, and bruised my head on the pointed bows of the fishing-boat. I lay there in the sand, where I fell, weeping with self-pity until my parents found me about an hour later. That was my first taste of loneliness.

IN MEMORIAM

J. T. Wylde

A house is a mosaic of empty cells
Filled, coloured and maintained by many bees
Who need a master and a centrepiece
To weld the whole in one. We have no queen;
—Full, full of all the school's ability,
—In art—in learning of divine academy
Yet have no figurehead. No Georgie P.
In poked his head at blanco room or coffee bar
Dismembering wireless or is he brewing char?
Or a Wagner composition to thunder on the Dean
Just stopping now and then to take a minute turn round Green.
He would wander down the cloisters in a deep poetic muse
Or would burst out with the rhythm as he listened to the News
What taste for wine or foil!—he was always in on Sunday
And simply *aujourd'hui* at flying flags on evil Monday.
Beneath such spreading crown was all work fused;
'Neath such umbrella all could find a place;
But school's a sea as quickly opened, closed.
New fills the void, mechanical precision,
And individuals are sorted, stamped,
And led out to be forgotten at the end;
So passes Patterson while Grant's resolves
To separate bits, forgetting who once bound them.

ELEPHANTS

N. Halsted

Do you believe in fairies? I certainly do and I pity anyone who doesn't, for I have real evidence that they exist—I keep them in my own bedroom. I used to keep them at the bottom of the garden,

but you know what fairies are (don't you ?), they quarrelled so much that I had to take them indoors.

Fairies are much better pets than most others because they are so economical and so clever. All you have to do to feed them is give them a plate of lemonade and two digestive biscuits every night. The lemonade must be on a plate and not in a glass because the fairies like to bathe in it as well as drink it and it is rather dangerous if it is too deep. I give them this diet for a year and the next year I might give them orangeade and shortcake for a change, but they are very susceptible to change, and many well-wishing breeders who thought they were doing them a favour by giving them plenty of variety have only made them fret and one or two have even died. But just as there are inevitably some snags to breeding other pets there are to breeding fairies; and the worst of these is their temper. They will fly off the handle with hardly any provocation at all and it often takes hours of hard work and pleading to settle them again. One of the main things which makes them lose their temper is being disturbed during the day, and if they are disturbed they will sometimes not speak to you for a whole week, so you have to be very careful with them. But if they are happy, they can do all sorts of things to entertain you; and they are particularly good at playing the piano, not a full-size one, of course, but I have made a special fairy one for mine. But of course they will only play at night, and sometimes when I wake up during the night I can hear them practising Beethoven sonatas. But if I am ill and cannot sleep at night, as long as I am in their good books, they will often sing to me, and their singing is so beautiful that I forget all my troubles and fall asleep in no time.

There is another problem, however, and that is housing; it took me years to find the magnificent answer I have now. I keep them in little wooden elephants on a shelf; each fairy has its own elephant according to its size, and as it gets older and bigger it graduates to bigger elephants—my fairies are very happy in these.

Now that you have heard of my long experience of breeding fairies, perhaps you would like to try your hand—it's well worth it, I can tell you. The best place to find them is in Central Yugoslavia where they live in millions in enormous volcanic craters, and all you have to do is go and take some home. But remember my tips on how to handle them.

WORKMEN

or A MUSICAL JEREMIAD

J. T. Wylde

Choral Society lasts for 1 hour 37 minutes. During that time which is carefully watched by almost every clock-bearing bass, one is taxing both body and soul leaping for rising eighths, slurring on the second, third or diving to the more homely regions at the bottom of the telegraph wires. Perhaps one lands on the uncom-

fortable promontory of A sharp, maybe one is fortunate enough to recline on a B flat, but whichever way you look at it after an hour one begins to feel the strain of concentration. This is the time when the 2d. tube of Polos have run out, when sounds gradually merge into one another, when the musical maestro in the front has given up tapping out the rhythm, and when one finds oneself at page 57 instead of letter D. People nudge each other for the place and we hear the first sickening cry from the front: "Basses, why are you so interested in the back row of the tenors, eh?" Everyone starts up in embarrassment—and the sounds gradually merge again.

But this is also the time when one rediscovers the workmen rebuilding the science block—Blessed company! What joy to see someone smoking as he lounges languidly back with an oxygasoline three plug welder. What classic postures! What sounds!

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than iron girders or pneumatic drills."

—The cement mixer as it churtles as bass-accompaniment on its diurnal round. The drill beats itself silly—getting into the rock. Charlie spitting from the topmost girder and Alfie's exclamations as he drops brick after brick come as a blast of fresh-air shivering the panes.

But who and what are these so-called workmen? And is it true that they are obeying the age-old laws of Offa-coppa-char? Are they genuine? Or do they seem so merely in contrast with the blurred unreality in the room?

After much keen examination of the evidence, introspection and retrospection, and analytical investigation I had to admit that these workmen were not even workmen. They were mere shadows of workmen, half of them not even cockney. It takes much courage to make this pronouncement because it must be the worst conceivable indictment for a workman to be told he is no workman, that he doesn't have his tea-break every hour and his fag every half hour and his curse every minute—and, far graver still, that he has a weak cockney accent.

But this, alas! is true. Many of these workmen cannot even pronounce cockney. They speak Zulu, French, Highgate or Grove-Park-shopkeeper's-lisp, but not cockney. Nor can they dress themselves. They wear respectable sweaters and not spotted tatters or sacking. One at least expects a girder to fall down now and then amidst language, but one waits in anticipation and it never happens. One expects a jeer or an anti-Toffy expression of disdain when one exhibits a copy of Handel's "Saul" and some hackneyed remark as "Bless ma Sawl yer makes me fly of ma Handel," and peels of laughter round the corner—but now they just smile appreciatively. They address themselves as "Henry" and "George." In fact I would not be surprised if there was not one "Bert" or "Tcharlie" amongst them.

They do not drink, smoke, curse, fall, sleep, read the dogs or eat hot ones, and they talk only occasionally. I cannot imagine what

the underworld is coming to; we have not got our money's worth—
“Eh, wake up basses—anyone would think you've never seen
workmen before; let's stand up.”

“Ghrrrr,” growls the inward bass, “call those workmen?”

NECROPOLIS

D. H. Weigall

He moved among the ancient hills and groves
While all the dusk eve's dark array
Swept round the earth on gently flutt'ring wings
To dull the glamour of the day.
Then the soft touch of a cool breeze
Moved to and fro between the trees
And mingled with his song, thus echoing round
The deepening shadows, burnt and crumbling ground,
The gnarled writhing forms that trellised o'er his head,
And icy fountains weeping for the long-lost dead.
And here, amid the faded shafts of shallow light,
Necropolis, forsaken, merged within the night.

REUNION

N. M. W. Anderson

I rang the bell of number twenty-six Gentleman's Drive. I waited but a few moments before the door opened and revealed a smart urbane butler.

“What ho, old fellow,” I said. I always seemed to find that this type of verbal introduction put butlers at their ease. “Is Professor Quoint in at the moment?”

“Indeed he is, sir,” replied my new butler acquaintance. “shall I inform him that you desire conversation with him?”

“If you would, please, er, by the way what is your name?”

“Vauncey, sir.”

“Right, Vauncey, tell him that Lancelot Crystal is here. No, you had better say Brigadier Lancelot Crystal I think; it adds to the flavour, you know.”

The butler disappeared upstairs. I knew Tubby Quoint from our old school days at Harrow, but now I hadn't seen him for what must now be twenty years or so. Simply because he had turned towards intellectual pursuits whilst I had been sent out to India with the Fusiliers and had just returned. I was just beginning to wonder what Tubby would look like after all these years when the butler returned.

“The professor is sorry to be so inhospitable, sir, but he is having breakfast at the moment. He says he will be down in half an hour.”

“That's all right, Vauncey, I'll just go and join him upstairs.” I was just gaining the staircase when he stopped me.

“Sir, you won't be able to see him at the moment, as the door is locked.”

“ Locked ? ” I asked, somewhat bewildered. I doubt whether I have ever partaken of breakfast with the door locked.

“ Yes sir, the bathroom door, sir.”

“ I beg your pardon, I understood that he was having breakfast, not a bath.”

“ He is indulging in both at the same time, sir.”

“ Are you absolutely certain, Vauncey ? ”

“ Quite certain, sir; it is a daily custom of his.”

“ A precarious operation at the best of times I should have thought, but there it is, I suppose I shall have to wait.”

“ That, I think would be indicated, sir.”

Most bewildered and not a little nonplussed I returned to the drawing room to await the arrival of the now breakfasting Neptune. Soon I heard a considerable amount of volume off stage. The general gist of it seemed to concern the loss of a towel and to concern even more him who had lost it. Finally, with a few words about three days' notice a door which I took to be the bathroom door slammed. At last there could be heard sounds of an approaching elephant and the doorway revealed the simply immense façade of my old school companion.

“ Hallo, Tubby, my dear fellow, it's years since I last saw you.”

“ I don't recall ever having seen you in my life,” was the reply.

This made affairs more difficult than I had bargained for. “ But, I say, don't you remember your old friend, Lancelot Crystal. I was at school with you.”

“ Eh, which school would that be ? ”

“ Harrow, you dunderhead.”

“ Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes; I remember you Lancelot. Good to see you again. My memory isn't quite what it was. Sit down and we shall talk of the good old times together at school. Vauncey bring in two glasses of milk, will you, please.”

“ Certainly, sir.”

The last remark settled it. The frightful stuff was going to come, and if there is one thing that us army types cannot bear it is certainly a glass of milk. Besides it was inexplicable why we should have milk rather than anything else; however I was just becoming used to the fact that most things were inexplicable in the house anyway. My surprise was in no degree lessened when suddenly he got up as fast as he could, which wasn't very fast, for as I have already said he was of no mean proportion, and proceeded to open all the windows. This was January if you please. I ventured to ask him why.

“ I'm what we used to call at school a fresh-air fiend. Everyone seems to have a cold in town at the moment, so that to prevent such a pestilence alighting under my Georgian roof I keep all the windows open.”

Well, there was nothing that I could do about it so I just sat talking for a solid hour until I wasn't quite certain whether I had entirely seized up or not. I was determined to find out so I asked him if he would show me round the house. It was no less grotesque

than what I had already seen. In what he called the dining room there reposed a somewhat alarming quantity of skulls and bones.

"They are those of my ancestors," he said simply. "They fill me with a *joie de vivre* which is hard to explain."

I was not surprised. Skulls will never fill me with such a phrase. On leaving the chamber of horrors we repaired to the bedroom where everything had to be seen to be believed. A ship's wheel was attached to the door and within the door there was very little in the way of comfort lying, and nothing in the way of comfort for lying on. There was one hard bunk, and stout ropes all round the room. In the centre there was a capstan-washing basin, and above the mantelpiece there was a magnificent ball; the only member of community that I had any feeling for.

"What do you think of it my man, I don't suppose you have seen anything like it before?"

I certainly had not, and was not likely to again either. He then told me how he had lost his university post because he had done the same to his rooms there. I was beginning to feel that it was time to leave before I received a taste of the cat o' nine tails that resided ominously in the corner of the room.

"I must be getting along now, Tubs old man, but I'll look you up again soon."

"Splendid, splendid, my dear fellow, always welcome. That's what I say."

I did look him up again, but I made quite sure that it was August and not January when I sat in that drawing room, drinking milk and talking of the good old times together at Harrow.

TO ECCENTRICITY

P. R. Buff

Yawn, Yawn, diurnal hollyhocks

Who follow round the passing sun

And leaning droop in hopelessness of reaching it.

Yawn we hollow flutterings and bits of paper

Whirled by the rolling wind; turning round

And round on the spit of time, in the pool

Gradually emptying and filling

Moving imperceptibly

Down beaten channels.

"Rebel, Rebel, Break out;

Strain from this omni-crushing sleep,

Block up the leak of life."

"Oh, empty dreams—we'd gasp like tadpoles on a bank.

And get left behind and trampled o'er and out.

Conform and spread those paper flaps

Which serve as wrappers for the soul

And let cold flow of time inflate the emptiness

And sweep it on without the worry of a destination,

Onwards towards the dust.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner of the Old Grantite Club took place on Friday, May 2nd, 1958, in the King Charles Suite at 4, Whitehall Court, S.W.1. Forty-four Old Grantites and their guests attended the dinner. Sir Adrian Boulton presided for the first time, and among the guests was the Head Master, himself already an Honorary Member of the Club, the Housemaster, the House Tutor and the Head of House. Sir Adrian Boulton proposed the Toast of Grant's, and the Housemaster replied, giving his usual account of the past year in a way which members have now come to look forward to. The House silver was on the tables and the flowers were in chocolate and blue. One of the items on the menu was "Gateau dame Grant," and the two principal cakes concerned had been carefully decorated with water colours of the House drawn and painted by Mr. F. D. Hornsby.

The President was supported by Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, Lord Rea and Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (Vice-Presidents) and by the following Old Grantites:

J. W. Winckworth	J. M. Archibald
F. D. Hornsby	N. P. Andrews
Dr. D. I. Gregg	K. G. Gilbertson
Dr. K. F. M. Thomson	J. H. M. Dullely
Dr. V. B. Levison	G. C. Skellington
J. G. S. Harris	J. H. M. Anderson
L. Lipert	D. S. Brock
J. S. Rivaz	J. W. Jacomb-Hood
J. M. Hornsby	L. A. Wilson
F. N. Hornsby	P. N. Labertouche
B. E. G. Davies	M. Reed
Hon. Andrew Davidson	S. F. P. Jacomb-Hood
M. G. Drake	R. D. Creed
Major A. J. Glyn	H. H. L. Phillips
J. C. Overstall	O. Lewis
G. E. Tunnicliffe	M. I. Bowley
V. G. H. Hallett	M. H. Prance
J. L. Sherriff	C. M. Cahn
R. Plummer	W. R. van Straubenzee
F. R. Oliver	L. E. Cranfield