



THE  
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REVIEW

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# the granite review

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## Editorial

“ One may quote till one compiles.”—*Isaac Disraeli.*

A QUOTATION perhaps sets the theme to a piece of writing; but if the saying, or whatever it may be, is well known to its readers, or it is by an author whom they know and respect, both its effect and usefulness will be increased, for they will be able to gain a better appreciation of the piece which follows.

It might be interesting to ascertain—doubtless by some laborious means of inquiry—the number of people under the age of twenty-one, who, on looking at this quotation, would say:

“ You’ve got his christian name wrong ”

and then would be perfectly contented to see the fault rectified. Now perhaps it may be conceded that the greatness of the famous politician has somewhat overshadowed his father, but it is none the less disheartening to find that many people would not recall the latter ever to have existed.

Both the insufficient knowledge of literature and the ignorance of the author are faults whose roots can be found in ourselves. We are so preoccupied with the other activities of the modern age that our leisure time is wafted away on pleasures that are of no lasting benefit to us. This is by no means an ardent condemnation of the cinema, or even a few idle hours spent at a bowling alley, or sipping coffee to the sound of the Beatles, yet our sense of proportion is lacking in us to such an extent that the less strong-willed teenager would be horrified at even being given the choice between three hours before a screen or reading Dostoevsky for the same period. If we were to pause and reflect, we would observe a considerable lack of that intellectual maturity with which a great many Westminsters appear to credit themselves.

The country is in the grip of the Liverpool sound—this statement has been made often enough; but the youth of any country which is afire with enthusiasm, as they are always trying new ideas and “ Fads ” as their unsettled intellects are lacking in depth of understanding and perception; so when one uses the term “ The Country ” in application to a phase like this one is referring to Youth, for its activities are always prominent. Why does this music appeal to the teenager? Because of its simplicity. I am not denying the quality of the individual pieces, or that they are accompanied by a very stirring rhythm, for many are beautifully harmonized; but there can be no depth in something which lasts a bare two minutes during which time it is repeated two or even three times. Each may make a single point, but can be of no lasting value. Yet on how many occasions have I heard Beethoven, Bach and all other great composers described as “ trash!” Always by people who fail to understand them, and generally have made no attempt to do so.

The majority of Grantites, and indeed of all Westminster, fortunately do not fall into this category, mainly because if they are lacking depth of intellect in any of the arts, they are quick to detect it; though there are regrettably some who fail. These either are the arrogant who do not allow themselves time to reflect, perhaps because they are afraid subconsciously of what they will discover; or else they are those who do ponder over things, but start their thoughts on a very insignificant amount of knowledge, or on some thing that is purely conjectural, and then merely formulate their thoughts around this; these are the pseuds, whom we see in quantity around us. Yet many of us are unable to find time for genuine reflection on what we have read, seen or heard as time always appears to forbid it.

Although the somewhat scathing objections in this article may seem to over-generalize, they apply more to the average teenager, rather than to the Westminster or one of his intellectual level. If we detach ourselves from the sweep of onrushing progression that the modern age entails, we would greatly benefit from a self-analysis. Arnold ends "Dover Beach" with these lines:

"And we are as on a darkling plain,  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

So if we are able to achieve the will to make this self-analysis amidst such opposition, we may find that this alone would enable us to attain more easily the ability of perception required, and also, in so doing, we may humbly consider this to be a result of an intellect which, though by no means mature, is none the less alive.

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## HOUSE NEWS

We welcome this term, as House Tutors, the Rev. J. R. McGowan and C. S. Martin.

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C. W. M. Garnett is Head of House.

The Monitors are C. R. McNeil, A. D. R. Abdela, G. B. Chichester and R. T. Chisholm.

J. F. Westoby is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are D. Brand, S. E. Robertson and J. H. C. Proudfoot.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. E. K. Macfarlane is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are R. J. Shearley-Sanders, R. G. C. Horsley and I. K. Patterson.



The following colours have been awarded:—

- Football .. *Pink and Whites* to N. Harling and C. R. McNeil.  
*Seniors* to R. J. Green, P. D. Craze and P. G. Hollings.  
*Juniors* to W. E. K. Macfarlane, R. G. H. Kemp and  
M. J. Abrahams.
- Swimming .. *Seniors* to G. B. Chichester.
- Squash .. *Seniors* to A. D. R. Abdela.

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VALETE:

R. T. E. Davies, A. T. Cooke, S. F. B. Heaton and J. P. Gambles.

SALVETE:

J. H. D. Carey, A. J. Green, D. H. G. Lascelles and M. G. Wilson.

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## House Diary

THE house is now filled with the aroma of a new brand of tobacco; no stronger or more pleasant than the last, but somewhat different—a change that has perhaps made Grantites, and especially the older ones, take more notice of their immediate surroundings. After all, there is no better source for arguments, or subject for criticism than a new Housemaster. Nine-twenty every evening in the surgery is the scene of an ardent discussion on the day's events in school or house, and even if there is no topical scandal, the Grantite's imagination is never too tired to think of one. It has oft been remarked that there ought to be a "whip-round" to buy the Housemaster a pair of steel heels, but this would hardly seem necessary as freshly smoked Navy Cut is never hard to detect.

Nor are our troubled consciences allowed to rest with the thought that there is only one innovation to cope with, as this term has seen the advent of two House Tutors, owing to the fact that our previous stalwart had the degrading delight of going to Ashburnham. Yet we did not hesitate to give them our customary welcome; indeed the Reverend (for with such a one are we blessed) bruised his heel when he jumped from the precarious heights of the mantelpiece. All three attend house prayers regularly, singing lustily to the accompaniment of a piano that is still hopefully waiting to be tuned.

Ferney and Buckenhill have been turned into luxurious centres of culture with the arrival of four new chairs (but even so one has to know the comfortable ones); now also pictures adorn the walls of the common room. These apparently

are going to be changed each half-term for a new set by a different painter. Ironically the effervescent Buckenhill with its brand-new, imposing record-player, has started the cycle with a selection from the works of Bosch. Downstairs the staid members of Ferney are presented with the dynamic imagination of Spenser, as they stagger in each morning laden with the never-varying College Hall breakfast. As well as all this both floors have now been painted in glaring colours, and are bedecked with curtains.

Once a week a band of enthusiasts march down to the Housemaster's drawing-room to uphold the tradition of "Lit. Soc." Little do they know the trouble and time their conscientious secretary expends in searching through piles of catalogues of out-dated and obscure plays, before despatching the pleading lag across the great metropolis to the Drama League library.

This is the sole menial task which arouses complaint amongst that ancient and honourable society—the only one from which its members try to escape as quickly as possible. And although each new week is awaited in fear of having to make toast for the whole of the first session of breakfast, or the sweeping of various parts of the house before prayers, there are always those blissful breaks when they come under the ruthless jurisdiction of a house monitor—still, there is the personal element about it.

In spite of the ever-changing crazes that grip the members of Hall, whether they be shove ha'penny, cards or chess, it might be safe to say that some excellent guides to Soho and Leicester Square may still be found amidst that long-suffering body; though it does appear that people are finding things to do in or around the school in groups. Two members of studies are permanent members of a quasi-Liverpudlian beat group which appears to be highly successful judging from their pay. Another similar body, the High-Five (or is it -Six?) has been formed in Hall. Rigour and discipline do not flourish amongst these, yet, though three sergeants left the corps this term, we still seem to have a vast horde of N.C.O.'s and especially in the naval section. This might explain our supremacy at Water at the moment, for there is a possibility that we shall have five people in the first eight next term. We keep up our end in other sports, and the lesser ones are always supplemented by the more versatile amongst us.

The weeks roll on, the weekends are received with a thankful sigh, until on Monday morning the staleness of Sunday is replaced by the drowsiness which always heralds a further seven days. The Grantite takes everything in his stride, and tends to accumulate rather than to adopt and discard. He dresses better than most other houses, (we gather that one house monitor goes to Dior for his ties); he is honoured but not put out by the presence of royal blood that is now in our midst. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of contentment—though by no means a soporific one—until with the clatter of departing trunks, he walks under the archway as the housemaster, still wreathed in his cloud of smoke, thoughtfully watches him go.

## The Estuary

THE tide in the estuary had just turned, and was coming in. But as yet, it had two miles of wet sand, and mud-flats to cover. An island lay silhouetted against the December sunset, out there by the tide.

A man stood, watching the reflected sunset on the shore. His eyes followed the thin grey line of sea, roamed the shore for signs of life, but saw none. After a pause he set out for the island, a lone figure in the dusky light, his shadow stretching away unevenly behind him. His steps at first faltered round the muddy pools, but soon gained abandon. Yet his was a slow walk; he walked on, sunk deep, he liked to think, in meditations. Here on the shore, in a wintry dusk, was solitude; he had quarrelled with life for years; all he wanted was peace. The distant roar of the sea, the sound of the water filling little streams with the incoming tide. And the birds.

There were always flocks of birds on the shore. Oyster-catchers would stand in one-legged groups, or peck viciously at the mud for food. In the shallow pools, small waders hurried, skimming to and fro, surveyed by solemn-looking gulls.

He watched them all, while the sunset spread wider and darker. He looked back at his village; lights were on now—people, busy with their own petty affairs, irrevocably reminding him of everything he wanted to forget.

Dejected, he sat down on a green rock; it was wet and slippery. Furnstones were hurrying over the mud as each little swirl of tide brought shrimps, and smaller water-creatures to them. He thought about the birds, enviously; and the tide, and the noise the mud was making. The tide was coming in fast.

With a sudden rush of noise, the flocks of oyster-catchers and waders took off, following the gulls in a whirling cloud, off into the dusky gloom. He got up and listened, attentively. The sea was near him, the birds had gone, the sun had set. A cold wind whipped mist off the sea. He was cold and afraid. Then a moaning cry rolled towards him over the water, from the island, half-a-mile distant; the mist crept closer to him. It was a supernatural sound; funereal and unearthly. He stood, the tide swirling about his ankles. He thought of the seals; but he had to be wrong. The estuary engulfed the cry, but it was repeated again and again. It was an awesome eeriness which grew in his imagination. It couldn't be human; it didn't even seem to be an animal's cry. He remained, motionless, magnifying his terror; And the tide fingered its way swiftly over the mud and sand.

At last, he could feel loneliness. But he couldn't bring himself to like it; it was too real, too imminent. He was confused, unmasked. He started back to where the lights glimmered through the mist and night. He felt a sudden humbleness, and a longing for people. For the first time since his childhood, he felt secure, and real. But the swirling mist swallowed his words, swamped and muffled his thoughts. Confused, he dropped to his knees. Knowing himself at last, yet lost still in his own mind, he sobbed his first halting prayers.

A cold wind blew the sea further into the estuary, swift and creeping, with an unrelenting pressure.

And when the moon rose, its light showed only the peaceful, undulating swell of a full tide, breaking softly, rhythmically, on its shore.

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## De Bello Calico

**O**BSERVE, my child, the dramas, which  
Occur in every hedge and ditch;  
The insect in its life and death.  
Don't shut your eyes, just hold your breath!

## BLACK AND YELLOW

Do you remember a hill,  
Cassandra?  
Do you remember a hill?  
And the ants in the grass  
Round your pants (what a farce)!  
And the fleas that tease in the tight dungarees,  
And the wasp that stung grandpapa,  
And the Buzz! Bozz! Bazz!  
Of the flies  
Of the wings of the flash and the dash  
Of the midge gone darting,  
Parting,  
Starting,  
Mystic, Cryptic  
Feather of the winds,  
Down by the willow tree?



## PRISCILLA

### WHO ATE NETTLES AND FAILED TO PUPATE

The diet of our loved Priscilla  
(Who was nothing but a caterpillar)  
Was enough to test the nettles  
Of the bravest She ate nettles.  
She, the pain in order to avert,  
Soon discovered Dock leaves for dessert.  
These, the leaves that she desired,  
Were not the leaves that she required,  
So once well and truly satisfied  
Turned head to tail and promptly died.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is curious that these  
(And many more besides)  
Were not collected (all en bloc)  
(On one of his more rural rides—)  
By the poet Hilaire Belloc.

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## Contact Man

I HAD opened the letter he had given me and read it before I gave him a second, more penetrating glance. At first sight he seemed a fairly innocuous sort of person, definitely what I would describe as an ordinary man in the street. But when I looked the second time, my curiosity, aroused by the letter, remained unsatisfied as he remained, as before, ordinary. The letter was written by a friend of mine who lives in Derbyshire somewhere and whom I had not seen for some years although we were very close. It merely said the young man was representing him and if I could see it within my friendship, would I help him on his way. My friend had obviously remembered my curiosity and interest in things out of the ordinary and to cut a long story short, I was soon hooked once I started to talk to the man. We spent a convivial evening wining and dining together, especially when I found that once thawed he was well versed in the art of conversation. By one o'clock I had agreed to assist him as far as I could, and as he seemed to be in a hurry, I prepared to leave that very night.

We left at three in the morning and I must say it was a pleasure to me to be able to gain some relief from London, though in fact I love it dearly. The same thrill of joy came when I let the car have its head, and sped away down the A4 en route for the West Country. He told me that he had to look at several places before he could proceed with his business. I must admit I was feeling rather a fool as I had no idea what he was up to, and if all he wanted was a sightseeing tour round Devon and Cornwall with a fast sports car and a chauffeur thrown in, then I was going to get angry. However, I decided to play along because I enjoy a nice drive in the country, given a good excuse. So we visited Start Point and flashed the headlights at a yacht that was cruising around off shore. Then on to Plymouth and Drake's island during the day, and of course we had to visit Land's End that evening.

By then I was exhausted, and as whatever he was in search of had failed to materialise, we went and spent the night and next morning at a convenient hotel despite absence of luggage. This escapade had begun on the Tuesday evening and I told him he was going back to London after one more night unless something happened. However I need not have concerned myself about it as we set off late in the afternoon for the Lizard lighthouse. He was most emphatic that we should be there by eleven, and when we arrived he made me point the car in a certain direction and dip my headlights every five seconds for five seconds. By this time I was extremely curious and slightly alarmed that, with all this mystery and flitting about the countryside, I had allowed myself to become an accessory after the fact. My alarm was accentuated by his bulging brief case, and the close guard he kept over it, holding it close to him all the time. However having dipped my headlights from eleven to five past, we were off again, this time to the Helford river. He said this was to be the final destination, and when I enquired why he had not told me earlier where we were going, he said for security, which seemed ridiculous to me, but I refrained from further comment in order to avoid the unpleasantness I thought would occur if I did.

We entered Helford quietly in the middle of the night, and of course I need not have hurried for his contact had not arrived. It was winter and the nights were long and cold, but luckily something happened at about five. A large motor boat entered the reach of the river, visible from where we were, and picked up a mooring. All this was done without fuss or noise; a dinghy was quickly lowered and two men came ashore in it. I was asked to go as near the jetty as I could and as quietly as possible, which I did. He then gave me the briefcase to look after, said he would be back soon, trusting me not to look inside the briefcase, and left with the man in the dinghy for the motor boat. It was one of those vast affairs known as "gin-palaces" to the more scornful yachtsmen. I settled down to wait.

He was back just as dawn was beginning to break, and he slipped into the car almost silently enough not to disturb my half-doze. He asked for the briefcase, and opening it, took out a thin sheaf of notes which he put in the glove

compartment. Before I could protest, as any self respecting person ought to, he merely said laconically that it was to cover my expenses. He began to get out and I stopped him. After all, I wouldn't be human if I didn't ask, especially after all the mystery of the last sixty hours. So I asked him.

"I am the contact man for an organisation of which your friend is an important link. Out there is the contact man of an American organisation with whom I have been negotiating, and with whom, thank God, I have come to an agreement. I have sold him the manuscript of a book which is considered one of the literary masterpieces of this age, which has been smuggled out of Russia. The manuscript is in the briefcase and I'm going to take it out to him now. I nearly failed; he wanted the author as well, and wasn't having anything unless he had both, but all is well. I shan't be coming back as the organisation wants me to stay with the manuscript to ensure its safekeeping. He doesn't know that though. In fact when he arrives in the States I feel he will get another small surprise. Anyway, thank you very much for all you've done."

As he was getting out of the car, I asked my last why. And his soft answer floated back to me with what might be described as a silvery laugh.

"Oh! Because I happen to be the man he wants."

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## The Prison

I LAY in my dark prison where my captor had put me, along with all my friends. He had bought us all and put us into this wooden prison. Escape was impossible; so I lay there wondering who would be the next one to die. Last time it had been a close friend of mine lying near to me, and I had wept as he was taken away to be burnt, soon to be thrown back into our cell, a blackened smouldering stump. But our captor is a man of moods; sometimes we have to wait for hours before he opens the cell door and takes yet another of us out; and then sometimes he leads several of my friends to their deaths in the space of a few minutes. The suspense and the agony of waiting for the inevitable is by now so great that we all want to be the next victim. "Please, please come and deliver us from here," was everyone's thought when we first were brought here, but now nobody really cares . . . Why, oh why, was I born a Swan Vestas safety match?

## Alfresco

CAR comes,  
Black smoke,  
What a pity  
The axle broke.  
Oh well,  
Catch a train,  
As soon as arrive  
Come back again—  
Arrive late  
Sun and sea  
Sandy sandwiches,  
Flask of tea.  
“A swim now, boys,  
In you go,  
Hurry up  
It will start to snow.”  
Slip on damp pants,  
Beware  
Black ants;  
Find a bus  
If you can,  
There wasn't one,  
So we ran  
Up the hill  
To smell of train.  
“Cheer up now  
It didn't rain.”  
Horse hair seats,  
B.R. ads.;  
“Not that paper,  
That one's dad's.”  
Arrive home  
No heat;  
What's the mat for?  
“Wipe your feet.”  
Dad says,  
What do you know?  
“Oh for another day  
Alfresco.”

## Ideas and Things

TO remove the reality of a match, burn it, crush it and with a puff of air disperse the dust into the winds. The idea of its destruction however, remains in the mind for a considerable time. Any attempt to remove it deliberately only serves to implant it further in the memory. Inquisitors have always failed; persecution defeats itself; Luddites may destroy machines but the idea of mechanisation is triumphant. It is the reality of our ideas which creates the things so often mistaken for the ultimate reality. A stick may hurt but it can be destroyed and when it existed it could not multiply by itself; but the idea of banning corporal punishment can spread in ever widening circles and if the idea is sufficiently strong it will remove the stick forever.

In a royalist rebellion it cannot be the personality of the sovereign which makes his men fight and die for him, since many may never have seen him. It is the idea of a sovereignty which harrasses the republican army, not the King himself. It is not the King who protects himself, but his men's ideas and ideals which preserve his reality.

In order to improve transport in the world one does not distribute internal combustion engines to the natives and tell them to copy it, one explains the ideas behind the general mass of machinery and then the ideas behind the component parts. After that, these ideas may materialise in a different and new form of engine design. It was the idea which spread the machine; it was the same idea behind the two slightly differing machines; the idea is the basis, the reality manifested in physical form.

Reality is that which underlies appearances. The appearance, to the outside world, of this school is one of its buildings, boys and masters. Some of the ceremonies form a facade but they are not the reality, even the boys put on special suits, looks and mannerisms for the occasion. The reality is not even the drab dormitories; it is the idea of keeping pupils in the place where they work, and giving them a good education. The cause, and therefore that which underlies all appearances, is the idea, the reality.

The christian religion teaches us that all material things come to an end, so they cannot be reality, since they will at some point be non-existent. Without ideas, we may have a brain, but to have a Mind, we must have them, for ideas are Mind, which was, we believe, given us freely by God. God is Mind, encompasses or is part of it. He is also the Ultimate Reality, from which one can deduce that ideas are infinitely more real than mortal, tangible and inconsequential things. The things we see around us are either our own or nature's representation of ideas; but since we are ourselves as mortal and tangible as things, we must make use of them for our bodily comfort. Our bodies belong to an order of finite objects, susceptible to pain and pleasure caused by finite objects. It

is not unnatural that we should mistake these for reality; a dream seems real at the time. Our Minds, however, belong to an eternal order which is reality; anything produced by the mind must be more real than anything our bodies have produced as a result of this stimulus.

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## Two Letters To The Editor

Sir,—

**F**ORTUNATELY my life does not depend on any of Dr. Beeching's whims, or any of Mr. Marples' expensive land-scarers which are given the impressive title of motorways.

My deepest sympathy must surely remain, though, with the poor unfortunate beings, who, in circumstances beyond their own control, exist in our far flung empire on the South Coast. These gullible souls, who are overcome by sun-parched posters—"Remain in perfect fitness all your life; come and live at Bex-ill-on-Sea,"—seldom live long enough to rue their enthusiasm. Their health deteriorates—chill . . . cold . . . 'flu . . . bronchitis . . . double pneumonia, and then . . . Bexhill Bleater sadly announces that refugee from London succumbs to over-bracing Bexhill breezes.

It is at the same time amusing and sad for the sophisticated Londoner to think of the culture-starved Bexhillian spending his evening after a hard day's work and adopting as his sole form of enjoyment a succession of tankards lined up along the bar of the "Barley Mow" or "The Frustrated Cow."

The tinkle of tea-cups, watercress sandwiches, Ladies' croquet competitions and Earl Grey Tea, all point in my mind that instead of being proud of living in the provinces, man should own up to the fact that he is inferior, because he is an outcast of society, a person who can't find a suitable residence in town, and because he is unable to stand the strain of being cultured, social, or worldly.

A TOWN TOFF.

Sir,—

What are the suburbs? They are certainly found on no map of Great Britain. The Scholar will however discover them under such pseudonyms as Roehampton, Blackheath, etc., etc. These elusive suburbs make their impression on the visitor principally through their houses, which are dull, red-bricked, semi-detached and with about six inches separating one dwelling from the next. At the end of most roads there is a gas-works, and behind the allotments there is a shunting yard. The local progeny—screaming and scruffy—bedeck the communal recreation ground, and its ever-lasting companion—the Public Conveniences.



The men sport yesterday's white collar, and their wives are still crazy over last year's fashions, buying clothes only at winter sales. They fall an easy prey to advertisements gleaned from that everlasting source "The telly"; also to the travelling salesmen that patrol these districts, armed with detergents and vacuum cleaners. Money is their sole interest in life—they buy budget furniture, plain carpets, stainless steel cutlery and second-hand cars, which they dutifully clean every Sunday after church.

Their knowledge of London is non-existent, their one form of culture being Thursday evening spent in the nearest Bingo Hall, where both money and souls are drained away onto a chequered piece of cardboard.

To me a suburban is a man who has acknowledged defeat; he no longer wants to strive for success and prosperity—with, for example, a house in the country—but is merely contented to drag out his days toasting his toes and slippers at the chilly embers of his council-house fire.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

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## Football

THE house Seniors competitions this year was run on a league basis, instead of the usual knock-out competition. Lack of time dictated that the games should be no more than 22½ minutes each way. With this system two rounds could be played every afternoon. The junior competition was run in a similar manner, but at Grove Park.

In spite of many absentees the seniors were successful in both their first two games. On the second day the same team scored an early goal against Liddells, reputedly the strongest team, and managed to hold this lead until practically the end of the game. Five minutes before the whistle, however, a rather dubious penalty was awarded against us; Jacobs put it in the net and Liddells won on corners (Grants having more against them than their opponents). Somewhat shaken by this perhaps we had a hard struggle against College, but pulled up in the second half. In the following rounds the house beat both Ashburnham and Wrens by 1—0.

The final result was that Liddells finally won the cup with Grants a close second—a result which might have been altered had we managed to hold out in the match against Liddells. The team combined well, the strong defence, lead by Harling at centre-half, with Hollings on his left and admirably supported by full-backs Abdela and Craze, was a strong help to a rather young forward line, of whom the most prominent players were Green and Kemp.

The Juniors, under the captaincy of Macfarlane, did well in beating Ashburnham, College, Wrens and Rigauds.

Not a 100 per cent. success for the house but it all counts towards keeping the Squire Bowl this year.

## Old Grantite Club

**M**EMBERS are asked to make a note of the fact that the Annual Dinner of The Old Grantite Club will take place this year on Friday, May 8th, at The King Charles's Suite at Whitehall Court. All members will of course be circulated rather nearer the time but it is hoped that in the meanwhile they will keep the date free. The principal guest will be the new Housemaster.

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## Epigram

“**F**ARE’S fair ” he says,  
    “ It’s fourpence now.”  
“ I’ll give you a fourpenny one,  
    And how!”  
And how, and what, take note  
    The groat!  
It would be square,  
This fourpenny bit;  
A penny a share,  
If it were split.  
It would make travelling life complete,  
Now ’tis no longer obsolete;  
Zounds! Have we the time to make a fuss  
When travelling on a London Bus?  
Dispense with pence,  
Promote the groat!

