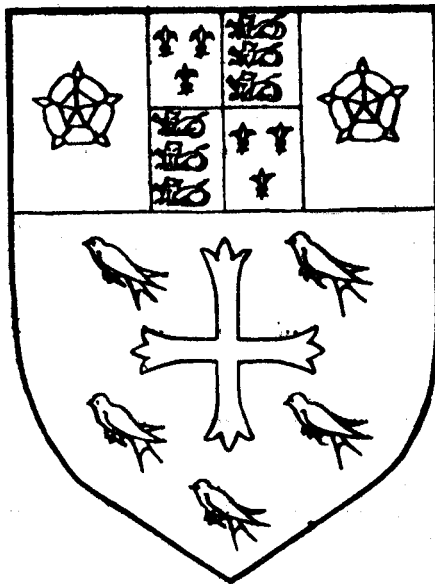


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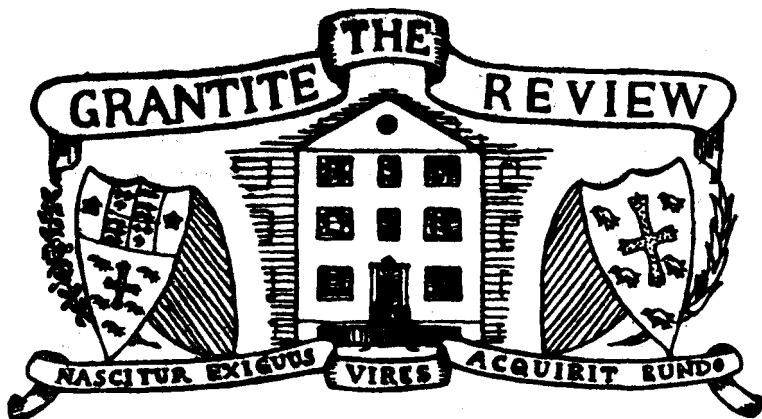
# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM  
1947

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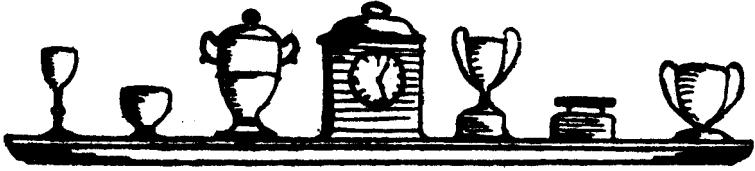
201ST EDITION.

#### GIFTS FROM OLD GRANTITES.

To mark the beginning of its post-war activities, the Old Grantite Club has presented the House with a gift of three wireless sets—one for each of the day-rooms. Not only is this a most generous gift—for wirelesses are by no means cheap nowadays—but it is also very useful. A wireless, if the right programmes are listened to, can be a very good medium for education, a different sort of education from that which we receive in form, it is true, but nevertheless an education which is sure to prove useful in the end. For this gift the House is indeed truly grateful, and we would like to convey, through these columns, the thanks of every boy, for every boy will benefit from it, to all those Old Grantites who, as members of the Old Grantite Club, have enabled us to “listen in” whenever we wish.

Another donor whom we would like to thank publicly is Mr. P. J. S. Bevan, who has given a complete set of *Punch* to the House. As yet they are not at the disposal of the House, as special shelves have to be made to hold them, but the Editor, who has the good fortune to have a like set at home, and who has perused many of the volumes, can testify to the enjoyment which the House will be able to derive from the pages of *Punch*. Once one has started to read one of the volumes, it is very difficult indeed to stop, and the Editor wonders how a master will receive the excuse next term, “Oh, I’m sorry I’m late, sir: I was reading *Punch*.” And yet *Punch* is a good education as well as good reading, especially if one wishes to get an accurate and amusing view of what England was like under Queen Victoria.

So our thanks go out to these Old Grantite donors. By their gifts they greatly help to strengthen the ties between the Old Boys and the House, and, although we would like to repay them, we can only sit back and say a very warm and heartfelt “Thank, you.”



HOUSE NOTES.

In Inner there are :—J. A. Davidson, F. R. H. Almond, R. A. Lapage, D. L. Almond and H. L. Murray.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Chiswicks there are :—R. E. Nagle, G. G. Skellington, D. J. Swan, P. C. Pearson, P. S. Michaelson, J. R. B. Smith, D. M. V. Blee (boarders) and E. M. Carr-Saunders (half-boarder).

\* \* \* \* \*

The Head of Hall is D. N. Croft, and the Hall Monitors are R. R. Davies and D. F. H. Sandford.

\* \* \* \* \*

There left us last term :—W. J. Frampton. We wish him the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome this term :—J. R. D'Arcy-Dawson and T. J. W. Smethurst.

\* \* \* \* \*

We came second to College in both the Erskine and the Exeter Music Cups

\* \* \* \* \*

We lost to College by one wicket in the Finals of Cricket Seniors.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to :—F. R. H. Almond and R. A. Lapage on their Pinks, A. J. Allen and F. D. Hornsby on their Colts, R. A. Lapage, D. L. Almond, J. A. Davidson and G. G. Skellington on their Seniors, N. P. V. Brown, R. N. Mackay, R. M. Milligan and E. J. W. Oyler on their Juniors for Athletics ;

to :—D. L. Almond on his Half Pinks for Shooting ;

to :—H. L. Murray on his Pinks for Football, and on being reawarded his Pinks for Cricket ;

to :—G. N. P. Lee on his Seniors, and K. J. M. Kemp on his Juniors for Cricket ;

to :—R. A. Lapage on being reawarded his Pinks, P. C. Pearson his Pinks and to R. E. Nagle and D. N. Croft on their Pink and Whites for Water ;

to :—L. E. Lowe and J. R. D'Arcy Dawson for being successful candidates in the Challenge.

## THE MUSIC COMPETITIONS.

The Music Competitions this term were held on Wednesday, July 9th. In the morning the individual events took place, the Senior in the Music Room with Dr. Hubert Clifford as adjudicator, the Junior in Busby's Under, judged by Mr. Braden Hunwick. Grant's entered more competitors for all the events than we have done for many years, and, although we had not much hope of beating College, there was the prospect of a good fight in many of the events.

We started off very well with D. L. Almond winning the Wind Solo with a very creditable performance on his oboe. At the same time, in Busby's Under, A. H. R. Martindale tied for first place in the Junior Piano Solo. So far we were ahead. In the next Senior event, however, the Piano Solo, College got the first two places, with J. A. Davidson coming third. Over the way, in the two Junior Piano Duets, College came first, and our teams (Martindale and J. R. D'Arcy Dawson; F. D. Hornsby and D. S. Hayes) shared second place. College were just ahead, and they now held this position till the end. We had no entries for the Senior Piano Duets, and our only entry for the String Solo, R. E. Nagle, was very unfortunate not to be placed. In the two Voice Solos, however, we fared better, Davidson coming first in the Broken and N. N. G. Maw first in the Unbroken with Martindale second. Then came a welcome break for lunch.

At three o'clock, the whole School assembled in the Westminster Cathedral Hall, Ambrosden Avenue, to hear and to take part in the Vocal Ensembles, House Choirs, and the Chamber Music, which were all judged by Dr. Clifford. Grant's ensemble team consisted of two trebles (Maw and Martindale) and a baritone (Davidson). What the musical effect was I cannot tell, but the effect of just standing on the platform was, to judge from the laughter, amusing, for our heights ranged from four feet seven inches to over six feet! Anyway we came second with "Pipe, shepherds, pipe," by Youll, with College first and Rigaud's third. This was the last item for the Erskine Music Cup in which the final order was the same as in the Ensembles.

Then came the event of the day, and indeed of the musical year, the one competition in which every boy in each House takes part, the House Choirs. College started off with a most felicitous rendering of the set piece, "Wend Along," by George Dyson, followed by an even better rendering of their own choice, Vaughan Williams' "Orpheus with his Lute." Ashburnham and Homeboarders came next, to be followed by Busby's, Rigaud's, and finally Grant's. We had chosen, for our song, the traditional melody, "The Agincourt Song," a difficult and yet most enjoyable piece of music to sing, especially when the tune was known. Dr. Clifford placed us equal first with College in the set piece, but we could not reach their standard in our own choice which, according to the adjudicator, was sung "con spirito," but was not as "pomposo" as it should have been! In the final order College came first with 178 points, Grant's second with 170, Rigaud's third with 168, Busby's fourth with 165, and Ashburnham and Homeboarders fifth with 156 points.

To complete the afternoon's entertainment, three teams of Chamber Music competed for a separate prize. In the first there were three Grantites, D. L. Almond (oboe), F. R. H. Almond (clarinet) and Davidson (piano), and, with S. E. Smith of Rigaud's (horn) and R. J. H. Williams of College (cello p.p. bassoon), they played the Rondo from Mozart's Wind Quintette; the performance suffered from lack of practice, but in the final order was placed second.

So it was that College again went away with the two Music Cups, and we came second. The fight was exciting and most enjoyable. The spirit in the House towards Music has improved beyond recognition during the last year, and we can but hope that some year sooner or later, one or perhaps both of the cups may be ours. On that day there will be great rejoicing, but all I can do at the moment is to wish the House, musicians and non-musicians alike, the very best of luck. Floreat!

J. A. D.

## CRICKET.

This season the cricketers were able to enjoy two new assets—nets at Lord's every Wednesday and the use of the Bank of England ground every Thursday. Although the workmen had already started up Fields, three nets were set up there as well.

As a result the whole standard of the batting of the 1st XI has improved. The bowling and the fielding, however, are of a lower standard, and many valuable wickets have been thrown away through dropped catches.

Unfortunately Juniors were not played this term owing to lack of time and even Seniors were only just fitted in. Our Juniors team would have been quite strong and might have gone a long way. In Seniors our first match was against Rigaud's. It was a time match, each side having ninety minutes. Put in to bat first, we made 105 and then managed to dismiss Rigaud's for 25, Kemp taking 5 for 15 and Lee 4 for 9. Playing Ashburnham and Homeboarders without Almond (F.) and Davidson, we were again put in to bat first and used up our 90 minutes to make 158 for 2, of which Lee made 51. Our opponents were all out for 48.

The account of the finals against College is given elsewhere in this issue.

After the match Lee was awarded his Seniors and Kemp his Juniors.

H. L. M.

## WATER.

All the eights, except the 2nd VIII, who are entering for the Public Schools Cup in the Putney Town Regatta, have now broken up to permit watermen to practise in House Fours.

Grant's are entering five fours altogether, one senior, three Junior-Senior and one Junior Four.

The Senior Four is composed of two members of the 1st VIII and two of the 2nd VIII and should therefore prove a well balanced crew; we have also been fortunate in obtaining a coach this year, a luxury which we have not had before!

The Junior Four, strengthened by a member of the 4th VIII, are also a promising crew.

This year Pairs have given way to Double Sculls in which six Grantites are taking part.

We have been unfortunate in the draw as our two best Senior Scullers have drawn each other in a preliminary round but we hope to make up for this in Junior-Senior Sculls where there is a large entry from Grant's.

R. A. L.

## TENNIS.

There is not much to say about Tennis at this stage of the term, for Seniors have yet to be played. We have, however, had two School matches, the first against Lancing, the second against Aldenham. Unfortunately Almond (F.) who would have played in the second pair was taking an exam. while the matches were being played, so that the House had only one representative in the First VI. Tennis in the House is not so popular as it was, which is disappointing. There are, in fact, only six full-time players, which is a very small proportion in a House as large as Grant's. I can only hope that in the next few years more people will join the ranks of the tennis players; for now that we have more courts at our disposal, every player can be assured of at least two stations a week, and sometimes there is a chance of even four games a week.

J. A. D.

## THE GYM DISPLAY.

The Gym Display was held in College Garden on Monday, July 7th. It had rained during the previous night and in the morning, and there was some doubt whether the grass would be dry enough for a punctual start. However, after an inspection of the pitch, the Captain of Gym won the toss, and elected to play.

The sun began to shine spasmodically through the clouds, a slight breeze rustled the leaves of the plane trees, and the spectators took their seats. College Garden presented a perfect setting for the Display, with the multi-coloured flowers and the grass as green as you wish.

Then on came the performers at the double, arrayed in spotless white, led by Mr. Monk, Master in charge of Gym, and F. R. H. Almond, Captain of Gym. They started by performing prodigious feats on the Bar, which culminated in a great pyramid. Next they took to the Horse, and, after leaping over it in many varied ways, decided to emulate the circus by forming another pyramid from one end of the poor animal to the other.

Then a break for both performers and spectators. After which the hard work really began. Many varied ways of locomotion were shown to us, from which we learnt that if we wanted to get to Victoria quickly, we could walk on our hands, or, if we wanted to make a two, all we need do was to put our head through the other chap's legs while he hangs by his legs from our shoulders—we prefer to walk!

After these demonstrations, the announcer faced the assembled School and Parents and asked for some volunteers to go and lie down on the nice green grass. This appeal was met with frowns, looks of disdain, nudgings, and "I did it last year," or, "I'll do it next year." No volunteers. However, turning round to the Under School, the announcer asked the same question, which was greeted by shouts and screams, and by about twenty small boys who jumped up and rushed forward. Only six were required at first, so that the rest were gently and tactfully sent back—lucky chaps! Then the performers started to dive over the line of bodies, to which one more was added every round. The torture was soon over, however, but many of the gymnasts had sore heads that night, and some of the Under School, I am sure, found it hard to sleep! However, it was great fun, and the Display was concluded with the "Crash" Pyramid which has now become a regular feature at the end of each Display. As usual, it drew from the spectators the inevitable gasp of surprise and sympathetic agony combined.

Then the performers leap-frogged out of the Garden, accompanied by much applause. They had given us one of the best Displays we have ever seen, and great credit must go to Mr. Monk and to Almond. It has now become an annual fixture, always to be looked forward to and enjoyed, for it is one of the best shows that we have at School. Let us hope that it is never dropped, and that each year the number of spectators may increase so that more people may enjoy it.

J. A. D.

## FINAL OF SENIORS.

Played at Roehampton, on a pleasant afternoon; scores . . . Grant's 59; College 62 for 9 (eventually 70 all out), winning by one wicket. One of those low-scoring, rather depressing matches which everyone is thankful to be rid of and to consign to oblivion? So it would appear . . . but just ask anyone

who was there, player or spectator, whether in fact he could have stood much more excitement without risk of heart failure.

Though no artificial division of time did become necessary, the game was played under "league" conditions. Grant's won the toss and elected to bat first, following sound cricketing principles rather than the off chance of capturing some of their opponents' time. But fortune did not favour them and there came a far too rapid succession of well-and-truly outs. Davidson, free from the inhibitions of having a cricketing reputation to live up to, made a bright dozen and so was the batsman with most runs to his credit.

No undue enthusiasm so far ; disappointed apprehension on one side and a modest confidence on the other—after all 60 runs shouldn't take much getting by a side nearly half of which played for the first XI. Two colts, Kemp and Lee, opened the bowling, and indeed except for two overs bowled unchanged. They started with a succession of five maidens against two colts batsmen. Useful, and shortly afterwards came tea, and shortly after that the first wicket. 1 for 14, but this only left 46 more to get. Then 2 for 17, 3 for 18, 4 for 18 ; two wickets to each bowler. Law was in by now and was realising the value of accurately counting up to six and was *not* apologising to his partner for pinching the bowling at the end of an over. He did his job by steadily scoring runs—there was no need to get them quickly—and 34 was on the board before the partner, who had inevitably to get some of the bowling, succumbed. Five more wickets to fall and only 26 to get ; easy meat, surely, with Law still in and at any rate two more comparative stars to come. Then—and an earthquake wouldn't have caused more consternation—Law yielded up his wicket to Lee. 6 for 35. Bowler Clarke and a tennis player were in and added more than half of the required balance of runs before the latter was dismissed 7 for 48. A new bowler, Almond (D.), offered a sort of donkey-drop ; the batsman (not Clarke) hit it as for six to leg but his timing was inaccurate and the ball followed a low, slow curve on the off side into the wicket keeper's hands ; 8 for 54. The respective housemasters were by now doing all that could be expected of them in the most traditional circles by pacing in opposite directions round the field ; all they lacked was umbrellas to break in frenzy on the ground. A first XI partnership (even if they were only bowlers) and 6 runs to get and 2 wickets to fall. The newcomer scored four, making the total 58, one run behind ; then sudden madness and he withdrew, run out. Last man in ; Clarke has the bowling and hits what should give the tying single ; the ball bounces awkwardly for the fieldsman (everyone's sympathy went out to him) and rolls away over the boundary. College has won by the skin of the teeth as exciting a game of cricket as anyone can want.

This over was finished and two more agreed on. It might, as so often, have ended in anticlimax but the gods were by now determined that nothing like this should mar the game and made Clarke play the fourth ball of the last over hard back to Lee for him to hold a fine low, one-handed, caught-and-bowled. All out 70, and of these bowler Clarke contributed a match-winning 26.

A side cannot play about much with only 59 to its credit and it was a good achievement for Lee and Kemp to bowl more than thirty overs between them with such steadiness. The field backed them up well but Murray deserves particular praise for his unfurried captaincy and for his wicket keeping ; two catches and a stump and only two byes.

Yes—there is something in cricket ; and what's more that very welcome little band of watermen who kept trickling in from Putney to watch would have been the first to say so!

T. M-R.



## NUMBER ONE.

Just over two hundred years ago a lad called John Dickenson entered the School. We do not know the names of his parents; we do not know where or when he was born. Had his Godfathers and Godmothers provided him with an adequate and distinctive set of initials or even with one good outstanding christian name such as Hippolitus or even Augustus his subsequent career could probably have been traced by some patient genealogist. But they failed to do so, and John Dickenson remains unidentified for future generations. The sole and only facts we know about him are that he was thirteen years old when he came to Westminster and that he left three years later.

And yet—how strange is fate—his place is assured among the immortals. For he was the first boy to be entered up Grant's, the first known Grantite. For nine months, indeed, there was no other. From January to November 1745—while bonny Prince Charlie threatened to overturn the throne of King George II—John Dickenson remained the undisputed Sovereign up Grant's.

He must have been a bit lonely, and the first 'Mother' Grant must have wondered whether 'the humble but genteel occupation of keeping a boarding-house for the Westminster Scholars' (as I think the Historian Gibbon called it), was going to yield her even a modest competence for her old age. As she looked at Master Dickenson conning his Latin Grammar in his flowered waistcoat, velvet coat and buckled shoes—Lag of Hall, Hallite, Head of Hall, Chiswickite, Monitor, and Head of Grant's, all combined in his own small person—she may be forgiven if she felt that one Grantite scarcely made a 'House.' She failed to realise that he was, in fact, not only immortal himself but was bringing her immortality too, and that two hundred years later Grant's and Grantites would still be household words at Westminster and beyond. As it was she may well have envied her neighbours 'Mother' Hawkins and 'Mother' Watts with their Houses full of 'quality children.'

And then one day Mr. Henry Agar, M.P., of Gowran Castle, Co. Kilkenny, and Mrs. Henry Agar called to see Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Agar explained that her Father and all her uncles had been at Westminster under Dr. Busby, and also her own Brother under Dr. Friend. She added that she herself had three sons who were nervous and highstrung and that she had been told that she couldn't do better than send them up Grant's—at least she probably said this for most prospective parents do. Anyhow in due course they arrived; James in November, and Welbore and Charles (aged 9) in the following June. Now, where the fashionable Mrs. Agar sent her sons other people followed. 'Mother' Grant's worries were at an end. Grant's was definitely 'on the Westminster map,' so that when John Dickenson left in 1749 there were twelve little Grantites in the House besides himself with the promise of more and more to follow down the centuries.

NASCITUR EXIGUUS VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.

In the North Choir Aisle of the Abbey is a Monument to the Most Reverend Father-in-God, Charles Agar, D.D., Earl of Normanton and Archbishop of Dublin. On it he is represented standing in his robes, full of years and honour, while admiring clergy and others grouped around regard with approval the untiring efforts of an infant angel to place a Mitre on the revered Archiespiscopal head . . . 'and some there be, which have no memorial,' whom no attendant cherub crowns with mitres or laurel leaves, who lie in an unknown grave, and among these is the Archbishop's friend and contemporary up Grant's, John Dickenson, whose name stands proudly 'Number One' on the Roll of former members of our House.

## THE GREY ROOM.

Charles Benson, the little fair-haired boy who lived with his mother, his nurse Betty, and his sister, at The Croft on the far side of Widecombe Bay, was in the nursery with his Nurse and his mother.

"Mummy," he said, "CAN'T I have a little room all to myself? I hate sleeping with Marigold: she's so mean."

Charles' one ambition in life was to be able to have his own room and sleep by himself. He made many excuses but neither his mother nor his nurse even listened to him.

Years passed, and Charles, now twelve, grew up to hate his mother and sister, and to loathe his nurse. He was being treated like a baby; he no longer needed a nurse, and besides he should have gone to school years ago.

One evening late in July, Charles and his nurse went down to a beach to bathe and to collect sea-shells. He had asked to go to this beach which was very deserted because of the magnificent shells there. Charles bathed, Betty bathed, and Betty lay down and went to sleep while Charles collected shells. Seeing her fast asleep, he thought it would be a terrific joke to cover her with sand up to the neck. So he covered her. Betty woke up and, laughing, threw some sand at Charles, and then dropped off to sleep again. He watched her for a while, and then, glancing at the in-coming tide, an idea suddenly struck him. If he weighted her body down with stones the sea would come in and drown her. Then, perhaps, with Betty out of the way, he might get what he wanted—a room to himself. The thought that Betty alone was ruining his only desire in life infuriated him, and, leaping on to her body, he began to ran handfuls of sand down her mouth and into her eyes. Betty, hardly being able to breathe, rolled over and over, screaming and clutching at the sand and pebbles, and beating her face against the stones in a vain endeavour to stop the pain in her eyes and lungs.

Charles watched in an absolute horror for some minutes, but when the horror passed over a little, he laughed, and, picking up some more large stones, he hurled them at her. Soon she was exhausted and lay quivering on the sand; Charles ran up to her and began to throw more sand over her, stopping every now and then to laugh and to kick her. The quivering had almost stopped but Charles knew that she was still living by an occasional shiver that would run through her body.

Suddenly a hollow gurgling noise came from underneath and, as Charles jumped clear, he was just in time to see his nurse being swallowed alive by the quicksand. A panic seized him and he ran screaming from the beach.

He did not go home but headed for the lonely moors where he must have gone on living for years, sleeping in old abandoned shacks and eating food stolen from farms.

Some years later he was picked up by the police and taken away. Now Charles is quite happy. He has his own room, and he is waited on hand and foot. He is so happy that he does not even want to leave his room, but only hopes that His Majesty's pleasure may last for ever.

## FRIDAY THE 13TH.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" cackled the demon. "Friday the thirteenth, Ha! Ha! That's thirteen that is, and all dead," then the wretch was seized with another fit of ghastly ghostly laughter, his mouth was flecked with foam and his eyes shone malevolently. He was about five foot six high and from behind his ears protruded bloody sabre-like horns. All the while he was

busy pushing the causes of his laughter into an enormous case ; they were ears—bloody bespattered human ears.

Above the demon in his submerged cave two men were walking ; one was obviously the Croftsham village policeman, while anyone in Croftsham could have told you that the other was Sidney Bumpkins, the celebrated London detective. " But," said the constable, " I tell ye ee bean't 'uman : look-you I went down to see ee and ee told I that if I wanted my bloomin years I 'ad better get hout, and anyhow he only kills on Fridays which fall on the thirteenth and that beant often." " But," insisted Inspector Bumpkins, " you can't let him add twenty-six ears to his collection every time the day does come round ; anyhow what does he cut them off with and where ? " " 'Ee cums up under em when they're zwimmin and cuts 'em off with 'is 'orns."

The inspector tried again and asked why people ever swam on that day. He was told that the demon had been known to swim thirty miles to get his thirteen victims who always bled to death long before help could get to them.

Friday did not fall on the thirteenth for three years, and until the first of that dreaded month Inspector Bumpkins had thought of no way to deal with the demon. He realized that the creature could not be killed and so he set to work to try and find a method of permanently disabling it. But it was not until James Bumpkins, aged nine, blew off one of his ears with a chemistry set that his father had an idea.

On the thirteenth of the month Inspector Bumpkins might have been seen hurling a struggling body over the cliff above the demon's cave. It was James Bumpkins.

A dark streak flashed out from under the cliff, and surfacing under the boy's head tore off his only ear with a deft twist of its horns. The explosion that followed was even larger than the father had expected. " Golly! " he exclaimed, " that dynamite in his ear was pretty effective." Then he fell to the ground stricken with remorse at having killed his only son ; though mortally wounded he might have had a better death and a decent burial, thought the miserable father who had been driven quite mad by the worries of that dreadful case.

The demon climbed up the cliff and took the sobbing man into his cave<sup>†</sup>. They now live together, the one driven utterly imbecile by the loss of his brain and horns, the other equally mad though for quite different reasons.

The headlines of the *Dorset Daily Echo* recorded that Inspector Bumpkins had been willing to sacrifice his only son to rid Dorset of its Number One enemy.

The ears, amounting to nearly three million and dating back to prehistoric days, are priceless and are now exhibited in the British Museum.

## THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

### AN HISTORICAL NOTE.

As with so many of the great institutions of this country (I have in mind especially the Knights of the Garter) the origins of the Old Grantite Club are grounded upon an historical accident. The early details have been the subject of much scholarly disputation, but the best opinion\* is agreed that the Club developed from an earlier body known as the Moth Club, founded

\* *My own.*

by a group of earnest and enlightened young men with the object of inducing the English-speaking peoples to pronounce the word "moth" so as to rhyme with "both." I cannot remember, after this lapse of time, the precise advantages which were expected to inure to humanity as a consequence of this bold innovation or the line of reasoning upon which this expectation was based, but I well recollect the missionary fervour with which we addressed ourselves to the task. The date of foundation is unfortunately in doubt, though I believe it was in 1922; this could be verified by reference to the year of publication of a contemporary popular tune, entitled "What did the poor little moths live on, when Adam and Eve were here?"

Alas, despite our spirit of high endeavour, the public at large displayed a wholly unaccountable and unexpected reluctance to rid themselves of their prejudices, and our efforts failed. It is, perhaps, legitimate and, indeed, instructive to speculate upon what might be the present condition of society had we succeeded. All, however, was not lost, as with rare foresight we had armed ourselves with the two prime essentials of any club, viz:—A club tie and an annual dinner. The tie, of which at least one example is still extant, was quite charming, in its own *genre*; green stripes upon a mauve ground, designed by an artist of impeccable taste\*. The dinner, I think, but cannot be quite certain, was associated with some ceremony connected with beer.

Moreover, even in these early days of the Moth Club, there was a close and happy association with Westminster. Membership was not limited to O.W.W. but I find among the Rules one that enjoined the passing of an annual vote of censure upon the Head Master. It was, therefore, but natural that when the bitterness of our defeat in the field of phonetics had been surmounted by the resilience of youth we should have turned to the school for a peg, as it were, upon which to hang the Annual Dinner.

It was at this moment that there emerged those twin giants in the history of the Old Grantite Club, A. Garrard and W. N. MacBride. So brightly shines their light that I am somewhat blinded in my recollection of what it was precisely that they did, but let there be no shadow of doubt; had they not done it, there would be no Old Grantite Club to-day. The two non-Grantite members of the Moth Club were summarily expelled, Rule 1 was amended to read "The name of the Club is The Old Grantite Club" and the club tie was redesigned, despite a spirited minority opposition. And thus, without original intent or design, there emerged the Old Grantite Club.

At first, the Annual Dinner was the only activity of the Club, but its interests have gradually shifted from its own corporate stomach to a wider and more disinterested field. For example, the financial responsibility for *The Grantite Review* is now borne solely by the Club and its future, one hopes, assured. I rather think the Club likes to regard itself as a genial uncle of the House, with a due sense of its obligations at Christmas.

One last landmark in the Club's Life I must mention and that is the institution of Life Membership. This was adopted at the suggestion of the present Housemaster, who indeed has made the scheme possible by accepting the burden of collecting the termly subscriptions. The Life Member has in the past been entitled to *The Grantite* for life and two Annual Dinners without charge. The finance of this arrangement was worked out by someone very clever, whose name for the moment escapes me, and it was all very actuarial and sound. The days of cheap and substantial dinners are now past and to provide two free dinners at their present cost would spell instant insolvency. A tremendous exploration of avenues is afoot and blue prints are being printed blue in very large numbers with a view to fixing on the best privileges possible for future Life Members. I mention this to assure these

\* *Myself.*

that their rights are being considered and in the hope that they will appreciate the Club. It really is worth it.

P. J. S. B.

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And now, as to the Club's present activities; on May 8th a Special General Meeting of Members was held in the School Lecture Room for the purpose of agreeing proposals for re-instating the Club on an active basis.

A most encouraging attendance passed the necessary resolutions, appointing the following as a provisional Executive Committee, with powers to act until the Annual General Meeting:—

Hon. Secretary	...	D. F. Cunliffe	(1932-37)
Hon. Treasurer	...	F. N. Hornsby	(1916-21)
Committee	...	J. Heard	(1894-99)
		P. J. S. Bevan	(1915-20)
		J. B. Latey	(1928-32)
		R. O. I. Borradaile	(1935-40)
		J. R. Russ	(1937-42)
		B. G. Almond	(1939-44)

After hearing a statement of the Club's financial position, those present resolved that a social function should take place, at an early date, in order to ensure, not only a general reunion, but especially the immediate association of those Members of the pre-war years with the younger Old Grantites of the war period.

The Committee met at once, and, on the 26th June, the Club gave a cocktail party to its Members up Library from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., through the kind permission of the Head Master and Mr. Carleton, both of whom honoured the Club with their presence.

The party was a great success, and the following were amongst those who attended:—

R. J. P. Alexander, M. V. Argyle, P. J. S. Bevan, R. O. I. Borradaile, W. G. Borradaile, J. W. P. Bradley, C. M. Cahn, J. D. Carleton, D. H. Carlisle, E. R. Cawston, W. Cleveland-Stevens, K.C., D. F. Cunliffe, A. M. Davidson, P. Y. Davidson, D. P. Davison, Lt.-Col. H. M. Davson, O. Lawson Dick, D. M. Eady, E. C. N. Edwards, M. G. Finn, M. H. Flanders, J. G. Frampton, W. B. Frampton, K. G. Gilbertson, I. D. Grant, J. R. B. Hodges, J. A. Holloway, F. N. Hornsby, J. M. Hornsby, S. Jacobm Hood, F. T. Hunter, A. W. G. Le Hardy, H. A. Mackintosh, T. M. Murray-Rust, A. G. de Montmorency, A. A. Negus, F. R. Oliver, P. N. Ray, M. H. Prance, R. D. Rich, J. R. Russ, P. R. Rea, L. E. Tanner, W. R. van Straubenzee and E. F. R. Whitehead.

It is proposed to hold the first post-war Annual Dinner in College Hall on Saturday, November 8th, when the Dean and the Head Master, to both of whom the Club is indebted for this privilege, have said that they hope to accept the Club's invitation to be present. It is indeed gratifying to record that already some ninety Members have intimated that they hope to attend on this occasion.

One of the principal objects of the Club is "to advance the prosperity and interest of Grant's." To this end the Committee decided that after eight years of enforced inactivity, the Club should give some tangible evidence of its close and constant interest in everything that concerns the House, and it has, therefore, presented three wireless sets to Inner, Chiswicks, and Hall.

An effort is being made to get the Club Tie back into production, and an announcement will be made in the *Grantite* when these are again available.

The Annual General Meeting will take place on October 2nd, 1947. In the meantime, it is hoped that those Old Grantites who are not Members will wish to join, and will write to the Acting Honorary Secretary:—D. F. Cunliffe, Esq., M.C., Brookwood Corner, Ashtead, Surrey.

F. N. H.

D. J. E. SHAW.

The death of John Shaw while on active service with the 21st Lancers in Palestine will come as a sad shock to the many O.W.W. who knew him here and also to those older Grantites who were under his father as housemaster, and all will wish to extend their deep sympathy to Mrs. Shaw.

John Shaw came to Grant's in 1938 and was with us through the early difficulties of evacuation. He went to the Army in 1943 by way of a short University course at Glasgow, leaving behind him a reputation of many virtues—above all, perhaps, of a quiet dependability and of a quiet but unfailing sense of humour. A friend to all of us at School, he remained it after he had left, taking many opportunities of re-visiting us, and we know that he carried this capacity for friendship into his Army life.

NOTICES.

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

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and the *Grantite Review* is D. F. Cunliffe, Esq., M.C., and any enquiries should be sent to him at Brookwood Corner, Ashted, Surrey.

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