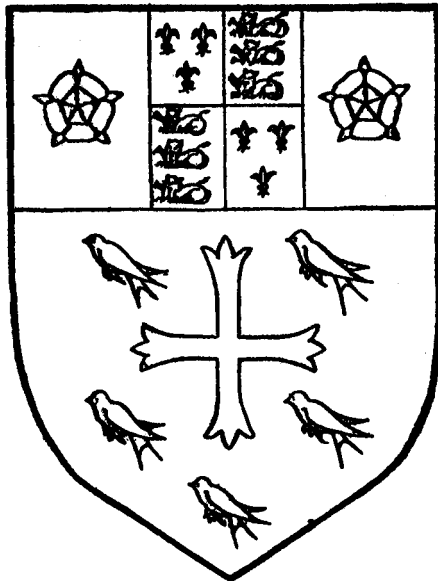


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THE GRANTITE REVIEW

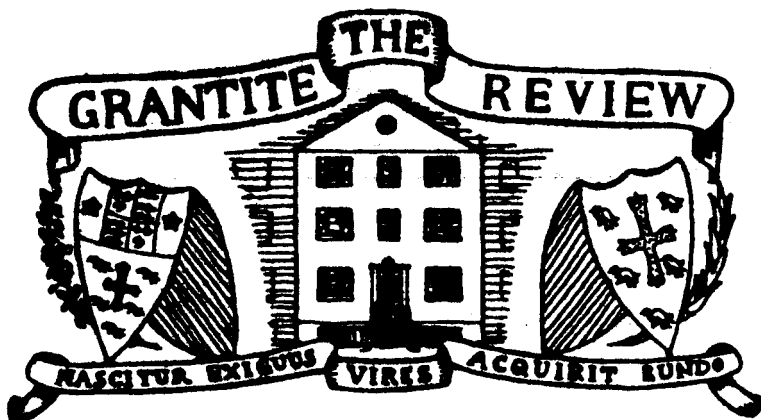


PLAY-LENT TERMS

1948-9

INDEX.

EDITORIAL	3
HOUSE NOTES	4
W. T. S. STALLYBRASS	5
FOOTBALL	6
THE WATER	7
FIVES	8
GOLF	8
HOUSE LITERARY SOCIETY	9
O.K. FOR SCRIPT <i>R. N. Mackay</i>	10
YOUNG SHAVER <i>R. M. Milligan</i>	13
LEAFY LATHER <i>T. E. D. Beresford</i>	13
THE 31ST PILGRIM <i>A. H. R. Martindale</i>	14
THE TATTERED WING	14
CORRESPONDENCE	15
NOTICES	15



VOLUME XIX. No. 12.

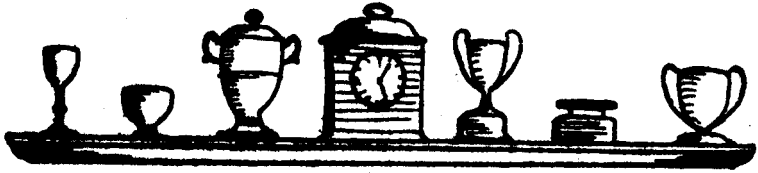
205TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

Work on the repairing of College Dormitory has now begun and we are led to believe that Grant's is to be rebuilt some time after this work has been completed. It seems, then, not unlikely that this building will at any rate be started during the school life of some present members of the house and some of those arriving in the near future may live in a new Number 2, Little Dean's Yard.

They will be living here for two-thirds of the year for a considerable period and it will be by their reactions to it that the quality of the buildings will be judged. They and we are concerned with what sort of a place Grant's is going to be and yet there is no evidence that staff, parents or boys have been given any idea of what they will be like or when they may be begun. What will they look like on the outside? Will there be a yard? Will the living rooms of the house be mixed up with or separate from the housemaster's quarters? People want to know these things and in the absence of fact, rumour gets around and no one has even anything to grumble about. We are not suggesting that the work of a professional architect should be subject to the whims and fancies of school boys but we do ask that the people whom this work concerns should be given a chance of seeing what it is all about.

About a year ago some of us were given a lecture by the author of one of the plans submitted for the partial redesigning of the City of Westminster. He explained his general intentions and we were invited to question and discuss them and the details of the scheme. Cannot we now get nearer home and be given similar information about our own school?



HOUSE NOTES.

PLAY TERM.

There left us Election term :—D. L. Almond, P. C. Pearson and A. J. Allan (boarders) ; and L. Lipert (half-boarder). We wish them the best of luck.

* * * * *

We welcome :—R. F. Wilding, J. D. S. Macdougall, M. W. M. Davidson, C. R. Hayes, H. H. M. Rogers (boarders) ; and S. L. C. Tester, J. M. Davies (half-boarders).

* * * * *

We won Football Juniors 5—0.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—G. N. P. Lee and F. D. Hornsby on their Pinks,
and R. M. Milligan on his Thirds,
and A. H. R. Martindale on his Colts for Football.

Also to :—A. H. R. Martdinale, B. A. Clarke, J. Brostoff, D. S. Cammell, K. J. M. Kemp and S. L. C. Tester on their Juniors for Football.

LENT TERM.

There left us last term :—T. E. D. Beresford and A. E. C. Bostock.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—C. T. Sims-Williams.

* * * * *

In Inner there are :—R. E. Nagle, D. M. V. Blee, D. N. Croft, R. R. Davies (boarders) and E. M. Carr-Saunders (half-boarders).

* * * * *

In Chiswicks there are :—N. P. V. Brown, E. S. Chesser, J. H. Milner, G. N. P. Lee, R. N. Mackay, F. D. Hornsby, D. G. S. Hayes, R. M. Milligan, T. B. Jellett, S. R. N. Rodway, P. T. Swan and G. Somerset (boarders) ; and D. F. H. Sandford, H. Ward, R. P. Harben and K. J. S. Douglas-Mann (half-boarders).

The Head of Hall is E. J. W. Oyler and the Hall Monitors are S. G. Croft and A. H. R. Martindale.

* * * * *

Events this term :—

Feb. 22nd.—1st XI *v.* Eton (home).

Mar. 19th.—School Confirmation.

Apr. 1st.—School Concert.

W. T. S. STALLYBRASS.

Many Old Westminsters, and especially Old Grantites, will have heard with regret of the sudden and tragic death of William Teulon Swan Stallybrass, Principal of Brasenose College and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

He was a son of William Swan Stallybrass (formerly Sonnenschein), a publisher, and was admitted as a half-boarder up Grant's in 1894. In 1896 he was elected a non-resident Queen's Scholar, and became a Monitor and also a boarder in Play Term 1900. He was Head of Grants from the beginning of Election Term 1901, and was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, at Election 1902. He was an outstanding Head of Grants, much liked by all who were in the house at the time. Besides editing the *Grantite* he started and edited the *Mirror*, which survived for some years. Although he was always keen on games he failed to get his Pinks, but got his Pink and Whites for both Cricket and Football.

At Oxford he took a First in "Mods." and a second in "Greats" and ran cross-country for Oxford against Cambridge in 1905. He was called to the Bar with a Certificate of Honour in 1909. In 1911 he was elected a fellow of Brasenose. During the 1914-1918 War he served with the Ministry of Munitions and was awarded an O.B.E. At Oxford, as at Westminster, he was an outstanding figure, known far beyond the bounds of his College of which he became the Principal in 1936. Generations of Oxford men were counted among his friends and he contrived to keep in touch with them in after life in spite of his ever increasing responsibilities both at Oxford and elsewhere. A glance at "Who's Who" shows how varied were these activities and there was no one better qualified than himself to become Vice-Chancellor of his University. His tenure of that office, in which he had already made his mark, was cut short by the tragic accident which caused his death. His loss was a very real one not only to Oxford but to Westminster, of which he remained a loyal son throughout his life.

FOOTBALL.

This term the football authorities have had ambitions and successful plans for raising the standard of Westminster football, in such forms as a Colts Club, an U.-15 Club and even an U.-14 Club. In addition to these there has been the House League in which at the end of just over two rounds Grant's was lying second with 11 points. The fact that the defence has only had 10 goals scored against it to date, is something on which they must be congratulated.

We did well to win Juniors even though it was expected, since we had six Colts in our team, and the pick of the League team. In the first round we met A.HH. and H.BB. and beat them easily 6—0, though in the second half our opponents, three goals down and with nothing to lose, came back with a punch that showed some dangerous gaps in defence when under pressure.

The final was played Up Fields on the last Monday of term in a biting wind. For the first 10 minutes there was some unexciting mid-field play while the sides weighed each other up and then Grant's switched over to the attack. Most of the play was down our right wing where we were lucky to have the Colts triangle of Hornsby A., Martindale and Wordsworth at half-back. In about the tenth minute Wordsworth who had been playing a roving game broke through on his own, sent across a very nice low centre which Davies C., placed in just the right position, nodded into the net, for one of the best goals seen in Juniors matches. About five minutes later Pritchard fouled in our penalty area, and there was a deathly hush as Peroni came up to take the penalty, which fortunately went wide.

After this the team settled down to attack again and a good movement down the left resulted in the ball being slipped inside and Martindale in an unmarked position banged the ball into the net first time. It was with the score at 2—0 in our favour that the interval was reached.

When play started again, it was 10 minutes or so before anybody seemed capable of physical effort; the players seemed numbed by the icy wind that was sweeping across the ground. Our forwards however soon took charge of the game again, and Martindale finished off a good dribble down the right wing by shooting a neat angle shot past Rigaud's goal-keeper. During the next quarter of an hour Rigaud's started attacking and our defence, frozen with cold, for they had had nothing much to do up to now, was hurried into making some bad blunders, but luckily Wordsworth, who was playing very well, always managed to save the situation. Our next goal resulted from a corner, one of the many that Rigaud's had been giving away throughout the game. Hornsby A. took it and Brostoff who had shifted over to inside-right, scored. Then with only about five minutes to go, Davies C. ran on to a

very nice pass back from Brostoff and drove the ball into the net. So we won Juniors for the second year in succession.

Team.—D. F. H. Sandford; K. J. M. Kemp, M. L. B. Pritchard; J. F. Wordsworth, B. A. Clarke, S. L. C. Tester; A. H. R. Martindale (capt.), A. C. Hornsby, D. S. Cammell, C. J. H. Davies, J. Brostoff.

The most improved player in the house seems to be Sandford, who is turning into a really good goal-keeper for the Colts.

Lee and Hornsby F. are playing regularly for the 1st XI and have both been awarded their pinks, although Lee broke a finger in the Aldenham match and consequently could not play against Lancing. Mackay and Milligan are playing regularly for the 2nd XI, the latter being awarded his Thirds.

Our problem this term is to get a good team together for Seniors at the end of February.

G. N. P. L.

THE WATER.

For the first few weeks of this term most of us returned to the invaluable tub pairs, and tried to learn how to row after the frivolities of the holidays. Two approximately equal Senior eights were sent out, and soon after two more were seen on the river. It was decided after the "Exeat" to form an "A" crew with all the Pinks and other promising Watermen. Harben, who was in the 3rd VIII last summer, has been rowing in this crew from time to time.

Near the end of term a Trial race was held for "C" and "D" crews. Although they had not been able to train together it was an excellent race. Two Grantites, Ward and Douglas-Mann stroked, the latter's crew winning by one-third of a length after a struggle all the way.

We have two regular members of Mr. Fisher's junior eight (Croft J. and Hodgson), which started going out after the exeat.

Unfortunately the fog upset this term's rowing, for we lost three valuable outings. This particularly affected "A" crew, and the Trial eights which never really had a chance of getting together.

This term has paved the way for more important events in the future, and I believe that Grant's will "pull her weight" as long as the same excellent spirit which we have had for the last few terms is kept up.

D. N. C.

We wish to congratulate D. O'R. Dickey on being awarded his rowing Trial Cap at Oxford. He was up Grant's from 1937 to 1942 and was described in one of the *Grantites* as an "impeccable stylist." Unfortunately the war interfered with his rowing career at Westminster.

FIVES.

This term it was decided to hold an American tournament—each house playing every other house. The first pair won two of its matches, against Busby's and Rigauds, and although completely outclassed by College were a trifle unlucky to be beaten by Homeburnham by two games to one. The second pair fared better, winning two matches out of the three they played before the competition was closed. They played very well to win the first game against College and only lost the last game after the score had reached eleven all. They just beat Busby's after an exciting match, winning the last game 16—15. After this we were unfortunate in losing the services of Lee who broke a finger playing football, but Martindale proved an able deputy and we beat the Rigauds second pair 3—0. We were finally placed third to College and Busby's, and but for the fact that we had played a match less might have been second.

Next term Seniors and Juniors will be played and although we have no really good players we have five or six who are of quite a high standard with the result that our second pair is stronger than most of the others. We also have some very promising junior players, notably Martindale and I think that we have a good chance next term, particularly in Juniors.

Results :—First Pair beat Busby's 3—0 and Rigauds 2—1 ; lost to College 0—3 and to Homeburnham 1—2.

Second pair beat Busby's 2—1 and Rigaud's 3—0 ; lost to College 1—2.

Team :—1st Pair : N. P. V. Brown, F. D. Hornsby.

2nd Pair : G. N. P. Lee (A. H. F. Martindale), R. R. Davies.

GOLF.

The pre-War annual fixture of a golf match with the O.W. Golfing Society was held on Monday, May 3rd, at Sundridge Park G.C. Unfortunately only seven players aside could be mustered and of these, four of the school team were Grantites. The match was keenly contested, and resulted in a win for the School by seven matches to four. In the morning seven singles were played, of these the School won four, halved two and lost one. Three four-somes and a single were played in the afternoon, the School won one foursome, lost two and won the single.

A challenge was issued almost immediately for a return match and it was played the following holidays on September 20th again at Sundridge Park G.C. In the morning the first competition for the School Cup, presented by Mr. R. S. Barnes, was held ; it was

won by a Grantite, Davies, C. J. H., with a net score of 74 (18) and R. K. Pitamber (A.HH.) with a net 76 (5) was runner-up.

After a very good lunch the O.W. Golfing Society played the School the return match. This time, however, eight aside took part, Hornsby, A. C. joining the team and bringing the complement of Grantites in it to five. The match was played in foursomes and resulted in a win for the Old Westminsters by 2½ matches to 1½ matches.

An extremely good day was enjoyed on both occasions and we hope that a golf match with the Old Westminsters will become once again an annual fixture.

R. R. D.

HOUSE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Grant's House Literary Society was last refounded in the Play Term of 1938, when Sutton was Head of House and Mr. Murray-Rust had been Housemaster for about a year. Since then it has continued well.

Those who attend the society are : The Housemaster, Mr. J. D. Carleton (ex-House Tutor) and Mr. S. Lushington. Then, of course, come Inner, Chiswicks and the Head of Hall with the Hall Monitors when there are sufficient parts.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock and reads a play straight off, except for a break for prayers. We read in the Housemaster's drawing room and then adjourn to the lounge for refreshments and pleasant conversation.

The aim behind the society, if it can be called an aim, is to read mostly contemporary plays with one or two more classical plays, to justify the word Literary in the title.

This term we read an Agatha Christie, an Edgar Wallace, North Country play, The Anatomist, then being played at the Westminster Theatre, and Sherwood's Idiot's Delight, about munition magnates causing war, written just before the last war ; and last but not least The Taming of the Shrew, and two others. A mixed but interesting selection.

The standard of reading, whilst not exceptional, is quite good, with many readers able to produce amusing, if not always appropriate accents.

The value of such a Society as this is considerable ; for apart from entertainment, it developes a useful interest in drama in general and helps both to develop critical appreciation and reading ability.

D. M. V. B.

O.K. FOR SCRIPT.

As a Scotsman I was disappointed. The English have muffed it again. Imagine what would have happened if the Americans had been let loose on "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Issac M. Goldenheimer and Moses J. Silverstein

present

The most spectacular drama ever to come from the West (of Scotland)

"MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN."

THE LAST REEL.

I.

A magnificent mountain scene. The Highlands (The Rockies) tower up into a bright, blue, Californian sky. Out of the blaze of a Technicolor sun-rise a lonely horseman rides along the rocky mountain trail. It is Bonnie Prince Charlie (Roy Rodgers). Although the dreaded red-coats are closing in on every side, he jogs unconcernedly along on his noble steed (Trigger : colour white as Hero's). Twanging his guitar he sings an old Scots folk-song :

Prince Charlie : " ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING
ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.,
ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING."

Suddenly he sees a spiral of smoke.

Prince Charlie : SAY, THAT MUST BE SMOKE UP IN THOSE THERE
MOUNTAINS (to Trigger) COME ON, OLD SON,
LET'S GO SEE WHAT GOES ON IN THESE PARTS.

Prince Charlie turns his horse slap up the mountainside. And there stands a little, old log cabin. Smoke, song and hearty guffaws float out through the swing doors. Tying up Trigger, Prince Charlie hitches up his kilt, and with a large smirk, pushes open the swing-door, and enters the hazy interior.

II.

A saloon bar. On the right is the long bar, behind which are countless bottles. At the rear is the stage. On the left the tables, gaming or otherwise, and the staircase mounting to the higher regions. [The log cabin is one-storied.—EDIT.]

There in the centre is Big Bill Campbell, in one of those lurid kilts that only Americans can produce. He sees Prince Charlie.

Big Bill Campbell : HOWDY STRANGER! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.
WE ALWAYS HAVE GOOD OLD FASHIONED
SCOTS HOSPITALITY IN THE OLD LOG CABIN.

Prince Charlie : THAT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU OLD TIMER.
PERHAPS WE MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC.

Big Bill Campbell : SURE THING. O.K. BOYS, TAKE IT AWAY.

This is addressed to the Rocky Mountain Rhythemers, who have been standing in the background, dressed in the same horrible kilts, awkwardly holding a number of bagpipes.

Big Bill Campbell : LET'S HAVE " THE LITTLE RED ROSE OF THE
WEST " (of Scotland). SAY, FLORA, PER-
HAPS YOU WOULD OBLIGE WITH THE VOCAL.

Enter Flora Macdonald (Jane Russell) from the hazy background,

Flora : RIGHT YOU ARE, POPA. LET'S GO, BOYS.

While the band whines up, Prince Charlie leans confidentially over the bar and drinks five double whiskies straight off. His eyes are nearly popping out of his head, he tugs his neck-tie feverishly several times. He is already deeply in love. A long, low whistle escapes his lips.

Flora : " THE LITTLE RED R-O-S-E OF THE WEST (of
Scotland).
THE LIT———

Suddenly the music stops, there is a deadly silence. A thunder of galloping hooves. They stop outside. The doors swing open. And there stands the " Bloody Duke " (of Cumberland) (Boris Karlof).

The Duke : O.K., CHARLIE, I'VE GOT YER NOW.

Prince Charlie (from behind the roulette table) : OH YEAH?
OH YEAH?

The Duke : YEAH! TOUGH GUY HUH?

Prince Charlie : TAKE DEM PAWS OFF THEM SHOOTING IRONS,
CLEMENTINE.

He reaches for his gun, but Prince Charlie is too quick for him. The fight begins. As usual all the bottles behind the bar are shattered, all tables, gaming or otherwise, crash to ground. The chandelier falls on Big Bill Campbell's head. Prince Charlie and the Duke slug it out in true Western (Scotland) manner. Miss Flora Macdonald, however, ends the combat with the usual broken whisky bottle, applied to somebody's head. (It is uncertain whose).

Prince Charlie (Grunts) : THANKS A LOT, HONEY. SAY, LET'S
QUIT THIS JOINT.

Flora : RIGHT YOU ARE, BIG BOY. I'LL BE HITTIN'
 THE TRAIL WITH YOU.

With Miss Macdonald tucked under one arm, and his six-shooter blazing in the other, Prince Charles dives through the swing door, and in one gigantic leap gets right on to the back of Trigger, who somehow seems to be there. The red-coats, led by the Duke, give chase.

III.

The chase continues over miles of magnificent Highland (Californian) scenery. In spite of the encumbrance of Miss Macdonald, Prince Charlie (on white horse) outdistances the Duke and band (on black horses). By skilful use of his six-shooter, red-coat after red-coat bites the dust. Suddenly the hammer clicks; Prince Charlie's run out of slugs. He rides desperately on, but then there is the cold, misty sea (The Pacific).

Prince Charlie : SAY, I GUESS WE'VE HAD IT, HONEY.

Flora (with that horribly forced laugh) : BETWEEN THE DEVILISH
 DUKE AND THE DEEP-BLUE SEA.

Prince Charlie prepares to defend himself to the death, etc., when to the background of "John Brown's Body" a model of the Mayflower appears through the gloom. To cries of :

 "GOOD OLD CHARL-IE-E,"

the boat races to the beach. They are saved.

IV.

In the bows of the Mayflower. Above, blue sky, below, blue sea. Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald are talking to the captain (William Bendix)—

Prince Charlie : THAT'S MIGHTY FINE, CAPT'N, LET HER RIP.

Captain : WHERE TO, BOSS ?

Prince Charlie : THE LAND OF THE FREE, CAPT'N (background
 of Stars and Stripes). THE OLD WORLD HAS
 REJECTED US, WE SAIL TO THE NEW !!!

The Captain salutes and turns away. The film fades out in a glorious sunset in the glow of which Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald start the Big Kiss (lasting 15 minutes and costing \$½m). Just before the end Trigger (don't ask me how he got there) sticks in his head to complete the triangle.

Trigger : HORSE-LAUGH.

YOUNG SHAVER.

Rasp of razor,
Crash of hair ;
Could it mean that
Oyler's there.

From the cut-throat's
Touch afeared
Downward falls his
Morning beard.

Oyler's learnt
(And to his loss),
Rolling chins *do*,
Gather moss.

LEAFY LATHER.

"What do you finks 'appening, guv'ner?" said the taxi-driver, as I paid him.

"I can't understand, myself," I said, "but it's not here, in London, that it's so bad, it's in the country, where there aren't many people to sweep 'em up. They're feet deep, so I'm told."

Yes, they were feet deep—but not in London, that was to come.

I had never known such an autumn—and yet then it was only the beginning.

I was travelling down to Farnham that day on the midday fast train. But at Clapham we stopped and a leafplough was attached to the front of the engine. We arrived at dusk and walking out of the station I hired a leaf-sweeper to clear my path to the hotel, for here the leaves were deep. I had been told in London that in the country hundreds of men were earning fortunes by sweeping leaves. Farnham was no exception. Men with vast brushes were milling round the station. In the distance huge fires were raging in a vain attempt to get rid of the masses of falling leaves.

I bought a paper in the High Street. Big black headlines were spread across the front page "CARBON-DIOXIDE POISONING DANGER FROM ROTTING LEAVES." That would be pleasant—if we all dropped dead in our tracks. There would be no one to bury anyone.

I reached the hotel, had a small dinner and then went to bed.

I woke the next morning with a slight headache—carbon dioxide I suppose. I got a shock when I drew the curtains and looked out of the window. The miles and miles of leaves that had been visible by moonlight the night before were now completely covered with October frost. It was a wonderful sight. It looked like an ocean of soap suds, white and glistening.

Eager to be outside, for it was a lovely morning, I snatched a biscuit and hurriedly put on some clothes, and reaching for my gas mask I stepped through the window onto the silver leaves, now up to my window sill.

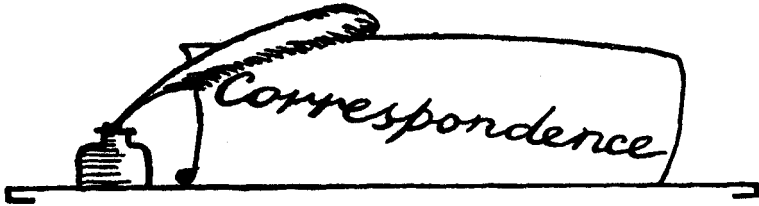
But I slipped and fell. I fell down and down, like a leaf falling from a tree—an easy motion—not too fast, just floating down. Down and down, like a leaf falling from a tree.

THE 31st PILGRIM.

A Scole-techere y-cleped Maister John
did follow Freré Jocelyn anon.
A worthy manne, trewely lithé of limbe,
for in much sporte didde none excellé him.
And eek he was an murrie manne withalle.
Righte on his chin he hadde a beardé smalle
Full many storiés did he us aire
How that he hente his scoler by the haire
and beate them righte until his stikké broke
and than wolde cloute them with some othere boke,
if they their Cicero haddé forgoote,
He was righte fierce in scole, I trowe, Godwoote!
But alway didde he say it with a jest.
He hit them nat at all, but for the beste ;
I trowe each pupil was a naughty scoler.
His beardé was an pleasing, redde colour.

THE TATTERED WING.

High in the air the birds are flying
Swishing swooping plaintive crying.
High above the chalk cliffs lying
As borders to this hilly land
With pebbles grinding glistening
Rolling o'er the yellow sand
Tossed by the incoming waves, there lies
One single tattered wing.
Through what distant skies
Was wont that bird to sing ?
Who knows ?
Upon the rocky shore
Where no flower grows.
Who knows ?
Beneath the darkening cliffs
Where only the sea breeze blows.



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

3, New Walk,
Beverley,
E. Yorkshire.

24th January, 1949.

Dear Sir,

May I ask your help and the "courtesy of your columns"?

Many Grantites, both old and present, sent us Christmas cards. We were delighted to get them, and memories of many generations were recalled by the names on our mantelpiece. Perhaps the senders would accept this note to you as conveying our thanks to them.

To our great pleasure, the ice of Grantite visits to Beverley has already been broken; we look forward to more of it being broken!

Your obedient servant (or what you will!) and best wishes
to you all.

T. M. MURRAY-RUST.

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, Ashstead, 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.