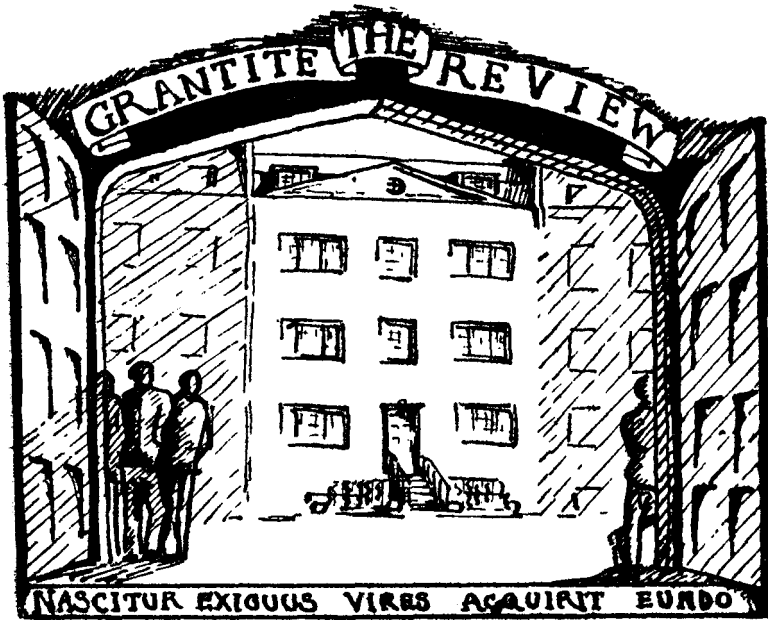


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LENT TERM, 1959

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EDITORIAL

“Atmosphere,” shouts an author; “Work,” screams an editor; “Money,” begs a printer. And suddenly a *Grantite Review* appears, rather like a stray cat whom everyone is happy to see only because of the knowledge that it is still alive. Each time it returns slightly different, but no one will ever remember or notice the change; this disinterest is one of Westminster’s great faults. And Grantites, the life blood of the school through their individual conservatism, make neither fuss nor worry and are the great offenders in this failing. No Grantite will ever criticize or praise anything openly.

“Approval of what is approved of
Is as false as an unkept vow.”

Will anyone here, ever approve of anything; it is neither right nor proper for any Westminster boy to show any enthusiasm about anything. No Grantite will like the *Grantite* but they do not seem interested enough to criticize. Why is this apathy so widespread? Is it our environment, the London atmosphere, or the proximity of the Abbey or Parliament, that casts us into this listless state?

There is one reason, Westminster is not a “Public School,” such as those that produce rowing blues and cabinet ministers; it is a place of education and amusement. The public school life is incongruous here, and everyone is either interestedly disinterested in the outside world or just exceptionally tolerant and kind. Indeed so happy was William Cowper here, in the tough old days, that he wrote of the

. . . “Gardner Robin, day by day”
that “Drew me to school along the public way.”

This everlasting state of contentedness and happiness is wonderful; and even though such things as a newer and better *Grantite* may be being sacrificed who would try and change the atmosphere of Dean’s Yard one little bit?

HOUSE NOTES

There left us last term: R. J. Abbott, J. S. Dunnett, N. R. P. Heaton and M. S. Mudge.

We welcome this term, as boarders: A. R. Argyle and A. J. Dugdale.

Congratulations to: M. A. Hall on his Pinks for Football.

and to: A. C. McKinlay on his Thirds for Shooting.

and to: N. Halsted on his Colts for Fencing.

and to: P. C. Medawar on his Seniors for Football.

and to: N. M. W. Anderson on his Seniors for Squash.

and to: N. S. B. Tanner on his Juniors for Water.

and to: E. R. Espenhahn, J. H. G. Langley, C. E. Manderson, R. Pain and F. Strickland-Constable on their Juniors for Football.

* * * * *

Head of House is N. D. K. Evans.

Monitors are N. M. W. Anderson, J. A. Corcoran, J. D. Noakes and R. N. Chinn (day boy).

Head of Hall is R. Pain.

Hall Monitors are C. Gale, J. Langley, E. G. Jones and D. Sedden.

HOUSE DIARY

OR REFLECTIONS ON A RADIATOR

It is significant that when the radiators cease working, as they do once a week, that they should stop stone cold on Sundays. This must be, indeed, an ingenious policy for forcing the boarders out at the weekend but it can have no justification either financially or theoretically. The recent increase in the school fees should at least ensure us of a little external comfort, while equally we have no knowledge among our barbaric time-honoured customs of one "To increase the bodily and spiritual health of ye scholars, none radiator on no Sunday never." Grantites, therefore, have taken it upon themselves, at no small risk, to oppose the policy and to starve the hot water authorities to surrender their hot water.

The Sundays of February saw them huddled in hot baths reading and writing in the steam, on rods placed from side to side. Others more cultured were found in the reading room of the British Museum, basking in that hallowed aura of an eternal 68 degrees. But while no one realised that the warmest corner of the town on such occasions is the inside of the hippopotamus house of the London Zoo, many bought sixpence worth of confectionery and hibernated in the Odeon, Leicester Square, finding relief in watching the same programme repeat itself over and over again.

Apart from our own obstinacy let it be said now that the authorities have little chance of ever reducing the amount of weekend indomitables up Grants for the common rooms have regained their former lustre. The gramophone is back. No sooner is the auto-change lever placed on the disc than the passages are filled with yellow jerseys and people clicking their fingers in rhythmic ecstasy. "Kiss me, Honey. Honey, kiss me" and "All night, okay" seem to have reunified even the historians. Meanwhile in hall, the Northumbrian bard, seated eternally on high at the pianoforte delivers the graver muse to a non-existent audience. Despite the groans that greet the opening bars the single-minded composer has reached a polish unprecedented in Grants' musical history and even the insensitive group of ping-pong players must gain some

secret pleasure from the tunes, be it only the exhilaration of recognition.

D. J. Walton has added the most delightful pleasure to the many attractions of Grants by mending the Buckenhill clock. The chime must be the most perfect in the school. "Oh listen," quoted an eminent house poet, "for the vale profound is overflowing with the sound." Its music is only equalled by its irregularity; it has been known to strike halves at the hour and the hour at the halves. At the ping-pong table the Gothic has superceded the classical school and the elegance of the soaring forehand drive with its dignified monotony has been replaced by the demoniac bombardment.

Outside in Yard, summer for a few brief days has replaced winter and the long afternoons are spent in reading, talking and cricket, an atmosphere for which the Westminster weekend is famous. In short the pleasures and innovations that Grants' affords far outweighs even the discomfort of cold radiators and the house may retain far more boarders than the central heating hopes to drive away.

Nor can the hot water magnates overlook the terrible consequences for which its malicious economy itself is already responsible. The 'flu epidemic burst upon a house shivering and exhausted from empty radiator system and before a fortnight had passed the plague had affected two-thirds of the house's population. Chalk crosses marked the doors of the dying, the tables at lunch were empty. Those that carried round the jugs of diluted orange squash and cold toast did so knowing that they indeed might soon be in the same position as the people they served. Grants it is said suffered more than any other house, it is certainly significant that of the four to have developed pneumonia three were Grantites. The loss to the school must therefore have been immense and the blame that must be placed on the radiators not inconsiderable.

In an attempt to reheat his study, an old Grantite now in college employed an extra electric fire. The indomitables were woken from their afternoon siesta by cries of "College is in flames." Sure enough smoke was billowing from that same scholar's window. It was not long before everyone was standing gazing at the spectacle shouting, "Good for College. What excitement." No one thought of putting it out, when they did, Mr. Christie, with a dribbling fire extinguisher, had unfortunately done so already and ten great heavy-booted firemen, armed to the teeth with hatchets and hose pipes, looked on with disappointment at the anti-climax.

The moral of the incident is obvious. Had the radiators been on at full steam there would have been no need of an extra electric heater and there would have been no fire at all.

The last fling of winter is expected to fall again in March, when it does the radiators will no doubt be functioning with peculiar consistency and with particular energy on Sundays. The authorities, whoever they are, seeing that they cannot drive us away for the

weekend and that their attempt to save school oil and food, naturally wastes more than they could have hoped to save, will unexpectedly turn the radiators on again, their policies foiled by the action of Grantites both past and present. They will of course cover up their shame by such excuses as "the blow valve burst after heavy use" or "the pumping system temporarily broke down" but they will not however be able to explain why it always broke down on Sundays and was always coldest Up Grants'. The reason for that and the reasons why indeed it was ever set working again will become one of those stories of heroism, part history and part myth, which are repeated Up Grants' from generation to generation.

THE RED CROSS

It would be very amiss if no mention was made of the terrific assistance we received from the Red Cross during our recent scourge of 'flu. We will never be able to thank enough Sister Massey and her gallant band of helpers, who braved not only 'flu but Grants' itself for two weeks to bring us help and health. Also we must never forget the great work Matron did, and hope that she is now more than fully recovered from her illness.

FOOTBALL

Grants' football has suffered this season from a lack of weight. The number of experienced league Seniors available for the side was reduced this year to one, and the House was forced to draw upon the juniors for the annual match with Busby's, whose fate in the draw seems to be inextricably entwined with our own. That Grants' was defeated 2—0 by a Busbite side unchanged from last year, was therefore, no disgrace, and Grants' aided by the fine goal keeping of Medawar, were always in the game. The forwards however, with the exception of Ledlie, were unable to escape a hard tackling Busbite defence, and our own backs, lacking individual weight, were forced into improvisations which led to marking errors. The side played with its usual spirit, and even if the privilege of extra time was denied us this year, the younger members of the side, especially Hall, Espenhahn, and Manderson, received experience which will be valuable in years to come. The side was captained by Chinn, and was fortunate to be able to use the services of the Liddellite captain of the 2nd XI, J. W. Grose.

If the Seniors were unsuccessful, the Juniors did better to reach the final of the Junior Cup. There was a Junior League last term, but the side without the goal scoring ability of Hall was unable to rise above mediocrity. With the return of Hall to the forward line however, the always dependable defence seemed to be playing to some purpose, and the team swept impressively to the

finals defeating Wrens 14—0 and Liddells 9—1. But Ashburnham with a formidable array of Colts proved too much for a side composed mostly of Junior Colts and league players, and Grants' went down to a 1—6 defeat. Hall, with his 1st XI experience was of course the star of the side, but Seddon, Manderson, Langley, E. R. Espenhahn and R. Pain gave him valuable support. Of the new players Strickland-Constable was outstanding and should develop into a fine player.

Grants' League has pursued its usual erratic course, both ghastly defeat and glorious victory being faced with the customary calm. McKinlay and Ledlie have been the mainsprings of the side, and Langley in goal has always been dependable.

FENCING

This is the term when the Inter-House Competitions are held. The Finals of the Junior Foil Competition are still to be fought, and the Senior Foil Competition has not yet started. We have only one fencer left in the Final of the Juniors, namely N. Halsted. But S. C. Pollitzer did surprisingly well by winning his first pool, and by only just failing to qualify for the finals; unfortunately the others did not qualify for the second round, but they were also very near to doing so. In for the Senior Competition are all Finalists and Semi-finalists from the Junior Competition in addition to all those too old to qualify for the Juniors, and thus we have only two fencers, on which we will have to put all our trust to make sure that the cups stay with us.

WATER

During the Play and Lent terms, little ever happens at Putney as far as House Rowing is concerned, but the school has been considerably more active than before. There was an expedition of ten scullers to Weybridge, for the Weybridge Silver Sculls Head of the River race, where Westminster won the two schools' events; after that, everything was of an internal nature. The series of ten sculling races in clinker and best boats for the newly inaugurated Michaelmas Sculls was waged, where the only Grantite success was C. Macfarlane who finished a very good third in the Senior division to two very experienced scullers.

After them came the end of term "regatta-ette" which comprised the Novice Sculls, the Colts Sculls and a knock-out system of races for oarsmen who have not aspired to eights; this latter event soon gained nick-names like "Graveyard Gallop" and "Dead-End Derby." Apart from the latter event no Grantite excelled, with the one notable exception of N. S. B. Tanner, who sculled well in the Novice Sculls. Two Senior Trial Eights went out quite regularly, but they were of a low standard, Evans, Mac-

farlane and Corcoran were the only Grantites involved in them.

And so on a wet day with a high tide, Water finished for 1958, and everyone both Up Grants' and in the School looks forward to a better New Year.

SHOOTING

Grant's have won the inter-house shooting competition for the last two years and are hoping to complete their hat-trick this term. Our prospects are fairly good, having A. C. McKinlay, M. C. Norbury and R. V. Aston still remaining from last year's team. We will have a wide selection from which to pick our under sixteen member, as there are plenty of junior Grantites in shooting classes. Once again we will be able to field a second team, which will by no means be a weak one. It is hoped that Grant's will prove themselves yet a third time.

HOUSE MUSIC

This term there are many new instrumentalists Up Grant's, whose talent we hope to hear more of in the future. At present sounds ranging from piccolo to double bass issue from hitherto unexplored recesses of Grants. The concert at the end of last term was once again held in the Greycoat Hospital under the direction of Mr. Foster. The choir sang numbers from the last three parts of the Christmas Oratorio by Bach, and though the standard of singing was good on the whole, the final chorale was spoilt by somewhat insubstantial trumpet playing, so important in much of Bach's choral work. N. M. Broadbridge sang the tenor solo "Ye Foes of Man," but unfortunately, an otherwise pleasing effect was destroyed by carelessness on behalf of the accompanist, who failed to turn over the correct number of pages. The choir also sang three carols by Peter Warlock.

SQUASH

Though Squash is not yet recognised as an official school "station," it attracts a large number of prospective players, many of whom are regrettably turned down owing to the number of courts available at Dolphin Square. Those who go to Dolphin Square to play squash swear by the Gods that there is no life quite like it, for usually the bus takes you to the door and from there the courts are but a stone's throw. After the game, exhausted but merry faces are seen at the counter of the buffet where one may sit on either oversprung sofas or on highly precarious stools and drink Ribena, coca-cola and divers other waters. Revived and refreshed, the squash player then hails his bus to the door, and makes his way back to Westminster, never late for tea! Grant's failed to qualify in the second round of the Raw Cup.

THE DEATH OF A SCHOOL

A week before the end of last Spring Term, the parents of all the three hundred boys, then at Mercers' School, received a letter from the Mercers' Company notifying them, in a somewhat abrupt manner, that the school would be closed "as from July, 1958." The first reaction among most people at the school was one almost of disbelief. It seemed impossible that a school whose current charter dated back to 1537, and whose origins could be traced with certainty a hundred years further back still, and with less certainty back to the thirteenth century, should so suddenly have its life cut short simply for lack of money. The wealth of the Mercers' Company had always, perhaps, been taken too much for granted, as no one had ever thought that they would cease to take an interest in the school.

When the first shock of the announcement had begun to wear off, the Sixth Form, and particularly the prefects, decided to do all they could to arouse public interest in the school. Both the School Press, of which I was the head, and the Fleet Street press, were used by the campaigners, who were just beginning to have some success in promoting general discussion of the issue, when the Mercers' Company, via the headmaster, asked us to cease from our publicity activities. Due to the intervention of the Easter holidays, we had no choice but to agree. During that April however, both the Old Mercers' Club and the parents held meetings, which promised quite substantial sums of money to aid the school, if the Company would reverse their decision, which, however, they refused to do.

When we realised that there was no longer any real chance of saving the school, we began to think seriously of where we should be going to complete our school careers, for while there had been any hope, it had been difficult to consider the possibility of moving. The headmaster, however, had been working on the mammoth task of shifting two hundred boys, by the following September, from the moment that he knew from the Company that the school would be closing. This number was allowing for those who would be leaving anyway in the Summer, and for about thirty-five who would be staying for the last year as they did not intend going any further than "O" level. Other schools in the London area were extremely generous and co-operative, especially considering the general acute shortage of places in independent schools. Haberdashers' Aske's School, Hampstead, took forty-six ex-Mercers', the largest single contingent, with the City of London School and Highgate next with about half that number each. Otherwise Mercers' dispersed in small numbers to about forty different schools in and around London, one of which of course was Westminster, to whom I shall always be grateful for accepting me at such a late stage in my school career.

One of the greatest advantages of Mercers' was its small size,

for the total of three hundred included the Junior School of eleven and twelve year olds. This compactness gave the school a sense of unity, which, as far as I can judge from meeting other old Mercers' and from personal experience, is missing in many other schools. This corporate spirit of Mercers' was perhaps somewhat surprising, considering that it was a day school and that its members came from a very wide social range. We took many scholars from State primary schools, and contrary to the belief of many people I have met recently, this method of integrating the two rival systems of education, state and independent, functions extremely well in practice. In fact I think the new and fresh outlook of those who come from the primary schools considerably enriches the somewhat stale and set views of those who have been to private preparatory schools, and the two merge together perfectly so that by the time they have reached the top of the school the only difference between them is that the State assisted can more easily afford the cost of going to university.

RESENTMENT

OR STRAY THOUGHTS OF AN A.Y.M.

The Minister of Education once peeped into Little Dean's Yard. "Rebuild the lot," he exclaimed with a sweeping gesture. I could hardly agree with him more. Grants have made a gallant attempt to modernise, but the architect so organised it that this fine structure was hidden behind the lifeless facade of Grant's.

"Never tell a book by its cover." Visitors must have a pleasant surprise when they are shown the back of Grants. In a position like this there is a need for uniformity—"all or nothing." A practical suggestion would be for the Old Grants to be pulled down and sold to the Americans and removed to Boston or some such University as part of a genuine English public school. Old Grantites would willingly raise money for the new building.

There is surely an architect who would take on the good work. Soon all of Westminster will spring forth with modern structures and we must not be behind the times. The old Grants is insufficient for our needs—the house is growing and we need more accommodation. I have got a junior member of the house to put his name below this article for a small fee and he gladly signs himself as

A. PLUM.

THE DOG SITUATION

In Little Dean's Yard today there seemed to have accumulated an extraordinary number of dogs of many different species. There is a poodle by the name of Ricot, Piccolo, a dog which had been described as a sausage on castors, is so named, according to rumour

because his father's name was, or had something to do with, a high pitched woodwind instrument. The third of these dogs is a mongrel named Candy, who has grown vastly in the last six months. This animal is released at the extraordinary hour of 7.15 a.m. seemingly to fight with Piccolo.

Three other dogs not so familiar to the Westminster's eye, but nevertheless active, are a greyhound (?) named Meg, another who apparently goes into class and sits patiently by its master awaiting the end of the lesson, and a third, and perhaps not so well known, is a dog who occasionally appears in Yard, and who apparently comes from the deepest depths of the east end, just to fight a dog smaller than itself.

Two dogs, who are with us only in spirit, now come to mind, they are Tinker, who is reputed to have slept on the Abbey roof, belonging to the former housemaster of Rigaud's, Mr. Peebles, and Teena, who used to haunt College Hall on certain occasions. This may not be true, of course!

We personally think that this invasion of dogs is a "good thing" and it causes much amusement to those who, on rising on Monday morning or any morning with a Monday morning feeling, go downstairs to breakfast and see these two, Piccolo and Candy fighting and rushing about; it must ease the cloud of gloom which hangs over every one's mind.

PHILOCYON.

SISTER AT LARGE

Why is it that the inhabitants of Number 2 always contract influenza in larger numbers than any other house? Is it their outlook on life? For we do not like to think that they have any more inferior health to other members of the community. Maybe the ingenuity of the Grantite is somewhat greater than most, for in the past thermometers have been heated on light bulbs, and hot drinks have been indulged in just before "temperature time."

This term has proved to be worse than usual. Almost everyone has been in bed with some affliction or other; be it water on the knee, lumbago, or even 'flu itself. Two fully trained sisters were incorporated, and to use the words of a colleague, "By Jove! they knew their stuff." Thermometers were waved about like wands and few oral cavities were strong enough to resist that professional touch which inserts the weapon under the tongue.

Many have seemed eager for a few days in bed, which is of course understandable, but few take heed of that great satirist, Swift, who tells us amongst other things not

"To think on our approaching ills,
And talk of Spectacles and Pills."

This lack of "joie de vivre," however, has been almost completely overshadowed by energetic work from the few survivors who, rather than go to bed and approach old age, agree with Dr. John-

son's wish YMPATKELV SISXTKOUEVOS ("Grow old while learning.").

The question of why so many Grantites get 'flu, will, I fear, remain unsolved. Suggestions have been made but they are absurd and vague. Edward Lear, indeed, was perplexed with the same problem; for in those archives containing his masterworks we find:

"What makes you look so black, so glum, so cross?

Is it neuralgia, headache, or remorse?"

We shall never know to whom this was addressed. Perhaps it was a Grantite. If it was, we can be certain that Lear never received an adequate answer.

N. M. W. ANDERSON.

ELM PARK MANSIONS—A VISIT

Calls of that commanding schoolgirl
Rang throughout the cycle sheds,
And voices sang on stony concrete,
Children roller-skating past.

Up the iron steps I climbed
Once painted green and white,
I stopped at the leaden-pannelled door
The sixth floor up, and rang.

And past the frail linnen curtain,
Beside the landing there
A backside well fell blindly down
—Oh, who was it you wanted?

No, Alfie's taken out his box
To the recreation ground
Ethel, love, is still at work
And Mrs. Chamberlain is out.
J. T. W.

ON KICKING ONESELF

One often hears of people saying "I could have kicked myself, I . . ." But there is one question. Why should a perfectly sane person (we say sane for the sake of argument) want to kick himself (women are dismissed as insane)? It is against all the laws of reason and human nature. It is true, of course, that monks sometimes ask to be beaten, etc., but they think it is good for themselves and discipline, but that can be explained by human nature again, for who will not suffer for self advancement, if not in the eyes of man, then in those of God?

If people are annoyed with themselves, why can't they do a

form of penance, say, for instance, not smoking or drinking for a week or so.

It might interest my readers to know that in America, that source of all enterprise, skill, and money-making ideas, in some peculiar state "Watch-yer-callit—in," they have a machine, that, if you put your dime in slot A, and yourself at point B, and press button C, will kick you for some reasonable time. But I have one point to make to our cantankerous friends from across the Atlantic, and that is that had they but stuck to the good old ideas of their mother country, they would have been able to get a beating, a castigation ten times as quick and painful as this cranky machine in the United States. In this country, one of the ideas (referred to above) uppermost in the heads of most parents is that their son or sons should be sent to a public school and to such an extent that they are prepared to pay four hundred pounds a year, per boy, to realise this idea. Consequently housemasters are elected—not only on academic degrees, but also on their capability of beating boys, as it is expected of them by the parents. So one finds, distributed over the country, sadistic men, who will, for a suitable sum (£5 for 6, and £1 for each extra stroke) plus a pint at the local, inflict a punishment upon those who want. This method is good in two ways, as it combines corporal and financial punishment.

END OF A CLUB BORE

I dined that night at the club and on retiring into the lounge I noticed Antrobus immersed in the *Times* in more ways than one. With a shudder of apprehension I tip-toed backwards towards the door. This however was my undoing for in moving backwards I omitted to notice a small bow-legged table with gilded legs which was supporting a large Benares brass vase containing a droopy aspidistra. There was a resounding crash; the gilt table gave up the unequal struggle and assumed a horizontal position on the floor. For a moment I thought I might still escape but then with a plaintive snort Antrobus opened his eyes and the next thing I knew I was seated in the chair just beside him with one hand nursing a double whiskey and soda and with the other signing a cheque for the damage. There was no escape; my only solace was the whiskey and soda and in this I buried myself while Antrobus began his tale with the aid of a gin and lime which he had obtained on my account before I had recovered from my daze.

"You know old man, your little accident just now reminds me of the affair we had at the Vulgarian chancery just after I had joined the corps. I was only a very minor official and at that time Sir Julian Knight-Petherby was Head of the Chancery; how he originally came there was a mystery hidden deep in the archives of the F.O. Probably it was some indiscretion on his part for in my

grandmother's day he was considered a man likely to go far. As you know old man whatever one has done its always up not down in the corps. The only clue I have uncovered is the fact that before his disgrace he was in the Parisian chancery and at the time of his promotion a young secretary, the niece of the Chancellor, was sent home to her parents; however, I must not make idle suggestions like this with no evidence.

However the fact remains that here he was eternally soured by his misfortune and his love for the fairer sex turned to birds! Yes, m'dear fellar, birds; the man was an inveterate bird-watcher; he had it like the plague. I may say that we are generally very tolerant about hobbies of heads in the chancery but really, this was too much. We don't mind them having hobbies so long as they keep it to themselves; we even let Polk-Mowbray keep bees in the Chancery filing cabinet, at any rate until they got free on the afternoon of the garden party with the Americans. After that episode the Americans remained miffed for quite a time and relations were extremely strained until Polk-Mowbray grovelled abjectly before their Under Secretary and blamed the whole thing as a (dastardly) plot of the communists to ruin Anglo-American relations. This although it appeased the Americans produced different results on the Russian front; after much passing of curt notes diplomatic relations were broken off and as far as I know the Russians are probably still miffed although all the original combatants have long since left the scene of their conflict for various reasons which I won't bother to mention here. However that is the way in the corps.

But my dear boy I am digressing; I can see you are longing to hear what happened to the birdwatching Head of the Chancery. Well it was like this . . .”

Then an extraordinary thing happened; Antrobus gave a low ejaculation and his eyes stood out as if on stalks; his face went through various shades of crimson and finally turned a deep purple; then with a ghastly groan he collapsed like a pricked balloon and his face took on a shade of light yellow; he looked at least ten years older. Apprehensively I looked over my shoulder. I admit it freely, I who have seen five campaigns, I was frankly staggered. Could I believe my eyes? It couldn't be true! But there it was before my very eyes; a woman, a woman in the club! ! Surely the heavens would fall! But all that happened was that the unfortunate woman confronted with such universal consternation burst into violent hysterics. By now I had regained control of my limbs and I took immediate charge of the situation. Springing from my chair I bundled the wretched woman out of the room and handed her over to the white-faced, trembling Head Porter before any more of the elder members should have attacks. Then passing only to have a couple of double whiskies off his account I left gratefully with Antrobus still unconscious in the tender care of the secretary and a prominent heart specialist who was also a member of the club.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HERO

Each new growth ends
And then its roots turn black.
The summer bouquet fades
Its water is discoloured.
After the hero, the familiar man,
And the hero seems pure artifice.
The marbles of what he was stand
As old illusions,
Meaningless abstractions,
Forgotten feeling in unfeeling man
Superman, with hairless head and hornrimmed eyes
His thought was shackled to the infinite.
His voice was luring but inanimate,
And yet his action centred on the finite end.
Brief, leaning on past history
Unpatterned in extremity.

“ . . . che fummo?
Che fu quel punto acerbo
Che di vita ebbe nome?”

Leopardi.

Outside there was the sound of deep, harsh voices, and of iron stakes being driven into the frozen earth. In little flurries the falling elm-leaves rattled against the corrugated roof. And on the dark, drawn blind an oil-lamp threw grotesque shadows, featureless, in constant motion, changing and interchanging.

He gazed at the sawdust-covered floor, which was a dull ochre, patterned with coal-dust and clay.

“I did not go into the streets and drink by the gutter. The impressions which hurt me, hurt a part of me which I thought was made of stone. But instead it was raw and still bears those imprints. I have no choice but to remain passive. Before I came here, I only tried to drown it in endless unrelenting activity, dashing from one mode of life to another. And then, as you know, I fell ill and the activity ceased.”

He paused momentarily, passing his starkly veined hands through his grey, curling locks of hair.

“Do you remember the station-master’s office at T—, the acrid smell of stale cigar smoke and the narrow flagged corridor which led to the railway track, and the split staves of sunlight breaking through the cobwebbed window panes? What did you see there? No. It’s no good pretending something didn’t determine you to come here? You are only delaying the ebb and the creek is becoming

dry, cracked mud. Your detachment suddenly surrendered to self-realisation, you forgot what you were pretending to be. You were offered weak coffee and you felt ill, a brief revulsion at what you saw, and there was the sound of iron stakes being driven into the railway track. In little flurries the falling elm leaves rattled against the corrugated roof . . . ”

D. H. WEIGALL.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club took place on the 19th December, 1958. Sir Adrian Boulton was in the Chair and approximately 30 members of the Club attended. The officers of the Club and retiring members of the executive committee were re-elected. After the meeting the members adjourned to the private rooms of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson, kindly placed at their disposal, where a cocktail party took place.

ANNUAL DINNER

Will members please make a note that the Annual Dinner will take place on Saturday, the 2nd May, 1959, in the King Charles Suite, at Whitehall Court. The executive committee are trying the experiment of having the Annual Dinner on a Saturday evening in the hope that this may suit the convenience of a number of members. Notices of the Dinner will be circulated later but it is hoped that the Dinner will be well supported.

LIST OF MEMBERS

The honorary secretary hopes to circulate a list of members of the Club with the notice of the Annual Dinner. If the address to which this copy of the *Grantite Review* is being sent is not the correct one, it would be most helpful if members would send a postcard to him at 2, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1. It would also be most helpful if members could remember to notify the Club of any change of address.