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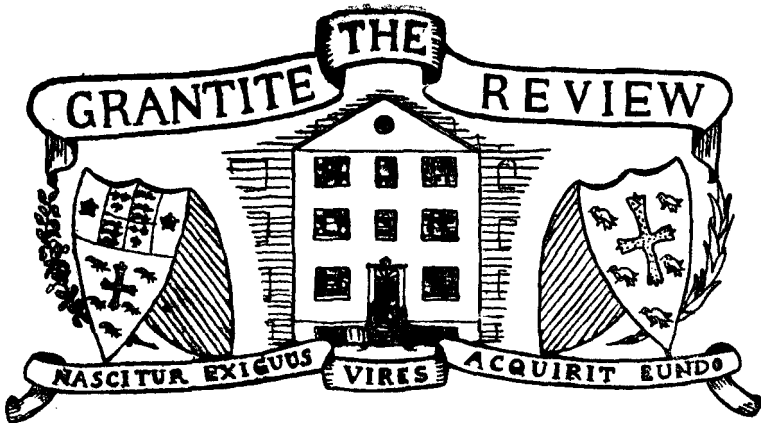
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY-LENT TERMS
1950

INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL	3
THE HEAD MASTER <i>T. M. Murray-Rust</i>	4
HOUSE NOTES	6
CALENDAR OF EVENTS	7
HOUSE DIARY	7
MR. CHRISTIE	9
FOOTBALL	10
GRANT'S LEAGUE FOOTBALL	11
THE WATER	12
FIVES	13
FENCING	13
GYM	14
GOLF	14
COMM. AND THE CONCERT	15
THE GRANTITE, April, 1887	16
A DAY ON THE ABBEY ROOF <i>S. R. N. Rodway</i>	17
CHAOS REIGNS <i>K. H. Hodgson</i>	18
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BUSBY'S PLAY <i>A. H. R. Martindale</i>	19
THE LOVE OF FREEDOM AND THE SEA <i>C. J. H. Davies</i>	20
FOR PRIVATE AUDITION ONLY <i>F. D. Hornby</i>	20
THE WINDOW <i>J. F. Wordsworth</i>	21
BUSES <i>H. H. M. Rogers</i>	22
CORRESPONDENCE	23
OLD GRANTITES	25
OLD GRANTITE CLUB	26
NOTICES	26



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208TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

Fifty years ago, in Play Term 1899, there appears in the Grantite Review an Editorial headed, "An Apology for the Grantite Review." The Editor states that there has not been, "all that spirit of patriotism in the house which we should like to see concerning the Magazine of Westminster's most historical house," and goes on to say that the chief criticism of the magazine is the lack of information. He appeals to all Grantites to support their magazine by writing for it and defines his policy when he says, "he (the Editor) can only publish news which directly concerns Grant's or Old Grantites."

Fifty years later, unlike our predecessors, we offer no apology to any section of the Westminster community for the Grantite. Although a committee has been formed of members of each part of the House, those who open this magazine expecting a major change in policy will be disappointed. The policy of the Grantite has not changed—it is written for members of Grant's, past and present, and is not written to appeal to any other sections of the School. This does not mean that we are trying to isolate ourselves from the rest of Westminster in this respect, but it does offer an explanation to those critics who regard certain parts of our magazine such as House Notes as complacent and unnecessary.

The committee mentioned, was chosen so that Hall and Chiswicks have a representative to put forward their criticisms and suggestions, while the members from the latter and Inner are left with most of

the business to do. The Editor is still ultimately responsible for the contents and policy of the magazine for it is essential for the efficient running of a paper that the final decision is taken by an individual rather than by a committee.

We fully appreciate how lucky we are to have the Old Grantite Club to encourage and support the magazine, but although we have had a number of O.G.s suggest that there might be more news and articles from O.G.s, they do not give us their full support in our columns. As the Editor of 1899 did, so we appeal to all Old Grantites to send in constructive criticisms on their magazine, and more news about themselves.

No doubt the Editors of the *Elizabethan* will be indignant at our apparent pilfering of the idea of the Westminster Notebook, which, in the *Grantite Review* has been called the "Grantite Diary." This step was confirmed by the committee long before the first edition of the *Elizabethan* this term, and we fear that there may have been a leakage! In any case we have tried to make the *Grantite* more interesting—it now depends on YOUR support.

THE HEAD MASTER.

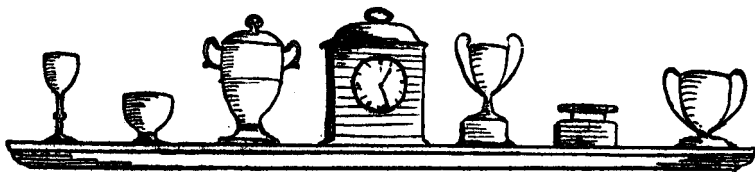
The H.M.'s first official contact with Grant's was scarcely auspicious. He arrived at Westminster for his first term there with about a fortnight to go before the Coronation. Just before term started, one of the Grant's maids got diphtheria. This prevented the House from returning on the proper day (not in itself an utter tragedy, perhaps) and offered a very real risk of quarantine for the whole School and chaos for its Coronation plans! It must after all have been a good omen for the happy relationships that we were to enjoy with the H.M., in all sorts of unexpected ways, that the scare fizzled out and Westminster's part in the Coronation proceeded according to plan. After this brisk start things settled down.

Or did they? We were not to know how an H.M., appointed to control the traditional ways of Westminster, was planning to convert his Staff into Air Raid Wardens and his pupils into refugees. These plans were made behind the scenes, were ready for operation—and crashed in ruins on the eve of their D-day. Our luggage was labelled to go North; overnight the H.M. had to devise Plan B. to send us South. Were these the traditional ways of Westminster?

As a result we went to Sussex in 1938 for a week ; we went there again in 1939 for nearly a year. The H.M.'s versatility and his unsparing efforts to make organization and personal relationships work ensured that the first part of our war-journeys was a success and not a wreck. The worst, however, was to come—the months of uncertainty during the 1940 blitz, when Westminster had no home, and the years of unpredictable difficulties in Herefordshire. It is, perhaps, fair to say that many things done by many people might have contrived to wreck Westminster ; in the final instance only one person, the H.M., could ensure its continuous survival. Most of us scarcely realised what was at stake, so busy were we all. But the H.M. must have endured many black hours of doubt and anxiety. He alone could make final decisions, and he could not avoid making them. He always decided that Westminster must go on—altered in size, in appearance, in activities, but, as far as his personal efforts could ensure, not altered in tone and high morale. Only his Recording Angel (and, probably, his wife) can know the full details of what he went through and can give him due credit for it ; we, as a School, can only feel humbly grateful that in the end our thread of life was unbroken.

The story moved back in 1945 to London ; the H.M.'s problems changed in nature but not in weight. His determination for our survival gave way to his determination that experience gained and lessons learnt should not be thrown away. If warnings of his subsequent illness came to him, he certainly ignored them outwardly—in this he showed an example to others rather than thought for his own welfare. He set about a task of reconstruction, not one of reaction ; he faced the stark figures of the School's bank balance ; he faced problems of organization due to the blitzed buildings ; he faced the absolute necessity for the School's numerical strength to match its spirit. And he won.

He had endured, largely by himself for he was never one to impose on others what he considered to be his own duties, the evacuation of the School and its return. He went on to endure, until his strength failed him, its regeneration. He characteristically threw off his illness, and returned to hand over the School in proud shape to his successor. Herein lies his reward, if he wanted one. But, of course, he wouldn't want one!



HOUSE NOTES.

LENT TERM.

There left us last term :—J. H. Milner, D. F. H. Sandford and P. T. Swan. We wish them the best of luck.

H. Ward and G. I. Chick have become boarders this term.

In Inner there are :—D. N. Croft, H. Ward, E. S. Chesser, G. N. P. Lee and R. N. Mackay.

In Chiswicks there are :—F. D. Hornsby, D. G. S. Hayes, R. P. Harben, E. W. Oyler, S. R. N. Rodway, S. G. Croft, A. H. R. Martindale, J. F. Wordsworth, M. L. B. Pritchard, N. N. G. Maw, K. J. M. Kemp, T. J. W. Smethurst (boarders) ; R. A. Miles and B. A. Clarke (half-boarders).

The Head of Hall is J. W. L. Croft and the Hall Monitors are T. H. Stewart, C. J. H. Davies, K. H. Hodgson, A. C. Hornsby (boarders) ; D. S. Cammell (half-boarder).

* * * * *

PLAY TERM.

We lost the final of Football Juniors to Rigaud's 0—1, after beating Ashburnham 6—1 in the semi-final.

* * * * *

We came third in Fencing Juniors, our sole representative gaining third place in the final pool.

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We lost to Busby's in the semi-finals of Fives Seniors after beating Rigaud's in the first round.

* * * * *

We came second in the Gym Competition, gaining 238 points to Rigaud's 240, out of a possible total of 440.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—J. F. Wordsworth, D. F. H. Sandford and A. H. R. Martindale on their Pink and Whites ; D. F. H. Sandford on his Thirds ; and C. J. H. Davies on his Colts ; for Football.

and to :—G. N. P. Lee and A. H. R. Martindale on their Seniors ; and A. C. Hornsby on his Juniors for Fives.

We should like to congratulate H. Ward on gaining an Exhibition to Trinity College, and J. H. Milner on an Exhibition to Christ Church.

* * * * *

This term in Lit. Soc. we read :—“ A Soldier for Christmas,” by R. Beckwith ; “ Ascent of F.6,” by Auden and Isherwood ; “ The Man from the Ministry,” by M. Bingham ; “ Miranda,” by P. Blackmore ; “ Grand National Night,” by D. and C. Christie ; “ Bird in Hand,” by J. Drinkwater ; “ Storm in a Teacup,” by Frank ; “ Exercise Bowler,” by T. Atkinson ; “ Watch on the Rhine,” by Hellman ; “ Winslow Boy,” by T. Rattigan, and “ Edward My Son,” by R. Morley and N. Langley.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

1st XI v. Winchester (Home)	February 14th.
Fencing v. Winchester (Home)	February 14th.
Fencing v. Harrow (Home)	February 21st.
1st XI v. Eton (Away)	February 25th.
Quadrangular Boxing (Berkhamsted)	March 4th.
Fencing v. Eton (Away)	March 11th.
Schools' Head of the River Race	March 18th.
“ Hamlet ”	March 22nd & 25th.
School Confirmation	March 24th.
Quadrangular Fencing Match (Away)	March 25th.
School Concert	March 31st.
Head of the River Race	April 1st.

HOUSE DIARY.

Many houses are rather apologetic about their house colours. Perhaps Grant's is more fortunate than others in this respect, but at any rate it is trying hard to show that it is proud of them. At the beginning of term we were greeted by the splendour of light blue and chocolate on the walls of the dining room. Our first reaction to this was one of horror but this has gradually given way to quiet approval. We are now confronted with an attempt to reproduce the house colours on the cover of the *Grantite*.

One of the most notable achievements of the house this term has been our success in the Football League. Under the leadership of Mackay our team is as yet unbeaten, having built up a lead of ten points for the final round next term. Our prowess may well be due to the opportunities that Yard offers for the training of our team at all times of the day.

House Sub. seemed to be extremely high this term. There were the usual complaints and queries as to what it is spent on. Anyway it did produce a new ping-pong set. This provided the

incentive for a new wave of enthusiasm for the game. Sandford organized a House Competition in which Rodway and Wordsworth, J. have reached the final. There have been some good matches and also some surprises, a dark horse from Chiswicks entering the final after having vanquished two "seeded" players. Popularity of ping-pong seems to come in spasms; the last competition being two years ago—now, however, the table seems to be in use at every available moment. This is also the case with the billiards table, which has just been recovered through the generosity of the O.G. Club.

Turning to the more cultural activities (?) of the House we find that S.N.U.G. (Saturday Night Up Grant's) Soc. has been continuing this term with great success. A committee was formed and the Society took on a more formal tone. Activities have included some play readings, debates, and a film show. A successful Brains Trust was also held when the Housemaster was invited to be one of the "Brains." Although the society has had the usual growing pains of any new institution, it is fast becoming a worthy successor to the old House Deb. Soc. which started in the 1890's.

Lit. Soc. is flourishing more than ever. We were sorry to have to say good-bye to Mr. Carleton and we miss his amusing anecdotes after the plays. However, we have been very fortunate in procuring the services of Mr. Kilvington, who is a welcome guest, and we are still lucky enough to have Mr. Lushington. The standard of reading has been surprisingly good—perhaps due to the fact that most of the plays have had small casts. This makes it easier to keep the life in a play. "The Ascent of F.6," which was one of the more serious plays was one of the greater successes while "Edward My Son" was a fitting climax to the term. Grant's is also turning its attention to the technical side of stage production, supplying the stage manager, electrician, and carpenter as well as the wardrobe master for "Hamlet" next term.

The idea of going to bed half-an-hour earlier than usual has failed to cure the habit of not getting up until being dragged out of bed by a monitor; resulting in a crush in the bathroom. This had been aggravated more by the sabotage of two of the basins. The bathroom is not meant to be a training ground for resistance movements! A subtle system of staggering has been introduced which is satisfactory for those who have been staggered until later but not very nice for the other unfortunates. One solution might be to prohibit shaving from 7.40 to 8.0. This would not be received well by the shavers, however, and it is they who control the house. All the same, the cold weather is not conducive to early rising. But as one appreciative hallite says, there is always hall fire waiting for them which is "guarded by a demon tall, Three lesser spirits great and small . . ."

One reader writes to say that he is upset at the apparent disillusionment of a member of the house. He remembers a poem in the *Grantite* of Play term, 1947, in which the author swore that he would never be a boarder!

MR. CHRISTIE.

At the end of the Summer Term, 1949, Mr. Christie made an announcement which was as startling as it was unexpected. His voice, so often heard and often badly imitated, went on calmly from such dull topics as marks and prizes to deliver a message which jolted everybody from their usual end-of-term complacency: "Next term will be my last; I am leaving to take up the position of Principal at one of the smaller Oxford Colleges." We learnt later that the College was Jesus.

Everyone felt slightly dazed; perhaps in some cases the shock was due to suddenness alone, since they had never been taught by the Head Master or heard his voice save in Abbey and Latin Prayers. But if all were dazed, some were completely astounded and indeed horrified; these were the members of the Classical side, for they remember Mr. Christie, and always will, as a teacher of detailed brilliance, a man who could make his lesson amusing without ridiculing his subject, a scholar who in learning far surpassed any heights they themselves might hope to reach later; they realise that it is only when a well-known person leaves that a proper recognition of his achievements is found.

Is it possible to recognize the achievements of Mr. Christie? Let us at any rate try, but let us only consider those aspects of his life which touch on school matters. There is one fact from which much can be deduced, one fact which is almost all we need to know. The Head Master took up his position in 1937; he is leaving at the end of 1949; nearly 13 years of the most difficult period of the School's history.

Nearly all Schools were affected by evacuation; many of those actually outside the danger area had to help those that were leaving it, but it was the evacuees who suffered most. While in London bombs were destroying School and the Scholar's Dormitory, the Head Master was in charge throughout the tedious, expensive, and indeed dangerous period of evacuation. He suffered the inconveniences, and felt the tragedies. For some schools evacuation has spelt Death: for Westminster it was a serious illness, through which the School was nursed to recovery by the devoted attention of Mr. Christie. It cannot be said that he is leaving the School with his work unfinished; he has carefully guided it through that dangerous period when the School, back in London, was filling up with Juniors by their hundreds, without the steady weight of a corresponding number of Seniors. Mr. Christie tells us that he feels his job is done; and now it is time for someone else, with a different approach to Head Mastership, to build on the foundations he has laid.

So much is evident. What further he has done, which is probably well known to the Staff, and, to a lesser extent, to those members of the School who experienced evacuation, how can any schoolboy now know and appreciate? One of the most difficult literary tasks that can be set is that of writing an appreciation of one's own leaving Head Master; in timidity and embarrassment

his greatest achievements may be under-praised or over-looked ; in ignorance and misinformation his character and the benefits he has brought may be presented in false perspective. Let it suffice to offer him our grateful thanks for his inspiration and enlivening presence in Westminster and our sincere good wishes for his future happiness in Oxford.

FOOTBALL.

This has been a term of mixed success for Grant's football. As is reported elsewhere, our league team has a clear lead of ten points, with five games to be played :—that is the successful side. In Juniors, however, we were not so fortunate, for we lost the cup to Rigaud's, being beaten in the final by one goal to none.

The competition is now played between six houses, which makes for an even draw with two houses having a bye. We drew the bye in the bottom half and played the winner of Ashburnham and College, which was the former. We played our full team except for Hornsby A. and Brostoff, and, as was expected, won easily by 6—1. Davies C. played well at centre-forward and got three goals. Cammell, Drake and Hillyard scored one each.

The final was played on the last day of term on the Big Game pitch. We kicked off and within the first few minutes had forced a corner from which we all but scored. The ball, however, was scrambled away after a scuffle round the foot of the goal-post. It was soon apparent that the dangerous men on Rigaud's side were Higgins, who was nominally playing at inside right, but went wherever the circumstances of the game demanded ; and Peroni, who played a grand game at centre-half, where he continually broke up promising attacks on our part. The only goal resulted from a break-away up the right wing ; the whole defence came across to deal with it, and consequently when the ball was sent to Crook at inside-left, he was unmarked. Even so, he did not send in a very good shot : Davies T., anticipating a much harder shot, was running too fast and overran the ball.

Hornsby A. and Davies C. were all the time working extremely hard trying to get a good movement started, with only mixed success. Hillyard, a promising new boy on the right wing, got away occasionally but was rather slow in getting rid of the ball against a fast if somewhat unscientific defence. Kirkby, another new boy who shows real promise, played a good game at inside-right, although more accustomed to playing half. Drake at centre-forward was rather blotted by Peroni, but he did not show the opportunism so necessary for that position. Cammell was a little slow but showed some nice touches and put in one good shot which nearly scored, and Davies C. had one very dangerous period in the second half when he twice all but scored. Our defence was not as steady as it might have been, but made up in vigour for what it lacked in skill.

Our attempts to get the equaliser were again and again frustrated and the final whistle came with Rigauds pressing after Higgins had broken through and hit the upright. Rigauds had won, and so the cup leaves us after two years' residence. It was a good game between two teams of surprisingly high standard who produced some very good football.

In school teams the house has been well represented with Lee and Hornsby F. as regular members of the 1st XI. Martindale as a very efficient substitute on the left wing ; and Sandford, who is unfortunately leaving us, has made some saves that will long be remembered. A number of juniors have played for the Colts, notably Hornsby A. (Captain), Davies C., Clarke and Brostoff, and we are also quite well represented in the Under 14 and Under 15 Clubs. It has been a good term for new footballers, the best of whom are Hillyard, Kirkby, Makower and Lathe, so there is no reason to foresee any decline in the immediate future in the standard of Junior, or for that matter, Senior football up Grant's.

GRANT'S LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Our league team have come through with an unbeaten record, 27 points out of 30, and a goal average of 60—6. We are lucky ; with 35 footballers, we could always have a team of eleven Grantites, and a team that was hard to get into. So with the help of several gentlemen drifting up and down from the Big Game Grant's produced, for the league, a good side. Again we were lucky to have a foundation of old stagers, Kemp, Mackay, Milner and Rodway, large of bulk and hefty of boot, who gave the team the solidity and steadiness which could just tip the balance. But Grant's secret was not just four players. They were used to playing together as a team, and when they were under pressure, they could play as a team, and it was this that carried them through.

That we did so well was largely due to our defence and to Kemp. Kemp was the pivot upon which everything swung, he could always be relied on to play a good game at centre-half, whether he was striding back to steady the defence, or up giving the forwards that hard drive it needed. The forward line was our one headache. Rodway (21 goals) and Mackay (14) made an effective combination on the left wing. And if their methods were those of a bulldozer rather than the classical, they got the goals. Unfortunately, as our opponents were crowded more and more in defence the going became tougher, and the other forwards were always being chopped and changed. Hawkins started off well as centre-forward, but he developed a fatal half-hesitation and was always inclined to hang back. This was the same trouble with Philips and Frazer at inside-right, for while they both showed some nice touches in approaching the goal-mouth, neither of them would go through and finish off the movement. Harris went his own way on

the right-wing with a superb disregard for the rest of the team, and occasionally scored a very useful goal.

This half-heartedness threw a great deal of work back on to the defence, but they usually rose to it. They were steady, they covered well, and they could usually break up a rush, if not perhaps an attack. And if they did not there was always Davies T. performing in goal, and ready to hurl himself at the feet of the foe in the most hair-raising dives. Makower and Smethurst were a sound attacking pair of backs, and Makower's hard kicking and tackling were good. The wing-halves, Maw and Lathe, were forever pushing their diminutive selves into the fray with the utmost enthusiasm, and Lathe in particular had some idea of what to do with the ball.

And finally, Milner ; what Grants will do without him we do not know. He never wanted the limelight of goal-scoring, but we knew that if anything went wrong he would always be there, that mighty pendulum kick that would send the ball soaring down the middle, that awe-inspiring tackle cum trample that would daunt the bravest, and that determination that would never give up trying.

THE WATER.

As always, the beginning of the Play Term meant tub-pairs for everyone of the hundred and twenty now doing Water. A large number of these were new to rowing and consequently there was a great deal of coaching to be done ; the remnants of last summer's first three eights had three crews each almost until the Exeat, when the majority of the newcomers had graduated to tub-fours. Two eights, "A" and "B" appeared after a month. In "A" crew, Harben rowed 5, Ward 7 and Chesser coxed ; towards the end of term Croft J. rowed bow in "B" crew and stroked occasionally, and Hodgson also stroked this crew for the last month of term. Just before the Exeat "C" and "D" crews went out for the first time—Wordsworth G. rowing in "D" crew. Later "E" and "F" crews were formed from last year's tub-fours ; Van Rest rowed in "E" crew. On the last Saturday of term these six eights competed in a Head of the River Race, over a course from Harrod's to the Boathouse. "A" crew finished first in the time of 5.36, six seconds faster than "B" crew. After "B" crew came "C," "D," "F," "E" crews, in that order.

Play Terms are never very conducive to sculling and this one was no exception, but I hope this will be remedied next term. Sculling plays a larger part in the Halahan Cup than many people seem to realize ; the single points gained from winning Sculling Heats can play a considerable part in the final decision, where winners and runners-up are often separated by only half-a-dozen points. If Watermen pay more attention to their Sculling, there is no reason why we should not recapture this cup from next door next July.

FIVES.

At the beginning of the Play Term it was decided to hold Seniors at the end of that term and Juniors in the Lent Term ; the American Tournament was not held this year, which meant that at the beginning of the Play Term there was nothing to induce players to practise, except the House Matches, which were then months ahead. Consequently people seemed to think that there was no need to practise just yet—there would be plenty of time after the Exeat. This lassitude affected most Houses except those who had members of the School teams, who had fixtures nearly every week.

In Seniors we drew Rigaud's in the first round, the winners playing Busby's who had a bye. Our pairs were Ward and Chesser, and Lee and Hornsby A. After shaky starts due to nerves, both pairs settled down and proved a little too fast for their opponents. The first pair beat the Rigaud's first pair 12—9, 12—6, 12—3 and the Rigaud's second pair 12—10, 16—14, 9—12 ; Lee and Hornsby beat the other second pair 16—12, 5—12, 12—2, Grant's winning the match by 7 games to 2.

A fortnight later we met Busby's in the semi-final. In this fortnight there were two 1st XI matches and a scholarship examination which between them affected the whole team, and time for practise was reduced. Martindale, who had injured his hand before the Rigaud's match, came back into the team in place of Hornsby A. The Busby pairs, with three School players proved too fast for our first pair who had not played for a week because of examinations and a little fast for the second pair, who, with Lee and Martindale in excellent form, would have beaten less experienced pairs. Busby's outplayed us from the start and won the match by 9 games to 1.

Next term Juniors will be played and here our chances are very much greater. The Colts team has one player from each of Busby's, Grant's, Rigaud's, and College ; besides Hornsby A., we have several keen Juniors and with the help of the draw they may atone for the failure of the Seniors.

FENCING.

Grant's have two regular full-time fencers, but no part-timers, and it is therefore not in the least surprising that we do not win Seniors or Juniors. This year however T. H. Stewart has brought distinction to himself and to his House by coming third in the final pool of Juniors, after obtaining first place in his preliminary pool. He is also a regular member of the School Colts team, and has fenced twice for the second team. As Juniors are decided on a points system, however well one person fights it is impossible for him to win Juniors for his house without support, and since we have no part-time fencers that support is not forthcoming. If some people decided to take up part-time fencing, it could very well be that we would see a revival in Grant's fencing.

GYM.

At the end of the Summer term the Gym Competition was held. Grant's won the cup with Sandford 1st, Hornsby F. 5th in the Senior ; Hornsby A. 1st and Davies T. 5th in the Junior. This is the first time on record that Grant's have been first in both Senior and Junior.

Because of the School Regatta many boys were unable to compete in this competition, and so it was decided to rehold the competition in the Play Term.

On this occasion Martindale and Hornsby A. were ill. In spite of his illness however, Hornsby A. did enter for the Junior but failed to come up to his usual standard. It was chiefly owing to this misfortune that we lost the cup to Rigaud's by two points.

Grantite placings were :—In the Senior : Sandford 1st, Hornsby F. 6th. In the Junior : Davies T. 6th, Kirkby and Hawkins 7th, Hornsby A. 9th.

Davies T. did well to come 5th. Kirkby and Hawkins, new to Gym this term, gave a very good display. Kirkby must now practise more on the bar and parallel bars, while Hawkins must improve his ground and horsework.

GOLF.

The School Golf Competition was played this year on Monday, September 19th, at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club.

In the morning, the cup, which was awarded for the first time last year, was again won by C. J. H. Davies (G.G.) with a fine round of 79—10=69. Second were T. J. Davies (GG.) and R. J. Cantrell (RR.) with 74 net, and 4th equal were R. T. Robinson (K.SS.) and F. D. Hornsby (C.C.) with 75 net.

Fortified by an excellent lunch, the School side then played the O.WW., and the afternoon produced some good matches : the final result was in doubt until the last pair came in : victory in the end going to the O.WW. by 5—4 :—

O.WW.	SCHOOL.
A. C. Grover (2) 1	R. K. Pitamber (5) 0
	R. T. Robinson (10) 0
J. M. Hornsby (10) 0	C. J. H. Davies (10) 1
Sir Max Page (10) 0	R. J. Cantrell (18)..... 1
R. C. Orpen (11) 0	F. D. Hornsby (12) 1
L. G. Hunt (10) 1	A. C. Hornsby (15) 0
F. N. Hornsby (13)..... 1	T. J. Davies (18) 0
S. Barnes (18) 0	R. R. Davies (17) 1
Dr. D. B. I. Hallett (18).. 1	G. N. P. Lee (18) 0
5	4

G. N. P. Lee was a welcome addition to the School side, bringing the number up to nine. The team has remained more or less similar for the last two years, and now that Cantrell and Davies R. have left it is more than ever necessary that any undiscovered golfers in the School should come forward to supplement the side. The standard of golf is on the whole high, but a fluffed chip is by no means a rare occurrence, and niblicks are often hard-worked. Whatever your standard of play, you can always be assured of a thoroughly enjoyable day.

COMMEN. AND THE CONCERT.

The two big "occasions" of the term have been Commem. and the School Concert, on November 17th and December 13th. For many this was their first and, in some cases, only, Commemoration service during their school career, and the criticisms of some of those in the school who were in the proud position of having attended one other—three years ago—could hardly have prepared the remainder for the splendour and dignity of this moving service.

The Abbey was well filled by the time the simple procession of the Master of the King's Scholars and two College Monitors proceeded through the Choir to lay roses at the tomb of our foundress, Queen Elizabeth, and by 5.15, when the service began, the congregation had occupied a large part of the nave.

Even the most confirmed critic could hardly fail to have been stirred by the whole service from the procession of the Chapter and King's Scholars to the Blessing by the Dean. The brilliance and colour of the ecclesiastical vestments, the ease and inspiration of the Cantors in responses and Te Deum, the dignity of the reading of the lesson by the Dean and the Commendation by the Head Master, together with the quality of the singing by the whole school, which amply repaid the time given to its preparation and was appreciated most, perhaps, by those in the nave; all this created a cumulative and enduring impression of thankfulness to our benefactors and pride in the continuation of their work.

The scene up School afterwards was colourful, too, but the charm of the decorations, floral and lighting, was soon concealed by the large crowd of guests who thronged the hall with obvious enjoyment. Even the furniture-shifters, who vigorously restored the school premises to something like normal order the same evening, pronounced the evening a "success."

Of the Concert we have come to expect a high standard and again we were not disappointed. The professional critics have had their say but the impressions of an uninitiated layman may not be inappropriate on an occasion when the audience probably contains a number of non-musical members.

It was, no doubt, a less ambitious programme than some we have heard, but the feeling was that it was none the less enjoyed by the audience, including the school. It was, moreover, a pleasant

change to hear soloists in the Bach Cantata who were present and past Westminsters (N. N. G. Maw and A. P. Graham-Dixon), and not outside professionals. The tempo of the whole performance increased with its progress, and from what seemed a rather mushy start, the choir gained in command of volume and clarity, and the orchestra, considerably smaller than usual, gave an admirable performance. The Rant was a difficult piece delightfully sung with some relish by the choir and excellently accompanied by A. H. R. Martindale, while the experiment of inviting the audience to join in the refrain of the Wassail Song had such an invigorating effect on us that the School Song has probably never been so well sung for many years.

A memorable evening, if marred slightly by the empty chairs at the back of School, a circumstance caused, no doubt, by a widespread electricity failure that evening which must have kept a number of ticket-holders from attending.

THE GRANTITE.—APRIL, 1887.

This edition of the *Grantite Review*, which appears about three years after the founding of the magazine, contains an extremely interesting, if perhaps slightly inaccurate, article on "Westminster Expressions." We print a few of the more interesting parts of this article.

The author begins with expressions peculiar to Grant's.

". . . The Chiswick; perhaps everyone does not know that these studies were so named to commemorate the exodus of the School during the great plague." "These studies," of course are now our dining hall with the two walls between the windows removed.

". . . Another expression peculiar to Grants 'is 'to cus' (pronounced cuss). This meant to change one's coat and boots and to make oneself generally tidy before tea in the evening. To do this everyone had to go upstairs to the dormitories and the initial letters of the words 'come up stairs' were taken to form the word 'cus.'" As our present form of tea hardly merits a "general tidy up" perhaps this expression could be adapted to any form of "spivving up"!

The derivation of the word "scis," pronounced skies, a favourite term of the H.M. is of interest. The author suggests that . . . "Former generations have christened the street boys "scis" alikening themselves and their natural enemies to the Romans and the Volsci, and it is easy to see how the first syllable of the word fell off with the usual tendency of the English to clip words." He goes on to suggest that "scadger" a Westminster term meaning very much the same as "sci," may have been an abbreviated form of "scavenger." A correspondent in the next number refutes this and says it was more likely to have been derived from "cadger."

He makes mention of "greese" (note spelling!), which he considers likely to have been merely an onomatoperc word. He can not trace the derivation of the word "station," which is—"a compulsory attendance on any occasion (generally at games but by no means limited to this)."

" . . . One seldom hears a younger member of the School say that he is 'Up School' though he means the same thing when he says he is in detention or 'in deten.' Horrible expressions! A boy was put Up School for not knowing his work." It seems that these detentions were held Up School on certain days of the week and that the expressions "in deten" and 'Up School' became confused. The author is very insistant that the term 'Up School' should be continued.

" . . . Thirty years ago any boy who used the word 'chap' when he meant to say a 'fellow' would have received such a licking at the hands of his companions as would make him think twice before using it again." Fellow was an important Westminster phrase which has entirely died out.

We feel that this would be a very interesting subject to persue in succeeding issues and any information on this topic would be greatly welcomed.

AN APPEAL.

If any Old Grantites could give us information about the first edition of the *Grantite Review* which was printed in the early months of 1884 we would be very interested, as no copy of this edition can be found.

We would also like to have information about the Grant's Yard game which seems to have been popular in the 1890's. We feel that this information might stimulate a more scientific past-time than the present one.

A DAY ON THE ABBEY ROOF.

It would be unwise to tell the reader of our means of reaching the Abbey heights, but when at last we found ourselves on the roof of this house of majesty a strange pang of excitement came over us. Soon we discovered the cold stone spiral staircase and walked up it, going out of each door as we came upon it, and looking out at the view below. At each stage more buildings came into view and the ones we had seen at the stage below seemed to get smaller. The dim spires of the Houses of Parliament stretched up below us like despairing fingers, coming from a land of worry and pointing to a land of peace. It was getting dark and the lights beneath told us of the world of normal people enjoying a Sunday afternoon of leisure. At last we reached the lantern gallery, and a strange feeling of power but also of terror came over me as I realised

how far from the ground we were. The scene below was exciting ; the buildings just recognisable with their lights flickering as if they had some message for me, and the river winding its weary way through a world of trouble.

Having turned back into the North Lantern Gallery, we found ourselves looking down at the dim faces of the people at a Service below. Their wavering voices echoed up to me and made me feel unworried and at peace. It was an impressive scene, the long hanging lights casting their mellow beams on the dim walls that telescoped away from me to the rich altar and black and white chequered aisle. I felt suddenly sickened by the height and the brightness of the lights. So we turned back : we turned into the gloom.

As we reached the bottom of the long spiral staircase the sound of Big Ben striking seven o'clock echoed down to us. We hurried across " Yard " and ran up the steps of the house and then into the dining-hall. We all sat silently while eating our supper—a weird feeling of having been in touch with something greater than words can describe had come over each one of us.

CHAOS REIGNS.

One Tuesday afternoon at three,
The tide decided it would turn
And go its way down to the sea.
What then took place you soon will learn . . .
The first tub-pairs were safely out,
And one tub-four was on the right,
An eight appeared, emerging from
The boathouse causing such a sight!
Another eight had just set out,
Some sculling boats were coming in—
When slow but sure the tide began
To turn—then followed such a din!
Two coxes yelled, their coaches screamed,
A tub-pair rammed and overturned
A sculler, who was very cross—
Soon everyone became concerned . . .
It lasted for ten minutes more,
And shook them like a bomb-shell.
However as the saying goes,
I'm sure all's well that ends well—

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BUSBY'S PLAY.

Unlike some critics, I went to Busby's Play with the intention of enjoying myself, and I certainly got all I wished for. Good scenery and acting, fun and excitement—they were all there. On the pretext that I was playing the National Anthem at the end—the record not having arrived, I got a seat in the second row on Thursday and the third row on Saturday—"a goodly oil" as a Busbite might have it.

In both performances the start was a little slow, perhaps slower on the second night. Whether this was because Bernard Baxley, who on Thursday had been overacting, became more restrained on Saturday, or whether it was merely because I knew what was coming next, I am not sure; but after the entrance of George Radfern, both performances began to move, tension and humour being equally well put across.

However, this is no place for an official criticism. Each performance had a very different audience. On Thursday the play was presented before a critical School, so that when Bernard Baxley was exhorted before his first entrance to "go on and make them laugh," he may well have felt somewhat frightened. On Saturday, however, School was packed with Old Busbites and parents, all enthusiastic supporters. Perhaps too enthusiastic. There was someone close behind me who insisted on commenting: "She's very good," or, "What good stage managing." I do feel that a good performance speaks for itself without having to be accompanied by a running commentary. And then those people who arrive just as the curtain rises and expects to get a seat in the front row, annoy me just as much as those who share things such as opera glasses between the rows of chairs.

It was surprising, too, how what fetched a roar on the Thursday, only evoked a titter of laughter from the Saturday audience. Much hearty laughter on Saturday was heard to come from the back of School, though who was sitting there I never found out. The entrance of Sergeant Morris perhaps a little unfortunately never failed to amuse. "Enter a helmet dressed in a uniform" as one person put it. The helmet, indeed, was much too big, but when you knew the person inside it, it was then that the true beauty of the joke struck you.

Then, of course there were the "after remarks by the actors"; how Bernard's moustache began to droop and peel off at the end of Act I. I never noticed this. Indeed, no serious mishap occurred, and if Elsie did pull up her skirt like a pair of trousers when she sat down, or Sergeant Morris left behind him the £5 given him for the Shooters Green Football Club, it only combined to make what was already very entertaining, even more so.

THE LOVE OF FREEDOM AND THE SEA.

O how I long for the storm-swept shore,
For the wind whipped rocks and the pebbly roar,
For the feel of salt spray on my cheek once more.
How I yearn for these things as never before.
I ache for a sight of the plaintive gull.
To feel myself full
Of the spirit of freedom, to brave
The fierce storms, evoking the gods of the wind
and the wave,
Filled with wild passions stirred up by the sea
To be walking alone by it, utterly free.

O how I envy you, enviable mind,
For my body's a slave, hand and foot bound,
by rule.
And you? You can wander the world riding
the wind,
Spurred by the fire of imagination: Yet keeping
cool

In the warmest of tropics,
Warm in the iciest arctics
Doing the bidding of swift inspiration
Following the whim of the slightest temptation;
But always that longing now, as before—
To be by the ocean, the sea, and the kelp-covered
rocks of its wind-swept shore,
Watching it beating on sea-fashioned stone.
Enthralled by the sight of it. Happy, alone.

FOR PRIVATE AUDITION ONLY.

The other night in bed I dreamed a joke. It was so colossally funny that I woke myself up shrieking with uncontrollable laughter, and was clouted with a pillow by the pacifist in the next bed. The next thing that struck me was that it was not an ordinary joke: it went further than that, it just oozed genius. . . .so I wondered if it might be expanded into an article for the *Grantite*: the trouble would be, of course, that some people who read it might not understand it (which would annoy them) and probably several others who did understand it, would find it so unlike their usual crude puns and "shaggy-dogs," that they would not fully appreciate it. And then, naturally, there are many who consider the kind of jokes people think of in bed unfit to be put into magazines anyway—certainly not into the *Grantite*—and this joke isn't the sort of joke you tell *everybody*: you definitely don't let it get printed so that thousands of people all read it and burst blood vessels or possibly *die* of laughing . . .

So I shan't tell you what it is. . . .

THE WINDOW.

Crash! a brick hurtled through the display window of Derry & Toms, knocking over a partially dressed display model and scattering glass over a sumptuous carpet. Immediately the two store detectives, the attendants and the crowd of buyers rushed towards the window. Indeed, the only person who appeared to be unaffected was a dapper little man who walked into the apartment through the swing doors opposite the broken window, and proceeded calmly to fill a suitcase with the goods on display on the counter. He walked quickly and precisely only taking the more valuable objects. The case was soon full and he shut it and sauntered over to where the crowd was still gossiping about the event, with the two detectives down on their knees gingerly wrapping the brick in a handkerchief, while the attendants looked on admiringly.

The crowd began to disperse and with it the dapper little thief. He took a bus and after carefully depositing his case in what the conductor described as the "luggage 'ole," he got off without it at Knightsbridge and walked to his lodgings. He went upstairs and changed his clothes. Then he sat down in front of a typewriter and typed for about half an hour. When he had finished he placed the sheets in an envelope, ran downstairs and taking a taxi to Kemsley House he sat back with a peculiarly self-satisfied look on his face.

He paid off the taxi and walked into Kemsley House. "Hullo, Bill," said the doorman, "How's yourself?"

"I've got something good here," said the reporter and waved the envelope. He walked upstairs and into the Editor's office.

"Well, Bill," said the Editor. "I hope you've got something good—or else!"

"Don't worry," Bill interrupted, "just read this." He handed him the envelope.

The Editor opened it and read: "Daring Daylight Robbery at Derry & Toms. While the store detectives and attendants were examining the window and securing the brick which had been thrown through it, a thief entered and stole a selection of objects from the display on the opposite counter. He then disappeared before the theft was noticed. A suitcase containing the stolen objects was found in a bus later in the afternoon and a description of the thief has been given to the police by the conductor."—"You're hired," said the Editor.

There was a knock at the door and two policemen entered.

Bill was allowed the *Daily Graphic* in his cell next morning and the first thing he noticed was, "Daring Daylight Robbery at Derry & Toms."

“ BUSES ”

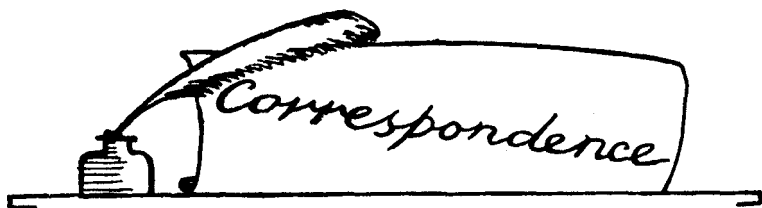
(For the benefit of sympathisers, this is pure fiction).

Monday morning, bright and early
I jumped off a speeding bus
It seems that someone must have seen me ;
I do wish buses stopped for us.

Monday evening, came the warning,
“ Come to see me, now, at once.”
Though blotting paper is quite useful,
I forgot it like a dunce.

I shall cover with discretion,
That most painful interview,
Though I thought I had thick trousers
My assumption was untrue.

Mounted on a faithful cushion,
Tell I now my tale of woe,
I no longer jump off buses
When the lights show green for “ Go.”



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

Winter's snows are almost with us and behind sported oaks and drawn curtains your scribe sets down to tell a tale as gripping as any which adorn the previous pages of this magazine. The heroic dash, midst rain and wind, to a nine-o'clock lecture or breakfast, according to faculty; the trouble of a million mangled bicycle spokes at the junction of Mill Lane and Downing Street at lunch time; the intellectual conversation over someone else's coffee after a night at Danny Kaye; all this will be cast aside in favour of the dark facts about the private lives of O.G.G.

Of these Mr. Williams has recently emerged from hiding to build instead of stop rockets and to earn immortality with a picture in *Varsity*. Mr. Almond, with a scholastic reputation following last year's May's, frightening to us lesser men, oscillates with S.H.M. between Fenners and his rooms, but like all such bodies, in the end joining the remainder of us at rest between the two in the Arts cinema. Mr. Russ and Mr. Beale look down on us from the heights of a third year, and perhaps the approaching tripos explains the fact that they have been seen but seldom.

Often glimpsed out on the river, where they row bow and two in the same boat, and in Trinity's popular New Court are Mr. Baron and Mr. Nagle whose rooms are ever open to a miscellaneous collection of personages from our own and other schools. There remains Mr. Davidson, at Pembroke, who studies native types under the name of geography and has also joined the ranks of the elect on the Cam.

In all we are a distinguished set up here and one and all look forward to reading about themselves in next term's *Grantite* and none with so much anticipation as you—

CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

* * * * *

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

In spite of the loss of Chaundy and Kirkham-Jones last year, there are still a good many old Grantites to be found in Oxford. H. L. Murray and E. M. Carr-Saunders came to join the 23 other O.W.s at Christ Church this term. Murray started to read theology, but three days convinced him that he couldn't manage the Greek,

so he changed over to P.P.E. (which stands for Philosophy, Politics, and Economics). Carr-Saunders finds himself the only zoologist resident in Christ Church.

According to university lists Frampton is at Oriel, but in fact he has not come up. I understand that he failed to get out of the army in time for the beginning of term.

Among even older Old Grantites, B. G. Almond is awaiting Modern Language Finals at New College, while Eicholtz awaits them in History at Hertford. Gregg is now organizing the Medical Society, while Thompson and Bradley continue their studies in London (at St. Thomas's and Westminster Hospitals, I believe). A. J. and Mrs. Croft have moved into a new flat ; he is still liquefying helium at the Clarendon.

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

* * * * *

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

TO THE NEWCOMER.

Sir,

Westminster is what the Press and other sentimentalists like to call "a fine old school." Beyond that assumption we are very little, and upon that we rest, seldom wanting in numbers but very wanting in ideas.

Westminster, being in the very heart of the fastest moving city in Europe, should not find it difficult to move with the times. But from time to time we slip to a standstill and become a little island of antiquity gradually worn away by the sweeping tides of modernism. During the first half of the nineteenth century this happened ; then even our numbers dropped to thirty and our fields were robbed from us by the rising tides, and we became for a while a worn-out institution of ancient customs blackened by the soot of an all forgetting modern world.

It is this that is overtaking us now, after the rush of the war ; and it is this that a Westminster Head Master must fight against. Unlike the others of England's public schools we cannot sit back and watch the years go by.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. WESTMINSTER,

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

During this term the house has been faced with a delicate and interesting question. There has been much controversy over this, and I feel that it would be interesting to see what others think about it. To what extent is it advisable that seniors should mix with their juniors? There is much to be said against this "fraternising" between senior and junior—familiarity breeds contempt, and intimacy may lessen respect. But surely respect is a personal thing, gained by an individual? The friendships formed will ultimately break that needless barrier, which divides this house, making it, instead of a friendly community, a house divided against itself.

I trust, sir, that I need not remain

A DISAPPOINTED IDEALIST.

OLD GRANTITES.

We have heard news of the following Old Grantites:—

M. W. PARKINGTON (1935–1939) has left with his wife for South Africa after lecturing for a year at the London School of Economics in Public International Law. He and his wife were called to the Bar together in June of this year.

A. W. PRATT (1936–1940) is a chemical engineer with Messrs. Allen & Hanburys, and clearly reads his *Grantite*!

J. BRADLEY (1942–45) hops in occasionally from Westminster Hospital, while K. M. TOMPSON (1941–45) is to be seen at Putney rowing for St. Thomas's.

R. A. LAPAGE (1944–47) has been demobilised and is "in tobacco."

I. M. BOWLEY (1944–46) is steadily becoming a veterinary surgeon.

P. C. PEARSON (1943–48) has passed out Midshipman, R.N.V.R., and has been posted to the Mediterranean.

K. J. S. DOUGLAS-MANN (1947–49) under the guidance of Jack Beresford, is becoming a sculler of some merit, having won local events. He combines this with farming.

T. B. JELLETT (1945–49) continues his studies in languages at an institute in Switzerland.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1949.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the School lecture room (by kind permission of the Head Master) on Friday, October 28th, 1949. Twenty-three Old Grantites attended. The President, Mr. L. E. Tanner, was in the chair.

The Executive Committee's report stated that all members had received a copy of the new booklet containing the Club Rules and List of Members with their addresses. The Committee has decided that in future the Annual Dinner will be held in April and the Annual General Meeting will continue to take place in October. The Club Membership is now 236.

The following were elected for the year, 1949-50 :—

President :—Mr. L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

Vice-Presidents :—Professor E. D. Adrian, O.M., Sir Adrian Boulton, M.A., D.Mus., Mr. W. N. McBride.

Hon. Treasurer :—Mr. F. N. Hornsby.

Hon. Secretary :—Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, M.C.

Executive Committee :—Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (1915-20), Mr. R. Plummer (1924-28), Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile (1935-40), Mr. J. R. Russ (1937-42), Mr. B. G. Almond (1939-44), The Hon. R. Bruce (1940-45).

Hon. Auditors :—Mr. Wallace Hepburn, F.C.A., Mr. G. P. Stevens, F.C.A.

After the meeting, members went up Grant's for a sherry party with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

The Club congratulates D. O'R. Dickey and F. W. E. Fursdon on their recent engagements.

The following have recently been elected to the Club.:—F. N. Ashley, C.M.G. (1899-1902), Biden Ashbrooke (1939-40), D. M. V. Blee (1945-49), N. P. V. Brown (1945-49), R. R. Davies (1945-49), K. J. S. Douglas-Mann (1947-49), K. J. Gardiner (1923-28), T. G. Hardy (1921-26), T. B. Jellett (1945-49), H. C. F. Johnson (1930-34), R. M. Mere (1924-27), R. M. Milligan (1946-49), R. E. Nagle (1943-49), Hon. G. Somerset (1946-49), A. McLeod Symington (1915-19).

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 the Hon. Secretary.