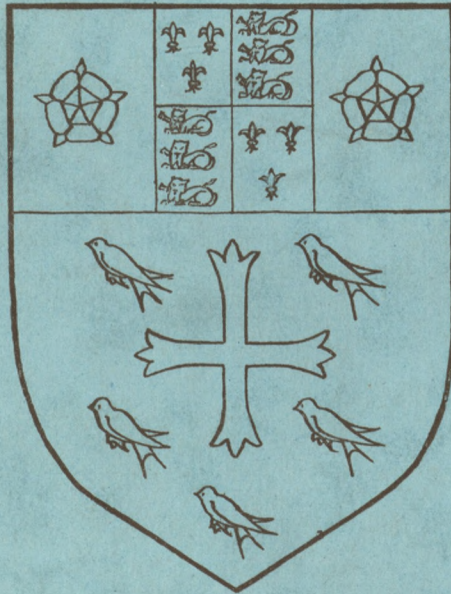


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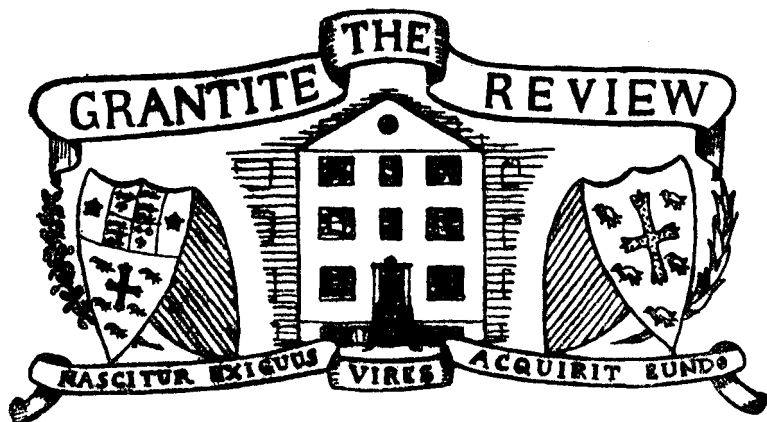
# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY-LENT TERMS,  
1950-51.

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VOLUME No. 4.

211TH EDITION.

#### EDITORIAL.

A few weeks after the publication of the Election Term number of the *Grantite Review* I received this letter, addressed to the Editor:—

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,  
CIRENCESTER.

Sir,

I was most interested to read, for the first time, the story of "The Mouse That Helped," which appeared under my name in the Election term number. I shall be still more interested to read, in your next edition, the name of the actual author.

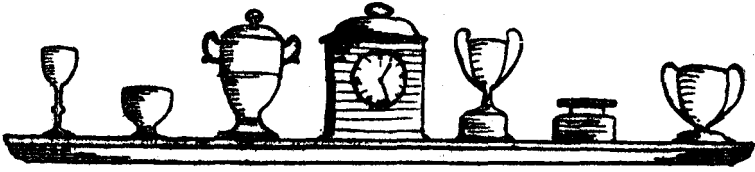
Yours faithfully,

K. DOUGLAS-MANN.

I was naturally rather amused by my predecessor's error, and also surprised that the actual author had been modest enough not to tell me of the mistake as soon as the edition had appeared. Perhaps he was too shy to enter the fields of literary composition save under a nom-de-plume, and had chosen for his purpose the

name of one of our many distinguished Old Grantites, in the hope that the real owner of the name would feel so complimented that he would not give the game away. In that case he was doomed to disappointment, for Keith Douglas-Mann, who left the school in the Summer of 1949, is a distinguished author in his own right, and the story of "The Mouse that Helped!" though it undoubtedly showed some merit, was (as I told Keith myself subsequently, in an attempt to appease his wrath) far below the Douglas-Mann standard.

However, my amusement and surprise were turned to dismay when I learnt, after a few enquiries, that perhaps the author was to be found next door, up Rigauds! A confusion of the names of Grantites and Old Grantites might perhaps be tolerated in the *Grantite Review*, but the insidious intrusion of foreign literary effort was surely unparalleled in the history of our house magazine. A few days later I was standing in a bus queue in Victoria Street, and saw some feet away from me the very person whose name had been mentioned to me in connection with this outrage. I felt it my duty to make some attempt to clear the matter up, and the answers to my questions left no doubt in my mind that my suspicions were horribly sound. I am now sure that our magazine has been ignorantly guilty of harbouring extraneous matter, maybe even rejected by the *Rigaudite Reflections*! All I can do is offer my sincere and humble apologies to the Old Grantite whose name has been misused, and to all readers who have been misled. For the rest, I feel it most discreet to leave the actual author's identity shrouded in mystery.



## HOUSE NOTES.

### LENT TERM.

There left us last term :—D. S. Cammell ; we wish him the best of luck.

We welcome this term :—F. A. Warnholm (boarder) and D. D. Cammell (half-boarder).

In Inner there are :—R. P. Harben, E. J. W. Oyler, J. F. Wordsworth, A. H. R. Martindale, S. G. Croft.

In Chiswicks there are :—K. J. M. Kemp, M. L. B. Pritchard, N. N. G. Maw, T. J. W. Smethurst, J. W. L. Croft, T. H. Stewart, K. H. Hodgson, C. J. H. Davies, D. J. van Rest (boarders) ; R. A. Miles (half-boarder).

In Buckenhill there are :—A. C. Hornsby, J. G. S. Harris, I. J. Fulton (boarders) ; J. Brostoff (half-boarder).

The Head of Hall is G. G. F. Worsdworth and the Hall Monitors are :—A. W. Abbott, T. J. Davies, C. R. Hayes (boarders) ; D. M. Lloyd-Jones (half-boarder).

### PLAY TERM.

We beat Rigauds in the second round of Seniors, and are now in the semi-finals. The finals are to be played in the Lent Term.

We came fifth in Fencing Seniors.

Congratulations to :—A. C. Hornsby, A. H. R. Martindale and C. J. H. Davies on their Pinks for Football.

and to :—T. J. Davies on his Pink-and-Whites for Football.

and to :—M. L. B. Pritchard and T. J. Davies on their Thirds for Football.

and to :—D. M. Lloyd-Jones on his Colts for Football.

and to :—R. P. C. Hillyard and E. J. N. Kirkby on their Junior Colts for Football.

and to :—D. S. Cammell on his Seniors for Football.

and to :—C. J. Croft on his Juniors for Fencing.

## HOUSE DIARY.

The *Grantite Review* has now had an almost unbroken run of 74 years. It is the oldest house magazine in England. Next term we hope to celebrate our 75th Anniversary. Some time ago we printed an appeal asking anyone possessing a copy of the first issue to get in touch with the Editor. There are still no replies.

The engagement is announced between the Head Master and Miss Jane Elizabeth Burrows. We wish them every happiness in the future.

We welcomed last term a new Matron, Miss Winter ; to greet her there had been built the long-needed surgery which now occupies a small area of Matron's sitting-room. To this haven come large crowds, night and morning ; some with cuts, some with strained backs, many with pseudo-sore throats, and most of all to gossip. All are treated with sympathy, perhaps more sympathy than they deserve.

It is time that the *Grantite Review* paid tribute to its many thriving contemporaries. The most energetic of them all is the *College Street Clarion* ; founded before the war it has continued to appear with great frequency ever since. The *Clarion* is no ordinary House Magazine, it has also a large circulation among non-Busbites. In this field it is seriously incapacitated by censorship from within the house. The *Clarion* comes as near as is possible for an official magazine to being an unofficial school paper. But it does not fill the place of *The World*, *The Trifler* and *The Flagellant*—the paper for which Robert Southey was expelled when he deplored the severity of flogging up School. There is in fact no free paper at Westminster. For many years the *Mouthpiece* played the part of encouraging opinion and literature among young Grantites. It is to be regretted that there is no one with the initiative to refound this paper. As usual the explanation is the lack of spare time ; a little shamed perhaps by the energetic people next door, who are responsible for that entertaining magazine, *The Rigaudite Reflections*.

In spite of a very lively debate at the School Debating Society in which the Society stated conclusively that " boxing is a degradation of the human personality," boxing has once again been started as a spare-time sport for those who have time and blood enough to spare. Non-pugilistic readers will be glad to hear that as yet there has been no press-ganging for the Inter-House Competitions in the lower parts of the House.

The most cheerful news of the Play Term was the reduction of P.T. which is now done only twice a week as a serious pursuit, lunch being at one o'clock on both station days. Mass P.T. was performed on Wednesdays, to the great amusement of all concerned.

With the memory of Busby's Play still in our minds the question inevitably arises : " Why is there no Grant's Play ? " The problems are talent and finance. S.N.U.G. plays show some talent at the bottom of the House, particularly for farces. And surely nobody

who saw "Fumed Oak" at the end of the Election Term could deny the real talent of Croft, S., and Wilding. Secondly the problem of funds—the Old Grantite Club, who so well bore the burden of that memorable play, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," might perhaps be relied on for a kind donation. These difficulties disappear, but we still lack initiative. The first steps of getting the Head Master's consent and the use of School should be taken up as soon as possible, since the energetic drama fans next-door-but-one are almost certainly preparing for another production next Play term. Grantite should not let the Busbite boast of being the only House interested in acting go unchallenged.

Professor E. D. Adrian, O.M., has been elected President of the Royal Society. Professor Adrian was up Grant's from 1903 to 1908; he became a non-resident King's Scholar in 1904. He was awarded the Royal Medal of the Royal Society in 1934, and received his O.M. in 1942.

#### LIT. SOC.

A recent article in the *Elizabethan* which surveyed drama at Westminster since 1939 pointed out that the School had produced more men in the theatre than in any other of the arts. Most of them, it was observed, did little or no acting while they were at school as the Latin play monopolised the dramatic activities with the exception of a few house and form plays. The School must take some credit for this, as it does and has for a long time provided three facilities which help to form a sound knowledge of plays and acting. Firstly, the school could hardly be better situated for anyone who wishes to see plays—the best way to get to know about them. Both boarders and day-boys have a chance to go to the West End theatres (and the re-opened Old Vic). Secondly, there are the almost traditional Orations each term, which provide practical experience in an easier form than a full play, and finally each house has for a long time had a Lit. Soc. or a play-reading society. The last two seem perhaps hardly worth mentioning, but in both there is surely great value.

This is not the place to deal either with orations or the London stage, but only Lit. Soc. up Grant's. When it was refounded a few years before evacuation, nothing definite seemed known about its early history, except that it had existed on and off for a considerable time. (Any information on this would be welcome). Likewise the Society has no aims, which some well-meaning founder might have laid down, "—to propagate a knowledge of drama up Grant's." There is nothing like that, this makes Lit. Soc. free to read what it likes, neither too high-brow or too low-brow and light. Last term "Murder in the Cathedral" was the most popular, but second to it I feel comes "Present Laughter." So wisely it includes in its traditions the principle that dramatics without nourishment is like the

pancake greaze without the pancake. It steers a happy course between pleasure and up-lift, picking up the best of both.

It would not be here out of place to relate briefly what Lit Soc does do now, for it has seen various changes. Tuesday night seems to be the night when people have least to do by the next day and has proved the most convenient night to meet. Therefore, from 8 o'clock on, with an interval for prayers, the Society sits and reads in the Housemaster's dining-room. When the play is over the assembled company move into the sittingroom where there is plenty of food and coffee to mellow the boy who had a very small part, or one that was too big, or was killed in Act 1 and needed resurrecting with sponge-cake.

Throughout the term we were fortunate to have Mr. Lushington and Mr. Kilvington who must be thanked for so often keeping things alive while the secretary wonders why on earth he ever chose the play! As regards the plays on the whole little need be said of the early part of the term, except to say that Bridie's Mr. Bolfry and Hay's the Housemaster (the obvious being carefully avoided) made up for one or two plays which failed to live up to their expectations. Near the end Murder in the Cathedral, as people realised it was a hard play, produced the best evening of the term. Last of all, that old chestnut, Journey's End, which seemed to provide the right part for everyone who came—and the result, people asked themselves why don't Grant's do a house play.

Finally, only because it comes last in the evening, a word of thanks to Mrs. Wilson for providing cakes which always ease the temper of a harrassed reader and brought Journey's End to a happy and.

This term we have read

“Arms and the Man,” by Shaw.

“Mr. Bolfry,” by Bridie.

“Outward Bound,” by Vane.

“The Housemaster,” by Hay.

“The Silver Box,” by Galsworthy.

“Time and the Conways,” by Priestley.

“Dear Brutus,” by Barrie.

“Some one at the Door,” by D. and C. Christie.

“Present Laughter,” by Noel Coward.

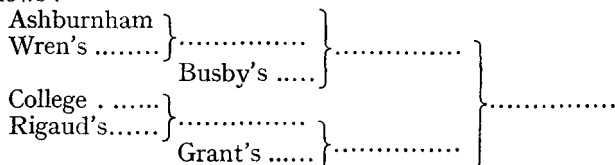
“Murder in the Cathedral,” by T. S. Elliott.

“Journey's End,” by R. C. Sherriff.



## FOOTBALL SENIORS.

In order that Busbys might play two Pinks who would otherwise have left, Football Seniors were moved forward to the last week of the Play Term, Juniors being postponed. The draw was as follows :—



Grant's therefore had a bye into the semi-final, and, as it turned out, won through to face Busby's in the final round.

After Rigaud's had beaten College, Grant's in turn beat Rigaud's 3—0. It was a good game, but it soon became clear that Rigaud's, possessing a few good players, had not sufficient all-round ability in their team to support this nucleus against the perhaps more evenly disposed Grant's XI. Grant's played, as far as possible, a game of long passes, but on the Colts pitch the restricted space made this type of game difficult. All the same, C. J. H. Davies played an extremely efficient and aggressive game down the left wing, well supported by the inside-left A. C. Hornsby, and it was from the left wing that the first goal was scored, after a defensive error by their goal-keeper, who failed to come out and take the ball as it crossed the goal-mouth onto the left-wing's head. J. F. Wordsworth played a reliable game at right back, while T. J. Davies proved a sound goal-keeper.

Grant's will meet Busby's next term, and the final round of Seniors will after all be in the Lent Term ; prolonged rain-fall made Fields unfit for play on the last Monday of the Play-term.

The team was : T. J. Davies : J. F. Wordsworth, M. B. L. Pritchard : E. J. N. Kirkby, D. Lloyd-Jones, J. Brostoff : R. P. C. Hillyard, A. H. R. Martindale (capt.), D. S. Cammell, A. C. Hornsby, C. J. H. Davies.

## THE WATER.

It is a hard fact that intensive training for a couple of weeks before a race is of no value whatsoever unless it is backed up by months of practice during the winter . You cannot build a house from the roof down, and in exactly the same way the foundations of rowing must be well and truly laid before adding the finishing touches which bring a crew up to racing pitch. We are lucky at Westminster in that all our races occur at roughly the same time, the Election Term ; we have therefore both the winter terms in which to lay our foundations. With the School Regatta far away in the future we are inclined to forget inter-house races, but it is now, in the winter, that those races are being won, for those who seize every opportunity to go out sculling are building up a reserve of

skill on which to draw when the Summer comes. The mental qualifications of an oarsman are far more important than his physical assets, keenness and intelligence will help him far more than strength, looseness and weight, because it is keenness that drives him out sculling whenever possible, and so builds up his mileage and it is intelligence that makes him use that mileage to the best advantage.

This term the Boat Club has aquired four new rum-tums, which help to swell the number of regular Grantite scullers. All scullers are encouraged to ask for coaching, which is given whenever the times of outings make it feasible. If these facilities are used to their utmost we can win the Halahan cup again next year ; we shall have all of last year's record-breaking Junior-Senior four still rowing, three members of the Senior Four, and the entire Junior Four. But year after year the Halahan is won by the house which gains most points in the sculling events, and Grant's record in the Junior and Junior-Senior Sculls is not very impressive. Now is the time to rectify that.

### BUSBY'S PLAY.

"Peace in our Time," which Busby's performed up School on December 7th and 10th, was as their two previous productions had led us to expect, thoroughly enjoyable. It was, of course, also another personal triumph for Howard who took the part of Fred Shattock, the publican. But the feature of the play was that in a cast of twenty-four, including no less than nine female parts, no one was unconvincing.

As a play "Peace In Our Time" is perhaps not as suited to a House production as was "Laburnham Grove ; though the fact that it gives a far greater scope for small character parts is certainly in its favour. But admirably though Franklin as Janet Braid acted, he could hardly be expected to put across to a sceptical school audience, whose memories of the war can scarcely be vivid, the intensely sentimental British war-time patriotism. Another defect which made it perhaps an unfortunate choice was that almost all the dialogue took place at the Bar, which meant that most of the actors spoke with their backs at least half turned towards the audience, to whom they were therefore far too frequently inaudible.

But despite these lapses into sentiment and inaudibility, the play provided, at any rate for those who were well-placed, an exceedingly amusing evening's entertainment.

### "WHEN ALL THE EARTH IS PARADISE."

Those who are at Westminster may remember these words of John Addington Symonds from "These Things Shall Be," and when the choral society performed this work some terms ago, many were sceptical of them. "What do they mean?" was the usual question." "A lot of bunk" was the usual reply.

If one takes a walk through a street in the slums of Stepney or Rotherhithe or any of the "lesser known" districts of London one may certainly feel that the words are 'a lot of bunk.' But if you come to a flat in the Highway at Stepney you will see that they may after all have some meaning, if only a faint one.

The Stepney Pacifist Service Unit is run by five or six young men and women who live in a working-class flat. The name "Pacifist" may appal the average Westminster boy; but, although many of the workers are conscientious objectors, you will find one or two who are not convinced pacifists. It would only be fair to say though, that the "Pacifist" approach is the most usual in this kind of social worker; and by a pacifist approach is meant simply one which entails, instead of force, a Christian spirit of love.

The members of the unit have to look after the flat and do their own cooking, but the main part of their work is that of "casework" or what is called "problem family" work.

Problem families are certainly problems. Of course conditions in the slums are nothing like as bad as they were thirty years ago. But there are still streets of rotting and degraded property, where families live in one or two rooms, The children, and the families are endlessly breeding, still play in the streets, and when it is too dark or too bitterly cold to be there, they choose the evil-smelling stairs as their playground. And this is not really their choice—they have nowhere else to go.

The unit workers must not be afraid to get down on their hands and knees and scrub the floors and clean up somebody's filthy house in any way that is necessary. Practical help is no small part of their job. The moral welfare of the families is the other important part of social work. For instance, if an eye was not kept on the few young—boys, whose mother died some years ago and whose father works nearly all day and night and spends his money on drink and at the "dogs," they would get into endless trouble. For their sister of fifteen is not able to look after all their needs, and children of that age need some clothes, some food, and some friendly help.

Then there is always a man in prison, a woman about to have another illegitimate child, a blind girl, or a child who has to go before the courts for house-breaking, to visit. And one has to do this visiting, not as a "helper" or "social worker" to a "case" or "problem," but as a friend to a friend. For this spirit of friendliness is the one thing that will make a person like, and receive help. And many of the families, especially the children, long for their next visit to tea with their "friends,"

What does the worker in these conditions gain for his labour? He certainly does not receive much pay, and he lives in a flat that is very different from the kind of place he has been used to living in. There is, in fact, no material gain. The gain that he has, though, is far greater than any of these. He has been able to help somebody who is in distress. And if he has only partially helped a few families.

his efforts will have been rewarded. In a spirit of humility, for he realises how much is left "undone," he works for the day "when all the earth is paradise."

This is not a sentimental talk. It is a reality—and a grim reality. But I knew, when I met those words in "choral soc," that they had some meaning. Now I know that meaning.

### THE WINDOW PAINTER.

I put pen to paper to record the achievements of the man who "painted the windows."

He may have seemed insignificant at the time ; he is probably a dirty white blob on your memory by now, but the way he stuck to those windows until they had blossomed out into their respective colours was a complete lesson in determination.

The difficulties may not seem to the reader to be tremendous, but I must ask them to bear in mind that the windows in question were those facing on to the Yard and that throughout the operation a continuous stream of boys all anxious to prove that they have conquered the hazards of housepainting, was filing past.

Yet few heard his voice, except in an occasional request to "leave them ruddy ladders alone," He didn't draw himself up to his full five feet and demand what right a junior Hallite had to accuse him of giving six coats of paint to the same window, nor did he shout out that he was going to paint out the finger-marks on the dining-room door, and needed no reminding, and finally he didn't write to his union to protest that the ladder he was climbing was pushed out from above and after hovering in mid-air, thoughtfully pulled back again.

Many of us laughed at his attempts to light his blow-lanip. Even more took delight in pointing out that it would need more than a coat of paint to hold Grant's together. But we all admired his resolution.

He will get no medals, nor any decorations, not even an honorary membership to the Old Grantite Club : only the satisfaction of persevering and eventually succeeding against desperate odds.

### HEATHER MIXTURE.

Fallows cursed himself for a weak fool. But no ! He could not let his friend go to the gallows when it was in his power to save him. For he was the only person who had proof that Storks' aunt had been in Bainton that Thursday. It was true that she had written a note to the manager of Robson's asking them to keep the heather mixture suit till she should come in that day. But Fallows alone had sold it to her and no one else had seen her in the shop. The body had vanished down a disused mine shaft in Stork's garden and the car had been returned to the garage at her home. So all Fallows had to do, Stork argued, was to wipe out the account of the sale in the firm's books, and to dress a window dummy in the suit.

He carried the parcel into the semi-dressed colony of female dummies, and, fetching the composite parts from a cupboard, set about his task. As he did the work he felt strangely uneasy, not because of the dishonesty, nor because he was afraid that he might be found out, but because, for the first time in his life, he sensed something uncanny. He thought, as the dummies' eyes gleamed at him, that they gleamed with a certain menace as though they told him that human brains were imprisoned behind those paralysed expressions and within those senseless forms. What he made of this feeling it is impossible to tell and it is doubtful whether he thought of it much till the next day, when, being off duty, he looked once again at his work.

Surely the expressions *were* paralysed: And yet the one in question seemed to wear a more sardonic smile than could be said of its fellows. He tried to turn his thoughts elsewhere, but somehow it dominated them. When once again he looked, he thought he saw its lips move slightly and the smile seemed to change a trifle. He strove to calm himself by saying that imagination was deceiving him. He must not be so childish. Dash it all! It was not as if he had actually done the murder. But he found this no good. He could not think of murder so lightly.

He looked a third time, and then he realised that it could no longer be imagination. He distinctly saw its lips move and display a row of brightly polished teeth. Oh hell! But had he not led a perfectly good life? Why should he be haunted and persecuted out of his mind?

It began to move. He watched it, in fascinated terror, as it disappeared from the shop window. Then it came out by a side door and walked towards him. It was a few inches away from him, it was level with him, then it had passed him. He thanked God its vengeance was not directed towards him.

But his fear then turned to curiosity. He determined to follow it wheresoever it should choose to go. It went up several side streets. Nobody seemed to be surprised by it, they apparently thought it was a perfectly ordinary woman. It turned into a street he knew well. He was then pretty certain that he understood, but not until it went into Stork's house did he know.

#### “ THE BAIGNTON RECORDER.”

##### BODY FOUND ON RUBBISH DUMP.

“The body of Mr. Christopher Stork has been found on a local rubbish dump. The exact causes of death are as yet unknown, but extreme physical shock is apparent. The last to see him are two men who stated that they saw him on Saturday evening in the neighbourhood of the rubbish dump. He was supported in the arms of a woman and appeared to be very ill. The police are anxious for information concerning this woman, who was wearing a heather mixture suit.”

Fallows could have told them something, but he did not think they would believe it.

## DEEP DOWN.

The sun and moon both shine weakly in the misty morning. The men go along the forest path to their coalmines, they meet at the pit-head. Then down they go, deep down—away from the light and the smell of the bracken.

They grope along with lights, stumbling and swearing. Backs are bent and feet are wet. The mattock taps the roof, the sound is hard and hollow. They work hard, cursing and singing, mattocks swing and strike the coal—coal comes slowly. Backs are tired and ache, hands are sore, legs are cramped.

Eight drams are loaded, then they break off work ; huddled together they drink cold tea and swallow coarse cheese and bread. Halt, the shift is done—three more hours then back to the light.

Three more hours of hard work, the coal is shovelled into drams, one—two—three, one more load. They sing and laugh as they think of the sun and their baths, their girls and the pictures. The last dram fills quickly ; they crawl out. The light is dazzling and dirty hands wipe their over strained eyes. The air is fresh, the clouds are high and they go home through the forest.

## THE SNUG PLAY.

(with apologies to the producer and cast—not to be taken *too* seriously).

About the middle of the term  
The idea first was plain  
The former SNUG plays were “ so good,”  
One must be done again.

Now first the play must chosen be  
Giles Wordsworth is the man  
He says he'll do Aladdin  
I wonder if he can.

The “ actors ” soon are chosen  
But little do they know  
What boring, dull and dreary hours  
They now will undergo.

When first the book is opened  
And then the play read through  
It seems to be so simple  
Just what they say and do.

The cast looks at a page or two  
None taking it to heart,  
The “ prompter ” in this play will have  
A Most important part.

Rehearsals drag and drag right on  
The scene gets worse each day  
The Question " will the play come off?"  
Answer " Worst luck, it may."

The dress rehearsal comes too soon,  
The dresses do look fine ;  
"Where is my padding Mrs. T.?"  
" Oh Dear ! its under mine."

The great night comes—the play's a flop  
Most SNUG productions are  
Perhaps the nicest thing of all  
Was ices at the bar.

But still no doubt next term there'll be  
Another farcical play  
I really think it is a—well  
Perhaps I shouldn't say.

(The Editor will not accept responsibility for any opinions expressed  
in this article, even if they are not to be taken too seriously).

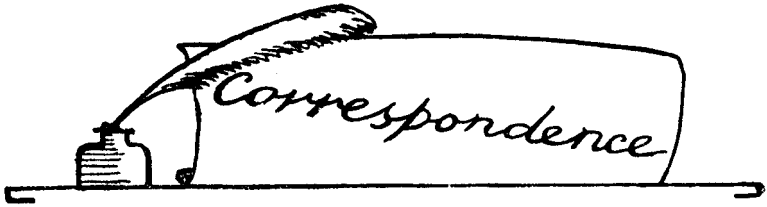
## AUTUMN.

As I walk through the silent woodlands  
And see the dripping branches on the willows and the larches,  
As I walk through the leafless arches  
Past the gloomy hedgerows and the great green fir trees.

As I pass the frozen lakes and streams  
Where once the babbling waters spoke  
Where once the dragonfly did skim  
Where o'er the rocks the grey waters broke ;

The biting wind across the pasture blows  
And through the bare, brown branches whines  
And along the hedgerow pulls with clutching fingers,  
Through the saplings and the pines.

Now all is quiet and ghostly still  
And in the place of summer sun the colours of the autumn cast  
The shadows of their richness o'er the pasture  
Where the swallow dipped in season past.



## CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER.

DEAR SIR,

Christmas comes but once a year: the Grantite three times, which is about as often as one would meet Old Grantites up here were it not for Mr. David Almond, who has taken a halfshare in a particular set of rooms noted for their ever open door and boiling percolator. This reputation he strives to maintain. Somewhere among the throng one may quite often catch a glimpse of a familiar tie, even if the face is talking to a presumptive third man somewhere else in the room.

Speaking of Almonds, it may not be inappropriate to record here several very welcome fraternal visits from Mr. Francis Almond, who by the time this is in print will have departed for, or more likely arrived at, Nigeria. Apparently there are still people in the world who do not smoke and Mr. Almond is going to show them how.

Mr. Blee, straight from the "hot" end of a classroom relaxes once more in the anonymity of the lecture room. He lives by the river, where he can see Mr. Pearson in one of a procession of boats with course signs on the bow and coarser coxes in the stern, practicing for the Fairbairn, while Mr. Nagle strokes a boat of more doubtful status and leisurely pace. Mr. Pearson is of course no stranger to Cambridge, though a Freshman this year: he lives at home but seems to escape into college pretty frequently.

Mr. Davidson's name has appeared in public print as singing in Sunday Concerts and Mr. Baron continues as a supporter of pink politics and the more sophisticated balls. Conservatives who knew him at school may derive some comfort from the knowledge that he has largely deserted Tribune for the New Statesman and T. S. Eliot.

Although the number of O.WW. has about doubled this year we have but two new-old Grantites. We were therefore especially glad to see Mr. Harben and Mr. Oyler up taking election, and we trust they may be enabled to stay longer next year and join the ranks of those eligible to write this letter.

Who knows, they might even write something complimentary about

Your CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.



## OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1950.

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club was held in Ashburnham Library on Friday, October 27th. 30 Old Grantites attended—the following were elected as officers and committee for the Year 1950-1951.

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

As Vice-presidents :—Professor E. D. Adrian, O.M., F.R.S.

Sir Adrain Boulton, M.A., D.Mus., D.C.L.

Mr. W. N. McBride.

Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, M.A., D.Sc.

Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe, D.C.L.

As the Hon. Treasurer :—Mr. Raymond Plummer 1924-1928).

As Hon. Secretary :—Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, M.C. (1932-1937).

As Asst. Hon. Secretary :—Mr. D. I. Gregg (1838-1943).

The Executive Committee :—

Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (1915-1920).

Mr. F. N. Hornsby (1916-1921).

Mr. R. O. I. Burrodale (1935-1940)

Mr. J. R. Russ (1937-1942) .

Hon. R. Bruce (1940-1945).

Hon. J. A. Davidson (1942-1947).

As Honorary Auditors :—

Mr. Wallace Hepburn, F. C. A. (1911-1915).

Mr. G. P. Stevens, M.P., F.C.A. (1916-1921).

The next Annual Dinner will be on Friday, April 6th. As it will be our Jubilee Year we hope that all old Grantites will make a special effort to attend.

### MISS TICE (MATRON 1926-1935).

Those of us who were up Grant's when Mr A. T. Willett was Housemaster will learn with deep regret of the death of Miss E. F. Tice, who died in the Luton and Dunstable Hospital on October 7th.

After 18 years as Matron at the Samaritan Hospital, followed by five years at the Charing Cross Hospital, she became Matron of Grant's in 1925. During her ten years at 2, Little Deans Yard, many generations of Grantite's grew to appreciate her kindness and respect her knowledge of medicine. Had it not been for her careful nursing, it is doubtful whether Mr. Willett would have come through his serious illness in 1929-1930.

Miss Tice was quick to detect the malingerer, but her care and attention were always centred on those who were genuinely ill. Asprins and castor oil were her standby ; and then, of course, there were the weekly lollipops brought round the dormitories by the Housemaster and herself. Those of us who did not go home at

week-ends remember, too, the happy Sunday evenings spent in her room, where she was like a mother from home and belied the legendary sternness of a matron.

### OLD GRANTITE NEWS.

F. R. H. ALMOND is in Nigeria, "in tobacco."  
F. D. HORNSBY, G. N. P. LEE and H. WARD are in the Army.  
At Oxford : D. G. S. Hayes is at Jesus, J. H. MILNER is at Christ Church, and R. M. MILLIGAN is at Magdalen.  
At Cambridge, D. M. V. BLEE is at Emmanuel.

### NOTICES.

*Grantite Reviews* were returned undelivered from :—

M. T. Pitts,  
R. O. Wrigley,  
J. K. Morland.

If any member of the O.G. Club knows the present address of any of these, would he kindly inform the Editor?

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to :  
2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

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.

*With the Editor's Compliments.*