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EDITORIAL.

LAST year there first appeared in the GRANTITE REVIEW a Literary Supplement. This was a very excellent idea, for it had always been a great lament that there was no magazine in which the House could show its literary talent; and there had even been started another magazine, which was used entirely for this purpose. But it seemed so extremely unnecessary for one House to produce two magazines, and it caused so much more expense and work, that it was decided that half of the GRANTITE REVIEW should be devoted to the Literary Supplement. Quite naturally we expected to be overwhelmed with contributions, but far from being overwhelmed by any flood of contributions, we had but a small trickle and even that had to be squeezed out. It comes as rather a shock to find that there is seemingly so little literary talent up Grant's. For, after all, there is no other way in which a House can be judged, in this respect, except through the medium of its magazine. So it is up to everyone to show that, although it is not evident, there is some latent energy in the House, which at times will appear.

We hope therefore that, instead of having to squeeze out the few contributions, which is generally the case, we will be able to pick and choose, and, by so doing, procure much better literature and show that Grant's is not entirely lacking in literary talent.

HOUSE NOTES.

THERE left us last term: E. H. G. Lonsdale, N. C. Masterman, J. S. Brown, P. N. Labertouche, A. B. de S. Sutton, J. G. Frampton, R. I. Davison (boarders.) P. P. W. Young, G. P. Maguire, W. O. Craies, B. E. Strong, D. O. Nares, S. J. de L. Longsdon (half-boarders). We wish them every success in the future.

We welcome this term: E. G. Mansfield, G. L. Y. Radcliffe, R. C. T. James, R. G. Reed, K. S. Saunders (boarders). E. J. M. Coppen, A. M. Doswell, J. L. Sheriff, (half-boarders).

H. B. Ball obtained a resident scholarship at the Challenge. We wish him success in his new position.

J. E. Manby and P. R. E. Tanner have come up into Middle from Outer, and J. Harrop and I. P. G. Walker from Hall.

H. T. James, P. Talfourd-Jones, R. G. Nicholson, T. W. Brown and P. H. G. Wright have come up into Outer.

We heartily congratulate J. B. Latey and J. F. Turner on their Football Pinks, and R. W. Edgar on his thirds.

Grant's has four representatives in the school team.

Unfortunately, after a keen struggle, we lost the Football Juniors Cup in the first round to Ashburnham, a much heavier side.

We congratulate R. M. Mills, C. J. G. Lonsdale (we hope that he will follow in his brothers' footsteps) and R. D. Preston on their Junior Football House Caps.

Grant's are not too strong at Water, but under the leadership of B. N. Gedye make gallant efforts in their contests with other Houses.

We congratulate H. T. James on his Senior House Colours and F. V. A. Rivaz and R. D. Preston on their Junior House Caps at Water.

I. K. Munro is Captain of Fives; and J. F. Turner and R. W. Edgar play for the School.

The Chess Cup has departed from this House after many years in spite of the gallant attempts of J. B. Latey and his team to retain it. We sincerely hope that it will soon return.

We, regrettably, did not win the O.T.C. Cup this year, in some ways, perhaps, owing to the loss of two of our best men.

R. W. Edgar has represented the School at shooting, and A. G. T. James at fencing.

B. N. Gedye has been preliminarily nominated to an Exhibition at Christ Church, Oxford.

The yard ties were won by R. W. Edgar, M. V. Argyle, and R. C. T. James.

The Fives ties were won by I. K. Munro and P. J. Sutton.

Two yard ties were played against Rigaud's last term, the Seniors in their yard being won by 19-17 and the Juniors in ours by 16-5.

THE PLAY SUPPER.

THROUGH the tender care of several of the Chiswickites, Hall was again resplendent in all its decorations, and was particularly enhanced by the bunches of balloons tied up all round. Miss Tice had, as usual, prepared a magnificent dinner and had bought a great many noisy and amusing toys, which always help to enliven the dinner, perhaps a little too much!

After dinner Mr. Willett, when he was able to make himself heard, proposed The King. The Head of House then began by thanking Miss Tice for all the trouble which she had spent on making the dinner a success, and then went on to say that although the House had had a few misfortunes at the start of the year and had lost several cups, he saw

no reason why, in the future, it should not even be more successful than in the last year. With that he finished by thanking Mr. Willett for all the help that he had given him in the past term and proposed his health. Mr. Willett then rose and after thanking the Head of House, said how pleased he was to see all the Old Grantites, who were present that night, and with his characteristic witticisms introduced each one separately. After which the Head of House proposed the health of the Old Grantites, and Dr. Moon replying for the Old Grantites thanked Mr. Willett for all he had done for the House, and went on to talk about Charles Erskine and the founding of the GRANTITE REVIEW, which was first started when he was up Grants.

After the speeches there was an entertainment, in which Mr. Gedye was a great success singing "Down at the Old Bull and Bush." Mr. Brandon-Thomas did several amusing sketches, which were much applauded, especially his famous sketches on former Masters of Westminster. Mr. Masterman also gave us a song, very bravely without accompaniment, in which everyone joined in; and Mr. Radcliffe was persuaded to sing "The Carrion Crow," which was exceedingly good. After that we finished a very pleasant evening with "D'ye ken John Peel" and "Auld Lang Syne."

GRANT'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

FIRST and foremost we have to thank Mr. Willett for his kindness in entertaining the Society—frequently at considerable inconvenience to himself—and Mr. Tanner for the great encouragement his presence has given to the Society's efforts.

The Society is now an affiliated member of the "Drama League," and we no longer have the difficulty of obtaining copies which so hampered us the previous year.

We met eight times last term and read four plays: "Twelfth Night," Barrie's "Dear Brutus," Galsworthy's "Loyalties," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

The readings were, I think, remarkably successful, and the Literary Society should not fail through want of talent.

The members:

J. R. Moon. After showing no interest in the Society at the start, he became one of our most successful readers. His

greatest success was in the first play we read, "Twelfth Night," when, in the absence of Mr. Tanner, he read Malvolio, and read it admirably.

I. K. Munro took a series of long but dull parts, and had little chance to make anything of them. His one good part, Feste in "Twelfth Night," after hesitating a little how to treat it, he eventually read very amusingly.

B. N. Gedye, without any doubt our most successful reader. Even taking into consideration that it is probably easier to make a hit in a comic part than in any other, he is still by far our best reader. One cannot say how he would get on in serious parts, but we certainly could not do without him as a comedian.

J. B. Latey. As Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Capt. Darcey he read with great spirit and thoroughly entered into the parts.

L. E. T.

J. E. Manby. One cannot help thinking that he could be quite one of the best readers. But he seemed to have a certain diffidence when reading, which one would certainly not expect from him. He did read one part extraordinarily well—Margaret Orme in "Loyalties"—and it was unfortunate that there were not more parts like it.

P. R. E. Tanner. Unfortunately he was only present at a few meetings, owing to illness, and did not have a chance to read the parts which would have suited him.

J. Harrop. As Augustus Borring in "Loyalties" he scored a great success; his stutter was most realistic. He read other parts well, notably the landlord in "She Stoops to Conquer," with a splendid dialect—though it is rather difficult to say exactly which—perhaps a hybrid?

H. T. James. Unfortunately we were not able to give him a part like 'Crichton,' in which he was unsurpassed. Even so he certainly made the best of the parts he had—his reading of the butler in "Loyalties" being especially noticeable.

P. Talfourd-Jones. He first surprised us by a comic interpretation of the priest in "Twelfth Night," when he produced a laugh out of ten comparatively uninteresting lines. His triumph, however, was in "Loyalties," when he read 'Ricardos' with a magnificently foreign accent.

T. W. Brown. To see him was even better than to hear him; and this is no detraction, for his reading, of Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer" especially, was

splendid. His gestures were innately histrionic, and he was definitely one of our most humorous, as well as able, readers.

J. F. Turner. Although, at his own request, he only took small parts, he showed himself quite definitely capable of one of greater length and importance. He proved his capability by getting a lot out of even so small a part as the footman in "Loyalties."

E. A. Bompas. Quite one of our most promising readers. As the artist's little daughter Margaret in "Dear Brutus," he completely captured our fancies, and he renewed his success by his reading of Kate Hardcastle.

A. E. Hadden. His was the very difficult and nervous task of opening the first reading of the term, on his first appearance, as one of the chief characters. He succeeded admirably where there was every excuse to fail, and his reading of Viola was excellent. He and Bompas are our chief readers of female parts, and they did their work splendidly.

J. B. L.

It will be seen above that the Society has held several meetings and continues to flourish.

The reading has reached an unusually high level. It is a great pleasure to find readers throwing themselves into their parts and not being afraid to "let themselves go." The result is, of course, that reading becomes much easier for everyone and much more enjoyable. To be faced in one's part with "Ha! ha! ha!" in a cold and torpid atmosphere is petrifying and one's heart sinks as one sees the wretched thing coming half way down the page. But when everyone else is playing up it comes as a laugh easily and naturally. Again reading becomes much faster and the brilliant retort cuts the half finished sentence as it should do and not several seconds too late. There are scenes—the 'scandal' scenes in the "School for Scandal" are an obvious example—which can hardly be read too swiftly and the polished wit and brilliance of them depend upon such reading. On the other hand there are some things, especially in verse, which require to be read deliberately and slowly. A good reader will be continually varying his pace—"making up on the swings," so to say "what he loses on the roundabouts"—and thereby keeping a good level of swift reading.

But let us remember that while it is easy enough to read fast badly it is exceedingly difficult to read swiftly and well. Practice, the ability to look well ahead, to take breath at the

right moment and to keep calm are the essentials. Above all it is necessary to have looked at your part beforehand. No good reader would willingly read in public without having done this. It is only the very confident young curate who attempts to read unseen the two most difficult—and most beautiful—books in the world—and a sad hash he makes of it. After informing the congregation that “they which run in a race run; all but one receiveth the prize” (although St. Paul punctuated it differently), the “e wee lamb” (ewe lamb) goes still further “awe-ry” and at the end “*has done all things which he ought not to have done.*”

Let us add a few more points. It ought to be possible to give a distinct individuality to the smallest part. I remember—on the stage it is true—the footman in the original production of “Loyalties.” He has only to say “No, Sir” to the Police Inspector’s questions. But his indignant frightened protesting cockney “Now, Sir” was irresistible.

Always stand up when reading in a reading society if and when you are on “the stage.” It is much easier to read standing up than sitting down. You see the person you are reading against and you get more of the ‘atmosphere’ of a scene. Lastly always be ready for the other man whatever he does. He may be struggling with Mr. Bowdler’s admirable edition for family use while yours may be a more virile edition. Don’t stop in the middle but pick up his cue at once even if he cuts you out of half a page.

Reading aloud is a much neglected but a very fascinating art. It has its technique and requires practice. It is worth doing well, for it can give much pleasure and it is also an art which you may be called upon to exercise at any moment in life—and if the call is made it is distressing for everyone if all you can do is to turn purple, become unintelligible, choke and have to be led gently away.

L. E. T.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

I WANT, through the medium of this magazine, to appeal to you to join the School Branch of the League of Nations Union. The membership entails a cost of but 6*d.* a year and in return you are entitled not only to attend lectures and

debates on the League, but to borrow books from the excellent League of Nations Union library.

The importance of the League of Nations cannot be over-estimated. There is no doubt what the result of another war would be on this world; it would mean the complete destruction of our present civilization. The weapons of war are now so deadly that it could only be a question of days before cities like London or Paris would be entirely demolished by hostile aircraft, to say nothing of the gas attacks which would cripple the non-combatant population just as severely as the actual fighters. The only organisation which now stands between the World and the eventual certainty of another war is the League of Nations, formed with the express purpose of preventing future wars.

Now the influence of the League depends entirely on the strength of the public opinion behind it in the various countries. The English Government can take no important step at Geneva without the knowledge that it has the support of the majority of public opinion behind it. One of the most effective ways in which this support can be shown is by joining a Branch of the League of Nations Union.

Whatever your feelings about the League may be at present, I should like you to join the School Branch. If you know little or nothing about the League, join and you will find out and it will interest you. If you disapprove of some or all of the League's present activities, join and see from closer knowledge if your disapproval is really justifiable. If you still think it is, use your position as a Branch member to get things put right. You will never be able to do this by standing outside. To those who are already interested in the League, I can only say: "Join the Branch immediately and—what is more—use your influence to make your friends do likewise."

M. W. B.

CHESS SOCIETY.

IT is very much to be regretted that a cup, which for many years we have held against all comers, has at last been won from us—and this at a time when in numbers, at least, we far outnumber any other House; in skill, I am afraid, we are very much lacking. The reason is obvious. Although,

through our numerical strength, we have reigned, nominally, supreme in the Chess Society, the amount of Chess we have played during the last few years has been negligible. The rules of the Chess Society have been revised and enforced this term, and a number of promising players have developed; but the revival has come too late to save the cup *this* term; next year, however, Grant's ought to be able to produce a team quite capable of replacing the cup in its fit and proper position.

Grant's team, which lost to Rigaud's in the first round, was: J. B. Latey, R. W. Edgar, E. A. Bompas, R. M. Mills.
J. B. L.

JUNIORS.

IT had rained hard previous to the game, and the ground at Morden was almost impossibly heavy,—so much so that it was apparent even before the game that there would be little long-kicking.

Grant's won the toss and elected to play towards the pavilion.

From our point of view the best movement in the game came in the first two minutes, when Bompas put a beautiful pass through the centre to Kavanagh, who was lying just 'on side' about ten yards from the Ashburnham goal. Kavanagh, showing a rare turn of speed, ran the ball to within point-blank range and then unfortunately shot straight at the goal-keeper. We had really bad luck not to score at this point, when a goal gives a side an immeasurable moral advantage.

Ashburnham now started to press, and continued to do so for a considerable period; in fact, they would almost certainly have scored had it not been for the good judgment and sound kicking of the backs. The halves, too, defended well at this period, especially Lonsdale at left half, whose marking and tackling frequently made him outstanding. But it must be admitted that Ashburnham deserved to score during twenty minutes of almost continual pressing. The failure upon the part of Grant's to relieve the pressure and themselves attack was I think due to two causes: first, the two inside forwards, especially the inside left, did not lie far enough back to help the defence and get the ball; secondly, when the halves and insides got the ball, as they frequently did, with an excellent chance to pass, in almost every instance they dribbled too

long and then either lost the ball or passed wildly to an Ashburnham player.

Another noticeable feature about Grant's play was the fact that they always brought the play down to the bottom side of the field, and consequently the top side, whence the strongest attacks should have come, was starved; no doubt the extreme stickiness and heaviness of the field was partly the cause, but they should have made greater effort to avoid it. Thanks to some excellent work by James, our goal-keeper, the score at half-time was 0-0.

In the second half Ashburnham attacked almost continually from beginning to end, and after ten minutes' play Scott broke through to score with a low ground shot to the corner of the net. This should have had the effect of waking Grant's up, but, on the contrary, they let the Ashburnham attack through again and a hard shot bounced in off one of our men.

After this, however, Grant's did improve and there was a rally through which Grant's nearly succeeded in scoring; Carr dribbled the ball almost up to the goal-line and only lost it when just upon the point of pushing it through.

After this there was only one side in it, and Ashburnham scored twice—the first a beautiful shot from Beranger.

Grant's lost by 4-0.

Ashburnham were considerably heavier and larger than Grant's, and included two Colts Caps, but, everything taken into consideration, they did not deserve to win by so large a margin.

J. H.

JUNIORS' CRITICISMS.

E. A. Bompas (Capt.) (*Inside Right*). His besetting fault is slowness. Undoubtedly he has the making of a footballer. He plays a hard game, shows considerable promise as a dribbler, and his constructive play is really good. These are all the qualities of a good forward, but are completely wasted unless supported by a certain measure of speed; it is this measure of speed which he must, at all costs, gain.

R. M. Mills (*Left Back*). His greatest quality is his tackling; he can choose the exact moment to go into his man,

and then tackles really hard,—which is the right way. In other directions, however, he has very much to learn. He must improve his kicking, which is at present very weak, must concentrate more upon his marking in front of goal, and above all must learn to head the ball. Despite these considerable deficiencies, he shows real promise.

R. H. D. Preston (*Right Back*). He played a really good game in Juniors, his kicking, especially, making him outstanding. His marking was, on the whole, good and his tackling sound. He too must learn to head the ball,—in the modern fast and accurate game there is rarely time to trap the ball, and heading is essential. His other fault is that he is inclined to kick the ball without any definite idea as to direction; this he must rectify. He is already a really useful back, and if he continues to improve as he has this season I think he should be very good.

C. J. Lonsdale (*Left Half*). In my opinion, he was definitely the find of the match. His lack of height is, of course, a very great handicap to him, but when he puts on a few more inches I think he should develop into a very good footballer. He puts every ounce of energy into his game, and tackles really well, nearly always emerging somehow with the ball. He is a really pretty dribbler, but should remember that the very best dribbling is wasted if the ball is lost at the end of it. His most serious fault is his passing, which is on the whole very wild; he made one beautiful pass to his wing-man, but otherwise his constructive play, which is quite as important as defensive play, was definitely weak; this he must put right.

K. de K. Bury (*Centre Half*). The only man on the side who used his head at all; in this respect he shows great promise, and gave some very useful passes with his head. In other directions, however, his play was poor; his passing was inaccurate, and though instructed to play mostly on the defensive, he rather overdid this. He is tough and fast, and when he improves his weak points he will do well.

L. R. Carr (*Inside Left*). He is small, and this deficiency is not counter-balanced by any turn of speed. He shows promise in his dribbling and constructive play, but must try and strengthen his kick, increase his speed, and develop his passing, which is rather inaccurate.

J. B. Bury (*Outside Left*). His play was disappointing. He is not yet quite fast enough, and did not remedy this deficiency by remembering to lie up as far as possible, *i.e.* just "on side"; but his centering was good and he put across some good passes. I think he will do well when he increases his speed and gains more experience of wing play.

P. J. Sutton (*Right Half*). His play in Juniors was disappointing, as previously he had shown reliability. He must improve his heading, kicking, and tackling, and also try and play considerably harder. His best characteristic was his passing, which was really good; he should concentrate upon remedying his weak points, when he should develop into a very useful half-back.

P. C. Kavanagh (*Centre Forward*). In Juniors very disappointing. His position play was good, and he generally contrived to get into a good position to receive the ball; but when he got it he rarely did anything with it, and usually lost it at once. His best play was in the first three minutes, when he received a beautiful pass from Bompas and nearly succeeded in dribbling it through. If only he can get more decision and movement into his play he should do well, as he is very fast and tough and has got a good first time shot.

T. W. Dutton (*Outside Right*). A really promising player. He was obviously a little nervous and inexperienced, but these defects he will soon get over, and should develop into something good. He had little chance to distinguish himself as he was starved during the game, and was fed very much too little. He seemed very fast on the few occasions when he did get the ball, and I think he should do very well.

R. G. T. James (*Goal-keeper*). This was his first term of "soccer," and considering his lack of experience, he was astonishingly good; he has all the attributes of a goal-keeper—size, brawn, and fearlessness. His punt is not, at the moment, very good, but that will come with practice. His judgment was very sound, and he ran out of goal at the right time; nor did he hang on to the ball too long, except once when he appeared to forget temporarily that he was playing "soccer" and indulged in a magnificent "rigger" run. With practice I think he will be very good, and in view of the great lack of goal-keepers in the School now, I think he has good prospects.

I. K. M.

THE WATER.

GRANT'S are still suffering from a lack of watermen ; the numbers are not even stationary ; there is a gradual decrease. A year or two ago there were nearly twenty, now there are only ten, and it seems that the decline is going to continue. It is, therefore, impossible for the House to win races and it will continue to be so until the numbers go up. Let some of those people who wallow in the slough of despond at football, try their prowess at water. For many the prospects would be bright.

To turn to the actual misfortunes of the House. In the first round of the Rouse Ball Cup we drew Ashburnham and King's Scholars. The race was rowed from the Mile Post to Ayling's Boat-house. Both Ashburnham and King's Scholars got excellent starts, while Grant's, who had the Surrey station, only got a good one and so were a length down after the first minute. Then for a little while Grant's held their opponents but could not regain any of the ground they had lost. At the Football Ground, Ashburnham and King's Scholars, who were having a great fight for the lead, began to draw away. At Beverley Grant's started to spurt and gained ground till the Boat-house. There, however, they went to pieces, losing all they had regained and more. Ashburnham won the race from King's Scholars by $\frac{1}{2}$ -length in 4mins. 15secs., with Grant's several lengths behind King's Scholars.

Grant's (Surrey). Bow. H. C. E. Johnson, 8st. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
2. W. H. C. Cleveland-Stevens, 10st. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 3. H. T. James, 10st. 10lbs. *Stroke.* B. N. Gedye, 9st. 13lbs. *Cox.* F. V. A. Rivaz, 8st. 12lbs.

King's Scholars (Centre). Bow. Liddiard. 2. C. Eggar.
3. Stevens. *Stroke.* Crook. *Cox.* Barlas.

Ashburnham (Middlesex). Bow. Quixley. 2. Beeman.
3. Ormiston. *Stroke.* P. Gardiner. *Cox.* Russell.

H. T. James was awarded his Senior House Colours and F. V. A. Rivaz a Junior House Cap after the race.

In the Town Boys' Rudder, Grant's were drawn against Home Boarders, who had previously won the Rouse Ball Cup and were favourites for the Rudder. Grant's made a last minute change in their order, R. D. Preston coming in at 2 instead of W. H. C. Cleveland-Stevens. The race was rowed from Ayling's Boat-house to the Mile Post, Grant's

having the Middlesex station. A very bad start allowed Home Boarders to get 2 lengths up in the first 10 strokes. Grant's were not disheartened, however, and, rowing hard, if not very steadily, reduced their deficit to a length. But this effort had taken too much out of them and they were not able to reply when at the end of the fence Home Boarders spurred to draw away easily and win by 4 lengths in 4mins. 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

Home Boarders (Surrey). *Bow*. Browne. 2. Howlett.
3. Cherry. *Stroke*. Bramhall. *Cox*. Bowen.

Grant's (Middlesex). *Bow*. H. C. E. Johnson, 8st. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
2. R. D. Preston, 9st. 1 lb. 3. H. T. James, 10st. 10lbs.
Stroke. B. N. Gedye, 10st. 0lbs. *Cox*. F. V. A. Rivaz, 8st. 12lbs.

R. D. Preston was awarded a Junior House Cap after the race.

Last, but not least, we must thank Mr. D. E. Halahan (O.G.) and Mr. P. J. S. Bevan (O.G.) for the very valuable help they gave us in coming down to coach us.

CRITICISMS.

H. C. E. Johnson (*Bow*). He was greatly handicapped by his lack of weight and has yet to learn the true importance of keeping time.

W. H. Cleveland-Stevens (*Rouse Ball*). (2) He does not make use of his weight as much as he might. He was much slower through the water than the rest of the crew and his efforts to make up for lost time coming forward caused him to lose control of himself and to upset the balance of the crew.

R. D. Preston (*Town Boys' Rudder*). (2) A promising young oarsman. Considering that he had had hardly any practice in the crew he rowed exceptionally well. If he takes up rowing all the year round he will have a good chance of becoming really good.

H. T. James (3). He was a great asset to stroke whom he backed up well. His advice during the practices was very helpful. His rowing has come on by leaps and bounds since last term. It is unfortunate that this is his last year.

B. N. G.

B. N. Gedye (*Stroke*). He was a willing worker and his keen captaincy was of great assistance to those behind

him. He should try to get an even harder drive off the stretcher than he does.

J. D. C.

F. Y. A. Rivaz (*Cox*). He encouraged his crew very well and made them give of their best. His steering, however, was a little doubtful.

B. N. G.

HOUSE FIVES COMPETITION.

I. K. Munro	} 1st pair.	J. F. Turner	} 2nd pair.
J. R. Moon		R. W. Edgar	
	} 3rd pair.	T. W. Brown	
		J. Harrop	

Grant's drew a bye in the first round, but unfortunately met Busby's, the favourites, as their first opponents. Munro and Moon, the first pair, met Davidson and Marshall, who had the advantage of having played a round previously, and who obviously knew each other's play very well. After two keenly contested games Grant's first pair was beaten, mainly through the inaccuracy of their play. The second pair, who had greater knowledge of each other's play, did better, since, after losing a hard-fought first game, they managed to draw level through the accuracy with which they placed the ball. In the third game, owing to their inability to "kill" the ball before their opponents, they lost after a most exciting struggle. The third were not called upon to play, since the other two pairs were defeated.

I. K. M.

GRANT'S FIVES CRITICISMS.

I. K. Munro. His play has improved enormously since last year, and a strong feature of it is the untiring way in which he keeps up hard hitting throughout a match. With further practice he should achieve, in addition, a more consistent accuracy of direction, without which a hard hit is so often wasted, a greater degree of "kill" in his volleys, and a deeper experience in the value of variation of pace.

Although, perhaps, a House Magazine is scarcely the

proper medium for this, I should like just to mention the very effective enthusiasm which he has put into his work as School Captain of Fives.
T. M.-R.

J. R. Moon. He has a hard smite but he does not always direct it carefully enough to make it difficult for the server to get it up. His shots are inclined to be wild, and he must remember the slow shot into the box, which does not come out like the fast one, which almost invariably does. He is a player whom it is very hard to beat on the top-court.

Fives players should remember that the way to win is to avoid making mistakes, and to wait until your opponents do, and then profit by them.

J. F. Turner. He is a very good top-court player and knows well how much power to put into his shots. He does not smite very accurately and is inclined to present an easy "kill" for the server. He is good at getting up difficult shots from the back-court but they seldom have any real accuracy of direction. He should learn the shot from the top-court which goes into the part of the box above "deadman's hole."

R. W. Edgar. A greatly improved player; he plays a very good game in the back-court and moves with great agility; his top-court play lacks the anticipation, which comes with experience, of the angle at which the ball will come out of the box. He should try not to tire himself so much with his smite. With a little more experience he should be a very good player.

T. W. Brown. His round-arm smite is effective but very tiring. He has a good eye, but is rather weak with his left hand. His top-court play is distinctly better than his back-court play in which he is so bent upon getting the ball up that he is apt to forget that to give an easy shot away very often means giving a valuable point away. He should learn to vary his pace when playing in the back-court, and with plenty of practice should be a steady player.

J. Harrop. He is rather a clumsy player, and is apt to get flustered when he is losing. He has a strong smite and plays a good back-court game. He should try and get a lighter touch when he is playing on the top-court. He has not had much chance of playing this term on account of an unfortunate accident to his wrist. When he is in practice he is a very useful player.
I. K. M.

O.T.C.

HOUSE SQUAD COMPETITION.

GRANT'S, unfortunately, did not appear very high on the list. We were rather unlucky in that we had two of our Lance-Corporals out of School, one of them at the last moment; we must congratulate Mills for the noble way in which he filled the last position. The Squad marched on to the parade ground in good form. We showed to good advantage in the inspection and arms drill, and felt quite satisfied when we marched over to the sergeant to be put through our drill. This we did not do so well; we had not concentrated so much on drill as on inspection and arms drill, in which we did badly last year, and so, our drill, in certain directions, showed a certain lack of practice, particularly when, on the command "on the left form Squad" the Squad halted instead of marking time; on account of this, we had to repeat this movement, and fortunately did it correctly at the second attempt. If we can combine last year's drill with this year's inspection and arms drill, we should be able to produce a very fine Squad.

It was a very great loss to us that Harrop and James should have been unable to parade, the former owing to a fractured wrist, and the latter owing to his having fallen ill the day before the competition.

The Squad was:

I. K. Munro. Squad Commander.

J. R. Moon. Squad Sergeant.

J. B. Latey, B. N. Gedye, E. F. P. Bennett, R. W. Edgar, P. Talfourd-Jones, A. G. Hunt, J. F. Turner, E. A. Bompas, R. M. Mills, J. W. Finn, P. Sutton, R. H. D. Preston. I. K. M.

STATION, WITH APOLOGIES TO THE
POET LAUREATE.

I.

Clinker-four of Westminster from distant Mortlake,
Rowing home to Putney in sunny July,

With a cargo of Juniors,

(Or apes), a small cox

Shouting out the time with his sharp shrill cry.

II.

Stately slow-spin bowler running to the wicket,
 Vying with the others for the bright, pink shags
 With a large crowd of ladies,
 Parents and Visitors,
 And all round top-hats and tiny tea-fags.

III.

Dirty British Schoolboy with a mud-caked shirt front,
 Butting down the touch-line in torrential rain,
 With a kick and a hack,
 And a barge in the back,
 Mud, sleet, cold feet, boil, blister, blain.

THE TRUE AND AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE
 HISTORIC HOUSE FIRE UP GRANT'S IN
 THE EARLY EIGHTIES BY AN
 EYE-WITNESS.

A fortnight before the fatal event a series of cheerful and spontaneous rags culminated in the "Number 9 smash." By a cunning and curious arrangement of jugs, basins, soap-dishes and other gear on the long washstand in the window-sill of that room and by the lowering of a properly weighted string of required length, the end of which was set swinging outside the House-Master's drawing-room directly underneath during an evening party, the House-Master had been beguiled into throwing open the window and giving a tug at what he saw swinging, thereby precipitating the whole of the balanced accumulation in Number 9 window over the edge, to come hurtling by his very nose, to fall in complete destruction on the pavement below, with a resounding crash which may be imagined, and which was heard almost to the House of Commons. When he dashed upstairs to find the culprits, everybody in Number 9 was in a sound sleep, several of them snoring loudly.

When after breakfast next day the House-Master, before Grace, called on the culprits to show up their names, not a soul moved. This was contrary to all known precedent, law and custom, since the time of Edward the Confessor. The

House-Master did not neglect to comment in scathing terms. He stopped the leave of the whole House, and then asked the House if anybody knew who did it. There was a great silence, disturbed only by the up-rising of a very small figure at the bottom end of Hall. The Young'un stood with becoming bashfulness, and the House-Master challenged him:

"Oh! it's you, is it? You did it!"

"No, sir," said the Young'un.

"Then do you know who did it?"

With a slight smile of an ingratiating kind the Young'un in a very low voice said "I don't know, Sir, for certain, but I think I know."

"Oh, you do, do you?—out with it."

"Please Sir," said the Young'un, in accents meek and hesitating, "I think *you* did it." At which, I regret to say, the whole House stamped; the Monitors looked furious, and the House-Master could only order all Number 9 to the study.

The House-Master's mistake, meant, as are so many mistakes, in all kindness, was to deal with Number 9 himself, and not to hand them over to the tender mercies of the Head of the House, or report them to the Head Master. The latter he was naturally reluctant to do; it would be like bringing the Admiral into a small trouble in the Ward Room. It was courting undue publicity and reflecting on his own administration.

Number 9 considered they were unduly victimized by the punishment awarded, and the House was incensed at the remarks which had been made and not withdrawn.

Hence arose the conspiracy for the House-fire, in which on account of its novelty the whole House below the Monitors was ready to join, and in which, it has to be observed, the most exemplary characters were extremely anxious to participate. The idea having originated in the mind of the Old'un, he was to be privileged to initiate the ceremony and produce the fire at the time arranged.

As soon as Prep. was over and prayers finished on the fatal Friday evening, the juniors trooped upstairs as usual. The people in Chiswick adjourned to the studies, but even they seemed to be anxious to go to bed betimes—a rare enough event with them.

After seeing the exalted occupants of Library safely off to the Head Master's, where providentially a Shakespeare reading was fixed for that particular evening, the House being thus clear of monitorial authority, the last Chiswick

came upstairs. He reported that the House-Master's party was in full swing; the gentlemen had finished their port and adjourned to the drawing room. The fateful moment had arrived.

But alas! the fire wasn't getting on. A towel which the Old'un tried to set alight from the Number 9 'dip' proved to be damp and wouldn't burn. He pulled his shirt over his head and held that in the flame. Slowly it lit up and the modest flame crept upwards; he held it aloft hoping to blacken the ceiling, but found he had to get on a chest of drawers to do this. Then it began to burn his hands, and he jumped down and threw the now flaming garment on the floor.

"That'll do fine, we can't wait any more—FIRE!"

The word was taken up with surprising alacrity by every boy in the House. Every dormitory door was thrown open with a crash—out rushed the occupants, with jugs, tin cans and all other possible contrivances procured in advance with remarkable prescience from the housekeeper's room, and every conceivable container. The taps on the lower and middle floor were set running and the sinks were found fortunately to be already stopped. The whole House of boys all yelling FIRE! FIRE! at the tops of their voices rushed in a well-ordered line into Number 9, emptied their load of water on the floor and dashed out to refill.

It need hardly be said that the first half jug of water had extinguished the last spark of the Old'un's burning shirt; in fact the poor little fire had never time to lift its head or even cause a smell of burning. But the anxiety of the House to place the safety of the establishment beyond doubt, as was duly pointed out next day, led to the expenditure of an unusually large amount of the precious fluid.

For ten, or more, whole minutes thirty-odd boys poured water without ceasing on Number 9 floor. The first few, unable to see any fire, shouted "Where?" as they rushed in. Jack, who took charge of the operations in the room, answered casually, "Oh, anywhere."

In the meantime a cataract began to descend the staircase, where a small party under the direction of the Young'un was engaged in soaping the rail of the banisters and the wooden stairs.

A cry of "Cave!" was raised, but the undaunted fire-fighters, conscious that they were employed in the heroic task of putting out a fire which might otherwise assume disastrous proportions, continued the good work. The cries of "Fire,"

which had been heard in College and up Rigaud's, had begun to diminish, as the toilers became more breathless; but on receipt of the news that the House-Master was on his way up the stairs the shouts naturally redoubled in volume.

The House-Master arrived on the middle landing after many slips on the stairs, and found half the House stripped to the waist, and rushing in every direction. His shirt front was already soaked, but the end was reached when the Young'un, embracing his House-Master round the neck with his left arm, sobbed out "Oh Sir, my poor brother—my poor brother, what shall I do?" At the same moment with his right hand he poured a jugful of water down his master's back.

History draws a veil over the subsequent proceedings. The climax had been reached. Number 9 slowly recovered themselves and waded, splashing, to their beds, and, when the Head of the House and the Monitors returned from the Head Master's, the whole House was in profound sleep, and the stairs and landings were covered with towels, dish cloths, basins and pans catching water which still dripped and gurgled about the upper storeys.

One of the senior boys on the top landing, one of the *élite* on easy terms with Monitors, who was providentially still awake, did not minimize the danger they had so pluckily confronted, and the Monitors retired to rest with the clear impression that they had had a jolly narrow shave of having no house and no beds to come back to.

At breakfast time next morning, when the fire-fighters had had time to cool and to return to normal, quite a number of fellows began to think perhaps they had overdone things, especially as it might be anticipated that the House-Master would this time take a serious view. Nobody in fact was particularly elated at that hour in the morning. So when the House-Master came in late to take Grace and give out the notices of the day, and, looking round, called for the boys' names concerned in last night's affair, the whole House was quite prepared to stand up. But the Number 9 people signalled to their neighbours to sit tight, and they all rose together, and the senior of them said "We were entirely responsible Sir—other boys only came to our assistance."

"Oh indeed; then come to my study afterwards."

The interview on this occasion took on a serious form. There was talk of the Head Master; but the extremely frank and innocent recital of events by the Old'un so disarmed the House-Master that he dropped this unwelcome line of suggestion.

In order however to secure for himself a little more peace in the future, he took steps to prevent an over-anxiety in Number 9 boys for a repetition of their late misdeeds by stopping all leave for the rest of the term, and imposing an impot of 500 consecutive Greek lines with accents from the *Iliad*. "You think that I, as Mathematical Master, don't read Greek; but I shall take measures to see that the lines are correct." Five hundred real Greek lines with accents are no joke, and cannot be dashed off with triple pens tied together, twenty-one to the minute.

One thing which perplexed the minds of the more practical and scientific members of Number 9 was what had become of all the water? It was calculated that an amount running into hundreds of gallons had been required to save Grant's from destruction. It could not have evaporated. It must have flowed away somewhere. In the stilly hours of the night one boy declared that he heard water flowing and dripping beneath his bed, in walls, in rafters, "and in your silly brain, stupid," said a senior boy.

But the other's dreams and forebodings were fully justified one week later when, as Big Ben was striking midnight, shrieks, shouts and the splash and roar of torrents were heard emanating from where the junior boys lived in Number 3, immediately beneath Number 9.

The heroes of Number 9, ready as ever to encounter danger in a good cause, rushed to the rescue, shouting "Flood"; "Water"; "Swim for it"; "Get your basins and lifebuoys"; "Lower the boats."

To the horrified gaze of the rescuers, who dragged the dripping Number 3 men into safety, immense rents starred the ceiling of Number 3 and cataracts of water, spreading like the wide, mile-long front of the Victoria Falls, descended with clouds of spray and the noise of great rivers.

It was never proved that anybody had added to the flood by emptying their jugs in the room before the arrival of the House-Master and Monitors, who, aroused from their justly earned rest, took some time to put on clothing and reach the spot. But curious rumours were whispered. Anyhow, after the enquiry next day in the much-used study, Number 9 were complimented on the promptness displayed by them in rushing to the danger-point and on the energy with which they subsequently worked to bail out Number 3 to the cries of "Bail her out, men, she's sinking!" "All hands to the pumps" and "Please, Sir, serve out the grog."

OLD GRANTITES.

Mr. L. J. D. Wakely was awarded a "First" in the Final Honour School of Modern History at Oxford.

Mr. A. G. de Montmorency has been elected to a Harmsworth Law Scholarship.

MARRIAGE.

HEWINS—STEPHENSON.—On September 26th, Maurice Gravenor Hewins to Constance, daughter of the late T. A. Stephenson, of Carrick-on-Sur, Co. Tipperary.

OBITUARY.

It is with much regret that we record the death of the Rev. Peter Rollins Gorringe. He was the second son of William P. Gorringe of Shoreham and was up Grant's from 1856 to 1863. He was afterwards at B.N.C., Oxford, was ordained in 1868 and from 1872 to 1910 was Rector of Manston, Dorset. He died on July 12th, at Bournemouth, aged 88.

John Clayton Russell was a son of John Russell of Bradford, Yorks., and was up Grant's from 1872 to 1875. He died on May 6th, aged 72.

Henry Elliott Oliver was the younger son of Frederick W. Oliver (O. W.) and was admitted up Grant's in 1884. He was elected into College in 1886 and was a Cricket Pink. He died on June 1st.

We regret to announce that during the Christmas holidays E. J. M. Coppen, who came to us last term, died of influenza.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE *CAMBRIDGE* LETTER.

To the Editor of THE GRANTITE REVIEW.

SIR,

Of Cambridge Grantites, do you seek the news?
O give me eloquence poetic Muse.

With knife in hand, where corpses lie inert,
Perhaps, you'll see the future Doctor BURT ;
Or, if you like not places of this sort,
You'll find him radiant on the racquets court ;
If sport or racquets find him not, perchance
He's gliding gaily at a Newnham dance.
REYNOLDS, once suffering long in lonely pain,
Welcomes his brother REYNOLDS once again.
Reynolds, a cox, for whom much fame is due,
Urges to victory a winning crew.
Now brother Stewart will, while standing near
Encourage Seymore with melodious cheer.
Whenever you are wandering round the town
Sooner or later you will meet JOHN BROWN.
Before you've given him a passing look
He's talked of Rugger, Racquets, Rupert Brooke.
Ten books will not convey, of this sweet rhyme
His cricket deeds and talk in summer time.
He's going to be a farmer and will cheer
You and myself with welcome English beer.
As after lights* of yore in dormit'ry
Scotch tales still JAMIESON† tells with special glee.
At an old Camel were we won't to laugh,
But now this oarsman is a young Giraffe.
LONSDALE, though Head of House he had to yield,
Gains greater fame here on the football field.
Sons of the House! I know that soon will you
Boast that a Grantite is a Cambridge Blue.
When in the paper youth these tidings see,
You'll proudly say, " He was at school with me ! "

* I must apologise that this secret should be made public.

† Pronounced Jimson.

Racquets he plays also. I think it's true
 He sometimes does a little classics too.
 An historian to finish up the list,
 Studying, I fear, to be a Socialist.
 Or playing chess, his hair a little long,
 With MASTERMAN I close this tedious song.

So this is all ; but now, before I close
 I want to welcome through your columns those
 Who, nurslings yet, will when next Autumn comes,
 In Cambridge find new pleasures and new homes.
 Enough ; too much indeed. Cease Muse.

I am your obedient Servant,
 FROM THE RIVER CAM.

THE OXFORD LETTER.

To the Editor of THE GRANTITE REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,

I have composed a letter which makes up in
 scurrility what it lacks in wit.

D. K. C. O'MALLEY still shows a partiality for water,
 but not as a beverage.

W. P. MALLINSON is now not only a misogynist, but
 a scientific misogynist.

L. J. D. WAKELY is occasionally seen.

C. H. ARNOLD lives as a pious recluse.

W. S. D. MUNRO has had his hair dyed and is
 unrecognisable.

J. LEVISON can do the last mile of a long walk in record
 time, when his dinner is at stake.

P. R. PAIN takes an interest in politics. Most people
 have heard him talking, but few have heard him stop.

Yours sincerely,

WESTMIN. ET OXON.

THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE,
 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

November 4th, 1931.

DEAR SIR,

May I, as an ex-editor, humbly congratulate you on
 the volume and matter of the last two "GRANTITES" which
 I have just received? May I also congratulate the house on
 reviving "Lit. Soc."? I read the glowing tributes to all

concerned with great interest and I am writing to enquire if there is any possibility of your critic becoming dramatic critic of a leading London newspaper, and if so, whether he will promise to attend any first night at which I may be appearing.

Yours etc.,

MICHAEL SHEPLEY-SMITH.

To: THE EDITOR,

"THE GRANTITE REVIEW,"

2, LITTLE DEAN'S YARD,

WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

DEAR SIR,

In the course of education accorded to any member of Westminster School, almost every art is encouraged—music for the musical, boxing for the pugilistic, reading for the literarians. The list is too long to enumerate. One art, however, is neglected. In classical times every man was able, and was expected, to sing a song when necessity arose. I am not about to suggest that a "Harp and Voice Society" be instituted, but I would suggest that a little attention be given to the noble art of Oratory. Time here affords little scope for the orator, and orations, before an unkind and cynical audience, are too much of an ordeal to please any save the seasoned speakers, who have weathered the storm of their first few attempts. In 1903 a Debating Society of Grantites was still flourishing. One of their meetings was to decide whether the motor-machine was a menace to mankind. The motion was overwhelmingly lost. Surely a select band of Grantites could re-institute this Society, having as subjects such intriguing problems as Disarmament, World-Peace, the Colour Problem, the question of the Historical Jesus and the fast development of man's activities in the skies. The Society costs nothing, any class-room would serve as a place of assembly, and a regulated number of oratorical Grantites (no "personae mutae" being allowed), controlled by a Chairman, could no doubt achieve great work on Monday evenings when Occupat lasts for nearly one and a half hours. I am sure that a little energy on your part, Sir, would, as it always does, take effect and result in the permanent foundation of "Grant's Debating Society."

Yours, etc.,

"HOPEFUL."

NOTICES.

ALL correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, and all contributions must be written clearly on *one side* of the paper only.

The Hon. Treasurer of the Old Grantite Club and of the GRANTITE REVIEW is V. F. Ealand, and all subscriptions should be sent to him at 27, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and of the GRANTITE REVIEW is F. R. Rea, and all enquiries should be sent to him at 6, Barton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

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The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors or correspondents.

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