

EDITORIAL.

When we wrote the last Editorial we started by deploring the fact that the manuscript seemed to be small in bulk. The first thing that came to our ears after that was that the Treasurer was deploring the fact that it was so big, and that the printer's bill was ever on the increase. The next thing that happened was that we acquired, or rather were offered and gladly accepted, the services of a Literary Editor; the House knows well enough who he is, but for the benefit of others—D. F. Cunliffe. He, by the most terrific energy, backed up by prayers, threats, and supplications, did something which makes us feel that we failed because of laziness and lack of persuasive power. He extracted enough literary material from members of the House to make up a Literary Supplement large enough to turn the Treasurer's hair grey. In order not to turn the Treasurer's hair white too quickly, and also because we, being lazy, think that the House is also, there will be a Literary Supplement only once a year, although, of course, articles at other times will be welcomed with open arms. We do not feel ourselves qualified to speak on the quality of that supplement, but we hope that the verdict of the majority will be one of approval.

Talking about the Old Grantite Club, and especially the Treasurer, we mentioned in the last number that a Committee had got down to the task of devising a new scheme for the payment of subscriptions to the Club while still at school, and then becoming a member on election without further cost, thus avoiding those troublesome subscriptions in after years. From what we have seen of that scheme the Committee seem to have sat with some effect, as the scheme looks attractive not only on paper but also in the pocket and to the stomach. No doubt the scheme will soon be made public, and, we hope, in time to start next year, and there only remains for members of the House to support it in the fitting manner.

Turning now to affairs which have ranked large in our life this term, we must congratulate most heartily all those who by their effort have won the Art Cup for the third year in succession. The fact that there is a cup for art is an extraordinary good thing, because it gives an opportunity of decorating Hall to those who often, through no fault of their own, are not able to help by their efforts in other fields. Our congratulations are especially sincere because those who pride themselves on other activities do not seem to have kicked, run and drilled at a sufficiently high standard to increase the shining decorations; rather we have lost much of that load which produced groans from the mantelpiece and from John at the beginning of the term.

We lost Juniors to begin with, but as we had not held that cup before, it made no difference to the load.

Then came the unloading process in a rush. We lost the Long Distance Cup by a narrow margin, the Challenge Cup, the Relay Cup and four batons, and finally the Drill Cup. The margins by which we lost them will be found later on in this number, and by

observation of them we attempt to console ourselves. But we are not ashamed of ourselves which is the great thing, we have done what we can, and we have no excuse to offer, nor do we wish to offer one, except that there are not the natural athletes, using the term in a wide sense, in the House, and there are not enough senior people in the House in the O.T.C. The last defect (some will even perhaps be so misguided as to doubt if it is one, we respect their opinion and beg leave to disagree) looks like being cured in about three years' time.

Last time we said something about repairs to the House and we believe that when we return next term (may that day for the moment seem as far off as it did at the beginning of this term) we shall find that another bit of the House has been redecorated. By the time that this appears in print the deed should have been done, and we fear that the day of return will have already come and gone.

Lastly we would like to say how extremely pleased we were to enjoy the presence of, and to listen to, the Head Master when he did us the honour to be present at the last meeting this term of the Literary Society. By the time these words appear he will have departed, we like to think not very far, and we would like in the name of the House to wish him the most happy life in his new position, and at the same time to extend a most cordial and friendly welcome to his successor.

HOUSE NOTES.

LENT TERM.

There left us this term R. O. F. M. Rudler. We wish him every success in the future.

We lost in the final of Juniors to Homeboarders by 1—0.

We lost the Long Distance Race Cup by 12 points to 9 to Homeboarders. We got 2nd H. A. Budgett, 4th J. W. Woodbridge and 6th G. L. Y. Radcliffe, Homeboarders getting 1st, 3rd and 5th places.

We lost the Relay Cup, the senior and junior medley, the junior sprint and the junior hurdles batons, but won the senior sprint and the senior hurdles. We also unfortunately lost the Athletic House Challenge Cup.

We won the Art Cup.

We lost the Squad Drill Cup.

Hearty congratulations to H. A. Budgett on his athletic Pinks.

and on being appointed Captain of Running for 1937, and also to J. W. Woodbridge on his athletic Pinks.

In the school sports, H. A. Budgett won the quarter mile, J. W. Woodbridge the hundred yards, the half mile, the low hurdles and the long jump, M. L. Patterson the discus and was equal first in the high jump. All those, together with G. H. J. Fursdon and D. F. Cunliffe, represented the school.

Congratulations to H. A. Budgett, J. W. Woodbridge, M. L. Patterson, G. H. J. Fursdon and D. F. Cunliffe on their House athletic colours. Also Fursdon on his football colours and P. F. FitzHugh on his fencing Thirds; also M. G. Finn and I. J. Abrahams on their football juniors.

G. L. Y. Radcliffe, J. K. Morland, H. H. E. Batten, C. R. Strother-Stewart, J. P. Hart and C. A. Argyle rowed in the Trial eight and were awarded their Trial Caps.

D. L. Wilkinson and D. F. Cunliffe played fives for the School and R. L. Fevez, D. S. Winckworth and R. I. Borradaile played in the School colts team.

J. W. Woodbridge, M. G. Finn, C. E. Newman and I. J. Abrahams boxed for the school.

R. A. Reed shot for the School.

Congratulations to M. L. Patterson on passing Cert. A, Part II, and on promotion to Corporal.

The yard Ties had to be abandoned owing to House squad practices and illness.

ELECTION TERM.

We welcome this term J. A. Holloway as boarder and E. R. Cawston as half-boarder. We hope that they will find themselves happy in their new surroundings.

JUNIORS.

Semi-Final. Grants v. College.

Thursday, February 11th, at Vincent Square.

GRANTS WON 3—0.

Grants, who were defending the Victoria Street end, kicked off, and were immediately on the offensive. It was pleasing to see our Juniors starting off with such spirit right from the start, as this so often runs sides right off their feet, until they get used to the ground. It was not long before these tactics paid. After four

minutes, when there had been numerous skirmishes in front of the opponents' goal, with the halves well up and adding to the attack, Borradaile scored from close range. Grants continued to do all the pressing, and Newman, with his speed, was able quite easily to round the College left back. Unfortunately he dribbled the ball too far ahead of him and this prevented him from scoring time and time again. A corner was forced on the left wing, but after another scrummage in front of the College goal, it came to nothing.

A nice pass by Cranfield to Newman on the right sent him away, and a beautiful centre from him ended in Fevez heading the ball into the net. This was indeed a good movement and it was fortunate for College that Newman was unable to repeat that sort of centre move often. However the game was not entirely one-sided, as Halsall always looked dangerous on the left wing, although Gammon was playing a noble part in holding him so well. Halsall tested Finn with a good shot, but our goalkeeper had no difficulty in saving. Fursdon was playing as a sixth forward and repeatedly went near to scoring, but although the position made it legitimate for him to do this, he was rather inclined to allow his inside too much scope.

The whistle went for half-time with the score 2—0 in favour of Grant's.

College started the second half with a rush, their forwards shot hard, Finn punched clear, Grant's forced the ball away and sent the forwards attacking. Evans and Newman were combining nicely on the right wing; it was a pity that there was not more thrust in the centre or near to goal. Fevez was sent away on the left and looked like scoring but his shot went wide. Fursdon started the next movement with a pass to Newman, who took it up and centred, and Yealland headed the ball, which just went wide. Meyer once broke through but was well brought down by Reed. Meyer tried hard, but he did more for Grant's than for College by rushing all over the field.

Grant's were now beginning to get tired of the unaccustomed large ground. The passing became ragged and feeble. But just before the final whistle a large black cat strolled on to the ground; this seemed to bring back Grant's luck. The ball was sent up the field, there was a long scrimmage in front of goal, which ended in a shot by Newman, bringing up the total to three goals. There was never any doubt which was the better side, Grant's played well throughout, but the forwards, although they tried very hard, will need a lot more thrust in front of goal, if we are going to pull it off in the Final.

Teams. Grant's.—Finn; Gammon, Reed (capt.); Fursdon, Borradaile, Abrahams; Newman, Evans, Cranfield, Yealland, Fevez. College.—Lovett; Hampton-Smith, Brown; Garner, Meyer (capt.), Staynes; Allen, Sweet-Escott, Williamson, Blakesley, Halsall.

FINAL OF JUNIORS.**Grant's v. Homeboarders.****Thursday, February 18th, Vincent Square.****HOMEBOARDERS 1, GRANT'S 0.**

Grant's won the toss and played towards Victoria Street. The ground was very heavy owing to the continuous downpour of rain during the last few days, but the play was extraordinarily good considering the conditions. Homeboarders immediately attacked on the right, and it was obvious from the start that our defence was going to be pressed much harder than in the previous round. After numerous skirmishes in front of goal, the HBB. inside left, Macwhinnie, netted, but the referee disallowed the goal on grounds of off-side. Homeboarders at this stage were showing their superiority, which was especially noticeable at half-back, where our insides were giving their wing halves too much scope. After about a quarter of an hour of incessant defending on the part of our backs, Grant's started to show that there were two sides playing the game. Fursdon was particularly conspicuous, attacking with the forwards and getting in one or two good long shots, but he was not holding on to his inside enough. Grant's should have scored when Borradaile gave Fevez a very nice cross pass, which the latter just failed to connect with. Borradaile was playing well, checking many attacks. Eyre started the next movement with a pass to Macwhinnie who swung it out to his winger Williams-Treffgarne. He had a crack at it and it looked remarkably like an attempted centre, but the ball shot in the direction of goal, and although Finn managed to get his hands to it, he stepped back over the goal-line. However Grant's were not to be outdone and started an attack on the right wing, but Newman, who seemed to be troubled by a leg injury, was slow in rounding his back and the attack petered out. Grant's attacked for the last ten minutes of the first half, and would have scored one or even two goals if they had not lacked thrust and shooting power in front of goal.

Grant's showed a distinct improvement in dash at the start of the second half, and immediately made a dangerous attack. First Yealand was right through with the ball at his feet but was slow to shoot and lost possession of it. Winckworth was soon given an ideal opportunity to put Grant's on level terms, Homeboarders forced their way back, and again the ball went from one end of the field to the other in frequent raids on both sides. Dallyn and Hammond were proving a very useful combination for Homeboarders and, although both were very small, they showed a good knowledge of the game. Reed was finding it difficult to hold these two, who were instrumental in most of the Homeboarders' attacks. Finn, however, was called upon to save one or two good shots, and he dealt with them adequately. The ball was becoming heavier and both sides were finding it increasingly difficult to move it. During the last ten minutes of the game, Grant's put their utmost into attack, both forwards and halves going all out for that equaliser, but it was not

to be attained. The final whistle went with Homeboarders still holding their narrow lead. Homeboarders were just the better side, and deserved their victory. They seemed to have a more reliable defence, and their forwards seized upon their chances better than Grant's did. Page-Wood and Woodwark were particularly good, and both positioned themselves well. For Grant's, the halves all played well, especially Fursdon who got through a tremendous lot of work. The forwards were disappointing, but this was no doubt partly due to the fact that two of them had only just returned after having been out of school for some time. There might have been a different result if the forwards had shot more often instead of passing on the responsibility to someone else.

Teams. Grant's.—Finn; Gammon, Reed; Fursdon, Borradaile, Abrahams; Newman, Evans, Winckworth, Yealland, Fevez. Homeboarders.—Blake; Page-Wood, Woodwark (R. G.); Stickland, Suenson-Taylor, Eyre; Hammond, Dallyn, Brashier, Macwhinnie, Williams-Treffgarne.

D.F.C.

JUNIORS' CRITICISMS.

R. A. Reed (Right-back) (Capt.). A very keen captain. His play was rather disappointing in Juniors. He must overcome the habit of rushing his tackles, as even slow wingers manage to get away. His kicking is much more accurate but still rather wild.

G. H. J. Fursdon (Right-half). He played extremely well in Juniors. He got through a great amount of work which rather slowed him up in the last ten minutes. He passes and tackles well. He was rather inclined to give up chasing a man if he believed he couldn't make it.

C. E. Newman (Outside-right). A fast winger who has a sound knowledge of the game. He put in some beautiful centres. He must try to improve his heading, and also try to position himself better.

D. S. Winckworth (Centre-forward) played a good game and shows considerable improvement on last year. His shooting is not very accurate and his heading might be better. Is very useful at fighting his way through the opposing defence.

R. L. Fevez (Outside-left). Quite a fast winger who often centres well, but often misses his chances through hesitating, when about to be tackled. Headed a beautiful goal in the match against College.

R. O. I. Borradaile (Centre-half). Played very well in both matches; marked his opposing forward carefully. His passing is much improved, but he must try to become a little more accurate. Heads the ball well. He must also try to improve his tackling.

I. J. Abrahams (Left-half). Marked his man carefully, when he did not forget to get to the throw in. His passing is not very accurate, but he is quite a fast wing half who puts in a lot of work.

M. G. Flinn (Goal). Played a very sound game in both matches; he has learnt to catch the ball cleanly. He was very unlucky in stepping back during the H.B.B. match to give them the only goal. His kicking has improved.

D. C. Evans (Inside-right). Played well in the match against College. His passing is much improved, but he must pass more often. He must try to head more and also to tackle harder.

F. D. Gammon (Left-back). A much improved player; he has become faster and has also strengthened his kicking. His tackling is still very weak. He must learn to head more as so much usually depends on a back who can head well.

M. F. T. Yealland (Inside-right). Has quite a good knowledge of the game, positioning himself well, but he was much too slow in dealing with the ball. His ball control is much improved; he must practise kicking with both feet, as must the other members of the forward line.

L. E. Cranfield (Centre-forward). Played a good game against College, when Winckworth was out of School. He seemed rather uncertain in his passing, not making up his mind where or who to pass to. Must try to improve his ball control.

H.A.B.

THE WATER.

I have been not infrequently rebuked for the absence of articles about the Water in the Elizabethan, a charge which I think cannot be levelled against me in connection with the Grantite. My defence has always been that there is little that needs writing up in the journalistic sense. I am afraid that that state will continue until the School Regatta comes along, which does not mean, however, that we have been whiling away our time by looking at the river. On the contrary, we have done much and, if I may be presumptive enough to assume others to be like myself in this respect, enjoyed ourselves more. Certainly I know of several Grantites who are notoriously overjoyed at the prospect of an interlude in an outing for the strengthening of the inner man. It is, I am afraid, almost impossible to differentiate the activities of Grantite watermen from those of watermen in general, an account of which will be found in the Elizabethan. But we may note that there were two Grantite oarsmen, G. L. Y. Radcliffe and C. A. Argyle, in the winning trial eight (they only won after a jolly good race) and that H. H. E. Batten, J. P. Hart and C. R. Strother-Stewart rowed in, and J. K. Morland coxed, the losing trial eight. All these were awarded their trial caps.

We have now Radcliffe and Morland in the first eight, and Batten, Hart, Argyle and Strother-Stewart in the second.

In the Junior Trial eights we only had three oarsmen, R. D. Rich, P. Bosanquet and F. E. Noel-Baker, but this is offset by the progress that the junior Grantite watermen are making. A. J.

Henderson looks like becoming a good cox, and at any rate is not troubled by a piping voice, and those who are rowing all look like turning out useful.

There is really nothing more to record about Grant's on the Water, but before finishing I should like to add two things. Firstly, we shall have to work extremely hard to keep all those trophies, House as well as individual, that we won last year. Secondly, to put forward a very strong plea that all those who feel that they are not getting along at cricket as they would like to, should give a thought about the obvious alternative (I say obvious because I am sure that they would not pass the tennis test). Come down to Putney for a day and see what everything is like, and then decide. Personally I have no doubt about the decision.

G.L.Y.R.

THE SPORTS.

During the last few years the period allotted to training has been for the most part wasted by all except a few who took Athletics seriously. This year an entirely new scheme was worked out by which it was possible to make all entrants start competitive running right at the start. House Trials were organised, a means of eliminating the heats to four from each House for each event. By this means it was possible to make everyone do a lot of running for a week and a half and this led up to the Finals, in which all the times were quite good. Everyone realised by the final day that it was going to be a close competition between Homeboarders and Grant's for the Athletic Cup. Homeboarders had a clear lead of forty-five points, but many open finals remained in which we hoped to make up the loss. During the previous week a few school heats were run off; on Saturday, March 13th, the final of the half was won by Woodbridge in 2 mins. 14 secs. in a close race against Long and Neal, both Homeboarders. In Woodbridge lay Grant's hope and this is the first year in which he has gone through the sports unharmed by illness. Two other finals in which Grant's were placed were the High Jump and Putting the Weight, Patterson tying for first place in the former with Halsall of College at 4 ft. 11½ ins., and in the Weight Patterson came second to Ribbentrop, A.H.H., with a putt of 31 ft. 7 ins.

On the following Tuesday several finals were completed in which Grant's gained places.

In the Long Jump open Woodbridge came first with a jump of 19 ft. 10½ ins., Long, H.B.B., 2nd 18 ft. 1½ ins., and H. A. Budgett third 17 ft. 11½ ins.

In the open High Hurdles Cunliffe came 2nd to Long, H.B.B. Patterson won the Discus, using a very agricultural style, with a throw of 90 ft. 3½ ins.

On the Thursday the relays were run and these are dealt with in another section.

On the Tuesday of the Finals a cold wind set in, making it very

unpleasant for running. Grant's won the open 100 Yards with the first three places, Woodbridge, H. A. Budgett and Fursdon, in 10.8 secs. In the High Jump, under 16, Finn gained first place. In the 220 Low Hurdles Woodbridge won in 27.5 secs., beating the previous record of 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. held by Byers and James; Cunliffe came fourth. In the 440 Yards, under 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, Davison, the only runner of promise of this age in the House, came second. In the open 440 H. A. Budgett came first with Fursdon second, in 56.6 secs. In the open Mile, Reed came fourth.

It is to be noticed that all the winners of the events in the matches against Aldenham and C. F. Byers' team and against Eastbourne, bettered the times to such an extent that four records were broken. At Eastbourne J. W. Woodbridge was responsible for winning the Long Jump, with a leap of 21 ft. 3 ins., and the 100 Yards in 10.4 secs. Cunliffe, coming second to Long, also beat the High Hurdles record.

The final score for the Athletic Cup was Homeboarders 1st 272 $\frac{1}{2}$ points; Grants 2nd 220 points; Ashburnham 3rd 198 points.

The Relays.

Grant's started the Relays too confidently, having already won the Weight, Long Jump and Discus in the open field events. The Junior field events scarcely reaped a point, which seems rather ominous for the future. In both the Under 16 and the Under 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ classes Grant's did very badly, only gaining a third place in the Under 16 Medley, and third places in the Under 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sprint and Medley. In spite of these bad results there are several very promising runners in Borradaile, Newman, Abrahams in the Under 16 class, and Davison in the Under 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ class. Borradaile was very unfortunate in that he was trying to run with a bad cold; this is an impossible feat which seldom turns out for the good. He must try to correct his leg action which is likely to lead to an accident. Newman, Abrahams and Davison all have very easy styles and ought to do much better next year with a little more training.

In the Senior High Hurdles, Fursdon, running second was unfortunate in tripping over the last two hurdles; however he ran on and Cunliffe lost to Long by only three yards. In the Senior Low Hurdles H. A. Budgett, running first, lost about a yard to Neal, Homeboarders; Cunliffe made up the loss to a slight lead, which Woodbridge increased, Grant's coming in an easy first. In the Senior Medley Grant's was very unfortunate in not having a second person to run the first half mile. Reed, a miler, filled the vacancy.

He had to compete with Long, Homeboarders, who was also running the first half. Long set off, as is his custom, at a cracking pace, and Reed managed to last one quarter, but on the second lap only just managed to get home about a hundred and thirty yards behind Long. H. A. Budgett and Fursdon both made a little ground in the next two quarters, and Woodbridge took over the baton about

ninety yards down to Neal. The first lap he covered at a speed which was impossible to last; he had made a valiant effort to catch up Neal, whose easy stride kept up a long lead. In the last two hundred yards Woodbridge tired out, seeing it would be impossible to catch Neal up, slowed up, bringing Grant's in second.

So this year Grant's only gained two batons, but gained 95 points to Homeboarders 112. Ashburnham were third with 77.

The Long Distance Race.

When the competitors' bus reached Putney, everyone realised that the race would be run under very difficult conditions. The tide had already reached the level of the road and high tide was half an hour later.

There were about twenty-six competitors at the line-up at Barnes. The wind was bitterly cold blowing across the river. The track was moderate for about a mile, fairly dry as far as the reservoirs, where the course disappeared below the murky water of the Thames. Under Hammersmith Bridge the water was about a foot deep where the towpath is being rebuilt; the going was easy as far as Beverley brook, where once again the water came up over the course.

A. E. Long led the whole way, with H. A. Budgett running second, followed by K. Neal, I. Stewart and J. Woodbridge. At Beverley Budgett passed Long leading till the last twenty yards where the water deepened and Long passed Budgett to win by three yards. Neal came in third, Woodbridge fourth, Stewart fifth and Radcliffe sixth. So Homeboarders won the cup by nine place points to twelve in the most exciting inter-House duel ever run.

H.A.B.

O.T.C.

The general work of the O.T.C. continued this term as usual, most of it being connected with the General Inspection. This had to be held in Little Dean's Yard as the weather made the grass up Fields quite impossible. It went off well however.

At the end of term there was a demonstration of drill and arms drill by a squad of the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards. This was very good indeed, and certainly set a high standard at which to aim.

There was no Field Day this term, which I think is generally regretted, but if the O.T.C. is to be limited to two Field Days a year it is obviously better to have the second early in the Election Term, when there is or should be a little more certainty about the weather.

The big event from the House point of view was, of course, the Inter-House Squad Competition. For the fact that we did not win we have no feeling of shame. We did our best, and the Squad worked very hard on the actual day, but we were labouring under great disadvantages. The proportion of Grantites in the O.T.C. in

MARK SHEET.

Squad.	Inspection and Turn out.	Arms Drill.	Field Signals and Extended Order Drill.	Squad Drill.	Squad Commander.	Total.	Place..	House.
Maximum	20	25	15	30	10	100		
1	14	20	12	22	8	76	2	Homeboarders.
2	12	17	7	20	4	60	5	Ashburnham.
3	13	21	12	22	6	74	3	Grant's.
4	15	22	10	25	9	81	1	Rigaud's.
5	14	19	9	19	6	67	4	King's Scholars.

the junior platoons and in the recruit squads is the highest in the School, and, as the House also contains about half the Scout Troop, the number of senior people who can be in the O.T.C. is at once apparent. When one casts one's mind back to the number of N.C.O.'s in the House last year, my uppermost feeling is one of amazement that we came third. How we came to come third, and why we did not appear higher can be best seen by reference to the March sheet.

We did not do too badly in any branch, and really, considering the physical size of the members of the Squad, did well in Arms Drill, very much due to the exertions of the Housemaster for which we feel very thankful. We can only hope that when the time comes that that highest proportion of junior cadets reaches the top of the House, the Cup will again be found in Hall.

The squad was:—

Commander—D. L. Wilkinson.

Patterson.	Batten.
Borradaile.	Woodbridge.
Newman.	Cranfield.
Flanders.	Wilde.
Finn.	Ball.
Reed.	FitzHugh.

Next term there will be the Field Day and then the real thing—Camp. It is worth recording about the Field Day that the Inspecting Officer is going to be present on it to see what the contingent is like at tactics, a far more sensible idea than trying to do a tactical scheme up Fields, with imaginary woods, etc.

In connection with Camp it is to be hoped that the excellent time everyone had last year will this year react favourably on the number attending. Let Grant's at any rate do its share.

G.L.Y.R.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

From Shakespeare to Ian Hay, from Shaw to Edgar Wallace; we have rung indeed the changes in the plays which we have read this term. The contrast in method, style, and subject of such writers is great, and it is for this reason that the readings have been such a success; for some people are happiest when reading Edgar Wallace, and others when reading Shakespeare, and so by covering such a wide and contrasted field of literature, everybody at one time or another has been pleased.

"King Lear" was our opening play this term, and went well. There is really only one word that goes for "King Lear" and that is that the play is colossal in every sense. Next came an Ian Hay, which was really the greatest success of the term; the reason for this is unknown, but it may have been that we had pleasant memories of a dramatic society in the School acting this play a few years back.

Next "Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw. This is full of sound ideas and clever witticisms, but, for the benefit of the fellow who is given the job to cast for Shaw, I wish he would call the people as they really are, and not, for example, a "sarcastic bystander," who in the end turns out to be a "colonel."

Then we read "The Ringer" by Edgar Wallace. This is full of wise cracks and exciting moments, but the action in itself is decidedly slow. Then two short plays, one the "Rehearsal" by George Villiers, and the other the "Little Man" by John Galsworthy. The first is a very clever skit on the last act of "Macbeth," but one needs a good knowledge of "Macbeth" in order to enjoy it fully. The "Little Man" went well. It is so entirely unlike the Galsworthy of "Justice" that one found it hard to believe that it was a Galsworthy play that we were reading. A special word of praise to Budgett for his rendering of broken English (one of the uses of a modern language education, perhaps).

Lastly we read "King Henry the Fourth," which is such a good mixture of the comic and the serious. Doll excelled in the part of Falstaff, and improved as the play progressed.

For our last meeting of the term, and the second reading of "King Henry the Fourth," we welcomed the Head Master, who very kindly came to read King Henry at a time when life was most hectic for him. We will cherish particularly his presence as being one of his last acts as Head Master, before retiring into the dark and ancient haunts of Little Cloister.

Next term we will hope for a still better set of readings. Among the proposed plays are "The Late Christopher Bean," "Hamlet," "Call it a Day," and the much desired "Housemaster."

D.F.C.

"King Lear," by William Shakespeare.

Caste.

King Lear	L. E. Tanner, Esq.
Duke of Cornwall	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
Duke of Albany	Wilkinson
Earl of Kent	C. H. N. Fisher, Esq.
Earl of Gloucester	J. D. Carleton, Esq.
Oswald	Budgett
Edgar	Moller
Edmund	Radcliffe
Fool	Patterson
Goneril	Cunliffe
Regan	Dick
Cordelia	Morland
King of France	Woodbridge
Duke of Burgundy	Reed

"The Middle Watch, by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall.

Caste.

Marine Ogg	Patterson
Ah Fong	Doll
Captain Randall	Budgett
Fay Eaton	Moller
Flag Lieutenant	Reed
Nancy Hewitt	Woodbridge
Commander Baddeley	Radcliffe
Charlotte Hopkinson	Dick
Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt, K.C.B.	
	J. D. Carleton, Esq.
Mary Carleton	Morland
Lady Hewitt	Cunliffe
Captain Maitland	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
Corporal Duckett	Wilkinson

"Pygmalion," by G. B. Shaw.

Caste.

Miss Eynsford Hill	Woodbridge
Mrs. Eynsford Hill	Dick
Freddy	Reed
Eliza Doolittle	Doll
Colonel Pickering	
	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq., and Cunliffe
Henry Higgins	Radcliffe
Mrs. Pearce	Budgett
Alfred Doolittle	Wilkinson
Mrs. Higgins	Morland
Stage Directions, etc	J. D. Carleton, Esq.

"The Ringer," by Edgar Wallace.

Caste.

Inspector Wembury	J. D. Carleton, Esq.
Central Inspector Bliss	Radcliffe
Commissioner Walford ..	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
Samuel Hackitt	Patterson
Maurice Meister	Wilkinson
Doctor Lomond	L. E. Tanner, Esq.
Cora Anne Milton	Morland
Mary Lenley	Rich
John Lenley	Doll
Station-Sergeant Carter	Budgett
Claude Benny	Hart
Mrs. Hackitt	Strother-Stewart
P. C. Field	Reed
Detective-Sergeant Brown	Woodbridge
Detective-Constable Atkins	Cunliffe

"The Rehearsal," by George Villiers.

Caste.

Mr. William Shakespeare	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
The Producer	Wilkinson
The Stage Manager	Hart
Mr. Hughes (Lady Macbeth)	Dick
Mr. Thomas (The Doctor)	Doll
Mr. Kydd (Banquo)	Reed
Mr. Foote (Macduff)	J. D. Carleton, Esq.
Gentlewoman	Rich
Mr. Burbage (Macbeth)	Radcliffe
Mr. Lyle (1st Witch)	Strother-Stewart
2nd Witch	Woodbridge
3rd Witch	Budgett

"The Little Man," by John Galsworthy.

Caste.

The American	Doll
The Little Man	Cunliffe
The German	Budgett
Waiter	Wilkinson
The Englishman	Woodbridge
The Englishwoman	Rich
The Station Official	Morland
The Baby	Strother-Stewart
The Porter	Reed
The Mother	Dick
The Dutch Boy	Reed
Stage Directions, etc.	Radcliffe

"King Henry the Fourth," by William Shakespeare.

Caste.

King Henry	J. D. Carleton, Esq., and the Head Master
Westmoreland	Dick
Henry, Prince of Wales	Cunliffe
Sir John Falstaff	Doll
Worcester	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
Henry Percy (Hotspur)	C. N. Fisher, Esq.
Sir Walter Blunt	Budgett
Northumberland	Hart
Poins	Wilkinson
Lady Percy	Morland
Mistress Quickly (Hostess)	Strother-Stewart
Gadshill	Patterson
Chamberlain	Wilkinson
Bardolph	Reed
Peto	Hart

Francis	T. M. Murray-Rust, Esq.
Vintner	Morland
Archbishop of York	Wilkinson
Sir Michael	Rich
Vernon	J. D. Carleton, Esq.
Douglas	Patterson
Glendower	Radcliffe
Mortimer	Dick
Lancaster	Woodbridge

D. F. C.

THE HOUSE GROWS UP.

It would be interesting to know the emotions of the members of the House who gathered in Yard in 1790 as the last scaffold pole around the new Grant's was struck and Mr. Robert Furze Brettingham's work was revealed in all its uncompromising freshness. "Hardly a work of consummate imagination" says Mr. Sargeant rather unkindly, referring to its external architecture, and even the most enthusiastic Grantite must admit that he is right. But the House is pleasant enough to look at, solid and unpretentious and typical of its class. It has at least the restraint and dignity characteristic of the period in which it was built, and, imaginative or not, it contrasts favourably with the fin-de-siècle pseudo-classicism of the rebuilt Rigaud's next door.

From 1790 to 1813 the Master of Grant's was the Revd. Richard Grant whose earlier history has been already described. Amongst his boarders were Lord John Russell and Charles Langley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter soon forsook Grant's for College and to the day of his death bore the marks which he received in attempting to jump over the open fireplace which then stood in the centre of College Hall. It was a rough life up Grant's at the time. When I was a boy at Westminster," wrote Bishop Short, another Grantite, "the boys fought one another, they fought the Masters, the Masters fought them, they fought outsiders; in fact we were ready to fight everybody." Little John Russell must have been glad enough to get away from it all and go out with the Grosvenor boys after snipe in the marshes which now support the stuccoed squares and terraces of Belgravia. By contrast, some of the games of the period seem over-gentle. Marbles and pitch-farthing, commended by Lord Chesterfield seventy years earlier, had gone out, but hoops had replaced them, and hoop races from Mother Packharness's, one of the boarding houses on the terrace in Dean's Yard, round Cloisters and back again were much in vogue. Lord John Russell, in his diary for October 4th, 1803, notes "hoop and peashooters are out of fashion and footballs come in." We feel that we are on the threshold of modern times.

An interesting visitor to Grant's at this time was James Boswell, the son of the biographer, who came to enter the Stirling boys for the House in 1806. Two years later the youthful George Keppel,

afterwards sixth Earl of Albermarle, embarked upon the lively school career of which he left a vivid picture in his "Fifty Years of my Life." He was continually getting into trouble with his masters and it was perhaps only Carey's mildness which saved him from expulsion long before the final blow fell. When in 1815 Carey was succeeded as Head Master by Page, his days were numbered. "Page is nothing but a bear" ran a contemporary doggerel, and Keppel found that the bear could scratch. An escapade which involved getting out of Grant's after lockers and leaving a dummy in his bed was followed by instant expulsion, but Keppel's high spirits remained irrepressible. Within a fortnight he had been gazetted Ensign with the 14th Foot, and within three months he was fighting at Waterloo, of which battle he lived to be one of the last survivors.

In 1813 Richard Grant was succeeded by his son, who bore the same names. Richard Grant II, as we may call him, seems to have been Master of Grant's until his wife's death in 1837, when the house passed to his daughter, Maria, who had married a Dr. Frederick Dixon, and lived at Worthing. The House was therefore entrusted to a resident Dame who was known to the boys as "Mother Jones," or alternatively, as "the Black Sergeant." She was the last of the old-time "Dames," but in spite of her intimidating sobriquet she does not seem to have been a success, and together with other relics of the past she was swept away by Dr. Liddell's reforming zeal when he became Head Master in 1846.

Liddell was a Carthusian, and the Revd. James Marshall, who succeeded the unfortunate Mother Jones, had also been educated at Charterhouse. He was a quiet, even-tempered man, with a trick of running his hand through his hair when he was startled, so that it stood up on end, and of so unsuspecting a nature that those who took advantage of his simplicity invariably felt ashamed of it afterwards. Nevertheless, the temptation to play practical jokes on him often proved irresistible. Francis Markham, who was up Grants in the 'fifties, relates how on one occasion he and some other light-hearted spirits got a bolster, dressed it up in jacket and trousers, attached a long rope to it and had it ready at an open back window over Marshall's study (the present dining-room). At a given signal accomplices below started a sham fight in the Yard, and when the House Master's attention had been attracted and he had come to the window to see what was happening the dummy was sent hurtling down close by his face to fall with a sickening thud into the area. Marshall, rather short-sighted, took it for a boy and rushed out of his room to investigate. But by the time he arrived on the scene the dummy had been safely hauled up out of harm's way and the authors of the joke, well pleased with their efforts, had retired to relate the story to their friends.

It was in Marshall's time that the Chiswick's were first employed as studies. Previously the boys had lived and worked in the dormitories, where the bureaux, some of which still serve as chests-of-drawers, bear eloquent witness to their skill in wood-carving. The old Chiswicks, which now form the dining-hall, were originally built

as sick rooms, and took their name from the College House at Chiswick to which the School used to retreat in time of plague in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was a curious instance of the association of ideas. The name was at one time employed also for the sick-rooms up Rigaud's and lingered in the "Chiswick Fund" which defrayed the medical expenses of the King's Scholars, and in its present sense of "studies" it has progressed one stage further from its original meaning, although it is now strictly confined to Grant's, and does not seem likely to develop into a generic term for "studies" among the rest of the school.

Opening, as they did, on to the noisy Yard, the old Chiswicks seem to have been more suitable for the healthy than for the sick, but they were certainly more spacious than the present rooms which bear this name. "Hardly a work of consummate imagination" applies much more forcibly to the new part of Grants than to the old. The massive band-box which looks out on to Great College Street is designed with a disregard of common sense which must make even the Science Building across the way envious, and although both buildings share the quality of solidity, they have little else to commend them. When the inevitable day arrives for their reconstruction they will cause few regrets.

J.D.C.

THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

Finding that Grant's as a whole were not so fully occupied during the Lent term as during the other two terms, and knowing the literary talent in the House to be good, it was decided to invite everybody to write an article on whatsoever subject they liked. Nearly everybody responded to the challenge. The general standard of entries was high, and considerations of money and space alone prevented the publication of more than a few this term.

Amongst those regretfully crowded out (probably only until the next number of the Grantite), the best were "An appreciation of the English School Theatre Society" by A. B. Watson-Gandy, "Puppets and Marionettes" by M. H. Flanders, "Spain" by D. C. Evans, and "Old House" by R. K. Archer, and "The Fourth Dimension" by P. H. Bosanquet—all of which were very good indeed.

The editor also acknowledges with thanks the following entries:—

"Aviation" by R. O. Wrigley
 "The Nibs-Quill-Thrust Method of Essay Writing" ... by M. G. Finn
 "A Sturdy Chiswickite" by R. O. I. Borradaile
 "Lumbering in Canada" by M. F. T. Yealland
 "The Death Penalty" by J. O. L. Dick
 "Cub Hunting, Memoirs of September, 1936" by R. A. Reed
 "Going Home on Saturdays" by F. J. Earle
 "Grand Prix, 1936" by J. K. Morrison
 "Farmers and Farms" by D. S. Winckworth
 "Chemistry" by M. W. Parkington

- “ Shipwrecked ” by A. Self
“ To St. Moritz over The Mountains ” by D. S. Wilde
“ Wireless ” by F. G. Overbury
“ The History of Transport ” by J. F. Dale
“ The Brussels Exhibition ” by M. T. Pitts
“ The Cheviot Hills ” by W. S. G. Macmillain
“ An attempt to reach the Pole ” by P. J. Dannhorn
“ Shooting in Hampshire ” by I. G. Ball
“ A tailing party in Switzerland ” by F. H. Hughes
“ Gas Warfare ” by I. J. Abrahams
“ A climb up Snowdon ” by N. D. Sandelson
“ China ” by C. E. Newman
“ Some Impressions of a West Indian Cocoa Plantation ”
..... by C. R. Strother-Stewart
“ Cycling in Normandy ” by L. A. Wilson
“ A journey over Western Europe ” by A. J. Henderson
“ A ‘ Stein ’ Epigram ” by A. J. Henderson
“ A trip to Lindau via The Rhine ” by A. W. Pratt
“ A Storm in The North Sea ” by R. O. F. M. Rudler
“ The Camel ” by R. V. C. Cleveland-Stevens
..... by D. Dawnay
“ Squirrel Shooting ” by W. P. Budgett
“ The Native of Port Said ” by J. C. S. Doll
“ Midnight ” by V. B. Levison
“ S.S. Velos ” by F. E. Noel-Baker
“ Driftwood in The Thames ” by C. A. Argyle
“ The strange experience of Mr. Johnson ” by L. E. Cranfield
..... D.F.C.

A GERMAN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Those of us who are keen on athletics will have noticed with interest that this year there was a fixture with the National Politische Erziehungsanstalt, Oranienstein. “ What is this organisation? ” is a question I expect many have asked.

When a party from the School, led by the Rev. R. Llewelyn, visited one of these boarding schools it was conducted to very comfortable quarters at the Castle of Oranienstein by exceedingly charming Germans. We spent a week at one of their camps on the Lahn and a week actually at the school.

The N.P.E. is commonly known as the Napola in conversation, and is a group of twelve boarding schools for picked boys under the patronage of the S.S. (the *élite* of the Nazis). These schools set a standard for the various Youth Organisations in Germany, many of whose leaders are taken from them.

The *Zugführer* (group leader) not only is in charge of his group for all types of sport and training, but teaches in the school as well. School work is confined to the morning, the rest of the day being spent in fixed programmes of sport, which are similar to those in our

own public schools, but which include such items as canoeing, riding and for the older boys car driving and gliding.

Another important feature of the curriculum is Geländesport (marching). Before each meal there is a parade in the square at the front of the Castle and the junior boys march from their quarters singing the songs which have become famous under the new régime. Indeed when we had the extraordinary and rare opportunity of being conducted over one of the Labour Service Camps, we heard these same songs, when the men came marching in with their spades across their shoulders as if they were rifles. Although the boys do not have either rifle or 'blanks,' when they go on their tactical training route marches, they appear to have more enjoyment than our own people do on an O.T.C. Field day.

There is an extensive use of military uniforms in these schools and military methods resemble those of our Scouts and O.T.C. in that they teach discipline, self-reliance and the virtue of being able to undergo hardship. They are reminded of the war of the past and are trained to be prepared for the war of the future. It is impossible for the English to understand this idea of achieving all their ends through military means. For example where an English public school boy would hang up in his study a picture of his favourite film star—the German boy would possibly put a picture of Hindenburg or of a war-ace. The idea of a German schoolboy possessing a soldierly bearing is comparable with our idea of 'playing the game.'

Part of the school course is for their boys to exchange with foreigners. Indeed a better understanding with the English is desired—while we were in Germany we were treated with charming courtesy and we were surprised that they could speak English so well, whereas we spoke no German at all.

These people admire the public school system in this country for the part it plays in the national life, and these schools although yet still young are intended to play the same part in the new German Reich.

H.H.E.B.

A TRIPPER'S DREAM.

They were a typically suburban crowd, come out to enjoy Sunday on the river at Kingston. "Just to give the kiddies a treat," as Mr. Jones put it. But unfortunately 'the kiddies' did not seem to be appreciating it; Jane (aged five) was screaming on mother's knee, while seven-year-old Peter was sitting apart from the rest in the bows of the punt, gazing at the water rippling past, with mingled looks of disgust at his sister's crying and boredom at having to sit in a boat absolutely unoccupied for half the day.

Under the heat of the mid-day sun, Mr. Jones began to get drowsy, and lounging on the cushions of the hired punt, he mechanically watched his wife swatting flies on her fat, freckly legs, and then looked at Auntie Flo' frantically trying to stop the punt from going round and round in small circles. Then he heard a voice from "Radio Luxembourg" saying: "If you apply to J. Philimott & Co.,

of 171, Oxford Street, you will find Coronation seats at moderate prices ranging from £24 to £40." And then Peter twiddled the knob and the blare of a dance band in full swing shook the banks of the river and echoed through the meadows.

"I like that!" growled Mr. Jones, "they expect me to pay £20 for a blinking seat for the damned Coronation; after I've brought you out to enjoy all the beauties of nature," he finished, pointing at a little red-brick bungalow which adorned one of the banks.

After this somewhat illogical speech Mr. Jones produced a large speckled handkerchief, spread it over his face and dosed gently into sleep.

"This is the National Programme," said a familiar voice, "you will now be switched over to Whitehall where Captain Withering and Colonel Blimp will give a running commentary on the execution of His Majesty King Charles I."

"Well, well, this is a tremendous scene," said a hearty voice, "vast crowd, a tremendous scaffold, soldiers, breastplates gleaming, and a narrow gangway up to the scaffold."

"Well, Blimp, do you think it is going to rain?" he continued.

Rain?" answered the Colonel, "rain?" Gad, Sir, no, Sir, at least it won't rain until some clouds appear." "Rain, well it might rain . . . Yes," ended the other voice weakly, and then came a prolonged forced cough while the poor Captain tried to think of something to say.

"Thank the Lord, here it comes," said a muffled voice; then aloud, "the procession is wending it way down Whitehall, pikes gleaming and heads bare. In the centre is a slight black figure, well cloaked and muffled."

"They have reached the scaffold, they're mounting it, the soldiers are forming a cordon round it, the King is making a speech, I can't quite hear it, can you, Blimp?"

"No," replied Blimp. "But Gad, Sir, let the King make a speech, just to show all these foreign devils that it's a free country."

"Now he has finished the speech and is giving the executioner instructions. He's kneeling down," the other continued.

"He's laying his head on the block."

"The axe is rising."

"It's poised. It's falling . . . falling. Still falling . . ."

With a jerk Mr. Jones woke up.

"Get up, can't you," bawled his wife in his ear. "Coo lummy, anyone would think you didn't want your 'am sandwich."

"Er—Yes, Er—No, Oh! It must have been a dream, but it seemed so real. Ah well! Maybe I'll get some seats, just as a treat for the kiddies, and perhaps I'd better come too, just to see they don't get into mischief," he stuttered, pushing an entire sandwich into his mouth and mixing it up with his moustache.

D.P.D.

" OARSMAN'S PROGRESS."

With apologies to John Bunyan.

Now I saw in my dream that Christian came down towards the river at the town called " Hearty," and not long after he had started along the tow path, he espied one " Herbal Health," who would have offered him a glass of so-called strengthening wine, had he not passed by on the other side; not wishing to hold converse with such doubtful character. Before long when he had gone along the tow path a little further, the waters of the " great, grey, greazy Limpopo " river began to swirl about his feet, and he gave himself up as lost. By chance, however, the keeper of the " Celestial Barge," by name " Bossy," was returning from the house of the " Star and Garter," a house much frequented by thirsty men, and he took Christian in his boat and brought him to the boathouse.

Now when Christian entered the boathouse he met with one " Mr. Watcher," a man of great rowing ability, and with him did converse.

" Watcher." " Good day, brother, hast thou ever had any experience of rowing?"

" Christian." " Yea, verily, I come from a rowing family, my grandfather being a waterman well learned in the art of rowing one way and looking the other.

" Then," said Mr. Watcher, " thou canst coach one of the swift boats of the House of St. Peter."

At this Christian rejoiced and sang:

" Who would at rowing be
More than a starter:
Must not let his slide go free
Faster and faster.
On, swing down long and low:
Let not thy blade dive low:
Thine aim before thee know,
To be an oarsman."

J.P.H.

CONTRASTS.

The jailer's steady tramp
Outside the prison cell was heard.
The walls were wet and damp,
None else within the dungeon stirred.

Within his cell the prisoner lay,
Wan face toward the sky.
Who knows or cares on this fine day
If he should live or die?

Then sudden, o'er the prison towers,
 A flock of birds came flying,
 Reminding him of happy hours
 And memories undying.

At last, dread summons, through the door
 He walks with solemn tread,
 What matter though he walk no more?
 What matter though he's dead?

The sun will shine, the birds will sing,
 The grass will be as green,
 As though this feeble mortal thing
 On this earth ne'er had been.

J.B.C.

A PAINFUL DUTY.

On a cold winter's morning it is pleasant to lie in bed putting off the moment of rising until two or three minutes before breakfast, but on Fridays it is the fateful lot of all unhappy Grantites to descend in dressing-gowns to the lower regions of the house in order to swallow bacteria of a horrible sort for the prevention of colds and influenza! This happens three-quarters of an hour before breakfast and naturally causes groans and under-the-breath curses when the unwanted messenger approaches and, saying "Vaccine, cads!" pulls everybody out of bed in turn. It is pitiful to see the bodies heavy with sleep cringe lower beneath the sheets as the unmerciful one comes up to each bed, and to hear the wails of anguish as he tears the blankets off them one by one and as they shiver with the wind which is wont to whistle through the dorm. at night, breathing upon their scantily clad bodies which they have in vain attempted to keep warm. Slowly they troop with their eyes half closed with sleep down to the sick room where the best of them quickly swallow down the foul juice, but where some, in order not to drink it—but I won't disclose their methods! Back to bed they creep, a little more alert than when they went down, but still quite ready for another half-hour's rest, to dose contentedly ere the time for getting up.

But not quite all do this. Some there are who dart out of bed at the first sound of the bell, but these are chiefly smaller boys who don't know any better.

The vaccine is packed in small brown bottles which arrive in groups of about ten on Thursdays for consumption on the morrow. As I came on my way upstairs just now I saw this week's supply on the table, for "to-morrow will be Friday!"

D.L.B.F.

AN OFF DAY.

"These little things are sent to try us," remarked the Unfortunate One, regarding with a baleful eye his spinning tackle with its battery of hooks firmly embedded in the stoutest branch of the tree opposite.

He and I had met by chance on the banks of a river within a few miles of London. It was not a big river, being only about twenty yards across on the average. In places it widened a little, forming pools which we fished thoroughly. There had been a frost overnight, but now the sun shone brightly from a blue sky. It was a "summer's day in winter," the alleged ideal conditions for pike fishing.

The Unfortunate One pulled, jerked and tugged with his rod, but all to no avail. The branch swayed very slightly, but his efforts had only served to drive the hooks in deeper.

"Nothing else for it," he said.

Grasping his line, he walked away from the bank, hoping that the hooks would tear out. No such luck! The line stretched and stretched, and then suddenly went slack. Five yards of best silk line, a trace and a good spinner were left trailing in the water. The Unfortunate One had something to say on the matter. Very much so. I think he might have been a little less violent, but then I suppose it must have been very exasperating. The little episode probably cost him about 3s.

I continued fishing, while the Unfortunate One repaired his tackle. To add to his chagrin, on my third cast I hooked and landed a small one. I heard sundry mutterings coming from him as he extracted a new trace from his bag. Having taken out the hooks gingerly (pike's teeth are no joke), I asked him if he would like it to eat. I was soon enlightened on that point, and I gathered that neither fried nor even stuffed pike was his idea of the ideal fish course.

Having at last fitted up his impedimenta again, the Unfortunate One advanced to the water's edge, took up his stance and swung his rod. The bait swung out in a gentle curve and hit the water without much splash.

"Nice cast," I said. He grunted.

And then it happened. Barely had his hand touched the reel to wind in than it came loose, rolled to the edge of the bank, paused tantalisingly, and then fell in with a splash.

The Unfortunate One restrained himself only with great difficulty.

"These little things are sent to try us, and," he added, "they d— well do!"

P.F.

SOAP.

The divine property of soap is that, with the aid of water and towel, it removes dirt, and can therefore be regarded as a necessity. In the seventeenth century a Merrie Monarch derived much merriness by granting monopolies of soap, among other things. This was considered at least as good a reward as a baronetcy, if not a barony, and was much cheaper, as the Merrie Monarch never washed, and therefore did not have to pay outrageous sums on his soap bill; and anyway, if he did have to use soap, he would put twopence on the

income-tax to pay for it. This is the first mention of soap in history, so that it is presumed that before then people only washed when they had been somewhere particularly muddy, and that then they took a small block of wood or stone and scrubbed themselves in the way in which a housewife to-day washes a tablecloth, adding water at intervals, until the skin was vaguely visible through the dirt.

The extraordinary thing is that soap is nowadays so universally accepted. If we neglect a few complaints from small boys about the draughtiness when their necks have been washed, we see that soap is uncomplainingly used by everyone with monotonous regularity; and soap has no use except for washing. We once heard of an enterprising girl who loved a young and hard-up doctor, and one rainy day conceived the brilliant idea of sprinkling soap-flakes on the path outside his house. The doctor was very surprised to see his waiting-room full of people suffering from bruises, shock, and other minor but quite expensive injuries. But this is the only case we know of soap being used beneficially for other than washing purposes.

Advertising-managers of daily newspapers must bless the unknown inventor of soap, for many of the advertisement spaces of their newspapers are filled with efforts to secure the public's custom for different makes of soap. And the number of horrible things, skin diseases and the like, which can happen to faces washed by Other Soaps, is very nearly as large as the number of nasty things that happen inside you unless you take a certain patent food or drink. The number, too, is increasing, as the art of inventing skin diseases is still in its infancy, while all possible varieties of indigestion and anæmia have been exhausted, and some of the most modern drinks have had to return to the old method of showing pictures of bonnie babies, or "Somebody says I'm the best advertisement for Somebody's Something" with photo. Advertisements for soaps are, it seems to us, very futile things, for most people buy their soap, toilet soap at any rate, "Slightly soiled, fifty per cent. off" in bargain basements. And even then they buy it with regard to the perfume.

Again, where scents are concerned, there are names many and varied. "White Rose," "Olde English Lavender," "Brown Windsor," and "Verbena" are household phrases, so much so that the town house of a soap millionaire in the last century was known as Brown Windsor Castle; yet we doubt whether many people know what they really smell like. It is our firm belief that all soaps smell the same, and that the alleged difference is only one of colour, shape and name.

There is, however, one nice little custom that we have left out. It is the old Eastern habit of washing your mouth out with soap when you have told a lie. This is considered, not as a penance, but as a precaution against the lie coming before the notice of the Almighty, and to purify your mouth against the sin of lying again. But it is doubtful whether many people would take to the idea, especially as tooth-paste is not allowed as substitute for the soap.

F.D.G.

SONNET.

Sun soaring skywards pounds the firmament,
 Blinding with flashing shafts the shapeless waste
 Of death-damp darkness, dismal pediment
 To Death's great gateway. Night, by day displaced,
 Slumbers unfeeling in the under mind;
 Life wakes and lives and beats the brilliant air
 With steely throbbing, while the spiders wind
 Their webs in sunlight. Do they never fear
 The night of Death that ends the day of Life,
 The vicious bolts of day's death-door that grate
 Into their living sockets, like a knife
 Stabbing the final vilest wound of fate?

Down, Death, they fear you not, your course is run,
 And Life, soar upwards till you reach the sun.

R.V.C.C-S.

A PHILATELIC PHANTASY.

Chameleons change their colour, so 'tis said,
 Blue, purple, green or any shade of red,
 But is this faculty enjoyed by stamps,
 Without the experts sensing crafty ramps?

Now rumour says the G.P.O. have erred,
 Stan Gibbons disagrees and says absurd.
 Yet proof there is that two whole sheets were sold
 Shaded a lighter colour than of old.

A two-pence half " d " of a prussian blue
 Has little value when of normal hue,
 But, once an alteration there is found,
 Its value leaps up quickly pound by pound.

Of course the lucky buyer will not sell
 Until he gains a price which suits him well.
 So, how to get one not at that expense
 Gives food for thought and scheming most intense.

A chance word in a paper gives the clue
 Denying any postal change of hue.
 So our young scholar gets a thought that's great,
 " The spirit used to clean the printer's plate!"

The colour fades as if beneath a spell,
 The stamp emerges perfect, hard to tell
 It is not one of the most costly kind;
 All gloating now, he gazes at his find.

Chloroform it is which he unknown has used,
Whose vapours make him also now bemused,
And, as he watches in a frantic fright,
The stamp turns slowly to a ghostly white.

A moral to this tale will be suspect,
For, though the fake was really most perfect,
The mixture of the spirit and the dye
May well have made the faker fade and die.

For, hauntingly, they say that in Dean's Yard,
No matter how the approaches may be barred.
A wan-faced figure carrying a stamp
Is recognised by hat and gloves and gamp.

J.M.A.

"AMBITION."

"Ambition finds such joy."—Milton.

Everyone has had at one time of their life an ambition of some particular kind. Indeed, little children who want to be soldiers or engine drivers when they grow up, or who want to grow up to be eminent politicians like some great statesmen of their time, often find that their childish ambitions come true. Examples of realised ambitions, like those of "Dick Whittington," are to be found in the lives of many great men and women of almost every country in the world.

The first person that comes to mind of our own nationality is the "Lady with the Lamp." Florence Nightingale had had a good classical and mathematical education at home, and it had always been her ambition to become a nurse and to ease pain and suffering. When she was twenty-four, she began to visit hospitals, as she was not content merely to lead the ordinary social life of a girl of her class. She died in 1910, at the age of ninety, having achieved to the full her ambition, and even greater.

Handel had great ideals and ambitions, and when he was a child of eleven, he saw himself a great composer, as he stole away secretly to play the piano. These are not the only examples one can pick out. King George V, Lloyd George, and many other people who have held prominent positions, have had their ambitions come true. King George always loved the sea. At twelve years old, he was a naval cadet on the "Britannia." Lloyd George was only fourteen years old when, from his uncle, he obtained his earliest views of practical and political life, and also the means of starting on the career of a colicitor. From the first he managed to combine his solicitor's work with politics, and he became secretary of the South Carnarvonshire Anti-tithe League. This was the start of a brilliant career.

If someone had no ambition, surely their life would be most dull and uneventful, although when a person has achieved his ambition it does not necessarily mean that he would be any happier than

before. It is said that expectation is better than realisation, but if a man or a woman sets their ideals upon something seemingly much higher than they can ever attain, then they will be for ever trying to reach that point.

The life of a man with a great ambition, which eventually he achieves, can be likened to the climbing of a mountain. He first of all thinks about the other people who have reached the top, and, with the intention of getting there himself, he sets off from the bottom on his long and tiring journey upwards. When he reaches the top, and is able to look down on the rest of the world, at first he will be very pleased with himself, but later on, he will grow weary of his position.

Many a well-spent life has been ruined by staying at the highest peak too long. If, however, a person retires after he has spent just long enough at the top, he lives the rest of his life with a happy knowledge that he has achieved his ambition, without ruining it at the end.

To achieve anything in this world, ambition is essential.

H.T.N.S.

AN UNUSUAL KIND OF MUSIC.

The penny whistle is well known to all, and quite a number of people can play tunes on it. Far less known is a member of the same family of instruments which can be made at home in less than an hour and at very small cost. This is the Bamboo Pipe which has a softer and sweeter voice. A foot of ordinary bamboo, of an inch bore, is sufficient to make what is known as the Treble pipe. The mouthpiece is cut away in the same shape as a whistle, but is fitted with a cork and has a square opening a little lower down, which is known as the window. The length of the pipe controls the key-note; the shorter the pipe the higher the note. For instance, the Treble pipe is tuned to the key of D by sawing bits off the lower end until the note corresponds exactly with that on the piano. The holes for the scale are placed in measured positions, bored one by one from the lower end upwards, until each one is exactly the right size for the note in the scale. In the same way Alto and Tenor pipes are made of longer and wider strips of bamboo with correspondingly lower voices, the Tenor being an octave lower than the Treble. There is also a Bass pipe but that is made of aluminium with a wooden mouthpiece, as its equivalent in bamboo would be unwieldy. Pipes can be fitted with very simple tuning adjustments and so are well suited to be played together in unison or harmony, producing a very pleasant and unusual kind of music. To play the pipe, no previous knowledge of music is necessary, although, of course, it is a great help. The pipe is in itself handsome but can be made to look even more attractive when decorated with brightly coloured oil paints. I hope some of my readers may be sufficiently interested to wish to make pipes, as I should like to share the pleasure I have had from making, designing and playing them.

R.D.R.

THE PEOPLE OF NORTHERN ITALY.

The countryside is never so interesting as the people who inhabit it, for however deep a blue water or sky may be, you will get tired of it, while people grow more interesting the more you know them.

Staying for several months in a small village on the eastern shore of Lake Maggiore, I got to know and like the people. They speak amongst themselves an extraordinary and incomprehensible dialect, sounding like Latin pronounced with a German accent, and for this reason their Italian is easily understandable, as they have to learn it at school like a foreign language.

The Ligurians, as these people are called, are the most innately good-natured people I have ever met. Living in homes which would be condemned in this country as disgustingly insanitary, they are so polite that they might have come out of a palace.

Their economic state is utterly wretched. Two-thirds of the village is unemployed, and there is no dole in Italy.

They live by cultivating their tiny plots of land (seldom more than an acre in extent), which yields them enough maize to live on. From this they make a revolting kind of soggy porridge, called Polenta, which they eat cold in lumps. It nearly made me sick, but they are used to it. Many of them also fish in the lake, which gives fairly good results. Their favourite way of fishing is to jerk a piece of lead, with a hook on the end, up and down on the bottom, and the fish, which do not seem to be very intelligent, seize it.

Owing to the economic distress, a strange new form of snobbery has arisen. People with enough food usually eat it sitting on their doorsteps, to show that they have got it; here they can be seen by passers-by and appreciated at their true value.

I will not—I dare not—dwell too much on the housing conditions, but suffice it to say that in many of the poorer houses the ground floor has been turned into a hen-house (which by the way is never cleaned out), the family, which is usually numerous living on the upper floor. There is, of course, no main drainage, all the filth being drained into cesspools under the central courtyard which is an essential part of every Italian house. These defy description.

There is one very unfortunate trait in these people which immediately presents itself to English eyes, namely the utter indifference they show towards all animals. I would not call it cruelty, for it is caused by thoughtlessness and not by malice.

When we first came to the village we were amazed and horrified to see hens walking about with their breasts completely denuded of feathers, and thought they were suffering from some particularly repellant form of mange. This was not so; their feathers, which are in great demand for the making of pillows, and which fetch a good price, had merely been plucked from them for this purpose while they were still alive; and when they had gone through this treat-

ment they were left to grow new ones. Similarly their dogs and horses are all mangy and underfed.

It can be easily seen that these people are a strange mixture of courtesy and cruelty, of civilisation and barbarism, but if one really gets to know them, one can appreciate them at their true value, which is everlasting loyalty, sincerity, and friendship.

J.K.M.

OLD GRANTITES

In the New Year's Honours Dr. Adrian Boulton received the honour of knighthood.

BIRTHS.

COLQUHOUN.—On January 5, the wife of Edmund Colquhoun, a son.

MARRIAGES.

CHANNON—BARLING. On February 2, Eric Channon to Gwen daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Barling, late of Southampton.

DULLEY—SANDER. On November 23, 1936, at Hong Kong, Hugh William Macpherson Dulley to Therese, elder daughter of Mrs. Sander, of Bough Beech, Kent.

NOTCUTT—STANNARD. On April 10, 1937, John Walter Notcutt to Elaine Margaret, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Stannard, of Langland Gardens, Hampstead.

DEATHS.

MEREDITH. On February 1, 1937, William Manse Meredith, aged 71.

PEMBERTON. On February 2, 1937, in a flying accident, Harold Charles Pemberton, aged 48.

NOTICES.

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

The Hon. Treasurer of the Old Grantite Club and of "The Grantite Review" is P. J. S. Bevan, and all subscriptions should be sent to him at 4, Brick Court, Temple, E.C.4.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and "The Grantite Review" is A. Garrard, and all enquiries should be sent to him at Fuller's Farm, West Grinstead, Horsham, Sussex.

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