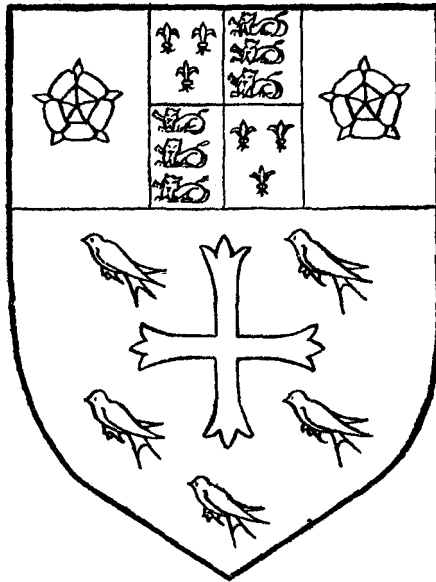


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# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,  
1939.

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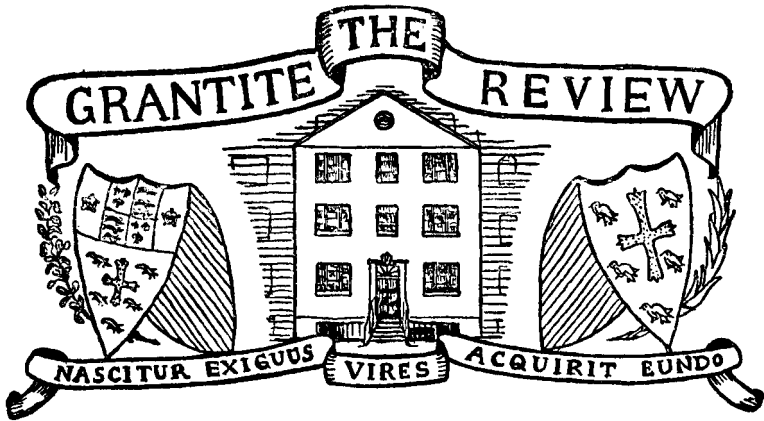
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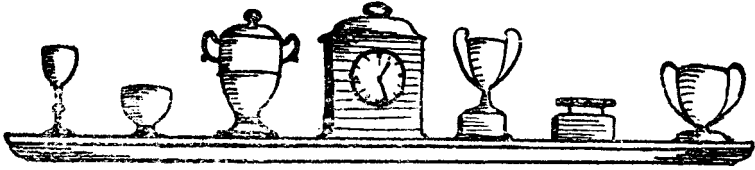
MARCH, 1939.

THE EDITOR sat at his paper-strewn desk,  
His manly brow covered with sweat :  
His ginger locks swathed in a large turkish towel,  
His mind with dire fancies beset.

He was thinking, poor chap, of the task that was his—  
The article which he must write.  
His three helpful cronies sat round at their ease,  
Not seeking to better his plight.

At last he collapsed and burst into tears  
Unrestrainedly letting them fall—  
From between his parched lips came the heart-rending  
words—  
“ I'll have to write nothing at all.”

And he didn't.



## HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term, F. E. Noel-Baker, R. A. Reed, M. F. T. Yealland, and J. F. Dale. We wish them every success in the future.

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We welcome this term, B. Corcos and I. D. Kingsley (boarders), and R. J. Alexander, P. B. D. Ashbrooke, and I. D. Grant (half-boarders).

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In Inner are B. V. I. Greenish, P. FitzHugh (half-boarder), D. S. Winckworth, J. K. Morrison and D. L. B. Farley.

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In Outer are J. B. Craig, F. D. Gammon, V. G. H. Hallett, and R. K. Archer. In Middle I. J. Abrahams, R. O. I. Borradaile, D. C. Evans, and F. G. Overbury.

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L. E. Cranfield is Head of Hall, and R. O. Wrigley (half-boarder) Head of Hall. The other hall monitors are M. H. Flanders, D. P. Davison, L. A. Wilson, and A. W. Pratt.

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Congratulations to Borradaile, Winckworth, Evans, and Abrahams on their Pink-and-Whites; Cawston and Mitchell on their Colts; and Tenison, Russ, Whitehead, le Hardy, Meldrum, and Hodges on their Juniors; for football.

To Winkworth and Borradaile on their Half-Pinks for fives.

To Morrison and Cranfield on their Half-Pinks; and Sandelson on his Colts; for boxing.

To Archer and Davison on their Trial eights caps.

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Craig has played fives for the school, and Tenison, Wilson, Meldrum, and Russ for the Colts.

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We won the first round of Juniors against College by 2 goals to 1 after extra time, but lost to Homeboarders 4—2.

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The Pancake Greaze was won by Borradaile, with Winckworth runner-up.

## **Play Supper.**

The Play Supper took place on December 21st, and was as enjoyable as ever. After an excellent meal, for which the Housemaster must be heartily thanked, toasts were proposed and amusing speeches were made by the Housemaster, Mr. Tanner and the Head of House (Noel-Baker). The Rev. R. W. Reed provided us with two of his recitations, and the laughter was further stimulated by the House Tutor's surprise item.

Then followed songs by new boys and others, and the old Grantite song was ably performed by Mr. Garrard and Mr. Bevan. Proceedings finished with the Carmen Feriale Westmonasteriense and "God Save the King."

## **Juniors.**

Juniors were played at the height of the 'flu epidemic, and Grant's suffered perhaps more than any other house from this—only six people played in both the games. Cawston, Mitchell and Whitehead were out of school for the first game, and Tenison and several others who had proved their worth in the first game were unfit for the second.

We had some uncomfortable moments in the first match, against College, which, with a full team, we should have won easily, and were 1—1 at the end. We managed to score in the extra time though, and won 2—1.

The second game was much harder, and considering that Homeboarders drew twice in the final against Ashburnham, we did very well to lose only 2—4.

Cawston played well against Homeboarders. Russ' first-time kicking in both games was very good, and Meldrum played extremely well on both occasions. Whitehead was also excellent, and he dealt with Renny very successfully. le Hardy surprised us all—and in fact there was no one who played really badly.

## **The Water.**

This term's rowing comes to a climax with the Trial Eights Races, which are rowed just before the sports training begins.

JUNIOR TRIAL EIGHTS RACE. Saturday, Feb. 18th.

Course : U.B.R. stone to the end of the Fence.

"C," "D" and "E" crews took part in this, the latter being given a four lengths start to make it approximately up to the standard of the other two crews. "C" crew, coached by Mr. Edwards, did a remarkable start, and held its lead over "D" crew the whole time. The style in both crews was good, especially in the latter. "E" crew managed to keep ahead of "C" as far as Beverly, but there it dropped behind.

Grant's was well represented in this race, having three rowing men and all three coxes! (Unfortunately three more rowers were

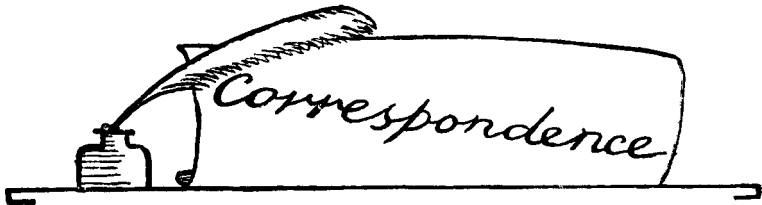
absent, and one of the coxes, Wilde). Of those who rowed (Flanders, Overbury, and Self) there is little to be said—they are good steady rowers, and with care and practice should shape well. Beale and Dickey were in "E" eight, and both rowed well. As a general criticism, they should try to keep their stroke long when racing and not yield to the temptation to become short. But they were quite good. "C" crew was first, "E" crew second, and "D" crew third.

SENIOR TRIAL EIGHTS RACE. Tuesday, Feb. 21st.

Course : U.B.R. stone to Harrods.

The course was very greatly shortened owing to the absence of so many members of both "A" and "B" crews. Grant's were only represented by two oarsmen, both in "A" crew (Davison, and Archer). At the start, "A" crew drew away about a quarter of a length from "B," and held that lead as far as the end of the fence. A spurt just before this made little difference, for "B" crew counteracted the gain by an effort on their part. At the Mile Post the crews were level and "flat out." "A" crew slowly drew away to win by three-quarters of a canvas (about four feet).

R. K. A.



*To the Editor of the Granite Review.*

Dear Sir,

Do you not think that something could be done about the papers in Hall? If, for instance, you wish to find the *Times*, page 1 will inevitably be on the Senior table, page 2 probably on the Junior table, and the page with the amusements guide—most important of all—will certainly be on the floor, with a great tear across the middle, and a beautiful imprint of a Phillips rubber heel on it, after which it is not of much use for reference. Also, on the top of the lockers on the left of the fireplace, reposes a mysterious box. I believe it is for periodicals, but there are never more than three at the most, in it. The others are in the same old entangled heap, which we are supposed to sort out, if we want a back number.

Yours faithfully,

J. MOLLER.

*To the Editor of the Granite Review.*

Dear Sir,

I would like to suggest that the weekly papers that come into Hall be put into the box provided for this purpose and not be left to repose on top of the lockers, while dust gathers round them, as in former days.

Also, that the new yard balls be serviceable, as I have had many given to me that had already been squashed and unfit for proper play,

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. W. E. FURSDON.

[The box has been provided for the convenience of those in Hall, and it is up to them to make use of it.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the Granite Review.*

Dear Sir,

There is a worthy tradition which has everything in its favour, which says that a House Tutor's leg shall not be pulled in print (at least, not out of joint) unless he pulls it himself. The same (tell Morrison) does not apply to boys who, of course, belong to a lower order of species. Hence my introduction to the letter, so that your more intelligent outside readers will have no cause to complain of any falling away from the wholly commendable custom of your magazine! As far as I know, the tradition refers only to House Tutor's legs, and makes no mention of Heads of Houses whiskers,—which are every bit as fair game to the public as retired Colonels, or railway station rock cakes.

Yours,

R. C. L.

[It is now a rule that Heads of House must shave once a fortnight, instead of quarterly as previously.—ED.]

[For Clarence's letter, to which the above letter refers, see elsewhere in this issue.]



## FICTION

### FIGURES.

What a thought! We wake up here in our beds, at school, 222 times a year.

Then we come down the new-carpeted stairs (we do this 480 times a year), and come into breakfast. Have you ever imagined, as you put your cereal to your lips, you have 777 meals in Hall, in nine months, at school? To console yourself at your unexpected

greediness, you go out and walk on the stone by the Chiswickites' entrance to the House Yard. This stone is trodden on by the individual 4,440 times per annum.

Having got your books, you enter Little Dean's Yard by the subterranean passage. This happens 1,876 times in the 5,328 hours of school per year.

The bell goes, and you don gym-shoes for morning P.T., of which we have 24 hours 40 minutes per annum.

If you are ultra-efficient, like Cadets D— and H—, you never miss one of the 54 O.T.C. parades.

On the other hand, if you are like the Mathematical R—, you might endeavour not to go to Grove Park 108 times, and, in so doing, travel 2,160 miles a year.

Station over, we turn to prep. 185 times a year! (Thank goodness the chairs in Hall haven't completely gone yet, as we sit on them for 370 hours in the three terms).

Finally, we go to sleep, of which we have (or don't) 2,072 hours.

Compare this with the work (?) we do. 989 hours of it! 1,147 periods.

Well, we've only 19,180,800 seconds a year here!

### GETTING UP.

The awfulness of being wakened up by snoring ; the hours till the bell ; the way your neighbour must snore as loud as possible ; the infernal nuisance of being a light sleeper ; the annoying thought that you can't tick him off because he can't help it ; the draught that seems to creep in through the bottom of your bed ; the discordant clang of the bell ; the agony of a cold floor ; the awful feebleness with which you get up ; the sharp pain of stiffness ; the reminder that some blighter hit you in fives yesterday ; the sogginess of your toothbrush ; the machine-gun chatter of your teeth ; the nearly freezing water ; the way you always will slip up the stairs ; the dwindling hope of a tie ; the obstinate collar ; the way your hair simply won't part straight ; the way you always forget to tell matron about that vital button ; the dash down just in time ; the infuriating way your tie slips down ; the shoelace coming undone at the critical moment ; and—boiled eggs for breakfast.

The delightful nip in the air as you get up with the bell ; the glorious flying feeling as you go down to wash, five stairs at a time ; the wonderful night you've had ; the perfectly magnificent sunrise ; the wonderful notes of Big Ben ; a good stiff toothbrush ; the refreshing wash ; the way you hop like a gazelle up the stairs again ; the thrill of putting on plimsoles ; the wonderful morning air ; the regular tap tap as you jog along the Embankment ; the extraordinary lack of noisy traffic ; missing the cyclist by six inches as you cross the road ; the soft lapping of the river ; the glorious rush of air as you sprint back ; the glowing feeling after a shower ; the dress in record time ; just skipping in with the bell ; the truly laughable discovery that your collar's come adrift ; and—boiled eggs for breakfast.



## THE CHUMS AT ST. PETER'S.

Prospective parents of the Horatio Bampton preparatory school for boys (Headmaster—Oloysius T. Wirp), might have seen the forms of two small boys—Crumpitt and Oylley—in the showers po(u)ring over bundles of public school stories—Hotspur, Skipper—The fifth at St. . . .

“Whew!” said Oylley.

“Golly!” said Crumpitt, “next term we’re in it too, we’ll meet Carstairs and Carruthers.”

“Twin heroes of the cricket eleven, inseparables in work and play,” quoted Oylley.

“And bully Briggs,” added Crumpitt.

But Oylley soon cheered him up with tales of midnight feasts, and gangsters turned form masters.

Crumpitt and Oylley, with tuck boxes crammed, arrived next term at St. Peter’s. They came, they saw, and they were introduced. Crumpitt suddenly clutched his friend.

“Sh!” he whispered, “the captain of the Shell.”

“Whew!” answered Oylley, “the boy the bullies dread.—Er—please Sir—” the tall wavy-haired boy turned to see two small boys eyeing him with awe.

“Watcha rats, go and find your substances, I’m learning my part. Hey! take them round will you,” he said, turning to the boy whom Crumpitt and Oylley had already marked as Bully Briggs.

“I can’t,” he continued. “I’ve lost my health certificate, my trunk has burst, my locker’s jammed and I forgot to pack my toothpaste. And I’ve got my part to learn.”

“Oh, all right, curse you,” groaned Bully Briggs. “Mind you learn it properly this time. Come along chums (Sid Walker)—we must huff (Herbert Mordin)—I’ve just thought of a new joke (*vox humana*)—Humph! (Boris Karloff).”

“No, surely—Humphe! (Boris Karloff).”

“Oh, all right, perhaps you’re right.”

It was a good joke.

Oylley and Crumpitt sat up in bed.

“It’s all right, boys, we’ve brought some tuck.”

A long silence, followed by some whispering.

“What did those fools say?”

“Something about tuck.”

“About what?”

“Tuck.”

“Oh.”

“I say,” said Crumpitt, “we’ve got strawberry jam.”

“Keep it for tea, there’s a good chap.”

“And sausages to cook over a candle—”

“My dear oof, you’d burn the place down, and then we’d have to have a fire practice.”

Oylley tried.

"But we've got—"

"Chuck it, will you. It's too cold to get up at this time of night, especially as we've got to get up at ten to eight in the morning.

Silence.

"Well!" said Oylley, as they packed the food, untasted, into the hampers . . .

Next morning, Oylley and Crumpitt hurried into the fourth, in deadly fear that the fellows of the fifth should capture them. The first boy they met looked harmless enough.

"I say," Crumpitt whispered hoarsely, "do you think the chaps of the fifth will attack us to-day—because we might lay an ambush and surprise them."

"What the hell are you talking about."

"The form feud, I mean," cut in Oylley. "Feeling ran high in St. Dominics between the rival forms, and no boys in the fifth would condescend to look at a 'fourth fellow.'"

"You must be crackers," said the inoffensive one. "Why shouldn't I talk to the fifth if I want to? Anyway, I've got so much prep. I've only just got time to go up suits and none for gossiping."

Oylley and Crumpitt were bitterly disillusioned that morning. Breathlessly they waited for the entrance of the master, wondering whether he would be "The Terror," or "The Schoolboys' Friend." When he did arrive he was smiling but had apparently forgotten his birch.—The friends agreed that he couldn't hit a six if he tried, let alone shoot kidnappers.

During the period everyone seemed to be working. No stink-bombs were let off, and no thousand line impots handed out. No Carruthers, Carstairs or Briggs excelled themselves and Oylley and Crumpitt began to doubt their existence.

The afternoon came and a football match. Surely they would see Carruthers now?—The hero of the school—carried shoulder high after saving the honour of the "old coll" with a last-minute goal. Crumpitt swore he saw Bully Briggs neatly wrecking the chances of their hero with a cleverly hidden foul kick, but Oylley said that as they were twenty yards away from each other, it was hardly possible. They watched the match for an hour, then someone approached them with a "Hey you—." Their hearts beat wildly; which side ought they to support? It would be fatal to drop a brick and insult Carruthers.

"What time can we go?" asked the stranger.

They gasped: was there a man with soul so dead . . . ??

"I—I don't know," said Oylley.

"Going to a flick as soon as we can get away," said the stranger.

"Yes," said Crumpitt firmly to Oylley.

In two weeks our friends had become stereotyped examples of the British public School boy, of whom no one could possibly write any sort of story.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM CLARENCE.

The House Tutor has handed to us a second letter from Clarence which he picked up in Yard shortly before Christmas. It runs :—  
DEAR GRANDPAPA,

You must have thought my first letter a very silly one as you were at Westminster yourself, and I am very ashamed of all the mistakes I made. Now that I have been here a whole term I shall not make any more, and I want to write and tell you all about my time here.

This is a very nice house. The House Master is Mr. Murray-Rust. He is a very busy man. He has been going to a lot of lectures this term, and is now quite bomb proof. He is very clever, and teaches Mathematics. I do not do Mathematics yet but the House Tutor teaches me Arithmetic and Algebra. After Mr. Murray-Rust comes Mr. Noel-Baker, who is Head of the House. He is very kind, and says I need not call him "sir." So I don't, though I feel rather rude, as he is so very Senior and the other new boys say he has whiskers. After that comes the House Tutor. We have to have a House Tutor so as to have someone to open the yard door in break and at other times. Sometimes he does other things as well. The boys say he has a past and was arrested for it. But tell Granny she must not worry about me as he has reformed and become a clergyman. We have one other clergyman on the staff. He has not yet been arrested.

This is a very funny house. The floors are supported by four chains which hang from the ceiling. In our dormitory three of the chains are broken, but Morrison is not sleeping there any longer.

I hope you have a very happy Christmas. I want to buy you a nice Christmas present and am saving up very hard for it. I wonder what I shall get. I do hope someone will give me a bicycle.

With love, from

CLARENCE.

P.S.—These last two lines look like a hint. But they are not meant to be. You can buy jolly decent bicycles at Gamages.

P.S.S.—Have heard to-day that Greenish is going to be Head of the House next term. I feel very proud as he spoke to me the other day. He told me to wash the ink off my face. The next day I put ink on my collar as well and hoped he would say some more. He did, in fact rather more than I expected. He is so tall that the new boys do not know if he has whiskers or not. But I know as I have to brush his coat and one fell out the other day. Please tell granny she must send it back as it is the only one I've got.

P.P.S.—We are very well protected here. Besides gas masks there are guns of all sizes round about the school. The school name for them is cannons. People say it would make a tremendous noise if any of them were fired, even a minor one. The boys tell me that four of the masters look after the shells. There is a new type of modern shell just out, which is small and

has a lot of highly explosive material. Most people think that the older more deeply penetrating sort, some of which they say are classical, do their job best in the end. But I feel rather doubtful about this kind because at the beginning of the year Greenish several times threw a bomb in Vincent Square nearly forty feet, and even then it failed to go off. It is a jolly good thing they use spears as well.

P.P.S.—I quite forgot to tell you Greenish is a frightfully good boxer. The boys say it is because he has such a big reach. I am not sure what a reach is, but it must be something that Mr. Moss has too, because one night recently, when travelling home to Charterhouse, it appears that he reached Southampton.

[Reprinted from the *Daily Splosh*, 22.ii.39, by kind permission.]

### THE PANCAKE GREAZE.

At Westminster School I yesterday witnessed the strangest of all surviving Shrove Tuesday customs, known to every Westminster old boy as the Pancake Grease.

Punctually at half-past twelve the Dean of Westminster, preceded by his standard bearer in solitary procession, arrives at the School Hall, where he is to judge the contest. In front of him across the Hall is the row of lads chosen by their strength and manly beauty to scramble for the pancake. Fifty yards above their heads is the beam over which the cook, Mr. John, nicknamed "the angel," must toss the pancake. The Dean gives the signal, and the lads rush forward and pile themselves where the pancake falls, each getting as much of it as he can. After two minutes the headmaster Mr. J. T. Christie, pulls the lads apart, and the Dean presents a golden guinea to the one with the largest piece of pancake.

When I spoke to the winner, R. O. T. Borradaile, of Mr. T. M. R. Grant's house, I asked him what thought had flashed through his mind as he lay underneath the scrum. "I thought," he said, "of the lovely time I am having at this splendid school with all my jolly school-chums and the delightful masters. And when I get hold of that swine who tried to push my face through the floor."

I left him muttering strange words

### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

I had been motoring for some time, and while I was cruising leisurely through a village looking at the old cottages, I noticed an extremely cosy public-house and, as it was rather hot, I entered.

Because there was no room anywhere else, I sat down at a table opposite an old man, obviously a farm labourer. We sat and looked at each other for some time.

"I was 'opin' as 'ow you wur onc 'o them conjerers," he said.

"Why?" I asked, rather perplexed.

"Because then you would fill this 'ere mug with ale and put a fill 'o baccy in this 'ere ol' pipe."

I immediately summoned the bar-man and supplied my companion with his wants. When he had expressed his surprise at my powers of conjuring, my companion, at my request, started to tell me about the interesting people in this village.

"Ah, oi moind as 'ow there's some foigne ol' people in th' village, why ol' Mrs. Dredge 'ere, she wur a 'undred-an-eleven yesterday."

"Really? and where does she live?" I replied.

He then duly directed me to her house, but warned me that she did not like visitors. However, nothing daunted, I set out. I hoped to write an article about her for my paper.

"Good-morning Mrs. Dredge" I said, with a friendly smile, "I would like you to tell me a few things about yourself, if that would not worry you?"

"Oi loikes it," she replied briefly.

"I'm so glad," I said briskly, "Now, is there anything you can remember about your youth?"

Mrs. Dredge pondered for a long time and I could see she was thinking hard.

"Horses wur horses—they wur," she said at length.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure," I replied, "they could run fast couldn't they?"

"Ahh."

"But tell me, do you remember your father?"

"Doan't oi—that oi doant!"

"That's fine, and what did he do?"

"'e wur a thirsty man—'e wur."

"We are all thirsty at times," I said, "but what else did he do?"

"'e doant—'e did."

Seeing that this method of approach was not over fruitful, and not having got anything for my paper, I changed the subject.

"Now, Mrs. Dredge, when did you come here?"

"That's arskin'—that is" she replied.

"Very well then, how do you amuse yourself?"

At this moment Mrs. Dredge struggled to her feet and said "What oi loikes best, is showin' noose-papermen the door—the're too domme proiyin' for oi."

## MODEL ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Everybody must have at one time or other played trains with the cheap clockwork engines and tin plate rails, and when they hear of somebody who "plays trains" they imagine him doing what they did at the age of six. But of course that is not true; nowadays model railway firms make everything true to scale. The rails are of solid drawn brass and are laid on wooden sleepers with chairs and keys, then the rail sections are joined up with imitation fish-plates. When this is laid down properly with ballast it looks very realistic.

As for the rolling stock, the coaches are made with real glass for the windows, and also working spring buffers. The interior of

these coaches can also be lit up. The goods wagons are made of wood like the passenger coaches but have no spring buffers.

The engines available are many, and all of them are exact models—not pressed tin painted over. Of course no model railway looks good without the many various track side accessories ; like stations, goods depots, engine and coach sheds, and concerning these great care must be taken when placing them, as on most lay-outs the scale distance between the stations on the real railway and those on the model one is very different. Necessity demands that stations are pretty close on the model line and therefore it is difficult to make the line resemble it's prototype. The track should have two lines—one up, one down, and a proper marshalling yard for the goods traffic. Then at the stations there should be avoiding lines for the express trains, and also carriage sidings. The larger a lay-out is, the more necessary it is to have an efficient signalling system ; time tables should be compiled with the view of running all trains with the minimum of delay. And lastly let it be said that you should never pick up the coaches and engines with your hands when operating them—it is a most unrealistic act.

### ALBERT AND THE POND.

Now little boys are often fond  
Of a dirty lane, and stinking pond,  
Albert never used to tire  
Of the village pond and its filthy mire.

This was his favourite spot for play  
He liked to stop there all the day,  
There he is now, under those trees  
With thick, brown mud right up to his knees.

Oh, Albert was a hideous sight,  
Enough to give a pig a fright,  
For Albert was that stupid sort  
Who never cared, or never thought.

Albert coming out of school,  
A chum cried out, " You silly fool,"  
For Albert in his favourite place  
Was challenging people to a race.

One day Albert said that he  
Could go in further than his knee,  
So he plunged into the muck,  
And there—alas—alack—got stuck.

And there they dug, day and night,  
His poor mamma in a sorry plight,  
When they found him—he was dead—  
" Serves him right," the Vicar said.

## A PANEGYRIC.

I love to lie  
And boil :  
No midnight oil  
For me.

Give me  
The hot  
And soothing cure  
Of water, crystal pure,  
A lot.

Of this  
Give me profusion,  
Let not the cold,  
My limbs enfold  
With disillusion.

Give me  
No ice-cold shower,  
The cruel blight  
Of youth's fair flower,  
Give me an hour,  
Or two,  
To stew.

Give me  
The tepid plunge,  
The loofah and the sponge,  
Give me  
The never-failing hope  
Of nymphs,  
Palmolive Soap.

Then,  
When the dream  
Is past, and steam  
Hangs heavy on the air,  
To heaven let it bear  
The gratitude of Man  
For home and hearth,  
But above all,  
The Bath.

*From the "Grantite Review" of 1904.*

## REMINISCENCES.

My very first sensation, when I joined this happy nation, was the pleasant realisation that I was master there ;  
And my Ma's anticipation I would one day lick creation, was a hopeful expectation that my father didn't share.  
For my sisterly relation I showed no consideration, and enjoyed the occupation of pulling out her hair ;

Which, to my perturbation, ended in a castigation, a horrid situation about which I didn't care.  
 To complete my education I made every preparation, and with inward jubilation I started off to school ;  
 With a fixed determination I learnt every regulation, but before the next vacation I'd forgotten every rule.  
 There was such a thing as " Station," which caused me much vexation, with no little trepidation I entered in the yard ;  
 But the days in quick rotation passed with little variation, with the usual exhortation that I wasn't working hard.  
 At seven the pulsation of a bell caused execration, and a smothered exclamation of " What an awful bore ! "  
 A hasty preparation of our toilet and lavation, then some mental aberration for half-an-hour or more.  
 In the evening, " occupation " was my usual delectation, afterwards in due gradation came the evening meal of tea ;  
 Then a pleasant relaxation, which soon led to preparation of some proses or translation unintelligible to me.  
 Then a great participation in some pleasant conversation, then an awful intonation of a monitor saying " Hall " ;  
 Causing much anticipation, and no little consternation, for that vile vociferation we didn't care at all.  
 After some deliberation, and a lengthy explanation, mixed with much reiteration that we ne'er do it again,  
 We resumed our respiration with a feeling of salvation, and night drew a termination to our sorrow or our pain.  
 Now I've finished this oration without any hesitation, and am nigh to suffocation, and must get a breath of air ;  
 But I trust this recitation (I might call it a narration), will receive your approbation, but that is your affair.

A. T. ION.

### THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the Club will be held on Tuesday, April 18th, 1939, at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

### BIRTH.

GARRARD.—On March 12th, 1939, to Judith and Arthur Garrard—a daughter.

### NOTICES.

**All** correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, 2, Little Dean's Yard, 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 of *The Grantite Review* is A. Garrard, and all enquiries should be sent to him at The Duchy of Lancaster Estate Office, Crewe Hall, Crewe, Cheshire.

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